

ELEPHANT TRICK

Series Pilot
May 2021 version

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FADE IN:

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - WOODSHOP - NIGHT

Black hand sands a walnut chifforobe. Rhythmic sanding the only sound. Sanding stops. Breath blows sawdust. Hand rubs the wood. Sanding resumes.

An old alarm clock in the b.g. reads "2:14 A.M."

Rhythmic sanding morphs into O.S. rhythmic WINDSHIELD WIPERS, a PICKUP SLOWS, BLINKER CLICKS.

BILL BEIGHLE (O.S.)
My first time was for beer.

O.S. PICKUP SPEEDS UP. FAINT AM radio plays.

EXT. PICKUP ON I-75 - NORTHERN MICHIGAN - MORNING

WINTER. A 1980s pickup heads north on the expressway. A large rectangle under tarps is strapped into the truck bed.

A corner of the tarp flaps in the wind revealing the finished piece of furniture from the opening scene.

INT. PICKUP - SAME

Shabby and shifty **MR. BALDWIN**, white, 30s, sits passenger. **BILL BEIGHLE**, 46, drives. Bill is the African American Felix Unger. They are an odd couple.

MR. BALDWIN
(checks side mirror)
Could go for a smoke.

Mr. Baldwin pulls cigarette pack from his coat.

BILL BEIGHLE
We'll stop for lunch in a hour or so.

Mr. Baldwin fidgets with his coat zipper.

BILL BEIGHLE (cont'd)
We weren't alcoholics. Per se. But
you become dependent on that release.

EXT. PICKUP - SAME

BILL BEIGHLE (O.S.)
Then, after years of getting booze
any old time, our buyer moves away.

INT. PICKUP - SAME

MR. BALDWIN
(half listening)
Lemme guess—you found God, joined AA,
and never looked back.

BILL BEIGHLE
Pfft. I kified my dad's drivers
license and with a little Photoshop
magic and garage sale laser printer—

Something out his window makes Mr. Baldwin gasp.

EXT. MSP CRUISER - I-75 MEDIAN - MORNING

A radar gun sticks out the window of a Michigan State Police
cruiser. The radar follows Bill's truck as it passes.

EXT. I-75 - SPEED LIMIT SIGN - MORNING

Bill's pickup passes a sign reading "SPEED LIMIT 70 MPH."

A moment later, the police cruiser races past the sign.

INT. PICKUP - SAME

MR. BALDWIN
How fast we goin'?

Bill glances at the speedometer, which reads 68.

BILL BEIGHLE
We're good.

Mr. Baldwin checks the mirrors again.

MR. BALDWIN
Shit.

EXT. MSP CRUISER - I-75 - SAME

The cruiser is right on Bill's ass.

INT. PICKUP - SAME

Bill glances into the rear view mirror.

BILL BEIGHLE
Just a couple guys hauling furniture.

Mr. Baldwin groans nervously.

BILL BEIGHLE (cont'd)
He's got no reason to stop us.

MR. BALDWIN
(whispers)
Shit shit shit.

BILL BEIGHLE
The chances someone from back east
just happens to have this Northern
Michigan cop on their payroll is as
close to zero as you can get without—

O.S. police siren WHOOPS interrupting Bill.

Worried for the first time, Bill looks in the rear view.

O.S. Bill's woodshop alarm clock BUZZES.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - WOODSHOP - NIGHT

ALARM CLOCK BUZZES. Finely crafted furniture in various
states of repair. Every tool in its place. Immaculate.

Folk rock plays softly on an OLD cassette boombox. Bill, in
sweatpants and a '70s rock t-shirt, turns off the alarm on
the clock which reads 5:00 A.M.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - PREDAWN

Bill shuts off the lights in the woodshop as he enters the
adjacent and likewise immaculate Middle-Class kitchen.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - BATHROOM MIRROR - PREDAWN

With bags upon bags under reddened eyes, Bill administers
eye drops. Freshly showered, he is clad in pressed khakis,
dress shirt, sweater vest, and patent leather shoes.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - DOROTHEA'S BEDROOM - PREDAWN

Comatose black girl, **DOROTHEA BEIGHLE**, 12, in a hospital bed in a room decorated for a much younger child.

Bill sits bedside in a rocking chair and reads softly from a tattered copy of *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz*.

He only ever reads this portion of the book to his daughter.

BILL BEIGHLE

Aunt Em had just come out of the house to water the cabbages when she looked up and saw Dorothy running toward her. "My darling child!" she cried, folding the little girl in her arms and covering her face with kisses. "Where in the world did you come from?" "From the Land of Oz," said Dorothy gravely. "And here is Toto, too. And oh, Aunt Em! I'm so glad to be at home again!"

Bill closes the book and strokes Dorothea's hair.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - PREDAWN

Bill makes french toast and cuts fruit. Three plates.

O.S. the front door JINGLES as it OPENS/CLOSES from the old brass shopkeeper's bell.

As Bill washes his hands, a nurse enters with exaggerated sniffs, drops her bag, sits at the island and eats.

NURSE 1

(mouth full)

Watch it out there. Caught a patch a black ice and 'bout derfed it.

BILL BEIGHLE

Got a delivery Saturday. Think you could?

NURSE 1

My only day off. Sorry.

BILL BEIGHLE

I wouldn't ask, I just really need this sale.

Bill glances at his watch, silently curses, leaves the kitchen with a breakfast plate.

The nurse swallows and forks another piece of delicious french toast but stops short of her mouth. Examines it a moment, then calls after Bill.

NURSE 1
(resigned)
Alright!

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - STAIRCASE - PREDAWN

Bill carries the breakfast up nicely carpeted steps. On the wall of the first landing are separate framed photos of Bill, Dorothea age 6, and a white woman looking like a young Elizabeth Taylor, as well as a family portrait of all three.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - 2ND FLOOR - PREDAWN

Bill stops at the door at the end of the hall. His hand hovers above the knob. He takes a breath to steel himself for what's on the other side.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - CLAIRE'S BEDROOM - PREDAWN

Like stepping through a dimensional portal, Bill goes from tidy home to the dumpstery den of his wife **CLAIRE BEIGHLE**.

Barely able to see, Bill adjusts the dimmer switch. The light reveals a TRASHED room. Food wrappers, soda cans, mounds of clothes. The windows are hung with blankets.

In the floor lies a ghoulish doppelganger of the woman in the family portrait.

CLAIRE BEIGHLE
(groggy, angry)
Liiight.

Bill dims the lights back to where they were.

Claire makes "gimme" hands like a baby after its bottle.

CLAIRE BEIGHLE (cont'd)
My shit.

BILL BEIGHLE
My next stop.

CLAIRE BEIGHLE
Fuck're you standin' there?

Bill feels his way to the dresser whereupon sits last night's untouched dinner plate.

BILL BEIGHLE
Need to eat something first.

CLAIRE BEIGHLE
God damn you.

BILL BEIGHLE
(pleading)
Just a few bites.

Claire covers her face with a filthy pillow.

CLAIRE BEIGHLE
(muffled)
Get ... my ... shit.

Bill swaps plates.

On his way back to the door, he trips over a pile of clothes and stumbles, jamming his thumb. Sucks his teeth in pain.

Peeking out from her pillow, Claire laughs.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - PREDAWN

Bill closes Claire's door behind him and stops a moment to shake the pain out of his thumb. He looks shellshocked.

EXT. BILL'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - PREDAWN

Foot of snow on the ground but the driveway is clear.

Next to Bill's truck, a worn-out old no-frills sedan.

INT. BILL'S PICKUP - DRIVEWAY - PREDAWN

While the truck warms up, Bill eats french toast from a sandwich bag.

EXT. BILL'S PICKUP - BILL'S STREET - PREDAWN

Bill drives slowly through his Middle-Class Lansing, Michigan suburb. His truck doesn't belong here.

Each driveway's dirty snowbank is topped with abandoned Christmas trees sadly festooned in tinsel.

EXT. BILL'S PICKUP - LANSING SOUTH SIDE - PREDAWN

Bill rolls down MLK Boulevard in South Lansing. Empty stores, cracked sidewalk, buckling asphalt, dilapidated houses. Not a good place to be.

INT. BILL'S PICKUP - DRUG SPOT - PREDAWN

Down a side street, a line of cars driven by a mix of white and blue collar addicts in need of their pre-workday fix.

Customers are quickly serviced by **P'DIDDLE**, a black man in his 20s wearing a too-big snorkel parka, and by his 12-year-old brother **ITCHY**, in an old-time stocking cap.

P'diddle handles the orders and the cash. Itchy takes the drugs from an American flag mailbox and tosses the product into the customers' open car windows.

INT. BILL'S PICKUP - DRUG SPOT - SAME

When it's his turn, Bill pulls up.

P'diddle steps off the curb.

BILL BEIGHLE
Four K-pin.

P'DIDDLE
Forty.

BILL BEIGHLE
It was twenty-eight dollars
yesterday.

P'DIDDLE
(shrugs)
Market fluctuation.

Annoyed, Bill opens his wallet.

BILL BEIGHLE
Brother, I got thirty-eight bucks.

P'DIDDLE
Bounce.

BILL BEIGHLE
C'mon, dog. I hook you up tomorrow.

P'DIDDLE
"Dog?" This ain't 1993. Forty or get
out my face. (pats a bulge in his
coat) Don't make me stutta.

EXT. BILL'S PICKUP - DRUG SPOT - PREDAWN

A customer in the car behind Bill impatiently honks.

EXT. BANK ATM - LANSING SOUTH SIDE - PREDAWN

Bill withdraws twenty dollars. Checks his watch: 6:37 A.M.

EXT. BILL'S PICKUP - DRUG SPOT - PREDAWN

Bill rolls up to P'diddle. Holds out two twenties.

BILL BEIGHLE
(annoyed)
Four k-pin.

P'DIDDLE
Fitty.

BILL BEIGHLE
(stifles rage)
What the—

P'DIDDLE
Just playin', dog. Chill.

Bill hands over the money.

EXT. BILL'S PICKUP - DRUG SPOT - PREDAWN

P'diddle flashes shorthand in finger signs to Itchy, who
fetches the order and tosses a baggie into Bill's truck.

INT. BILL'S PICKUP - DRUG SPOT - PREDAWN

Bill drives off without picking the drugs up off the floor.

INT. CLAIRE'S ROOM - PREDAWN

Bill's on his knees next to sleeping Claire. He has a glass
of water and a single Klonopin.

BILL BEIGHLE

Babe?

Claire smiles and stretches, as if waking from a beautiful dream. But when she opens her eyes, her face loses its sunshine.

She snatches the pill from Bill's palm and chews.

Bill offers her the water.

Claire angrily takes the glass and guzzles. Flashes a "you satisfied?" sneer.

BILL BEIGHLE (cont'd)

(whispers)

I love you.

Bill touches Claire's shoulder and she jerks away.

BILL BEIGHLE (cont'd)

See you at lunch.

Devastated, Bill gets up and goes to the door. Just as he's about to leave, Claire stops him.

CLAIRE BEIGHLE

(sweetly at first)

Hey, Beebie?

BILL BEIGHLE

(hopeful)

Yeah?

CLAIRE BEIGHLE

Noon means *noon*. Not twelve-thirty.

EXT. FBI BLDG - DOWNTOWN LANSING - PREDAWN

Bill pulls into a parking space and shuts off his sedan.

In a lot filled with nice new cars, his junker sticks out.

INT. BILL'S CAR - FBI BLDG - PREDAWN

Bill stares at the two-story brick building which sits in a business park of several such unassuming structures.

Bill steadies himself with a deep breath and opens his door.

INT. FBI BLDG - ENTRANCE - PREDAWN

Bill steps through a body scanner and shows his ID card to a guard, which reveals that Bill is a Supervisory Special Agent (SSA) with the Lansing, MI, FBI Field Office.

INT. FBI BLDG - ELEVATOR - PREDAWN

The elevator dings and Bill steps onto the second floor.

INT. FBI BLDG - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Bill sits at a long table in a conference room with six other FBI agents. He stops nervously tapping his pen on his notepad when stern-looking SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE (SAC) **FRANCISCO QUEIROS**, 50s, Brazilian-American, stomps in.

Everyone stands until Queiros takes his seat.

SAC QUEIROS

At ease.

The rest of the agents sit.

SAC QUEIROS (cont'd)

Short 'n' sweet this A.M. because the powers that be have gifted yours truly with the militia boondoggle and I'm tired from tap dancing with joy.

Surveillance Specialist **WAYNE KNIGHT**, black, 30s, menacing overachiever, laughs.

SAC QUEIROS (cont'd)

Does my mental anguish bring you joy, Agent Knight?

Unable to read the situation, Agent Knight grins a moment longer before losing his smile.

SAC QUEIROS (cont'd)

There's been a somewhat of a *gimme* in the Bobo Noodle case. I am assigning SSA Beighle the new lead.

Bill leans back in his chair dumbfounded.

Agent Knight shoots Bill a scowl as he throws his pen onto the table.

BILL BEIGHLE

But sir, I-

SAC QUEIROS
No need to thank me.

SAC Queiros slaps a thick dossier file onto the table.

Bill starts to protest but thinks better of it.

SAC QUEIROS (cont'd)
(eyes Bill)
May I continue? (beat) Saginaw Police
received an anonymous tip early this
morning that your friend and mine,
Mr. Lan Yap, is holding an unknown
number of Chinese nationals in
several trailers on his compound.

AGENT KNIGHT
That explains where the money he's
been laundering comes from.

SAC QUEIROS
Occam's Razor wins the day.

Newbie SPECIAL AGENT **KEVIN SCHMIDT**, 20s, white, eager but
green, talks under the others as they go on.

AGENT SCHMIDT	BILL BEIGHLE
Actually, the Occam	Except that—
Principle is statistically	
useless. Anecdotaly—	

Bill eyes Schmidt to get him to shut up.

BILL BEIGHLE (cont'd)
Except that in all the time we've
been watching him, there's never been
so much as a whiff of trafficking.

AGENT KNIGHT
You know what I smell?

SAC QUEIROS
Enough. You'll be working with HSI on
this. Be cordial but don't get
steamrolled.

AGENT SCHMIDT
I love Bobo Noodle.

AGENT KNIGHT
That beef lo mein though? Mm-mm.

Agent Schmidt eagerly puts his hand up for a high five.

AGENT SCHMIDT

Hells yeah.

Agent Knight leaves Agent Schmidt hanging.

SAC QUEIROS

Contact Agent Reeve at Homeland Security in Detroit. I want a team in Saginaw before the warrant arrives.

AGENT SCHMIDT

Sagnasty.

AGENT KNIGHT

By the time it's executed, the evidence could be long gone.

AGENT SCHMIDT

Is there any actual evidence a crime has been committed? Because courts are increasingly finding probable cause justifications lacking in—

AGENT KNIGHT

(halfway through Agent Schmidt's speech)

Thank-you, Rain Man.

SAC QUEIROS

(interrupts)

We're not going to risk blowing an operation of this size on one anonymous tip.

BILL BEIGHLE

Any indication from the magistrate—

A Chinese-American TRANS woman breathlessly slips into the room and sits next to Bill.

Agent Knight scoots his chair away from her.

She is Special Agent **JULES PERKINS**, a brash 30s tomboy. And Bill's best friend.

JULES

Magi-what-now?

Agent Schmidt recaps the meeting highlights from his notes.

AGENT SCHMIDT

SAC's tired from dancing, Agent Beighle has been promoted—sort of—and the Bobo Noodle guy's keeping sex slaves at his house.

BILL BEIGHLE
(to Schmidt)
We don't know that yet.

AGENT SCHMIDT
(makes a note)
Allegedly holding sex slaves.

SAC QUEIROS
SSA Beighle can bring you up to
speed. On the road. Agent Knight,
your surveillance team will
accompany.

AGENT KNIGHT
Aye aye cap'n.

SAC QUEIROS
I'll be up in the U.P. the next few
days. Try not to burn the place down.

SAC Queiros gathers his bag and coat to leave.

SAC QUEIROS (cont'd)
We've a chance to nab some seriously
bad actors, here. So, let's cut the
Romper Room shit.

BILL BEIGHLE
Yes sir.

SAC QUEIROS
(leaving)
I mean it—to GD letter.

EVERYONE
Yes sir.

INT. FBI BLDG - BILL'S CUBICLE - MORNING

MOMENTS LATER. Jules waits at Bill's cubicle while he talks
on the corded office phone with Homeland Security
Investigator (HSI) Agent Reeve.

A phone RINGS O.S.

Jules checks to make sure it's not hers. She glances at
Bill's desk and sees his personal cell phone isn't making
the noise.

JULES
Where's that—

Bill holds up a finger for Jules to wait while he pulls a burner phone from his desk drawer and clicks answer but continues to talk on the office phone to agent Reeve.

BILL BEIGHLE
(into phone)
Yes sir. I understand. Will do.

Bill hangs up the office phone and answers the burner.

BILL BEIGHLE (cont'd)
(on burner phone)
This's Bill. When? Hoo. Maybe. I can try but--yeah, I understand. Gimme a couple--three days. Alright. You too.

JULES
What's with the double-o-seven?

BILL BEIGHLE
This? (hesitates) Someone wants a ... dresser refinished. In a hurry.

Jules offers a skeptical nod.

BILL BEIGHLE (cont'd)
Late again. Everything alright?

JULES
Middle East's a mess, Lions haven't won a Super Bowl since (shrugs), and some dink keeps buyin' up all the Rock & Rye before I get to the store.

BILL BEIGHLE
C'mon.

Bill gets his coat and attache. They go to the elevator.

BILL BEIGHLE (cont'd)
Search warrant's been denied.

JULES
Theeen where're we going?

BILL BEIGHLE
Agent Reeve would still like to meet with us.

EXT. I-75- SAGINAW - DAY

LATE MORNING. With Jules at the wheel of a government-issue black sedan, she and Bill take the I-75 exit for Saginaw.

INT. DOWNTOWN SAGINAW - COFFEE SHOP - DAY

MID-MORNING. Jules and Bill share a corner booth with Homeland Security Investigator (HSI) Special AGENT REEVE.

JULES
Agent Reeves.

AGENT REEVE
"Reeve." As in Christopher.

JULES
Huh. Always thought it was Reeves.

AGENT REEVE
You're thinking of George Reeves. He played Superman, too.

JULES
Pretty sure it was Christopher Reeves in Superman II.

AGENT REEVE
(getting frustrated)
Not Superman II, Superman as well.

Waitress arrives with two coffees and a juice glass of liquid that looks like whiskey. She puts coffee in front of Jules and Agent Reeve. Bill gets the glass.

WAITRESS
Aaand, one small apple juice.

BILL BEIGHLE
Back to Yap.

Jules sips her coffee. Agent Reeve dumps three sugar and three creamer into his and stirs, and stirs, and stirs.

JULES
(parodies the song
"Yakety Yak")
Yappity yap. (in deep voice) Don't talk back.

Bill flashes Jules an "enough" look.

AGENT REEVE
I understand your hesitation but scope this—he already knows he's under investigation for money laundering.
(MORE)

AGENT REEVE (cont'd)
You two poking around? Just another
desperate attempt by the mean old FB
of I to tinkle on his loafers.

JULES
How's that possibly going to help
your case? Or ours?

AGENT REEVE
Wonder aloud whether he'd be stupid
enough to hide cash in the walls of
his home. Something like that. Just
enough of a hint to spook him.

BILL BEIGHLE
You think that'll be enough to—

Jules finishes Bill's sentence.

JULES
Move the people.

AGENT REEVE
And, hell, he might actually be
hiding money in his walls.

Jules throws a promising look to Bill.

JULES
Twofer?

BILL BEIGHLE
Besides the fact that our boss was
very clear he wants this done by the
book, how do we know Yap hasn't
already moved both cash and people?

JULES
Ya. If he spooks—

AGENT REEVE
(shakes head "no")
We've had eyes on the property since
an hour after the tip came in.

BILL BEIGHLE
(glances at Jules)
I'm not thrilled with the opportunity
cost on this.

Agent Reeve anxiously stirs his coffee.

JULES
What if—

AGENT REEVE
If you got a nugget, by all means
share.

Jules glances at Bill for a go-ahead.

Bill nods.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAGINAW - BOBO NOODLE - DAY

MINUTES LATER. Lots of people coming and going as lunchtime
nears. Nothing suspicious.

INT. FBI CAR - STREET NEAR BOBO NOODLE - DAY

Bill and Jules watch the restaurant from across the road.

JULES
If Yap's not here?

BILL BEIGHLE
Kinda hoping he's not.

JULES
We don't have to do this.

BILL BEIGHLE
When is that ever true?

EXT. RURAL SAGINAW - LAN YAP'S ESTATE - DAY

CONTINUOUS

A well-manicured lawn surrounded by heavy forest.

Large brick mansion from the early 1900s.

Imposing wrought iron gate patrolled by armed guards.

EXT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - LAN YAP'S ESTATE - DAY

WOODS NEAR LAN YAP'S ESTATE. White van stenciled with
"ELECTRICAL CO-OP" sits near a utility pole.

A man in a yellow safety vest and white hardhat,
SURVEILLANCE AGENT 1, fiddles with the service box. His
radio crackles. He speaks into it.

SURVEILLANCE AGENT 1
(into radio)
How we lookin'?

SURVEILLANCE AGENT 2 (O.S.)
(voice from radio)
They got their eyes on you.

SURVEILLANCE AGENT 1
(into radio)
Good.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - LAN YAP'S ESTATE - DAY

FRONT SEAT. Through the heavily tinted front window of Homeland Security's electrical co-op surveillance van, **SURVEILLANCE AGENT 2** studies something with his binoculars.

EXT. LAN YAP'S ESTATE - MANSION ROOF - DAY

Through Surveillance Agent 2's binoculars, a security guard lies prone on Lan Yap's roof. The guard is looking right back at the van with his own binoculars.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - LAN YAP'S ESTATE - DAY

Surveillance agent 2 talks to himself while he looks through his binoculars.

SURVEILLANCE AGENT 2 (O.S.)
That's right. Nothing to see here.
(sings to tune of Wichita Lineman)
I'm just a lineman for the countyyy
... tryin' to catch some bad guuuyys.

Surveillance Agent 2's phone rings O.S. Still looking through binoculars, he answers.

SURVEILLANCE AGENT 2
(into phone)
Y'ello? Oooh yeah. Curiosity piqued.
Whenever you give the—yes sir.

Surveillance agent 2 ends his call and speaks into his radio.

EXT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - LAN YAP'S ESTATE - DAY

Surveillance Agent 1 continues to appear as though he's working on the electrical service box when Surveillance Agent 2's voice comes over his radio.

SURVEILLANCE AGENT 2 (O.S.)
Pack it in.

SURVEILLANCE AGENT 1
(into radio)
Roger that.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - LAN YAP'S ESTATE - DAY

SURVEILLANCE AGENT 2
(into radio)
And make it look good.

SURVEILLANCE AGENT 1 (O.S.)
I'd like to thank the academy.

Surveillance Agent 2 cackles wildly.

EXT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - LAN YAP'S ESTATE - DAY

Surveillance Agent 1 throws his hands up in the air in frustration.

SURVEILLANCE AGENT 1
(into radio)
Whatta y'mean you're outta chili dogs?

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - LAN YAP'S ESTATE - DAY

Surveillance Agent 2 gleefully listens to Surveillance Agent 1's rant over the radio.

SURVEILLANCE AGENT 1 (O.S.)
But, mooom, you promised.

EXT. LAN YAP'S ESTATE - MANSION ROOF - DAY

Lan Yap's rooftop security guard looks through binoculars.

EXT. BINOCULARS - SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAY

Through Lan Yap's rooftop security guard's binoculars he watches the electrical worker (undercover Surveillance Agent 1) appear to be upset before driving off.

EXT. LAN YAP'S ESTATE - MANSION ROOF - DAY

Lan Yap's security guard places a call. Speaks in Mandarin.

CHINESE GUARD 1
Jingcha zoule. [The police left.]

INT. BOBO NOODLE - LAN YAP'S OFFICE - DAY

Lan Yap listens on the phone and responds in Mandarin.

LAN YAP
Hao de. [Alright.]

INT. FBI CAR - BOBO NOODLE - DAY

Bill and Jules are still watching the restaurant when Bill's phone rings.

BILL BEIGHLE
Work?

INT. FBI SUV - WOODS OUTSIDE LAN YAP'S ESTATE - DAY

FBI Agent Knight watches a video feed of Lan Yap's rooftop security guard speaking into his phone.

AGENT KNIGHT
(into phone)
Their counter-surveillance guy is on the phone to someone.

EXT. LAN YAP'S ESTATE - TREELINE - DAY

A camouflaged FBI video surveillance drone hovers at the edge of the treeline nearest Lan Yap's mansion.

INT. FBI SUV - LAN YAP'S ESTATE - NEARBY WOODS - DAY

AGENT KNIGHT (O.S.)
(into phone)
Got their attention. Now what.

INT. BOBO NOODLE - DINING ROOM - DAY

MOMENTS LATER. Jules barges through the entrance of a clean, modern, Americanized Chinese fast food restaurant and heads straight for the back of the restaurant.

A seemingly helpless bill chases after her.

A concerned employee starts to say something but backs off.

INT. BOBO NOODLE - LAN YAP'S OFFICE - DAY

Jules bursts into Lan Yap's office.

A shocked Lan Yap puts up his hands and shouts in surprise. This isn't his first encounter with heavy-handed cops.

JULES

I don't know how the triad managed—

Breathless Bill runs in.

BILL BEIGHLE

Agent Perkins. Enough.

JULES

(to Lan Yap)

We're gonna find the leak.

BILL BEIGHLE

Mr. Yap, I'm terribly sorry. (to Jules) Let's go, agent.

Bill pulls Jules by her arm to the door.

LAN YAP

I haven't a clue what you're—

JULES

Better watch your ass. You don't know the power a the arm.

A confused Lan Yap places a call.

JULES (cont'd)

(in Mandarin Chinese)

Cao ni zuzong shiba dai. [Fuck your ancestors to the 18th

Bill pulls Jules out of the office.

EXT. BOBO NOODLE - PARKING LOT - DAY

MOMENTS LATER. Bill and Jules cackle with delight as they make their way to the car.

Bill places a call to Agent Knight.

BILL BEIGHLE
(to Jules)
"Power of the arm?"

Jules shrugs.

Bill laughs.

BILL BEIGHLE (cont'd)
(into phone)
Any movement?

INT. FBI SUV - LAN YAP'S ESTATE - NEARBY WOODS - DAY

Agent Knight watches a WIDE VIEW drone video feed of Lan Yap's estate on his tablet.

Lan Yap's security guards are at their posts as before.

AGENT KNIGHT
(into phone)
Nobody in. Nobody out.

INT. FBI CAR - BOBO NOODLE - DAY

Bill and Jules in their work car listen to Agent Knight over Bill's phone on speaker.

AGENT KNIGHT (O.S.)
I's them, I wouldn't assume I only
had one set a eyes on me.

JULES
Are you clean?

AGENT KNIGHT (O.S.)
Less they got X-ray vision.

BILL BEIGHLE
We're heading back. HSI will spell
you soon as they set up a new vantage
point. You know where to find me.

AGENT KNIGHT (O.S.)
Yessuh, yessuh.

Bill hangs up.

JULES

Why you let em talk to you like that?

Bill has no answer.

INT. GROCERY STORE - LANSING - EVENING

Bill pushes a shopping cart through the produce section.

He's on the phone with someone.

BILL BEIGHLE

All they have is organic. No. I
looked. Yes, I asked. We'll just have
to endure the hardship. Love you,
too. Of course. Bye. I gotta go.

INT. GROCERY STORE - CHECKOUT - EVENING

Bill waits behind a woman and her kids at the checkout.

He reads newspaper headlines: UNLUCKY NUMBER 7; Brookline
mother feared seventh victim in Boston slayings.

Next line reads: Sources close to the investigation say they
still have no suspects and would not speculate on whether
the murders are connected.

GROCERY CLERK

Sir. Sir?

Bill looks up. In his face are exhaustion, despair.

INT. BILL'S CAR - SOUTH LANSING - EVENING

Bill drives out of South Lansing.

EXT. BILL'S CAR - HOLT - EVENING

Just outside Lansing is the rural community of Holt.

EXT. BILL'S MOM'S HOUSE - HOLT - EVENING

Bill pulls up to his parents' cozy two-story country house.

He carries a paper sack of groceries up the porch.

A white woman in her 70s struggles to open the storm door.
It's **SUE BEIGHLE**, Bill's mom.

SUE BEIGHLE
Watch your step.

Bill slips on the steps but catches himself.

SUE BEIGHLE (cont'd)
Be careful.

Bill examines the storm door. The old hydraulic closer
adjuster arm is bent.

BILL BEIGHLE
Well, here's your problem.

SUE BEIGHLE
Wind caught it. Banged it to hell.

BILL BEIGHLE
Why didn't you say? I coulda picked
one up on the way.

Sue waves away the idea.

SUE BEIGHLE
Your uncle can take care of it.

Bill kneels and unhooks the door closer anyway.

BILL BEIGHLE
(grunts with effort)
How's he doin'?

SUE BEIGHLE
Oh, you know Bert. Always up to
somethin'.

Bill smiles. Struggles to unhook one side of the closer.

BILL BEIGHLE
Ma, this thing's a hundred years old.

SUE BEIGHLE
Daddy's a lot a things but handy
ain't one.

Bill groans in triumph as he pulls the closer free.

BILL BEIGHLE
(hefts the closer)
Like a lead pipe. Don't make em outta
steel anymore.

SUE BEIGHLE
Well, let's not heat the great
outdoors. Your father'll have a
conniption.

INT. BILL'S MOM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

Bill sips coffee at the table. Sue unpacks the groceries.

SUE BEIGHLE
How's Claire? (before Bill can
answer) Should bring her by sometime.

BILL BEIGHLE
She's watching Dorothea.

SUE BEIGHLE
Everybody's busy.

BILL BEIGHLE
One a these days.

Is she—

SUE BEIGHLE

No. BILL BEIGHLE

SUE BEIGHLE BILL BEIGHLE
I been meaning to get over It's fine.
but with daddy-.

SUE BEIGHLE
We'll do something this summer. The
whole family.

Sue rinses celery in the sink and chops it.

How's Dad? BILL BEIGHLE

SUE BEIGHLE
Oh, you know your father.

BILL BEIGHLE
Taking his meds?

Oh. SUE BEIGHLE

Mom.
 BILL BEIGHLE

SUE BEIGHLE

I know. I know.

BILL BEIGHLE

Can't mess around with that stuff. He either needs to take it regular or not at all. Get sick playing willy-nilly with it.

SUE BEIGHLE

How much sleep are you getting?

BILL BEIGHLE

I gotta go. Can I say hi?

SUE BEIGHLE

It takes so long to get him settled.

Bill rises from the table, kisses his mom at the sink and dumps his coffee. She points her paring knife at the door.

SUE BEIGHLE (cont'd)

Salt the steps?

Bill takes the old steel door closer from the kitchen table.

BILL BEIGHLE

I'll try to get over tomorrow.

SUE BEIGHLE

No hurry.

EXT. BILL'S MOM'S HOUSE - PORCH - EVENING

Bill shovels the last step and sprinkles salt on the porch.

EXT. BILL'S CAR - BILL'S DRIVEWAY - EVENING

Bill turns off the car and closes his eyes.

Streetlights come on as the last light of evening fades.

INT. BILL'S CAR - BILL'S DRIVEWAY - EVENING

MINUTES LATER. Bill wakes with a gasp still in his car.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - EVENING

Bill hangs his jacket in the hall closet. He's so tired he's moving in slow-motion.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - DOROTHEA'S ROOM - EVENING

The nurse is packed and ready to go.

BILL BEIGHLE
I'm sorry. Forgot I promised my mom.

NURSE 1
(gets up)
It's alright.

BILL BEIGHLE
You're welcome to stay for supper.

NURSE 1
Hafta get home to my kids.

The nurse makes to leave and stops in the doorway.

NURSE 1 (cont'd)
And ... I can't give her her pills
anymore.

BILL BEIGHLE
I understand but it's just once in a-

NURSE 1
(interrupts)
I could lose my license. OK?

Bill stares in a daze as the nurse leaves.

O.S. the front door JINGLES as it OPENS/CLOSES.

Bill is utterly alone.

BEGIN MONTAGE

INT. BILL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bill awakens at 2:14 a.m. Can't get back to sleep. Gets up.

INT. BILL'S WOODSHOP - NIGHT

MOMENTS LATER. Bill works on the walnut chifforobe.

INT. BILL'S WOODSHOP - NIGHT

HOURS LATER. Alarm clock BUZZES. It's 5 A.M. again.

INT. DOROTHEA'S ROOM - PREDAWN

Dressed for work, Bill sits next to Dorothea and opens *The Wizard of Oz* but he's too tired to read and lays the book on Dorothea's hospital bed next to her arm.

Bill shuts his eyes and dozes.

MINUTES LATER. Dorothea's hand jerks and knocks the book to the floor with a CLUNK. The startles Bill, who awakens to see Dorothea's left hand raised and outstretched.

Front door JINGLES as it OPENS/CLOSES O.S.

Dorothea's hand goes limp just as Bill wakes up.

EXT. BILL'S DRIVEWAY - MORNING

SATURDAY MORNING. Wearing the same clothes from the first road scene, Bill finishes securing the old blue tarps over the antique chifforobe in the bed of his truck.

INT. BILL'S PICKUP - I-75 - MORNING

Bill exits I-69 in Flint and gets on I-75 heading north.

EXT. KAWKAWLIN - GAS STATION - MORNING

Bill pulls into a gas station in RURAL Kawkawlin, Mich.

Mr. Baldwin smokes a cigarette next to a pay phone.

While gassing up, Bill waves Mr. Baldwin to get in.

INT. BILL'S PICKUP - DRIVER SIDE MIRROR - MORNING

TWO HOURS LATER. Bill watches the **MSP TROOPER** from earlier investigate the cargo in the back of the truck.

EXT. BILL'S PICKUP - I-75 SHOULDER - MORNING

MSP Trooper waits at the tailgate for a car and an 18-wheeler to WHOOSH by before approaching Bill's window.

INT. BILL'S PICKUP - DRIVER SIDE - MORNING

Bill's window is down, both his hands on the steering wheel, his wallet is on the dashboard, but he's calm and jovial.

BILL BEIGHLE
 So the clerk starts reading my stats.
Aloud. Course, I'm shitting myself.

Mr. Baldwin looks like he's about to run out of the truck.

MR. BALDWIN
 What?

BILL BEIGHLE
 At the liquor store.

MR. BALDWIN
 Wait, why was there a baseball card?

BILL BEIGHLE
 The paper I used to print the fake ID
 on was so flimsy. I needed something
 stiff to back it.

MR. BALDWIN
 (referring to the cop)
 He's here.

INT. BILL'S PICKUP - SAME

The MSP Trooper steps up to Bill's open window.

EXT. BILL'S PICKUP - I-75 SHOULDER - MORNING

The MSP Trooper looks Bill and Mr. Baldwin over.

INT. BILL'S PICKUP - I-75 SHOULDER - MORNING

BILL BEIGHLE
 Morning.

The trooper scowls.

MSP TROOPER 1
 License and registration.

With his right hand still on the steering wheel, Bill slowly
 takes his wallet off the dashboard and hands it to the cop.

EXT. BILL'S PICKUP - I-75 SHOULDER - MORNING

The trooper opens Bill's wallet. In the left-side clear
 plastic holder, Bill's drivers license; in the right-side,
 his registration.

MSP TROOPER 1
Where you all headed today?

BILL BEIGHLE
Delivering a chifforobe.

MSP TROOPER 1
A what?

BILL BEIGHLE
Chiff-o-robe. It's a sort of a cross
between a chiffonier and a wardrobe.

MSP TROOPER 1
The dresser back there?

BILL BEIGHLE
Invented by Sears and Roebuck way
back in the early-early 1900s.

MSP TROOPER 1
Sit tight.

EXT. MSP CRUISER - I-75 SHOULDER - MORNING

The trooper gets in his car.

INT. BILL'S PICKUP - I-75 SHOULDER - MORNING

Bill watches the trooper through his rear view mirror.

Mr. Baldwin nervously sticks an unlit cigarette in his
mouth, takes it out, flicks it.

MR. BALDWIN
Maybe we should go?

BILL BEIGHLE
So he's reading my stats.

MR. BALDWIN
Stats?

BILL BEIGHLE
Batting average, runs earned.

MR. BALDWIN
Wait. Who's card?

BILL BEIGHLE
Atlanta Braves shortstop Andres
Thomas.

MR. BALDWIN
Favorite player?

BILL BEIGHLE
Totally random. So this clerk is
reading the stats and laughing his
ass off at my idiocy.

MR. BALDWIN
First time?

BILL BEIGHLE
That's the funny thing. I'd used it—I
don't know—twenty times before. No
one even batted an eye.

EXT. BILL'S PICKUP - I-75 SHOULDER - MORNING

Trooper returns with Bill's license and registration.

MSP TROOPER 1
Drive safe.

BILL BEIGHLE
You have a good one.

Bill puts his license and registration back in his wallet,
puts his wallet into his pocket. Starts the truck.

Through the windshield the cruiser drives off heading north.

Bill puts the truck into gear and makes to pull back onto
the expressway.

BILL BEIGHLE (cont'd)
And whattas the clerk do while he's
holding this eye-watering forgery?

Bill eyes Mr. Baldwin, still coming down from the scare.

BILL BEIGHLE (cont'd)
Hands me the ID and says, "Get what
you want but don't ever come back."

EXT. BILL'S PICKUP - I-75 SHOULDER - MORNING

Bill's truck pulls onto I-75 heading north.

EXT. MACKINAC BRIDGE - SOUTH SIDE - NOON

The mighty Mackinac Bridge as seen from the south side in the upper Lower Peninsula.

Bill's truck drives over the Mackinac Bridge.

Bill's truck pulls up to the tollbooth on the north side, pays, and drives on.

EXT. RESTAURANT - ST. IGNACE - NOON

Mr. Baldwin smokes outside a rustic diner while through the window Bill, with toothpick in mouth, pays.

EXT. BILL'S PICKUP - I-75 - U.P. - AFTERNOON

Bill's truck speeds up I-75 in Michigan's Upper Peninsula, a land of trees, wildlife, and very few people.

MR. BALDWIN (O.S.)
Much farther?

BILL BEIGHLE (O.S.)
Hour to the Sault (Soo). Few minutes
across the International Bridge.
Short hop from there to the farm.

EXT. BILL'S PICKUP - INT'L BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

HOOR LATER. Bill's truck crosses the Int'l Bridge and waits in line at the Canadian border crossing.

INT. BILL'S PICKUP - CANADIAN BORDER - AFTERNOON

MR. BALDWIN
OK, who's the biggest crook you ever
helped?

BILL BEIGHLE
Anybody bad enough to be famous I
wouldn't touch.

MR. BALDWIN
Not even like a Bernie Madoff type?

BILL BEIGHLE
No. No violent criminals, no wife
beaters, terrorists, sex offenders,
etc. (says the letters "E T C")

MR. BALDWIN
(exasperated laugh)
Who the hell's that leave?

BILL BEIGHLE
Surprising number of people,
actually. Wives and girlfriends of
abusers, political and financial
refugees, and lottery winners.

MR. BALDWIN
Lottery winners?

BILL BEIGHLE
Michigan is one of the few states
with compulsory identification of
lotto winners. Nothing puts a target
on your back like having a pile of
money dumped in your lap.

MR. BALDWIN
Get many people like me?

BILL BEIGHLE
Here and there. The problems with
witness protection are many. Two main
issues, as I see them? Once Uncle Sam
has what it wants, your "alive" value
rapidly dwindles. The bigger issue is
that people can stop being who they
are for a while but they always
always return to their old ways.

MR. BALDWIN
We are creatures of habit.

BILL BEIGHLE
Why it's vital to put great gobs of
distance between client and old life.

INT. BILL'S PICKUP - INT'L BRIDGE - AFTERNOON

Bill drives across the bridge. He's seen it many times
before. Mr. Baldwin is appreciating the scenery.

MR. BALDWIN
Thought there was nothing but pine
trees and bears up here. It's
beautiful.

BILL BEIGHLE
Michigan's an underrated state.

EXT. BILL'S PICKUP - CANADIAN BORDER CROSSING - AFTERNOON

Bill's truck stops at the booth and rolls down his window.

BORDER GUARD 1
Passports.

INT. BILL'S PICKUP - BORDER CROSSING - AFTERNOON

Bill hands their passports over.

EXT. CANADIAN BORDER CROSSING - AFTERNOON

Border guard looks at their papers and glances at the men.

BORDER GUARD 1
What's your business in Canada?

INT. BILL'S PICKUP - BORDER CROSSING - AFTERNOON

Bill thumbs at the cargo in the truck bed.

BILL BEIGHLE
Delivering a chifforobe to a friend.

EXT. BILL'S PICKUP - CANADIAN BORDER CROSSING - AFTERNOON

Border Guard 1 steps to the back of the truck and lifts a corner of the tarp.

He motions a guard with a dog who circles the truck.

INT. BILL'S PICKUP - BORDER CROSSING - AFTERNOON

Mr. Baldwin's leg jiggles, he breathes fast.

BILL BEIGHLE
(soothing)
Easy. Two pals hauling furniture.

EXT. BILL'S PICKUP - CANADIAN BORDER CROSSING - AFTERNOON

Boarder Guard 1 gives Bill the passports.

BORDER GUARD 1
Drive safe.

BILL BEIGHLE
Ain't no other way.

EXT. SAULT STE. MARIE ONTARIO - AFTERNOON

Bill's truck has crossed from Sault Ste. Marie Michigan to Sault Ste. Marie Ontario, Canada.

INT. BILL'S PICKUP - SAULT ONTARIO, CANADA - AFTERNOON

Bill watches his rear view a few moments before relaxing.

BILL BEIGHLE
We're good.

MR. BALDWIN
You sure?

BILL BEIGHLE
Wouldn't've let us get this far if we weren't.

EXT. SAULT ONTARIO, CANADA - AFTERNOON

"Now Leaving" Sault Ste. Marie Ontario CITY LIMITS sign.

EXT. FARMHOUSE - CANADIAN COUNTRYSIDE - AFTERNOON

MINUTES LATER. Bill's truck pulls down a long snowy driveway. Parks at a big old farmhouse.

Farmhouse door opens and out walks the **PILOT**, a 40ish blonde woman in coveralls and boots.

INT. BILL'S PICKUP - CANADIAN FARMHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Bill rolls down his window and shuts off the truck.

The pilot leans at his window.

PILOT
You're early.

MR. BALDWIN
(quietly to Bill)
Don't look like a pilot.

BILL BEIGHLE
(to pilot)
Hoping to be back by suppertime.

PILOT
Runway's all plowed and the plane's
been gone over. So, we can go now or
have some lunch first.

MR. BALDWIN
We ate.

PILOT
(smiles at Bill)
I've got coffee on.

BILL BEIGHLE
Next trip. For sure.

PILOT
(playfully)
You say that every time.

BILL BEIGHLE
I mean it every time.

Pilot looks longingly at Bill, who looks awkwardly back.

Mr. Baldwin is looking nervously around the endless white
fields and forest.

MR. BALDWIN
Sooner we're in the air the better.

PILOT
Gimme five minutes to warm 'er up.

As the pilot disappears around the corner of the house, Bill
turns in his seat to address Mr. Baldwin.

BILL BEIGHLE
There's an orientation sheet with
FAQs in your packet but there're a
few points I'd like to emphasize.
Under no circumstance are you to
contact anyone you've ever known.

MR. BALDWIN
OK.

BILL BEIGHLE
Not your mama, sister, best friend
from high school.

MR. BALDWIN

I get it.

BILL BEIGHLE

There's going to be an adjustment period. You'll feel lonely, homesick, at some point want to reconnect.

MR. BALDWIN

No.

BILL BEIGHLE

You will. Don't. It'll get you caught.

Mr. Baldwin motions agreement.

BILL BEIGHLE (cont'd)

If the people you perturbed are as unfriendly as you say they are—

O.S. a prop plane SPUTTERS to life.

BILL BEIGHLE (cont'd)

Don't sign or use your real name.

MR. BALDWIN

I'm not that stupid.

BILL BEIGHLE

Tougher to remember than you might think. I suggest writing your new name over and over and over again. And say it silently to yourself.

Mr. Baldwin nods.

BILL BEIGHLE (cont'd)

Practice greeting people in your mind. Introduce yourself with your new name. Practice makes less bad.

MR. BALDWIN

No diggity.

BILL BEIGHLE

And don't lie.

Mr. Baldwin's amused by the irony.

BILL BEIGHLE (cont'd)

Obviously there's some fiction attached to your new situation.

(MORE)

BILL BEIGHLE (cont'd)
But you don't need to invent some elaborate backstory. Lies are difficult to maintain. Keep it vague. And stick to the truth when possible.

MR. BALDWIN
The people after me won't be looking where I'm gong.

BILL BEIGHLE
Still good to be careful. How many times have you been on vacation far from home and inexplicably run across someone you know. It happens.

By Mr. Baldwin's expression, he hadn't considered that.

BILL BEIGHLE (cont'd)
You moved for a fresh start. That's true. You don't have any family. And, you don't anymore. So, also true.

MR. BALDWIN
What if I run into someone I know.

BILL BEIGHLE
Deny, deny, deny. You don't know them and they don't know you. You've never heard of the person they think you are.

Mr. Baldwin doesn't seem so sure this will work.

BILL BEIGHLE (cont'd)
Someone gets too nosy, turn it on them. Where are they from? What do they do? Hobbies, etc. Most folks can't shut up about themselves.

Bill glances at his watch.

BILL BEIGHLE (cont'd)
It's time.

Mr. Baldwin gets his bag off the floor in the backseat and opens the door to leave.

BILL BEIGHLE (cont'd)
I shouldn't have to say this, but you can never come back. I don't know your final destination and I don't want to know. But you can never set foot in the United States again.

MR. BALDWIN
That's not gonna be a problem.

BILL BEIGHLE
Your new bedtime prayer is, "Out of
sight. Out of mind. Out of trouble."

Mr. Baldwin gets out of the truck and starts to close the door but says one last thing.

MR. BALDWIN
You've been such a help. I couldn't
have done any of this without you.

Bill starts to say something but Mr. Baldwin shuts the door.

EXT. FARM - OUTSIDE SAULT ONTARIO - AFTERNOON

As the plane taxis the snowy makeshift runway, Bill's truck heads the other direction down the long driveway.

EXT. ANTIQUE STORE - SAULT ONTARIO - AFTERNOON

MINUTES LATER. Bill pulls into an antique store parking lot and drives around back.

EXT. ANTIQUE STORE - SAULT ONTARIO - AFTERNOON

Bill chats with an old Indian woman while two young Indian men unload the chifforobe from Bill's truck.

ANTIQUÉ DEALER 1
Don't know where you find these old
beauts but keep em coming.

BILL BEIGHLE
Around. If ya know where to look.

ANTIQUÉ DEALER 1
Four-seventy-five?

BILL BEIGHLE
Yes ma'am.

The antique dealer counts out five one-hundred-dollar bills. Bill reaches for his wallet but she gently stays his hand.

ANTIQUÉ DEALER 1
Worth five times that.

BILL BEIGHLE
Oh, I don't—

ANTIQUÉ DEALER 1
Take yes for an answer.

Pocketing the money, Bill nods.

ANTIQUÉ DEALER 1 (cont'd)
(glances at sky)
Looks like snow.

BILL BEIGHLE
I better not dawdle.

ANTIQUÉ DEALER 1
You take care, eh?

Bill waves and shuts his tailgate.

INT. BILL'S PICKUP - CANADIAN ANTIQUE STORE - AFTERNOON

In his receipt book, Bill writes the day's date, "WALNUT CHIFF", and a price of \$2,700, and starts the engine.

EXT. I-75 SOUTH - GAYLORD - AFTERNOON

TWO HOURS LATER. Bill's truck passes a sign for GAYLORD on I-75 SOUTH. His phone RINGS O.S.

INT. BILL'S PICKUP - I-75 SOUTH - AFTERNOON

Bill answers his phone without looking. Puts it on SPEAKER.

BILL BEIGHLE
(on phone)
SSA Beighle.

JULES (O.S.)
It's me.

BILL BEIGHLE
(on phone)
Oh. Hey.

JULES (O.S.)
(kids screaming in bg)
Sorry. At my sister's. (off Bill's)
Hey, wondering whatta ya doin'.

BILL BEIGHLE
Driving.

JULES
Tomorrow, I mean.

BILL BEIGHLE
I've got Dorothea duty.

JULES
Say we get some lunch and a movie?

Bill hesitates silently.

JULES (cont'd)
Lose you?

BILL BEIGHLE
(hesitant)
At my place?

JULES
Like noonish? I'll bring the food and
you supply the movie.

BILL BEIGHLE
(so not sure)
Sure.

JULES
Alright, boyo. (kids screaming in bg)
I better tend to this riot. See ya.

In the wake of the phone call, Bill's face goes from
confusion to happiness to concern.

INT. BILL'S DRIVEWAY - EVENING

Bill shuts off his truck. Leans back and closes his eyes.
Takes a breath to steel himself before opening the door.

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - DOROTHEA'S ROOM - EVENING

With eyes shut, Bill softly rocks next to Dorothea's bed.
O.S. the front door JINGLES as it OPENS/CLOSES.

INT. DOROTHEA'S ROOM - MORNING

NEXT MORNING. Light through the window. Bill wakes with a
start. Looks around the room. Checks his watch. Can't
reconcile the time. Yawns big. He looks rested.

Bill opens the curtains wide to let in the sunshine.

INT. BILL'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Upbeat classic rock plays on the little kitchen radio.

Bill dances while making scrambled eggs and toast.

INT. STAIRCASE - MORNING

Bill dances happily up the stairs with Claire's breakfast.

INT. CLAIRE'S ROOM - MORNING

Bill enters without knocking.

Claire writhes in bed. At the sound of Bill entering, she sits up on the edge of the bed. She's pale and sweaty.

CLAIRE BEIGHLE
Why you moving in slow-motion?

Bill digs a pill of Klonopin out of his pocket.

Claire angrily snatches the pill.

Bill says nothing.

CLAIRE BEIGHLE (cont'd)
Yeah, me too.

BILL BEIGHLE
What?

Claire holds up a "go away" hand while chewing the pill.

Bill looks at her untouched plate of last night's supper. He angrily shoves breakfast at her.

CLAIRE BEIGHLE
No.

BILL BEIGHLE
(pissed)
Yes.

For once it's Bill's face that's PURE HATE. And, for once, Claire does as she's told.

She jerks the plate from Bill and shovels the eggs into her mouth with her fingers, gagging and lurching as she chews.

BILL BEIGHLE (cont'd)
Swallow it all.

CLAIRE BEIGHLE
(with mouth full)
You'd like that, wouldn't you.

She swallows the egg.

Bill motions for her to eat some toast.

Claire rips a triangle of toast off the plate, knocking the other three halves to the already messy floor, and stuffs it into her mouth whole.

BILL BEIGHLE
You're gonna choke doing that.

CLAIRE BEIGHLE
(mouth full)
I'm not that lucky.

Claire chucks the plate onto a pile of clothes on the floor.

She flops back on the bed and pulls the sheet over her.

Bill gathers both dishes and stops to look around the mess.

BILL BEIGHLE
We're cleaning this place up
tomorrow. After work.

CLAIRE BEIGHLE
Whatever you say, master.

BILL BEIGHLE
Yeah—whatever I say.

INT. DOROTHEA'S ROOM - BILL'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

LATER THAT DAY. Bill, in latex gloves, changes Dorothea's diaper. O.S. the DOORBELL CHIMES. Bill's phone buzzes repeatedly while he patiently finishes.

When he's done, Bill kisses Dorothea on the forehead.

He texts Jules: "Busy. Let yourself in."

O.S. the front door JINGLES as it OPENS/CLOSES.

INT. BILL'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Jules on the couch, pizza box and beer on the coffee table.

Bill comes in and gives Jules paper plates before going to a large antique wardrobe converted to an entertainment center.

BILL BEIGHLE
Smells good.

JULES
Veggie special. Very light cheese.

BILL BEIGHLE
You didn't have to—

JULES
I'm testing out the theory that even bad pizza is still pizza.

BILL BEIGHLE
More of an adage than a theory. In fact, not a theory at all. I mean, I guess one could theorize that poor quality pizza is still worthwhile or retains certain worthwhile qualities but, quantitatively—

JULES
You know you're off the clock, right?

BILL BEIGHLE
You like 'lizabeth Taylor?

JULES
All I know is her perfume makes me gag.

Bill, nonplused—almost wounded—turns to look at Jules.

BILL BEIGHLE
Really?

Jules puts two slices on each plate.

JULES
New romcom series on the Netflix looks good.

Bill, holding a VHS tape turns with a guilty look.

BILL BEIGHLE
I don't have that.

JULES
Course you don't.

Bill opens a cabinet revealing a VERY OLD VCR.

JULES (cont'd)
Gotta wind that thing up with a hand-
crank or what?

BILL BEIGHLE
You'll like it. I promise.

Bill pops in "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?"

JULES
And me without my stereopticon.

Bill grabs his pizza and apple juice box. Considers sitting
on the couch next to Jules but takes the easy chair instead.

The movie opens on two people walking in the autumn night.

JULES (cont'd)
Uck. (whines) Blaaack and whiiiite?

BILL BEIGHLE
(truly offended)
Some a the biggest movies of all—just
watch.

JULES
I know they were hot shit back when
Jimmy Carter roamed the Earth but—

BILL BEIGHLE
(interrupts)
Shh!

INT. TV - BILL'S LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

TWO HOURS LATER. On the TV, Richard Burton tells his guests
their son is dead and Elizabeth Taylor screams and cries in
a fit of heartbreak.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

MOMENT LATER. A sweaty pale Claire, in nothing but a filthy
man's t-shirt, appears in the living room.

Jules, engrossed in the movie, doesn't notice the homeless
ghoul standing in the doorway.

Glancing over, Bill erupts from his chair. He looks like a kid who's been caught playing with matches.

CLAIRE BEIGHLE
I heard screaming.

Jules jumps a little in her seat.

Bill pauses the movie.

BILL BEIGHLE
You're up.

CLAIRE BEIGHLE
Was wondering 'bout lunch. But—

Bill stands dumbfounded. He fingers the buttons on the remote as if praying the rosary.

JULES
There's plenty of—

Claire gives Jules a "Talk to the hand" gesture.

CLAIRE BEIGHLE
(interrupts)
Should I make my own or?

Bill grabs the pizza box off the coffee table and hands Claire the controller on his way out.

BILL BEIGHLE
You wanna watch a movie? (off
Claire's silence) I'll warm this up.
(to Jules) Be right back.

A moment after Bill leaves, Claire calls after him.

CLAIRE BEIGHLE
Use the oven! Don't want concrete.

Jules points at Elizabeth Taylor's upset face frozen on the screen.

JULES
Didn't think I's gonna like this but
it's actually alright.

Claire imitates Elizabeth Taylor imitating Bette Davis, complete with flourish hand motion.

CLAIRE BEIGHLE
What a dump!

Jules laughs nervous and loud.

CLAIRE BEIGHLE (cont'd)
So, how long have you—

JULES
(interrupts)
Got here about two.

CLAIRE BEIGHLE
... been fucking?

Claire raises her eyebrow wickedly.

The polite smile fades from Jules' face.

JULES
Wow. Y'know, I had this image of some
wicked bitch actively working to make
her husband a nervous wreck. You did
not disappoint.

Sweating badly, Claire steadies herself by grabbing the back
of the couch.

JULES (cont'd)
You only exist because he allows it.

Claire grunts at such audacity.

JULES (cont'd)
How long after you broke his back did
you think he was gonna go on carrying
you?

CLAIRE BEIGHLE
Fuck out my house. Yellow. Cunt.

JULES
Not that I have to explain
myself—

CLAIRE BEIGHLE
(derisive cackle)
Think I'm jealous? This is
not about me, you—

JULES
Go 'head.

Claire goes wobbly and sits hard on the couch.

JULES (cont'd)
Really think there's anything hasn't
been screamed at me?

CLAIRE BEIGHLE
Not interested yer bedroom habits. In
fact ... less I know, the better.

JULES
Look. I don't-

CLAIRE BEIGHLE
My husband ain't gay!

CLAIRE BEIGHLE (cont'd)
(exasperated laugh)
OK. So, look elsewhere. He's taken.

Jules is more disgusted than insulted. She and Claire face off. Ten feet of silent hate between them.

Bill reenters with a plate of pizza and a can of Faygo soda.

BILL BEIGHLE
(nervously to Claire)
I was thinking *Key Largo* next. Or you could pick one.

Bill sets Claire's plate and drink on the coffee table.

Jules gets up from the couch.

JULES
Brother called. Sitter bailed again.

BILL BEIGHLE
(very disappointed)
Stay to the end? Almost done.

JULES
I better git. He's-

CLAIRE BEIGHLE
Aw. That's too bad.

BILL BEIGHLE
No. Yeah. No biggie. I-

CLAIRE BEIGHLE
(sickeningly sweet)
We'll have to do this again sometime.
When you can stay longer.

Shocked by Claire's cordial behavior, Bill sighs in relief.

JULES
Thanks for having me. You were right.
Hafta catch the rest some time.

Bill starts to follow Jules out but Claire stops him.

CLAIRE BEIGHLE
I need to talk to you about something. Now.

Bill's good mood dissolves. He stands defeated. The only bit of joy he's experienced in a very long time has just ended.

BILL BEIGHLE

Yeah.

Time seems to freeze while they wait for the front door to JINGLE O.S. as it OPENS/CLOSES.

Claire sweeps her plate of pizza onto the floor.

CLAIRE BEIGHLE

(shaking with rage)

Where's my goddamn pill?

Bill peeks into the hall to make sure Jules is really gone before pulling a klonopin from a sandwich bag in his pocket.

Claire rips the pill from Bill's hand.

CLAIRE BEIGHLE (cont'd)

You can't possibly be as stupid as you pretend to be. (off his pause)
He's trying to turn you. Idiot.

BILL BEIGHLE

We're just work friends.

CLAIRE BEIGHLE

If I had cancer would you be screwing around on me?

Bill picks up Claire's mess and the rest of the lunch stuff while they argue.

BILL BEIGHLE

Sorry. Didn't realize watching a movie with a coworker was a crime.

CLAIRE BEIGHLE

Right. Because that's what I'm pissed about.

BILL BEIGHLE

You know how long it's been since I done anything other than work? Than take care of—

CLAIRE BEIGHLE

(interrupts)

Oh, here we go. Poor little Willie the put-upon. Has it worse than aaanyone else.

BILL BEIGHLE

Oh-ho-ho. I did not say that.

CLAIRE BEIGHLE

You don't know what it's like for me.
Stuck up there in that dungeon.

BILL BEIGHLE

No. I don't. You're right. But I sure
as hell know what it's like dealing
with you.

CLAIRE BEIGHLE

Why I waste my time. You don't give a
shit.

BILL BEIGHLE

Don't give a— (Bill screams). I care
so little I'm killing myself working
three jobs and tending to your every—

CLAIRE BEIGHLE

There's no point in even talking to
you. And when did one job and one
hobby become three full-time jobs?

Bill takes the lunch mess out of the room.

Claire shouts after him.

CLAIRE BEIGHLE (cont'd)

Where're you going!? Thought you were
gonna watch a movie with me.

BILL BEIGHLE (O.S.)

Are you kidding? (Bill reappears in
the living room entryway) I have to
go do my "hobby" so I can pay for
your drug habit!

CLAIRE BEIGHLE

Why ya think I don't bother talking
ever? You never listen. Like tryin'
to communicate with a god damn—

As Claire continues berating Bill, her voice becomes
muffled. A loud jumble of angry syllables rises as Bill
stares at the TV. Liz Taylor's upset face blurs.

INT. ALARM CLOCK - BILL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

2:14 A.M. in RED DIGITS on the bedroom alarm clock.

Bill wakes with a gasp and lies staring at the ceiling.

INT. ALARM CLOCK - BILL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

3:20 A.M. in RED DIGITS on the bedroom alarm clock.

Still unable to sleep, Bill gets out of bed.

INT. BILL'S WOODSHOP - NIGHT

MINUTES LATER. Early Monday morning in Bill's garage woodshop. Bill, dressed in his sweatpants and CSNY t-shirt, works on a piece of furniture.

INT. BILL'S WOODSHOP - PREDAWN

LATER THAT MORNING. Bill gently taps the dovetail joints of two boards together. O.S. the alarm clock BUZZES.

INT. ALARM CLOCK - BILL'S WOODSHOP - PREDAWN

5 A.M. in RED DIGITS.

BEGIN MONTAGE

Very fast scenes:

INT. BILL'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - PREDAWN

Bill tiredly showers.

INT. DOROTHEA'S ROOM - PREDAWN

Bill sits the chair next to Dorothea's bed. *The Wizard of Oz* book sits in his lap but Bill stares off into nothing.

INT. BILL'S KITCHEN - PREDAWN

Bill makes plain oatmeal.

INT. STAIRCASE - BILL'S HOUSE - PREDAWN

Bill carries a bowl of plain oatmeal upstairs.

INT. CLAIRE'S ROOM - PREDAWN

SLOW-MOTION. His face devoid of emotion, Bill flinches as the bowl of oatmeal thrown by Claire hits the wall over his shoulder.

END MONTAGE

INT. FBI BLDG - BILL'S CUBICLE - DAY

MONDAY MORNING. Bill's going through his inbox when SAC Queiros comes down the aisle handing photocopies of a wanted poster to everyone in the office.

SAC Queiros hands the last one to Bill.

Sac Queiros stops at the end of the row and turns to address the office.

SAC QUEIROS

Tack it up. Learn that face.

Everyone in the office has stopped working to peruse the wanted poster and listen to Queiros.

SAC QUEIROS (cont'd)

This nogoodnik's wanted for seven-possibly-eight murders. But, confidence is moderately high that that number will go a baker's dozen once forensics is done fiddly-fartin' around.

Bill reads the poster text before bothering to really look at the face. WANTED POSTER headline:

CHRISTIAN C. BALDERRAMA INTERSTATE FLIGHT - MULTIPLE MURDER - SHOULD BE CONSIDERED ARMED AND DANGEROUS.

Bill glances at the face.

The drawing is a dead ringer for Bill's client Mr. Baldwin.

Bill glances around frantically and back at the poster. This can't be.

Bill hyperventilates.

INT. BILL'S CUBICLE - BILL'S MIND - DAY

Flashes of Bill's daughter, wife, mother and father juxtaposed with imaginings of a blood-covered Mr. Baldwin stabbing, strangling, maniacally laughing at unseen victims.

INT. BILL'S CUBICLE - DAY

Bill can't breathe. His life has just been blown apart.

Bill scrambles, trips over his chair, rushes out.

INT. FBI BLDG - BATHROOM - DAY

Bill rushes into the handicap stall and falls retching to his knees.

INT. FBI BATHROOM - BILL'S MIND - DAY

As he vomits uncontrollably, the images from his life again flash in Bill's mind's eye.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

BLACK SCREEN

O.S. road noise of a minivan going down the highway.

INT. MINIVAN - HIGHWAY - DAY

Sunny afternoon. A happy Bill, healthy-looking Claire, and six-year-old Dorothea ride down the highway. The van is filled with food wrappers, soda cans, luggage. Obviously on vacation.

Bill sleeps in the passenger seat.

Dorothea colors in a coloring book.

Claire, driving, sneaks a cigarette. She's careful to blow the smoke out the window but as she adjusts the radio, she knocks the cherry off her cigarette.

CLAIRE BEIGHLE
(whispers)
Shit.

Claire bends down to find the smoking coal.

Clock on the car stereo reads "2:14 P.M."

O.S. BANG of vehicles colliding.

EXT. MINIVAN - HIGHWAY - DAY

SPLIT SECOND collision as a LARGE TRUCK clips the front of the van, which had drifted into the wrong lane.

INT. MINIVAN - HIGHWAY - DAY

The van spins and flips into a roadside stand of trees.

END FLASHBACK

BLACK SCREEN

INT. FBI BLDG - BATHROOM - DAY

NOW. View from OUTSIDE the bathroom stall.

Bill continues to VOMIT REPEATEDLY O.S.

Vomiting sound fades to:

MUSIC UP: "Bill Bailey Won't You Please Come Home," sung by Ella Fitzgerald. ("Something To Live For" album version)

FADE TO BLACK

THE END