THE LOVEBIRDS

screenplay by

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1 **INT. ERIC & JULIE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT** 1

ERIC and JULIE (mid-30's) in mid-fight as they dress to go out.

ERIC
Unbelievable. You are unbelievable. If I told somebody, "Here's what Julie said," they'd say, "I don't believe you."

JULIE
You just say whatever. You just say whatever and tie your tie and fuckin...stand there, don't you, Eric?

JULIE (CONT'D)
You're not even upset.

ERIC
I'm not NOT upset.

JULIE
You're upset about this, but not about what you said.

ERIC
You don't even *disagree* with me! Do you?
(beat)
Do you?

JULIE
...Yes, I disagree, I think-

ERIC
YOU THINK WE'D WIN *THE AMAZING RACE*. You think in a gameshow about a race around the fucking WORLD, you and I would come out on top. We couldn't even go to Vancouver in the *spring*-

JULIE
It's not whether you're wrong*, it's the fact that you said it.* Just like that, like it's no big deal. You don't think we should discuss WHY we wouldn't-

ERIC
That's what we're doing right now!

Julie stares at him for a moment, then stomps out. Eric shakes his head before giving up on tying his tie and putting it back in the dresser.

CU ON A PICTURE FRAME ON TOP OF THE DRESSER:

ERIC AND JULIE LOOKING HAPPY. SMILING. IN LOVE.

JULIE (O.S.)
Discussing involves listening!

ERIC (O.S.)
We both have allergies!

Eric slams the drawer shut, rattling the picture violently.

TITLE CARD:

"<u>THE LOVEBIRDS</u>"

2 **INT. ERIC & JULIE'S ELEVATOR -- NIGHT** 2

Eric plays on his iPhone. Julie stands there.

ERIC
It's an important email.

JULIE
I didn't say anything.

Beat.

JULIE (CONT'D)
...Your team winning?

Beat.

ERIC
...Yeah, we are, actually-

JULIE
YAY!!!!

ERIC
Oh-kay.

JULIE
I'm so proud, boo-boo! You're a champ!
(raising his hand)
It's the champ everyone!

ERIC
Just so you know, I get fantasy football updates *VIA email* so technically I wasn't lying-

JULIE
(typing on her phone)
What's that? I'm SO sorry for *ignoring* you, I just have to tweet about your triumph!

JULIE (CONT'D)
(typing)
My. Bae. Wins. Fake. Football. Eat. Shit. Ladies.

ERIC
I'm not ignoring you, *it's an elevator. Checking phones is what elevators are FOR-*

3 **INT. ERIC & JULIE'S PARKING GARAGE -- NIGHT** 3

Eric and Julie walk to their car. Eric holds the keys, Julie wants them. Mid conversation-

JULIE
You *always* drive-

ERIC
Yeah. You're welcome.

JULIE
No, it's a control-thing, you only do it-

ERIC
Because you almost drove us into a petting zoo-

JULIE
That's where the GPS told me to go!

ERIC
I'm driving FOR YOU, y'know most people would be appreciative! This way you can relax, you can drink as much as you want-

JULIE
OH what is THAT supposed to-

Mid-sentence we cut to:

4 **INT. ERIC & JULIE'S CAR, MOVING -- NIGHT** 4

Eric drives. Julie sits beside him. Silence. Then:

JULIE
You know what we need?

ERIC
More quality time.

JULIE
Separate hobbies.

ERIC
Oh-

JULIE
You think we need *more* time together?

ERIC
I'm saying QUALITY time.

JULIE
We live together, we sleep together, we work from home. How do you propose we spend *more* time together?

ERIC
I meant, like, something that's not those things, like, ugh- *I wasn't proposing anything!*

JULIE
Oh, *I know.*

Julie gets very tight. Eric sighs/dies a little. Silence.

JUMP CUT:

Mid-fight:

ERIC
Not because I don't love you, because-

JULIE
Because you don't believe in marriage.

ERIC
I believe it exists, I just don't believe it means anything.

JULIE
That is- You are a romantic, sir.

ERIC
WHAT'S SO ROMANTIC ABOUT A PIECE OF PAPER THAT-

JUMP CUT:

Mid-fight:

ERIC (CONT'D)
What am I gonna do, start a thimble collection? What hobby do you-

JULIE
I wasn't suggesting thimble-collecting, I meant like...carpentry, or-

ERIC
Carpentry? Who are you talking to?

JULIE
It doesn't- The point is not for me to choose your hobby, the point-

ERIC
(excited)
No, I don't need a hobby, know why?
(big proud smile)
Because *you're* my hobby.

Julie's eyes burst into flames. Eric sees his mistake.

JUMP CUT:

ERIC (CONT'D)
YOU ARE *NOT* A THIMBLE COLLECTION!

JULIE
YOU JUST SAY WHATEVER. YOU JUST FUCKING SAY WHATEVER, WITH YOUR FOOTBALL APPS, AND YOUR-

JUMP CUT:

Staring straight ahead. Numb.

ERIC
We're just in a rut. We need a... spark. Something to happen.

JULIE
Oh no. Please don't tell me you planned another surprise thing-

ERIC
O-kay-

JULIE
Where are we going? If we're not actually going for tapas right now I swear to god-

ERIC
Oh, don't worry I learnt my lesson, I know how much you hate it when I try to DO something for this relationship-

JULIE
Don't just DO things, COMMUNICATE with me! About anything! That's what I want you to do for this relationship! Not surprise paddleboating when I don't have the right-

ERIC
PEOPLE LOVE PADDLEBOATS!

JULIE
THOSE ANKLE BOOTS WERE NEVER THE SAME!

JUMP CUT

Driving. Sitting. Silence. Julie blurts:

JULIE (CONT'D)
Well I don't want a baby.

ERIC
(exploding)
DID I SAY-?

JULIE
YOU WERE THINKING IT!

ERIC
HOW DO YOU KNOW WHAT I'M-?

JULIE
WELL I'M NOT HAVING ONE!

ERIC
WELL I DON'T WANT ONE! SEE? YOU *DON'T* KNOW WHAT I'M THINKING!

JULIE
HOW WOULD I, YOU NEVER TELL ME!

JUMP CUT:

Driving. Sitting. Long silence. Eric glances at Julie.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Where are we going.

ERIC
That new spanish place downtown. I put it in the phone, it says it's just-

JULIE
That's not what I mean. I mean where are *we* going.

Eric softens.

ERIC
I don't know.

JULIE
We just...fight *all the time now.*

ERIC
(immediately annoyed)
We do not fight "all the-"

JULIE
Eric.

Eric concedes. Then:

ERIC
We always fought. It was like our thing. We just...had all this fire between us. Everyone felt it.

JULIE
Do you feel it now? Like we have "fire"?

A sad moment between them. Eric does not.

ERIC
I don't know what I feel.

JULIE
(beat)
I don't know if I can do this anymore.

ERIC
(beat)
Me neither.

A long beat. The breakup looms in the air.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I just feel like you're not there for me anymore.

JULIE
I just don't know where you are anymore.

They turn to look at each other. Beat.

JULIE (CONT'D)
ERIC!

ERIC RUNS A RED LIGHT AND HITS A GUY ON A BICYCLE.

ERIC
OH FUCK!

JULIE
JESUS!

They screech to a halt.

5 **EXT. TRAFFIC LIGHT INTERSECTION -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS** 5

Eric and Julie scramble from their car to check on the fallen, groaning BICYCLE MAN. The scene is a BLUR OF INSANITY:

ERIC
I am SO SORRY.

JULIE
Oh my god, are you alright?

Eric goes to pick up the bicyclist. HE'S COVERED IN BLOOD.

JULIE (CONT'D)
OH MY GOD!

ERIC
Blood. BLOOD.

BICYCLE
I'm okay.

JULIE
I don't think you are.

Bicycle quickly picks up his bike and sees if it still works.

ERIC
Here, let me help you with that-

JULIE
No, Eric, he shouldn't be moving-

BICYCLE
(getting on)
I gotta go.

JULIE
Do you really think that's a good idea?

ERIC
I mean at least your bike still works, right?

Julie shoots him look.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry. That was, I didn't-

Julie glances up and spots a TRAFFIC CAMERA.

JULIE
Oh! And it's all on traffic cam! They got a picture of us running a red and hitting someone! This is officially the WORST.

Eric shoots her a look.

JULIE (CONT'D)
(to Bicycle)
I'm so sorry. Obviously actually getting HIT is worse than- We will take care of this-

Bicycle starts pedaling away.

ERIC
Hey-

JULIE
Wait! You dropped your phone!

Eric and Julie watch as the bicyclist speeds off -- ERIC COVERED IN BLOOD, Julie holding his DISTINCTIVE PHONE. He's gone. They stand frozen. Then:

VOICE (O.S.)
STOP HIM! STOP THAT MAN!

A man runs into frame -- he has a MOUSTACHE.

MOUSTACHE
I need your car.

They stare at him.

MOUSTACHE (CONT'D)
I'M A POLICE OFFICER!

They stare at him.

MOUSTACHE (CONT'D)
I'M THE POLICE, HE'S A CRIMINAL, I NEED TO COMMANDEER YOUR VEHICLE!

Moments of shocked stillness. Then:

ERIC
For real??

JULIE
Can we come?

6 **INT./EXT. ERIC & JULIE'S CAR, MOVING/ALLEYWAYS -- NIGHT** 6

The Policeman rips down alleys, looking for the bicyclist, Julie and Eric momentarily united in their excitement.

JULIE
There! He went that way!

ERIC
East, honey, he went east! Suspect headed eastbound!

The Policeman turns to pursue the bicyclist.

JULIE
You don't mind us helping, do you?

MOUSTACHE
I'm using your car, you're already helping.

ERIC
Now I don't want to be this guy but just so we know, if you crash our car do we get a new one? Like does the LAPD pay or...

JULIE
Yeah, if you crash can you do it on the left side? We have a dent we've been meaning to fix.

Eric laughs, delighted.

ERIC
I can't believe I felt bad about hitting that guy. I mean we're basically heroes right now.

JULIE
(laughing)
Yeah. Also, who drives a bike in LA? Like, *know your city,* am I right?

ERIC
Yeah, what do you think this is, Europe?

JULIE
GO MOVE TO COPENHAGEN, BICYCLE MAN!

Julie and Eric laugh together. The Policeman drives, determined.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Sorry, we'll be serious.

Julie and Eric get serious....but the grins creep back again.

JULIE (CONT'D)
What did this guy do? Drugs? Was it drugs? You're undercover, right?

ERIC
(holding up his phone)
It's crazy if I play some music? Get a little soundtrack goin?

JULIE
THERE! RIGHT THERE!

Julie points to BICYCLE MAN as he flashes past an opening. The Policeman jerks the wheel.

A FULL SPEED CHASE DOWN THE ALLEYWAYS ENSUES.

Finally, the car gains on the bike, Bicycle Man panicking, pedaling full speed down the alley. He skids around a tight corner with expertise, disappearing down a slim corridor.

The Policeman slams the wheel in frustration.

Julie smacks the dash, trying to match the cop's frustration.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Ahhh. RATS. Right?

Eric consults GOOGLE MAPS on his phone:

ERIC
Wait, wait! If we go down that alley we can cut him off on the other side and trap him in a dead end!

MOUSTACHE
Down here?

ERIC
Yeah, go, go!

JULIE
Nice work, honey!

ERIC
Oooo now you like it when I'm on the phone-

JULIE
Don't do that.

ERIC
You're right, sorry sorry.

They speed down another alley -- when they pop out the other side THEY CUT RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE BICYCLIST, who quickly turns and heads down another direction.

JULIE
There he is, THERE!!

ERIC
YES! Got him!

Julie goes to HIGH FIVE Eric, who FIST BUMPS her open hand. They give each other a quick look.

Bicycle Man is running out of real estate, the car gaining...

ERIC (CONT'D) JULIE
JUSTICE!! AHAHA!

The car inches extremely close to the bicyclist, who's peddling as fast as he can. The Policeman slams the gas, THE CAR VIOLENTLY HITS THE BICYCLIST, sending him crashing over and behind the car, which screeches to a halt.

Julie and Eric switch from excitement to concern.

ERIC
Oooooooh.

JULIE
Uhhhhhhhm.

The Policeman checks the mirror -- Bicycle Man writhes on the ground behind them, trying to crawl away.

The Policeman reverses and RUNS OVER THE BICYCLE MAN. The car *THUDS*. Eric and Julie open their mouths in mute astonishment. The Policeman puts it into forward and RUNS OVER HIM AGAIN -- *THUD*. Reverse -- *THUD*. Inside, Julie and Eric are motionless, apart from the jostles of the car as it drives over the body each time. Forward -- THUD. Reverse -- THUD. Finally, the Policeman stops.

They stare wide-eyed at the Policeman, who stares ahead, expressionless, his gloved hands still on the wheel. Finally:

JULIE (CONT'D)
...You're not the police.

The man with the moustache stares forward for another intense second before getting out, striding over to the BLOODY, MANGLED BODY and kneeling down beside it. Our couple, still in shock, stare out the front window.

They watch as he checks the body for something, seems to come up empty handed...THEN STARTS KICKING IT VIOLENTLY. After a few kicks, Moustache stops. He stares at them intensely through the windshield...

Sounds of NEARBY LAUGHTER AND TALKING. Moustache looks off towards the sound...back at Eric and Julie...then walks off down the alley and disappears.

Eric and Julie sit there, not breathing. *What the fuck just happened?* After a second, they both slowly get out.

7 **EXT. ALLEY -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS** 7

Eric and Julie approach BICYCLE'S MANGLED, BLOODY BODY -- ERIC STILL COVERED IN BICYCLE'S BLOOD.

JULIE
What...

ERIC
Oh my god.

JULIE
...the FUCK.

ERIC
Ohmygodohmygodohmygod.

They stare at the body. Yup. Still dead. Then:

MR. HIPSTER (O.S.)
What...

Eric and Julie spin to see a HORRIFIED HIPSTER COUPLE.

MR. HIPSTER (CONT'D)
...the fuck.

They see Eric and Julie...THE BLOOD...THE CAR...THE BODY.

MRS. HIPSTER
Oh my god...OH MY GOD...

Eric and Julie look around and realize what it looks like.

ERIC
No. No no...

JULIE
No no no no no...

MRS. HIPSTER
Oh my god oh my god.

JULIE
This is not what this looks like.

ERIC
I didn't kill him.

JULIE
He didn't.

MR. HIPSTER
You hit him with your car, man!

ERIC
NO! ...I mean, yes, I did-

JULIE
BUT THAT'S *ALL.*

ERIC
I SWEAR.

MRS. HIPSTER
OH MY GOD.

MR. HIPSTER
HE'S FUCKING DEAD, MAN!

JULIE
We know he's dead, but Eric didn't kill him!

MRS. HIPSTER
He just said he killed him!

ERIC
NO I DIDN'T! I said I *hit him with my car-*

MR. HIPSTER
LOOK AT HIM!

MRS. HIPSTER
HE'S FUCKING DEAD!

JULIE
No, Eric hit him *earlier,* we were just going to that new tapas place and we were fighting and Eric got distracted and hit him by ACCIDENT and then this weird man in a moustache jumped in our car and said he was a police officer and ran him down and killed him like a FUCKING DOG IN THE STREET AND THEN JUST WALKED AWAY AND LEFT US HERE!

ERIC
I didn't do it, I swear I didn't do it, I just ran a red light and hit him on his bicycle a little bit but then he got up and biked away and he was fine! But then this other moustache guy got in and said he was Police and drove after him and ran him over like ten times and then took off and NOW I HAVE SOME DEAD GUY'S BLOOD ON ME AND MY CAR'S A FUCKING MURDER WEAPON!

Mrs. Hipster gets out her iPhone and dials 9-1-1.

JULIE
No! Don't do that, please don't do that!

ERIC
I never wanted to hurt anybody!

MR. HIPSTER
(in tears)
DUDE, YOU KILLED A DUDE WITH YOUR CAR!

ERIC
(also in tears)
NO I DIDN'T, STOP SAYING THAT!

MRS. HIPSTER
(into phone)
Hello? I need to report a murder or homicide or whatever?

ERIC
I DIDN'T MURDER ANYBODY!

JULIE
(realizing)
Oh my god, the police aren't going to believe us either. How are we gonna...oh my god...

ERIC
Look at me: on the count of three.

JULIE
On the count of three what??

ERIC
One, two, three-

JULIE
Wait, Eric, what are you-

ERIC RUNS AWAY.

MRS. HIPSTER
(into phone)
The guy just ran for it.

JULIE
ERIC!

MRS. HIPSTER
(into phone)
The guy's name is Eric.

JULIE
Oh shit.

ERIC
(running away)
Run, Julie!

MRS. HIPSTER
The girl's name is Julie.

JULIE RUNS AFTER ERIC.

MRS. HIPSTER (CONT'D)
Now she's running too. I don't know, downtown somewhere --
(to Mr. Hipster)
Tim, where are we -- Tim, will you please focus? You do this in every stressful situ-

THE HIPSTER GUY THROWS UP as we SMASH TO:

8 **INT. DINER -- NIGHT** 8

Eric and Julie sit on the same side of a booth, shell-shocked, ERIC STILL SPLATTERED WITH BLOOD, BICYCLE'S DISTINCTIVE iPHONE sitting on the table in front of them. They stare out, lost.

The TV Set blares in the background.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)
Coming up, Mayor Segalowitz blames his controversial comments about Chinese people on his new medication. And how dangerous are our city's roads? The results may surprise you, our report on vehicular crime-

JULIE
(snapping to attention)
Is there sports? Can we watch sports?

ERIC
(talking over the TV)
That Mayor sure is crazy, hunh?! Politics!

JUMP CUT:

Eric looks up at a WAITRESS, still clearly in shock.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Can I get, do you serve alcohol?

JULIE
Two, please.

ERIC
Two, we'll get two.

WAITRESS (O.S.)
Two *what.*

ERIC
Two alcohols.

JULIE
(overlapping)
TWO ALCOHOLS.

JUMP CUT:

Eric and Julie are still shell-shocked. A MAN stands with his back to us, staring down at them.

MAN (O.S.)
What the hell happened?

Eric looks down, realizes he is still covered with blood.

ERIC
Nosebleed.

JULIE
House painting. Red paint.

ERIC
Yeah. The fumes...dry me out and I get nosebleeds.

JUMP CUT:

ERIC NOW WEARS JULIE'S DRESS TUCKED INTO HIS PANTS, tie around the collar in a failed attempt to not look feminine or weird. JULIE NOW WEARS HER SLIP, TRYING TO PASS IT OFF AS A TOP. She does not look pleased.

Eric faces Julie, rehearsing, trying to speak calmly and reasonably:

ERIC (CONT'D)
"Well, officer. What happened was I hit a man on a bicycle. He got up and biked away. Then...
(beat, carefully)
Another man with a moustache-"

JULIE
You sound crazy.

ERIC BANGS HIS FIST ON THE TABLE, just as the waitress places down the "alcohols" - rattling the glasses, startling the waitress.

JUMP CUT:

JULIE (CONT'D)
We call my brother.

ERIC
Why??

JULIE
He knows all the best lawyers-

ERIC
Right. Devon knows everybody.

JULIE
What's that supposed to mean?

ERIC
He said he knew Pete Sampras.

JULIE
How do you know he *doesn't* know Pete Samp-

ERIC
He doesn't know Pete Sampras, Julie.

JUMP CUT:

ERIC (CONT'D)
"Officer, we are the *victims* here."

JULIE
Pretty sure the victim's the dead guy.

ERIC
"We are the secondary victims here."

JUMP CUT:

JULIE
Okay, we just, we lay low for a bit.

ERIC
Until when?

JULIE
Until it blows over.

ERIC
Murders don't "blow-

JULIE
Until they find the perb.

ERIC
The "perb"? Do you mean perp?

JULIE
The guy they're after-

ERIC
We're that guy-

JULIE
So we go off the grid.

ERIC
How do we-

JULIE
Mexico.

ERIC
Mexico is still on the grid.

JULIE
So we'll just, we'll lay low.

ERIC
Until wh- that's the *first* thing you said THESE AREN'T PLANS JULIE.

JUMP CUT:

Eric roleplays again.

ERIC (CONT'D)
"Officer, we are turning ourselves in...FOR NOW. Because we have nothing to hide-"

JULIE
"Then why'd you run."

ERIC
"Yup. Great question. Because...we *looked* guilty. Which was scary for us, because we're *not* guilty. So. In a way, the fact that we ran actually *proves* that-

JULIE
No.

Eric BANGS his fist on the table again. The glasses rattle.

JUMP CUT:

Eric nods compulsively, listening to Julie lay it out:

JULIE (CONT'D)
You're covered in a dead man's blood. Two people saw us at the scene of the crime, which we RAN FROM. A PICTURE from a traffic camera shows us HITTING THE GUY with THE SAME CAR HE GOT MURDERED WITH moments later, with no evidence that anyone else was ever there.

Eric continues to nod: uh-huh, yup. Yup, yup, yup.

ERIC
So...okay...so we won't go to the police RIGHT NOW...but I still...I want to circle back to that later...we'll keep spitballing...and if we...maybe we can...if...if, um...

Eric puts his face in his hands. Julie softly touches his head.

JULIE
I know...I know.

She's terrified too.

JUMP CUT:

ERIC'S IPHONE RINGS. They stare at it next to Bicycle's.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Do not an-

ERIC
(answering)
Hello?

OFFICER DALY (O.S.)
(through phone)
Eric Fisher?

JULIE
(frantic whisper)
Eric, hang up the phone!

ERIC
Speaking.

9 **EXT. ALLEY -- NIGHT** 9

INTERCUT. OFFICER DALY talks on his phone by Eric and Julie's car and the dead body, now a VERY ACTIVE CRIME SCENE.

OFFICER DALY
This is Officer Daly with the LAPD. You drive a white 2009 Toyota Corolla registered to your name, is that correct?

ERIC
...Have done.

JULIE
(frantic whisper)
Eric, consult with me. Consult with me before you make decisions!

OFFICER DALY
Have you driven your vehicle tonight, sir?

ERIC
Tonight? No, not, not tonight, no?

OFFICER DALY
Can I ask where you are right now?

ERIC
...We're at home?

OFFICER DALY
Are you saying that your vehicle's at home as well, sir?

ERIC
(getting an idea)
Yes. Yes it is, Officer, in fact, if I just go over to the window I should be able to OH MY GOD OUR CAR'S GONE. Honey, the car's been stolen. Officer, if somebody has done something with our car, I swear, I-

WAITRESS
Would you two like to order anything else?

The Waitress sets down a glass of water. Awkward beat.

OFFICER DALY
...Mr. Fisher, is that a waitress?

ERIC
...No?

WAITRESS
I'll just bring the bill then.

NO, not-! UGH. Pause. Eric lamely tries to recover.

ERIC
Oh. Yes. Yes, sorry, that was a waitress.

OFFICER DALY
You have a waitress in your home.

ERIC
Mm-hm. We...host parties. We're fancy Hollywood-types and we will occasionally rent waitresses-

Julie lifts the phone from Eric's hand and drops it into the glass of water. Idiot.

The Waitress crosses past again, eyeballing them suspiciously. Julie and Eric exchange a nervous glance.

JUMP CUT:

10 **INT. DINER -- BATHROOM STALL** 10

Eric sits on the toilet, while Julie Eric fiddles with BICYCLE'S PHONE, trying to guess the password:

ERIC
(under his breath)
1115, 1116, 1117, 111-

JULIE
Can you stay off your phone for five-

ERIC
It's not my phone, my phone's in water! It's the...*other guy's* phone. I'm trying to guess his password. Maybe there's something on here that can help us...

Julie's wheels start turning...

JULIE
What if that's what he was looking for? When he was searching him.

ERIC
When who was searching who?

JULIE
The guy with the moustache. After the guy with the moustache killed the guy on the bicycle, *he searched him*. What if he was looking for this? What if there's something on it that's like incriminating or whatever and that's why he killed him in the first place? If we can find it, find the, the whadayacallit...*motive*, something linking Moustache to Bicycle, then we could take that to the police and say, "Here's the guy who did it, here's the reason why." *It's right here on his phone.*

Eric tries to process this.

ERIC
Holy shit. Holy shit, that makes total sense. *He was looking for this phone.* Yes!

JULIE
It's a clue, right!?

ERIC
Oh my god, you just figured out a clue! With your mind!

JULIE
It's the phone!

They're excited, united, their first spark of hope..

ERIC
...So what's his password?

JULIE
Try BIKE.

He stares at her. Beat. He tries it.

ERIC
Nope.

BAM! WE HEAR THE BATHROOM DOOR BANG OPEN, someone's come in, startling them.

JUMP CUT:

11 **EXT. BACK ALLEY -- NIGHT** 11

Huddled behind the diner in an alley, having given up on the phone, Eric and Julie now brainstorm. Julie paces.

JULIE
Maybe Bicycle owed Moustache money.

ERIC
Well, maybe Moustache owed *Bicycle* money, I mean-

JULIE
Maybe it was a drug deal gone bad. Maybe Bicycle pulled a fast one on ol' Moustache.

ERIC
I mean it could be anything, it's-

JULIE
Moustache was looking to move up in the game, make his mark-

ERIC
Easy, easy-

JULIE
They were bootleggers! They were bootleggers and-!

ERIC
You can't just GUESS motive!

JULIE
Why was Bicycle even *on* a bicycle?

Eric is staring past Julie's shoulder. She turns -- to see the waitress staring at them, frozen, bag of trash half raised to the dumpster. She slowly tosses the bag and walks back inside.

Shit.

12 **EXT. ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE DINER -- NIGHT** 12

The diner in the background behind them now, Eric slumps on the curb, systematically going through iPhone password combinations. Julie wants to kill herself.

ERIC
1122, 1123...You know what, let's mix it up, I bet corners are popular: 3...7...9-

Julie can't take it and tries to grab the phone.

JULIE
Stop, STOP IT. There are LITERALLY TEN THOUSAND POSSIBILITIES. You will never *guess his code*, we will never find any clues and we will never find Moustache! We're stuck!

ERIC
So you'd rather just talk ourselves in circles-

JULIE
You mean INCLUDE each other in a *discussion*-

ERIC
Once again, I'm trying to actually DO something for us and there's never any support, cuz y'know what, I bet corners ARE popular-

JULIE
...instead of throwing random shit at a problem and hoping that suddenly you're a miraculous codebreaker-

BICYCLE'S PHONE BEEPS. They freeze. Look down at it:

INSERT: **CALENDAR REMINDER: EDDIE @ RHINESTONE, 8PM.**

They stare at it.

JULIE (CONT'D)
"Eddie at Rhinestone, 8 pm."

She checks her watch...looks up at him. As a police cruiser pulls up to the diner across the street.

Wide-eyed, Eric and Julie both slowly back away...

13 **INT. LYFT CAR -- NIGHT** 13

Julie and Eric get into the backseat of a LYFT CAR.

ERIC
We're going to The Rhinestone.

The LYFT DRIVER pulls away.

LYFT DRIVER
You're Julie, right?

JULIE
Whoa, how the fuck do you know my name?

LYFT DRIVER
Uh...

ERIC
Relax, it's, he doesn't know anything, your name just shows up in his-

JULIE
How do you know, there could be an ABP-

ERIC
He's just trying to confirm that- Yes, she's Julie.

JULIE
ERIC!

LYFT DRIVER
Cool, I just gotta make sure I didn't pick up the wrong customer.

Eric looks at Julie: See? Julie relaxes for a second.

LYFT DRIVER (CONT'D)
"ABP"...do you mean "APB"?

Julie and Eric freeze.

JULIE
I don't know what that is.

ERIC
We're rehearsing for a play.

Julie and Eric start to get nervous. They have no idea what they're doing.

JULIE
So what exactly is our plan here??

ERIC
We're just...gonna go to The Rhinestone...try to find this Eddie-guy... and if he was a friend of Bicycle's, maybe we can ask him for help. You know? Maybe he can lead us to Moustache.

JULIE
Right. What if he's not a friend of Bicycle's? We're going into this kinda blind.

ERIC
WELL THIS IS ALL WE HAVE. SO.

Nervous silence. She glances at him. He's clearly terrified.

JULIE
Hey. *Hey.*
(Eric looks at her)
...I love you.

Eric stares at her.

JULIE (CONT'D)
What?

ERIC
I don't wanna...that's very nice, but you're just saying that because you think we might get killed.

JULIE
WHAT.

LYFT DRIVER
Um-

JULIE
I am not just-

ERIC
Oh, I think you are.

JULIE
I'm saying it because it's true!

ERIC
I know it's true, but that's not *why* you're saying it, like it's not just
(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)
some nice true thing you thought of while we were at brunch. You're saying it because we're walking into a potentially *super-dangerous* situation where we might get killed.

JULIE
You think we might get killed?!

ERIC
So do you!

LYFT DRIVER
Sorry, we're going to The Rhinestone at Hillhurst and Franklin, right?

JULIE
So what, I can't be afraid for my life and in love with you at the same time?

ERIC
Sure, but don't try to sell it to me like it's some big romantic gesture when really it's just a terrified kneejerk reaction. That's not love, that's fear.

JULIE
...SELL IT TO YOU? I'm not trying to sell you anything. I have never kneejerked an I-love-you in my life! I don't say I love you because I have to!

ERIC
Well...sometimes it feels that way.

Beat.

LYFT DRIVER
When you say "super-dangerous-"

JULIE
You know when I say I love you and you don't say it back that fucking SUCKS, right?

ERIC
Love you too, hope we don't die.

Julie looks out the window, shaking her head.

JULIE
Unbelievable...

LYFT DRIVER
UM...

Julie spins back towards Eric, furious.

JULIE
NO, Y'KNOW WHAT-?

14 **INT. THE RHINESTONE -- NIGHT** 14

GARAGE ROCK. Eric and Julie walk into a dark bar of bare brick and bare bulbs, peppered with sketchy, unshaven people. They peer around, their eyes adjusting to the light.

JULIE
I can't tell if this place is super-dangerous or just pretentious as fuck.

AN INTIMIDATING GUY in a plaid shirt sits at a table, mad-dogging Eric. *Is this Eddie?* He reaches under the table -- Eric tenses -- and withdraws...A MACBOOK. The guy opens it up and starts working on his screenplay.

ERIC
I think we're okay.

JULIE
(reading the specials)
What the hell is a pickleback?

They eyeball the bar's inhabitants...who eyeball them back.

ERIC
Does everybody in here want to fight us, or are they just judging our outfits? I find this place very confusing.

JULIE
How do we figure out who this Eddie-guy is without looking like we're trying to figure that out?

ERIC
Well quit doing what you're doing. Be cooler.

JULIE
He could be any one of these guys.

ERIC
Just look for the guy who looks like he's waiting for someone.

JULIE
Everyone in Los Angeles looks like they're waiting to meet someone.

ERIC
Fuck it.

Eric approaches the BARTENDER to ask as Julie follows.

JULIE
Eric, wait-

BARTENDER
(cutting Eric off)
Pickleback?

ERIC
...No. Do you know...
(lowering his voice)
...Eddie.

BARTENDER
(turns to go)
No.

ERIC GRABS HIM, tries a bit of hard-boiled, holds out A BILL:

ERIC
Oh yeah? What if I was asking for my friend, Mr...Green...Rectangle.

BARTENDER
Order something or leave.

ERIC
(quickly)
Two picklebacks.

He turns back to Julie reluctantly.

JULIE
Here's a crazy idea: How bout we try just talking to people.

ERIC
What's wrong with what I-

The Bartender slams the drinks down:

BARTENDER
Forty bucks.

ERIC
FOR REAL?

Julie has moved on, smiling broadly at a BARFLY as Eric pays.

JULIE
Hey! What's with the Mayor, ammiright? Are you buying this whole medication thing? Cuz I'm starting to think he just doesn't like Chinese people.

The Barfly stares at her confused. Julie gets to it.

JULIE (CONT'D)
I'm looking for someone named Eddie? Would you happen to know anyone by that name?

BARFLY JONES
(smirks)
You might say that.

JULIE
(still smiling)
Sorry, I noticed- You said that with a certain...are you...Eddie?

BARFLY JONES
(smiling back)
Sure. Yeah.

JULIE
(confused)
...So...sorry. You ARE Eddie, or-?

BARFLY JONES
I'm Eddie *right now*.

JULIE
Are you Eddie, or-?

BARFLY JONES
I could be Eddie.

JULIE
Either you *are* Eddie or you're *not* Eddie.

BARFLY JONES
I'm all the Eddie you'll ever nee-

ERIC
Ooookay. I'm gonna call it here-

JULIE
Your name, what is your name?

Long Beat. The Barfly smiles at her.

ERIC
...Don't. Don't do it.

BARFLY JONES
Eddie.

JULIE
I am gonna-

ERIC
Okay, let's walk this way...

Eric quickly grabs her and pulls her away as she struggles.

BARTENDER
Is there a problem?

JULIE
Yeah, your bar's stupid. These lightbulbs are stupid.

ERIC
See? Talk solves nothing. Enough of this Columbo bullshit:

HE UNPLUGS THE ANTIQUE JUKEBOX AND STANDS ON THE BUMPER POOL TABLE, ADDRESSING THE BAR AT LARGE:

JULIE
No, Eric- *tell me what you're going to do before you-*

ERIC
EDDIE? IS ANYONE EDDIE?

JULIE
Are you *serious?*

BARTENDER
HEY, GET OFF THE BUMPER TABLE, MAN, THAT'S VINTAGE!

ERIC
WE'RE LOOKING FOR EDDIE, DOES ANYONE KNOW WHERE EDDIE IS?

The crowd stands still for a moment, when from out of it, EDDIE (a nervous rich guy) races up to the table.

EDDIE
Okay! It's all good. We're good. We found each other, thanks everybody!

JULIE
You're Eddie?

EDDIE
(harsh whisper)
Yes, I'm Eddie, just shut up and come with me!

They WALK & TALK, following Eddie through the bar:

ERIC
Sorry, we didn't-

JULIE
We know this is a bit weird-

EDDIE
You are not the guy I talked to on the phone. For one thing, the guy I talked to was not two people.

ERIC
Yeah, we should probably explain-
(turning to Julie)
How do I explain this?

EDDIE
This isn't uncomfortable enough as it is?

JULIE
We just wanted to ask you-

EDDIE
It's in the car.

JULIE
No, that's not-

ERIC
Sorry, *what's* in the car?

EDDIE
No. No, no. Thanks but no thanks, we are not doing that. He wants to be unprofessional and send two strangers instead of coming himself, fine. Limpdick move, but fine. Then let's just do this thing and be done with it.

JULIE
We're not here to DO any THING-

ERIC
Do *what* thing?

JULIE
Eric, baby, can we just-

They WALK & TALK through the kitchen, EMPLOYEES look at EDDIE like "what the hell?". Eddie grabs a FRESH COOKIE from a tray on his way past, more employees look at him strangely.

EDDIE
He's lucky I don't just walk, I'm feeling very unsafe right now.
(eating the cookie)
THIS TASTES TERRIBLE, GUYS!

JULIE
HEY. Can we stop walking and just talk for a second? We just have one question-

JULIE (CONT'D)
Do you know a moustache?

ERIC
Do you even work here?

EDDIE
Look, whoever you are, you're killing me a little bit with the twenty questions and the secret codes here. I'm obviously feeling very awkward and if you can't respect that- I'd just like to get through this as quickly as possible. You know, I don't enjoy this, this is not an enjoyable thing for me, but there is a way of doing it so that it can at least be civil. And this?

They pass through a door to the PARKING LOT -- where A GOON KNOCKS THEM OUT. Eddie turns and stares down at them.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
This is not that.

15 **INT. WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT** 15

Julie and Eric are woken up by TWO BUCKETS OF WATER SPLASHED IN THEIR FACE. They gasp and sputter, then realize THEY ARE TIED TO CHAIRS. It's hard to place where they are exactly, it feels like a storage locker -- a large roll-up door on one side, tall ceilings.

Wherever they are, it feels dangerously hidden from the city.

Eddie stands in front of them both. His GOON at his side.

EDDIE
Hand em over and this can all end.

JULIE
...What?

ERIC
...Oh no.

EDDIE
The pictures! Give me the pictures.

JULIE
What pictures?

ERIC
Oh no.

EDDIE
Looklooklook. YOU TRIED TO OWN ME. Well now I'm gonna own you. Only I'm not gonna do it like some chicken-shit, limp-dick extortionist. See because when I own something...I want everybody to know it.

Eddie pulls out a SEARING HOT BRANDING IRON, the backwards letters "**ED**" at the end glowing flaming red.

JULIE
WHAAAAAT?!

ERIC
FUUUUUCK.

Beat. Eddie turns to his Goon, waiting.

EDDIE
You wanna help me out here or...?

Eddie's Goon approaches Eric and Julie, who freak out.

JULIE
Eddie, we have your pictures! WE HAVE YOUR PICTURES!

ERIC
Alright, Eddie, you got me, YOU GOT ME!

The GOON stops.

JULIE
They're in a safe deposit box.

ERIC
We buried them in the desert.

Eric and Julie shoot a look to each other. The goon makes a move towards them.

ERIC (CONT'D)
OKAY! Listen, we don't know what these pictures are. We don't work for anyone. We're not extortioners. I'm an editor, she's a graphic designer, we drive a Corolla, and we'd never blackmail or extortionate or break any code of the streets of any kind.

Eddie eyeballs them.

EDDIE
You showed up at the designated time and place for the exchange and yelled Eddie, Eddie from a bumper pool table.

ERIC
...Yes. Yes we did. We did do that.

JULIE
Listen...the guy who was supposed to meet you -- to blackmail you, I guess -- was killed with our car right in front of us, and the only reason we're here is because we thought maybe you could help us find the guy who killed him, because right now the police think it's us.

ERIC
RIGHT! ...He's got a moustache. Do you know anyone with a moustache?

Beat.

EDDIE
...You're saying this other guy's dead.

ERIC
YES.

JULIE
Very dead.

EDDIE
...And you don't work for him.

ERIC
NO.

JULIE
We work from home!

Eddie considers this, they really don't seem like they'd be involved in anything. He turns to his Goon:

EDDIE
You still got that piece of shit's office number?

Eddie stares at Goon, who finally hands him a BUSINESS CARD.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Much as I'd love to just *believe you*, I feel like I should maybe do a little fact-checking on this one, see who knows what about who.

Eddie starts dialing the number. He looks up at his Goon:

EDDIE (CONT'D)
...Unless you have a better- You know feel free to pitch in any time.
(MORE)

EDDIE (CONT'D)
(to Eric and Julie)
I'm not- I don't want you to think I have some weird thing where I don't let him talk, he's just giving me the silent treatment because...well frankly I don't know why. And he won't tell me, because he's not talking to me, so.

The Goon shoots Eddie a look like, oh you know what you did.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Don't shoot me little looks like I'm the problem, this is about- *oh, ringing...*

HOPE! They wait for someone to pick up...ERIC'S POCKET RINGS. It's BICYCLE'S CELLPHONE. Eddie stares at him.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
I believe this is what you refer to as a circular problem.

Eddie hangs up. The Goon moves in again.

ERIC
This is- we just picked up a dead guy's phone, and then it bing-bonged your name! It bing-bonged! We're not blackmailers, we're just people!

JULIE
Please, we are not connected with any of this and there's no way to fact-check that *because the guy who knows he doesn't know us is dead!*

EDDIE
Last chance:

ERIC
Oh no.

EDDIE
Where are the pictures.

ERIC
WE DRIVE A COROLLA-

JULIE
PLEASEPLEASEPLEASE-

The Goon grabs Eric's chair and pushes it towards Eddie, who stands right in front of a sliding pull-down door.

EDDIE
Okay, we're just going to have fun with this! We're just going to have fun and see where it takes us.

JULIE
Please don't!

Eddie reheats the branding iron.

EDDIE
I'm going to give you both a choice: you can take the *brand*, OR...you can go with what's behind this door.

ERIC
...What?

EDDIE
BRAND...
(gestures to brand)
Or *DOOR*...
(gestures to door)
Up to you. You're up first, Mr Bing-Bong.

What the fuck is going on. Julie thinks.

JULIE
...Take the brand.

Eric stares at her in disbelief.

ERIC
I am *not* taking the brand! Are you crazy?!

JULIE
You don't know what's behind that door, Eric!

ERIC
Who cares what's behind the door?! Is it a fiery iron?!

JULIE
It's a huge door!

ERIC
So?! What do you think he's got back there, a civil war cannon? He could brand MY FACE, JULIE, MY-
(to Eddie)
Do I get to know where you're going to brand me?

EDDIE
You do not.

ERIC
WELL, I MEAN.
(that's that then)

JULIE
Eric, he's clearly trying to scare you with that iron to make you choose something worse!

ERIC
(to Julie, weirdly hurt)
You would want me to choose a brand on my *face*-

JULIE
He didn't say for sure the face!

EDDIE
I mean. Now that you said it, it's probably going to be the face.

ERIC
For the rest of my life, you would have to look at a disfigured- that doesn't bother you?

JULIE
Of course it bothers me, but we don't know what's behind that door!

ERIC
We're talking about my face, Julie!! You don't wanna maybe spin the wheel on that?! Do you even care what I look like? Why have I been going to the gym if you don't even-

EDDIE
Okay-

ERIC
It's like I'm just completely, completely...

GOON
(glaring at Eddie)
Unappreciated?

ERIC
YES. Unappreciated. See?! Goon gets it.

EDDIE
(to the Goon)
*Oh*kay-

JULIE
Eric, that's not true, I appreciate you!

EDDIE
Guys-

ERIC
Yknow, A LOT of girls out there would love to tell me not to get a brand to the face. A LOT.

JULIE
Oh like EMILY?

EDDIE
Okay, let's...make a decision, here.

ERIC
I'm going with NOT the brand, Eddie. I will take what's behind the door.

JULIE
Eric...

EDDIE
Door it is.

Eric sits facing the door. He gulps. Sweats. He looks over at Julie, suddenly needing her support. She returns the look. Eddie bends down and grabs the handle to the door...he dramatically waits for a beat.

Eric gently exhales, terrified.

Eddie rolls the door up to reveal...A HORSE, its ass right in Eric's face. A confused moment passes.

ERIC
Is it...is it going to shit on me?

EDDIE BRANDS THE HORSE'S BUTTOCK -- THE HORSE KICKS ERIC IN THE CHEST WITH FULL FORCE, SENDING HIM FLYING THROUGH THE AIR TO SMASH INTO THE FAR WALL, SHATTERING HIS CHAIR AND DROPPING TO THE FLOOR.

Eric is a crumpled mess -- shocked, super-winded and in SERIOUS pain. He slowly looks up at JULIE who is stunned and concerned into silence. An awful beat before Eric can force out:

ERIC (CONT'D)
...Take the brand...

The Goon grabs Julie's chair and starts rushing her towards the horse and Eddie.

JULIE
THE BRAND, THE BRAND, I CHOOSE THE BRAND!

EDDIE
A lady who knows what she wants.
Okay, let's see...

He waves the brand up and down her body.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Yeah, I'm just gonna go with face.

JULIE
Oh fuck, please, PLEASE DON'T...

Julie thrashes. Eddie grabs her chair's front legs and lifts them up, slamming Julie down to the floor.

EDDIE
TRUST ME: if you don't hold still...
this is gonna suck so much worse.

Eddie holds his brand up.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
Ready?

JULIE
(crying)
NO, I AM NOT.

Eric, still largely unrecovered, but ropes now undone due to the chair shattering, lurches at Eddie, screaming, and BRAINS HIM WITH A BROKEN CHAIR LEG WITH A NAIL STICKING OUT.

EDDIE
OW! GEEZ!

The hit throws Eddie off balance -- he waves the iron around as he falls, ACCIDENTALLY BRANDING HIS GOON IN THE FACE, AND BRANDING ERIC IN THE CHEST.

GOON
AGGGHHH!!

ERIC
Ah!! God DAMMIT!!

With Eddie and his Goon in a pile, Eric frantically tries to untie Julie, holding Eddie and his Goon back with his chair leg like they're lions at the circus.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Got it?

JULIE
(untying)
I think so.

Julie spots the BUSINESS CARD Eddie used to call Bicycle, lying near her on the floor. Impulsively, she grabs it.

ERIC
(to Julie)
You ready?

EDDIE
(to his Goon)
One, two, THREE!

Eddie and his Goon attack in unison.

JULIE
GO!

On the flipside, Eric and Julie are *not* in harmony -- AS ERIC SQUARES UP WITH HIS SPIKED CHAIR LEG, JULIE BOLTS FOR THE EXIT.

All three watch her run for a second. Then Eddie and Goon turn their attention back to Eric. Oh shit. Goon runs first -- ERIC THROWS THE NAIL-BAT AT HIM, THWACKING HIM IN THE FACE.

GOON
AGH!

Eric tries to run but EDDIE GRABS HIM, PULLING HIM DOWN ONTO THE PIECES OF THE BROKEN CHAIR. THEY ROLL AND SCRAMBLE AROUND FOR A SECOND BEFORE EDDIE SCREAMS AND ERIC SCRAMBLES OFF.

EDDIE
Gah! Got a nail in my goddamn foot!

Eddie hops around, wincing -- Eric runs off after Julie.

Eddie hops in pain as his Goon comes up beside him, face bleeding. They watch Eric scramble off into the night. The Goon tries to help Eddie balance on his one leg.

EDDIE (CONT'D)
No, just- Give me some space, I can't be around you right now.

The Goon walks off. Eddie stands there on one foot, alone.

16 **EXT. MIDDLE OF NOWHERE -- NIGHT** 16

Julie waits alone, scared...

ERIC (O.S.)
Ughhhhh....

FINALLY she sees a very beat-up and branded Eric stumble-running towards her! She hugs him, tearing up!

JULIE
You made it! Oh my god, I was so scared!

ERIC
UGHHH...

JULIE
Oh my god, look at you, are you okay?

ERIC
I don't think I am. I got kicked by a horse and branded...maybe tetanus from that chair-nail-

JULIE
Oh my god you were so amazing back there, Eric. That was amazing! Don't you feel amazing right now?!

ERIC
Unnghhh...

JULIE
And look -- *I got the card!*

She jumps up and down and waves THE BUSINESS CARD.

ERIC
What card?

JULIE
The business card Eddie used to call Bicycle! It's a PRIVATE DETECTIVE AGENCY! Bicycle was a private eye! And if Bicycle was blackmailing Eddie, maybe he was blackmailing Moustache too! So if we go there and go through his files, maybe we can find Moustache and his motive and then we can finally go to the cops like you wanted and they'll believe us when we tell them we didn't kill Bicycle!

ERIC
When did you take-?

JULIE
When I was running away! I already ordered us a LYFT.

ERIC
That's incredible, you just saw the card on the ground and you were like-

JULIE
Yeah, I just saw it on the ground and I grabbed it!

ERIC
That's like the smartest- You're like a professional-level-

JULIE
What about you, my big protector-

ERIC
You're like the Hardy Boys.

JULIE
Such a Katniss Everdeen-

She touches his chest lovingly. Eric winces in pain.

ERIC
AH!

JULIE
Oh god, your brand, I'm so sorry! Here...what've I got...
(rummaging in her purse)
Yes. This should help.

She lovingly rubs some lotion on his burn. Eric screams.

ERIC
AGGHH! STINGS! STINGS!

JULIE
Oh god, I'm sorry, I thought it would-

ERIC
What is that, citrus?!

A noise from behind them and they abruptly begin moving further down the road.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Maybe let's walk a little further from the warehouse.

JULIE
(pulling out the phone)
I'm gonna just move our pin...

17 **INT. LYFT CAR #2, MOVING -- NIGHT** 17

Julie and Eric (blouse open, letting Eddie Dennison's "**ED**" brand breathe) ride in the back of a 2ND LYFT CAR, with a 2ND LYFT DRIVER.

They sit together, lovingly touching each other. Julie kisses Eric's wound. Eric grimaces but smiles, appreciative.

Moments pass. Eric doesn't want to disturb the loving mood...but he can't let something go. He treads lightly.

ERIC
So...when I said "you ready?"...you just ran...

JULIE
...Oh. Did you not run?

ERIC
No. You said "Go". So I go-ed.

JULIE
Oh, I'm sorry, baby. Go meant run.

ERIC
Well..."you ready" meant attack.

JULIE
I don't think so, baby.

ERIC
Yes. I said it. That's what it meant.

JULIE
Well, never in our relationship has "go" meant attack, so.

ERIC
Well when I'm standing there holding a weapon and I say "you ready" the implication is that-
(dropping the genteel)
LOOK you *left me*. It's like, again, I do all this stuff for you- That goon was right, you never appreciate-

JULIE
What?? I WAS appreciat- *I kissed your burnwound!* Which was GROSS, by the way.

ERIC
Yeah, and it HURT. Y'know, kissing an open sore doesn't actually make pain go away. It's not a booboo.

JULIE
You say I don't appreciate you, I was trying to show you how much it meant to me, that you saved me-

ERIC
By running away!

JULIE
By rubbing lotion on you!

ERIC
LEMON-JUNIPER HAND LOTION! ALSO SUPER PAINFUL.

JULIE
At least I'm TRYING. Maybe if you'd *communicate* with me I'd be better at-

ERIC
I am communicating! I'm telling you my chest is very stingy!

JULIE
Wait, YOU ran from ME the last time! Back in the alley! 1-2-3 and you ran! You always act on our behalf! We're a team, Eric! But if you don't talk to me - how am I supposed to know what you want?

ERIC
I want not to be kicked by a horse and branded.

JULIE
I didn't kick you, Eric! I didn't brand you! Why are you so-

ERIC
BECAUSE I DID IT *FOR YOU.*

Eric's eyes soften. Julie hears him. She softens too.

...But before they can give way to forgiveness-

2ND LYFT DRIVER
Sorry, where am I going, Ed?

Eric looks confused. Julie sighs.

JULIE
I think he means...

Eric glances down at his chest and seeing his new "tattoo":
ED

ERIC
THAT IS NOT MY- *WHY WOULD I BRAND MY OWN NAME-*

JULIE
HERE:

JULIE SHOVES THE CARD OUT TO THE DRIVER, INTO CLOSE UP:

THE BUSINESS CARD: "**TWO ACES DETECTIVE AGENCY**" and an ADDRESS.

18 **EXT. STRIP MALL -- NIGHT** 18

Julie and Eric stand in an old 3-story STRIP MALL, staring through a glass door at the building's FLOOR GUIDE.

JULIE
Two Aces Detective Agency: Third floor. Okay. So how do we get up there?

ERIC
(reading)
Dance Classes, second floor, see that's the kind of hobby I was-

JULIE
Yes dancing sounds lovely how do we get up there.

ERIC
What do you mean, we-

Eric tries the door, it's locked. Julie stares at him.

JULIE
Did you think I meant how do doors work-?

Eric glares at her as he paces, not sure how to proceed.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Maybe there's a catwalk around the side-

ERIC
A what? You mean a fire escape? No, let's just break the glass. You go.

JULIE
Me go?

JULIE (CONT'D)
I'm wearing heels.

ERIC
You're wearing heels.

Even when they're together they're not together. Beat.

ERIC (CONT'D)
The points. The icepick part stabs the glass-

JULIE
You mean the HEEL part?

ERIC
Yeah, the pointy-heel part will break through the glass and crack it.

JULIE
Just bash it with your shoulder!

ERIC
And then what, fall through and get all cut to shit? Can I please take five minutes off from bashing myself?

Julie hears that. Okay. Fine. She backs up within kicking distance. Looks at the glass. Then stops.

JULIE
The heel's just gonna snap off!

ERIC
Not if you like, *jab it*- don't get it on an angle, jab the leg hard and straight and then pull right back so you don't get cut, if you just go straight-

JULIE
Okayokayokayokay. Thank you for discussing it with me.

ERIC
Are you being sarc-

JULIE
I'm gonna do it- *I am trying to be appreciative.*

ERIC
Okay. Yup. Thank you.

Julie eyeballs the glass door, gathers herself. Okay.

JULIE
Hi-YAH!

Julie SIDEKICKS the door with her right leg as hard as she can, but it hits the door like a wall, jamming her leg painfully, before her heel on her standing foot breaks off and she falls out of frame in pain.

JULIE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
OW, SONOVA-!

19 **EXT. ALLEY BEHIND STRIP MALL -- NIGHT** 19

Eric hoists an angry, injured, and now BAREFOOT Julie up to grab the ladder of a FIRE ESCAPE at the back of the building.

JULIE
Those were my date shoes, Eric.

ERIC
...I didn't know you had date shoes.

Julie reaches for the bottom rung of the spring-loaded ladder.

JULIE
Now who's not appreciating. And I said it, that's exactly what I said was going to- I feel like you never listen to-

ERIC
Okay, now pull the ladder down.

JULIE
What do you think I'm-?

ERIC
Use your arms.

JULIE
(exerting full-force)
OH IS THAT WHAT I SHOULD BE DOING.

ERIC
Your *muscles,* use your muscles.

JULIE
(trying)
It's not...it's stuck...

Eric grabs Julie's legs and tries to pull the ladder down himself. Julie tries to bat Eric in the face with her feet.

JULIE (CONT'D)
OW! What the hell are you-

ERIC
I'm adding torque.

JULIE
What? No, wait, Eric-

JULIE (CONT'D)
OW OW OW OW! CONSULT! CONSULT WITH ME!

ERIC
OW OW OW! STOP! STOP!

Eric lets go and Julie gets herself up onto the fire escape, Eric still stuck below, no way to get up. Julie fumes down at him. Beat.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. You're right. I don't listen to you. I'm gonna do that more.

Julie appreciates that. Softens, nods. Beat.

ERIC (CONT'D)
So, okay. I'm listening. How do I get up there.

JULIE
I DON'T KNOW, don't listen NOW!

ERIC
I am just trying to-

JULIE
Oh sure, when you have zero ideas and shit's impossible, then you listen.
(trying to get down)
Eff this, I'm coming down, Eric, grab my...Eric, ERIC, where are you, *help me...*

Eric (not listening) has spotted something out of frame and gotten an idea. He walks off towards it:

ERIC
Hey...

Julie hangs onto the ladder, struggling.

JULIE
ERIC!

She falls.

CUT TO:

Julie is now being hoisted up to the fire escape ladder by Eric and A BIG BEARDED HOMELESS MAN IN A YELLOW SWEATER.

ERIC
Then once she's up, you help *me* up, okay? Thank you again for this.

The homeless man gropes at Julie as he pushes her up.

JULIE
O-KAY. O-KAY.

ERIC
Hey-HEY-HEY-HEY, EASY BIG BEARD. You were paid for the boost, not...the jollies.

Big Beard holds his hands up as if to say "didn't mean to."

JULIE (O.S.)
Okay! I'm on the catwalk!

BIG BEARD
The what?

ERIC
(shaking his head)
She means the- Here, help me-

Big Beard hoists Eric up to the ladder, still being grabby.

ERIC (CONT'D)
BIG BEARD! *WHAT* IS THE DEAL!

As Eric hangs onto the ladder, Big Beard starts patting and digging all around him in a weird deliberate way. Then he starts removing Eric's shoes as he dangles.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Hey! You're pulling my shoes off, man! HEY!

JULIE (O.S.)
Oh shit, I think he took my money!

ERIC
WHAT?! Hey, that's my wallet!

Big Beard removes Eric's shoes and runs off with both their wallets. Eric hangs for a second. His head hangs too.

JULIE (O.S.)
We're both up at least, right? It was a nice...idea you ha-

ERIC
(head still hanging)
Don't.

20 **EXT. FIRE ESCAPE, 3RD STORY -- NIGHT** 20

Julie and Eric crouch in front of the **Two Aces Detective Agency** window, high above the alley. They peer in -- place looks empty, coast looks clear.

JULIE
Okay. You're kicking this one.

ERIC
I'm not wearing any shoes.

JULIE
Well neither am I.

ERIC
(smiling)
We're like a couple of John McClanes.

She stares at him. What? He looks disappointed.

Eric squares up to the window and tries a lightning-fast jab/pullback against the glass. It doesn't come close to breaking. He tries again. It's barely more than a tap.

JULIE
What are you *doing?*

ERIC
I don't want to get my hand all cut up!

Eric does his ridiculous jab/pullback a few more times. Resets. Tries it again and again. Over and over. Julie just ends up joining him. They both jab/pullback at the glass over and over.

21 **INT. TWO ACES DETECTIVE AGENCY -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS** 21

From inside we see Eric and Julie continue to jab/pullback. The glass CRACKS...then STARS...then finally SHATTERS.

ERIC
Hey! We did it!

JULIE
Go, team!

Eric goes to give her a pound and she high fives it. They both wince and grab their hands after.

ERIC
My hand's all cut up.

JULIE
Mine too.

Eric and Julie stumblebum their way through the too-small window into the DARK, OPEN CONCEPT OFFICE, whisper-bickering the whole time.

ERIC
Glass. GLASS.

Finally they both get in.

ERIC (CONT'D)
(whispering:)
Okay, what are we looking for?

JULIE
(whispering:)
Evidence.

ERIC
Great, so I guess we just check the filing cabinet under "E".

JULIE
OH-kay. We need to find out who Moustache-

ERIC
Why are we whispering?

Beat. They stop whispering.

JULIE
We need to find out who Moustache is and what he was being blackmailed for. Then we can go to the cops-

ERIC
Waitwait, shut up for a sec, do you hear that?

JULIE
Don't tell me to-

ERIC
Shh-shh!

JULIE
Don't shush me!

ERIC
I'm not, I'm shushing both of us! I'm sorry, would you- Just be quiet for a sec, please?

They shut up. FAINT, TINNY MUSIC. They listen.

ERIC (CONT'D)
...What is that?

JULIE
It's probably those dumb dance classes downstairs.

ERIC
Why is it dumb, because it's something I want to do?

JULIE
Don't pretend you want to take dance classes, alright? You're not fooling anybody. Let's just start looking.

ERIC
Consulting you: I'm turning on a light.

Eric moves to turn on the overhead light by the main door.

JULIE
No, don't.

ERIC
Why?

JULIE
First of all, don't make fun of the consulting thing. That's important to me.

ERIC
I'm *not*, I'm-

JULIE
Second, telling me you're doing something right before you do it is not consulting, it's telling. Thirdly, don't turn on lights -- someone might see it from the street!

ERIC
They're gonna call the cops because they see a light? People turn lights on, Julie!

JULIE
See? You were going to do what you wanted anyway, so why even bother-

ERIC
Where are you getting all these cat burglar rules from-

Eric turns the fluorescents on -- REVEALING A LARGE, DEEPLY SAD, TEAR-STAINED MAN IN HIS TIGHTY-WHITIES sitting in an easy chair. He is cradling a goldfish in a bowl, and has been listening to music in headphones in the dark.

They stare at each other.

JULIE
OH JESUS!

ERIC
Man! MAN!

Julie makes a break for the window but TRIPS ON THE HEADPHONE CORD, YANKING IT OUT OF THE STEREO -- a morose, sad breakup song a la "**Nothing Compares 2 U**" BLASTS FROM THE SPEAKERS.

The "MAN" (we'll call him SADSACK) attacks Eric, screaming!

SADSACK
AAAAAGGGGGHHHHH!

A BIG, MESSY FIGHT ENSUES to the oddly glum soundtrack. Sadsack tackles Eric over or into something -- stuff goes flying. Julie screams and throws whatever she can get her hands on at Sadsack, hitting both of them.

ERIC
Ow! Julie- OW! FUCKING- *QUIT IT!*

Sadsack tackles Eric again -- Eric jerseys him. Sadsack spins Eric around and around, releasing him to smash through something and land on the ground.

He moves to approach Eric on the ground but Julie whips more stuff at him. He turns and whips a bunch of stuff back at her until she stops, then moves back towards Eric, who kicks wildly at him from the floor.

Sadsack grabs one of Eric's kicking legs and drags him through the office as fast as he can. Eric tries to stop himself on a floor lamp but it just drags along with him -- he hits Sadsack with it instead.

Sadsack rips the lamp away and body slams him, the MUSIC FINALLY ENDING, the wind knocked out of Eric.

ERIC (CONT'D)
UNGH-ggghhh!

He picks Eric up and bear-hugs him, cutting off his air. Eric tries to tap out.

JULIE
Eric, this isn't Ultimate Fighting, you can't tap out!

Eric starts to black out...with his last bit of strength, he GRABS THE FISHBOWL AND SMASHES IT OVER SADSACK'S HEAD, GOLDFISH AND WATER SPLASHING EVERYWHERE.

Sadsack drops Eric, who gasps and writhes next to the gasping, writhing fish. Sadsack holds his head and grimaces in pain.

SADSACK
Gahhh...fffffffffffUUUUUUUCK!! OW!!

Sadsack collapses onto the ground, deeply weeping, holding his head. The room finally stops for a second besides the moaning and jagged breathing.

Sadsack bends down, scoops up the goldfish and puts him back into the fishbowl -- just enough water to swim in.

SADSACK (CONT'D)
OKAY.

Sadsack gathers himself, grabs the floor lamp and stands over Julie and Eric slumped on the ground. He points the exposed lamp at them like a weapon. Then bursts into tears:

SADSACK (CONT'D)
WHYDIDYOUCOMEHEREANDBREAKEVERYTHING-

Sadsack is pretty impossible to understand due to his weeping.

Julie and Eric stare at him. Beat. Sadsack tries to compose himself. Can't.

SADSACK (CONT'D)
(defensively aggressive)
...AND I WAS CRYING FROM BEFORE.
JUST SO YOU KNOW.

Julie and Eric stare at him like he's crazy still.

SADSACK (CONT'D)
I'M JUST SAYING. IT'S NOT FROM YOU. I CAN TAKE A HIT, BUDDY.

ERIC
We didn't come to-

SADSACK
(Weeping again)
WEDONTKEEPMONEYHERE.

JULIE
...What?

ERIC
I think he said "money"? There's no money?

JULIE
We didn't come to rob you, we're just looking for information that we need *very badly.*

ERIC
Yeah, we didn't want to hurt anybody, we just wanted to sneak in and out, cat burgler styles.

Sadsack regards them through his watery eyes. He lowers the lamp and collapses into a chair.

SADSACK
Well you picked a weird day to do it...

JULIE
You...need to talk about it or...?

ERIC
Yeah, were you just listening to Sinead O'Connor...?

SADSACK
My goddam PARTNER just got killed!

Eric and Julie put it together.

ERIC
Your *PARTNER*...

JULIE
TWO Aces...

SADSACK
(tearing up again)
My partner, and my *best friend*, and my *confidante*, and then *two assholes*
(MORE)

SADSACK (CONT'D)
in a Corolla just ran him downand left him to die in the street like a goddam ANIMAL!

ERIC
(acting/gasping)
What?? They what??

JULIE
I can not believe that.

SADSACK
What am I gonna do? And the worst part is...I never...I never said....

Bicycle's PHONE rings and lights up on the ground: **EDDIE**

SADSACK goes cold, his sadness replaced with something hard.

SADSACK (CONT'D)
That's his phone.

Eric checks his pocket, it must've fallen out during the fight. SADSACK GETS INTENSE.

SADSACK (CONT'D)
What are you doing with my partner's phone?

Beat. Sadsack quickly rises from his chair.

SADSACK (CONT'D)
WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH MY DEAD PARTNER'S PHONE???!!!!

They fall over each other trying to explain their way out:

ERIC

Waitwaitwait! Okay, YES, we're the couple the cops are looking for BUT WE DIDN'T DO IT! Yes we hit your partner on his bike by accident but then he got up and rode away! We picked up his phone, but then this guy with a moustache said he was a cop and drove over him a bunch of times and then just left us there! And these hipster kids saw us with the body and called the cops so we ran away and then we got a bing-bong saying "meet Eddie" so we went to see if he could help us but then he knocked us out because your partner was blackmailing him and I got kicked by a horse and branded

(showing his brand)

But Julie found your business card so we came here to see if we could find something that could tie this moustache-guy to your partner so we could go to the cops with something more than "it wasn't us, it was a guy with a moustache" please we just want to go to the police and *I am so sorry your friend died.*

JULIE

No, don't hurt us! We didn't kill him, we were just in the car when it happened, it was some guy with a moustache -- AND I KNOW THAT SOUNDS CRAZY BUT IT'S TRUE -- we were just going for tapas and some cop jumped into our car and then chased him down, only he wasn't a cop because instead of arresting him he just ran him over with our car like twenty times and then took off, and then these douchebags saw us and called 9-1-1 so we ran away, which *I know was not smart okay?* But we panicked, and your friend dropped his phone, that's why we have it -- and there was this calendar reminder that said "Eddie at the Rhinestone" so we went to see if he could help us but he knocked us unconscious and tied us to chairs and tortured us -- well, Eric mostly -- because apparently your friend was blackmailing him -- I don't know if you were blackmailing him too or what, no judgment -- but then I found your card and thought if we could find something on this guy with a moustache we could get out of this nightmare -- we just want to go to the police -- I know this sounds super crazy, but you have to believe us, *this has been such a shitty night.*

Beat. Sadsack takes it all in.

SADSACK

...Describe this guy with a moustache.

ERIC

Haunted soul. Parts his hair.

JULIE

Like a butchy Flanders? Or a blue collar Lorax?

SADSACK
Sounds made up.
(noticing Eric's brand)
Hey. That's Eddie Dennison's brand. His wife was our biggest client last year.

ERIC
His *wife?*

SADSACK
Yeah, we tailed him for a year to see if he was cheating but never found anything. That case is dead, she paid us already.

JULIE
Guess your partner figured out a way to get paid twice.

Eric smiles at Julie, impressed with her hardboiled line. He gives her a playful nudge. Julie smiles back at him coyly.

SADSACK
Well I only got paid once...you're saying my partner lied to me? Bullshit.

Sadsack heads for THE NEATER OF TWO DESKS, FACING EACH OTHER -- kept in Odd Couple-style contrast, and opens a LAPTOP on it.

SADSACK (CONT'D)
He kept everything on his laptop, his records are meticulous.

Eric and Julie glance at Bicycle's desk -- notice a SAVE THE PLANET STRESS BALL...A ZERO FOOTPRINT TROPHY...A RAINFOREST SCREENSAVER...ETC.

ERIC
Guy was a real tree-hugger, huh.

JULIE
(putting it together)
Bicycle.

ERIC
Ahhh.

JULIE
(looking out the window)
Oh god.

ERIC
What?

JULIE
Cops!

Julie sees out the window that a patrol car has pulled into the parking lot out front. A couple of cops, shining lights around, casually investigating a disturbance.

JULIE (CONT'D)
See? The lights!

ERIC
I think the blasting Sinead O'Conner and furniture was more the thing, but okay.

SADSACK
If you're wrong, you're dead.

ERIC
Oh god.

Julie peeks out the front window at the cops sniffing around the front door.

JULIE
Oh god, oh god.

Meanwhile, Sadsack gets onto the laptop and starts looking around in FINDER.

SADSACK
...Here we go, Eleanor Dennison...

He opens up a DIRECTORY CALLED "ELEANOR DENNISON" and starts looking through it. He highlights and opens a bunch of JPEGS:

INSERT: SHOT AFTER LONG-LENS SHOT THROUGH AN APARTMENT WINDOW OF EDDIE IN SEXUALLY COMPROMISING POSITIONS WITH WOMEN...AND INANIMATE OBJECTS...

SADSACK (CONT'D)
Oh!

JULIE
That's not...

ERIC
Toilet brush. TOILET BRUSH.

SADSACK
He said he never found anything... followed him for months, came up clean!
(noticing the folder)
This whole *folder* is dead-end cases...

Sadsack clicks on another folder, another jpeg...AND FINDS A GUY WITH HIS JUNK TUCKED BETWEEN HIS LEGS LOOKING CAUGHT.

SADSACK (CONT'D)
Aw, come on! All these people were guilty?!

JULIE
So he told your clients he didn't find anything, got paid, then turned around and blackmailed the clients' spouses with the photos he took!

SADSACK
That sonofabitch...

JULIE
This is great! If his records are so meticulous and he was blackmailing Moustache too, I bet he has photos of him on there! Eric, we can go to the police! We just have to make sure that-

ERIC
(yelling out the window)
POLICE! WE'RE UP HERE! YOU'RE LOOKING FOR US, I THINK!

JULIE
Wait, Eric, let's make sure we have proof first-

SADSACK
(pacing)
THAT SONOVABITCH.

The police duo look up at Eric.

ERIC
(calling down)
HI! WE KNOW WHO KILLED A GUY! COME ON UP!

JULIE
Oh god.

The police go from casual to breaking in the door.

ERIC
(calling down)
There's a catwalk around the side!

JULIE
(back to Sadsack)
I'm gonna pop on that computer real quick, we just need to confirm that Bicycle was blackmailing Moustache...

Just as Julie sits at the computer - SADSACK GRABS THE FISHBOWL, WHIPS THE GOLDFISH ACROSS THE ROOM, AND USES THE BOWL TO SMASH THE LAPTOP TO PIECES:

SADSACK
THAT! SON! OFABITCH!

ERIC
OH NO.

JULIE
AW- COME ON!

Sadsack tosses the broken laptop and starts TRASHING BICYCLE'S DESK -- clearing the top with an arm, then ripping out drawers and dumping them, screaming, crying.

SOUNDS OF THE COPS BREAKING IN THE FRONT DOOR.

Eventually Sadsack rips out a drawer and turns it over but nothing falls out. Hunh? He looks into it and it has a false bottom, he rips that off and out tumbles, among other junk, THOUSANDS IN CASH, PLANE TICKETS, A BROCHURE, A CURRENT COPY OF "WHAT COLOR IS YOUR PARACHUTE".

SOUNDS OF THE COPS BARRELING UP THE STAIRS.

ERIC
Is there a cloud?! Did he have a cloud?

JULIE
What are his cloud codes!?

SADSACK
(full unintelligable rage-blubbering now)
SONOFABITCHGODDAMNYOUAAHAYOUMOTHERF FAAAAAUGHUGHGUH!

Eric and Julie squinch their faces, trying to understand.

BANG BANG BANG - THE COPS HAMMER ON THE DOOR.

COP 1 (O.S.)
Police! What's going on in there? Dude, we can't both be talking-

COP 2 (O.S.)
There've been reports of a disturbance. Sorry, you were doing the banging so I thought-

Sadsack rifles through the secret drawer's contents, crying.

SADSACK
Portland? *Portland?!* LOOK AT THIS DRAWER OF LIES! MONEY, PLANE TICKETS, oh god...HE SAID HE WANTED A CHANGE BUT...look at this, why wouldn't he just TALK TO ME...

As Sadsack rifles through it all, he reveals A CANDID PHOTO OF A COOL MOUSTACHE LOOKING OVER HIS SHOULDER. Eric and Julie freak.

ERIC
Moustache! MOUSTACHE!

JULIE
AH! That's him! That's Moustache! We found Moustache!

Eric GRABS THE PHOTO OF MOUSTACHE and they race to the back.

JULIE (CONT'D)
Ow my fuckin feet!

ERIC
Glass! Glass!

Julie and Eric crawl back out the broken rear window as-

BANG! The front door flies open and TWO COPS plow in. They zero in on the raging Sadsack, drawing their sidearms.

COP 1
POLICE, DON'T MOVE! Is there anyone else here?

COP 2
HANDS IN THE AIR!
(To Cop 1)
Go check it out!

COP 1
(to Cop 2)
Dude.

COP 2
Sorry. "Please."

COP 1
This is not a "please" problem, I'm *your* superior, you don't-

Meanwhile, Sadsack continues to trash his office and curse out his partner, his rage (and their squabble) distracting the cops.

SADSACK
Oh god, HE SAID HE WANTED A NEW SIGN! AND I WAS LIKE, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE SIGN WE HAVE? BUT IT WASN'T THAT HE WANTED THE *SIGN* TO CHANGE, IT WAS THAT HE WANTED *SOMETHING* TO CHANGE. WHY DIDN'T HE TALK TO ME! WE WERE PARTNERS! *WHO DECIDES TO MOVE TO PORTLAND WITHOUT TALKING TO THEIR BEST FRIEND?!*

22 **EXT. STRIP MALL -- NIGHT** 22

Julie and Eric poke their heads around from the side to see a PARKED FLASHING POLICE CRUISER and TWO OTHER CARS in the

otherwise empty strip mall parking lot -- the two cops already gone upstairs. The coast is clear. They hightail it.

ERIC
Okay, LYFT is picking us up-

JULIE
HERE?! Move the pin!

ERIC
It says one minute!

FINE. They stand and anxiously wait. Smashes are heard from the PI's office.

JULIE
Is that the new hybrid?

Julie eyeballs a nearby car.

ERIC
We can talk about buying a new car once we're not arrested-

JULIE
No, look look look: it's after hours, no cars in the lot except these two. That beater's probably Sadsack PI's up there, right? What if this one's Bicycle's! If he drove to work today, his car would be right where he left it. *Because he died.*

ERIC
I get it.

JULIE
It's neat; the other car's messy -- just like their desks, but most importantly, *it's a Hybrid*. We already know Bicycle was into all that environmental shit -- his stuff upstairs, plus, if you remember...*he rides a bicycle.*

ERIC
And there's a bike rack.

JULIE
(just noticing it)
And...plus the bike rack.

Julie peers into the driver's window.

JULIE (CONT'D)
He has GPS. That would have a history of everywhere he's been, right? We could retrace his steps, see if it leads us to Moustache!

FROM THE SECOND FLOOR, SADSACK POINTS DOWN AT THEM.

SADSACK
THERE!

THEIR LYFT CAR PULLS IN.

LYFT DRIVER 3
Are you Julie?

ERIC
YES. Jules, we gotta-

JULIE
So, how do we...we need like a, a coat hanger or a magnet or-?

COP 1
(calling down)
Don't move!

COP 2
(to Cop 1)
Let me get them, okay? *I'll* get them.

ERIC
Julie, I'm trying to consult with you but we have to make a decision-

JULIE SMASHES THE WINDOW WITH A ROCK.

ERIC (CONT'D)
OH!

CAR ALARM BLARING, Julie reaches in, rips the GPS out like a heart, and gets into the LYFT. Eric follows after her.

23 **INT. LYFT CAR #3 -- NIGHT** 23

Julie and Eric buckle up in the Lyft.

ERIC
Oh my god oh my god that was the hottest thing I've ever seen.

LYFT DRIVER 3
UM-

JULIE
THIS WAS OUR GPS FROM BEFORE.

ERIC
THERE WAS A DOG THAT COULDN'T BREATHE.

24 **INT. LYFT CAR #3, MOVING -- NIGHT** 24

The Lyft Driver stares ahead, driving, but intimidated. Eric dusts glass off of Julie with touches.

ERIC
Have you got glass on you?

Julie turns to him, dusting him off as well.

JULIE
Oh no, do I? I think you have some in your hair.

ERIC
Leave it. Glass is nothing to me now.

JULIE
Me neither. I walk on glass, I smash glass...

They continue to touch one another, dusting for glass, laughing, aroused by the excitement and each other. The Lyft Driver watches: it's...odd.

LYFT DRIVER 3
So...where are we headed?

ERIC
Yes! Right.

JULIE
One sec!

Eric leans way over into the front seat, Julie follows suit holding the GPS. They're looking for an outlet.

LYFT DRIVER 3
Oh, did you want to change the radio or-

Eric scurries further forward, elbowing the driver.

LYFT DRIVER 3 (CONT'D)
I...I was just listening to the Mayor apologize to Chinese people, but-

Julie also pushes forward to look and nudges the radio, making it loud:

MAYOR (O.S.)
...China and Chinese people of all creeds and colors have a right to not be made fun of, no matter what pharmacy or restaurant I'm in, or how late it is. My comments were intended only as hilarious jokes, but I see now that not everyone gets my humor. My Deputy Mayor says I'm an acquired taste...

LYFT DRIVER 3
We can listen to whatever you want...

JULIE
Does he have an outlet thingie?

ERIC
Looking...

As the Lyft Driver tries to be welcoming, they PLUG THE GPS INTO THE CAR LIGHTER of the LYFT. Taking a peek at its screen. They scroll through the "HISTORY".

ERIC (CONT'D)
Why do they still do the cigarette lighter thing? Just make it a power outlet.

JULIE
I know, who needs the lighter part now? Okay, look! This is the last address he went to. And it looks like he went to it a few times over the last couple days.

ERIC
"1000 Van Buren Avenue."

JULIE
Sounds like a place where fat cats are up to no good.

ERIC
For sure. 1000 Van Buren Avenue is totally the place you go to blackmail some rich moustache.

JULIE
For a jackpot so big he got...ill-kayed for it.

LYFT DRIVER 3
Sorry, was that pig latin? I...I speak pig latin.

JULIE
Sorry-

LYFT DRIVER 3
Killed? Someone got killed?

ERIC
No, no-

LYFT DRIVER 3
That's what you said. I'm not a child, I understand-

JULIE
No, I know, I don't know why I thought-

ERIC
It's not- we're hollywood-types? It's a showbiz expression. "Man, Matt Damon totally ill-kayed it in...Let's Buy a Zoo".

LYFT DRIVER 3
Uh huh. What's blackmail an expression for?

JULIE
...Um.

ERIC
...It's like, if-

LYFT DRIVER 3
What neighborhood is this in?

ERIC
(reading with a fancypants accent)
"Westmont".

JULIE
(fancypants)
Yessss. Quite.

LYFT DRIVER 3
WESTMONT! You do not want to go to Westmont.

ERIC
We...we do though.

LYFT DRIVER 3
I don't want to go to Westmont.

Eric and Julie look at each other. Then back at the driver.

ERIC
Why not?

JULIE
How come?

25 **INT. LYFT CAR #3, PARKED IN WESTMONT -- NIGHT** 25

Westmont is the most dangerous neighborhood in Los Angeles. It's...not the friendliest. They all look uncomfortable.

ERIC
This is less fat-catty than I pictured.

LYFT DRIVER 3
That's it. 1000 Van Buren.

Eric and Julie sit in the back, staring at a very CRACKY LOOKING BUILDING across the street with **1000** spray-painted on the door. Sketchy people wandering around. It's terrifying. Beat.

LYFT DRIVER 3 (CONT'D)
(nervous to be there)
So. If you guys just wanna...get out...

They continue to stare at the building. Finally, Julie reaches for the door. Eric stops her.

ERIC
Waitwaitwait. I want to have a conversation before we do this. I want to communicate with you and make sure we're both making this decision together.

JULIE
...Okay. Okay. Thank you.

Eric nods.

ERIC
Okay. So like you said, according to his GPS he came here more than anywhere else last week. We have no other leads. And no place else to go. The police are after us right now, and without anything that backs up our story, they're going to arrest us for murder. And then for running. And then breaking into that office. And then also breaking into a car. So.
(sensitively)
...What would you like to do?

Julie stares at him for a beat and then she starts to cry. She's terrified.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Okay, that was, I'm sorry.

JULIE
THAT'S how you fucking communicate?

ERIC
I was just trying to be thorough!

JULIE
Oh my god, what is happening, what are we doing out here...

LYFT DRIVER 3
UM -- IS ALL OF THAT TRUE?

ERIC
I'm sorry, I don't know what else to say, I love you.

JULIE
Oh now who's giving shitty I love you's.

ERIC
I AM TRYING TO COMMUNICATE-

JULIE
NO! That was not communicating. That was code for "We're probably going to die in a sec."

ERIC
What do you want from me, Julie??

JULIE
Right now? REASSURANCE, MAN!

ERIC
Oh, okay: "Don't worry boo-boo, just gonna ask some crackheads if they seen a moustache real quick, then we'll be home in time for The Blacklist."

JULIE
Stop trying to scare the shit out of me!

ERIC
I'm scared too!

LYFT DRIVER 3
We are all scared.

JULIE
I need to know that you are with me, Eric! That we're a fuckin' team and shit.

He looks her in the eye...grabs her hand.

ERIC
Hey, look at me. LOOK AT ME. *We're a fuckin' team and shit.*

Beat. They share a moment. Then turn their attention back out the window. They really don't want to get out.

JULIE
Wait, so we're not going out there or-

ERIC
So did we decide what we're doing or-

LYFT DRIVER 3
GUYS.

26 **EXT. WESTMONT -- NIGHT** 26

The Lyft pulls away, leaving Julie and Eric alone. They continue holding hands. They stare at the daunting door. They slowly move towards it.

ERIC
...We should probably stop holding hands.

JULIE
What??

ERIC
In case we have to run or something. So we don't get tangled up.

JULIE
Oh...I mean...

ERIC
I know I asked for more affection, but-

JULIE
No, you're right, I guess.

They're still holding hands. Walking slowly.

JULIE (CONT'D)
I want to keep holding hands.

ERIC
Yeah, okay, if you want, then yah.

ERIC AND JULIE ARRIVE AT THE DOOR. Beat. Eric turns to her.

ERIC (CONT'D)
We can do this.

They take a deep breath: Yes they can.

A CRAZY SOUND comes from inside. They freeze. Beat.

JULIE
Okay. So knock.

ERIC
You want *me* to knock?

JULIE
You just said you were going to knock, so-

ERIC
I said "we," I was just trying to, y'know, you're always on me about how I never give up control-

JULIE
No, no, no- this isn't hijaking a DJ at Sawyer's wedding-

ERIC
That was- *People wanted to dance*-

JULIE
This is about that crazy strangled camel noise I just heard-

ERIC
Where was Billy Jean!
Where was Missy Elliott!

NURSE (O.S.)
Can I help you?

They turn to see a MALE NURSE, dressed in O.R scrubs standing there holding a 7-11 bag. He looks normal.

NURSE (CONT'D)
(pointing to the pic)
What's that?

ERIC
Uh...it's a guy. You know him?

The Nurse takes the picture of Moustache, inspecting it.

NURSE
Oh yeah, I've seen this guy for sure. He came around a few times the last couple days to talk to Wamford.

The Nurse hands the photo back.

JULIE
Wamford?

NURSE
Yeah, he should be back soon if you guys want to talk to him. But, uh, it's not really the safest out here...you wanna come inside, chill with us while you wait? Just picked up some Splash. Some V-8 Splash? Some gum?

ERIC
Sssssure...

JULIE
Ohkayyyyyy...

Nurse walks up to the door.

JULIE (CONT'D)
So...did you just come right from the *hospital*, or-

ERIC
Yeah, are you like in the middle of a *shift*...

NURSE
Hm? Oh, I'm not a nurse.

He turns to unlock the door, REVEALING LARGE, BLOOD-CRUSTY STAB HOLES IN THE BACK OF HIS SCRUB TOP. Clearly not the scrubs' first owner. Julie and Eric's eyes bulge with panic- but it's too late. Nurse spins around. Intimidating.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Now I know you guys ain't cops...but if you're comin up in here, I gotta know you blast with the bobo.

Beat.

ERIC
I do that, yes.

JULIE
Fo sho. Fo sho.

NURSE
(with menace)
Good....cuz if you didn't...that could make some folks real uncomfortable.
(beat)
C'mon in!

Nurse heads inside, Julie and Eric...follow.

27 **INT. 1000 VAN BUREN BLVD -- NIGHT** 27

Some makeshift furniture mixed in with a beat-up couch. There are some weird academics, some blue collar types. This seems to be the kind of crack house for people with joe-jobs. It's a relaxed but still totally weird vibe.

ERIC
You still wanna hold hands, ri-

JULIE
YES I DO.

They babystep over to the couch, still holding hands, rigid, close together. Next to them, a scary, zoned out JOCK.

ERIC
We just need to-

A woman who looks like a kindergarten teacher jumps on the couch, covered with red fingerpaint.

FINGERPAINTS
Fingerpaint!

ERIC
Je-sus.

JULIE
Umm...

FINGERPAINTS
It's cool, it's cool, it's cool, it's cool. You don't have to if you don't want to. Just sayin. Just make it your own. You can paint or not paint, cool, all cool. It's homemade.

ERIC
Uhhh...

JULIE
FROM WHAT.

FINGERPAINTS
Let's just be friends, let's just be friends, k? Ok?

Fingerpaints hands them a crack pipe.

ERIC
Yeahhhhh, no thanks.

JULIE
We're waiting for Wamford.

CRACK JOCK
WHAT THE FUCK YOU MEAN NO DANKS.

The room stops and looks at Eric and Julie. The Jock sits up and gets close to them. He says very quiet, almost shaking with intensity:

CRACK JOCK (CONT'D)
What the fuck you mean no danks.

Beat.

JULIE
Y'know we're just boboed out right now? Gonna ride it for a bit I think...y'know when you get it blastin just right and it feels like...warm...cobwebs on your skin? You know what I'm saying, I don't have to tell you, we all know.

ERIC
(motor mouthing)
We've been blastin off on the bobo, for serious, we've just been goin so mad hard if we take one more hit off that sweet turkeyjerk our brains turn into sugarcrisp we'll hit you on the boomerang comeback because right now we're max out straight crazylegs on that, that, sweet...frere jacques summa lemma tina.

Beat.

CRACK JOCK
(high fives)
Ding dang dong!

NURSE CRACKIE
Who wants some Splash!

EVERYONE
YEAH!

The room has embraced Julie and Eric, putting arms around them, getting too close now, buddying up. Jock jumps up chewing gum singing "THIS IS HOW WE CHEW IT" to Montell Jordan, everyone joining in. It's a scary but fun dance party for a sec. Julie and Eric try to fit in and look happy.

A fresh faced kid enters with a garbage bag. He looks like a tech genius, but also a little cracked out. More cheers upon his arrival.

JULIE
Is that Wamford?

NURSE CRACKIE
Naw, that's Thiefy Joe!

JULIE
(forced enthusiasm)
Great!

Joe empties the garbage bag -- CELLPHONES POUR OUT.

ERIC
You thief those phones, Joe?

THIEFY JOE
...You mean did I steal them?

ERIC
Yes.

THIEFY JOE
Yes I did.

ERIC
But if they're locked, how do you use them.

JULIE
(catching on)
Yeah, how do you...how do you sell a locked phone?

THIEFY JOE
I unlock em with an XYZ.

Eric is ecstatic. He holds up Moustache's phone:

ERIC
ABC-123 baby, show me how its done!

THIEFY JOE
No. It's called an XYZ.

Joe presents a fancy tech tool called an XYZ. He puts it into Moustache's phone and the code pops up. The phone opens as if by magic.

ERIC
(high fives Joe)
YES!

JULIE
Oh my god we did it.

Julie goes to kiss Eric but he high fives her in the face.

ERIC
...Sorry, I thought we were-

JULIE
Let's just see what's on this thing.

Julie and Eric scroll through it, their new friends crowding around.

ERIC
Photo album...

JULIE
Look, that's a video, hit that.

ERIC PRESSES PLAY:

28 **INT. CRACKHOUSE -- NIGHT (HANDHELD CELLPHONE VIDEO)** 28

THE SAME ROOM WE'RE IN. A crowd of DELIGHTED CRACKHEADS surround something unseen. We hear a struggling voice:

VOICE (O.S.)
"Peter peeper peeked a peep of peopled-
Peter Peeper peeked- PETER...

The camera pushes through the crackhead scrum to reveal A MAN -- WEARING AN EXPENSIVE, RUMPLED SUIT, HOLDING THE KEY TO THE CITY, SO HIGH HE CAN BARELY SEE:

SUIT MAN
(over-enunciating)
...PETER PEEPER PEEKED A PEEP OF PEOPLED PEEPERS. There. See? I'm fine, I can totally drive.

OUT TO JULIE AND ERIC, WATCHING WITH FURROWED BROWS:

JULIE
Is that...*the Mayor?*

BACK TO VIDEO:

The Crackheads around the Mayor smile, delighted.

UNSEEN CELLPHONE OPERATOR (O.S.)
Yo, hold up your trophy.

MAYOR
It's not a trophy, it's the motherfuckin keys to the city. BOOM.

The Mayor thrusts his Key to the City into CLOSE UP. The Key reads: **BOB SEGALOWITZ, MAYOR**

MAYOR (CONT'D)
I didn't win this for playing *teeball*, man, I won it for being the fucking MAYOR.

BACK OUT TO JULIE AND ERIC:

ERIC
Pretty sure that's the Mayor.

BACK TO THE VIDEO:

The Mayor grabs a POPCAN CRACKPIPE and SMOKES A BUNCH OF CRACK ON CAMERA...

UNSEEN CELLPHONE OPERATOR (O.S.)
And what are you smokin right now?

MAYOR
(holding it in)
What do you think, dummy? Crack.

UNSEEN CELLPHONE OPERATOR (O.S.)
You're smokin crack?

MAYOR
(exhaling crack smoke)
Yeah, I'm smokin crack.
(then, staring at him)
Oooooo...what's the big deal? So I'm smoking some crack, so what?? Like, I sleep with hookers, that's way worse. With crack, who'm I hurting? Nobody. But with hookers...I hurt those hookers.
(almost falling asleep)
...cuz of the stuff I like...
(grabbing the can)
Gimme that. More. More, more, more. Daddy needs his medicine.

The Mayor SMOKES A BUNCH MORE CRACK. He holds it in a beat...then finally exhales, adding to his list:

MAYOR (CONT'D)
What else, I bet on *streetfights*, that's worse. I steal money from the, the office or the people or whatever. To pay off my various debts. Streetfighting debts. That's bad. I um, what are those dogs that look like a pretty lady? Afghan? I punched an Afghan. That's worse. Ooo! I'm doin this thing with the waterworks and the mafia now that's like...
(shuddering with horror)
...*not good.*
(finally noticing the camera)
Hey...are you filming this?

UNSEEN CELLPHONE OPERATOR (O.S.)
...Naw, man.

The Mayor stares into camera a long, suspicious beat. Then:

MAYOR
(relaxing again)
Good, cuz if anyone sees this, everyone has to die.
(putting his arms around two guys:)
Ah-haha. Who wants to Indian leg-wrestle?

THE VIDEO ENDS. BACK OUT TO PRESENT:

Eric and Julie stand, uncomfortably surrounded by the EXACT same crackheads they just watched doing drugs with the Mayor, right down to THE SAME TWO GUYS THE MAYOR HAD HIS ARMS AROUND STANDING ON EITHER SIDE OF THEM.

LONG BEAT.

ERIC
So...

JULIE
We're gonna *go...*

NURSE CRACKIE LOCKS THE DOOR.

The crackheads circle, eyeing the phone. Eric and Julie stand back-to-back, surrounded, terrified.

NURSE CRACKIE
"Oooooo what should we do, honey? Maybe we can reason with them, maybe we can hide under the magazines, maybe I can put keys in my fist and punch one of them in the cheek and then they'd all respect me and call me The Locksmith." *Nuh-unh.*
(spits out his gum)
GUM TIME'S OVER. Let me make this real easy for you: You're going to put that phone in my hand*...and then you're gonna HOPE we let you run.*

Nurse Crackie holds out his hand. TENSE beat.

JULIE
...This phone is all we have. Without it we will go to jail. We have had a very-

ERIC
(to Nurse)
Eat a shit.

JULIE
That's...not helpful.

ERIC
You ready??

JULIE
What?!

ERIC
GO!

THE CRACKHEADS ATTACK! Julie and Eric scream in terror as they disappear inside the SWARMING CRACKHEAD PILE-ON, everyone clambering for BICYCLE'S IPHONE which Eric holds aloft.

Somehow they manage to fight their way to the door, still hanging onto the iPhone...but before they can open it, POLICE IN RIOT GEAR BASH THROUGH IT!

GUNS! YELLING! SMOKE! FLASHLIGHTS! CHAOS! Everyone is held down and zip-tied.

Eric and Julie stare at each other as they're pinned roughly to the floor, hands forced back and zip-tied, BICYCLE'S IPHONE ON THE FLOOR BETWEEN THEM...one of the cops grabs it. Shit.

29 **INT. COP CAR, MOVING -- NIGHT** 29

Mirroring the LYFT rides, Julie and Eric sit beside each other in the back of the cop car, jostling in silence. Miserable. Quiet. Exhausted.

JULIE
You're right...we'd never win The Amazing Race.

They sit. Defeated. Stewing.

JUMP CUT:

Mid-fight, full roar:

JULIE (CONT'D)
How am I supposed to know what you're thinking when you never tell me?!

ERIC
When I say "YOU READY?" and I'm holding a weapon, it means hit somebody! It doesn't mean leave me by my-

JULIE
I said "GO!" Go means go, Eric!

ERIC
NOT AFTER "YOU READY!" THEN "GO" MEANS ATTACK! EVEN THE CRACKHEADS KNEW THAT YOU-READY-GO MEANS ATTACK!

JULIE
IN WHAT WORLD DOES GO MEAN ATTACK AND NOT GO?!? GREEN LIGHT: GO! ON YOUR MARK GET SET: GO!

JUMP CUT:

Mid-fight.

ERIC
Remember that time I got branded and beaten for you then you ran and left me and then I got branded again?? MEMORIES!

JULIE
I KISSED YOUR INFECTED WOUND WITH MY *LIPS*! How can you say I never show you appreciation! That was a hero's welcome!

JUMP CUT:

They stare off their opposite windows, mumbling under their breath, but purposely loud enough for the other to hear.

ERIC
You don't even know who John McClane is. How does that happen? How do you live a life and not know that. How do you live with someone and not know that THEY don't know-

JULIE
You just say WHATEVER, don't you, Eric? You just sit there, with your hands all cuffed and just say WHATEVER-

JUMP CUT:

Julie and Eric sit, facing forward, numb. Words come out softly, slowly.

JULIE (CONT'D)
...How did we get here?

ERIC
...A moustache hit a bicycle-

JULIE
No, I mean-

ERIC
I know what you meant.

JULIE
We used to be...good, right?

ERIC
...I know I'm not good at communicating. I just...we used to be able to do it with a look, y'know? Just a look and we'd be right there. You'd know everything. And I guess...I don't want to admit that it's not like that anymore.

Beat. Julie remembers.

JULIE
It's not that I don't appreciate you, Eric. Or the things you do for me. I just want to feel like I'm a part of them. Like I'm *with* you.
(welling up)
And I just don't.

Eric knows she's right. He turns and stares out the window sadly, tears welling.

JULIE (CONT'D)
I don't think I can do this anymore.
(beat)
I just don't have any fight left.

ERIC
...Me neither.

They stare out the opposite windows.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Wait...what did we just decide? It's over?

Julie continues to stare out her window.

JULIE
It's over.

Eric considers her...then turns to look back out his own window.

30 **INT. EMERGENCY PRESS CONFERENCE -- NIGHT (NEWS FOOTAGE)** 30

The Mayor, PAINFULLY HUNG OVER AND DISHEVELED, addresses a scrum of REPORTERS from behind a podium of microphones, a LINE OF RIOT COPS standing at attention behind him. Above him a banner reads **CRACKDOWN ON CRACK**.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
...and in a baffling move just a few hours ago, Mayor Bob Segalowitz called an emergency press conference to reveal his plans for a new citywide "Crackdown On Crack." Here are some highlights from his admittedly lengthy speech:

The Mayor stands there, listing on his fingers:

MAYOR
It's simple: Crack is bad. We don't want crack. Crackdown on crack. Three-part plan.
(pointing out)
Ian.

FEMALE REPORTER (O.S.)
Susan. Can you tell us why you chose to start with this one building in Westmont? It seems pretty innocuous compared to some of the other drug dens in the city.

MAYOR
Two things. One: I don't know what "innocuous" means, I don't sit around all day playing Scrabble, *Susan*, I have a job to do. Two: I don't know if you know this, but they were smoking crack in there. And I don't like that. And that means that. So. I mean what are we doing, bustin heads or goin for a hike? Know what I mean?
(pointing out)
Turtle Man.

MALE REPORTER (O.S.)
David. Did you find what you were looking for? At 1000 Van Buren Avenue?

The Mayor stares at David long and hard.

MAYOR
Ooooh, check out David, everyone. David likes to bust the Mayor's chops, doesn't he, David? Did we find what we were looking for? Yeah. We found crack. Did we find *everything* we were looking for? No, we did not. Am I frustrated? Yes, I am.
(MORE)

MAYOR (CONT'D)
Did I smash an aquarium with a golf club? You're damn right I did. But let this stand as a message to the people who know I am talking to them: *We will find it-*
(looks offscreen, corrects himself)
We will find *you. And we will destroy it.*
(looks offscreen)
Destroy *you.*
(looks offscreen)
We won't destroy you. That's not what we do, I am a Mayor. But we will bring you in for jail. I'm not talking 'destroy-destroy' obviously... because I'm talking about a human thing and not an object. Any more questions?
(pointing out)
Chinaman.

The reporters erupt.

MAYOR (CONT'D)
Oop, I just did it again, didn't I? Did I say Chinaman? GodDAMMIT! It's this new medication you guys, I can't think straight! You know what? I have to take them with food, that's what it is.

31 **INT. PRISON HOLDING CELL -- NIGHT** 31

Julie sits on a bench on the women's side of the holding cell, her back against the men's side, looking defeated. Up in a corner behind a cage, A TV PLAYS THE MAYOR'S PRESS CONFERENCE.

A GUARD returns Eric to the men's side. He stares at Julie through the bars. She doesn't look at him. He finally sits with his back to her, watching the news.

Silence. Their backs to one another. They sound truly defeated with each other.

JULIE
He was looking for the phone.

ERIC
So Bicycle was trying to blackmail the Mayor?

JULIE
(unenthusiastically)
...and Moustache was the hitman the Mayor hired to kill him.

ERIC
Mm.

JULIE
Not that we can prove it.

Silence. Eric just turns his back on her again. Slumps down against the bars. Julie does the same. Their fire fizzled out.

The Guard interrupts Eric and Julie's watching.

GUARD
Okay, lovebirds, time to fly home, you just made bail.

They look at each other.

JULIE
Did you call-

ERIC
No-

JULIE
Then who-

MOUSTACHE (O.S.)
I'm just someone who thinks you two are very special.

Eric and Julie turn...to see MOUSTACHE smiling at them from outside the cell. Their faces fall, terrified.

ERIC
Moustache...

GUARD
This them?

MOUSTACHE
Yes, "this them", thank you so much.

JULIE
THIS MAN IS A MURDERER.

ERIC
He's a hired killer!

JULIE
He's a hitman! He's a hit-and-runman!

GUARD
Um. No, he's not.

The guard glances pointedly at the **TV PRESS CONFERENCE:**

MAYOR
...we isolated the problem, we devised a solution, we went in there, *and we smoked them up.*
(looking off camera, being corrected)
What?

The camera pans to MOUSTACHE, standing with hands clasped, along with some other City Hall-types. He smiles awkwardly.

MOUSTACHE
...Out. We smoked them *out.*

MAYOR
That's what I said, Sparky, we smoked them up. This is my Deputy Mayor, ladies and gentlemen. He's got a habit of trying to handle me when I don't need handling, like a hound dog with a one-legged jack rabbit.
(pointing back to Moustache, playfully)
You don't handle me, Sparky, I handle you! I handle you!

The Reporters laugh. The Mayor smiles, checking his notes.

MAYOR (CONT'D)
I call him Sparky cuz he's got a bit of a temper.

HOLDING CELL:

Eric and Julie are now very alarmed.

ERIC
You're the *what?*

JULIE
DO NOT SEND US WITH HIM.

MOUSTACHE
The Mayor appreciates your discretion on this one -- he doesn't need the world knowing his nephew's addicted to crack right now.

JULIE
ERIC IS NO ONE'S NEPHEW!

ERIC
THIS MAN IS TRYING TO MURDER US!

MOUSTACHE
(still smiling)
An intervention isn't murder, Eric.

GUARD
Tell the Mayor we didn't even finish their paperwork. Come to think of it, I think we lost it.

ERIC
No. Don't lose our paperwork! Don't lose our paperwork!

GUARD
And did you get that cellphone they found at the scene?

MOUSTACHE
(holds it up, smiles)
Sure did.

ERIC
UGGGGH.

JULIE
Come on, please! Do we look like crack addicts to you!?

They really do at this point. The guard and Moustache regard them shamefully.

MOUSTACHE
It's a heartbreaking disease.

GUARD
You sure you're okay with these two? Junkies can be pretty unpredictable.

MOUSTACHE
I think I'll be fine.
(then, brightly)
You know what, I wouldn't say no to a couple zip-ties.

32 **INT. MAYOR'S TOWN CAR, MOVING -- NIGHT** 32

Moustache silently drives the plush black town car. Julie and Eric are in the back seat once again. Zip-tied once again, hands behind their backs. Eric tries and fails to beg with strength and dignity. Julie is straight up BAWLING.

ERIC
I'll...literally...do... anything...I don't know what I have...that could be of interest to you...I have editing equipment...maybe you have a project...I have a few thousand dollars in a savings account...you are welcome to that...I have a laptop...an x-box...I have...one painting...a Mr.Brainwash print, she might get that when I move ou, but if not it's yours...we have a car- Sorry, we...we did have a...

JULIE
Pleeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeaaase! Please don't, please don't, please don't! I won't say anything! I swear to God!! I don't even know your name! I couldn't say anything if I wanted to! All I know is Moustache! All-I-know-is-Moustache! Aahaaaaaaaaaaaughghghghgh!

MOUSTACHE
Hey. HEY!

They shut up.

MOUSTACHE (CONT'D)
Could we maybe drive in silence for a bit?

Beat.

ERIC
Oh my god...

JULIE
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaahaahahaha haahhahah!

MOUSTACHE
So no silence then.

JULIE
Oh my god, *if I had only broken up with you yesterday, none of this would have ever happened!*

ERIC
Goddammit, I was thinking about breaking up with YOU yesterday! When you didn't notice I got the groceries again? I was like "I can NOT do this"-

JULIE
Well maybe if you'd told me what you were thinking for the FIRST seven years of our relationship you wouldn't have wasted so much of my time and I'd be with someone who shares their feelings with me instead of getting murdered! I should have broken up with you three years ago! I should have broken up with you *last night!*

ERIC
Well you didn't, you wanted tapas and now this guy is going to kill us to protect some stupid fatso mayor!

MOUSTACHE
Excuse me, *excuse me,* what did you just say?

JULIE
Last night he was all moping around - DO YOU KNOW HOW LOUD SILENCE CAN BE?

ERIC
She doesn't know how close I was! I rehearsed the whole thing in the shower THAT MORNING!

MOUSTACHE
You think I care about the mayor? I HATE the mayor, he's a terrible mayor, he's a terrible boss, he's a terrible human...I watched him PUNCH A DOG once!

JULIE
What? Wait, but didn't you...you ran over Bicycle because he had the crack video. And because he was a blackmailer and you work for Mayor Dumdum and...like that. Right?

MOUSTACHE
That's why you think I did this? To cover up for the MAYOR? What kind of asshole do you think I am?

ERIC
...I mean...you did murder a guy.

MOUSTACHE
Y'know what? FUCK you guys. I was all prepared to feel guilty about this, but now -- guilt absolved. After I get rid of you two and destroy this phone, I am gonna walk away from this like nothing ever-

Moustache grabs the bag of personal belongings containing the phone...and freezes. Something in it has grabbed his attention. He stares at it for a few beats as he drives...

ERIC
Road. *ROAD.*

Moustache holds up the photo of him from Bicycle's desk.

MOUSTACHE
Where did you get this?

JULIE
It was in his desk.

MOUSTACHE
Whose desk.

JULIE
Bicycle's.

Moustache grows cold, rigid. He brings the car to a stop in an empty MARINA PARKING LOT, then turns off the engine.

Moustache faces forward intensely. Long silence. Julie and Eric have no idea what's going on.

MOUSTACHE
Who is "Bicycle."

Beat.

JULIE
...The guy you killed on a bicycle?

Moustache turns around sharply, intensely -- POINTING A GUN AT THEM.

MOUSTACHE
Bullshit.

ERIC
Whoa! Whoa!

MOUSTACHE
(brandishing the photo)
Bullshit you found this in his desk.

ERIC
I swear! Middle drawer!

JULIE
Yeah, in like a sneaky, underneath compartment-

ERIC
There was money and plane tickets-

JULIE
To Portland! Two plane tickets to Portland!

Moustache stares fiercely at them for a second.

MOUSTACHE
Portland. Two tickets to *Portland.*

Tears start to roll down his face as he stares at them.

MOUSTACHE (CONT'D)
We used to joke about Portland, when things were shitty. As this magical place, you know? A fresh start. From our *job*s and all the fucking *stress*...I could feel it, we were slipping away from each other...and one night I tell him about the Mayor...his drug problem, this crack house he always goes to...just...you know, trying to have a real conversation again. We never *talked* anymore.
(beat)
Then tonight...I find this video of the Mayor on his phone, with his voice on it, and I just...lost it. I confronted him. I was screaming at him. He was trying to talk, but I wasn't listening, so he just grabbed the phone and ran, and I...
(beat)
That he would *do* that to me. Take something I told him in confidence, and then use it to blackmail my boss? To betray me? I GAVE HIM MY HEART!
(starting to bawl)
But he wasn't using me! He was trying to save me! That money was for US! So we could move away and start fresh!! HE WANTED US TO START FRESH IN PORTLAND! Oh my god, what did I do, what did I do? Ohmygodohmygod!

Moustache is a blubbering mess. Julie and Eric exchange glances. They proceed delicately:

JULIE
Listen, this whole thing can end right now. No one else needs to die. You don't-

ERIC
Yeah, put the gun down.

JULIE
Just take a breath, think about what you're doing- This isn't you. You're not a killer.

ERIC
Yeah, put the gun down...

MOUSTACHE
Yes I am! I killed him! I loved him and I killed him!

JULIE
No, you just, you made a mistake. People make mistakes all the time!
(beat)
But just...don't make two more, you know?

ERIC
Yeah man...put the gun down.

Moustache softens for a beat. Then he snaps out of it, staring at them.

MOUSTACHE
Wait, wait, wait. So how does this go? I let you go and then what?

Eric and Julie consider this.

JULIE
...Everyone stays quiet forever-

ERIC
...We shake hands and-

MOUSTACHE
Yeah, yeah, SURE. I'm sure evvvvverything will be fine for me. You watched me *kill someone.* I can't believe I almost...Jesus Christ this has been a long day. Stay there, I gotta grab some burlap sacks and anchors and steal the Mayor's boat.

Moustache goes to exit the car, then turns back:

MOUSTACHE (CONT'D)
Look...it's over. But just so you know, there's nothing you could've done different. And there's nothing you can do about it now. It's not you, it's me.

Moustache exits the car, leaving Eric and Julie stunned. They were so close. Silence. They turn to look out their opposite windows. Both afraid, eyes tearing, on the verge of giving up.

JULIE
I know...the last thing you want to do is die with me right now...

ERIC
UM. The last thing I want to do is die PERIOD.

JULIE
O-kay, I'm just-

ERIC
Oh my god can we please pick this up later if we somehow don't get murdered.

JULIE
That's what I'm trying to...
(frustrated, starting to cry)
All I'm saying is I don't want to be with you just waiting to be killed, okay?? I want to *do something.*

ERIC
Me too.

JULIE
He's gonna come back any second and I don't want to waste time sitting here in weirdness with you-

ERIC
I know-

JULIE
I have to fix this-

ERIC
We have to fix this.

They lock eyes.

JULIE
Let's get the fuck out of this car.

Beat. They scramble into action. Eric scoots over, trying to turn his back to Julie.

ERIC
Help me get this zip tie off-

Julie turns her back to Eric and they uselessly fumble.

JULIE
I...how? You've got to pull mine- That's not, just pull mine, PULL IT OFF-

ERIC
No, use your nails, your sharp nails- Just use them like a saw, saw through it- Zipties won't pull!

JULIE
Well my nails don't saw! Find a corkscrew or something!

ERIC
The window! Break the window and use the glass!

Julie and Eric go back to back and stomp on the glass with their shoeless feet. Repeated, dull thuds. No shattering. After a few spirited attempts, they wince in terrible pain.

JULIE
OW, MY HEELS-

ERIC
UGH-

No time to wallow. Hands behind their backs, they worm their way over/through the front seats to look for anything. A frantic mess.

JULIE
We gotta find something, nail clippers or-

ERIC
Sunroof! It's glass! Maybe I can get more power-

Eric starts launching himself into the sunroof, his head clanging against it, more repeated dull thuds. It clearly hurts a great deal but he goes and goes. Meanwhile, Julie still worms frantically over the front.

33 **EXT. MARINA -- NIGHT** 33

Moustache pauses in his preparing of the boat to glance back at the car...

ITS WINDOWS ARE TINTED. The car sits there...motionless.

34 **INT. MAYOR'S TOWN CAR, PARKED -- MARINA -- NIGHT** 34

CHAOS. Eric rams his head. Julie roots around like an otter.

JULIE
THE LIGHTER! THE STUPID CIGARETTE LIGHTER!

ERIC
YES! *THAT'S* WHY THEY HAVE THEM!

They both dive headlong towards the lighter, smashing into each other, struggling to inch their face towards it...

ERIC (CONT'D)
I got it, if you just, goddammit, will you-

JULIE
Move your head! Let me do something!

They inch closer and closer, smacking into each other, jockeying for position near the lighter. Julie gets to the lighter and CLICKS IT IN WITH HER TONGUE. It's weirdly hot.

ERIC
Oh, wow, that was-

JULIE
Does he see us?

Eric scrambles over to the window and peers out.

ERIC
...No, we're good, these windows are tinted...he was not joking about those burlap sacks though.

THE LIGHTER CLICKS OUT. SHE GRABS IT WITH HER TEETH.

JULIE
(teeth clenched)
OK. Hel! Hel!

ERIC
What? What are you-

Julie awkwardly drags herself back into the back seat, the lighter glowing red between her teeth.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Now what are you-

Julie wriggles down out of frame...

ERIC (CONT'D)
OW!

35 **EXT. MARINA -- NIGHT** 35

Moustache sadly hums a love song as he steals a couple anchors from neighboring boats and throws them into his.

He glances back at the car...

Black. Still. Quiet.

36 **INT. MAYOR'S TOWN CAR, PARKED -- MARINA -- NIGHT** 36

Eric screams bloody murder in time with the occasional sizzle sound from below.

ERIC
OWWWWWWWW! AAAAAAAAA!

Julie burns slowly through Eric's zip-tie with the lighter still clenched between her teeth. She burns him occasionally.

JULIE
Ho thtill!

SHE BURNS THROUGH -- ERIC'S ZIP-TIE BREAKS!

ERIC
I'm out! GodDAMMIT that hurts!

Julie spits out the lighter onto the seat.

JULIE
Okay, do me, do me!

Eric grabs the lighter, Julie turns her back to him so he can burn through her zip-tie. That's when Julie looks out the window and sees MOUSTACHE. He's no longer by the boats but on his way back to the car and approaching quickly.

JULIE (CONT'D)
IT'S TOO LATE! HE'S BACK, HE'S BACK!

ERIC
I'm doin' it-

JULIE
ARE YOU SERIOUS? LISTEN TO ME-

ERIC
IF I DON'T DO THIS YOU DIE, YOU'RE WELCOME, FOR FUCKSAKES!

JULIE
HE'S RIGHT HERE! If you don't do what, get me killed?! OW! OW!

37 **EXT. MARINA -- NIGHT** 37

Moustache rips the back door open and stares down at them, his gun out.

ERIC AND JULIE SIT STILL, HANDS BEHIND THEIR BACKS AGAIN, both looking upset with the other.

MOUSTACHE
Alright. Up and at 'em.

38 **EXT. MARINA -- NIGHT** 38

Eric and Julie have their hands behind their back as Moustache walks them down to the boat at gunpoint.

MOUSTACHE
This is nothing personal, just wrong place, wrong time. Also, I don't really like you. So I guess that part is personal. But I mean I probably wouldn't kill you under normal- *you know what I'm saying.*

Eric stops just before the dock and turns around.

ERIC
Do I get any last words?

MOUSTACHE
Uhh...no?

ERIC
A dying man gets last words.

MOUSTACHE
...That's not an actual rule, but whatever, you can talk on the boat.

ERIC
I want to do it now. Before the boat.

MOUSTACHE
(sighs)
Okay. What are your last words.

ERIC
I only need two.

Dramatic Beat.

MOUSTACHE
Intriguing! What do you want me to say, man? *I don't care.*

Eric looks at Julie.

ERIC
YOU READY?

JULIE
GO!

JULIE JUMPS MOUSTACHE. ERIC RUNS.

ERIC
(realizing he guessed wrong, quickly reverses)
Ah shit-

It's too late. Julie attacks Moustache and gets bopped with the butt of the gun on the top of the head, quickly deposed. Julie crumples.

JULIE
AAaohhh!

Eric gets there one second after and tries to grab Moustache's gun -- they struggle for control of it.

ERIC
Julie!

JULIE
YOU RAN?? I SAID "GO"!!

ERIC
Julie, he's going to shoot me!

Eric is losing the battle of strength, the barrel getting pushed to point at him. Julie pushes pain aside and jumps into the fray. All three of them fight for the gun.

JULIE
Got it!

All three exert as much effort as they can, grunting as the gun ever so slowly begins to lower from Eric's face...Julie feels the tide shifting, he's slowly taking control...

JULIE (CONT'D)
I got it...I got it...I GOT IT...

MOUSTACHE
Nonononononono-

JULIE
I GOT IT...

ERIC
You got it?!?

JULIE
(exuberant)
I GOT IT, I GOT IT-!

BANG! The gun goes off, shooting Eric in the leg. He collapses.

JULIE (CONT'D)
NOOO!

ERIC
AGGGGH!!

MOUSTACHE
Ha-ha.

JULIE
ERIC?!

ERIC
You shot my leg!!

Julie and Moustache still battling over the gun in between them, Julie's aggression goes into overdrive -- she swings the gun towards Moustache's leg. BANG!

MOUSTACHE
AGH!

Moustache is shot in the leg, still fighting for the gun with everything he's got left.

JULIE
HAHAHA I got you now, you-!

BANG! A third shot. It buckles Julie. Now she's also shot in the leg.

JULIE (CONT'D)
NAAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Julie lets go -- surprise and Moustache's own force cause the gun to go sailing over Moustache's head and bounce down the dock, sliding to a stop just before the edge.

All three are down, wounded badly. They all see the gun a dock length away. Beat.

They all begin to frantically crawl for it.

It's a messy scene, climbing over each other, dragging, pulling each other back, all trying to be the first one to get to the dock's edge.

Moustache grabs Julie's leg. Eric grabs Moustache's foot and starts punching him in his gunshot wound. MOUSTACHE SCREAMS! He turns around and grabs Eric's thigh, starts punching him in *his* gunshot wound! ERIC SCREAMS! Julie hits Moustache in retaliation.

ERIC
OW! Julie, that's me! THAT'S ME!

Julie hits a different body part in the melee.

ERIC (CONT'D)
STILL ME!

Moustache is in the middle -- he punches Julie right in the leg wound, then back to Eric for another one.

JULIE
AAAHHHH!

ERIC
AAAAAAAAAAAAH!

Moustache crawls out to a lead. Eric locks eyes with Julie.

ERIC (CONT'D)
I'll hold him. You get the gun.

JULIE
What? No-

ERIC
I'll stay back. GO.

Eric launches himself at Moustache's legs, grabbing them tightly. Julie scuttles past Moustache's flailing arms and gains the lead on the gun. Moustache frantically punches Eric, trying to get him off him. Eric has no defense, he just holds on to Moustache's legs and takes the rain of abuse.

Julie grabs the gun! She turns around on her knees and aims, ready to shoot. Only to find Moustache on his knees, propped behind Eric, using him as a shield. Moustache has him in a mean hold around his neck, Eric is beaten and defenseless.

MOUSTACHE
DROP IT!

Julie freezes. Gun still pointed.

JULIE
You drop it! ...Him.

MOUSTACHE
Drop it or I'll break his neck.

Beat. Julie doesn't lower the gun.

ERIC
...Jules...

Julie looks at Eric, his neck twisted. Eric looks right back at her.

<u>A SILENT MOMENT PASSES BETWEEN THEM WHERE THEY LOOK IN EACH OTHER EYES</u>.

Julie snaps out of it.

JULIE
You can't just break a neck! You know how hard it is to break a guy's neck?!

ERIC
Julie-

MOUSTACHE
I'll twist until *somethin'* happens!

JULIE
WHAT?

ERIC
Julie, put the gun down.

JULIE
And then what? He can't hurt you!

MOUSTACHE
YES. I CAN.

ERIC
Yes he absolutely can, Julie. Put the gun down.

JULIE
(in anguish)
I can't put the gun down!

MOUSTACHE
I will do it! I will twist this guy until something happens!

ERIC
JULIE! PUT DOWN THE GUN!

MOUSTACHE
You don't have a shot anyway-

JULIE
I didn't even want to get the gun! You just made that decision for us!

ERIC
I STAYED BACK FOR YOU! I STAYED BACK AND HE PUNCHED ME LIKE 11 TIMES! HE HAS RINGS!

MOUSTACHE
GUYS-

JULIE
I didn't ask you to do that! We both should've crawled! We would've won! And now I have to drop the gun- I NEVER GET A SAY!

ERIC
ARE YOU SERIOUS, YOU NEVER STOP TALKING!

MOUSTACHE
GUYS!!

JULIE
BECAUSE YOU NEVER LISTEN!

ERIC
APPRECIATE WHAT I'M DOING FOR ONCE!

JULIE
WE'RE NEVER TOGETHER ON *ANYTHING!*

ERIC
YOU ARE NEVER THERE FOR ME!

JULIE
YOU READY!

ERIC
GO!

Completely in sync, Julie raises the gun just as Eric elbows a distracted Moustache in the gut, freeing himself and dropping to the ground, leaving a surprised Moustache very much exposed.

The fight was just a distraction.

JULIE SHOOTS MOUSTACHE A BUNCH OF TIMES IN THE CHEST. Moustache stares down at his bloody chest, then eyes glazing:

MOUSTACHE
...Portland...

MOUSTACHE DROPS DOWN, DEAD. On top of Eric. Blood pouring.

ERIC
Blood. BLOOD.

Julie drops the gun and collapses next to Eric, helps him shove Moustache's corpse off of him.

Both lie on their backs in silence for a long while, gazing up at nothing, exhausted and in shock.

JULIE
I got it. I got your plan. With just a look. You saved us, Eric...

ERIC
No. We're a fucking team.

Without turning, with as little energy as possible, they try to high five. Only Eric goes low and Julie goes right over it. They try again, but switch, missing again. And again.

JULIE
Uggghhh.

They give up. Our couple stares up at the sky. Finally:

ERIC
Okay, who's crawling to the phone?

TIME CUT:

Julie and Eric sit on stretchers at the back of an AMBULANCE. Paramedics tend to their wounds, Eric has a neck brace on. OFFICER DALY is flipping through Bicycle's cell, scrolling through ROMANTIC PICTURES OF MOUSTACHE AND BICYCLE TOGETHER.

OFFICER DALY
So between the phone, the photos of the Deputy Mayor with the victim, and the video of the mayor smoking what appears to be a whole mess of crack with the victim's voice on it...your story is sounding... substantially less crazy. I mean, it's still crazy, we'll need to take your statements again at some point but...after that, you should be good.

Eric and Julie look a bit confused.

JULIE
How do you mean...good?

ERIC
That's...that's it?

OFFICER DALY
That's it. Once the hospital releases you, you can just...go back to your life.
(smiles)
Like none of this ever happened.

Eric and Julie smile softly, tentatively. But as the officer walks away, their smiles fall away. Worried.

Go back to what? To the way it was?

They don't look at each other, minds turning this over.

39 **INT. AMBULANCE, MOVING -- NIGHT** 39

Eric and Julie sit up side-by-side in stretchers, not looking at each other. Thoughts still racing, the future looming.

SILENCE. Jostling. We move slowly in on them, each staring off in different directions, lost in thought. Eventually, they turn to face each other.

ERIC
Look, I don't know how you feel-

JULIE
I know we said it's over between us-

ERIC
Sorry you-

JULIE
Go ahead, I-

ERIC
About how we said we're not together anymore-

JULIE
I don't want to go back to the way we-

ERIC
Sorry. Wait, what do you-

JULIE
Oh. Wait, what?

ERIC
I just want to say-

JULIE
I just want you to know-

They grimace. Then breathe. And then. SIMULTANEOUSLY:

ERIC & JULIE
I love you.

Smiles grow across their faces.

THEY KISS.

THE END.