

COAL MIND

Written by

Jason Asnes

W.G.A. East #1272078
P.o. Box 110493
Brooklyn, NY 11211
Deckstatic@aol.com

FADE IN:

SERIES OF SHOTS - COAL MINING TOWN

- A) Photos of soot-faced miners from the 1920's.
- B) Photos of child miners carrying picks and shovels.
- C) Footage of a bustling town in the 1940's and 1950's
- D) Black and white footage of a busy mine entrance with carts full of coal rolling out on tracks
- E) Color footage of the same mine entrance gated shut with a "closed" sign on it.
- F) A car window's view driving through a town filled with dilapidated businesses and houses with "for sale" signs. At the end of the town, it passes by a sign reading "Welcome to Wendell, coal capitol of Pennsylvania"

EXT. SIDEWALK -DAY

Sitting on a bench, are JACOB, (34), scruffy faced, with a muscular build, and his father HOWARD, (63), haggard, looking older than his age, and wearing a faded fedora. Both men are drinking from cans of beer.

When Howard shakes his, and sees that it's empty, he turns to Jacob. Deep in thought, and barely drinking, Jacob is somewhere else. Howard taps his son's arm with his can.

HOWARD

You alright?

He gestures to Jacob's beer. Jacob looks at him, at his own can, and drinks the rest of it.

JACOB

Not, really.

They both stand and start walking. They pass by a bar, an old coffee shop, and many, closed, store fronts.

HOWARD

Same as before?

JACOB

Nothing's changed.

HOWARD

Sorry, son.

EXT. STREET CORNER -DAY

As they come to a corner, Howard pats Jacob on the back.

HOWARD
It'll get better.

JACOB
It's got to.

They both go in different directions.

EXT. SIDEWALK -DAY

Howard walks down an old street and waves to an elderly man sitting on his porch. He heads up the lawn of a small house and walks in the door.

INT- LIVING ROOM- CONTINUOUS

Howard takes his hat off, and sits it on a hallway table below a framed picture of an older woman. He kisses his hand and touches it to the photo.

He walks into the kitchen, picks up a mug, and pours a beer from a keg tap protruding from a modified refrigerator. He goes into his living room, sits in an old captain's chair, has a sip of beer, and sighs.

INT. JACOB'S LIVING ROOM -DAY

Jacob walks into his house and takes his coat off; he sees his kids KIM, (7), and JERRY, (10), sitting on a sofa watching TV. He heads to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN -CONTINUOUS

Jacob's wife BRENDA, (31), a pretty woman with long, brown hair, sits at a table going over a stack of bills.

JACOB
Hi, honey.

She looks up with a distracted, worried expression.

BRENDA
Hi.

JACOB
What's wrong?

BRENDA
What's wrong?!

She lifts the bills off of the table and drops them back down.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
This! This is what's wrong.

Jacob sighs and sits down.

JACOB
How bad is it?

BRENDA
Bad.

JACOB
How bad?

BRENDA
VERY bad. We're behind on everything.

JACOB
Okay.

BRENDA
We need more income; I can't get any more shifts at the hospital. I'm lucky to be picking up what I'm got now! Janyce'll be coming back from her maternity leave soon and then I'll probably be out completely.

Jacob rubs his head.

JACOB
Alright. I'll find something.

BRENDA
What?

JACOB
I don't know! I'll go back to the job placement center tomorrow; I'll find something... whatever they need me to do.

She rubs his back with her hand.

BRENDA

Babe, I know you're trying; you'll find something soon.

JACOB

I've... never gone this long in my whole life without working. It's doing my head in.

EXT. JOB PLACEMENT CENTER -DAY

At dawn, Jacob walks up to see a line of men stretched around the corner, waiting for the center to open. He goes to the end of the line.

EXT. JOB PLACEMENT CENTER -LATER

Jacob is now behind ten people in line.

INT. OFFICE -DAY

Jacob sits down at the desk of MRS. KOLANSKI, (44), a large woman, who wears her hair in a pony tail.

JACOB

Good morning.

MRS. KOLANSKI

Good morning, do we have you on file?

JACOB

Yes, Ma'am; Jacob Strand.

She types on an old, desktop computer.

MRS. KOLANSKI

Okay, you've been here several times, I see.

JACOB

Yes, Ma'am, I really need some work. Do you have anything that I can do?

She reads his profile.

MRS. KOLANSKI

You were at the Wendell Mountain Mine for twelve years?

JACOB

Yes, Ma'am.

MRS. KOLANSKI

Alright, let's see what we have.

She types in more information.

MRS. KOLANSKI (CONT'D)

How far are you willing to travel?

JACOB

I'll go wherever. Wherever there's work.

MRS. KOLANSKI

Well, in a few weeks, I'll be able to place three to six people at the sewage treatment plant in Hazleton. But you know, it's about forty-five minutes away?

JACOB

I'll take it! Please. Please, sign me up for it; I've got two kids and a wife to feed. I need the work really, really bad.

She gives him a sympathetic look.

MRS. KOLANSKI

Listen- I'll add you to the list of names applying for those positions and we'll see what happens. That's the best that I can do.

Jacob looks down dejectedly.

JACOB

Okay, thank you.

EXT. SIDEWALK -DAY

Brenda drops Kim and Jerry off with a neighbor who has several kids playing in her yard. She smiles, waves, and walks away.

Down the block, she opens her wallet, and pulls out a few food stamps. She counts them, shakes her head, and thinks. She continues walking.

EXT. CHURCH DOORWAY -DAY

Brenda stands in front of a church charity food pantry, staring at the sign. She takes a deep breath and walks in.

INT. FOOD PANTRY -CONTINUOUS

Looking at the rows of shelves, half-filled with packages of food, Brenda is greeted by MRS. MCCLARREN, (64), a grey-haired woman, wearing a scarf on her head.

MRS. MCCLARREN
Good morning!

BRENDA
Good morning.

Brenda looks around awkwardly.

MRS. MCCLARREN
Now, you haven't been here yet,
have you, dear?

BRENDA
No; no, I haven't.

MRS. MCCLARREN
Well, that's alright! Everyone
needs a little help every now and
then.

She opens two grocery bags.

MRS. MCCLARREN (CONT'D)
Okay, dear- come with me and point
out what provisions you need.

BRENDA
Thanks, we're just going through a
rough patch right now.

Mrs. McClarren puts her hand on Brenda's shoulder.

MRS. MCCLARREN
Honey, this whole town is going
through a rough patch; heck, the
whole valley is!

EXT. SIDEWALK -DAY

Brenda carries two bags of groceries; she smiles, and nods her head at neighbors walking by.

INT. KITCHEN -DAY

Jacob sits at the table reading classified ads in a newspaper. Brenda walks in and sets the grocery bags down on a counter.

JACOB
Where are the kids?

BRENDA
At Deborah's house.

He looks at the bags.

JACOB
Looks like you did a lot of shopping?

BRENDA
Well... I actually didn't do any.

JACOB
What do you mean?

She sighs and looks at him.

BRENDA
I went to the food pantry at the church.

JACOB
You what?!

BRENDA
You heard me.

JACOB
But... we don't need..

BRENDA
We don't need what? Food?!

JACOB
Hey, wait a minute!

BRENDA
How the hell am I supposed to feed you, me, and the kids on what little money we have?

JACOB
I'm sorry, I'm trying to find-

BRENDA

I know, I know. I know that you're trying. But I'm trying, too. And I've got to put food on this table; if we don't have money for groceries, then this is it.

She starts to cry. He stands and hugs her.

JACOB

Don't worry, baby. I'm going to take care of it.

BRENDA

How?

JACOB

Don't worry.

INT. BAR -NIGHT

Jacob walks in and shakes a few hands as he passes by. He gets to the bar where his friends LARRY, (46), missing his left hand, and WESS, (36), bearded, with bad, skin rashes on his arms and neck, are sitting. Jacob takes a seat.

LARRY

How's it going?

JACOB

Same.

LARRY

I hear ya.

Jacob nods at the bartender DERRICK, (36), moustached and muscular, who brings him over a bottle of beer.

JACOB

I can't take it anymore. I need work... bad.

WESS

Hey, if we get an opening in Ashland, you'll be the first one I'll call.

Jacob pats his back.

JACOB

Thanks.

LARRY

Well, I might be in the same boat soon.

JACOB

Why? What happened?

LARRY

The high school might make me part time. They don't see a one-handed janitor being high on the priority list when it comes to cutbacks.

JACOB

Aww, man- that sucks.

LARRY

Yeah. But I could see it coming. This town's broke.

WESS

You're telling me?! They don't have ANY... structural, mechanical, or road repair work scheduled for the next few months... at all. I'm screwed!

LARRY

Nothing?

WESS

Nada. They have our crew on call... but they don't call. Ever.

LARRY

Man... how about you Jacob, any leads?

JACOB

No.

He drinks his last sip of beer and reaches into his pocket. He pulls out a few coins and stares at them.

JACOB (CONT'D)

I gotta go home.

He stands to leave.

LARRY

Yeah? How bout one more?

JACOB
No, I've got to head back. See ya
tomorrow.

WESS
Okay.

LARRY
Good night.

Jacob pats them both on the back and walks out the door.

EXT. SIDEWALK -NIGHT

Jacob sits down on the same bench that he was sitting on with his father earlier. He leans back and stares at the sky. Next, he looks at the ground for several seconds, runs his hands through his hair, and sighs.

INT. BANK -DAY

Walking into the lobby, Jacob is dressed in a well-worn suit. He talks with the receptionist; she smiles, and points at a sofa. He sits down and notices STELLA SCHERSON, (27), A pretty, blonde teller.

After a minute, the receptionist waves at Jacob, and points at a desk behind her, where HENRY JANSEN, (51), a balding, heavy man, sits. Jacob walks to the desk.

HENRY JANSEN
Good morning, have a seat..

JACOB
Good morning.

HENRY JANSEN
Now, how can I help you today?

JACOB
Uh, I'd like to apply for a loan,
or a second mortgage.

Frank turns to look at a computer screen.

HENRY JANSEN
So, you already have a mortgage
with us?

JACOB
Yes.

HENRY JANSEN
Alright, remind me of your name
again?

JACOB
Jacob Strand.

HENRY JANSEN
Okay, Mr. Strand; give me a second.

He reads and scrolls through several pages of info.

HENRY JANSEN (CONT'D)
Oookkay. Has your employment
situation changed at all?

JACOB
Nope. Still looking.

HENRY JANSEN
Hmm. And have there been any major
improvements or renovations to your
home?

JACOB
No. Would that help things?

Henry turns to look at him.

HENRY JANSEN
Not, really.

He keeps reading and scrolling. He stops and takes a deep
breath.

HENRY JANSEN (CONT'D)
Alright, Mr. Strand; There are some
issues.

JACOB
Issues?

HENRY JANSEN
Yes, issues. Our main branch
won't... we can't approve loans
unless the person applying is
employed and has a foreseeable way
of paying it back.

JACOB
What about another mortgage?

HENRY JANSEN

Again, unfortunately... the value of your home has decreased to below the value of what your first mortgage was based at. That makes it impossible for us to give another mortgage on the same property. I'm very sorry.

Jacob leans in.

JACOB

You're sure? On either of the loans? There's no way to?

HENRY JANSEN

I am sorry, Mr. Strand; I wish I could do differently, but... our hands are tied in the matter.

Jacob nods slowly.

JACOB

Okay, thanks for your time.

He stands and they shake hands. He walks out and waves at Stella as he leaves. She is surprised to see him; she waves back and smiles.

EXT. BANK FRONT -DAY

Jacob sits on a bench seriously deliberating. After a minute, Stella comes out.

JACOB

Hi.

She turns, sees him, and smiles.

STELLA

Oh, hi! Jacob, right?

JACOB

Yep, it's Stella, isn't it?

He points to her name tag. She looks down and laughs.

STELLA

Well, that was easy! How are you? I haven't talked with you in... forever!

JACOB
Yeah, it's been a while.

She looks at her watch.

STELLA
Hey, I'm on my lunch break; do you
want to get coffee and catch up?

JACOB
Sure, sounds good.

He stands, and they both head down the sidewalk together.

INT. COFFEE SHOP -DAY

Stella and Jacob sit down in a booth with menus.

STELLA
This place never changes; I
remember coming here for pie and
ice cream when we were kids.

JACOB
Yeah, it's the land that time
forgot.

STELLA
In the town that time forgot!

JACOB
True.

They both laugh.

STELLA
So, how are you? You're still with
Brenda, right? And you have... two
kids?

JACOB
Oh yes, definitely. Kim is seven
and Jerry is ten; they're a
handful.

STELLA
I bet!

JACOB
How about you?

STELLA

Well... I still haven't found Mr. Right. I've met a few Mr. Wrongs, though!

NANCY, (58), a waitress wearing a faded uniform, walks up.

NANCY

Good afternoon, Stella; are you ready to order?

STELLA

Hi Nancy- Yes! I'll have the tuna melt and fries.

NANCY

Alright, and what will you be having, Jacob?

Jacob fumbles with the menu.

JACOB

Oh, I'll just have a cup of coffee.

Stella watches him sympathetically.

STELLA

Get whatever you want, lunch is on me!

JACOB

Oh, that's okay.

STELLA

I insist! You better order some food or I'll be offended.

She makes a pouty, spoiled child, expression. He chuckles.

JACOB

Are you sure? Really, I can eat when I get home?

STELLA

OOORRRDER!

JACOB

Okay, okay! I'll have a burger and fries, thanks.

NANCY

Alright, got it. I'll be right back with your coffee.

She walks away.

JACOB

You didn't have to do that.

STELLA

Listen, I know that if you were sitting at Henry's desk, then you were asking for a loan or a mortgage or something, and he probably denied it, right?

JACOB

Right.

STELLA

But see- it's not your fault... or even his fault! We don't have a say on what gets approved or what doesn't; our corporate offices do all that. It's all about numbers, it has nothing to do with people.

JACOB

Yeah..

STELLA

It's true! Henry hates his job! He hates having to turn people down for things that they really need. It's not a fair system.

Nancy pours them cups of coffee and leaves.

JACOB

I've been looking for work, everywhere and anywhere, and there's none; none at all. It's really doing my head in. I thought our house would be worth something, at least.

STELLA

Oh, dear- I hear ya... I hate those corporate jerks; someone should just come in and rob us blind!

JACOB

They should?

STELLA

Yeah! They deserve it! Plus, they've barely got any security;
(MORE)

STELLA (CONT'D)

Mr. Otis, our guard, is half blind
and falls asleep all the time.

JACOB

Really?

STELLA

It's true! They've got ancient
cameras that don't work at all,
anymore. If someone came up to me
with a note saying that they've got
a gun, or a bomb, or something,
I'd give them all the cash in my
drawer and no one would even
notice!

JACOB

Wow. You really think that it would
be that easy?

STELLA

Yeah. And those bastards at
corporate deserve it!

JACOB

Huh. That's something to think
about.

STELLA

I mean.. I'm certainly not TELLING
you... to rob our bank; I'm just
saying that if you WERE to- it'd be
easy.

JACOB

Hmm.

Nancy brings their food as they keep talking.

EXT. SIDEWALK -DAY

Jacob heads home deep in thought. He gets to his house and
goes in the door.

INT. LIVING ROOM -CONTINUOUS

Jacob takes his jacket off. Jerry comes halfway down the
stairs.

JERRY

Hey, Dad?

JACOB
Yes, Son?

JERRY
We've got a school field trip to the skating rink in Mount Carmel, I need twenty dollars for it.

Jacob sighs.

JACOB
Umm, well, son- maybe you should sit this one out?

JERRY
Okay... (Sighs) But, the whole class is going.

JACOB
When do you need the twenty dollars by?

JERRY
By Wednesday.

JACOB
Okay, two days from now.

JERRY
Yeah? So what?

JACOB
I'll... ask me again then.

JERRY
But... alright.

Jerry goes back up stairs dejectedly. Jacob sits down on a corner chair; he looks conflicted and unsure. He pulls the bank business card out of his pocket and stares at it.

JACOB
Wednesday.

Brenda walks in the door; Jacob quickly puts the card in his pocket. She notices him sitting in the corner.

BRENDA
Hey, Babe- how'd it go?

He shakes his head.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
Nothing?

He shakes his head again. She leans against the wall.

JACOB

Jerry asked me for twenty bucks for some school trip; I can't even...

He hits himself in the head.

BRENDA

Stop it!

JACOB

I can't even provide the basic...

He hits himself in the head again. Brenda pushes off the wall and grabs his hand.

BRENDA

Stop it! That won't help anything.

JACOB

What will?

He grabs his hair with his hands. He stares at her.

JACOB (CONT'D)

What will?

INT. HOWARD'S LIVING ROOM -DAY

Howard and Jacob sit on a sofa with mugs of beer.

JACOB

SO, Dad- Grandpa had a rough time for awhile, right? When you and Uncle George were kids?

HOWARD

Yes, yes he did. Work was hard to find for immigrants. He really had to... make do.

JACOB

Yeah? Like what?

HOWARD

Oh... he did things that... he didn't want us to know about. But we did.

JACOB

Tell me about it?

HOWARD

Well, when money was tight, he'd do jobs for a bookie; that got him a reputation around town.

JACOB

I can't see Grandma letting him do that?

HOWARD

Hey- a family's got to eat. She understood that.

JACOB

What'd he do?

Howard takes a sip of beer.

HOWARD

Whatever they asked him to. Shakedown deadbeats to pay up; maybe smash a kneecap or two. I tell you what- nobody on the block messed with me or George, that's for sure.

JACOB

Wow.

Jacob takes a sip from his mug.

JACOB (CONT'D)

That's good to know.

HOWARD

Why?

JACOB

I'm in the same boat as he was.

HOWARD

Well, now don't do anything that'd put you in jail; that won't help Brenda or the kids none.

JACOB

Hey, like you said; a family's got to eat.

INT. BANK LOBBY -DAY.

Stella is organizing receipts at her desk, as her phones rings.

STELLA

Hello, this is Stella?... Who? Oh, okay- yes, put him through.

JACOB (O.S.)

Hi, is this Stella?

STELLA

Yes, it is?

JACOB (O.S.)

Hey, this is Jacob; we had lunch yesterday?

STELLA

Hi Jacob, what's going on?

JACOB (O.S.)

Uh, could you meet me for say, ten minutes, when you leave work?

STELLA

Ummm.. Yes, but what's this about?

JACOB (O.S.)

I... had some questions for you.

STELLA

Well, okay- if you can meet me here at five-thirty?

JACOB (O.S.)

Yes, I'll be there, thanks.

STELLA

Alright, bye.

Stella puts the phone down; she has a puzzled expression on her face.

EXT. PARK -DAY

As their kids play on a rusty, jungle gym, Brenda sits on a bench with SANDY, (31), a brunette with a smoker's hack, and JANYCE, (32), a blonde, pregnant woman.

JANYCE

Remember when they built this thing? When we were kids?

SANDY

It's in sad shape!

Sandy starts coughing. She stops and takes a drag from a cigarette.

BRENDA

YOU'RE in sad shape! You've got to stop smoking.

SANDY

I know. The air around this place is bad enough.

BRENDA

Exactly! You don't need to make it any worse.

They all three are quiet for several seconds.

JANYCE

I need a drink.

BRENDA

You can't.

JANYCE

Don't you think I fucking know that?! All I want is one... glass... of wine.

Janyce looks down at her belly.

JANYCE (CONT'D)

I can't wait for this little monster to get out of me.

They all three laugh.

JANYCE (CONT'D)

So how about you, Brenda, how are things?

BRENDA

Very... very... tight. We're struggling.

SANDY

Is Jacob still out of work?

BRENDA

Yes, he is.

JANYCE

Well, Thomas's unemployment is about to run out, and then we're screwed.

BRENDA

But you can come back to work after your maternity leave, can't you?

JANYCE

Listen. The second that this creature is out of me, I'll be running back to my job; I'll probably be dragging the umbilical cord behind me!

They all three laugh. Sandy starts hacking; Brenda pats her on the back.

EXT. BANK FRONT -DAY

Jacob waits nervously on a bench. Stella walks out and sees him.

STELLA

Hi.

JACOB

Hi, thanks for talking with me; it'll only take a couple of minutes.

STELLA

Okay, let's walk to the field.

They walk across the street to an old baseball field with rusted bleachers.

EXT. FILED BLEACHERS -CONTINUOUS

They both sit down on the bottom row.

STELLA

So, what's up?

JACOB

I was thinking a lot about what we were talking about; about the... possibilities... of...

STELLA

Possibilities of what?

JACOB

In regards to... if someone were to...

STELLA

What, Jacob? Just spit it out!

JACOB

If someone were to come in, with a note, and walk out with... cash.

STELLA

Oh.

JACOB

You're sure that the cameras are old and don't work?

STELLA

Well, they're old; and I don't think anyone's even cleaned the lenses off in years.

JACOB

And the alarms?

STELLA

They're triggered by the tellers; are you seriously thinking about doing this?

He leans back on the bleacher and sighs.

JACOB

We're in a really, really, REALLY... bad place financially, and I don't see any other way out.

STELLA

I'm sorry to hear that.

JACOB

Now, if I do pull this off, I'd split the money with you.

STELLA

No! No, not at all. I am NOT going to be involved with that in anyway, understand?!

JACOB

Yes, I didn't mean to-

STELLA

I know, I know... I'm just saying that I am NOT involved. In any way. Okay?

JACOB

Yes.

STELLA

Now, I'm not saying... that I'm particularly... fast... at hitting alarm bells.

She acts in a ditzy manner.

STELLA (CONT'D)

I get all confused sometimes, with all those numbers and papers and alarm buttons... sometimes I just forget what I'm supposed to do.

He laughs and shakes his head.

JACOB

I understand.

STELLA

Good.

EXT. SIDEWALK -DAY

As the sun starts to set, Jacob walks toward his house. When he gets there, he sees his wife standing by the door. She runs quickly toward him.

BRENDA

Jacob! It's your dad, he's in the hospital!

They both hurry into their old, hatchback car, and drive away.

I/E. CAR ON STREET -NIGHT

JACOB

What happened?

BRENDA

He fell down at the veterans hall, and couldn't breath. They took him in an ambulance.

JACOB

Is he going to make it?!

She rubs his shoulder. He stares at the instrument panels.

BRENDA
I'm sure that they'll do whatever
they can for him.

JACOB
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! FUCKKK!

BRENDA
What?!

JACOB
I'm almost out of fucking gas!

EXT. ROADSIDE -NIGHT

With their car parked in the grass behind them, Jacob and Brenda are now jogging by the side of the road.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -NIGHT

Jacob and Brenda walk in, breathing heavily, to see Howard in bed, hooked up to several machines. They both sit down in chairs next to him. Jacob puts his hand on his father's arm. Howard moves his head to look at them.

JACOB
Dad? Are you okay? Are You in pain?
Can you hear me?

Brenda puts her hand on Jacob's shoulder.

BRENDA
Honey, slow down; you'll overwhelm
him.

JACOB
Sorry.

Howard starts to talk quietly.

JACOB (CONT'D)
You don't have to say anything,
it's alright.

Howard motions for him to come closer.

HOWARD
It's that damn mine... all those
years... my lungs, they're coated
with...

JACOB
I know, Dad. Mine are, too.

HOWARD
Everything starts... and ends...
with that mine. I was going in as a
kid, bringing 'em water; worked
forty-eight years in it, and now
that damn cave full of coal is
going to kill me.

JACOB
No, it's not. No, it's Not! You've
got a lot of years left!

Jacob starts to cry.

HOWARD
Well, if I get out of here alive...
I want you to put me on a Greyhound
bus for Florida.

JACOB
We will, I promise.

BRENDA
We should let him rest.

JACOB
Yeah, okay- but I'm staying here.

HOWARD
No, go home, son. Take care of your
own kids. I'll be alright.

JACOB
You sure?

BRENDA
Howard, we'll bring you some soup
and sandwiches in the morning.

HOWARD
Maybe a flask of whiskey wouldn't
hurt, either.

He laughs, and starts to cough.

BRENDA
Okay, okkkaayyy.. You rest up now.

JACOB
We're going to sit here a while.

Jacob rubs his father's head and tries to smile at him.

LATER

Brenda and Jacob watch Howard sleep. She gently grabs Jacob's arm, and they both stand and leave.

EXT. ROADSIDE -NIGHT

Brenda and Jacob, now carrying a gas can, walk under the moonlight.

JACOB
I've got to get him out of here.

BRENDA
I know.

JACOB
He needs some clean air; I want to move him to Tampa or somewhere.

BRENDA
I know. Things'll pick up soon, I'm sure they will.

She turns and makes a fake smile at him.

JACOB
They have to.

They keep walking into the distance.

EXT. FIELD BLEACHERS -DAY

Jacob sits on the same row as the day before, drinking a cup of coffee, and watching the bank across the street. He pulls his sweatshirt hood up over his head and walks in that direction.

EXT. ALLEYWAY -DAY

Standing in the alley behind the bank, Jacob looks in both directions. He walks to one end, looks around, and then walks to the other end. There, he sees that it leads onto a busy street.

INT. ATTIC -DAY

Jacob climbs a ladder into his crowded attic. He looks around, and finds an old duffel bag.

He fills it with a hooded, winter coat, sunglasses, some work pants, boots, and gloves. He chuckles when he finds a Halloween disguise kit. He opens it, and pulls out a fake beard and moustache and stuffs them both into the duffel bag.

INT. LIVING ROOM -DAY

Jacob looks out the window suspiciously in both directions, and then hurries to a small desk. He rips a sheet of paper in half, and writes in capital letters "I HAVE A GUN. GIVE ME ALL OF THE MONEY. DO NOT RING AN ALARM OR ELSE".

He stares at the paper for a minute and thinks.

I/E. CAR IN ALLEY -DAY

Parked behind the bank, Jacob empties out his duffel bag into the passenger seat. He sets a change of clothes on the car floor, pulls on the old jacket, and zips it up.

He fastens a fake beard and moustache to his face with glue. He puts on large sunglasses, looks in the rearview mirror, and shakes his head. He grabs the now empty duffel bag, and gets out of the car. He stops for a second and pulls a note out of his pocket.

INT. BANK LOBBY -DAY.

The bank is mostly empty; Jacob walks in, sees that Stella is helping a customer, and stares at pamphlets on a table. In the corner, MR. OTIS, (58), a heavy man, in an ill-fitted uniform, sits in a chair, sleeping with his head slumped over.

As her customer leaves, Stella looks up and notices Jacob. She watches him for a few seconds before realizing who he is. She turns to the only other teller working, SCOTT, (33), a thin, effeminate man.

STELLA

Scott, dear- could you go to the back office and get me some more deposit slips?

He looks at his watch.

SCOTT

Well, it's time for my break; do you mind if I go, and bring them to you on my way back?

STELLA

OF COURSE not! Thanks, darling.

Scott shuts his drawer, and walks back through a door. Jacob sees his opportunity and walks up to Stella. She greets him with a smirk.

STELLA (CONT'D)

Hello, sir; how may I help you today?

He nervously pushes the note under the window and puts his duffel bag on the counter. She reads it and calmly starts taking stacks of cash out of her drawer. She pushes them across to him. He looks around, and puts them in the bag.

STELLA (CONT'D)

All of our cash? Okay, sir.

She reaches over to Scott's drawer, and to the drawer on her other side, and empties bundles of bills from both, as well.

After she gives them to Jacob, she subtly points at her upper lip. He looks at her confused. She does it again, as he realizes that his moustache is crooked. He fixes it.

STELLA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry sir, but that's all we have back here.

He nods, and turns to leave.

STELLA (CONT'D)

Sir?

He turns back to her, nervously.

STELLA (CONT'D)

You forgot your note.

She hands it to him. He responds in a fake, low voice.

JACOB

Thanks.

He walks to the door and leaves quickly. Several seconds later, she presses an alarm button. A loud ringing fills the room.

STELLA

Help! Help! We've been robbed!

Henry, who had been almost dozing off, jumps out of his chair. Mr. Otis wakes, and stands up quickly, disoriented.

MR. OTIS

What is it... where now?

HENRY JANSEN

What?! Where? Who robbed you?!

STELLA

That bearded man!

Henry looks around.

HENRY JANSEN

Where?!

STELLA

He just walked out the door!

Henry starts running to the door but stops in his tracks.

HENRY JANSEN

Did he... have a gun?

STELLA

He said that he did.

HENRY JANSEN

Oh... maybe... we ought to wait for the police.

MR. OTIS

That's what we should do.

STELLA

I think that's a good idea.

I/E. CAR IN ALLEY -DAY

Jacob comes running to his car. He jumps in, rips the fake beard and moustache off, throws them into the duffle bag, and drives to the end of the alley. He turns quickly onto the large street, and drives away.

I/E. CAR IN WOODS -DAY

Jacob drives to the end of a gravel road. He comes up to a rusted, old gate, with a broken sign reading, "WENDELL MOUNTAIN COAL COMPANY". He drives his car off the road, and parks behind some overgrown brush.

He gets out carrying the duffel bag, goes to his trunk, and pulls a big flashlight out of it. He walks to a fence, throws the bag over, puts the light in his pocket, and climbs over.

EXT. MINE ENTRANCE -CONTINUOUS.

Standing in front of the heavy, metal doors, Jacob lifts the steel lever that holds the doors shut and struggles, but opens them. He pulls his flashlight out of his pocket, turns it on, and walks in carrying the duffel bag.

INT. MINE SHAFT -CONTINUOUS

Jacob walks a mile underground, through several turns, narrow passages, and by lots of old, mining equipment. He comes to a three-way turn; he intuitively turns right, and comes to large room filled with piles of coal and dirt.

INT. MINE ROOM -CONTINUOUS

He walks to a corner and sets his bag down. He takes his boots, jacket, pants, and shirt off, and spreads them out in layers on the ground. He sets the duffel bag in the middle, and opens it. He stares at the stacks of cash for several seconds.

He reaches in, takes one large stack out, and zips up the bag. He wraps it in the clothing, digs a hole in the coal with his hands, and buries it there.

EXT. MINE ENTRANCE -DAY

Jacob walks out wearing only boxer shorts, carrying the flashlight, and the stack of cash. With his body blackened from the coal dust, he stops and breathes heavily. He shuts the heavy doors, looks at them, pulls the lever down, and walks away.

EXT. CAR IN WOODS -DAY

Opening the door, Jacob throws the flashlight and the money on the front seat. As he shuts the door, he looks down the hill next to the car, at a slow, moving river.

EXT. RIVERSIDE -DAY

Jacob jumps in the water. He rubs his skin hard to get the coal dust off. He works at it, until his chest and arms are red. He gets out shivering, and starts running.

I/E. CAR IN WOODS -CONTINUOUS

As Jacob jumps into the front seat, he quickly puts on the change of clothes that he had brought. He rubs his hands together to try to warm them, starts the car, and turns on the heat. He shakes his head and smiles.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. OFFICE -DAY

SHAWN, (33), handsome, tall, with sandy, blonde hair, looks at bikini models on his desktop computer. At the desk next to him, MARTIN, (38), heavier, and balding, rests his head on his folded arms on the desktop.

Martin's office phone rings, startling him awake. He groggily answers it.

MARTIN

(On phone)

Yeah? ...Okay. (To Shawn) Hey-
Jim's got something for us.

Shawn, scrolling through photos of women, answers distractedly.

SHAWN

Huh?

MARTIN

Get up- Flaunder's office.

They both stand and leave. They walk by a plaque with "SECURITY DIVISION" printed on it.

INT. SMALL OFFICE -CONTINUOUS

Jim Flaunders, (54), looking like the former marine that he is, stares at papers on his desk. Shawn and Martin walk in.

MARTIN

Yeah?

JIM FLAUNDERS

Sit down.

Shawn and Martin do sit.

JIM FLAUNDERS (CONT'D)

Alright, our branch in Wendell was held up yesterday; one male perp, said he had a gun, but didn't show it. Took just over a hundred grand.

MARTIN

All on tape?

JIM FLAUNDERS

It's blurry; these idiots managed to forget to clean their security cameras, in, oh say, a decade or two.

Shawn chuckles.

SHAWN

Perfect.

JIM FLAUNDERS

The local cops have got nothing- by the time the alarms were triggered, the guy was long gone.

SHAWN

So we're going to coal country... or what's left of it.

JIM FLAUNDERS

Yep. Your receipts should be low- that place is a dump.

MARTIN

No Four Seasons?

JIM FLAUNDERS

You'll be lucky to find an open motel. That whole area has dried up; you'll find a lot of people who'd have a need for that cash.

MARTIN

Alright, we'll head out in an hour.

Henry holds out a folder.

HENRY JANSEN

Here's the file so far. All your local contacts are there.

Shawn takes it sarcastically.

SHAWN

Thanks.

INT. OFFICE -DAY

Shawn takes a 9mm pistol out of a locked cabinet behind him. He clicks a full clip in, and puts it into a shoulder holster under his jacket.

MARTIN

So, I'm going home to grab a few things; wanna meet at the burger joint on Trevers Ave in an hour?

SHAWN

Sure, you want to take your car?

MARTIN

Might as well.

I/E. CAR ON HIGHWAY -DAY

Martin drives with Shawn in his Toyota Corolla.

MARTIN

Hey- will you Google to see if there's anywhere decent to stay in Wendell?

He pulls out his cell phone and types on it.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

I haven't been there since we had a football game in high school. I remember how rough those kids were; they spent their Summers working in the mines. They were fearless and brutal; like they had nothing else to live for.

SHAWN
So you lost?

MARTIN
Yeah.

Shawn looks at his phone.

SHAWN
It says that there's a Grazier Inn
right next to the interstate.

MARTIN
That'll do.

I/E. CAR ON ROAD -DAY

As they drive through Wendell, both look at the state of the town.

SHAWN
Man, it's glum here.

MARTIN
It was roaring thirty years ago;
when the mines shut down, the whole
county started going bankrupt.

EXT. MOTEL BALCONY WALKWAY -DAY

Shawn and Martin carry their travel bags to adjoining, motel room doors.

MARTIN
You want to head to the local cop
shop in ten?

SHAWN
Yeah, just knock.

They both unlock their doors and head in.

INT. KITCHEN -DAY

Jacob walks into his kitchen carrying two heavy, bags of groceries. Brenda looks up surprised.

BRENDA
What... how did you...

JACOB

Hey! Don't worry about it. I found
some cash that I had hidden away;
we're having steak tonight!

She stares at him with a confused, yet happy look.

INT. POLICE STATION -DAY

As Shawn and Martin walk in, the two men in the room, sitting at desks, both look up and stare. After several seconds, PETER FLETCHER, (27), thin, with a crew cut, is the first to speak.

PETER FLETCHER

Can I help you?

MARTIN

Yeah, we're security investigators
from East Republic Bank, and we're
here about the robbery that
occurred. Is there someone in
charge that we can speak with?

He points at BRAD MANDRIK, (58), grey haired, with a face red, from chronic drinking.

PETER FLETCHER

He's the one to talk to.

Brad looks at them with a bored expression.

BRAD MANDRIK

I'm Captain Mandrik.

MARTIN

Martin Bilson.

SHAWN

Shawn Sullivan.

Brad halfheartedly lifts a hand to wave.

MARTIN

Can you fill us in on what you've
got so far?

Brad sighs, lifts a piece of paper off of his desk, and starts reading.

BRAD MANDRIK

At three-twenty on the sixteenth, a man wearing a hooded coat, sunglasses, and a probable fake beard and moustache, walked in and up to a teller; he showed her a note. It said that he had a gun and demanded that she give him all their cash. She did. He left. She triggered the alarm. He escaped. No other witnesses.

He puts the paper back on his desk.

MARTIN

None?

BRAD MANDRIK

Did you not hear me?

SHAWN

Alright, alright. Security photos?

Brad looks put out again. He shuffles some files around, and lifts some photo printouts up in the direction of the two men. Martin gives him an open-handed, questioning expression.

Brad grunts, uses his desk to lift himself out of his chair, carries the printouts over, and drops them on the counter.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Looks kinda hazy?

BRAD MANDRIK

Yeah, well- apparently your local branch didn't think to clean their security cameras that often.

Brad turns and walks the ten feet back to his desk.

SHAWN

There's video?

Brad freezes before sitting and rolls his eyes.

BRAD MANDRIK

Pete, get them the tape!

Brad sits as Peter stands up. He walks over to a shelf and picks up a VHS tape.

MARTIN

Any other witnesses?

PETER FLETCHER

No, unfortunately, the other teller was in a back room, and the manager didn't notice until the alarm went off.

MARTIN

What about the security guard?

BRAD MANDRIK

Apparently sleeping in a chair.

SHAWN

Huh. It sounds too easy.

MARTIN

Yeah, was anyone casing the place leading up to that?

PETER FLETCHER

There were no external cameras, and no one recalls anyone or anything peculiar.

MARTIN

Hmm. You've interviewed all the bank employees?

BRAD MANDRIK

Yep.

MARTIN

Any of them seem suspicious?

BRAD MANDRIK

How?

SHAWN

Like it could be an inside job?

BRAD MANDRIK

No. All of them grew up in the area, everyone knows them, they'd have good character references.

MARTIN

No priors?

BRAD MANDRIK

None at all.

SHAWN

Any finger prints?

BRAD MANDRIK

Nope.

Peter hands them the video tape.

PETER FLETCHER

Good luck with that; we haven't found any leads to go on.

MARTIN

Thanks- we'll be in touch.

SHAWN

We'll check in with you tomorrow.

BRAD MANDRIK

Great.

They walk out. Brad opens a desk drawer, pulls out a bottle of bourbon, and pours some into a coffee cup.

PETER FLETCHER

Think they'll have any better luck?

BRAD MANDRIK

I doubt it.

EXT. SIDEWALK -DAY

As the sun sets, Shawn and Martin walk through town. They come to a bus stop, where Brenda and Jacob are helping Howard put his suitcase underneath a Greyhound bus. Their kids stand near Howard.

MARTIN

You want to go to the coffee shop?
It's supposed to be a few blocks down.

SHAWN

Yeah, why not.

As they pass, Brenda hands Howard a plastic container of food and kisses him on the cheek. Kim and Jerry hug him.

JACOB

I love you, Dad; give us a call when you get there.

HOWARD

I will. Love you all.

Jacob shakes his hand, and Howard gets on the bus. Shawn and Martin walk into the distance.

INT. BEDROOM -NIGHT

Jacob lies in bed next to Brenda, watching her sleep. He slowly stands up, puts on clothes, and leaves the room.

INT. ATTIC -NIGHT

Digging under a pile of books, Jacob pulls out a rolled up shirt. Unfurling it, he grabs a stack of hundred dollar bills hidden within. He reaches behind him, and picks up some envelopes. He looks at the name written on each one, and puts cash inside.

EXT. SIDEWALK -NIGHT

Wearing a coat with a hood pulled over his head, Jacob walks by various mailboxes, and quickly shoves envelopes inside. A curtain in one house slightly opens; a silhouette moves in the darkness.

EXT. BANK FRONT -DAY

Shawn and Martin walk around the bank, until they stand at its front door.

SHAWN

Lots of easy escape routes.

MARTIN

Yeah, this guy could be anywhere.

They both walk in.

INT. BANK LOBBY -DAY.

Henry shakes hand with Shawn and Martin.

HENRY JANSEN

Well, I'm glad you're here. Our local constabularies haven't got a clue.

SHAWN

We've got a little more experience dealing with these situations.

HENRY JANSEN

Good! We can't have this sort of thing happening around here. They don't need to think that they can get away with it.

They both nod at him.

SHAWN

So, your security guard is..

He looks at a piece of paper.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Mr. Otis? Can we talk with him?

HENRY JANSEN

Sure.

He turns to where Mr. Otis is sitting.

HENRY JANSEN (CONT'D)

Mr. Otis? Can you come over here, please?

The man heaves himself up and walks over. Martin and Shawn ask him several questions, Mr. Otis shakes his head to everything he's asked. He then walks back to his chair, and sits. They both shake their heads as he does.

MARTIN

Well, that was not very enlightening. Can we speak with Scott?

Henry looks at the customer windows.

HENRY JANSEN

Sure, I'll get him.

He walks over, opens a door leading to the tellers, talks with Scott, and points back at the other two men. Scott heads over as Henry sits down in his seat to interact with a customer.

Scott reaches them.

SCOTT

Hi, I'm Scott Walters.

They shake his hand.

MARTIN

Good to meet you; can you have a seat?

SCOTT

Sure.

They all three sit.

MARTIN

So, when the robbery happened, you were in the back room?

SCOTT

Yeah, Stella needed more deposit slips, so I went back to get some for her.

SHAWN

Is that typical procedure?

SCOTT

What?

SHAWN

You getting supplies for her?

SCOTT

Uhh, I don't mind.

MARTIN

How long were you back there?

SCOTT

I don't know; it was my break time, so I was gone for about fifteen minutes... until I heard the alarm go off.

SHAWN

Pretty specific timing.

SCOTT

What?

MARTIN

That the moment you left the floor, a guy came in, robbed the place, and was gone before anyone noticed.

SCOTT

Well... I... she told me she needed deposit slips, and I said that I'd bring her some after my break.

SHAWN
You already said that.

SCOTT
I mean... I don't know what you
wanted me to do differently?

Martin pushes the photos of Jacob in disguise across the desk
to him.

MARTIN
And you're sure that you don't know
this guy?

Scott looks at the photos.

SCOTT
No... But it looks like he's
wearing a fake beard or something?

SHAWN
Okay, that's all for now; can you
tell..

He looks at a piece of paper.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Miss Scherson to come over here,
please?

SCOTT
Sure.

He stands, walks, and opens the door that leads to where
Stella is sitting.

MARTIN
What do you think?

SHAWN
He seems on the level. Also, I
don't think he's got the balls to
be involved with any of it.

Stella walks up to the desk.

STELLA
Hello, I'm Stella Scherson; you
wanted to speak with me?

They both stand and shake her hand.

SHAWN
Hi, please have a seat.

They all three sit down.

MARTIN

So, you were the only employee here who saw, or talked with, the perpetrator?

STELLA

Umm, yes, I believe so.

SHAWN

Did you recognize him? Or his voice?

STELLA

I think he was wearing a disguise; his moustache was a little crooked. And he didn't really say anything.

MARTIN

Did he have any scars, moles, or identifying features?

STELLA

No, not really. None that I could see.

MARTIN

What did his note say?

STELLA

It said "I have a gun. Give me all the cash."

MARTIN

Anything else?

STELLA

No, that was it.

MARTIN

What did he say to you?

STELLA

Nothing, really.

SHAWN

Nothing?

STELLA

Well, once I gave him the money, I think that he said, "That's all?"

SHAWN
That's all?

STELLA
Yeah, that's what he said.

SHAWN
No, I mean that's all that he said?

STELLA
Oh. Yes.

MARTIN
Did you recognize the voice?

She thinks for a few seconds.

STELLA
He was doing a low, growling, sorta
voice. Like he was trying to hide
what he sounds like.

MARTIN
Because you might've recognized his
real voice?

STELLA
I don't know.

Shawn turns and winks at Martin.

SHAWN
Martin, why don't you take a break;
I'll finish the interview.

Martin looks at him.

MARTIN
Okay, I'll be outside.

He stands, and walks out. Shawn smiles at Stella.

SHAWN
So, you grew up around here?

STELLA
Yep, born and raised.

SHAWN
How was it?

STELLA
What?

SHAWN
Growing up around here?

STELLA
Ummm... it was okay.

SHAWN
Did you have relatives who worked
in the mines?

STELLA
Yeah, two of my uncles and one of
my grandfathers did.

SHAWN
It must've been tough when the
mines started closing down?

STELLA
You're telling me! It was rough for
everyone. The town's never
recovered.

He looks at her for a few seconds.

SHAWN
Well, that about does it for now.
Hey- is there anywhere good to get
dinner around here?

STELLA
Well, there's a few places.

SHAWN
We got into town last night, and I
don't really know my way around or
where to eat.

STELLA
Ohh! You should try Franklin's;
it's about eight or nine blocks
from here.

SHAWN
Yeah? Do you go there a lot?

STELLA
Occasionally. I haven't gone in a
few weeks.

SHAWN
Well, would you consider letting me
take you out to dinner?

She blushes.

STELLA

I... is it allowed? I mean...
you're interrogating me right now.

He laughs.

SHAWN

Of course it is! Much of this is
just a formality; If nothing turns
up, nothing turns up. As long as we
can show that we did our jobs,
we're fine.

STELLA

I see.

She smiles at him.

STELLA (CONT'D)

I guess that I could be persuaded
to go to dinner tonight.

SHAWN

Great! How's seven o'clock?

STELLA

That works for me.

Stella smiles and walks away.

EXT. BANK FRONT -DAY

Shawn walks out to see Martin sitting on the bench smoking a
cigarette.

MARTIN

Well?

SHAWN

I'm going to take her to dinner
tonight.

Martin chuckles.

MARTIN

Hey- whatever it takes!

SHAWN

Yeah, she knows something; I can
tell.

INT. THRIFT STORE -DAY

Shawn and Martin walk in, and greet BILL, (20), the acne-covered, pale, and boyish clerk.

BILL
Hi, can I help you find something?

They look around at the large, cluttered store filled with unwanted clothing, appliances, and furniture.

MARTIN
Yeah, do you have a working TV and VCR?

Bill stands up and points.

BILL
Yes, we have several; over there behind that sofa.

Martin pulls the VHS tape out of a bag.

MARTIN
Right, we just want to test them out with this tape.

BILL
Okay, good luck.

They walk over, turn the machines on, and put the tape in. They both sit down on folding chairs and start fast forwarding through it. When they see a guy with a beard at the counter, they slow it down, and watch.

SHAWN
It sure is hazy.

MARTIN
Yeah.

They watch from the moment that Jacob walks in, until he leaves, several times.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
He doesn't look nervous; he's very steady.

SHAWN
But so is she.
(Beat)
There!

MARTIN

What?

He rewinds the tape and gets to a specific spot.

SHAWN

Watch her closely.

The tape plays at a slow speed.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Riggghhhhhh... there!

MARTIN

Ah! She looks up at the security camera!

SHAWN

Exactly. She was worried about what somebody would see.

MARTIN

You think he had an accomplice?

SHAWN

I don't know. But Stella looks pretty comfortable being robbed by him.

Bill walks over to them.

BILL

I can make you a very good deal on both of those and throw in some bonus VHS tapes for absolutely free.

They barely notice him.

SHAWN

Huh? Oh, thanks. We're just shopping around right now.

BILL

Well, I can beat any deal that you can find. In fact, if you make an offer on these... of any kind, chances are, that it'll be enough.

MARTIN

Thanks, we'll come back soon after we decide.

BILL
Alright, we're open from ten til
seven on most days.

Martin takes the tape out of the player and puts it back in his bag.

MARTIN
Good to know; very good to know.

He and Shawn go out the door. Bill looks out the window at them walking away for several seconds.

BILL
Queers.

INT. LIVING ROOM -NIGHT

Jacob walks over to Jerry, who sits on the sofa watching television, and hands him a twenty dollar bill. Jerry looks confused at first.

JACOB
For the school trip.

JERRY
Oh, thanks, Dad.

Jacob smiles, and heads into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN -CONTINUOUS

Brenda is washing dishes; Jacob starts drying them for her.

BRENDA
Thanks, Babe.

JACOB
SO, why don't we go shopping
tomorrow morning; we need a few
things around the house.

She gives him an incredulous look.

BRENDA
With what money?

JACOB
I told you I found some.

BRENDA
How much?

JACOB

Enough.

EXT. RESTAURANT DOORS -NIGHT.

Shawn waits while typing on his cell phone. Stella walks up wearing a sexy dress, more makeup than before, and her hair styled differently.

SHAWN

Wow! You look great.

STELLA

Thanks!

He opens the door for her.

INT. RESTAURANT -NIGHT

Shawn and Stella laugh and drink wine at a table.

SHAWN

So tell me more about growing up here; did you have any big loves? Any local boys?

STELLA

Well... I almost got married a few years ago. But it didn't work out.

SHAWN

Not the right guy?

STELLA

He... might've been. When the Wendell Mountain mine closed, Ted, my ex, lost his job. He moved to Alaska to work on a fishing boat.

SHAWN

That must've been hard on you?

STELLA

Yeah. I thought that I was worth staying for; apparently not.

He gently holds her arm.

SHAWN

Listen, you're beautiful, smart... he was a fool.

She smiles.

STELLA
How about you?

SHAWN
I was married in my twenties, but
it didn't last.

STELLA
Aww, I'm sorry to hear that.

SHAWN
Yeah, well... we were going in
different directions. What about
the other guys here? Anyone else
you're involved with?

STELLA
I've dated a few. But this town's
rough- there's lots of depression,
drinking, and most of the good ones
have left.

SHAWN
Anyone in particular?

STELLA
What?

SHAWN
That you're interested in?

She shoves his shoulder.

STELLA
Now, why are you trying to dig up
dirt on me?

SHAWN
I'm not! I just want to know the
town and its people better; and I
want to know who the players are.

STELLA
I'm sure that in Philly, you're a
player.

She nudges him.

SHAWN
I get by. That's all I'm sayin'!

INT. LOCAL BAR -NIGHT

Jacob is drinking with Wess and Larry.

JACOB
Derrick- Another round!

Larry fist bumps Jacob with his arm stump.

WESS
What's got into you?

JACOB
Nothing; can't I buy some drinks
for my friends?!

LARRY
Sure.

Jacob turns and sees Brad Mandrik and another man, sitting at
a table. He motions Derrick over.

JACOB
Hey, give Mandrik and his friend
the next one on me.

DERRICK
Will do.

WESS
Did'ja hear they sent detectives to
town? To look for who robbed East
Republic?

JACOB
Oh, really?

WESS
Yeah, they're already snoopin'
around.

JACOB
Huh

EXT. RESTAURANT DOORS -NIGHT.

Stella and Shawn walk outside.

STELLA
Well, thanks for the lovely dinner!

SHAWN

My pleasure. I was lucky enough to spend an evening with the prettiest girl in Wendell!

STELLA

Now, you stop talking like that or you're going to get me in trouble.

She gets close to him.

SHAWN

Want to go somewhere else?

STELLA

I should head home; I've got a long day tomorrow.

SHAWN

So you don't want any company?

She pushes him away, gently.

STELLA

Uhh?! What kind of girl do you think I am?!

SHAWN

Okay, alright... but let's meet up tomorrow night and go to a movie, or... a bar, or... whatever people do around here do for fun.

STELLA

So, you're asking me out tomorrow?

SHAWN

Yes. Yes, I am.

STELLA

Hmmmmmm.....

She looks at him for a few seconds.

STELLA (CONT'D)

Okay, but don't think that you can take liberties... yet.

SHAWN

I wouldn't think of it! Well, maybe I'd think about it.

STELLA

Call me tomorrow.

SHAWN

Okay.

He leans in to kiss her. She turns, so he has to kiss her cheek. She smiles at him.

STELLA

Bye!

Shawn's smile turns into a smirk, as he walks away.

INT. COFFEE SHOP -DAY

Martin and Shawn eat breakfast and talk.

MARTIN

How'd it go last night?

SHAWN

Good; by today or tomorrow, she'll give it up, I'll be in there.

MARTIN

You're a slick one.

SHAWN

Hey- I'm good at my job.

MARTIN

That, you are.

SHAWN

What else we got on the agenda today?

MARTIN

Well.. I think we ought to get to know the town's people better. Find out any anomalies. See who came into a sum of cash lately.

SHAWN

Good idea. Maybe we ought to go to the department stores and see who's been spending?

MARTIN

Or see who's paid off debts in the last few days.

EXT. PARKING LOT -DAY

Stella gets out of her car and answers her ringing cell phone. She looks at the name calling, and sees that it's Janyce.

STELLA
(On phone)
Hey, darling.

JANYCE (O.S.)
Hey, how'd it go last night?

STELLA
Fine. He's really sexy.

JANYCE (O.S.)
Anything happen?

STELLA
Not yet; we'll see how tonight goes.

JANYCE (O.S.)
Ohhhhhh! Two nights in a row!

Stella starts walking.

STELLA
Well, what else have I got to do?
And besides- he's handsome, and a gentleman; hell- maybe he'll get lucky? Maybe Philly is the place for me?

JANYCE (O.S.)
Now, slow it down... you don't know anything about him. Give it time.

STELLA
I know. I'm just... as long as there's potential for something good or a future or something; I'm game for whatever.

Stella stands in front of the bank.

JANYCE (O.S.)
I hear ya!

STELLA
Okay, gotta go. Talk with you later.

JANYCE (O.S.)

Bye.

Stella walks into the bank.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE OFFICE -DAY

Shawn and Martin follow ERIC WILKENS, (55), balding, portly, and wearing thick-framed glasses, into an office.

ERIC WILKENS

Now tell me again what exactly
you're looking for?

He sits down at a desk and types on a desktop computer.

MARTIN

We just need to know if anyone came
in and spent a lot of money in the
last few days.

Eric takes his glasses off and chuckles.

ERIC WILKENS

Honestly, no one around here has
been spending LOTS of money, for
quite a while.

SHAWN

Yeah, we understand that. Just
larger than usual purchases?

Eric looks closer at the screen.

ERIC WILKENS

Let's see... well, we did have a
few people stock up in the last few
days; lots of bulk purchases. But
it looks like... most of them paid
with cash.

MARTIN

Really?

SHAWN

Any way of knowing who they were?

Eric picks up an office phone.

ERIC WILKENS

Hold on a minute. (Into phone)
TINA, PLEASE COME TO THE MANAGER'S
OFFICE. TINA TO THE MANAGER'S
OFFICE.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE AISLE -CONTINUOUS

TINA, (19), Tall, thin, with her hair in a ponytail, looks up from a stack of boxes of laundry soap that she's pricing, and walks down an aisle, past Jacob and Brenda who push a shopping cart.

JACOB

What else do we need?

BRENDA

Well, lots. How much do you have to spend?

JACOB

Just get what you want.

An older couple, HILDA (71) and CHRISTOPHE (75) Heidler, push their cart towards them.

BRENDA

Hi Mrs. Heidler!

HILDA HEIDLER

Good morning, Brenda!

Jacob and Christophe shake hands. Christophe leans in, meaning to speak quietly, but all three of them can hear him.

CHRISTOPHE HEIDLER

I wanted to thank you, for the very kind gift.

He winks at Jacob. Jacob holds his finger to his mouth, in a "shushing" motion.

BRENDA

What gift?

Hilda leans over to her.

HILDA HEIDLER

The thousand dollars. We saw him put it in our mailbox.

BRENDA
A thousand dollars?!

She turns to look at Jacob, who's whispering in Christophe's ear; Christophe nods.

CHRISTOPHE HEIDLER
Honey, let's go look for a new toaster.

HILDA HEIDLER
What?

CHRISTOPHE HEIDLER
Come on, Dear!

He starts pushing his cart away from them. Hilda looks surprised; she shrugs, smiles, and follows him. Brenda stares at Jacob with a serious expression.

BRENDA
A thousand dollars?!

JACOB
Let's talk outside.

They leave their cart and walk away.

INT. OFFICE -DAY

Tina is talking with Shawn, Martin, and Eric. Martin writes down what she says. She counts on her fingers, and nods when asked questions by them.

I/E. CAR IN PARKING LOT -DAY

Brenda and Jacob sit down in their car seats and shut their doors.

BRENDA
What the hell is going on?!

Jacob looks down; she shoves him.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
No Bullshit! Tell me exactly where you got that much money!

She gets a sudden idea and covers her mouth.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
Oh my god- you didn't... tell me
you didn't?!

He turns and looks at her.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
Holy fuck! You did? Are you
serious?!

He keeps looking at her.

JACOB
We were in trouble; I had to.

BRENDA
You had to?! You HAD to rob a
bank?!

JACOB
Listen, I was careful to-

BRENDA
How the hell could you be careful
robbing a bank? Where did you...
how...

JACOB
The less you know, the better.

They sit quietly for a few seconds, while Brenda absorbs what
she's heard.

BRENDA
You've got to give it back.

JACOB
What?

BRENDA
You've got to give it all back, or
what's left of it. How much did you
give away?

JACOB
About ten thousand.

She sighs deeply.

BRENDA
Let's go home.

INT. GROCERY STORE -DAY

Shawn and Martin talk with MRS. MCKENSIE, (44), a dour, short haired woman. They ask her a question; she looks at both of them suspiciously, and shakes her head. They ask another question; again, she shakes her head.

INT. BANK LOBBY -DAY

Henry thinks and shakes his head when asked a question by Martin.

EXT. BANK FRONT -DAY

Shawn and Martin walk out.

MARTIN

I guess it was pretty dumb to think someone would pay a bank loan with money that they just stole from the same bank.

SHAWN

Hey- I've seen people do much dumber things than that.

MARTIN

True. Alright, let's go talk to some of the happy shoppers.

EXT. HOUSE PORCH -DAY

Shawn and Martin talk with HAROLD SCHROEDER, (73), a weathered, grey-haired man, who walks with a limp. He invites them into his house.

INT. LIVING ROOM -DAY

Harold's wife LOUISE, (70), a short woman with her hair in a bun, brings a pot of coffee, and three mugs, to a small table in front of the sofa that Shawn and Martin are sitting on. Harold sits on a chair across from them.

LOUISE

Now, do you boys like cream in your coffee?

MARTIN

No thank you, Ma'am.

She sets the coffee pot and mugs on the table, and leaves the room.

HAROLD

So, you gentlemen are working for the bank? What do you want to know?

MARTIN

Yes, sir- we just had a few questions.

HAROLD

Okay, shoot?

SHAWN

We've been interviewing some local retailers about their recent sales activity, and were told that you had made some purchases?

HAROLD

Who told you that?

MARTIN

We'd rather not say.

HAROLD

Well, yeah- we did some shopping. That's not illegal, is it?

SHAWN

No, it isn't. What we're looking for is changes in spending habits. Did you two come into any money, lately?

Harold clears his throat and hacks a couple of times.

HAROLD

Who told you that?

SHAWN

Listen- we're not accusing you of anything; if someone gave you any sum of cash in the last week, it's best that you tell us now. If you have to go to court to answer the question, you'd probably have to hire a lawyer, and boy- are they expensive.

Harold thinks for a few seconds.

HAROLD
It was in the mailbox.

MARTIN
What was?

HAROLD
What?

MARTIN
In the mailbox?

HAROLD
The envelope.

SHAWN
The envelope?

HAROLD
Yes.

Martin leans in.

MARTIN
What envelope?

HAROLD
The envelope of money.

SHAWN
Okay, now we're getting somewhere.
When was this?

HAROLD
What?

MARTIN
Which day did you find the envelope
of money?

HAROLD
Oh, I don't know. It was probably
Wednesday... or Thursday.

SHAWN
And how much was in there?

HAROLD
In where?

SHAWN
The envelope! How much money was in
the envelope?

HAROLD
Oh, about a thousand dollars.

SHAWN
Was anything written on it?

HAROLD
Just my name.

MARTIN
Your name?

HAROLD
Harold! My name is Harold, I
already told you that.

MARTIN
Okay, okay. Do you still have the
envelope?

HAROLD
No, it was just a used envelope; I
threw it in the fireplace.

MARTIN
Damn. Okay, and you have no idea
who would've given it to you?

HAROLD
That's right.

EXT. DRIVEWAY -DAY

BOBBY PRENDERS, (40), a muscular, bearded man, stands on his lawn talking with Martin and Shawn. He nods several times, shakes his head, and shrugs. They shake his hand and walk away.

EXT. SIDEWALK -DAY

Shawn and Martin walk and talk as Martin looks at a sheet of paper.

SHAWN
So who's left?

MARTIN
The Strands; Jacob and Brenda.
Another block up.

INT. LIVING ROOM -DAY

Brenda and Jacob sit on their sofa; she stares at him while, he looks forward.

BRENDA
Did you hear me?

JACOB
Okay, I will; after things have cooled done a bit.

BRENDA
No, you need to give the money back immediately!

JACOB
I want to but-

Their phone rings. Jacob reaches over to a small table to answer it.

JACOB (CONT'D)
(To phone)
Hello?

He listens.

JACOB (CONT'D)
(To phone)
Hey, Wess- what's up?
(Beat)

Really? You're serious?

He turns to smile at Brenda.

JACOB (CONT'D)
(To phone)
Yes, definitely! I'll be there.
Thanks so much, Wess! You don't know what this means to us.
(Beat)
Okay, bye.

He hangs up the phone.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Someone in Wess's crew moved out of state and he says that I can replace 'em. And they just got a lot of new projects to get done.

Brenda hugs him.

BRENDA

Finally.

Their doorbell rings. Jacob stands up.

EXT. HOUSE FRONT -DAY

Jacob opens his front door to Martin and Shawn.

JACOB

Yeah?

MARTIN

Hi, you're Jacob Strand?

JACOB

That's right? Who are you?

MARTIN

I'm Martin Bilson and this is Shawn Sullivan; we're investigating the robbery at East Republic Bank. Can we talk with you for a couple of minutes?

Jacob appears uncomfortable.

JACOB

Uhhh... sure. Come in.

He stands back and opens his door more. The other two men walk in.

INT. LIVING ROOM -CONTINUOUS

Martin and Shawn sit down on a sofa; Jacob sits in a chair.

JACOB

So what do you want to know?

MARTIN

Well, we've been interviewing local retailers about their sales recently; looking for people who've been spending more than they usually do, and your name came up.

JACOB

Where?

SHAWN

That's not important. What is, is why you've started making bigger purchases over the last two days?

Martin touches his arm and makes a "calm down" motion with his other hand.

MARTIN

Now, we're not accusing you of anything; it's just our job to find out if something out of the ordinary has been going on.

Shawn takes a deep breath.

SHAWN

Did you happen to come into any money this week?

Jacob looks at both of them.

JACOB

I... found an envelope of cash.

SHAWN

Is that so? Was it in your mailbox?

JACOB

Yeah.

MARTIN

That must have been helpful.

JACOB

Yeah, I've been out of work for a long time. But things have changed.

MARTIN

How so?

JACOB

I got a new job today.

SHAWN

Doing what?

JACOB

Road maintenance for the county.

SHAWN

So you don't have any idea where the envelope of money could've come from?

JACOB

No; maybe someone won the lottery.

All three are quiet for a few seconds.

MARTIN

Maybe so.

After more uncomfortable silence, Martin stands up.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Okay, thanks for talking with us.

JACOB

No problem.

Jacob walks, and opens his front door. The other two men nod and walk out. Jacob stares, as they leave his lawn, and head down the sidewalk.

INT. COFFEE SHOP -DAY

Shawn and Martin eat burgers at a table.

SHAWN

Something about that guy didn't seem right; he was hiding... something. I'm going to keep my eye on him.

MARTIN

Nobody here's really talking; all that cash showing up in their mail boxes? It's definitely a local job. We need to find an "in"; get someone drunk- see if they talk.

SHAWN

Okay, I'll work on the teller some more tonight.

EXT. BANK PARKING LOT -DAY

Stella walks to her car as the sun begins to set. She answers her jingling, cell phone.

STELLA

Hello?

SHAWN (O.S.)

Hey, it's Shawn.

STELLA

Hi, there.

SHAWN (O.S.)

What are you doing later tonight?

STELLA

I'm not sure yet, why?

SHAWN (O.S.)

Want to get a drink?

STELLA

Hmmmm... maybe.

SHAWN (O.S.)

Come one! Just one drink?

She smiles to herself.

STELLA

Wellll... maybe just one drink,
that's all.

SHAWN (O.S.)

Perfect- want to meet at
Cartwright's Tavern at nine?

STELLA

Alright, but only for one drink!

SHAWN (O.S.)

Excellent, I'll see you then.

STELLA

Okay, bye!

She hangs up and smiles. Next, she types a number on her phone.

STELLA (CONT'D)

Hey, how you doing?

JANYCE (O.S.)

Good, what's going on?

STELLA

I'm meeting Shawn, the guy from
Philly, for drinks tonight.

JANYCE (O.S.)

Nice.

STELLA

It might be his lucky night!

JANYCE (O.S.)

Really? You like him that much?

STELLA

I don't know. I just... need something. Need some excitement.

JANYCE (O.S.)

You need to get laid.

STELLA

I agree.

INT. TAVERN -NIGHT

Martin and Shawn walk in and sit at the bar. The tavern is half full but people start trickling in. Derrick walks over to them.

DERRICK

What can I get ya?

MARTIN

I'll have a gin and tonic.

SHAWN

Jack and Coke.

He walks a few feet away to make their drinks. Martin looks around the bar.

MARTIN

Now, who here has a big mouth?

SHAWN

Start buying drinks; that always makes friends.

Derrick walks back with their drinks.

MARTIN

Thanks.

Larry and Wess sit down next to them at the bar. They order beers but are not talking. Shawn looks at them, nudges Martin, and nods.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Hey buddy, can I ask you a question?

Larry, turns slowly and looks at him. After several seconds, he speaks.

LARRY

What?

MARTIN

We're not from around here and-

LARRY

I know that.

Martin is put off by being interrupted, but keeps trying.

MARTIN

We're just in town for a few days
and were wondering about the
fishing around here?

LARRY

What about it?

MARTIN

Any good spots? What do ya catch?

Larry turns to Wess.

LARRY

This guy wants to know about fish.

WESS

What about 'em?

LARRY

Ask him.

Wess leans back and looks at Martin.

WESS

What?

MARTIN

Excuse me?

WESS

What do you want to know about
fish?

MARTIN

Oh, we were looking for a good
fishing hole and what we could
catch?

Wess looks at him for a couple of seconds.

WESS

There's plenty of places to fish...
trout... and perch.

MARTIN

Great, what's your name by the way?

Wess stares at him again.

WESS

Wess.

MARTIN

Good to meet you, Wess; I'm Martin
and this is Shawn.

He reaches out to shake. Wess looks at his hand, and slowly
reaches back to shake.

WESS

People around here don't like
strangers trying to deplete their
fishing spots.

MARTIN

Ohhh, we wouldn't do that! We just
wanted to catch a few.

LARRY

People around here don't really
like strangers, period.

Larry stares at him.

SHAWN

Hey- we're just trying to have a
drink and were being friendly; no
need to be that cold.

Jacob walks in the door and heads to the bar.

LARRY

You can do whatever you want. I'm
just saying; townspeople here don't
really like out-of-towners trying
to pry into their business or
where... they like to fish.

MARTIN

Understood. Can we at least buy you
a round of beers?

Larry turns to stare at him.

LARRY
I can buy my own.

Jacob stands next to Shawn ordering drinks. Shawn notices him.

SHAWN
Hey, Jacob was it?

He sees Shawn and becomes nervous.

JACOB
Yeah.

Shawn reaches out his hand.

SHAWN
It's Shawn- we met at your house
earlier today?

JACOB
Uh-huh.

They shake hands.

SHAWN
Can I buy you a drink?

JACOB
Oh, that's okay- you don't have to
do that.

SHAWN
Ah, I insist!

He turns to Derrick.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Put these on my tab.

DERRICK
Alright.

JACOB
Thanks.

Jacob nods, as he, Larry, and Wess, walk to a table with their drinks. Stella comes in the door and sees Shawn. She approaches them.

STELLA
Fancy seeing you here.

SHAWN
Hey! You remember my partner
Martin?

STELLA
Yes, I do. Hi!

Shawn nods at Martin.

MARTIN
Hi- I was just leaving.

STELLA
Oh, really?

MARTIN
Yeah, I've had a long day.

He shakes Shawn's hand.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Have a good night.

SHAWN
You, too.

Martin leaves.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
What are ya drinkin?

STELLA
I'd love a margarita.

SHAWN
Done.

He turns and signals Derrick.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Can I get a margarita, please?
Thanks.

STELLA
So, you guys are making yourselves
at home here?

SHAWN
We're trying, but no one's been
that friendly.

She leans in close.

STELLA
They know who you are... and why
you're here.

SHAWN
Okay?

STELLA
Well, they aren't usually...
warm... to outsiders, and if
someone's investigating one of
them... well..

SHAWN
You think it's one of them?

She gets awkward.

STELLA
I didn't say... I mean It could be
anyone, right?

SHAWN
Yeah.

Derrick brings her drink to her.

STELLA
Thank you, Derrick.

DERRICK
No problem.

STELLA
Have you talked with anyone here?

She looks slightly in the direction of Jacob's table, with
out him noticing.

SHAWN
We've tried, but no one's talking.

STELLA
Well, people look out for each
other.

SHAWN
And?

STELLA

And... they know that someone local has been putting envelopes of cash in their mail boxes and they certainly don't want that person to get caught.

SHAWN

Do they know who it is?

STELLA

I don't know; I don't think so.

She takes a big sip of her drink.

SHAWN

Do you think they're protecting someone?

STELLA

I'm just saying... be careful.

SHAWN

Be careful?! Why?

She takes another sip.

STELLA

Families have lived here for many generations; they'll circle the wagons, if they need to.

SHAWN

Okay?

STELLA

And if they think that someone's threatening one of them, well..

SHAWN

Well, what?

STELLA

Then you should be careful, that's all I'm saying.

Jacob watches them closely from across the room.

EXT. MOTEL DOOR -NIGHT.

Martin walks up, puts a key in the door, and goes in.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -CONTINUOUS.

Once in, he notices something on the ground. He picks up an index card that reads "TIME FOR YOU TO LEAVE TOWN". He sighs and shakes his head at it.

INT. TAVERN -NIGHT

Shawn and Stella drink more, and laugh. They are much more physical now. Others around the room watch them, suspiciously.

EXT. HOUSE ENTRANCE -NIGHT.

Shawn walks with his arm around Stella to her front door. She turns and smiles at him; she appears tipsy.

STELLA

Thanks for the... drinks.

SHAWN

Thanks for meeting me.

He gets close to her and runs his fingers through her hair.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Maybe we should keep this night going?

She laughs and smiles.

STELLA

Oh, you think so?

SHAWN

Yes, I do.

He leans in and kisses her.

STELLA

Okay.

She turns and fumbles with her keys. She opens the door and they both walk in.

INT. BEDROOM -NIGHT

They both fall onto her bed. His hands move around her body as they kiss passionately. They both take their clothes off while trying to maintain their kiss.

INT. BEDROOM -LATER

Shawn and Stella have sex as he thrusts from on top of her.

INT. BEDROOM -DAY

In the morning, Shawn gets dressed as Stella is still asleep. She awakens confused; he walks over and kisses her face.

STELLA

Oh, hi.

SHAWN

Hi. How are you feeling?

STELLA

Uhhhh... hung over.

SHAWN

I bet.

STELLA

What time is it?

SHAWN

Nine-thirty.

She looks panicked.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

It's Saturday.

STELLA

Ohhhhhh...

He looks at her intently.

SHAWN

Thanks for the info last night.

STELLA

Huh? About what?

SHAWN

The case.

She looks confused but nervous.

STELLA

The... case?

SHAWN

Yeah.

STELLA
Oh. What did I say?

SHAWN
You don't remember?

STELLA
I mean... I don't know anything
else. If I was talking... I was
just drunk. It didn't mean
anything.

SHAWN
If you say so. I've got to go meet
Martin; I'll call you later.

STELLA
Okay.

He kisses her and leaves.

INT. COFFEE SHOP -DAY

Martin and Shawn eat breakfast in a booth.

MARTIN
So how'd it go?

SHAWN
Good. I tried to confuse her to
give up more info; it didn't work.

MARTIN
No?

SHAWN
Yeah, but she definitely got
nervous.

MARTIN
I'm assuming she gave up something
else, though? Right?

Martin hits him on the arm and laughs.

SHAWN
Yes, she did.

MARTIN
Alright then; it wasn't a total
loss.

SHAWN

So, hey- let's go look at that video tape one more time; I have a theory that I want to check out.

MARTIN

Okay. We should probably head back to Philly soon.

SHAWN

True, but I have a hunch. Listen, why don't you head back tonight and I'll stick around for a day or two. I can grab a rental car.

MARTIN

Really? You think an extra day would make much of a difference?

SHAWN

Yeah, I want to put some pressure on.

MARTIN

Alright, works for me.

INT. KITCHEN -DAY

Jacob, Brenda, and their kids, sit at the kitchen table and eat breakfast together. They have full plates of bacon, eggs, potatoes, and toast.

JERRY

Why are we eating so good right now? We usually just get cereal?

Brenda gives Jacob a stern look.

JACOB

I told you I got a new job, son. We'll be eating better from now on.

KIM

Yay! Can we get donuts? And cupcakes?

BRENDA

You've got everything you need right on your plate, dear.

KIM

Awwwww....

JERRY

Can I go over to Charlie's house to watch cartoons?

BRENDA

Only if you take your sister with you.

JERRY

Awwwww...

JACOB

Go ahead- you both can leave now.

JERRY

Yes!

Jerry and Kim stand up and hurry out of the house. Brenda stares at Jacob. He notices her.

JACOB

What?

BRENDA

You know what.

JERRY

Okay, I'll take the money back to the bank today. I'll put it through their deposit box window after they close.

BRENDA

Promise me.

Jacob sighs.

JACOB

I promise.

INT. THRIFT STORE -DAY

Martin and Shawn watch the video tape at the same thrift store as before. Bill watches suspiciously from the counter. There are four other customers in the store.

They focus on an old television screen, as Stella reads Jacob's note, and takes cash from three different teller drawers.

SHAWN

See?! See that?

MARTIN

Yeah, she emptied out all the drawers. He didn't say anything to her before she went to the other two.

SHAWN

Uh-huh, she decided to expand the robbery.

MARTIN

Either she was in on it, or at the least, she knows the guy who did it.

Several customers start looking out the window.

SHAWN

Yep.

MARTIN

Maybe you should corner her and she if she cracks?

SHAWN

Yeah, but I'm going to play good cop.

MARTIN

Okay, if I'm out of the picture, that could read very ominous; it might work.

They both turn and notice everyone at the window. Bill waves at them.

BILL

Excuse me- do you have a car parked out front?

MARTIN

What? Yes?

Bill nods to the window.

BILL

Oh. It's on fire.

They turn to each other, and walk to the window. When they get there, they see Martin's car in flames on the street outside. They both run out the door.

EXT. SIDEWALK -CONTINUOUS

Martin and Shawn stand staring at the burning car.

MARTIN
Holy... Fuck.

SHAWN
They weren't kidding.

MARTIN
I guess I'm taking the train.

EXT. SIDEWALK -LATER

Firefighters hose down the smoldering car as Martin and Shawn talk with Peter, the local cop.

PETER FLETCHER
So, you were in that store... and
your car outside just decided to
burst into flames?

MARTIN
Apparently.

PETER FLETCHER
Did it have any mechanical issues?

MARTIN
That would cause it to
spontaneously combust? No.

PETER FLETCHER
Well, no one here says that they
saw anything, either.

MARTIN
Figures. So, hey- I just need a
copy of your report for the
insurance company, alright?

PETER FLETCHER
Sure, but there's not much there.

Shawn and Martin walk twenty feet away.

MARTIN
Well, I wanted to upgrade that
jalopy anyway.

SHAWN

Listen, why don't you catch the next train home?

MARTIN

Yeah?

SHAWN

Yeah- I know what I need to do here.

MARTIN

Okay, but- they're getting frisky about this.

He points to his car.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Someone's not fucking around.

Shawn pats the gun holstered under his jacket.

SHAWN

Hey, neither am I.

Twenty feet back, Brad is now talking with Peter. Brad stares at Shawn and Martin in a menacing way.

EXT. TRAIN STATION -DAY

Martin stands in front of a passenger train with his travel bag. Shawn shakes his hand.

MARTIN

Give me a call tonight to let me know what happens.

SHAWN

Okay, see you in a couple of days.

Martin walks onto a train car. Shawn turns and walks toward an exit. He pulls out his cell phone and makes a call.

INT. KITCHEN -DAY

Stella answers her phone while sitting at a kitchen table drinking coffee.

STELLA

Hello?

SHAWN (O.S.)

Hey.

STELLA

Hey! I heard about the car; are you guys alright?

SHAWN (O.S.)

Wow, word gets around fast here. Yeah, we're fine.

STELLA

Good, I was worried.

SHAWN (O.S.)

Thanks. So, Martin took the train home today.

STELLA

Oh, yeah?

SHAWN (O.S.)

Yeah, we're almost done with the case; he was going to get charges ready to file in Philly.

STELLA

Oh. Against whom?

SHAWN (O.S.)

I can't tell you that, yet. But be careful.

STELLA

Be careful? Why?

SHAWN (O.S.)

Well, some things turned up in evidence. You might want..

STELLA

What?! I might want to what?

SHAWN (O.S.)

On the videotape of the robbery, some clues became clearer.

STELLA

What clues?

SHAWN (O.S.)

When the man gave you the note, you emptied all the drawers, not just yours; that makes you look like an accomplice.

STELLA

But- I... He told me to.

SHAWN (O.S.)

It didn't look that way.

STELLA

Hey! Who's side are you on?

SHAWN (O.S.)

My partner thinks he knows who did it, and he's getting ready to file papers that could put the guy away for a long time. And you should be ready to testify against him, or you might do time as well.

STELLA

But I thought that we had..

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. CAR RENTAL OFFICE -CONTINUOUS

Shawn stands by the door, about to walk in.

SHAWN

We had a fun night; that's all it was.

STELLA (O.S.)

Yeah, but- I thought..

SHAWN

That's all... it was. I've got to go talk with the local cops to get them ready to start arresting people. Gotta go.

He puts the phone back in his pocket, and walks into the office.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN -CONTINUOUS

Stella puts her phone down on the table, and is upset. She hits her head with the palm of her hand. After thinking for several seconds, she picks up the phone and makes a call.

I/E. PARKING LOT -DAY

Shawn gets in a car and drives away.

I/E. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET -DAY

Sitting in his rental car, down the block from Jacob's house, Shawn reaches into a bag, picks up binoculars, and sets them on the seat next to him.

Five houses down, Jacob comes out, gets in his car, and drives away. Shawn follows him, staying far enough back not to be noticed.

I/E. CARS ON STREET BY PARK -DAY

As Jacob approaches the park, he pulls over. Shawn drives past him, and goes around a corner.

EXT. PARK -DAY

Shawn gets out of his car, carrying the binoculars, and crouches behind a tree.

EXT. PARK BENCH -DAY

Jacob sits down, as he looks around nervously. After a minute, Stella walks up, and sits down next to him.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. TREE SIDE -CONTINUOUS

Shawn stares through the binoculars at the two on the bench.

SHAWN

"What's... going on. I think... they... know. How? I don't know but... they do". Damn it! Turn your head back!

Shawn squints into the binoculars.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. PARK -CONTINUOUS

Jacob and Stella's mouths move, but they are silent.

SHAWN (O.S.)

"Do you want half... of left ..of what's left? No... don't want... any of... it". Turn back! Turn back-good. "You should... do something with... it though. They will... find it and look you... lock you Up. I'll... drop it at the blank". Blank? Ah- bank! "Okay... do it... Soon... Now. You won't grit intos trouble... it's all... me. Go home... and... never taunt... never talk about it... with anyone... ever... okay".

Stella gets up, and walks away. Jacob sits for several seconds, and then does the same.

I/E. CARS ON STREET -DAY

Jacob drives swiftly, while Shawn follows a hundred feet behind him. Jacob turns onto a gravel road; it leads into some woods. He notices another car behind him in the distance.

I/E. CARS IN WOODS -CONTINUOUS

Jacob drives by a sign that reads "WENDELL MOUNTAIN COAL COMPANY. PRIVATE PROPERTY. NO TRESPASSING.". He looks in his rear view mirror at the car that's getting closer.

EXT. MINE ENTRANCE -DAY

Jacob gets out of his car as Shawn's pulls up behind him and stops. As Jacob stares, Shawn gets out of the car and approaches him.

SHAWN

So, this is where you hid it?

JACOB

What?

SHAWN

The cash that you stole from the bank.

JACOB

I didn't..

SHAWN

There's no point in denying it; we had a wire on Stella.

JACOB

You..

SHAWN

Yes, we have you on tape admitting it. We know that you hid the rest here.

JACOB

I..

Jacob sighs.

SHAWN

I'm going to make you a deal; you can take the deal or choose the other option.

JACOB

What?

SHAWN

We can go in the mine, get the money, you give it to me, I leave town, and that's the end of it.

JACOB

Or what?

Shawn takes the nine millimeter gun out of its holster, and points it at Jacob.

SHAWN

Or I can take you back to the police station, they lock you up, you get twenty years, and the local cops come back here, and search for the cash.

JACOB

They'd never find it.

SHAWN
I didn't think so.

Jacob thinks for a few seconds.

JACOB
I give you the money and you leave town? And it's over?

SHAWN
Exactly.

JACOB
What about Stella?

SHAWN
I don't give a flying fuck about her. She can continue on with her sad, lonely, dull, little life.

JACOB
Hey! As long as you promise to leave her alone.

SHAWN
Sure. Now, lean over the car.

Jacob does, and Shawn searches him for weapons.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Okay, let's go.

Jacob walks back to the trunk of his car and starts to open it.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Hey! What the hell are you doing?

Shawn walks up to him, and raises his gun.

JACOB
We need a flashlight, don't we?

Jacob slowly opens the trunk and picks up a foot long, thick, black flashlight and shuts the trunk.

SHAWN
Alright; no sudden moves.

JACOB
Fine. You ready to go in?

SHAWN

Yeah, but keep your hands where I
can see 'em.

They both walk the few feet to the fence around the mine
entrance. Jacob climbs over first.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Move back!

Jacob steps further away from the fence; Shawn climbs over
it. They stand in front of the mine's metal doors. Jacob
struggles, and pushes the large, steel lever up, opening one
of the doors.

JACOB

Okay, I hope you're not
claustrophobic.

SHAWN

No, I'm not. And we better not get
lost in there.

Jacob looks at him.

JACOB

I worked in that hole for twelve
years; I could find my way out in
the dark.

Shawn raises his gun to him.

SHAWN

Look, you pull anything, I've got
fifteen shots to spray in any
direction that you try to run.

JACOB

Alright, let's get this over with.

Jacob walks in; Shawn follows.

INT. MINE SHAFT -CONTINUOUS

As they walk by an old, full, coal cart on a track, Shawn
feels the side of it. They keep walking, and make several
turns.

SHAWN

So, why did you give it away?

JACOB

What?

SHAWN

The cash. Why did you give so much of it to other people?

JACOB

They needed it.

SHAWN

How much did you give them?

JACOB

Thousands.

SHAWN

How much is left?

JACOB

I don't know... thousands.

They make a turn away from where the tracks lead.

INT. MINE SHAFT -LATER

As they go further and further into the mine, Shawn becomes uneasy.

SHAWN

How much fucking further is it?!

JACOB

About another hundred feet.

SHAWN

It better be- what are we? A mile in?

JACOB

Over that. Close to a mile and a half.

SHAWN

What a shitty life it must've been in here.

JACOB

Try your life, your father's life, and your grandfather's life.

SHAWN

Why do it?

Jacob thinks for a few seconds.

JACOB

If it's all you've ever known, it's hard to know anything different.

Shawn coughs,

SHAWN

This coal dust must fill up your lungs; I don't know how all of you don't die from it.

JACOB

A lot do.

SHAWN

What a shitty life.

JACOB

So, is this what you usually do?

SHAWN

What?

JACOB

Go to solve cases but then keep the money for yourself?

SHAWN

Only when the opportunity arises. How much further?

Jacob turns into a large room, with huge piles of small, coal rocks.

INT. COAL MINE ROOM -CONTINUOUS

Once they have entered, Jacob stops.

JACOB

It's in here.

SHAWN

Where?

Jacob points.

JACOB

Over there, in that pile.

SHAWN

Well, get it out!

Jacob stares at him. Shawn raises the gun.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Do it now, or you're not leaving
this room.

Jacob walks, kneels, and starts digging through the heap of
black dirt and coal, with his hands.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Hurry it up!

He comes to some cloth material, and pulls out the duffel
bag. He points at it.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Open it up.

Jacob does, and shows him the insides. Shawn shoves him out
of the way.

SHAWN (CONT'D)

Go stand against that wall and
shine the light.

Jacob does, as Shawn goes through the bag counting the stacks
of money. He turns occasionally, and aims his gun at Jacob.

JACOB

So there- you got what you want,
are you ready to go?

Shawn turns, and smirks at him. He stands up with the bag.

SHAWN

Yeah, I've got what I came for; but
I don't think you'll be leaving
anytime soon.

Jacob looks at him and shakes his head.

JACOB

I didn't think that you'd let me
out alive.

Shawn shrugs at him.

SHAWN

At least you'll be where you feel
at home. Now give me the
flashlight.

JACOB

It's a hard life- working in this
mine; but it's an honorable one.

(MORE)

JACOB (CONT'D)

Not like, what you're doing right now.

Shawn shoots a bullet hitting next to Jacob's head. He ducks in the other direction.

SHAWN

This is your last warning! Hand me the light, or I can make it a very slow, very painful, death for you.

JACOB

You know, my father always said-everything starts, and everything ends with this mine.

SHAWN

Yeah? So what? Give me the light, now!

Jacob holds up the flashlight with two hands.

JACOB

My life started here; and maybe yours will end here.

He suddenly twists the top half of the light; the room goes dark, as the batteries fall to the ground. Shawn starts shooting. He tries to follow the sound of running footsteps, with shots. The light of the gunfire shows a panicked Shawn.

SHAWN

Hey! Hey!! Come back here! I'll find you and fill you with lead!

He keeps shooting as he fumbles against a wall.

INT. MINE SHAFT -CONTINUOUS

Jacob moves swiftly in the dark, feeling the sides of the walls every few steps as he jogs. He breathes heavily, and counts after every shot is fired.

JACOB

Eight, nine, ten..

The shots keep coming, as Shawn's yells becomes more distant.

SHAWN

Come back here! Hey! Get me out of here, I'll split the money with you!

JACOB
Thirteen, fourteen, fifteen.

Jacob stops and catches his breath. He faintly hears the trigger clicking of the empty gun.

SHAWN
Get me out of here! You can keep
all the cash! I promise! I...
promise!

Shawn's echoed yells turn pleading and desperate. Jacob keeps walking further away.

SHAWN (CONT'D)
Please! I'll do anything! Please!
Get me out of here! I beg you. I
begggg yoooouuuu!!!

As Shawn's voice disappears into the mine walls, Jacob reaches the entrance. He pushes the door open, and covers his eyes from the bright light.

EXT. MINE ENTRANCE -CONTINUOUS.

Once outside the mine, Jacob looks at the top half of the flashlight in his hands. He drops it on the ground, and stomps it into small pieces. His stomping releases emotions, and tears run down his face.

He kicks the gravel on the ground to cover the flashlight pieces. Jacob shuts the mine door and is about to put the lever lock down when he stops.

JACOB
You find your way out, and you're
free.

INT. MINE SHAFT -DAY

Shawn is sobbing and walking in the darkness, running into walls, and tripping over rocks. His yells have now turned to a whimper.

SHAWN
Please... please, you son-of-a-
bitch... let me out. Let me out.

He crumbles to the ground and cries.

EXT. WOODS -DAY

Jacob stands looking over a hillside that leads down to the wide river. He walks back to Shawn's rental car, opens the door, and sees that the keys are still in the ignition. He looks around, and picks up a football-sized rock.

He turns on the car's engine, rolls down all of the windows, and puts the gear into drive. He next, positions the steering wheel, so that the tires are facing down the hill. He quickly sets the rock down on the gas pedal and jumps backwards.

The car takes off, careening down the hill, and launching itself into the water. Jacob walks down toward the river.

EXT. RIVERSIDE -CONTINUOUS

Within a minute, the car is completely submerged.

Jacob looks at himself, and sees that he's black with coal dust. He strips off all his clothes and jumps into the water. He scrubs the dust off and climbs out. He rolls his clothing into a bunch and carries it back up the hill.

EXT. GRAVEL ROAD -DAY

Jacob goes to his car's trunk, and pulls out a fresh set of clothes. He gets dressed, and puts his blackened clothes into a plastic bag and throws it into the front seat.

He walks over, and climbs over the fence in front of the mine doors and stares at them. He puts his head against one side, and listens for a few seconds. He soon steps back and stares at the mine entrance.

JACOB

Everything starts.. And everything ends.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END.