Lottery of Deception

screenplay by

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LOTTERY OF DECEPTION

FADE IN:

INT. LANCE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

We SEE a POLITICAL CAMPAIGN AD running on TV. We HEAR SINISTER MUSIC, as it builds A FADE IN SHOT of the white house is on the screen.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Think about it - when the decisions of one man affect the future of your family for generations to come, what kind of a man do you want making those decisions?

A montage of scenes. Various scenes of war in the middle east -- Gunfire burst from the M-240B of a young marine atop a hummer -- a JDAM hitting its target in the dead of night.

SENATOR ALAN JACKSON (V.O.)

Never before in American history has so much military, economic and diplomatic power been used so ineffectively. If, after all this time, all of the sacrifice, and all of the public support, there is still no end in sight, then I say the time has come for you, the American people, to turn to new leadership.

A young SENATOR ALAN JACKSON, in Marine dress blues, receives the medal of honor from the then President of the United States.

Present day SENATOR ALAN JACKSON... Well dressed... Sturdy looking... In his forties... Slightly graying hair -- in the senate firmly shaking hands with other party leaders -- in a soup kitchen feeding homeless -- overseas meeting foreign diplomats.

SENATOR ALAN JACKSON (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'm offering the American people leadership not tied to the policies and mistakes of the past. I pledge to you all, we shall have an honorable end to this war.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Think about it...

Smash cut- road side bombs exploding -- mass mayhem -- death and gunfire.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Who is the one man that has the experience and the qualifications to lead America in these troubled and dangerous times? Senator Alan Jackson, he is the one.

Smash cut- to a Video of a new born baby in its crib.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Cast your vote like the future of the entire world depends on it because...it does...vote for Alan Jackson.

Still picture of Alan Jackson.

SENATOR ALAN JACKSON (V.O.)

I'm Alan Jackson and I approved this message.

The commercial ends. The nightly lotto drawing music and graphics begin.

TOM HILL (V.O.)

Hello and good evening America. I'm Tom Hill and welcome to tonight's lottery drawing. The jackpot is worth an estimated one hundred and twenty seven million dollars, so good luck to everybody, and let's get started.

The lotto balls are dropped and mixed. One quickly shoots up the tube. The lotto attendant places it in a holder with the number showing.

TOM HILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The first number is...Fifty six.

BACK TO SCENE

The CAMERA PANS across the living room to a chalk board hanging on the wall, a mathematic equation is written on it. Behind it, movie posters are framed and hung on the wall, Enter the dragon, Fast and the Furious, and Indiana Jones.

To a nearby laptop, Random numbers flash, a probability algorithm is running.

In the shot background, a TaeKwonDo red belt and Gi hangs on the back of the door.

TOM HILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And your second lotto number this evening is twenty two.

WATCHER'S POV --

Of the lotto ticket in his hand. The numbers on the ticket are 5, 9, 22, 36, 56 with a mega ball number of 10.

BACK TO SCENE

Of the television with the lotto machine in view, another ball is sucked up the clear plastic tube and placed by the announcer --

TOM HILL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The third number is nine.

THE WATCHER (O.S.)

Come on baby only three more!

The 4th ball shoots up the tube and is positioned --

TOM HILL (V.O.)

It's thirty six.

WATCHER'S POV --

Of the lotto ticket in his hand as he begins to shake with excitement.

THE WATCHER (O.S.)

That's it, come on baby, come to poppa!

BACK TO SCENE

TOM HILL (V.O.)

The fifth number is seven, that's a seven.

THE WATCHER (O.S.)

Shit! That's ok, still in the money.

TOM HILL (V.O.)

And the mega ball is eight.

THE WATCHER (O.S.)

Shit!

TOM HILL (V.O.)

Once again your lotto numbers are 56, 22, 9, 36, 7, and 8 is the mega ball.

WATCHER'S POV

Of the TV as his other hand comes into view holding the TV remote, he presses the power button.

INT. COLLEGE CHEMISTRY LAB - DAY

CLOSE ON EXPERIMENT

BOOM! A chemical explosion creates a huge fireball that blooms upward -- we HEAR CLAPPING and LAUGHTER.

KID 1 (O.S.)

Wow!

KID 2 (O.S.)

Holy shit!

KID 1 (0.S.)

That was awesome!

LANCE STERLING, is standing in front of a small group of college students. Not much older than his students, he is in the mid-twenties. He has an athletic build and if it weren't for the large black rim glasses, uncoordinated dressing style and slightly nerdy manner, he would be considered a hot dude.

The lab is the typical college laboratory, Bunsen burners, test tubes and beakers. A large glass aquarium of salt water fish and sponge sits on the back counter, a stainless steel compact refrigerator and a large stainless steel upright freezer are placed in the corner.

LANCE

That was a demonstration of chemical reactions, an explosive one at that. When even a small amount of Cesium comes into contact with water, the result is a massive explosion.

Lance holds up cesium that is safely stored in a capped off laboratory test tube.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Cesium is a soft silvery-gold alkali metal which makes it one of the few metals that are liquid at or near room temperature along with Rubidium, Francium, Mercury and Gallium. This element is most notably used in atomic clocks. It's so reactive that it will also explode on contact with ice.

He places the test tube on the table in front of him.

LANCE (CONT'D)

The Cesium metal reacts rapidly with water to form a colorless solution of cesium hydroxide and hydrogen gas. The resulting solution is basic because of the dissolved hydroxide and the reaction is very exothermic. The equation describing this reaction looks like this.

He writes the equation on the chalk board.

2 CS(s) + 2 H2O --> 2CsOH(ag) + H2(g)

Class is nearing the end as the students stand and pack their belongings.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Ok everybody have a good weekend. Don't party too hard and remember you have an exam on Monday, Chapters 12, 13, 14 and 15.

SAM, a fellow teacher and friend enters the chem lab. A product of the eighties MTV generation, he's dressed like Sonny Crocket from Miami vice, white sport coat, white pants, white shoes, no socks, black tee shirt and sunglasses.

LANCE (CONT'D)

What's up Sam? I see you've raided Don Johnson's wardrobe again.

SAM

(strong Boston accent)
Come on Lance, I look fresh.

He does a runway spin, trips over his own feet, loses his balance and barely manages to catch himself on the lab table.

SAM (CONT'D)

Almost took a digga...

LANCE

(laughing)

Real smooth Crocket. Lucky for you I understand that Boston slang. A face plant on the floor would have been really funny.

Sam tries to play off the stumbling by sliding onto a nearby stool.

SAM

(embarrassed)

After months of lousy attempts, did you see how close we were? We almost had it, I can't believe it.

LANCE

Yeah well, close only got us four balls and ten thousand dollars. You know the odds of that is one in six hundred eighty nine thousand. I think we went a little too heavy on the ball weight. If we make a small adjustment to that and some of the other variables we'll get a better hit.

SAM

Hit! A damn home run is what we need. That sure would be nice, good bye bill collectors and hello Kokomo.

Lance writes a mathematic equation on the chalk board

LANCE

This is the equation we used... but I think we should try this.

He erases and rewrites a variation of the equation.

SAM

No, no, no, that's all wrong! Try this!

Sam goes to the chalk board and erases the whole equation then re- writes it.

SAM (CONT'D)

Like this!

In deep thought, Lance stares at the equation while stroking his chin. He again erases part of equation and swaps some more variables.

The two look directly at one another, in a moment of clarity they have done it, the equation is complete.

LANCE

Yes, that's it!

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK, a student enters the room, the two quickly erase the equation.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Can I help you?

KID 2

Sorry I forgot my IPod'.

LANCE

Oh, ok no problem.

The student grabs his IPod from the desk.

KID 2

Thanks Mr. Sterling. By the way, where can I find some of that cesium?

LANCE

You're not thinking of experimenting on your own are you? Alkaline metals are very dangerous, especially in large quantities.

KID 2

Oh ok, thanks Mr. S, have a good weekend.

LANCE

You too.

The student leaves the room.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Meet me back here tonight so we can test this new theory.

SAM

Seven o'clock?

LANCE

Make it eight. I've got Taekwondo tonight.

SAM

How's that goin'?

LANCE

Good, just earned my red belt.

SAM

Good job bro, watch out Jackie Chan.

Lance laughs.

LANCE

Not yet. Sensei says I've mastered the basics and developed deep roots in the art, but I lack the control and confidence, he says I must achieve (MORE) LANCE (CONT'D)

both physical and mental discipline to get to the next level.

SAM

Oh Hey, I almost forgot, last week I saw an old gravity pick machine on ebay...so I bought it. It should be arriving today.

LANCE

Sweet, good idea, that'll help with our research.

SAM

Sure beats waitin' for the nightly numbers, catch-ya later bro, got a hot date tonight.

LANCE

Yeah, how is your mom anyway?

SAM

Screw you, that shit isn't funny man.

INT. COLLEGE CHEMISTRY LAB - NIGHT

Sam and Lance are standing at the chalk board, the lotto odds are written on the chalk board behind them. Sam is dressed like Michael Jackson from the "Billy Jean" music video.

SAM

What are the odds again?

LANCE

The probability of winning the jackpot with 5 balls and the mega ball is one in one hundred seventy five million, seven hundred, eleven thousand and...

SAM

So what you're saying is that I've got a better freakin' chance of boinking a playboy bunny than I do winning the jackpot!

LANCE

No, what I'm saying is after we figure this out, you can kick old Hugh out of his house and boink all the playboy bunnies at the same time! SAM

Well, now that you put it that way... quit talkin' and get to work!

They laugh.

LANCE

I designed this algorithm to calculate all of the different possible combinations of ball sequences, with all the different combinations of how the balls randomly drop, and using one thousand various air pressures that mix up the balls and the weight of the balls. Then it uses self-annealing to cross references those outputs to previous winning numbers from the beginning of lotto time. I have calculated that....

SAM

We're screwed.

LANCE

Actually, using just the Mega Lotto results, I think I see a pattern.

SAM

A pattern, how can that be?

LANCE

I'm not sure how or why, but there is one.

SAM

How could that be true? How could there be a pattern?... If there is a pattern, then it can't be a luck of the draw and why can't we duplicate it?

LANCE

It does seem odd and my conclusion does raise more questions than answers, but the individual numbers of the balls are still my main concern but, I believe these changes may have found the answer.

SAM

We were so close the other night. I've got a good feelin' about this.

LANCE

I hope so. We've been working on this for months. Besides, I used our winnings from the other night to buy more tickets.

SAM

What? How much of our winnings?

LANCE

Well....

Lance reaches into his pocket and pulls out 9 dollars and change.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Uh...there was more left over but I...well...I stopped and got ten dollars in gas, a big mac combo and a ten piece nuggets.

SAM

Where's my cut?

LANCE

There's still some nuggets left, want some?

He grabs the fast food bag from the table and holds it up. Sam slaps the bag from his hands.

SAM

Damn it! Do you know what I could have done with my half!

LANCE

Hopefully buy some new clothes.

SAM

Very funny! I like the way I dress!

LANCE

Just kidding. They direct deposited the winnings into my account and I transferred half to yours.

SAM

(laughing)

Lucky you. I was ready to go Thriller on your ass!

LANCE

Yeah, and in full costume no doubt. Oh shit, what time is it?

SAM

What? Oh shit the drawin', we missed the drawin'! Check the numbers.

Lance grabs his laptop and checks the lotto numbers.

LANCE

No way! Oh my god, oh my god!

SAM

What did we?

LANCE

Oh my god yes, yes we did!

SAM

What? Are you shittin' me? Let me see!

Lance pulls the ticket from his pocket and holds it next to the computer screen.

SAM (CONT'D)

Holy shit, we did it. We're millionaires! How much?

LANCE

Oh only, about a quarter of a billion dollars!

SAM

What! No way, are you freakin' kiddin', Wicked good.

LANCE

I'm going to Disney World.

SAM

Forget goin' there, I'm just gonna buy it! And the first thing I'm gonna do is tell all seven of those stupid damn dwarfs to get the hell out.

The two high five.

SAM (CONT'D)

Holy shit, I can't believe it...
Now what'll we do?

LANCE

We'll need to go to the claims office.

SAM

And get some bodyguards. The hell if I'm walkin' out of that office with that kind of money and no protection.

LANCE

You dumb ass, they're not gonna hand you cash. They'll pay an annuity or transfer the cash out option to our accounts.

SAM

Oh Good, I don't think I could carry all that money.

LANCE

You known, for a genius you sure are a dumb son of a bitch.

SAM

Hey man who needs common sense. I'm a freakin' multimillionaire.

Sam begins dancing, doing the cabbage patch, the running man and then the sprinkler.

LANCE

(laughing)

Idiot!

INT. LOTTO CLAIMS OFFICE

Lance slides the winning ticket under the glass window.

LANCE (O.S.)

Excuse me ma'am, I believe this is a winning ticket.

CLAIM REPRESENTATIVE

What? Yeah right.

The claims office representative looks at the ticket and her face changes from an arrogant expression to utter shock.

CLAIM REPRESENTATIVE (CONT'D)

Hold... hold On for a second please, I'll need to get my supervisor.

She gets up from her chair and quickly exits the room.

SAM

(Mumbling to himself)

A Ferrari five ninety nine GTB, no a Bugatti, no a SSC, yeah that's it.

LANCE

What are you mumbling about?

SAM

My wish list, can't wait to cruise upper mass. Oh to see the looks I'll get from those lace curtain pansies staring at me as all their hoodsie's drool all over themselves.

The claims representative and the supervisor enter the room. The supervisor is a gracefully aged man in his early fifties. He has a close cropped military hair cut, gray in color and a neatly trimmed mustache. He walks and stands very formally, one arm behind his back much like a soldier and he's visibly agitated.

SUPERVISOR

Where did you get this?

SAM

We bought it yesterday. Why, is something wrong?

SUPERVISOR

Wrong? Oh no, nothing's wrong, I... I'll need to verify this ticket of course. Here, fill out these claim forms and I'll be back soon.

He reluctantly gives them their prize claim forms to complete.

SAM

Huh, he seems friendly.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - LATER

A security officer is zooming a camera in on Lance's face. He runs a computer check on the him. Lance's life flashes across the screen, medical records, school records, credit rating, driving record and other personal information. The supervisor enters the security room.

SUPERVISOR

Who are these clowns?

The security officer pushes a joystick switch on the desk forward and the security camera pulls tight to a close up of Sam.

SECURITY OFFICER

This one is Sam Lloyd, a math professor at MIT, he scored ten eighty on his S.A.T. and has an I.Q. of one seventy five.

SUPERVISOR

What else do we have on him?

SECURITY OFFICER

Nothing sir, he's a god damn alter boy, he's squeaky clean sir.

SUPERVISOR

And the other?

SECURITY OFFICER

Lance Sterling, a chemistry teacher at MIT, graduated high school at age sixteen, then MIT at twenty, he scored twelve hundred on his S.A.T. and has an I.Q. of one ninety. He has a juvenile record for causing a small residential fire and he had some major points on his licence for street racing but that's it. These two kids are a parent's wet dream sir.

SUPERVISOR

How in the hell could these two egg heads have played the right numbers?

The supervisor picks up the phone and dials.

SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)

Get me a secured line now!
(Pauses for a beat)
Director, we have a problem.

DIRECTOR (V.O.)

What kind of problem?

SUPERVISOR

I have two men standing in my office and their holding a winning lotto ticket.

DIRECTOR (V.O.)

(screaming)

A what! How the fuck did this happen again? You said you fixed this.

SUPERVISOR

It is sir, no unauthorized winnings have taken place for two years. I'm not sure how it happened, but I'll get to the bottom of...

DIRECTOR (V.O.)

An inside job?

SUPERVISOR

Impossible, not in my division!

DIRECTOR (V.O.)

Well you better figure it out quick and keep this quiet. I don't want to hear a word of this on the news, got it!

SUPERVISOR

Yes sir, understood.

DIRECTOR (V.O.)

Jesus Christ, if word of this gets out we're finished. Have they told anyone else about it yet?

SUPERVISOR

I'm not sure.

DIRECTOR (V.O.)

I don't care what you do just make this problem go away, right fucking...

SUPERVISOR

I'll take care of it!

DIRECTOR (V.O.)

Damn it! You said this would be a perfect cover. If anybody links us to what we've done not only will our future projects be scrapped, we'll be lucky if the company doesn't kill us. If I burn because of this, you're gonna go down with me.

SUPERVISOR (V.O.)

Don't you threaten me, I'll clean this up!

The supervisor hangs up the phone.

SECURITY OFFICER

This was supposed to be impossible sir. We fixed this and we weren't scheduled to have another win until next month. What are we going to do?

GENERAL

Enough! I know it shouldn't have happened but somehow it did. We need to get this mess cleaned up now.

(MORE)

GENERAL (CONT'D)

Take Like thee care of it like last time and do it before these two start running off at the mouth... If they haven't already.

SECURITY OFFICER

We're gonna kill 'em?

SUPERVISOR

Don't you goddam question me corporal!

SECURITY OFFICER

Sir, yes sir! Sorry sir!

SUPERVISOR

I don't want an apology from you. I want results!

The supervisor exits the room and slams the door.

INT. LOTTO CLAIMS OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The supervisor opens a door and walks into the room. He extends his hand to shake.

LANCE

Is everything ok?

SUPERVISOR

Of course, I just needed to verify this was a real ticket. You know how it is some times, things are not what they appear to be on the surface. But for you, everything has checked out fine.

SAM

Tell me about it. You know I met this MILF one night... she was stacked, I mean a real ten. Imagine my surprise when I reached up her skirt and found...

LANCE

Sam!

SAM

Well I thought it was a women.

LANCE

Ok Sam, we get the point. So, when do we get the check?

SUPERVISOR

Did you fill out the forms?

SAM

Sure did! Here ya' go.

He hands the supervisor the forms.

SUPERVISOR

We'll need to see some identification from both of you.

LANCE

Oh sure, here you go.

Each hands the supervisor their drivers license. He looks them over.

SUPERVISOR

Oh, have either of you told anyone about this yet?

He hands them back their licenses.

LANCE

No.

SUPERVISOR

So how did you pick the numbers?

SAM

Well, we combined the mathematic theories of probability, statistics, combinatorics, self-annealing and...

Lance gives Sam the evil eye.

LANCE

(interrupting)

Just lucky I guess.

SUPERVISOR

This is pretty exciting, never seen a hit so big before.

SAM

Excitin'? Are you kiddin' me. I blew a load when I found out we won.

LANCE

Now that's just disgusting! I'm sorry sir, sometimes he just doesn't know when to shut up!

SUPERVISOR

That's ok, he's just excited...I would be too if I was you two. I need you two to come back in the morning at ten hundred hours for the check presentation, and remember I wouldn't go telling anyone just yet, relatives and freeloaders seem to come out of the wood work like termites when they hear about winnings like this.

LANCE

No sir, we won't.

SAM

Yeah really, last thing I need is my cousin Sally comin' up here. You want to talk about trailer trash. That bitch makes Springer's guests look like Mother Theresa.

The supervisor laughs.

SUPERVISOR

Okay, so ten hundred sharp right?

LANCE

Sure thing.

SUPERVISOR

Congratulations to both of you.

SAM

Thanks.

He shakes their hands and exits the room.

LANCE

You know sometimes you embarrass the hell out of me.

SAM

What me? Never!

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The two get into the car, Sam is the driver. Sam's mustang Cobra fires up. Spinning tires SCREAM. Smoke floats upward as the car fishtails away.

INT. COBRA- MOVING

LANCE

I still can't believe it!

SAM

Ya' better believe it, it's real, we did it.

EXT. COBRA- MOVING

Ahead, a red traffic light, they stop in the right lane. Already stopped in the car next to them is a Young Guy and a beautiful BLONDE GIRL. They're in a pimped out Nissan 240SX.

Sam rolls down his window. The kid lightly REVS his engine.

STREET RACER

Nice machine. Wanna run it?

SAM

Are you kiddin' me? You wanna race me with that!

INT. COBRA- STOPPED

Sam and Lance look at each other. Sam hits the CD button on his radio and the song "Danger Zone" by Kenny Loggins plays.

SAM

Time to celebrate.

LANCE

Go for it Maverick!

Sam revs his engine. The Young Guy revs back. A TURBO blow off valve is heard. "Tokyo Drift" by the Teriyaki Boyz can be heard bellowing from the Nissan's stereo system.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Sounds like that rice burner has got some extra rice.

SAM

(quoting top gun) I feel the need...

SAM AND LANCE

(in unison)

The need for speed!

EXT. COBRA- STOPPED

The street racer power brakes his car, the engine of the small car WHINES GRACEFULLY as it bounces off the rev limiter. The tires of the car SCREECH, smoke plumes upward laying tracks of burned rubber onto the blacktop, the street racer grins at Sam.

BLONDE

Yeah, yeah, yeah!

INT. COBRA- STOPPED

SAM

(high pitch whimpy

voice)

Whimpy, whimpy, whimpy.

Sam power brakes his Cobra. The monstrous V8 awakens from its slumber. The supercharger WHINES loudly, the engine explodes in a EAR BLASTING ROAR.

SAM (CONT'D)

(deep hefty voice)

Hefty, hefty, hefty!

Sam grins back.

EXT. COBRA- MOVING

The burn outs are over. Revving their engines in anticipation the light turns green -- they floor it. Tires laying tracks of burnt rubber... They hook. Smiles larger than life come across the faces of the combatants.

The Mustang quickly begins to pull away, they cross a long four lane bridge with tall concrete barriers on either side. The 240sx hits peak boost and rips forward. In the rear view mirror, Sam sees the 240sx is coming straight up his ass -- beside them now, suddenly they are "Mano a Mano".

INT. COBRA- MOVING

LANCE

Go, go, go.

The speeds increase, the race continues.

Ahead, road work, the bridge narrows from four lanes to two.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Ahhh... you see that right.

The right lane is blocked off by cones and construction equipment.

SAM

No sweat man.

For the first time the 240SX pulls ahead, that is for a brief moment.

SAM (CONT'D)

No way, hold on!

Sam reaches down -- presses the emergency flasher button -- a 100 shot of nitrous sprays -- the Cobra's tires break loose with a BANSHEE SCREAM the supercharger bellows out a deafening MOAN. The Cobra spits it's venom, Sam switches lanes and just that quick its over. The 240sx is again in his rear view mirror, the speedometer hits 170 mph.

SAM (CONT'D)

(quoting top gun)

Where did he go?

LANCE

Where did who go!

Sam has won.

LANCE (CONT'D)

I think you better slow down now.

SAM

Oh.. oh yeah, guess so huh. Damn, that was an awesome race.

LANCE

Sure was man, what was that like mach two?

Sam laughs.

SAM

Mach three... hey lets go out for some drinks.

LANCE

Ahh.. no way man, you know I don't drink anymore.

SAM

Yeah, well I don't drink anymore either... of course I don't drink any less either.

Lance laughs as they pull up to Lance's apartment building.

LANCE

Ok man see you tomorrow buddy.

SAM

Sure you won't go?

LANCE

No thanks.

SAM

See ya' pal.

Lance exits the car. Sam drives away.

INT. LANCES APARTMENT

Lance is a sleep in his bed... RING, RING, RING, it's the phone, he answers it.

LANCE

Hello.

(pauses)

What?

Lance is distraught.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Yes, I'll be there right away.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE

Sam is lying on a morgue table half covered by a sheet. Lance is escorted into the room by a police detective, he is tall, thin, slightly balding.

LANCE

(angry)

What do you mean murdered?

DETECTIVE SAMPSON

Is this your friend Sam?

LANCE

Yes.

He can barely look at Sam as he lies on the cold metal slab.

DETECTIVE SAMPSON

He was found, shot, dead outside a night club. We believe it was a robbery gone wrong.

LANCE

Jesus Christ, I... I should have gone with him.

DETECTIVE SAMPSON

Yours was the number he had in his cell phone as an emergency contact. Are his parents...

LANCE

No, they're dead.

DETECTIVE SAMPSON

When did you last see him.

LANCE

About 3 hours ago.

DETECTIVE SAMPSON

And where were you?

LANCE

I was at home, he dropped me off there after we went to the lottery claims office.

DETECTIVE SAMPSON

Lottery?

LANCE

Yes, we won the lottery.

DETECTIVE SAMPSON

Both of you?

LANCE

Yes, we were partners.

DETECTIVE SAMPSON

Lucky you.

Lance looks to Sampson with shock in his face.

LANCE

Yeah, right lucky me. My best friend is dead.

DETECTIVE SAMPSON

Were you home alone?

LANCE

What?

DETECTIVE SAMPSON

Can anyone else vouch for that?

Lance looks puzzled.

LANCE

What are you trying to say?

DETECTIVE SAMPSON

Just seems odd, you two win the lottery and now he's dead.

LANCE

(angry)

Are you trying to say...

DETECTIVE SAMPSON

Oh, no of course not... but it is odd. How much did you win anyway?

LANCE

About 250 million...wait, I can't believe this, you should be out there trying to find his murderer not in here. Go ahead and ask me if I did it.

DETECTIVE SAMPSON

Well, did you kill him.

Lance scoffs.

LANCE

Off course not. You know, I think maybe I need a lawyer... are you gonna arrest me or something?

DETECTIVE SAMPSON

No, just don't leave town.

LANCE

Yeah sure.

He looks at Sam's body and storms out the door.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Asshole!

INT. LOTTO CLAIMS OFFICE - MORNING

It's obvious by his red eyes and sluggish body language that he is emotionally withered over his friends death and he has been crying for some time.

LANCE

Hello ma'am, your supervisor said to be here at ten o'clock.

CLAIM REPRESENTATIVE

But I thought you two were...I-I-I heard you were dead.

LANCE

(distraught)

No that was Sam.

CLAIM REPRESENTATIVE

I'm so sorry.

LANCE

(emotional)

If you don't mind I'd rather not talk about it. Can you please just tell your supervisor that I'm here for the check?

INT. SECURITY ROOM - LATER

Lance is seen through the security camera. The supervisor is on his cell phone.

SUPERVISOR

Why the fuck is this guy standing in my office looking for his money? I thought you got rid of these guys.

ASSET (V.O.)

No just the one, the other was lucky he wasn't there or he'd be dead too.

SUPERVISOR

Damn it, luck has nothing to do with it, but your incompetence does. We can't afford another mistake, I want this guy to go away damn it!

ASSET (V.O.)

Should I dispose of him sir?

SUPERVISOR

How can you do that now? Don't you think it would be a bit obvious if he's involved in a robbery gone wrong too.

ASSET (V.O.)

I could make it look like an accident.

SUPERVISOR

No, no, I have a better idea. We can get our money back and he'll go away for a very long time. I need you to make the arrangements while I go out here and blow smoke up his ass.

ASSET (V.O.)

Yes sir, what do I do?

EXT. LOTTO CLAIMS OFFICE - LATER

The supervisor walks into the room.

SUPERVISOR

Where is your friend?

LANCE

(sad)

Sam...

He begins to tear up as he fights back the need to cry.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Sam was killed last night. The police said it was a robbery gone wrong.

SUPERVISOR

I'm sorry to hear that son. My condolences go out to you. The ceremony will be kind of low key, no reporters or news crews, just us, our promo people and the check. Is that ok or should we reschedule this for another time?

LANCE

No that's fine. I don't really feel up to dealing with a media circus anyway.

A lottery camera crew enters the room and begins to set up.

SUPERVISOR

So what we'll do is, I'll present you with a check, the first of many to come. We'll shake hands, they'll get some pictures and then once a month for years to come you'll receive a direct deposit into your account. Does that sound ok?

LANCE

Yeah I guess, I only wish Sam could have been here.

SUPERVISOR

Me too. Okay, it's show time...
It's my honor to present to Mr. Lance
Sterling the first of many checks
for his winning lottery ticket of
two hundred and fifty million dollars.

The Supervisor hands him the check and shakes his hand. Pictures snap and cameras roll.

NEWS REPORTER

Mr. Sterling, what are you gonna do now that you have your money?

Lance pauses and becomes choked up. He again fights the urge to cry.

LANCE

The first thing I'm gonna do is start a foundation in my best friend's name. He was a brilliant math professor who dedicated much of his time volunteering to help teach reading and math to special needs children.

NEWS REPORTER

So, how did you pick the numbers sir?

LANCE

Just lucky I guess.

SUPERVISOR

Ok, that's enough questions for now. I'm sure Mr. Sterling is very tired after an unfortunate incident last night. On behalf of the Massachusetts lottery I wish to thank you and to all our viewers remember, next time it could be you!

The supervisor shakes Lance's hand and escorts him to the door.

LANCE

Thanks again sir.

SUPERVISOR

No, thank you son. Best of luck to you.

EXT. LOTTO CLAIMS OFFICE

Lance leaves the building. He gets into his beat up multicolored 1992 Ford Taurus and drives away.

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - LATER

Lance enters the Dean's outer office and is greeted by a homely looking secretary.

SECRETARY

Mr. Sterling, we've been looking for you. You missed your first class.

LANCE

I'm sorry that I didn't call. Can I please speak to Dean Jacobs?

SECRETARY

And Mr. Lloyd, he wasn't in class either.

LANCE

That's what I need to speak to Dean Jacobs about.

SECRETARY

I'll let him know you're here.

The secretary stands from her desk and enters the Dean's office.

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE

The secretary enters the room from the Dean's office.

SECRETARY

He'll see you now.

She opens the door. Lance walks in the office.

INT. DEAN'S INNER OFFICE

DEAN JACOBS is an aged man, but has aged gracefully. He has salt and peppered hair and is tall and lean.

DEAN JACOBS

Lance, what's going on? You and Sam both had unexcused absences from your classes today.

LANCE

Yes sir, I'm sorry, but last night Sam was killed.

DEAN JACOBS

Killed?

LANCE

(emotional)

Yes sir, Sam... Sam's dead.

DEAN JACOBS

(shocked)

What? Oh my god. How?

Lance slightly breaks down.

LANCE

The police say he was killed and robbed.

The Dean comes from around his desk and places his hand on Lance's shoulder.

DEAN JACOBS

I'm sorry Lance, he will be missed greatly. Take as much time off as needed. I'll make the arrangements.

LANCE

(sniffling)

Well sir, we need to talk about that, I don't think I'll be returning sir. I love working here but...

DEAN JACOBS

But what?

LANCE

I've been doing some thinking and well... life is too short. There are lots of things I want to do before I die. This accident and Sam's death was a wake up call. I want to thank you for the opportunity to teach here but I am giving my notice effective immediately.

DEAN JACOBS

I understand, this has all been traumatic but are you sure you want to give up teaching?

LANCE

I am sir.

DEAN JACOBS

Look, take a little time. I'm not going to fill your position this quarter. Once you're thinking straight and are sure this is what you want come back and we'll talk. And if you still decide to leave... well I hope you have a great life.

LANCE

Maybe you're right, Thank you sir, you've always been a great leader to this institution and an understanding friend. If you don't mind me calling you a friend that is? But I know I won't change my mind.

DEAN JACOBS

Only time will tell. I'm sorry about Sam.

Lance and the Dean shake hands.

DEAN JACOBS (CONT'D)

I am honored to be called your friend.

Good luck Lance.

Lance turns and begins to walk away.

DEAN JACOBS (CONT'D)

Oh and Lance.

LANCE

Yes?

He glances back over his shoulder.

DEAN JACOBS

If you ever need anything.

LANCE

Thank you sir.

Lance exits the room.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB

The asset, a bulky build man with a military hair cut, exits a black Chevy Impala SS with tinted windows. H's carrying a black leather computer bag as he enters the night club.

INT. NIGHT CLUB SECURITY ROOM

A bouncer and the Asset enter the security room.

ASSET

I need to see the tapes for the security camera at the rear alley.

BOUNCER

Who did you say you were again?

ASSET

Detective Rosenburg, you met my partner detective Sampson last night.

BOUNCER

Oh ok. Here you go.

ASSET

Thanks, I'll need some privacy please while I copy this surveillance footage.

BOUNCER

Oh ok.

The Asset removes the surveillance DVD from the night club camera, takes out his laptop, and inserts the DVD. A few keystrokes later, he removes the DVD and puts it back in the security camera recorder.

EXT. FERRARI DEALER

In his car, Lance parks outside of a Ferrari dealership.

INT. FERRARI DEALER

A group of well dressed salesman huddle around a vintage Ferrari. All eyes are fixed out the salesroom window on Lance as he gets out of the piece of shit Ford.

Lance enters the showroom and spots a 599 GTB, he heads straight for it. He slowly caresses the fender as if stoking the leg of a beautiful women.

SALESMAN (O.S.)

(snobby)

Please don't touch the cars sir.

The thin and balding SALESMAN steps into frame.

LANCE

Oh, I'm sorry. Is this available in any other colors?

SALESMAN

(snobby)

Yes sir. Daytona black, Modena yellow and Silverstone grey.

Lance opens the door to the Italian work of art and sits in the driver seat.

LANCE

This is the one. Sam liked red. I'll take it.

SALESMAN

(snobby)

Sir, you do realize that car is two hundred and eighty three thousand dollars?

The group of salesman giggle amongst themselves.

LANCE

How much? Goddam, Sam couldn't dress for shit but he had good taste in cars. That's fine. I'll take it.

SALESMAN

(snobby)

Yes sir, how are you going to pay, monopoly money or lay-away?

LANCE

Are you mocking me? Listen pal, it's been a hard past few days ok.

Lance exits the car.

SALESMAN

(snobby)

Am I mocking you? I'm afraid you are mistaken sir. This isn't a car show and I don't have time for games. If you don't leave right now I'll call security.

LANCE

What? Look, I'm sure I don't look like I belong here, and I know I do look like I don't have two nickels to rub together. But I do. Point of fact, I just won one two hundred and million dollars in the lottery.

SALESMAN

The lottery?

LANCE

Don't you watch the news? I just won the mega millions.

SALESMAN

I didn't see or hear anything about a winning lottery ticket.

LANCE

(interrupting)

Well here look at this.

Lance reaches into his pocket and pulls out the check that was presented to him.

SALESMAN

(sarcastic)

Oh, I get it, this is some new reality show right. Where are the cameras? Very funny! Am I on TV now?

The salesman looks at the check, then looks around the room to his peers.

SALESMAN (CONT'D)

Very funny guys. Oh and look he even has stage props.

LANCE

What? Are you kidding me? Look at it. Here it is!

SALESMAN

I new it. It's a reality show...am I being Punked?

LANCE

What?

SALESMAN

Very funny guys!

LANCE

What in the hell is wrong with you? This isn't a damn practical joke!

SALESMAN

I'm not asking again! Security! Security! Please escort this boy from the premises, immediately.

Security moves in and takes Lance by the arm.

LANCE

Look I don't want any trouble.

INT. APARTMENT

The ASSET picks the door lock and enters the apartment.

EXT. FERRARI DEALER

Lance is tossed out of the dealership on his ass.

SECURITY

Don't come back loser!

He stands up and brushes himself off.

LANCE

Stuck up assholes!

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY

The Asset passes Lance on the way down the steps. They accidentally bump shoulders.

LANCE

Excuse me, I'm sorry.

The Asset doesn't reply as he hurries down the steps.

LANCE (CONT'D)

What's with people tonight?

Lance continues up the stairs and unlocks his apartment door then enters.

INT. APARTMENT

Lance turns on the lights and flips on the TV. He makes his way to the kitchen, opens the refrigerator door... scanning the dinner options...the fridge is nearly bare.

LANCE

Dinner of champions.

He makes a sandwich from odd items, a single piece of bologna, a precooked poached egg, captain crunch cereal topped with chocolate sauce all squeezed between a bagel.

Lance drops into his recliner and takes a bite of his sandwich.

INT. POLICE STATION/ EVIDENCE ROOM

The asset enters the room. He is dressed as a uniform police officer. He removes a DVD from his pocket and rummages threw evidence bags. He finds a bag and removes a DVD, replacing it with the one from his pocket.

INT. LANCES APARTMENT

While flipping the channels -- BOOM -- the front door explodes open... A four man SWAT TEAM swarms, flowing into the apartment with precise movements and stops in preplanned positions.

SWAT LEADER

(yelling)

We have a warrant for your arrest. Down on the ground, now!

LANCE

What's going on?

Lance is immediately tossed to the floor by a Swat Team Member who then drives his knee into the middle of Lance's back. Then he roughly pulls Lance's hands back and cuffs them.

LANCE (CONT'D)

(painfully)

Who are you people and what do you want?

T.V. NEWS REPORTER (V.O.)

This breaking news...just in. Take a look at this photograph. This is a picture of Lance Sterling, a MIT professor, who is wanted for the murder Sam Bailey.

LANCE

(struggling)

What! I didn't do that!

SWAT LEADER

Just shut up asshole!

LANCE

I didn't kill anybody.

Lance is pulled to his feet and dragged out of the apartment.

SWAT LEADER

I said shut up!

LANCE

But I didn't do anything!

INT. POLICE STATION INTERROGATION ROOM

Lance sits at a table facing the two detectives, SAMPSON and ROSENBURG, who stand in front of him.

Rosenburg is the questioner, he's overweight and extremely aggressive, he's known for pushing interrogations right to the edge of abuse.

He shifts the gun on his hip to draw attention to it and also so he can sit his fat ass down without it jabbing himself in the belly.

LANCE

Why am I here!

DETECTIVE ROSENBURG

We're asking the fucking questions here. I advise you tell us the truth and we'll all get through this without incident.

LANCE

What? Is that some kind of threat?

INT. LANCES APARTMENT - NIGHT

Forensics technicians photograph a handgun found in a shoe box under Lance's bed.

DETECTIVE ROSENBURG (V.O.)

Do you own a gun, Mr. Sterling?

INT. POLICE STATION INTERROGATION ROOM

Lance looks up sharply.

LANCE

A gun? No.

INT. FORENSICS LAB

A Forensics Technician dust the hand gun, prints are found.

DETECTIVE ROSENBURG (V.O.)

Why don't you just tell us the truth?

LANCE (V.O.)

Truth about what?

INT. POLICE STATION INTERROGATION ROOM

DETECTIVE SAMPSON

Where were you on the night of the twenty eighth?

Lance is fiddling with the cuffs, red lines are visible on his wrists.

LANCE

At home sleeping...

CELL PHONE RINGS. Rosenburg answers it.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Listen can you loosen these things, my hands... they're numb.

Lance watches him write something down, he slides it to Sampson.

DETECTIVE SAMPSON

We found a lottery machine at your lab, a curious thing to have?

LANCE

My partner and I were working on an experiment. That's what we used it for.

INT. POLICE STATION INTERROGATION ROOM.

Detective Sampson leans into Lance's space, eye to eye, he's only inches away.

DETECTIVE SAMPSON

You're really in debt from what we can see. Aren't you Lance?

Lance looks up at the two cops in disbelief.

DETECTIVE ROSENBURG

You owe a bookie more than thirty thousand dollars.

LANCE

Money to a bookie? Listen, you've got the wrong guy!

Detective Sampson circles Lance and stops behind him, he leans in close to Lance's ear and whispers.

DETECTIVE SAMPSON

How does life in prison sound?

LANCE

What's going on here? You guys have got to be out of your minds. I didn't kill anyone!

DETECTIVE SAMPSON

Sure, I bet it was the man with one arm.

LANCE

I'm leaving!

Lance stands up in an attempt to leave. Detective Sampson blocks his path. He turns and looks at Rosenburg.

DETECTIVE ROSENBURG

Sit down now!

Rosenburg slams Lance to the table face first.

LANCE

(in pain, face pressed
to the table)

Jesus Christ, what are you doing? I want a lawyer now!

Detective Sampson nods to Detective Rosenburg, he releases him.

DETECTIVE SAMPSON

Sure thing pal.

LANCE

I know my rights. I get a phone call and you haven't even read me my Miranda rights.

DETECTIVE ROSENBURG

You want your rights read? Here are your rights...

Detective Rosenburg points his index finger at Lance then pokes him in the center of his chest. Lance back steps.

DETECTIVE ROSENBURG (CONT'D)

You have the right to get your ass kicked...

With one hand, he shoves his chest. Lance flies backward.

DETECTIVE ROSENBURG (CONT'D)

You have the right to stop jerking us off and tell us the truth...

He again shoves him, using two hands this time - BAM - Lance hits the wall.

DETECTIVE ROSENBURG (CONT'D)

You have the right to be gang banged in the shower for the rest of your worthless life.

LANCE

What the hell is wrong with you people! Are you all out of your fucking minds?

DETECTIVE SAMPSON

I think you should watch this video before you say anything else.

Detective Sampson gives a nod toward the one way mirror.

LANCE

What video? What is this?

A uniform cop enters the room, takes a DVD from a case and pushes it into the player. The video shows Sam exit the club, a man with a baseball cap exits the night club behind him. The man's face is not clearly visible due to the hat.

DETECTIVE ROSENBURG

Well, well, what do we have here?

LANCE

What does this have to do with me?

DETECTIVE SAMPSON

Still playing games with us? Maybe you'll recall this.

The next clip is of the man shooting Sam in the head point blank range from behind.

LANCE

Oh Jesus Christ!

Lance flinches in horror.

DETECTIVE SAMPSON

Execution style.

DETECTIVE ROSENBURG

Cold blooded son of a bitch.

LANCE

Are you implying that's me?

DETECTIVE SAMPSON

Were not implying shit. This is all the jury needs to convict your ass.

LANCE (O.S.)

This is bullshit, that's me. You can't even see his...

The man looks straight up at the camera, it's Lance.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Bullshit, I didn't do it, this is bullshit. Anyone with photo shop could have done this. I've been...

DETECTIVE ROSENBURG

We've got your prints at the scene.

DETECTIVE SAMPSON

We've got the gun at your apartment.

LANCE

Gun? What gun? What the hell is going on here?

DETECTIVE ROSENBURG And we've got you on tape. Does photoshop do all that too?

DETECTIVE SAMPSON Save it for the judge asshole. Book this bastard for murder.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Lance holds a booking number plate in front of him as a mug shot is taken... front, then side.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

JUDGE

After careful and studied review of all the evidence presented during each phase of this proceeding, it becomes apparent to a jury of your peers that the circumstances presented were, indeed, present and the evidence is overwhelming.

The prosecutors shake hands with satisfaction.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Lucky for you the death penalty was abolished in Massachusetts. Therefore, it is the decision of this court that you be remanded to Devens Penitentiary, where you will serve a life sentences, with no possibility of parole.

The jury and spectators stand.

CAMERA FINDS LANCE --

With disbelieving eyes, he watches the cuffs bite down on his wrists.

LANCE

But it wasn't me. I didn't kill him.

Already stepping down, the Judge doesn't flinch. The sheriff pulls Lance toward the door of no return. He struggles.

LANCE (CONT'D)

But I didn't do it!

Another sheriff appears and together they manhandle Lance out of the courtroom.

INT. COURTHOUSE - HOLDING TANK - DAY

With Lance looking outward, the steel door closes in his face.

LANCE

I didn't kill him. He was my best friend! I swear, I've been framed.

INT. COURT HOUSE JAIL

A locker opens. Inside, chrome and nickel-plated jailhouse jewelry, handcuffs, leg cuffs and waist cuffs. The handcuffs are dragged out and slapped over Lance's wrists. We HEAR the RACHETING DOWN as they tighten... ankle cuffs and chains snaked across the floor... pant legs raised to expose standard canvas shoes... cuffs clamped down tight.

EXT. COURT HOUSE JAIL- NIGHT

A SECURITY DOOR opens and the chain gang emerges. Armed guards in flack jackets escort the convicts to the bus, a prison on wheels. On the side we SEE U.S. MARSHALS SERVICE.

INT. BUS - NIGHT

CLOSE ON

The key in the ignition as it turns and the old diesel starts with a rumble.

EXT. JAIL - NIGHT

The main gate opens and the bus moves forward into the streets.

EXT. DESOLATE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The BUS RUMBLES east as the sun peeks over the horizon.

EXT. DEVENS STATE PENITENTIARY - MORNING

The bus pulls through the holding gates of the prison and comes to a stop. Outside, prison guards inspect under the vehicle with mirrors on long poles.

GATE GAURD

Move on!

Cleared and waved on, the bus slowly passes through a second gate where the engine goes quiet.

INT. MARSHAL'S BUS

The TRANSPORT GUARD stands at the front of the bus.

TRANSPORT GUARD

Listen up. Once unshackled from the bar in front of you, you're gonna get your asses up. Quietly and calmly you'll move outside the bus door one at a time to make a single file line.

The Transport Guard gets off first.

EXT. MARSHAL'S BUS

The convicts slowly move off the bus into a single file line. Their faces show the grim reality of each of their situations.

We HEAR a BUZZ -- A large set of METAL DOORS CLANK unlocked, then they open. The flock of prisoners slowly and orderly moves inside the bricked holding room.

INT. PROCESSING ROOM

WARDEN STOCKDALE, a white-haired man, is poised in front of the room. He uses a walking stick, but not for medical purposes.

He's flanked by his prison staff supervisors, three on each side. The extent of their hard lives as prisoner caretakers is trenched in the deep squiggly lines on their faces.

WARDEN STOCKDALE

I'm Warden Stockdale. The state has turned you're sorry asses over to me and in my prison I am judge, jury, and if need be...executioner. Believe me when I tell you that here...I always have the final say.

He walks the line glaring at the inmates.

WARDEN STOCKDALE (CONT'D)

As Teddy Roosevelt once said walk softly but carry a big stick.

He waves his walking stick at the inmates, it's a long, twisted, metal rod with a forged ball handle on the end.

WARDEN STOCKDALE (CONT'D)

Well here is my big stick.

He admires it as he walks down the line of convicts, staring each and every one of them in the eyes.

WARDEN STOCKDALE (CONT'D)
Notice the notches on it. Each gash
is for a maggot who got out of control
and committed murder while staying

and committed murder while staying in my prison. Every one of those maggots, for lack of a better description, have mysteriously and suddenly expired.

He stops eye to eye with Lance.

WARDEN STOCKDALE (CONT'D)

If you cross me or get out of line,

I will not hesitate to throw your

ass in a small metal box with no

light for the remainder of your

insignificant life, or your time to

be served here, whichever comes first.

He continues to the next man in line.

WARDEN STOCKDALE (CONT'D) What happens to you while in that box is a choice that will remain in my hands. With that being said, according to penal regulations, no one shall be subjected to torture or cruel, inhuman or degrading treatment or punishment.

These words, following his previous statement, causes alarm on the faces of the inmates.

WARDEN STOCKDALE (CONT'D) All inmates shall be treated with the respect due to their inherent dignity and value as human beings. Yada, yada, yada, yeah right and all that shit! Simply put people, your ass is mine, and I will fuck it beyond your wildest imagination, if I should choose to do so.

He reaches the end of the line, then moves behind his staff like a quarterback tucked safely behind the offensive line.

WARDEN STOCKDALE (CONT'D) If any guard gets out of line, tough shit, that's life. If any of you get out of line, may God have mercy on your miserable soul because the fuck if I will!

INMATE #1 (O.S.)

Yeah well, penal regulations also require a meal for transport rides of four hours or more. I didn't receive one!

The YOUNG GUARD shakes his head and checks his watch.

YOUNG GUARD

Hey Zookeeper, looks like Feedin' time.

WARDEN STOCKDALE

I see we have yet another fucking jailhouse lawyer in our midsts.

Warden Stockdale motions toward the inmate with his thumb.

WARDEN STOCKDALE (CONT'D)

Give that smart ass his meal...

The inmate, an African American man with corn rows in his hair, grins over what he thinks is his small victory.

WARDEN STOCKDALE (CONT'D)

And give it to him in the hole!

The grin quickly disappears. The Young Guard grabs the inmate by the arm. He Struggles.

INMATE #1

Zookeeper? What, now we're animals? Get your damn hands off of me!

YOUNG GUARD

(with racial undertone)

You better calm your ass down, right now boy!

INMATE #1

You better get off me Magilla Gorilla or I'm gonna fuck you up big time!

The inmate lunges for the guard's expandable baton, the two struggle.

Suddenly from behind, the inmate is struck by the Warden's steel walking stick.

He goes down and is quickly kicked beaten by prison staff. The Young Guard stands back and watches in terror.

LANCE

He's had enough! Leave him alone.

WARDEN STOCKDALE

You keep your fucking mouth shut or you're next. I say when he's had enough.

The guards continue to beat him. The Young Guard looks away in disgust.

YOUNG GUARD

Sir, stop them. This is going too far, they'll kill him!

The warden ignores him.

YOUNG GUARD (CONT'D)

Sir!

The warden circles the men and stares at the other inmates.

WARDEN STOCKDALE

Ok, he's had enough. Put him in the hole.

YOUNG GUARD

But sir, he needs medical treatment.

The rest of the Warden's staff stare at the Young Guard. Their eyes speak volumes when saying if you know what's good for you, you'll shut the hell up right now. Then --

WARDEN STOCKDALE

You just shut the hell up right now officer!

(Pauses for a beat)

Get him out of here and into the hole then process the rest of these pieces of shit.

They drag the man away, his body limp and bleeding profusely. N The bones in his face are pulverized, he's barely recognizable.

YOUNG GUARD

Ok animals! You heard the warden. Get movin' now.

INT. PROCESSING ROOM

The inmates enter a large shower area. They're stripped and hosed off with a fire hose, a white powder is thrown on their naked bodies. Prison jump suits are dropped at their feet.

YOUNG GUARD

Now get dressed.

INMATE #2

Did you see that bullshit?

INMATE #3

Hey man don't talk to me!

GAURD #2

Shut the fuck up over there.

INMATE #3

Yes boss.

Handed their personal toiletries and bed sheets, they're led down the long corridor to the holding cells.

Word has already spread through the inmate grapevine about the beating and tensions are high. The prison block is noisy and very chaotic.

GAURD #2

Open doors to section 2, cells 4, 8, 12, and 14.

As the cell doors slide open each inmate is pushed into their new home.

GAURD #3

Welcome home ladies!

LANCE

I shouldn't be here. I didn't kill anybody.

GAURD #3

Sure, everybody's innocent here. Prison's world wide are full of the wrongfully convicted.

LANCE

No really, I am!

The cell door closes on his face.

INT. WEIGHT ROOM

Lance, inmate #2 and three other men are working out. Lance is doing curls.

INMATE #2

Hey man, names Portland, I never seen you in here before.

LANCE

Ahh... yeah... no, not here man, did a nickel up state.

PORTLAND

Oh yeah, what for?

LANCE

Ahh... arson.

PORTLAND

What are you in for now?

LANCE

Murder.

PORTLAND

No shit. Well listen, round here I'm pretty connected, so if you need somethin', you just let me know.

The other men look sideways at each other then to Lance, the group nods then moves towards Lance.

INMATE #4

That's a sweet ass you've got there. How 'bout givin' me some sugar.

PORTLAND

Oh, shit man.

INMATE #5

This your boy?

PORTLAND

No way man.

INMATE #4

I suggest you scram.

Lance tries to back away. Portland knows what's coming and hauls ass to the other side of the weight room.

LANCE

Ahh...now come on guys. Let's not do this ok. I'm not looking for any trouble.

INMATE #5

I wouldn't struggle sweat pea, it'll only hurt worse.

LANCE

Guard! Guard!

Lance looks around the room then comes eye to eye the guard, Bill. He's a huge ogre of a man with deep cuts in his face and tattoos running the length of each arm. Bill looks more like an inmate than a guard.

He's watching what's going on and scoffs when turning his back to the group.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Oh this is bullshit! Guard!

The group surrounds him, they laugh and chuckle to themselves. We can tell from the look in Lance's eyes that the wheels are turning in his head.

LANCE (CONT'D)

I...I have to warn you...I know Tae Kwon Do.

INMATE #4

(sarcastically)

Oh no, he knows Tae Kwon Do!

INMATE #5

(mocking him in a
 child's voice)

When you take Jhoon Rhee self defense you too can say, nobody bothers me, nobody bothers me.

INMATE #6

Nobody bothers me either!

Inmate #6 exaggerates a wink, The group laughs.

INMATE #4

Enough foolin' around. Grab him, bend his ass over, and ram rod the little bastard.

INMATE #5

Spread those cheeks.

Inmate #5 moves in, Lance is trembling.

LANCE

(under his breath)
Okay, stay calm, focus, remember
your training, control, mental and

physical discipline.

Inmate #5 swings, Wham! Lance ducks and counter strikes inmate #5 in the face, his front teeth break, he goes down hard.

We can see by his body language that Lance's confidence grows.

Inmate #4 moves in -- a flinch of the hand, Lance strikes -- a lightning quick series of punches and kicks that end with

a hip throw. Inmate #4 is down and out. Lance begins to slightly grin.

Inmate #5 is back on his feet.

INMATE #5

Somethin' funny?

-- from nowhere a prison shank brushes past Lance's face catching his cheek slightly.

Lance reacts, with blinding effectiveness he counters and disarms. The shank is now in his hand. He looks down at the shank in amazement of what he has just done ... his confidence is unstoppable now.

He turns his head and notices Bill watching intensely.

LANCE

Aren't you gonna stop this?

He throws the shank down to Bill's feet. Bill steps on it and ignores Lance's plea.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Come on, we don't have to do this! Don't make me...

INMATE #6

Don't make me what? Are you gonna give me a demerit professor?

LANCE

How did you know that?

Inmate #6 is also trained in martial arts. He puts on a short series of fancy moves then stares intensely into Lance's eyes.

INMATE #6

I've watched enter the dragon every day for years.

LANCE

(almost cocky)

Ok, if that's how you want it. Class is in session.

Inmate #6 charges Lance. At the last possible millisecond, Lance side steps, and counters with an arm throw.

Inmate #6 slams to the ground.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Lesson one asshole. Force equals mass times acceleration.

Inmate #6 is up quickly, a little dizzy but not broken. His fists and kicks fly in succession, but Lance blocks each one. Inmate #6 is clearly out of his league. He charges again. Lance counters with a side kick between his eyes, Inmate #6 stumbles backwards.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Lesson two. An object in motion will stay in motion unless acted upon.

Still not dissuaded Inmate #6 attacks. He is launched by another throw, this time face first into the wall. But he turns quickly --

INMATE #6

Hi...Ya!

And he executes some more flashy moves.

INMATE #6 (CONT'D)

Now, I'm really pissed.

Lance motions for him to bring it on.

LANCE

The final lesson for today, fighting is about more than physical strength, it's also about physics, spiritualism, and oh yeah...anatomy.

Lance makes a huge leap into the air and spins quickly. The rotation builds momentum and in almost a blur, his left foot flicks outward striking him on the temple. Inmate #6 drops like a limp sack of meat.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Class dismissed.

Bill steps into the weight room.

BILL

Ok break it up! You!

He points to Lance.

BILL (CONT'D)

You, get out here now!

LANCE

Me? But I was only defending myself. You saw it all. Those men tried to rape me.

BILL

What about this?

He holds up the prison shank.

LANCE

That wasn't mine. You saw the whole thing and you know it wasn't mine!

BILL

This is illegal contraband. Save it for the warden.

INT. WARDEN STOCKDALE'S OFFICE

The Warden is sitting at his desk writing.

BILL

Sorry sir, but I have one of the new convicts outside. He beat three inmates and I caught with this.

SLAM -- Bill slaps the shank on the desk top.

WARDEN STOCKDALE

Bring him in.

Lance is pushed through the doorway --

LANCE

Bullshit! Those men tried to rape me. I only defended myself. That thing isn't mine. They pulled it on me. What was I supposed to do let them kill me?

The Warden looks up from his mountain of paperwork.

WARDEN STOCKDALE

That's going to add a few more years to your sentence...unless?

LANCE

Are you kidding me. Life without the possibility of parole.

WARDEN STOCKDALE

Okay so don't listen then.

LANCE

Okay okay, unless what?

WARDEN STOCKDALE

Bill...excuse us.

BILL

But sir.

WARDEN STOCKDALE

Get the fuck out now!

BILL

Yes sir.

Bill reluctantly leaves the room.

WARDEN STOCKDALE

You were present the other morning. Weren't you?

LANCE

You mean when that...

WARDEN STOCKDALE

Yes, that morning. You know this whole little episode just got out of hand and I think it would be best if you forget it ever happened.

Lance pauses for a moment.

LANCE'S POV --

The warden keeps his walking stick in a decorative rack that is mounted on the wall behind his desk.

LANCE

Well sir that wouldn't be...

WARDEN STOCKDALE

Before you finish that sentence consider this, I've already talked to the other inmates from that morning and they've agreed to the same offer I'm extending to you. Also remember you've got a long stay with us and it could become much more comfortable for you if your memory wasn't so clear. Especially, if some suits show up and start askin' questions.

LANCE

How comfortable?

Warden Stockdale turns and walks to the window located beside him.

Lance takes notice of the window at the bars, they're rust covered. The warden begins to peel and flick away loose flaking concrete at the base of the bars.

WARDEN STOCKDALE

How about your pick of job detail, a cell of your own, access to the library...including unrestricted internet privileges and of course protection by me and my men? Does that make your memory more fuzzy now?

LANCE

What was I supposed to remember?

The warden turns towards Lance and sits down at his desk.

WARDEN STOCKDALE

Very good. I knew you were a smart man. What detail do you want?

LANCE

Laundry detail.

WARDEN STOCKDALE

Ok, I'll make the arrangements. Just remember the deal, especially if anyone comes around askin' questions.

LANCE

Questions about what?

WARDEN STOCKDALE

Good, Bill will escort you to your new home.

(yelling)

Bill!

Bill enters the room.

BILL

Yes sir?

WARDEN STOCKDALE

I want this man taken back to his cell and I want you to move his cell mate out at once.

BILL

But sir?

WARDEN STOCKDALE

Just do it Bill!

BILL

Yes sir.

INT. PRISON MAIN CELL BLOCK - MOMENTS LATER

Bill escorts Lance to his cell.

BILL

I don't know what you two worked out but I don't trust you asshole. I'll be keepin' an eye on you, you hear me?

He pushes Lance into his cell. His cell mate is sleeping, facing the wall. He is one of the many prison bitches evident by the painted on cut off jean shorts with small rips in the ass and a purple tube top. From behind he appears very curvy and feminine.

BILL (CONT'D)

Come on missy, its movin' day!

The man, asleep like a hibernating bear, doesn't respond immediately. Bill kicks him and he turns and we notice he is no where near feminine from the front.

BILL (CONT'D)

Come on dirt bag...I said get the fuck up!

Bill lifts the man by his ear.

CELL MATE

Ahhhh! What the fuck, ahhhh, come on man you're gonna rip the fucking thing off man.

BILL

Get your shit and get out. You've been evicted.

CELL MATE

Evicted? To where?

BILL

I don't know and I don't give a fuck now get movin' cum dumpster...

He releases his ear hold.

BILL (CONT'D)

You've got ten seconds, ten fucking seconds do you hear me faggot.

CELL MATE

Now listen hear mothafucker...

BILL

What the fuck did you just call me pole rider?

He quickly reaches and pulls his expandable baton from its holster, with a whoosh it springs out and in a flash the baton strikes the man's face, he goes down.

CELL MATE

Ahhhh...

BILL

If you ever want to use that mouth for sucking dick again, you better keep it fucking shut. Now get the hell out now.

Guard # 3 arrives to the cell. The cell mate stumbles to his feet holding his mouth as blood flows freely.

GAURD #3

Hey Bill, where should I put this asshole?

He snatches the man by his arm.

BILL

Put him with Hayden.

GAURD #3

Hayden? But... he's nuts, this fruit cake won't last the fucking night.

BILL

Yeah well, joke him if he can't take a fuck!

Bill tosses the man's belongings out of the cell.

BILL (CONT'D)

Here you go your majesty, one penthouse for the wardens new pet.

Bill slides the bar door closed and locks it.

BILL (CONT'D)

Remember, I'm watchin'... I'm always watchin' asshole.

INT. CAFETERIA

Lance is in the chow line. Portland spots him and slides into line behind him.

PORTLAND

Hey Hayden, mind if I cut in I need to talk to my man here.

Hayden is a scary looking Aryan brotherhood gang leader. He has a clean shaven head with tattoos covering it along with facial tattoos and most of his upper body. The word death runs across his left hand, the word rage across the right and a large Aryan brotherhood tattoo is placed on his forearm.

HAYDEN

Yeah, I do fucking mind!

PORTLAND

Oh come on man, don't be like that. You know I don't mean no disrespect brother, just trying to talk to my man here.

(whispering)

Come on man, I'll get you some of that shit you like. The little blue ones right?

He makes a motion to signify a hard on.

PORTLAND (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Heard ya got yourself a new cell mate bro. You don't want to let the lady down now do ya?

Hayden slides back one step. The inmate behind Hayden throws his hands up in the air in disgust.

INMATE IN LINE

Hey man what the fuck.

Hayden turns and gives the man a shut the fuck up glare, the man immediately cowers.

INMATE IN LINE (CONT'D)

Yeah, ok if that's how you feel. No problem man. My fault.

PORTLAND

Hey man, you really fucked those guys up good. You need to teach me some of that...what was that shit anyway man?

LANCE

Taekwondo.

PORTLAND

Yeah man, brutal fucking shit is what it was. Come on man, I can get ya anything ya want man, drugs, a phone. Hell I'll even get ya a fucking big mac and fries if you want. Nothings to big or to small man.

LANCE

Sodium bisulphate?

PORTLAND

Man I've got no clue what that is but I'm sure I can, my man on the outside can get any fuckin' thing. Hell, once we smuggled a fuckin' midget prostitute in for one of those Gweedo mothafuckers man.

LANCE

How about three baby food jars with lids, a six inch plastic tube, rubbing alcohol, a large sewing needle, two aluminum cans, a razor blade and a can of salt?

PORTLAND

Geezus what are you doing, setting up a fucking meth lab?

The cook flops some prison gruel onto Lance's plate.

LANCE

No man, just some light cooking, this shit ass food is for the birds.

The two proceed to a table to sit down.

PORTLAND

Yeah man, give me a few days, but you better show me some of that ninja shit. And you better not give me any of that grasshopper paint the fence and wash my fucking car shit either...got it.

They sit down. Lance laughs.

LANCE

Got it.

INT. LANCE'S CELL- LATER- NIGHT

Lance is kneeling beside his bed in the darkest corner of his cell.

He is using a prison knife to make 3 holes in the bottom of a soda can. He pierces jet holes with the knife, now he's cutting the can in half. Now a second can, cutting that in half also. Making four small breather holes in the side of the bottom half...putting the two bottom halves together... his prison stove is complete. He pours in rubbing alcohol and ignites it with a spark from what is known as a prison lighter, a AA battery and wire. Bright blue flames dance in the darkness.

On the prison stove he places an empty baby food jar. He pours in a mixture of sodium bisulphate, water and salt and caps off the jar. He cuts a small hole the size of the plastic tube in the lid and inserts the tube into the jar.

He runs the tube to the other water filled glass jar, vapors pass threw the tube and collect in the glass jar. The water bubbles and boils forming hydrochloric acid.

He tests the acid pouring a small amount of it on the waste aluminum can, it bubbles and melts away to nothing.

LANCE

Good shit.

Lance stashes the concoction in the toilet tank... crushes the can with his foot... lies down in his bed and rolls over to go to sleep.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM- LATER

Lance glances around, he is alone. He rips a sheet down the center, twists the sheet and knots the sheets together to fashion a rope.

INT. LOADING DOCK

A large box truck backs up to the loading dock, the side of the box truck reads Pete's uniforms and supplies. The driver parks the truck and hops out of the cab.

TRUCK DRIVER

I've got some new uniforms here for you boys. Where do you want em?

YOUNG GUARD

Hey, Bill where do you want these?

He points towards the doorway for the laundry room.

BILL

Put 'em over there. They'll need to be washed.

The driver opens the back door and piles several boxes of uniforms on a hand truck.

TRUCK DRIVER

Can you get the door for me?

BILL

Sure thing.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM

Lance is in between two washing machines hiding the rope. Bill spots him.

BILL

Hey you!

He squeezes out from between the machines.

LANCE

Me?

BILL

Yeah you fuck face. What are you doin' behind there?

LANCE

Ah, I-I-I...dropped the cap to the detergent and it rolled behind the washer.

BILL

Never mind that. Take these boxes and wash all of these uniforms.

LANCE

Yes boss.

Lance quickly runs to the truck driver. He grabs two boxes and carries them to an empty washing machine. He opens the box, his eyes light up at the sight of the shipment of brand new guard uniforms.

YOUNG GUARD (O.S.)

That inmate is dead.

BILL (O.S.)

So!

YOUNG GUARD (O.S.)

But that was wrong. He didn't deserve to die like that.

Lance peaks out the laundry room door.

INT. LOADING DOCK

BILL

These fucking animals all deserve it!

YOUNG GUARD

It was wrong and I can't believe that you really believe that Bill.

BILL

Listen kid, just forget about it.

YOUNG GUARD

I can't and I'm going to report it to the...

BILL

(angry)

Report it? What in the hell do you mean...report it?

He grabs the Young Guard by the shirt.

BILL (CONT'D)

Listen you little shit. You're not gonna report nothin' to nobody. The Warden's taken care of it. Got it!

YOUNG GUARD

Get your damn hands off of me. Get off!

The young guard knocks Bill's hands away and pushes him back.

BILL

You little son of a...

They wrestle and trade punches.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM

With the absence of the guard's scrutiny, Lance quickly goes to the box of uniforms and cautiously takes one.

Suddenly, the PRISON SIREN ROARS.

INT. PRISON-

In the main cell block, the inmates are furious about the beating death and rioting starts. SCREAMING and CHAOS. Rolls of toilet paper are lit on fire are thrown from their cells.

EXT. PRISON-

Guards in the yard are under attack, hand to hand battles break out.

INT. LOADING DOCK

Guard #2 runs to the loading dock to break up the fight between Bill and the Young Guard.

GAURD #2

What the hell are you two doing. Cut it out you assholes.

He pushes them apart.

YOUNG GUARD

Nothing, I just over reacted, but I'm fine now. I guess I just needed some sense knocked into me.

BILL

Uhh... yeah everything's cool, we're cool. Thanks.

Guard #2 spots Lance peeking out of the door.

GAURD #2

You, what are you doing?

LANCE

Just doing my job boss.

GAURD #2

You can hear the fucking sirens can't you? So get back to your goddam cell like you're supposed to.

LANCE

Got it boss.

INT. PRISON MAIN CELL BLOCK

Small squads of GUARDS IN RIOT GEAR flood into the main cell block. They push back the line of inmates. Fighting breaks out between guards and fires in cells are now burning out of control.

EXT. DEVENS STATE PENITENTIARY

SIRENS BLARING. Gate guards and tower guards scurrying to their assigned posts.

INT. DEVENS STATE PENITENTIARY

The CELL DOOR MOTORS HUM as they slide closed, some inmates manage to squeeze out the door before they shut.

INT. LOADING DOCK

The LOADING DOCK DOOR RUMBLES as it rolls down.

YOUNG GUARD

What do we do?

BILL

We get out there and help, that's what we do.

GAURD #2

Fuck that, they might have weapons.

BILL

Listen you pussy, get the fuck out there now, that's an order.

Unexpectedly, the prison goes dark.

YOUNG GUARD

What the fuck!

BILL

They shut down the power.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM

Lance grabs the stolen uniform and rope. He blends into the darkness while quickly changing into the uniform. He pushes the rope into his shirt.

INT. LOADING DOCK

Either forgetting about Lance, or assuming he's already made way back to his cell, the guards hurry from the room.

Lance hides in the darkness as he cautiously leaves the loading dock.

INT. PRISON - MOMENTS LATER

Now impersonating a guard, Lance is among the retreating ranks. An inmate stabs another inmate just as Lance pushes his way by.

He moves to his cell.

INT. LANCE'S CELL

Lance lifts the toilet tank lid and retrieves his stashed baby food jars with the acid safely stored inside.

The cell door begins to close. Lance turns, panicked he scrambles to the door and quickly squeezes out just as it goes shut.

INT. PRISON

He makes his way threw the chaos to the deserted main corridor only to find the gate is locked. He looks behind him, the other inmates are on his ass. Grabbing the bars --

LANCE

(yelling)

Someone help me. Hurry, they're coming for me. Help!

A custodian hauling ass past the corridor hears the scream and stops in his tracks.

CUSTODIAN

Hey! One of your guys is trapped. Someone help him!

Guards run past the custodian.

CUSTODIAN (CONT'D)

Hey you...you, help him. He's one of yours.

GAURD #3

What?

CUSTODIAN

Look!

He points down the hall to the group of inmates rushing towards them.

GAURD #3

Shit! Ok hang in there.

LANCE

Quickly! Their coming for me.

The inmates are getting closer.

Guard #3 gets to the security door.

GAURD #3

Where are your keys?

LANCE

What? Not sure. I think one of them got 'em when the fighting started.

Guard #3 fumbles for the key.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Come on hurry!

The inmates are only steps away.

The guard unlocks the door.

GAURD #3

Ok, move your ass.

INT. RESTRICTED AREA

The METAL DOOR RATTLES shut with Lance on the other side just in the nick of time. The prisoners trapped behind them scream while stretching their arms through trying to grab Lance.

LANCE

Thanks pal.

GAURD #3

Hey, who are you?

LANCE

I'm new.

GAURD #3

Bullshit!

With a flinch of his arm, Lance swings and knocks him out cold. He takes the guard's keys.

INMATES

Unlock the door! Come on man, unlock the door.

He ignores them and makes his way to the warden's office.

EXT. WARDEN STOCKDALE'S OFFICE

Lance fumbles with the keys as he pushes them one at a time in the lock but none open the door.

LANCE

Dammit!

He steps back and with a thrusting front kick, his foot hits the door, the frame splinters and spit everywhere as the DOOR SWINGS OPEN and makes a THUMP when it hits the wall.

INT. WARDEN STOCKDALE'S OFFICE

Lance hurries to the window behind the warden's desk. He pauses slowly to look at the world outside through the glass view obstructed by the vertical bars on the outside.

He opens the window, pops the top from the glass container holding the acid, and shakes it carefully at the bars so not to get any of the concoction on himself. It's not pretty, but he manages to douse the top and bottom of the middle set of metal bars where they meet the concrete outside wall. Bluish smoke slowly rolls upward. He takes the warden's walking stick hanging nearby on the wall and uses it like a fulcrum. The metal WHINES as he applies pressure to pull the bars apart. The concrete starts to give and sounds like wet gravel crunching together. Suddenly, one of the bars snaps. He takes a deep breath, on to the next one then -

LANCE

Just one more...ahhh!

The metal bar breaks free. He hurriedly rustles through the warden's center desk drawer --

LANCE (CONT'D)

Pen and paper...pen and paper. Ah, here.

He writes a note and attaches it to the end of the walking stick, then he removes the rope hidden under his shirt.

He ties one end of the rope to the walking cane and uses it as an anchor across the unbroken metal bars and drops the rest of the make shift rope to dangle. He climbs through.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The guards are gaining control as they force inmates back into their cells --

WARDEN STOCKDALE

Lock it down and count 'em now!

EXT. PRISON WALL

Lance is half way down the rope when it starts to tear and a knot in the middle starts to slip loose.

LANCE

Come on hold in there.

Lance quickly slides down the fashioned rope. When nearing the ground then he jumps and does a shoulder roll then springs right back up onto his feet and heads toward the parking lot.

EXT. PRISON DELIVERY GATE

A mail delivery truck pulls up to the gate. RAP MUSIC BLASTS from the vehicle as the YOUNG DRIVER DANCES in his seat while approaching.

DRIVER

Pony express.

GATE GAURD

Not today, we're on lock down. No one gets in or out.

DRIVER

What should I do with all this mail, my boss is gonna shit!

GATE GAURD

What do I care...return to sender or something.

DRIVER

Very funny!

The driver backs up the truck.

EXT. DEVENS STATE PENITENTIARY

Lance chases down the delivery truck and jumps up on the back. He quickly climbs to the roof and flattens out into the prone position.

Now in the distance, the PRISON SIREN continues to SCREAM

INT. WARDEN STOCKDALE'S OUTER OFFICE

Like a bull, the warden stomps into the outer office and freezes when he sees the inner office door slightly ajar. Bill is with him.

WARDEN STOCKDALE

Bill, check it out.

Bill cautiously enters first and a few second later he comes out with the walking stick in his hand.

WARDEN STOCKDALE (CONT'D)

Well.

BILL

You ain't gonna like it sir. He's out.

Bill hands him the note.

WARDEN STOCKDALE

(yelling)

What! I want Sterling found now and I want to know how he did it.

The warden looks at the note and reads it out loud.

WARDEN STOCKDALE (CONT'D)

Thanks for the big fucking stick you huge fucking dick!

Bill chuckles to himself.

WARDEN STOCKDALE (CONT'D)

Sterling, you son of a bitch! You'll be sorry.

EXT. PRISON TOWER

A TOWER GUARD is looking through binoculars and spots Lance on top of the truck.

TOWER GAURD

Got 'em!

He takes aim with his rifle and fires.

EXT. PATTON ROAD-

SPARKS FLASH and a METAL POPS when the bullet ricochets off of the roof to barely miss Lance. He flinches --

LANCE

Holy shit.

INT. MAIL TRUCK

DRIVER

What the hell? Their shooting at me!

He floors it and speeds away.

EXT. JACKSON ROAD TRAFFIC LIGHT

A dump truck pulls along side of the mail truck. Taking a deep breath, Lance attempts a leap for the dump truck bed, but it pulls away while he is in mid flight. He barely manages to grab the bed edge, his body dangles.

LANCE

Phew!

Suddenly, a huge THUMP, the dump truck hits a massive pothole. He loses grip momentarily to luckily get hold of the bumper.

LANCE (CONT'D)

O-o-oh shit!

His feet drag SCRAPING on the street. Lance reacts quickly and with a mighty effort he manages to pull himself up. He climbs to safety over the edge and drops into the bed. He pokes his head up to find a road sign --

LANCE (CONT'D)

Okay, south.

EXT. MAIL TRUCK

SIRENS BLARE and EMERGENCY LIGHTS FLASH as three State Police cars close on the mail delivery truck. A loud speaker --

STATE TROOPER #1 (O.S.)

Pull over now!

DRIVER

What the fuck?

He pulls over.

The leading car darts to the front of the mail truck and skids to a stop, GRAVEL CRUNCHES and DUST drifts upward. The second slides to a TIRE SCREECHING halt parallel to the mail vehicle and the third skids to a stop behind it and angled toward the road. Officers leap from their vehicles with weapons drawn and poised in the ready position to fire. With his weapon hanging like an extension of his arm, STATE TROOPER #1 moves out from cover and cautiously approaches --

STATE TROOPER #1

Hands, hands, hand! I wanna see your hands. Slowly Put them out the window.

The driver complies and the other officers move in cautiously while with their weapons still sighted on him. STATE TROOPER #2 moves to driver's door and swings it open and almost immediately STATE TROOPER #3 grabs the driver, drags him from the vehicle and pushes his face up against the side of the truck. He pulls his hands back and cuffs him.

DRIVER

What's going on? They were shooting at me?

MORE SIRENS HOWLING, LIGHT FLASHING and TIRES SCREECHING. The CAR door opens and the warden steps out. He hurries to the driver and spins him around so he's face to face.

WARDEN STOCKDALE (O.S.)

You son of a...

DRIVER

Why? What did I do?

WARDEN STOCKDALE

Who is this! This isn't Sterling you idiots.

Two plain wrapped Dodge Chargers scream to a fishtailing halt.

From one of the cars, two Deputy Marshals emerge. REVO, a Midwestern carnivore who's built like a middle linebacker with a neck the size of a fire hydrant and CARLOS, a little Latin prick who weighs no more than 150 pounds including the bullet proof vest he wears.

REVO

Hey Carlos, this reminds me of the time we were chasing that albino bastard.

CARLOS

Oh yeah, shit how could I forget that guy...ugliest damn cross dresser I ever saw, Revo.

Stepping from the second unmarked car is THOMAS SAUNDERS. It obvious right away, he's the paramilitary type, polished from head to toe with a haircut flat enough to use as a table top for playing marbles on. He arrogantly struts toward Warden Stockdale.

STATE TROOPER #1

Sorry sir, but if you're not F.B.I. or state police, you'll have to turn around right now.

The trooper straight arms Revo to a halt. Revo glares right through him like he doesn't exist.

REVO

Touch me again and I'll break your fucking arm.

He walks through State Trooper #1 like he was a rag doll.

STATE TROOPER #1

Halt, I'm talkin' to you too!

SAUNDERS

(to Warden Stockdale)

Thomas Saunders, U.S. Marshal Service. Where are your check points?

The badge around his neck is exposed when he pulls it from underneath his shirt.

WARDEN STOCKDALE

Nowhere, yet.

SAUNDERS

What!

As if he's talking in the wind. He turns toward State Trooper #1 but never looks at him.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

Well let's go goddammit! I want check points on Route 13, Route 119, I-495 and Route 2...

STATE TROOPER #1

Whoa, whoa, whoa! You can't stroll in here barking out orders.

SAUNDERS

(to Warden Stockdale)
I'll be taking over the investigation.

STATE TROOPER #1

On what authority?

Finally acknowledging the State trooper, Saunders pivots and at close range they touch eyeballs.

SAUNDERS

On the authority of the 1979 Fugitive Treaty Act and on the authority of the Governor of Massachusetts. Now, are you gonna let me do my job, or do I need to bitch slap your ass before I arrest it?

STATE TROOPER #1

(back-down beat)

Okay. You want this, no problem you got it.

(to other troopers)

Shut it down. Let's go home boys. The U.S. Marshal's office is taking over.

SAUNDERS

No one's going anywhere. Listen up assholes cause I'm only gonna say this once. I'm in charge here and unless you want to be collecting unemployment you better do exactly what I say and when I say to do it!

The State troopers swarm around Saunders like he is preaching the gospel.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

The convict was last seen on the roof of this delivery truck. So stay alive to reports of stolen vehicles or abductions. I want a hard target search set up. If it's got wheels, stop it! If it got a door, kick it in if you have to, but I want all residents questioned and all homes searched. He's not getting through our net. Am I understood people?

The men appear to be frozen in time, nobody moves.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

Well, what are you waiting for? Move it, now goddammit!

EXT. TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

Lance climbs out of the dump truck. He quickly scans the area and begins checking the eighteen wheelers for an unlocked door. The second try is an old Kentworth, he's struck gold and quietly sneaks into the sleeping compartment.

INT. SEMI-TRUCK - NIGHT

In the bleak beam of light that sprays in from the front window, he finds a hooded shirt and jeans hanging on the cab wall, he quickly changes his clothes.

EXT. TRUCK STOP - NIGHT

Exiting the truck cautiously, he scopes out the parking area. With the cost clear, he jumps from the truck and jogs down the road for a short distance. As a convoy of cars and trucks pass, it begins to rain. He pulls up his hood and sticks out his thumb. Immediately, a semi slows and stops beside him. The driver leans over and opens the door. He climbs into the truck.

EXT. SEMI TRUCK - NIGHT

The darkness ahead gives way when the headlights hit it. A sign indicating it's the New Hampshire state line flashes by.

EXT. WINCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE - NIGHT

In the darkness of the side street, the truck slows to a drift while preparing to turn, the door opens --

LANCE

Thanks for the ride.

He hops out. The truck revs it's engine, makes the turn, and keeps moving.

INT. LOTTERY COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE BUILDING

The PHONE RINGS and the supervisor answers. We hear only his end of the conversation --

SUPERVISOR

Yeah....what, he escaped? Christ, this fucking guy is more irritating than the hemorrhoids on my ass....I know....I'll handle it....no, not like the last time. This guy is dead, he just doesn't know it yet. What...the hell with being quiet. I don't care about being quiet. I only care about Sterling being dead!

EXT. TOY BOX KUSTOMS - NIGHT

Lance peers through the front window of a body shop that specializes in custom work. The name on the window is "Toy Box Kustoms". He steps back and searches the ground around his feet. He picks up a loose brick and sends it hurling at the window, glass explodes everywhere. He crawls through the jagged edge opening.

INT. TOY BOX KUSTOMS - NIGHT

As Lance scans the shop looking at the cars, he also notices a motion sensor on the wall. It's blinking wildly.

LANCE

A Morgan supersport, nice! Motion sensors, not so nice. Okay then, I've got about ten minutes at most in this sleepy little town.

He looks through the side window of the Morgan to see if luck is with him and the keys are in the ignition, but they

aren't. He hurries to the service desk and sorts through the keys hung on the hooks behind the desk. He flips through the tags --

LANCE (CONT'D)

Morgan, Morgan. No...no. Dammit where are they. Ok no Morgan, how about the Datsun then?

He takes the keys belonging to an old green Datsun sitting at the far end of the shop.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Oh well, it's better than walkin'. But one more place to check.

He goes back to the Morgan, opens the door and slides in to pull down the driver's visor.

LANCE (CONT'D)

They're always....no! Okay, Datsun it is.

He pauses to open the center console and finds an IPhone but no keys. He takes the phone and gets out of the Morgan then walks toward the Datsun while powering on the phone. We can hear the PHONE JINGLE PLAY as it powers up.

LANCE (CONT'D)

So, what do have we here?

Looking at the applications on the phone, he suddenly freezes. Smiling, he turns back to look at the Morgan.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Oh yeah baby. Smart start!

CLOSE ON iPHONE

Lance presses the softkey to launch the Smart Start application. Then he presses the Smart Start button in the center of the display, the ENGINE turns over, the V8 softly PURRS.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, just a easy as they show it on You Tube.

He hurriedly scans a nearby shop workbench.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Okay, some screw drivers, a propane torch and a bucket. Wait, there it is, styrofoam. Now all I need is a little gaso...

He spots a gas can.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Oh yeah, now were cooking with Crisco baby.

He breaks the styrofoam into small pieces and drops it in the bucket. Picking up the gas can, he pours it over the styrofoam. Then, he lights the propane torch. Heating the side of metal bucket, he uses a socket extension to stir the mixture slowly.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Just a little homemade napalm.

He finds a couple of empty coke bottles sitting on the floor, he slowly fills them with the liquid explosive. He finds a shop rag on the next bench over and tears it into several cloth strips. He soaks it with the leftover gasoline and plugs the bottle ends with them.

EXT. TOY BOX KUSTOMS - NIGHT

We hear the LOW RUMBLE of a SQUAD CAR ENGINE as it drifts slowly up to the shop. The officers arm hangs out the driver window and directs the spotlight beam.

INT. TOY BOX KUSTOMS - NIGHT

Lance sees the car closing in on the building and ducks behind the Morgan. The light passes.

LANCE

Shit!

He tosses the tools and napalm bombs in a duffel bag.

EXT. TOY BOX KUSTOMS - NIGHT

The TWO COPS are now on foot, they see the broken window and position themselves to enter the building.

COP#1

Okay rookie, we're doing this real slow now. Draw your weapon and carefully take it off safety.

He squeezes the button on his communicator that hangs at his left shoulder.

COP#2

This is unit ten seventy two. We have confirmed a break in at Toy Box Kustoms, send back up units.

DISPATCH (V.O.) Ten four, backup is on the way.

INT. TOY BOX KUSTOMS - NIGHT

Lance throws the bag in the car and slowly slides into the driver's seat. Putting the car in gear, he holds the brake and tromps on the accelerator. The ENGINE ROARS ... the TIRES SCREAM ... blue smoke drifts upward from the garage floor ... tires spinning, he releases the brake and the car launches forward and slams through the old wooden garage door. Splinters and dust explode outward from the impact.

EXT. TOY BOX KUSTOMS - NIGHT

The Cops dive and roll to safety. Up slowly, they're shaken but not hurt. Immediately, they run to their car with Cop#1 in the drivers seat. EMERGENCY LIGHTS FLASH and SIREN BLASTS, they speed away in hot pursuit.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

In controlled recklessness, both cars cut in and out of the slower moving late night traffic and run traffic lights to barely miss cross traffic.

INT. MORGAN - NIGHT

Lance reaches into the duffel bag ... removes one of the bottles ... slams in the cigarette lighter ... KLAK, it pops, the core is fire red ... igniting the gasoline soaked fuse ... he tosses it almost straight upward out the window.

EXT, CITY STREETS- NIGHT

The Morgan moves from underneath ... timed perfectly ... the squad car moves under it as it drops... BOOM! Flaming napalm covers the squad car windshield.

Surprised, Cop#1 swerves, the viscous flames spread over his view. He over corrects on the swerve recovery, the car slams into the front of a parked Cadillac.

The Cadillac acts like a ramp and helps launch the squad car upward, it rolls and flips on its side. THE METAL SCRAPES and SPARKS SPRAY as it skids down the street.

LANCE

Sorry 'bout that guys.

EXT. MIT PARKING LOT

The Morgan rips into the parking lot and comes to a TIRE SCREECHING halt. Lance puts the car in neutral and sets the emergency brake before hopping out.

He quickly moves to the trunk and opens it. Searching quickly, he finds several Toys R US bags. Inside, a remote controlled airplane, a remote controlled car, a model rocket kit and a birthday card with \$100.00 cash inside. He rips opens the card --

LANCE

Thanks Little Joey. Happy birthday and I'm really sorry about this dude.

He quickly stuffs the cash in his pocket and continues to scrounge through the trunk --

LANCE (CONT'D)

Okay, emergency kit, tennis balls, and ah...a digital camera. Just like Christmas at the Cleaver house.

INT. MORGAN

Lance rummages through the glove box throwing more treasures in the duffel bag --

LANCE

Holy shit, these people don't believe in spoiling their kids do they? God bless 'em! An iPod, PSP and a disposable camera.

INT. MIT CHEMISTRY LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Lance takes chemicals from the lab and puts them in the bag. He finds a box of his belongings under the desk. He looks through the box --

LANCE

Okay, a cell phone, laser pointer and some Mentos.

He dumps the box in the bag then grabs a bottle of coke from the refrigerator. He takes a swig and puts the bottle down on the lab table.

He quickly disassembles the laser pointer, then starts typing on a nearby lab computer keyboard.

He modifies the laser pointer and assembles it. Aiming it at a trash can across the room, he pushes the tip, a red beam of light shoots at a pile of papers hanging over the edge of the trash can. The paper turns an ashy red, then a hole burns through and a small flame flickers.

LANCE (CONT'D)

That's a hell to the yeah. It really works. Gotta love the net baby!

He grabs an extinguisher and starts to put out the flames when he hears a noise from down the hall. He looks out the window and sees a black tinted out IMPALA SS in the lot.

He moves to the classroom door and slowly opens it. Hiding in the doorway, he carefully inches forward to the hallway corner. His eyes widen when he sees the Asset sneaking down the hallway.

LANCE (CONT'D)

I've seen this guy somewhere before. The questions is where. I got it!

MEMORY FLASH

INT. LANCE'S APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY -NIGHT

Lance bumps into a man, he turns to look, it's the Asset.

BACK TO REALITY

INT. MIT HALLWAY

Uncontrollably, Lance leaps from the cover --

LANCE

(rage)

It was you! You had something to do with Sam's murder! Didn't you? I remember you...at my apartment. You...you had something to do with Sam's death you bastard.

He points at the Asset.

LANCE (CONT'D)

You killed Sam and set me up! Who do you work for?

ASSET

We just want to talk.

LANCE

We who? What do you want? What did I do to you people?

The Asset creeps closer --

ASSET

My boss wants to talk to you.

Boss, who's your boss? Stop! I'm warning you...don't come any closer!

The Asset takes another step and with a flinch of his arm a pistol appears. He aims quickly and fires, BOOM, BOOM, three quick shots ricochet off the wall.

Lance dives back into the chemistry lab and kicks the door shut with his foot. He locks the door and quickly crab walks under his desk.

He grabs the duffel bag and finds the roll of Mentos. The door knob abruptly wiggles. Jumping up from under the desk, Lance grabs the soda bottle and drops in the candy, picks up a nearby container on the lab table and --

LANCE (CONT'D)

How about mixing in a little sulfuric acid!

He shakes the bottle vigorously and then drops it in a nearby glass aquarium as he runs through a door leading to the adjacent room.

The Asset kicks in the door and charges forward and pauses at the aquarium just as the concoction reacts.

The plastic bottle swells tremendously, BOOM, it explodes.

As the aquarium flies apart, shards of glass become flying shrapnel. The unsuspecting Asset pulls back when hit, his face looks like a pizza with the red spots trickling down. He immediately covers up but it's too late, he SCREAMS and drops to the floor while flopping around like a combative bass that's out of water.

EXT. MIT PARKING LOT

Lance leaps to slide across the hood of the Morgan and gets in quickly then speeds out of sight.

The injured Asset stumbles out of the school. Blood runs down his face, WAFTS of SMOKE from the burning acid floats upward while he pulls small pieces of glass from his skin.

ASSET

You son of a bitch! I'll get you.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - NIGHT

The cruddy white walls can't hide under the dim light from a nearby lamp on the motel office front desk. Lance enters.

Lance impatiently flogs the tiny chrome bell on the desk top. He pauses momentarily, then profusely slaps the bell around some more.

The door in the background opens and through it comes the grungy, balding old MOTEL CLERK, pulling his suspenders over his shoulder.

MOTEL CLERK

Okay, okay, okay, that's enough with the bell...I hear ya' dammit. Give me a freaking second to put on my goddamn pants...will ya'!

LANCE

Sorry, sorry, I'm just a little tired. I need a room for the night.

MOTEL CLERK

For the night! Kid do you know that the night is almost over? Check out is 10am...no exceptions. Gotta have time to clean up the place before the next rush hits.

The Motel Clerk giggles.

LANCE

That's fine. I'll just ask for a wake up call at nine A.M. then. Do you have an internet connection?

MOTEL CLERK

Are ya' alone?

LANCE

Huh?

MOTEL CLERK

Huh...I guess that means it's just you and rosy palm, then.

LANCE

Oh yeah, just a single.

MOTEL CLERK

That'll be forty-five smackers and some identification.

LANCE

Do you have an internet connection?

MOTEL CLERK

In a fine establishment like this...of course we do.

Okay then, how 'bout a cool hundred dollars and no ID?

MOTEL CLERK

Are you sure you're alone?

LANCE

I'm positive.

MOTEL CLERK

Hmm, just don't destroy the place...
Mr Smith. You're in room ninety
two.

He scribbles on a piece of paper and hands it to Lance.

LANCE

What's this for?

MOTEL CLERK

That's a note with your wake up call on it. You said nine right.

The Motel Clerk turns to take the room key off of the hook on the wall.

LANCE

Yeah?

MOTEL CLERK

Well there it is...your wake up call. Now, get the hell out of here so I can go back to sleep, will ya'!

He slaps the room key on the desk.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens --

LANCE

Oh god, what's that smell?

Lance stumbles in the darkness for the light switch on the wall, CLICK, a 20watt bulb flickers several times before it stays on. The light is sparse. Lance looks around slowly and his eyes stop at the bed. It's sunken in the middle like the back of an old horse.

LANCE (CONT'D)

(sighing)

Oh well, I wasn't gonna sleep anyway.

Using the PSP Lance surfs the net for the anarchist cook book --

LANCE'S PREPARATIONS - MONTAGE

He makes bombs from tennis balls. He cuts open then smashes the model rocket engine into powder. He opens the roadside emergency kit and finds a box of strike anywhere matches. He cuts the heads off the matches and packs the tennis balls with this concoction. He tapes the tennis ball shut with duct tape. He makes a lighter bomb by taping together a rocket engine and a lighter...

He disassembles the remote control car. Using the inner workings and receiver, he makes a detonator for bombs. He Uses the soldering iron to solder his connections ...

He makes a stun gun from the disposable camera and tests the camera on a pillow.

Lance turns on the TV and starts to undress --

LANCE (CONT'D)

So no sleep but how about a nice hot shower.

CLOSE ON TV

The edges of the TV are not seen. A news reporter is shown standing outside the prison.

NEWS REPORTER

Tonight, only here, on the news at ten...the lottery killer escapes from Devens State Prison and is running the streets of our city. He's suspected in two break ins and is still on the loose. Officials are asking for your help. Please look at this photo. It was taken when Lance Sterling was arrested for the murder of his best friend. you see him, please contact your local law enforcement immediately, but do not approach him. He is considered possibly armed and If you don't have to dangerous. leave your house, you are being asked to lock your doors and windows. Details here on channel five news at six a m.

BACK TO SCENE

As Lance walks into the bathroom.

(to himself)

Yeah, yeah, I'm such a scary guy.

He freezes in his tracks when he sees the bath tub.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Whoa! Oh that ain't right.

CLOSE ON BATH TUB

It's half full with a muddy brown water, kinda looks like sewage, and the exposed tub walls bleed with a thick cruddy goo.

INT. BOSTON LIBRARY - LATE MORNING

The lamps hanging from the ceiling give off a warm, pleasant glow that reflects serenely from the mahogany tables. The air is quiet. To each side of the room are tall bookshelves.

Lance is sitting at a computer. A google search on mega million lottery, brings up a recommended link to a lottery conspiracy site. He clicks on the link and is taken to Notluckylottery.Com, a website devoted to articles by anonymous authors about lottery winners that have been killed, committed suicide or convicted of murder and the theory that the lottery is fake.

LANCE

Holy shit that's it! Fake organizations are created and used to funnel money into from illegal activities. That must be it, hidden in plain sight.

Lance finds the supervisors name on the lottery conspiracy website and googles it. A Wikipedia entry pops up. He opens the link and finds a picture of the supervisor, he's a General in the army and a news paper article about the Afghanistan campaign accompanies it. It has a complete bio on the General.

LANCE (CONT'D)

A four star general? What the hell is he doing working for the state lottery?

He emails the picture to his cell phone.

INT. MARSHALL'S OFFICE- AFTERNOON

There's a flurry of activity in the office. It's a huge open area separating small groups of desks by cubicle walls.

Marshall Saunders and team are reviewing Lance's file. Saunders picks Lance's confiscated laptop from the evidence box and turns it on.

REVO

Evidence seems pretty conclusive.

SAUNDERS

We're not here to prove or question his guilt or innocence. We're here to find clues to where he might be heading.

CLOSE ON COMPUTER SCREEN

On the desktop display, the cursor moves to a folder called Odds. The mouse CLICKS, the folder opens.

SAUNDERS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Odds dot exe. Hello, what's this?

A quick press with his finger and the program starts to run. Thousands of NUMBERS SHOOT across the screen.

BACK TO SCENE

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

It looks like some sort of random number generator on steroids.

INT. LIBRARY - LATER

CLOSE ON COMPUTER SCREEN

Lance is watching a news report titled " Lottery winner killed in hit and run"

NEWS ANCHOR

In a tragic twist of fate, good luck turns into bad fortune for Angelica Rothstein, the largest lottery winner in state history. Only hours before her check presentation Ms. Rothstein was killed in a hit and run traffic accident. Witnesses reported that Ms. Rothstein was celebrating her winnings at Malone's Tavern and ventured to her car for a pack of cigarettes. While crossing the street, she was struck by a black four door sedan with tinted windows. Ms. Rothstein was flown to shock trauma where she later died.

(MORE)

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

The driver and the car that struck Ms. Rothstein was not identified and neither has been located. If anyone has any information related to the case please contact...

Lance stops the video clip.

BACK TO SCENE

LANCE

I knew it, I knew they did it before.

Lance clicks on the word "timeline". A list, arranged by date showing the names of lottery winners who were killed, committed suicide or vanished appears.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Jackpot!

Lance prints the timeline. He googles himself and follows a link to You Tube where he finds a news report.

CLOSE ON COMPUTER SCREEN

NEWS REPORTER

Marshal Saunders, how did the inmate escape?

SAUNDERS

Were not sure at the moment, and my job isn't to figure that out. My job is to catch the son of a... (beep)

And I guarantee this will be the shortest man hunt in history. Now if you would excuse me.

BACK TO SCENE

Using a USB cable, Lance connects his cell phone to the library computer. He calls the US Marshal headquarters. He begins typing on the keyboard.

LANCE

Marshal Saunders please...and tell him this is Lance Sterling calling.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

Hold please.

They transfer him to Saunders' cell phone.

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Saunders answers the phone.

SAUNDERS

Saunders.

RECEPTIONIST (V.O.)

Sir, we have someone claiming to be Lance Sterling on the line.

SAUNDERS

What? Well put him threw.

Saunders stands and snaps his fingers.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

Sterling?

The others jump and set up a trace on Saunders' phone.

INT. MARSHAL'S OFFICE HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

Walking down the hall.

SAUNDERS

Mr. Sterling where are you?

LANCE (V.O.)

I didn't do it. I didn't kill those people.

SAUNDERS

That's not my concern. I think it's best for you to just give yourself up.

LANCE (V.O.)

Listen to me, the man who set me up just tried to kill me.

Saunders rounds the corner and walks into the computer room.

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - AFTERNOON

A series of LCD screens line the wall, technical analysts work feverishly on their assigned tasks. Saunders covers the phone with his hand.

SAUNDERS

Well.

TECH

We need 30 more seconds.

Are you listening?

SAUNDERS

Yes, I'm listening.

LANCE (O.S.)

It's a huge conspiracy, the lotto is fake. It's a slush fund for illegal activities. I'm not sure about all of the details yet but...

SAUNDERS

A conspiracy, sure, the lottery's fake, makes sense.

TECH

Damn, this guy is good. He's bounced his signal twenty times, all over place.

Covering the phone.

SAUNDERS

Are you telling me you can't get this guy?

TECH

I didn't say that but he's really good.

SAUNDERS

I'm glad you're impressed. Now impress me dammit and nail this bastard.

LANCE (V.O.)

Don't patronize me! I'm telling you all the previous winners had to be plants, fakes, paid associates.....

SAUNDERS

Oh course. Sure that sounds plausible, every one of them.

LANCE (O.S.)

Well, not all. The real winners were all killed or vanished or framed for...wait a second. I know what you're doing, and it isn't gonna work.

TECH

10 more seconds.

SAUNDERS

What? Doing what?

LANCE (O.S.)

You're stalling to trace my call.

We hear the DIAL TONE.

SAUNDERS

Shit! Tell me you got him? Did you get him?

TECH

Got it, he's at the Boston library.

SAUNDERS

I want all units out there now. Get me a chopper and get me there now!

Saunders' phone BLIPS, it's a picture notification. He flips opens his phone and presses the OK button. A picture of the General pops up.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

I know this guy. He's a four star General. I served under him.

INT. CIA HEADQUARTERS TECHNICAL ANALYST LAB - AFTERNOON

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

Deputy Director sir, we've got a hit on the name Sterling on a U.S. Marshal's cell phone. It's gotta be our man.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR CIA

A marshal? Where is the little son of a bitch?

INTELLIGENCE OFFICER

Boston library.

The Deputy Director makes a call on his phone.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR CIA

He's at the Boston library. Get the asset over there right away!

INT. LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Lance quickly packs up his belonging, and the copies of information he printed from the net. He hurriedly exits the library.

EXT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

Lance easily recognizes the Asset and freezes in his tracks.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Saunders and crew see Lance.

SAUNDERS

There he is!

EXT. LIBRARY - MOMENTS LATER

Lance runs back inside.

SAUNDERS

He must have made us. Put this thing on the ground...now!

The chopper lands, Saunders bolts and follows Lance into the building.

INT. LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

The Asset closes on Lance, he dives at Lance's foot tripping him.

They struggle while rolling on the floor. Lance reaches into his pocket and pulls out the make shift stunner. A quick press of the button, and he stuns the Asset momentarily.

Lance jumps up and runs toward the stairs. One huge vault, he leaps over the red rope barrier that blocks the stairway leading to the lower level. He trips and falls down the steps. Looking up, he sees the asset above him with a silenced gun drawn.

ASSET

I've got you now!

SAUNDERS (O.S.)

Freeze, put down the gun!

Lance sighs in relief.

LANCE

Are you still pickin' glass out of your ass?

In a blink, the Asset spins, BOOM, BOOM, two quick shots at Saunders.

Saunders is hit, he stumbles back then drops onto the floor.

The Asset turns back to Lance.

ASSET

You think you're smart don't you?

LANCE

They were fakes weren't they. The other winners, the ones still alive anyway.

ASSET

You're too smart for your own good.

The Asset confidently takes aim, he slowly squeezes the trigger.

Lance closes his eyes, BOOM, the gun shot rings out. Lance flinches. In surprise he opens one eye. Blood trickles from the Asset's mouth as he falls forward. His body limply bounces down the stairs and come to a stop at Lance's feet.

Lying on the ground, smoke rolls from the barrel of Saunders' gun.

Lance stands and locks eyes with Saunders.

SAUNDERS

Freeze! Don't move!

LANCE

You know I can't do that.

As Lance vaults down the steps more shots ring out. Bullets whiz past his head.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Holy shit!

He spots an exit and barrels out the door.

INT. MORGAN - AFTERNOON

As Lance gets away in the Morgan, he fumbles for his phone and dials.

LANCE

I need to be connected to Marshal Saunders' cell phone, this is Lance Sterling.

INT. LIBRARY

Saunders is being helped up by his partner Revo.

REVO

Good thing you're wearing your vest!

Saunders's phone RINGS --

SAUNDERS

Yeah!

LANCE (O.S.)

The man you shot, he set me up, he's one of them.

SAUNDERS

Is this that conspiracy shit again?

LANCE (O.S.)

Why else would he have been there, they want me dead. They know I know it's a fraud. The picture I sent you, he introduced himself to me as the supervisor of the lottery office. Check out the guy you shot. He's one of them too. I can prove it all.

SAUNDERS

How?

LANCE (V.O.)

You have my laptop in evidence don't you?

SAUNDERS

Yeah.

LANCE (V.O.)

Run the odds dot e x e program. I found a pattern in the winning lottery numbers. It couldn't have been chance, it was fixed.

SAUNDERS

That's crazy, no you're crazy! Just give yourself up before more people get hurt.

LANCE (V.O.)

I can't do that, not until I prove I didn't kill anyone.

Lance hangs up the phone.

SAUNDERS

Carlos, find out who this asshole is.

CARLOS

You mean was.

INT. U.S MARSHAL'S EVIDENCE ROOM

Saunders examines the laptop, he looks up the last three winning set of numbers in the drawings and the amounts won. His PHONE RINGS --

SAUNDERS

Saunders.

CARLOS (V.O.)

The guy you shot, he's dead.

SAUNDERS

No shit.

CARLOS (V.O.)

No, I mean he was dead before you killed him.

SAUNDERS

What the fuck are you talking about!

CARLOS (V.O.)

Calm down and listen. He was reported dead two years ago. He was killed in action during a fire fight in Afghanistan. What the hell is going on here?

SAUNDERS

I don't know, but I'm gonna find
out!

EXT. LANCE'S PARENTS HOUSE

Saunders knocks on the front door. Lance's Mother answers, stylish gray hair, she's tall and cute for an old gal.

SAUNDERS

Mrs. Sterling?

MOTHER

Please go away, no more interviews.

SAUNDERS

I'm not a reporter.

MOTHER

No, I bet not. You're another cop, aren't you? We've already given several statements. When will you people leave us alone. We don't know where Lance is! Even if we did know, we wouldn't tell you, we know he's innocent.

SAUNDERS

Mrs. Sterling I'm US Marshal Saunders. Your son...he's been reaching out to me. I can't help him if I can't find him. Can I please come in?

He flashes his badge and she reluctantly allows him in.

INT. LANCE'S PARENTS HOUSE - DAY

He scans the house for subtle clues, he sees a picture on the mantle. In it, Lance is hugging and kissing a pretty girl on the cheek. Both of them are dressed in ski suits.

SAUNDERS

Nice photo, where was it taken?

He picks up the photo and hands it to Mrs. Sterling.

MOTHER

That was taken near our cabin at Whispering Springs.

SAUNDERS

Who's the girl?

MOTHER

His girlfriend.

SAUNDERS

Where is she now?

She hugs it tight in her arms.

MOTHER

Dead...cancer. Doctors found it too late.

SAUNDERS

Oh, sorry to...

MOTHER

You said my son has contacted you?

SAUNDERS

Yes, he has. I think your son is very disturbed. He needs help ma'am.

MOTHER

You don't know just how wrong you are.

SAUNDERS

You said you've made several statements. Were they with the sheriffs office?

MOTHER

No, one fellow... well he didn't seem like a cop, he said he was with some special fugitive recovery task force. He had a badge, but I've never heard of it before.

SAUNDERS

Was this the man?

He holds up a picture of the dead Asset.

MOTHER

Yes, that's him.

SAUNDERS

Thank you ma'am. I hope I can help your son before something horrible happens to him.

MOTHER

A mother knows her son and my son is no killer.

SAUNDERS

Let's hope you're right ma'am. Thanks for your time Mrs. Sterling.

INT. MORGAN - DAY

Lance notices a BLACK TINTED OUT CHEVY IMPALA SS in his rear view mirror. Every time he changes lanes, the Impala switches to the opposite lane.

LANCE

How do they keep finding me?

He looks at his phone.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Shit, stupid ass.

He rolls down his window and throws the phone into the back of a pick up truck that speeds past in the opposite direction.

QUICK SHOTS of Lance racing the Morgan through the small town streets. The engines roar as Lance pins the gas. Maneuvering the Morgan like a professional wheel man, he gutterballs the car, skating the shoulder, and the Impala is still in pursuit.

Suddenly, out of nowhere he's picked up another Impala. He speeds up. Up ahead, a roadblock ... he guns the Morgan straight at the roadblock.

Three unmarked cars appear ... Lance pins her to the floor ... dead-on toward the roadblock ... At the last moment, Lance bangs the gear shift into neutral -- yanks the parking brake -- the Morgan spins ... SCREECHING TIRES and SMOKE --a hard left to hop a curb and now into a public park.

Dodging trees and park benches -- cutting across a baseball field ... the dirt creates a curtain of dust almost impossible to see through ... the pursuit cars still follow. A shallow flight of stairs, he takes them, the car bottoms out, sparks fly.

The first car is still on his ass, the second car blows out his tires on impact and is out of the chase.

Back on the city streets ... Increasing his speed in a straight away ... Suddenly, he again bangs the gear shift into neutral, yanks the parking brake ... a hard right down a back alley ... a mad maze of narrow side streets ... Another right onto a one way street going the wrong way ... around oncoming traffic. Cars swerve onto the sidewalks ... smashing into parking meters and street signs.

Horrific SOUNDS of TWISTING METAL and SHATTERING GLASS, the second pursuit car slams head on with a big SUV in an amazing collision.

Finally, he has shaken both tails, he sighs in relief.

EXT. WHISPERING SPRINGS CABIN - DAY

A thick fog of DUST FLOATS upward as the Morgan screams down the dirt road in the middle of a dense forest. Pulling up to a cabin, WHITE SMOKE DANCES from under the battered hood.

LANCE

(talking to the car)
Sorry babe, but you can rest now.

He reaches under the dash and presses the trunk button, it POPS.

INT. WHISPERING SPRINGS CABIN KITCHEN - DAY

Opening a kitchen closet to remove cleaning supplies, Lance places them counter.

INT. WHISPERING SPRINGS CABIN, HALLWAY - DAY

He opens the door to a large closet and slides out a tennis ball serving machine.

INT. WHISPERING SPRINGS CABIN, OPEN LIVING AREA - DAY

LANCE'S PREPARATION, MONTAGE

Setting up defensive counter measures at the cabin; making a homemade gun turret, he sets the serving machine up in the picture window and loads the tennis ball bombs.

Wiring the light switch inside the front door to an aluminum can full of magnesium and road flare powder, making Magnesium strip flash bombs and tapes them to the exposed rafters.

Mixes bleach with vinegar, a highly toxic blending, into a few empty one liter bottles he finds in the recycle bin.

EXT. WHISPERING SPRINGS CABIN - DAY

Lance crawls under the cabin to place the bottles filled with the chlorine vapor under the floors, and with an additional touch, he smears napalm on them.

He places aluminum cans around the exterior perimeter of the cabin and runs wires into the cabin.

INT. SKI CABIN - VARIOUS SHOTS

He makes a bomb. He mixes toilet bowl cleaners with bleach in 16 ounce water bottles and shapes small balls by out of aluminum foil and stacks them neatly.

He Checks the cabinets for food but they are empty.

INT. STORE - NIGHT

The Morgan can be seen through the store window, WHITE SMOKE is still BILLOWING upward as Lance enters the store. It's a quiet little country store with only a few isles. The CLERK is watching the evening news on TV, he mutes the sound.

LANCE

Good evening.

CLERK

Evenin'.

Lance goes to the cold drinks and grabs up a six pack of bottled beer.

CLERK (CONT'D)

Looks like your car is pretty messed up.

LANCE

Oh, it's not mine, it's a rental.

He smiles and continues gathering miscellaneous food items including grapes, soup, bread and peanut butter.

CLERK

Still, not good. Whatchya do, hit a deer?

LANCE

Yeah, I guess I ought to get it to the shop huh.

CLERK

Never seen a car like that. What is it?

LANCE

A Morgan supersport.

In the cleaning supplies isle, he grabs toilet bowl cleaner, rubber gloves, and bleach. Suspicious, the Clerk watches him like a hawk. Lance walks to the clerk --

LANCE (CONT'D)

You got any propane?

CLERK

All out.

The Clerk stares hard at Lance.

LANCE

Oh, ok, thanks.

The Clerk begins ringing up the groceries.

CLERK

Say, do I know you from somewhere?

Over the Clerk's shoulder, on the television, a picture of Lance flashes up with 1 800 HOT TIPS streaming below in the ticker.

Caught off guard Lance see the screen, he fumbles a can of soup, it hits the counter and rolls off to hit the floor, THUD.

LANCE

Oops.

The clerk bends down, picks it up and places it on the counter. The news moves onto the next story and Lance sighs in relief.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Ahh, yep, sure do.

CLERK

I thought so. Where from?

LANCE

Ahh...

He looks around the store, on a wooden support beam is a flyer for the local fishing tournament. Behind the clerk, on a shelf is a silver trophy for the same fishing tournament.

LANCE (CONT'D)

I-I-I took the bronze last year in the fishing tournament. Your best catch beat mine by only a few ounces. Sure was a beautiful catch fish you hooked.

CLERK

Oh yeah, that's it. I was sure that I knew you, I never forget a face. You gonna enter again this year?

LANCE

Of course, sure thing, and you're not gonna beat me this year partner.

The clerk finishes ringing and bagging the groceries.

LANCE (CONT'D)

How much do I owe you?

CLERK

Forty three seventy nine.

Lance hands him a fifty.

LANCE

Ahh, here you go, and keep the change.

CLERK

Really? Thanks.

LANCE

Yeah sure thing. Just remember that when I kick your ass this year at the lake.

The two laugh.

CLERK

Yeah, good luck with that. I've learned a few tricks lately.

Lance grabs his bags and beer and heads toward the door.

Oh good, see you there pal.

INT. WHISPERING SPRINGS OPEN LIVING AREA CABIN

Lance enters the cabin with bags in hand. Saunders hides quietly in the room corner hidden by the darkness. Lance closes the door and Saunders suddenly flicks on a light. Like an extension of his arm, his weapon hangs in front of him and it's pointed directly at Lance's chest.

SAUNDERS

What's for dinner?

Lance startled drops the bag and the beer, the bottles CLATTER.

LANCE

Jesus Christ, I thought you were one of them.

SAUNDERS

You're a hard man to find.

LANCE

Did you get my laptop?

SAUNDERS

I must be crazy, but yes.

LANCE

Well, did the numbers match?

SAUNDERS

How did you figure it out?

LANCE

I'm a genius, that's how.

SAUNDERS

You're not just a genius, you're an arrogant genius...and a convicted killer. So, no I'm not yet convinced about this conspiracy horse shit.

LANCE

I can prove it, look, there, on the table... it's a timeline of lottery winners and how they died.

Saunders picks up the papers and scans over them.

SAUNDERS

This is it, this is your evidence?

Suddenly, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, and through the window the FLASHING LIGHT from EXPLOSIONS expose SHADOWY FIGURES darting for cover.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

What the...?

Saunders dives for cover.

LANCE

Shit, they found me!

SAUNDERS

Who?

LANCE

Haven't you been paying attention... the goddam real killers.

Lance grabs a bomb from the coffee table and tosses it to Saunders.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Here! Drop in some of those aluminum balls, shake, throw and oh yeah, duck.

SAUNDERS

What is it?

LANCE

A toilet bomb.

SAUNDERS

A what bomb?

LANCE

That's what I call 'em. It's a chemical reaction between the bleach, toilet bowl cleaner and the aluminum foil.

Lance darts for a kitchen chair. He grabs it and throws it through the front window, then dives for the homemade gun turret. He turns on the power and it like a machine gun gone wild.

SAUNDERS

What the hell is that?

The perimeter explosions light the darkness.

LANCE

You'll see.

Lance fires some tennis balls, they explode on contact.

SAUNDERS

You know they make things called guns and they shoot little things called bullets.

LANCE

I don't like guns.

SAUNDERS

You have a problem with guns but bombs are ok? I think I have a rubber band, a match, a fork and some gum, what can you do with that?

Saunders fires his weapon through the shattered window, striking two men who fly backward.

LANCE

I'm not freaking McGuyver. I'm just a chemistry professor.

Saunders wings the bombs. BULLETS WHIZ past and SPAT when hitting the wall that's now riddled with holes.

SAUNDERS

There's too many of them. They'll breach the cabin any time now.

Lance runs out of tennis balls and uses the remote control detonator to blow other bombs placed around the perimeter.

LANCE

Convinced yet?

SAUNDERS

About what?

LANCE

My innocence.

SAUNDERS

They're almost here. Come on genius do somethin'.

Saunders moves to the rear of the cabin to take cover behind a couch.

Suddenly, the door explodes open. Gun in hand, Saunders reaches forward and with a quick jerk of the finger, the first man goes down. Two more men enter, one goes high and one low. Automatic gunfire sprays the area.

Close your eyes?

SAUNDERS

What?

LANCE

Look away, flash bombs.

Lance ignites the flash bombs in the rafters above. Saunders looks away. The men scream as they are blinded and Saunders fires twice, both men drop like limp rag dolls.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Grab my bag and hurry out the back into the woods!

Saunders grabs the duffel bag.

Lance picks up a grape from the dropped groceries and quickly cuts it into four pieces. He nervously searches the cleaning supplies for hydrogen peroxide and acetone. Finally, he pours the chemicals it into a latex glove, then drops the grape inside. Bullets sling past his head. He drops and rolls across the floor until he's below the microwave. As hot lead hits items on the counter, things explodes. He reaches up from the floor and tosses the glove in the microwave and quickly turns the dial counter clockwise, then slams the door shut. In a flash he's out the back door.

Inside the microwave, blue bolts of energy shoot into the grape, the heat ignites the gasses inside the latex glove and KABOOM the microwave explodes. Flying chunk of shrapnel spray everywhere and kills several of the Assets just as they breach the cabin.

EXT. WHISPERING LODGE CABIN - NIGHT

He meets up with Saunders and points his pen laser under the cabin. The napalm ignites, the bottles melt releasing the gasses trapped inside the bottles.

INT. WHISPERING LODGE CABIN - NIGHT

As the gas seeps through the floor, the attackers inside start to fight the effects of the gas. But that's not good enough, they start dropping like flies.

EXT. WHISPERING LODGE WOODS - NIGHT

Lance turns to Saunders.

LANCE

The pen is mightier than the gun.

Lance pulls the tarp from a dirt bike that he stashed earlier. He straddles the seat and jumps on the starter peddle, the engine starts briefly then dies.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Since you weren't invited to this party you're riding bitch.

A helicopter hovers above WHOP WHOP WHOP as the beam from the spot light scans downward to light the wooded area, it finds them.

Sharp shooters hang out the side of the chopper and fire BOOM, BOOM, dirt sprays up around Lance and Saunders.

Lance kicks the starter peddle again, the bike starts and chokes out.

SAUNDERS

Move you damned leq.

Saunders reaches for the choke and adjusts it.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

Try it again.

Lance jumps one more time, the bike starts.

Saunders leaps on the bike behind Lance and with the hammer down, the TWO STROKE ENGINE WHINES for mercy as they try to dodge light and lead raining down on them. They swerve and weave threw the wooded area.

SAUNDERS POV

As he looks over his shoulder he finds the chopper closing in, the WHIZZING of the blades gets louder.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

Faster, faster.

LANCE

We're full out already.

With the chopper creeping closer, Saunders reaches into the duffel bag and pulls out a napalm bomb. He lights it and throws it behind them. The chopper blades slice threw it and the napalm spreads over the chopper's fuselage. As the flames engulfing the chopper, it pulls up and disappears behind them.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Good thinking.

With full out throttle they break into a small clearing they jump a ravine and suddenly drop into a river bed on the other side. Lance slams the brakes fishtailing then slides sideways and gasses it up. Running parallel to the ravine... again the edge appears -- Lance jams the brake -- The chopper, in flames, lands behind them -- a small army of men run away from the chopper -- they begin firing at them, the chopper explodes.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Don't these guys ever give up?

SAUNDERS

Now what? Looks like were out of road.

LANCE

No were not.

SAUNDERS

What?

The bike SCREAMS for mercy as Lance revs the engine.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

First you think you're McGuyver, now you think you're Evel Knievel.

LANCE

Yeah, and If I'm wrong, I need to be Michael Phelps.

He slips the clutch and they launch off the edge.

SAUNDERS

Holly shit!

SPLASH! The rushing white water river washes them down stream until the a calm inlet. They swim to shore.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

Ok, you've convinced me. You can stop trying now.

LANCE

Where's my bag? Find the bag!

Their heads make quick pivoting motions as the look around .

SAUNDERS

Over there.

Lance runs to and grabs the bag.

Shit my P.D.A. is ruined. Try your cell phone.

Saunders checks his phone.

SAUNDERS

This thing is just a paper weight now.

Lance looks at the sun as it just breaks over a distant peak, then surveys the area.

LANCE

I think I know where we are. There should be a ranger station down stream. If we get there, we can hitch a ride into town. Let's get moving.

They start hiking downstream.

SAUNDERS

I need to check in with my office before they start asking too many questions.

He slips on the wet mossy rock embankment.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

Woo....

He regains his footing.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

So what's next genius?

LANCE

I need to clear my name, and for that we need some hard proof. You're the lawman, this is your department. What would you do next, if it was your ass on the line?

SAUNDERS

Exactly what did I get myself into here?

LANCE

From what I have pieced together, the lotto is a fraud, any previous winners that weren't killed are plants by the agency.

(MORE)

LANCE (CONT'D)

It's a money laundering account for illegal operations. With the General running it, I would say the money comes from illegal arms sales.

SAUNDERS

I served under him in Afghanistan. I still have some contacts that I can call to get some intel. But surveillance is what we really need. We need to catch them in the act and we need to find the money trail.

INT. LOTTERY COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

The General sits at his desk with ASSET #2 standing before him.

GENERAL

What do you mean, he got away? You're the best of the best that's left, and he's a damn science teacher.

ASSET #2

He had help.

GENERAL

What help? Fucking navy seals! I want him dead now!

He slams his fist on the desk.

GENERAL (CONT'D)

This guy's got more lives than a cat.

ASSET #2

We ran the government plate of the car we found hidden at the cabin. It came back to US Marshal Thomas Saunders. He's lead investigator for the fugitive recovery team.

GENERAL

Goddammit, how did he get to him before us? This whole thing is getting out of hand. Run this Saunders through the system and send me what you find on him.

ASSET #2

I've already done that and e-mailed it to you.

INT. SAUNDERS'S APARTMENT

Saunders is changing his clothes.

SAUNDERS

They probably ran my plates and figured out who I am by now. We better make this fast. Here put these on.

He tosses Lance some dry clothes. Lance goes to the bathroom. Saunders opens the closet door and reveals a large stash of weapons. He selectively grabs weapons and places them in a black canvas bag. Lance returns.

LANCE

Wow, are you planning to start world war three?

SAUNDERS

When you're going to a fight, always go prepared. Here you want one?

LANCE

No thanks, I'm good with these.

Lance hold up his duffel bag.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Do you have a laptop?

SAUNDERS

Top shelf, and grab that camera with the zoom lens.

LANCE

Do you have a credit card or cash?

SAUNDERS

Why?

LANCE

(chuckling)

We need to stop by radio shack for some supplies.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE

SAUNDERS

This is me.

Saunders walks up to a covered car, he pulls it off and exposes what's underneath.

Nice ride.

SAUNDERS

Damn straight! This is a rare, all original, Ford Mustang, Mach one four twenty nine, super cobra jet drag pack with factory five hundred chrome wheels. There were only five hundred thirty one ever made. This one was once owned by Steve McQueen.

They climb in and Saunders starts the car, the ENGINE RUMBLES LOUDLY and the BODY SHAKES.

INT. SAUNDERS CAR

LANCE

Don't you think this might attract too much attention?

SAUNDERS

And the Morgan Supersport didn't?

EXT. SAUNDERS'S CAR

Saunders floors it, TIRES SPIN, and BLUE SMOKE spews off them. The muscle car fishtails away.

INT. SAUNDERS'S CAR- PARKED OUTSIDE LOTTERY BUILDING- SUNSET

Lance is opening up packages and splicing wires.

SAUNDERS

I can't believe you spent 100 bucks on all this shit. What's it for?

LANCE

A parabolic listening device made from a laser pen.

SAUNDERS

I've never heard of anything like that.

LANCE

Its just an ordinary cadmium sulfide photocell, two wires, and a half watt 2K resistor spliced into a computer microphone cord. And of course, a laser pen. I cut the microphone off and now I'm gonna plug this into your PC. It makes an extremely powerful listening device.

SAUNDERS

Ok, how about repeating that, but this time do it in dumb ass so I can follow you.

LANCE

The objective is to use the glass window of a distant building, or car, as a microphone to detect the sounds inside. The laser beam reflected back from the window is captured by the photocell which is now a microphone. I simply plug it into the microphone jack on your laptop and we hear everything.

SAUNDERS

Never mind. What's important is, will it work?

LANCE

Have I been wrong yet?

SAUNDERS

Okay, I'll give you that. Look, there he is.

EXT. LOTTERY COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

The General exits the building and gets into his limo.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

VARIOUS SHOTS AS

Saunders and Lance tail the General. The limo turns down a dark alley. They park on the main street and get out.

EXT. DARK ALLEY - NIGHT

Lance and Saunders creep cautiously down the alley to hide behind a dumpster. The limo flashes it's lights three times. Hidden in the shadows, another limo pulls forward into the light and shadows and flashes the lights twice. The first limo door opens and the General steps with a brief case in his hand. He looks around to make sure the coast is clear. The other limo door opens, the interior light doesn't come on but the SHADOWED OUTLINE of a man sits in the darkness.

The Shadowed Figure steps out of the second limo while staying to the bleakest parts of the alley's light. From the dark, his hand extends into the light, he shakes with the General takes receives the brief case.

Saunders snaps away with the camera.

GENERAL

Sir, how have you been?

SHADOWED MAN

Busy.

GENERAL

We would like to assure you that your efforts have been noticed.

SHADOWED MAN

Well, that's re-assuring.

GENERAL

Please get in.

The two men get in the car.

SAUNDERS

Shit, now we can't see anything. Who is that man with the General?

LANCE

I don't know, but we don't need to see them, when we can hear them.

Lance plugs the laser pen device into the laptop, he aims the laser pen at the rear window of the car.

GENERAL (O.S.)

I think you'll also be re-assured by that large donation inside the case, one million re-assurances to be exact.

SHADOWED MAN (O.S.)

Wonderful, now what can I do for the agency?

GENERAL (O.S.)

We need you to block the budget cuts about to go up for vote. In fact, we would like you to earmark some funds for a new classified project. We've given it a cover name of TIP, Terrorist Interception Program. Sell it as a homeland security project that focuses on early warning detection and terrorist interception. In return, the agency will guarantee you won't need to worry about the upcoming primary.

SHADOWED MAN (O.S.)

That's a pretty amazing guarantee.

GENERAL (O.S.)

It's been done before. Does Florida ring a bell?

SHADOWED MAN (O.S.)

And what will the program really be for?

GENERAL

That's of no concern to you sir.
All you need to know is our guarantee is good.

SHADOWED MAN (O.S.)

Okay, the agency can count on my continued support.

GENERAL (O.S.)

And you ours.

SHADOWED MAN (O.S.)

Have you handled that teacher yet?

GENERAL (O.S.)

He's become a much bigger problem than expected.

SHADOWED MAN (O.S.)

Well, you better contain this problem. If he figures out the connection between the lottery, the weapons and me...you'll have an even bigger problem.

GENERAL (O.S.)

The matter will be contained MR. President elect. It was good to see you again.

The General exits the car.

LANCE

Did you hear that? They rigged the election and they're gonna do it again.

SAUNDERS

I hope I wasn't gonna vote for this asshole, whoever he is. Did you record it?

LANCE

Every last second.

SAUNDERS

Thank god for the patriot act.

Lance closes up the laptop and puts it in the carry case.

LANCE

Let's get out of here.

They sneak carefully down the alley and get into Saunders car.

Saunders phone rings, he answers it.

SAUNDERS

Hello... tonight. When?....where to? Afghanistan? Okay thanks, I owe you one.

The phone BEEPS when he pushes the end button.

LANCE

Was that your connection?

SAUNDERS

Yeah, it seems a cargo plane with no flight plan and no clearances was just loaded with military weaponry crates.

LANCE

This could be it, the next shipment.

The General's limo enters the street from the alley.

LANCE (CONT'D)

There he goes. Stay on his ass.

Saunders starts the car and follows cautiously behind. The General's limo enters the air base.

EXT. OUTSIDE AIR BASE GATE- NIGHT

SAUNDERS

Shit that's a restricted airport.

LANCE

Over there, pull over there. We can get some good photos.

Saunders positions the car on a small hill overlooking the airfield. He gets out of the car and zooms in with the camera.

EXT. AIR BASE - NIGHT

POV CAMERA, SNAPPING OF PHOTOS

GENERAL

Is the cargo ready for transport?

AIRMAN

Yes General, locked, loaded and ready to go sir.

The General hands the airman an envelope bursting at the seams.

EXT. AIR BASE - NIGHT

POV CAMERA, SNAPPING OF PHOTOS

The General boards the cargo plane.

SAUNDERS

Got em'.

LANCE

Well, now what Marshal?

SAUNDERS

Now you lay low and I'll take this to my boss. I'll come get you if everything goes as planned.

They get in the car and drive away.

INT. MARSHAL HEADQUARTERS - LATER

Saunders stands before his LIEUTENANT, a short, thin, balding, guy in his fifties. While reviewing the photos, he's listening to the surveillance audio using headphone. He pulls the head phones from his ears and closes the laptop screen.

LIEUTENANT

That's some pretty incriminating stuff you have here. Hell, all we need is actual video of a deal going down and we could have these guys by the short hairs.

SAUNDERS

Then I can bring Sterling in and we can protect him?

LIEUTENANT

Protect him, hell if he's half as smart as you say, I want to hire this kid.

SAUNDERS

If we pool our resources with DHS, for a joint operation...

LIEUTENANT

I know someone. I'll make the call, but we need to be very discrete about this. This sounds deep, you never know where a mole may be hiding.

INT. HOTEL #2 - LATER

Lance is lying on the bed watching TV when suddenly he hears an out of place noise from right outside door. The door knob wiggles, luckily it was locked. Lance scans the room and finds a large brass lamp, he quickly jerks the plug from the wall. Holding it like a club, he hides in the closet behind the door. The door opens slowly.

Saunders enters and closes the door behind him.

SAUNDERS

Okay we're set.

He looks around the empty room and becomes panicked when doesn't see Lance. He removes his weapon from the holster and CLICK, the safety is off and it's ready for action.

Lance sighs in relief and opens the closet door. Surprised, Saunders swings around with the barrel in Lance's face.

LANCE

Whoa cowboy, it's just me.

SAUNDERS

What in the hell are you doing sneaking up on me like that? You scared the shit out of me!

He lowers and safeties the weapon.

LANCE

You? I nearly crapped myself when the door knob jiggled. I thought you were gonna do a secret knock or some shit before you came in.

SAUNDERS

What secret knock?

I don't know.

SAUNDERS

And what the hell are you doing in the closet with a lamp?

LANCE

I don't know, I guess I was gonna sneak up behind whoever it was and beat them to death.

SAUNDERS

Leave the beating to death shit to me kid. So an operation is being setup as we speak. I've been ordered take you to protective custody until...

LANCE

Protective custody my ass! I started this and I want to see this to the end.

SAUNDERS

Listen, you're still a fugitive. You're a convicted murderer in the eyes of the law. I can only help you by offering protective custody.

LANCE

No way, I'm safer right here with you... where nobody knows where I am. Who knows how deep this really runs.

INT. SATELLITE FEED MONITORING STATION

The SATELLITE TECH taps rapidly on a keyboard.

CLOSE ON THE DISPLAY

From a satellite feed, it zooms in on a convoy passing through a desert.

SATELLITE TECH (O.S.)

Target has been acquired. Teams are moving into position.

LIEUTENANT

Can we get audio?

SATELLITE TECH

If he's carrying his cell phone, I can.

What? How?

SAUNDERS

This is the big leagues kid. Just watch and learn.

The Satellite Tech strokes the keyboard.

SATELLITE TECH

His phone is off.

HOMELAND SECURITY OFFICER

Well then turn it on and do it fast.

The Satellite Tech works his magic.

SATELLITE TECH

Got it, audio is on line.

EXT. MIDDLE EASTERN DESERT - DAY

Heat ripples up from the ground distorting the view of far off SHEPHERDS steering their sheep leisurely along the rust colored hills and rocky paths. A veil of dust kicks up as their HOOVES CLACK intermittently when tromping over the loose rocks and stones.

A large military convoy of hummers and cargo trucks drives past quickly, scattering a few sheep from the flock.

EXT. ROADSIDE BUILDING

The convoy stops at a large roadside building. American special operation troops exit the vehicles in a smooth and expedient manner using synchronized and precise movements to secure the perimeter. Once the area is secured, other support personnel begin unloading large crates.

A group of freedom fighters exits the building. Each is armed with the latest in US military weaponry, interceptor body armor, M-16s with lightweight Kevlar stocks and ACOG sights, M249 SAWS, and deadly M136 AT4 missile launchers.

The general exits the hummer. The freedom fighter's LEADER exits the building. He's thirty something with an aggressive and confident attitude.

The two men lock eyes and shake hands.

GENERAL

(in Dari, English

subtitle)

Hello old friend, how are you doing?

LEADER

(in Dari, English

subtitle)

Your accent is getting better.

GENERAL

(in Dari, English

subtitle)

After 5 years of practice, I better be.

LEADER

(in Dari, English

subtitle)

What do we have today?

GENERAL

(in Dari, English

subtitle)

The latest in ground assault fire power.

The General snatches a pry bar from one of the support personnel...jamming it in a crack between the lid and crate bottom...the wood crunches as the top is pried off... M2, .50 caliber heavy machine guns are exposed.

LEADER

(in English)

Come on, where's the real stuff?

GENERAL

Oh...you mean these?

The men unload another crate and open it to expose stinger missiles.

LEADER

Yes, yes, how much?

GENERAL

Now, this fine product and many others like it can be yours for only sixteen million...

LEADER

What!

(Dari, subtitled)

Crazy American, that's double the price of the last shipment!

GENERAL

(English)

Ah, you don't like the price.

(MORE)

GENERAL (CONT'D)

Okay, no problem and good luck. I'm sure your adversaries will think my price is a steal.

The General motions to load up the weapons, and wasting no time, his men immediately snap to and begin loading the crates back into the trucks.

LEADER

Now wait, let's not be so hasty, my old friend. Put the crates down.

The General whistles and motions to stop.

GENERAL

Listen, this isn't the Price is Right here and I'm not fucking Bob Barker. Either pay the sixteen million or I move on to the next guy.

LEADER

I'll give you ten million, and not a cent more!

GENERAL

Like I said, there isn't any negotiating going on here today.

The General motions to his troops to continue loading the crates. With raised brow that clearly proclaims an, I dare you to fuck with me stare, he turns his back to the Leader one last time.

LEADER

Okay, okay... I'll pay you the sixteen million.

The General whistles and motions for the troops to unload the rest of the crates.

GENERAL

So no more games then. Just produce the cash and it's all yours.

The leader motions to his men and a truck of dead bodies skids to a stop and a dust curtains the air. A freedom fighter grabs the foot of a corpse pulling it from the back of the truck. The body PLOPs to the ground.

Straddling the lifeless body, the freedom fighter unsheathes his razor-edged K bar. Splitting the shirt down the middle, the material drops loosely. Plunging the K bar deep into the gut of the dead man, he guts vigorously and when stopped, he reaches deep into the slit.

Feeling around briefly, he pulls out a section of the dead man's intestine. He hands the gushing piece of organ to the Leader who peels back the tissue and removes a bloodied, small plastic bag.

GENERAL (CONT'D)

What's this...some kind of joke?

LEADER

No joke, see! Diamonds. Go ahead and take them. My people must have these weapons, General.

GENERAL

Then I suggest you have your man shove his hand up that dead guy's ass and pull 16 million green backs outta it, 'cause this is a cash only transaction.

Suddenly, METAL CLICKS, the freedom fighters just locked and loaded their weapons.

LEADER

You want 16 million. I don't have 16 million cash. But I am offering you 10 million in cash and another 10 million in diamonds! Now, you can take my offer and leave, how you say, as a happy camper...or, you can refuse my offer one more time and me and my men still leave here but with the weapons, the cash, and the diamonds. So this time, you choose General.

INT. SATELLITE FEED MONITORING STATION

THE DISPLAY IN THE BACKGROUND.

HOMELAND SECURITY OFFICER Are the teams in position?

TEAM COMMANDER

Affirmative!

HOMELAND SECURITY OFFICER Ok, we've got 'em. Move in now!

TEAM COMMANDER

Dagger two, operation is a go. How do you copy?

TEAM LEADER (O.S.)

Solid copy Dagger One. We are Oscar Mike, target E.T.A. thirty seconds.

TEAM COMMANDER

Solid copy Dagger two, you are weapons free. How do you copy?

TEAM LEADER (O.S.)

Weapons free! Solid copy Dagger One, Dagger Two going silent.

TEAM COMMANDER

Solid copy Dagger Two, keep your eyes peeled and stay frosty. Dagger One out.

EXT. DESERT

From behind a nearby sand dune, a four man reconnaissance team appears and swiftly moves into a tight assault formation, running low, leapfrogging forward in precise movements.

The Team Leader is a weathered veteran of countless battles who proudly displays a large scar across his face like a badge of honor. His men respectfully call him, MEATBALL.

MEATBALL

Down, down, down, on the ground now! Combat spread, wedge. Return fire only...

Meatball pears through his sniper rifle scope, scanning the area.

MEATBALL (CONT'D)

Target spotted.

He magnifies his scope sight and takes aim on the leaders head with his sniper rifle.

MEATBALL (CONT'D)

226.8 Yards, Range me Badhand.

BADHAND is a large 240 pound, 6 foot tall gorilla of a man. He checks the range with his spotter scope.

BADHAND

Confirmed, 226.8, give me two up one. Wind right to left, one to three, give me a half left...head shot.

MEATBALL

Ready.

Badhand looks through his spotting scope at the target.

BADHAND

SEND IT.

Meatball slowly squeezes off a single round. It's a direct hit to the leader's head. Blood splatters, the General flinches.

BADHAND (CONT'D)

Target is down.

The General and the other men are surprised

GENERAL

Return fire goddamit!

They open fire, withering the area with a curtain of lead and quickly taking refuge in and around a crumbling nearby building.

Once inside, a M249 SAW opens fire, it strafes the area with hot metal.

MEATBALL

Fire on my lead, follow me.

POP, a smoke grenade, and a vale of smoke covers the area. The unit bellies in the dirt to a nearby collapsed wall.

MEATBALL (CONT'D)

Line formation. Prepare to assault that building.

The smoke clears.

MEATBALL (CONT'D)

Weapons free! Concentrate your fire Mad Man. Take out that MG nest first.

MAD MAN, a short stalky British pitbull of a guy, sets up his M249 SAW.

Mad Man jerks repeatedly while spraying hundreds of high velocity copper jacketed bullets into the building.

MAD MAN

Say hello to my not so little friend..you bastards! Yeah..gotta love it, huh Meatball!

Meatball pops a frag and launches it through the window, BOOM! The concussion rocks the building, the enemy's M249 Saw goes silent.

MEATBALL

Hey Badhand.

BADHAND

Yeah sarge!

MEATBALL

Move to point, Chips you're with him. I want you to secure that building.

CHIPS, as he's called, resembles a very young Eric Estrada.

BADHAND

Sir, yes sir! (to Chips)

Looks like you're with me Chipper.

CHIPS

Hoorah Marine!

Chips and Badhand quickly scale a low wall and leapfrog their way to the door of the building. Chips pops the pin from a incendiary grenade and under hands it Badhand who tosses it through the door, the burning white light glows.

From inside SCREAMS are heard, the men catch fire. The glow dissipates and Chips motions forward. He moves in with Badhand in an assault formation, one goes high, the other low. BANG BANG, BANG, the quick spitting sound of an Ak-47, the full metal jackets rip across Chips legs.

CHIPS (CONT'D)

Ahhh!

Badhand fires, bullets shred the enemy into Swiss cheese.

BADHAND

Man down, man down!

Badhand drags Chips out of the building by his collar with one hand while spraying the area behind him with hot lead.

MEATBALL

Covering fire!

Like ants the soldiers pour out of the building, bullets pulverize the ground around Badhand.

Meatball and Madman open fire, mowing down the enemy soldiers.

Badhand drags Chips to the low wall and begins to administer medical attention.

BADHAND

Hold in there.

MEATBALL

How bad is it?

Badhand doesn't respond, he only flashes a "not fucking good" look.

BADHAND

Come on man, hold in there. You're gonna be fine.

CHIPS

It hurts man, this really fucking hurts.

BADHAND

Yeah but that's good Chipper. If you can feel the pain, then you're still in the game.

From an underground bunker located behind the unit more freedom fighters arrive. Their caught in a cross fire and out numbered.

MEATBALL

Shit! Dagger one, we need immediate air support now. How copy?

TEAM COMMANDER (O.S.)

Dagger two, solid copy. Laze the targets, how copy?

MEATBALL

Solid copy Dagger one, lazing targets now.

INT. SATELLITE FEED MONITORING STATION

TEAM COMMANDER

Scramble the jets!

EXT. DESERT

Meatball and the unit quickly move to the cover of the broken down JEEP that sits meters away from the hot spot.

The SCREAM of the jets engines can be heard closing in quickly.

Meatball steps into the open and lazes the target.

The General and several men run to the safety of an armor plated hummer. The hummer starts with a ROAR and takes off.

INT. SATELLITE FEED MONITORING STATION

Lance points to the display.

LANCE

He's getting away!

LIEUTENANT

Tell them to stop him!

TEAM COMMANDER

We need the General alive. Terminate the others with him with extreme prejudice, how copy?

MEATBALL (O.S.)

Solid copy Dagger One.

TEAM COMMANDER

Air units, halt that vehicle but use extreme caution not to kill the occupant. He has valuable intel.

The air strike drops bombs around the hummer -- BOOM -- explosions just miss the target.

SATELLITE TECH

He isn't slowing sir.

TEAM COMMANDER

Use the advanced tactical high energy laser to take out the motor.

The satellite technician strokes the keyboard and brings the system on-line.

EXT. SPACE

A satellite moves into position. A laser beam shoots toward the earth. The hood of the hummer is hit, both the hood and the engine beneath it melt instantly. The vehicle is crippled.

WHOP, WHIP WHOP, sounds the chopper when it lands meters from the crippled hummer. A second group of spec ops team exit the chopper and surround it. The driver and passenger are dead. The team pries open the rear door and drag the injured General from the hummer.

SPEC OPS TEAM MEMBER

Dagger One, Dagger Three, we have the General...need medics ASAP. He's been injured. How copy? GENERAL

Get your damn hands off me. I'll have you court marshalled for this.

They dump the General into the chopper -- WHOP, WHOP, WHOP -- it flies away.

RECON TEAM MEMBER

Sorry sir, got my orders.

GENERAL

Do you know who I am?

RECON TEAM MEMBER

Yes sir I do. But I've still have my orders.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM.

The General is in the room alone. He shifts in his seat and fidgets with the handcuffs.

INT. VIEWING ROOM.

Lance, Saunders and Homeland Security Agents are watching him from behind a one way mirror.

LANCE

We have to break him.

SAUNDERS

Just leave him to me. This is what I do.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM.

Saunders and Lance enter the interrogation room. Saunders tosses a file of pictures on the table in front of the General. They spill out as the folder slides in front of the General. Recon photos...photos from the airbase...photos from the meeting in the dark alley. Lance stands silently in the corner.

SAUNDERS

We have enough to charge you with treason. Is that what you want? Do you really think they'll protect you? We both know how this works.

Saunders slowly circles behind the General.

GENERAL

Yes we do, and if I talk I'm as good as dead.

Saunders leans into the General's ear.

SAUNDERS

Even if you don't talk you're still good as dead. You know that. They can't chance leaving you alive.

He slowly circles around the table and sits in the chair opposite the General.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

We can protect you.

GENERAL

You think you can hide me? The agency can touch anyone at anytime.

SAUNDERS

So either way you're dead. You may as well take them down with you.

Lance draws out of his corner.

LANCE

What you and the agency has done is not patriotic. You've been supporting terrorism and thousands of Americans have bled and died, thousands of families destroyed and thousands of children are without mothers or fathers. All because of your actions! Can you stand before god with that on your conscious!

GENERAL

I have no conscious. I sold my soul to the agency years ago.

Saunders slams his fist on the table and explodes from his seat.

SAUNDERS

(angered)

How long are you going to allow them to pull your strings General? How many of your men did you watch die? Orders are orders, I get that, but you can end it now. Those bureaucratic bastards have no idea what war is like. They only know what they see on the news. We've seen the atrocities, we've experienced all the cruelness and finality of it all.

(MORE)

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

How much longer can you close your eyes to it? Now is the time! Right here, and right now, this is it. It's time to avenge the lost lives of the men and women who blindly served this country because we told them they could make a difference, because we told them it was patriotic, because we told them it was their duty!

The General has a heavy look in his eyes. He Smiles and motions for Saunders to come closer. Saunders leans in --

GENERAL

(whispering)

Now is the time. I'll tell you everything...have you ever heard of the black budget?

SAUNDERS

No.

GENERAL

The black budget allows intelligence activities, covert operations and classified weapons research to be conducted without Congressional oversight on the grounds that oversight would compromise the secrecy essential for the success of black programs. These black programs are typically classified as special access' or controlled access programs and have a security classification system more rigorous than the secrettop secret classifications for most government agencies. This makes the programs known only to those with a need to know. The State Lottery Commission is a perfect money laundering account for funds illegally obtained through arms sales and doubles as a slush fund to keep these programs alive if congress cuts the funding for a particular program.

LANCE

How has this gone unnoticed?

GENERAL

Are you kidding me! (MORE)

GENERAL (CONT'D)

Every year, billions of dollars of Congressional appropriations are diverted from their sanctioned purpose to CIA and DOD based intelligence agencies. It's all done without knowledge of the public and with collusion of Congressional leaders.

LANCE

So how far up the chain does this go?

GENERAL

Are you sure you want to know?

SAUNDERS

Tell me everything, start to finish.

GENERAL

I'll do one better than that....

The General motions Saunders towards him and leans into Saunders ear, he whispers quietly. Saunders grins.

EXT. INTERROGATION ROOM- VIEWING ROOM

Lance exits the room first. Saunders exits and closes the door to the interrogation room behind him.

LANCE

We got the bastards!

SAUNDERS

He rolled over, gave 'em all up.

LIEUTENANT

Good job you two. There will be a congressional hearing in a few days. You two better get some rest. Go back to the safe house for now.

SAUNDERS

I have something I have to do first.

LANCE

What did he say to you?

SAUNDERS

Don't worry about it kid.

LANCE

No way, if you're going somewhere I'm going too.

SAUNDERS

Not a chance. Not this time. I need you to be safe. You're staying here.

INT. CHEVY TAHOE

The General sits in the back of the Tahoe. In the truck are also three FBI agents, the DRIVER, AGENT #1 and AGENT #2.

GENERAL

They'll kill us before we even get close.

The Chevy pulls away.

AGENT #1

Don't be so dramatic. This is an armor reinforced secret service issue vehicle.

Two tinted out, black Impala SS follows them.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL HEARING

The room is noisy and full of VIPs. It's a who's who of three letter agencies. The DEPUTY DIRECTOR of the CIA, the FBI DIRECTOR, the DIRECTOR of the CIA, the DIRECTOR of Homeland Security, Saunders and his Lieutenant and Lance.

SAUNDERS

They should be arriving with the General anytime now.

Looking distraught, the Lieutenant walks over to Lance and Saunders.

SAUNDERS (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

LIEUTENANT

The General was just killed during transport.

SAUNDERS

What?

CONGRESSIONAL BAILIFF

All rise, these proceedings will now begin.

LANCE

Now what do we do?

A group of four men and one woman enter the room and sit down. One of them is Senator Alan Jackson.

CONGRESSIONAL BALIFF

Be seated.

SENATOR ALAN JACKSON The accusations being made here today are very troubling and could change the very fabric of this country's existence. The evidence we've seen is not only unbelievable but also ridiculous. The idea that a state run lottery and the lottery commission is being used to conceal a covert slush fund to carry out and hide money from illegal arms sales is extremely hard to swallow given the fact that the lottery is an extremely public entity. One would think if such a program existed, that such funds would be hidden deep in government budgets, where they would be impossible to find.

LANCE

What's going on here?

SAUNDERS

Sounds like a cover up.

HOMELAND SECURITY PROSECUTOR That's what makes it perfect. Who hides illegal funds in plain sight? And when the money is used, there's no committee to answer to about the appropriation of the funds. The answer is a simple pay out to some lucky individual who happen to guess the right numbers on that day.

SENATOR ALAN JACKSON
This sounds like some conspiracy
theory cooked up by the right wing
liberals. Besides, we now have news
that your star witness has died in
an unfortunate accident.

HOMELAND SECURITY PROSECUTOR Yes, but in addition to the General, we still have the testimony of MR. Sterling and Marshal Saunders.

SENATOR ALAN JACKSON

Oh yes, Mr. Sterling. The man who created these ridiculous allegations. A convicted killer, an escaped convict and the Marshal who aided and abetted him. They'll make fine character witnesses.

HOMELAND SECURITY PROSECUTOR But what about the surveillance video from the sting operation?

SENATOR ALAN JACKSON
We don't dare argue the involvement
of the General in terrorist
activities, and we applaud the efforts
you have taken to stop this very
dangerous man. But the idea of a
conspiracy involving the lottery is
ridiculous.

HOMELAND SECURITY PROSECUTOR What about the pictures from the alley?

SENATOR ALAN JACKSON
A shadowed figure and the General,
not very compelling, and a very poor
attempt to provide evidence to support
the conspiracy theories of a deranged
murderer.

LANCE

This is bullshit!

HOMELAND SECURITY PROSECUTOR Sit down and shut up now.

LANCE

But we can't let them get away with this.

SAUNDERS

Sit down.

LANCE

But, I recognize the voice now it's...

SAUNDERS

Sit down now! Trust me.

Saunders reaches into his pocket and pulls out a MP3 player, he puts it on the table and presses play.

SENATOR ALAN JACKSON

With the facts at hand we have decided....

GENERAL (O.S.)

Sir, we have a problem.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR CIA (O.S.)

What kind of problem?

GENERAL (O.S.)

I have two men standing in my office and their holding a winning lotto ticket.

The Deputy Director slowly stands and tries to sneak out of the room.

SAUNDERS

Stop that man!

Saunders points to the Deputy Director.

CONGRESS WOMAN

Bailiff, please secure the Deputy Director.

Two armed guards block the exit and the bailiff grabs the Deputy Director by the arm.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR CIA

Get your damn hands off of me now soldier!

The tape continues.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR CIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Damn it! You said this would be a perfect cover. We can't afford to just give all that money away, and if anybody links us to what we've done, not only will our future projects be scrapped...we'll be lucky if the company doesn't kill us.

The guards and the Deputy Director scuffle.

CONGRESSIONAL BAILIFF

Sorry sir, can't do that.

The guards ratchet the cuffs around his wrist with a click.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR CIA (O.S.)

Even if they don't, we'll be convicted by a congressional committee of treason. I promise you one thing, if I burn because of this, you're gonna burn with me.

Saunders pauses the MP3.

CONGRESS WOMAN

What is this?

The guard leads the Deputy Director toward the door of no return.

SAUNDERS

The General recorded all his conversations. He told me where he kept the audio files, his kind of insurance policy...just in case something happened to him. But that's not all. Senator, I think this will be especially interesting to you. You might even say re-assuring.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR CIA Get me the president. I want to speak to the president right now!

He again presses play.

GENERAL (O.S.)

Senator, I think you'll also be reassured by the large donation inside that case, 1 million re-assurances to be exact.

SENATOR ALAN JACKSON (O.S.)

Wonderful, now what can I do for the agency?

FACIAL REACTIONS OF SHOCK AS THE OTHER COMMITTEE MEMBERS LOOK AT SENATOR JACKSON.

GENERAL (O.S.)

We need you to block the budget cuts about to go up for vote. In fact, we would like you to earmark some funds for a new classified project. The agency will guarantee you won't need to worry about the upcoming primary election.

SENATOR ALAN JACKSON (O.S.)

That's a pretty amazing guarantee.

SENATOR ALAN JACKSON (CONT'D)

This is an outrage, that's not me!

The MP3 file continues to play.

GENERAL (O.S.)

It has been done before. Does Florida ring a bell?

Armed guards move behind the senator.

SENATOR ALAN JACKSON (O.S.)

Have you handled that teacher yet?

The Armed Guards surround the Senator. Saunders stop the recording.

They Armed Guards grab him by the arm. He resists them and they slam his face to the table, twist his arms behind his back and cuff him tightly.

CONGRESS WOMAN

Get them out of here now!

The two men scuffle with the guards.

SENATOR ALAN JACKSON

But that isn't me! Let me go, that isn't me.

SAUNDERS

The General speaks from the grave.

Adlib... profanity and yelling by both men.

LANCE

Now this is my lucky day!

CONGRESS WOMAN

Both of you will be charged with treason, a crime punishable by death. Mr. Sterling and Marshal Saunders we wish to thank you. You are both true patriots. All charges will be dismissed immediately. The American public and this judicial system owe you an apology Mr. Sterling.

SENATOR ALAN JACKSON

I'll beat this, you didn't even have a warrant!

SAUNDERS

In matters of national security, a warrant is needed. You can thank the patriot act for that, and I thank you Senator. I believe you cosponsored that bill.

The two men disappear into the door of no return. Lance and Saunders shake hands.

LANCE

Excuse me madam, but there are other families, other lottery winners, other people who were brutally murdered and also wrongfully imprisoned for crimes they didn't commit, others like me. They need to re-open those cases so that the victims of this conspiracy can get their due justice like I did.

CONGRESS WOMAN

Yes, of course, this is only the tip of the iceberg.

LANCE

Thank you.

CONGRESS WOMAN

Is that all we can do for you sir?

LANCE

Well now that you ask...

Lance grins.

LANCE (CONT'D)

An apology, a pardon and justice is great but the lottery winnings would be nice too.

CONGRESS WOMAN

I think we can arrange that.

LANCE

Tax free?

The room laughs.

CONGRESS WOMAN

I don't know about that.

She winks to Lance.

Oh ok, couldn't hurt to try though.

He winks back.

HOMELAND SECURITY PROSECUTOR

You're a free man, and now, a rich man too.

The prosecutor and Lance shake hands.

EXT. BOAT DOCK

The Ferrari salesman is loading luggage from the trunk of a Modena Yellow Ferrari Scuderi onto a modest yacht. A brand new 2009 blue and black SSC Shelby supercar ultimate aero twin turbo screams into the parking lot. The gullwing doors open and Lance exits.

He notices the salesman and lowers his sunglasses to glare over the rim.

SALESMAN

You?

LANCE

Well, look who it is.

SALESMAN

Is that....

LANCE

Yep.

SALESMAN

The two thousand ten SSC Ultimate
Aero? That's the fastest streetlegal production supercar in the
world. It has one thousand one
hundred and eighty three horse-power,
and does zero to sixty in two point
eight seconds with an estimated top
speed of two hundred seventy miles
an hour.

LANCE

Two seventy seven to be exact and man does she sing.

SALESMAN

But?

Some of us read the brochures and some of us can buy the cars. Looks like we know which one of us you are.

From below deck a voice is heard.

BOSS (O.S.)

Damn it are you done unloading my bags yet?

SALESMAN

Huh... what? Ahh...yes sir, all ready to go boss.

The SALESMAN'S BOSS appears from below deck.

SALESMAN'S BOSS

I don't know which you're worse at, being a bag boy or a salesman. Get your ass moving, my car won't park itself you know!

SALESMAN

Right away.

The boss looks at Lance, then his car.

BOSS

That's a real work of art.

LANCE

Thanks, so's yours.

Lance pulls a duffel bag from the storage compartment of the car.

BOSS

Why did you buy that and not an Enzo or GTB?

LANCE

(laughing)

Just ask this guy, he knows.

Lance walks to his 269 foot oceanic 702 mega yacht. The boss looks at the salesman.

BOSS

Him?

Yeah, that asshole had security throw me out of your dealership, someone needs to teach him don't judge a book by it's cover.

A bus pulls up.

Lance's yacht crew of beautiful women exit the bus. The women are wearing tight uniforms that accent their figures.

In a single file line, the group passes by Lance and each give him a peck on the cheek as they board the yacht.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Good morning ladies.

LADIES

Good morning Mr. Sterling.

BOSS

Sterling? The lottery guy?

Lance smiles.

LANCE

Yeah, no lay-away needed. Paid cash for the car and the yacht.

The salesman is shocked. The Navigator walks up to Lance and puts her arm around his shoulder.

NAVIGATOR WOMAN

Where to captain?

LANCE

Ahh...surprise me sweetheart!

Lance and friends board the yacht.

NAVIGATOR WOMAN

Yes, sir!

The yacht sets sail.

Lance walks up the steps to the upper deck and tunes his satellite radio to the Rush Limbaugh show and hears....

RUSH (O.S.)

I must be honest. I can only read so many paragraphs of the New York Times story before I puke.

(MORE)

RUSH (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Can you believe that a congressional committee full of liberal democrats may actually try to impeach the president for voter fraud! I mean come on, get real, a conspiracy? I think someone has been watching a little too much 24. I mean really. Who cooked this stuff up Michael Moore?

From below deck Marshal Saunders appears, dressed in boat shoes, a polo shirt and khaki shorts.

SAUNDERS

Hey man, you promised me cold beer.

LANCE

It's in the cooler.

Lance Tunes to another station, music plays, the Beach Boys, Kokomo.

LANCE (CONT'D)

(singing Kokomo)

Aruba, Jamaica oh I wanna take ya...to Bermuda, Bahama come on pretty mama, Key Largo, Montego.....

FADE TO BLACK

The End