

Forward.

To Whom It May Concern,

I wrote this script in the Spring of 2009 when I was 22, about to turn 23. I wanted to make a movie utilizing my dad's law offices in Phoenix, Arizona, and so I came up with this story about stockbrokers creating a ponzi scheme. This was around the time that the Bernie Madoff scandal broke and it was everywhere. I finished the first draft in two weeks and six months later we were shooting.

I constantly read scripts online and thought it was only fair to "pay it forward" by posting my own script as well. It was my first produced feature screenplay and although I've improved as a writer since then, I'm still very proud that we got this made. (it's currently available on iTunes and I now liken it to a micro budget "Wolf of Wall Street")

Enjoy and please look out for my new work as well.

Sincerely,
Cole Mueller.
Sunday, March 30th, 2014.

GREEN GUYS

by

Cole Mueller

FADE IN:

EXTREME CLOSE-UP ON A FEW BULLETS BEING LOADED INTO A CHAMBER.

INT. OFFICE -- NIGHT

WE ARE WIDE on this darkly lit office. A giant glass wall overlooks the bright, city lights of Phoenix, Arizona.

Standing in the middle of the room is a MAN that we can't identify.

He holds a gun in his hands, clutching it tightly.

INT. WHITE HALLWAY -- NIGHT

WE ARE CENTERED ON A WHITE HALLWAY -- THREE MEN, F.B.I. OFFICIALS, suddenly rush around the corner.

They're holding a few folders, walking briskly...

OFFICIAL #1

He's ready-

OFFICIAL #2

-Full confession?

OFFICIAL #1

Full confession.

OFFICIAL #3

He wants total immunity.

They turn the corner and enter a small dark room, where a single light shines over a MAN at a table. WE NEVER SEE the man's face.

The three men pull up chairs across from him.

One of them pulls out a small recording device, sets it up in front of the man.

OFFICIAL #2

Someone went to work on that eye.

The man doesn't respond.

Official #2 reaches over and hits record on the recording device.

OFFICIAL #2 (CONT'D)

Okay...tell us what happened...

INT. OFFICE -- NIGHT

The other man continues to clutch the gun, staring out at the city.

Finally, in one swift movement, he raises it to his head and fires...

ROLL OPENING CREDITS.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING -- DAY

Our guys, LEVI CHARLES, TRAVIS HOWARD, ANDREW THOMAS, and BILLY ADAMS sit around a conference table, talking to JEFF REYNOLDS, an older man in his late 50's with short, white hair.

LEVI

We're an exclusive group here, Jeffrey. Do you realize that?

JEFF

I guess so-

LEVI

-How long have I known you?

JEFF

About...four years.

LEVI

Okay. No offense, but the only reason we are talking right now is because I've built a rapport with you.

ANDREW

We have twenty other people that want to meet with us but we're sitting here with you.

BILLY

We don't let just anyone invest with us.

TRAVIS

We're trying to maintain an image.

JEFF

Yes, of course.

TRAVIS

Someone's gonna get rich. It might as well be you.

LEVI

Do you understand what this opportunity is? I mean, do you truly understand what this opportunity is?

JEFF

Um...

LEVI

Tell'em Billy.

BILLY

We will all but guarantee ten percent back on your investment in the first month.

JEFF

In the first month?

LEVI

The first month, Jeffrey. You have to realize...there is a reason that we are some of the most sought after brokers in the country right now. It's because we've created our brand. The Phoenix Group brand. And it stands for strength, reliability and consistency.

JEFF

I just don't like how the minimums-

ANDREW

-There's only a minimum so we can know that you are serious about the investment. Serious about the commitment.

JEFF

Well...

ANDREW

Look-If you feel uncomfortable after a few months and you want your money back, you can just pull out, and that'll be it.

TRAVIS

But you won't. Because after you see the returns you're getting in the first two months, you'll be dying to give us more money.

LEVI

Do you know how our site works, Jeffrey?

JEFF

Not really.

LEVI

Well, let me break it down really quick. We have implemented a system, utilizing the internet, that allows our investors to constantly keep track of their net gains. Billy here is the computer whiz that created it.

BILLY

It's set up so that you can look at your account at any time, and actually see where your money is going. You will be fully aware of any fluctuation. Complete transparency.

JEFF

And I'll have access to that account?

He looks at each man and then over to Levi. He flashes a big grin.

LEVI

No, Jeffrey. But let me assure you...it's in safe hands.

CUT TO:

INT. LUXURY APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Luxurious high-rise, overlooking the lights of Phoenix, Arizona.

CLOSE-UP ON A CIGAR BEING LIT -- WE PULL BACK TO SEE OUR FOUR MEN LIGHTING CIGARS, smiling, wearing expensive cut suits.

Levi admires his cigar and proclaims...

LEVI

Welcome to the twenty-first century,
gentlemen.

SUPERTITLE APPEARS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SCREEN THAT READS :
January 1st, 2000.

ANDREW

Feels good.

LEVI

This is our time. This is our time
to define what the twenty-first
century is going to represent. We can
shape it.

BILLY

The first outlaws of the new
millennium.

ANDREW

I get to be Wyatt Earp.

TRAVIS

Fuck that, Andrew. I'm Wyatt.

ANDREW

No, you're more of a side kick.
You're more of a Doc Holliday.

BILLY

I get to be Billy the Kid...cuz...
well...my name's Billy...

He grins.

TRAVIS

Nice reasoning, Bill.

ANDREW

Well, Billy the Kid died when
he was twenty-one. You still wanna
be him?

BILLY

Well I'm still alive, aren't I?

TRAVIS
No way I'm Doc Holliday.

ANDREW
Just live with it, Travis.

Levi steps back and grandly says...

LEVI
(smiling)
I'm Jesse James.

BILLY
Jesse James wasn't black.

LEVI
So?

ANDREW
You can't be Jesse James.

LEVI
I'm the black Jesse James.

BILLY
Doesn't work like that.

LEVI
Fuck yourselves.

TRAVIS
Yeah, you're gonna have to be...
well...you're fucked.

LEVI
I'm Jesse James because I say I
am.

TRAVIS
Whatever, Levi.

ANDREW
So we've decided? Billy is Billy.
Travis is Doc. Levi is Jesse James.

BILLY
Black Jesse James.

ANDREW

Black Jesse James. And I'm Wyatt
Earp.

TRAVIS

And what are we called?

ANDREW

I don't know.

BILLY

I think we're more of a Rat Pack if
you ask me.

ANDREW

That's not gonna work because
everyone wants to be Sinatra.

BILLY

And Levi won't wanna be Sammy Davis.

LEVI

I'd be Sinatra.

TRAVIS

Black Sinatra?

LEVI

Look--How about we just all shut the
fuck up and get down to business, huh?
I wanna get back to the point I was
trying to make.

Everyone quiets down...

LEVI (CONT'D)

Gentlemen--We can define this
century. The internet is allowing us
to do things we've never done before.
It's allowing us...to do what we're
doing.

ANDREW

Scamming the shit outta people.

LEVI

We are not "scamming" people.

BILLY

How is it different?

LEVI

Because...these people will never feel the affects of losing their money. All we're doing is searching for oil, and when we find it, we extract a small, insignificant share.

BILLY

Well, insignificant to them.

LEVI

These people..how many people we have already?

ANDREW

Seventeen.

LEVI

Seventeen! Okay, clearly, they're all fucking millionaires. They give us that one hundred thousand...like Peter Williams did...they give us that one hundred thousand knowing its just going to sit in that account and accumulate cash flow. It's money they never plan on touching in the first place!

BILLY

Good point.

ANDREW

Yeah.

LEVI

We are taking money from people that already have it...people that plan on dying rich...and we're giving it to the new generation...us!

TRAVIS

Gotta keep it going is all.

LEVI

Gotta keep it going.

ANDREW

Gotta stay out of trouble.

LEVI

We will...as long as we communicate...collaborate...and continue finding investors. This isn't going to work if we let up. Seventeen is good. It is. But it's not eighteen. And eighteen isn't nineteen. And nineteen isn't motherfucking twenty.

TRAVIS

I think getting that call room was a good idea.

LEVI

We hired anyone yet?

TRAVIS

We hired the main manager, not the telemarketers.

LEVI

Okay, well we gotta get on that.

ANDREW

I'm still against it.

LEVI

What do you mean?

ANDREW

Well, before it was just private investors we met through connections. Now it's cold calls? I don't know.

BILLY

But the problem is we ran outta connections, Andrew.

LEVI

It's fine. Anything gets fishy...ever...all we do is get rid of the call room.

ANDREW

Yeah...

LEVI

Okay, gentlemen. Time to roll.
Let's go.

SLOW-MOTION -- WE DOLLY BACK WITH THEM AS THEY ALL WALK ACROSS THE ROOM AND OVER TO THE FRONT DOOR.

THE SCREEN SPLITS INTO FOUR SEPARATE FRAMES, EACH FRAME WITH A SHOT OF EACH MAN AS THEY WALK.

CUT TO:

WE SHOW A QUICK SCENE FROM EACH MAN'S INDIVIDUAL LIFE AND THEIR CONFLICT:

INT. CASINO -- NIGHT

Packed casino. Travis is sitting down at the Texas Hold'em table, looking over his cards. Finally...

TRAVIS
Fuck it. I'm all-in.

He pushes his chips into the middle of the table, and pulls out a cigarette. He whips out a lighter but before he can light it...

DEALER
No smoking, sir.

TRAVIS
The most nerve-racking game in the world, you can't fuckin' smoke?

The man across from him, contemplates his call, and...

GAMBLER
I call.

Travis looks shocked.

The man flips his cards over and shows pocket Kings. Travis is beat.

He freaks out...

TRAVIS
FUCK! You're slow playing Kings!
You fuckin' bitch!

Travis has a gambling problem to say the least...

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING -- DAY

Billy, dressed in a suit and tie, sits across from his father, MR. ADAMS, a foreboding man of great stature.

MR. ADAMS

You are doing well for yourself, son.

BILLY

Thanks, father.

MR. ADAMS

But you know, your line of work can fluctuate immensely.

Billy grins...

BILLY

Well...not necessarily...

MR. ADAMS

What I'm trying to say is...I want you to go to Law School.

BILLY

Law School?

MR. ADAMS

Everyone in our family...it's your rite of passage, Bill.

BILLY

That's not gonna happen.

MR. ADAMS

Look at your brother. You know how much money he's making right now?

CUT TO:

INT. ANDREW'S HOME -- NIGHT

Andrew is sitting indian-style on the bed with his new girlfriend, HEATHER. They're playing a card game and also playing "would you rather" at the same time.

ANDREW

Would you rather have one arm or one leg?

She responds quickly...

HEATHER

One arm.

She slaps a card down...

ANDREW

Higher.

She slaps the next card down.

HEATHER

Fly or teleport?

ANDREW

Fly, no question. Lower. You know, we're supposed to be taking shots in this game I think.

HEATHER

Not necessarily.

ANDREW

Eight feet tall or two feet tall?

She laughs.

HEATHER

Two feet?! Umm....eight feet tall, easy.

ANDREW

How is that easy?

HEATHER

It just is.

ANDREW

Higher.

HEATHER

Okay, I have a good one.

ANDREW

I'm ready.

HEATHER

Would you rather...be rich and die
young...or be broke and die old...

He looks at her closely...

ANDREW

Good question.

CUT TO:

INT. LEVI'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

WE ARE CLOSE-UP ON A STEREO SYSTEM -- A HAND COMES IN AND TURNS
UP THE VOLUME.

Levi steps back from the stereo, wearing a wife-beater, jeans.
He looks really high, and is nodding his head to the beat of
the music with his eyes closed. He does that for a moment and
then comes back over to the couch and plops down.

He leans over the coffee table and starts rolling a blunt of
weed.

He continues nodding his head, the music flowing through him.

He zones out.

We pull back...leaving him alone...in isolation...and
finally...

FADE OUT:

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

Our four guys are shaking hands with two ASIAN BUSINESSMEN. They
exchange "goodbyes."

EXT. PARKING GARAGE -- LATER

The four men walk out of a doorway and wander through the parking
garage...

LEVI

Great work, gentlemen.

ANDREW

You think they're in?

LEVI

Of course.

ANDREW

I don't know. They seemed pretty damn skeptical.

LEVI

No, no, no. We got 'em. Trust me. We wait two days, then call them back. We'll get it. Billy, I liked that thing you said about "risk."

BILLY

Thanks.

TRAVIS

Guys...I just don't...I don't know...I feel like we should be going after some bigger fish here. I mean...these guys...maybe they invest our minimum...but I'm not trying to nickel and dime this shit. I want the big run, the big hit.

ANDREW

The big hit is how we get fucked! The big hit is how we get the SEC all over our backs.

LEVI

Hold on, hold on. Travis--Do you have something in mind?

TRAVIS

Well...

BILLY

You got someone, don't you?

TRAVIS

I do.

ANDREW

Who?

A beat.

Travis contemplates bringing this up, but finally...

TRAVIS
This guy...Tan'el.

LEVI
Tan'el?

TRAVIS
Tan'el Garcia.

ANDREW
Is this that Mexico City connection?

TRAVIS
Yes.

ANDREW
No--Screw that guy!

LEVI
What? I haven't heard about this.

ANDREW
Travis met some guy playing-

TRAVIS
-Can I speak for myself?

Andrew bites his lip, steps back.

Travis prepares his story and then delivers...

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Okay. Well, I was playing in this underground hold'em tournament, exclusive shit, fifty thousand dollar buy in. Atlantic city about two months ago. Well, I'm hot, seriously fuckin' hot. I'm check raising blind before the flop and hitting. Just pure magic, man.

AS HE IS TELLING THE STORY, WE SHOW A FLASHBACK OF THE ACTUAL INCIDENT.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Well, I'm the chip leader and people are starting to take notice. After awhile, they combine a few tables, and I get put next to this big fuckin' Carlos Santana motherfucker, chest

hair, gold chains, sunglasses, the whole damn archetype man. This guy just smells like money. So, we start this little convo. And the whole time, I'm pitching myself as a broker, playing it off like I'm fuckin' Gordon Gekko and shit. But, we aren't playing against each other, until finally I hit big and go all-in. Well, this fucker calls me, flips over a damn straight flush. A straight fuckin' flush. I lose everything. As I'm walking away, he pulls me aside and says..."I'll give you a chance to make some of that back." He slides me his card and says "you make it to my city, we'll talk business." Talkin' about Mexico City.

LEVI

Perfect. Great lead.

ANDREW

Finish the story, Travis.

TRAVIS

Well, it turns out, this guy runs the largest drug operation in Mexico, and isn't even allowed in the U.S.

BILLY

Geez, Travis.

TRAVIS

But this guy...he's a big fish. Fuckin' Moby Dick, man!

ANDREW

Scamming these middle-aged Republicans is one thing but you gotta be insane to fuck with a drug lord. We could be negotiating, and out of nowhere this guy could think somethin's up and fuckin' kill us!

DREAM SEQUENCE:

Tan'el sits across from our four guys. He gives a scowl and in SLOW-MOTION whips out a 9mm, stands and BLASTS ALL OF OUR GUYS IN THE CHEST, ONE BY ONE, BLOOD IGNITING FROM THEIR BODIES and QUICKLY CUT BACK TO REALITY...

INT. PARKING GARAGE --

LEVI

Well, that's the debate then, isn't it? Billy, wat'd you say in there about risk again?

BILLY

Basically just...no risk, no reward. No big risk, no big reward.

LEVI

No big risk, no big reward.

He smiles. Andrew looks around at the others and notices he's the only one who is nervous about this.

They stand in silence for a moment.

MUSIC CUE TAKING US TO...

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE -- DAY

The guys are sitting on a private plane, wearing suits, cool sunglasses, traveling to...Mexico City.

EXT. RUNWAY -- DAY

The plane lands on a private runway outside of Mexico City. The four men are met by a private limousine. They get in.

EXT. RANCH -- DAY

The limo pulls up to a huge ranch estate. The four men get out, wearing their suits, looking sharp.

Billy takes off his sunglasses...

BILLY

Holy shit.

LEVI

Chill Bill.

INT. WHITE SURVEILLANCE VAN -- SAME TIME

Large surveillance van probably two miles away. There are THREE F.B.I. officials sitting around a tracking and recording device, surveillance video.

They're drinking coffee.

One of the men sips his drink and burns his mouth...

OFFICIAL #1

Fuck that's hot!

MIKE NORTHCUTT, a strong, intelligent man, will become a central figure in the story...

MIKE

I told you.

OFFICIAL #1

Whaddya mean you told me, you didn't say shit.

MIKE

I told you! Didn't I say something, Dan? I said "cool it off."

OFFICIAL #1

I don't need any advice from a fuckin' rookie.

MIKE

Rookie? Where?

OFFICIAL #1

Right...(he points at him) there.

MIKE

Please...I was in the field for ten years before they begged me to help out on your unit.

OFFICIAL #2

Whatever you say, Mike.

MIKE

That's not subjective, that's a mother
fuckin' fact.

He reaches into his pocket and takes out some nicorette gum.
He pops a piece into his mouth.

OFFICIAL #2

Nicorette?

MIKE

Yeah.

OFFICIAL #2

You're really losing your edge.

Mike doesn't react.

INT. RANCH -- DAY

Our guys are being led through the house by a hired ASSISTANT.
This place is a palace, the product of drug money.

Billy and Andrew are looking around, admiring the place. Levi
and Travis walk ahead of them, staring straight forward.

They turn the corner to see TAN'EL GARCIA, 40's, overweight,
watching a movie, holding his young nephew in his lap. He hears
their footsteps and turns...

TAN'EL

Gentlemen!

He moves his nephew to the side and gets up...

TRAVIS

Good to see you again, Mr. Garcia.

LEVI

Great to meet you.

They all shake hands.

INT. DINING ROOM, RANCH -- LATER

They all sit around this huge dining room table. Tan'el's assistant wanders around with a cigar box and offers one to each of them.

They each take one and put it to their lips.

TRAVIS
Been hittin' any of the tables
lately?

Tan'el laughs.

TAN'EL
Of course! And if you want your money
taken again, lemme know.

TRAVIS
(grinning)
Any time, any place.

Tan'el laughs again.

The assistant wanders around once more and lights each cigar.

He grows serious, wanting to get down to business.

TAN'EL
So talk to me, talk to me, talk to me.

LEVI
Well, how much do you know about us?

TAN'EL
Nothing.

LEVI
Our job is to make you money.

ANDREW
You provide the capitol, and we
provide the interest.

BILLY
Heavy interest.

LEVI
We guarantee returns.

TAN'EL
Guarantee?

LEVI

Ask any one of our partners and you'll hear the same thing. We do not bullshit. We are in the business of making money.

INT. WHITE SURVEILLANCE VAN -- SAME TIME

Mike has his headphones on, listens intently to the conversation. He turns up the volume on his mixer.

OFFICIAL #1

Who are these guys?

INT. DINING ROOM, RANCH -- DAY

LEVI

We have connections, relationships we've developed, that allow us and help assist us to predict the market and make the calculated decisions necessary to put benjamins in your pocket.

INT. WHITE SURVEILLANCE VAN -- SAME TIME

MIKE

Fuckin' insider trading?

INT. DINING ROOM, RANCH --

ANDREW

You at least know our track record, right? Travis filled you in?

TAN'EL

Yes, yes. He pumped you guys up.

ANDREW

So, you're aware of our reputation then?

TAN'EL

I am.

ANDREW

Okay, then before we go further, what kinds of questions and concerns do you have about the process?

A beat.

TAN'EL

Well...you know...I work hard for my money. I work for twenty years to get to where I am. Twenty years. Twenty years of gathering, accumulating...wealth, power...to get to where I am today. To get all of this! So, now that I am here, now that I am on the pedestal, as you will, I don't plan on jumping off. I plan on staying up on my fucking pedestal.

ANDREW

Of course-

TAN'EL

-Do you know how I stay on my pedestal? By making good decisions. By making the right decisions. I don't partner with people, rule number one. I don't trust anyone. I don't get fucked, rule number two.

TRAVIS

That's a pretty good rule.

TAN'EL

I expect my money to grow...if I'm with you guys...I expect straight forwardness...I expect honesty-

BILLY

-You can trust us, sir.

Tan'el sits back in his chair.

He slowly takes out a gun from his belt and sets it on the table.

TAN'EL

Every man's gun is like an extension of their dick. This right here? This is my dick. Do you know what I do with it? I fuck with it. And I fuck people up

with it. You guys trying to pull something on me? You guys lose my money? You get fucked.

LEVI

I...understand.

He grins, the guys don't know if they should laugh or not.

TAN'EL

Lemme show you something.

INT. DINING ROOM, RANCH -- LATER

They all stand around a huge, framed painting on the wall. Tan'el is standing in front of them, admiring it.

TAN'EL

See that? Guess how much that cost.

TRAVIS

Um...sixty bucks?

Levi hits him in the arm.

TAN'EL

That painting right there cost me one hundred thousand dollars. But, it was an investment. Because now, I have people come over, look at the painting, I tell them how much it cost, and they are impressed. It reflects positively on me. I paid to impress people...and it continues to pay off. I want the same thing in all of my investments.

LEVI

Of course.

TAN'EL

I like you boys. I wouldn't have given Travis my card if I didn't like him. I felt...guilty about taking his money.

TRAVIS

Okay, okay.

TAN'EL

My point is that I take risks. I realize that it takes money to make money. But if I don't make money, if I lose money, someone is going to get their balls cut off. If I invest with you gentlemen, and I lose money, which one of you is going to get it?

ANDREW

What?

Tan'el whips out a pocket knife...

TAN'EL

Which one of you is going to get their balls cut off?

They look at each other strangely.

TAN'EL (CONT'D)

You want my money? I could make it all of you...?

TRAVIS

Billy volunteers!

BILLY

What?!

TRAVIS

C'mon, Bill! Take one for the team here!

BILLY

This isn't fuckin' dodgeball! He's talking about cutting off my balls, man!

DREAM SEQUENCE:

QUICK CUT TO Billy being held down onto a table, he struggles, screaming. Tan'el walks up with a huge smile on his face, holding a long knife and WE QUICKLY CUT BACK TO REALITY...

INT. DINING ROOM, RANCH --

Billy looks extremely nervous.

ANDREW

Not me. I got a girlfriend. I need mine.

LEVI

I'll fuckin' voluntee, damn. Put it on me. And you wanna know why? Cuz you aren't losing shit. You have my word.

TAN'EL

Okay!

He shakes his hand.

TAN'EL (CONT'D)

Hopefully we'll both keep what we got.

He flashes a big smile.

TAN'EL (CONT'D)

I'm a gambler, a risk taker, it's what I do, it's how I survive, it's why I'm where I am. But I'm also a little crazy.

(a beat)

Alright! I will invest in you boys...I will invest...I have a small account that just sits there...doin' nothin' but sittin', gettin' cobwebs...I will invest that...

Levi leans in...

LEVI

How much?

TAN'EL

Ten.

BILLY

Ten what?

TAN'EL

Million.

The others looks shocked, but immediately try to hide it...

LEVI
Well, great!

TAN'EL
Do you know who's on the million
dollar bill?

BILLY
Um-

TAN'EL
-ME! Keep it that way.

He tosses his pocket knife to Travis...

TAN'EL (CONT'D)
And keep that as a reminder.

Travis looks down at the knife and clutches it tight.

INT. WHITE SURVEILLANCE VAN -- SAME TIME

Mike listens carefully, pressing the headphones up against his
ears.

EXT. RANCH -- LATER

The four men walk out of the ranch, smiling, laughing...a big
score.

INT. PRIVATE AIRPLANE -- LATER

They pile into the small aircraft.

ANDREW
Can you believe this?!

BILLY
Ten million!

Billy starts hyperventilating...

BILLY (CONT'D)
That's a lot of...pressure...

Travis gives him a strange look...

TRAVIS

Will you chill out please?

Travis sits down, starts to light up a cigarette...

ANDREW (CONT'D)

This is the biggest score we'll probably ever get!

LEVI

Relax, relax. Everyone just relax.

TRAVIS

Levi's just on edge cuz he put his balls on the line.

LEVI

Well that's part of it!

They all laugh.

LEVI (CONT'D)

But do you guys realize...with an investment like that...for the scheme to work...we need more investors to keep it going.

ANDREW

Yeah but-

LEVI

-We got more work to do fellas.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Andrew and Heather are having dinner, celebrating over some champagne.

They hold up their glasses to toast...

ANDREW

A toast!

HEATHER

To what?

ANDREW

You have to toast to something?

HEATHER

Of course!

ANDREW

We can't just clink our glasses together?

HEATHER

No silly!

ANDREW

Okay, well, toast to Mexico!

HEATHER

Si!

ANDREW

Si? I bet that's the only Spanish word you know.

HEATHER

Nu uh.

ANDREW

Okay. What else you know?

HEATHER

Gracias. And...fiesta...

ANDREW

Wow, are you bilingual or something?

HEATHER

Shut up.

They smile and sip their wine.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

So tell me about this deal?

ANDREW

We got a really big investment.

HEATHER

How much?

ANDREW

I don't wanna go into details, babe.

HEATHER

That's not really a detail.

ANDREW

That's definitely a detail. I'll tell you that...it's alot...and it's going to make our lives better.

HEATHER

Well, that's good then.

ANDREW

Yeah.

HEATHER

How about I guess how much the investment was?

ANDREW

No.

HEATHER

C'mon!

ANDREW

Geez, fine.

HEATHER

Okay...

She ponders...

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Fifty million?!

Andrew coughs on his wine, and spits some of it out.

ANDREW

Dear lord, I wish!

They start laughing.

HEATHER

Well...now that you're gonna be making a lot of money, how are you gonna protect yourself?

ANDREW

What do you mean?

HEATHER

Andrew, it's the year two-thousand now. You know how many scams they have these days?

Andrew shrugs.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

I just heard about some guy stealing people's identities online and getting into their accounts and things like that.

ANDREW

Baby, you don't have to worry about that-

HEATHER

-You're gonna feel pretty stupid if some computer hacker takes all your money, your hard earned money-

ANDREW

That's not gonna happen. You're crazy.

HEATHER

Why risk it though?

ANDREW

So what're you saying? That I shouldn't have a bank account?

HEATHER

I just think you should have some type of backup plan in the times we're living in.

ANDREW

I'm pretty sure all my money is insured.

HEATHER

I think you should just keep a little nest egg in cash.

ANDREW

And what? Bury it in our fuckin'
backyard?

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD, ANDREW'S HOUSE -- LATER

Andrew finishes shoveling some dirt over a hole as Heather stands a few feet behind him, waiting patiently.

Andrew's sweating hard and stops to wipe the sweat off of his forehead...

HEATHER

One million in cash...completely
safe...

She turns and heads back toward the house. Andrew turns around and glares at her.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE-UP ON A PIECE OF NICORETTE GUM - Mike takes the piece and pops it into his mouth. WIDER NOW - We see Mike is sitting in his office - He checks his watch, grabs a few folders and walks into the hallway. We follow him, he passes a few people. No one says "Hi" to him.

INT. F.B.I. -- LATER

Mike is sitting around a conference table with a bunch of other F.B.I. officials.

PETER DONNELLY, late 50's, high official, booming voice, strides into the room..

PETER

What's F.B.I. stand for people?!

He's drinking coffee, walking quickly. A young official starts to respond until Peter cuts him off..

PETER (CONT'D)

Fidelity, bravery, and motherfucking
integrity. That's what you should
say to yourself before you start every

day. Those five little words
that just roll off the tongue and make
you wanna DO YOUR FUCKING JOB.

(overemphasizing)

Say it with me people.

The group follows unenthusiastically...

ALL

Fidelity...bravery...and mother...fucking...
integrity.

PETER

Fantastic.

He sips his coffee.

Another young OFFICIAL walks in late...

YOUNG OFFICIAL

Sorry I'm late.

PETER

The only person that can be late
in this room is me. Do it again
and I'll pour this delicious coffee
down your pants...and that's not a threat.
Okay! Who's gonna start?!

He glances over at Mike...

PETER (CONT'D)

Northcutt--Brief us on the Garcia
operation.

MIKE

We're still doing investigations.

PETER

Anything substantial?

MIKE

It's no secret the kind of
ring that he has going on down there.
But, this isn't like raiding a crack
house in Compton. We make the wrong
step, and this sets up a war.

PETER

You have funding to continue your program.

MIKE

I actually had something else...that...is now kind of interesting...

PETER

What?

MIKE

Tan'el met with some brokers but...

PETER

Who would've thought the fat fuck would play Wall Street?

He smiles.

MIKE

It's more than that. These guys he met with...there's something off about it...

PETER

We're trying to bring down a drug lord, not some yuppy, stock brokers.

MIKE

But-

PETER

-Did you get names?

MIKE

Just their business title. The Phoenix Group.

PETER

SEC on them yet?

MIKE

They were audited last year, no red flags but...

PETER

Well tell'em to do another.

Mike scribbles something into a notebook, he seems frustrated.

PETER (CONT'D)
Who's next?!

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING --

Levi and Billy walk out of an elevator, wearing sharp suits. They rush quickly through the hall and turn the corner into the call room.

INT. CALL ROOM, OFFICE BUILDING --

The room is lined with desks, where telemarketers are sitting down, talking on the phones, looking over their cold call lists.

At the head of the room is RICHARD MARTIN, mid-20's.

Everyone stops and looks at Billy and Levi as they enter the room.

Richard sees them and darts over, shaking their hands...

RICHARD
Gentlemen, hey.

BILLY
Lookin' good in here.

RICHARD
Thanks. I got everyone working really hard. Gathering a shit load of leads.

LEVI
How are the pitches coming?

RICHARD
Good. It's the first week. Some are better than others.

LEVI
No, no, no. Fuck that. Everyone's pitch needs to be fire. If there's someone who's weak on the phones, not getting leads, you fucking fire them! No weak links.

He shouts out over the room...

LEVI (CONT'D)
Hear that boys! No leads, no fuckin'
job!

Levi walks over to the nearest telemarketer and kneels down next to him.

LEVI (CONT'D)
Let's hear your pitch.

The TELEMARKETER looks nervous, doesn't move...

LEVI (CONT'D)
Wanna take a picture? C'mon, make a
call!

The young man dials a number from his call sheet, waits for an answer and gets it...

TELEMARKETER
Hi! How are you, sir? Oh, I mean,
maam. No, I'm sorry, I...well...I'm
from The Phoenix Group and-

Levi rips the phone out of his hand and hangs it up...

LEVI
What the fuck was that?!

TELEMARKETER
Uh...

LEVI
You're a fuckin' salesman man! Did
you sound like a salesman there?

TELEMARKETER
Uh...

LEVI
No, you didn't. You know what you
sounded like? You sounded like a
fuckin' pussy! Are you a pussy?

TELEMARKETER
Um...no.

LEVI

No you aren't. You know why? Because we don't have pussies in this room, sir. We have salesmen. And you're in this room because that's what you are!

TELEMARKETER

Yes, sir.

LEVI

Okay, your first mistake. You can't ask them how they are right off the bat. Someone calls up and asks how you are you're gonna say who the fuck is this? The suspicion grows immediately. So, you have to hit them with your identity immediately. "Hi, sir. This is Big Fuckin' Pussy at the Phoenix Group. I'm curious, have you heard of us?" Of course they haven't heard of us, but this gives us a little bit of credibility as if they should know us. After they say no, you say "okay, great. Well, let me tell you a little bit about what we do." Never tell them it's a sales call. They'll fuckin' hang up. And never tell them you're going to make them money. They'll hang up. All you do is tell them that you'd like to inform them about our services and that if they would like more information then you can connect them directly to a broker for a consultation. You book the consultation, that's a lead. That's how you get commission.

TELEMARKETER

(sheepishly)

We get commission here?

Levi glances over at Richard..

RICHARD

I told him!

Levi looks at the telemarketer, then back at Richard.

LEVI

Can I talk to you outside for a minute?

BILLY

I'll be right back, Levi.

LEVI

Okay, Bill. Richard, come here.

Levi and Richard walk out into the hallway...

INT. HALLWAY --

LEVI

Richard, we hired you to be the captain of our ship in there. But you're not. You need to step up.

RICHARD

I've been teaching those guys none stop how to pitch. I'm on their backs constantly.

LEVI

You're a salesman, right? That's what your resume said. Was your resume lying?

RICHARD

No, of course not. I have years of-

LEVI

Okay, okay, I don't need to hear any bullshit. Just do better, alright?

RICHARD

Yeah, yeah.

He pats him on the back.

LEVI

Okay. We're counting on you. Can we count on you?

RICHARD

Of course.

LEVI

Good.

INT. BATHROOM, CLUB — NIGHT

QUICK CUTS OF TRAVIS DOING COCAINE.

INT. CLUB —

WE FOLLOW TRAVIS AS HE WALKS THROUGH THE CLUB AND OVER TO THE BAR (DIRECTOR NOTE: SHOT WHEN ACTOR STANDS ON DOLLY AND LOOKS LIKE HE IS FLOATING)

The music is blasting, the place bumping.

Travis and Billy are in the club, taking shots with a few attractive women.

Travis is hammered.

Levi walks by, being led by MONICA, his ex-girlfriend.

LEVI

(to the guys)

I'm in trouble. See you later.

TRAVIS

Oh fuck!

They laugh as Monica leads Levi to a booth in the corner.

Billy turns to Travis...

BILLY

That's my last shot, Travis.

TRAVIS

Fuck that! It's only...

He looks at his watch...

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

-One fifteen! We got forty-five more minutes!

BILLY

You need to slow down.

TRAVIS

That's my fuckin' point, Bill! Why

slow down! Why the fuck should I slow down! I'll slow down when I'm dead!

BILLY

That's not the best philosophy.

TRAVIS

We're rich, man! We are fuckin' rich! And you know what, this is just the beginning. We're gonna make more. We're gonna make a lot more!

BILLY

Yeah...

TRAVIS

See...we can't stop...do you realize that? This is set up to go on forever.

BILLY

That doesn't mean we have to floor the gas pedal.

TRAVIS

Billy, I'm going ninety in a thirty five!

INT. BOOTH, CLUB -- SAME TIME

Monica continues to lecture Levi...

MONICA

I heard about fuckin' Angela.

LEVI

So?

MONICA

So?! I heard you let that skank put her hands on you.

LEVI

That's none of your business

MONICA

I'm not lettin' some slut get on my man.

LEVI

We broke up!

MONICA
We did not break up.

LEVI
What are you talkin' about?! Get out
of Monica World for just one moment
so you can listen to what I'm
saying...so you can absorb this shit.
This...this is nothing.

MONICA
No it's not.

LEVI
Yes it is.

MONICA
No it's not.

LEVI
Yes it is.

They stare at each...and then start making out.

Back to...

INT. CLUB -- SAME TIME

Travis and Billy still talking at the bar.

Travis takes out a huge wad of twenties...

TRAVIS
Bartender!!!

The bartender comes over...

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Get these ladies whatever they want!

They laugh, Travis smiles and turns back to Billy...

BILLY
You gotta be a little more low key,
man.

TRAVIS
Low key isn't in my nature.

BILLY

Yeah but...

TRAVIS
We gotta live fast.

BILLY
Die young, huh? You tryin' to go out
in a blaze of glory, Travis?

CUT TO:

DREAM SEQUENCE:

We see Travis running down a hallway, looking over his shoulder, dressed in a suit. We see three cops running after him. He turns the corner and continues running. The cops turn the corner, pull out their guns and unload bullets into Travis' back. SLOW-MOTION AS THE BULLETS PENETRATE HIS FLESH AND HE FALLS TO THE GROUND.

CUT TO:

INT. BOOTH, CLUB -- SAME TIME

Monica and Levi stop kissing. He looks at her...

LEVI
You don't want to be associated with
me.

MONICA
Why not?

LEVI
Because I'm a bad man. I'm a bad man
and I do bad things.

MONICA
So...

LEVI
So? That doesn't scare you?

MONICA
Nothing scares me.

LEVI
Nothing scares you? I doubt that.

MONICA

I know the real Levi...I know you aren't as bad as you pretend to be.

LEVI
Are you sure about that?

MONICA
Pretty sure.

LEVI
Do you know what I do for a living?

MONICA
Yeah.

LEVI
What?

MONICA
You sell stocks or something...

LEVI
Wrong!

He runs his finger down her arm and over to her necklace.

LEVI (CONT'D)
I look for things I want...and I take them.

She smiles...

INT. CLUB --

Travis sips his beer, takes a deep breath, turns...

TRAVIS
Dying young makes you a legend. James Dean, JFK, Marilyn Monroe, Kurt Cobain, Jim Morrison, Tupac...what's wrong with that?

CUT TO:

INT. BILLY'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

Billy slowly wakes up, rubs his head, has a huge hangover.

He gets out of bed.

He wanders into the next room to see Travis passed out in the middle of the room, snoring, face down.

Billy shakes his head.

CUT TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP -- DAY

Billy walks up the sidewalk and enters a coffee shop.

Across the street we see Mike, sitting in his parked car. He gets out and wanders toward the shop.

INT. COFFEE SHOP --

Billy sits down in a booth, sipping coffee...suddenly...Mike slides into the seat across from him.

Billy looks startled, Mike immediately whips out his F.B.I. badge...

MIKE

Mike Northcut. F.B.I.

BILLY

Hi...is there a problem?

MIKE

No. Just wanted to ask you some questions.

BILLY

About what?

MIKE

The Phoenix Group.

BILLY

Well, we're a brokerage.

MIKE

Why don't you live in New York?

BILLY

We haven't made the move yet, but with today's technology we can handle business all over the world from here.

MIKE

What do you know about insider trading?

BILLY

I know enough.

MIKE

What about front-running?

A beat.

BILLY

Are you investigating us?

MIKE

Just pickin' at the scab a little bit. I'll keep this brief. You give us any information that may lead to an arrest, you obtain complete immunity.

He takes out a business card and slides it over to him.

MIKE (CONT'D)

That's my number.

Billy takes it.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I don't know what you guys have going on...but whatever it is, you can be sure that you will be caught eventually-

BILLY

-Let me cut you off right there, sir.

He calmly sips his coffee.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Our profession is legitimate and we have the referrals to prove it. There's a reason the SEC isn't on our backs.

MIKE

They have thousands of registered traders to worry about-

BILLY

-You want my contact list of investors? You can have it. Every one of them will tell you about the deposits they get from us every month.

MIKE

But is it bigger than their investment is my question.

BILLY

Well, Mr...

MIKE

Northcut.

BILLY

Northcut. Why don't you write me a check and find out?

MIKE

...

BILLY

No? Okay, then, if you wanna talk further, you know where to find me...at the fuckin' coffee shop trying to fuckin' relax. Good day to you.

He slides out and walks away. Mike seems frustrated.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP --

Billy walks quickly down the street. He's thinking hard, breathing hard, stops in his tracks, and looks back in the direction of the coffee shop. He bites his bottom lip, annoyed.

INT. ANDREW'S OFFICE -- DAY

Andrew is on the phone, having a consultation with a lead...

ANDREW

Sir, we are in the business of making money. That's what we do. Would you like to talk to some of my other clients? To confirm the returns they're getting as we speak?

Billy walks in, Andrew holds up his hand.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I understand. Well, then let me talk to your wife about it. (pause) Yes, that's fine. Call anytime. (pause) But Rick, remember, you're dealing with the champs here. You're dealing with Andrew Thomas! If you were smart, you'd tell your wife that if she wants that anniversary in the Bahamas this year, you should do something with your money and allow us to help you. (pause) Okay, Rick. I'll have my phone on me at all times. Bye now.

He hangs up, then holds his cell phone like a gun, pointing it at Billy.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

We are in the old west, Billy. And this here, is my damn pistol.

He spins it around in his hand.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

We're the cowboys, baby. Modern age cowboys.

Billy comes over and sits down across from Andrew.

Andrew sits down and starts doing some paperwork.

BILLY

We are in the desert.

ANDREW

And I have the quickest draw in the West.

LEVI

Faster than Levi?

ANDREW

Eh. So what's up?

A beat.

BILLY

Andrew...I was down gettin' some
coffee this morning...and some
F.B.I. official approached me.

Andrew freezes, looks up at him.

ANDREW

What?

BILLY

He wanted me to give him information
and said that I'd get total immunity
and all this shit.

He takes out Mike's business card and flips it onto Andrew's
desk.

BILLY (CONT'D)

They're investigating us, man.
They're onto us!

ANDREW

Calm down.

(a beat)

See, we're making money now. Lots of
money. And people don't like that.
They don't wanna see young guys
making more than they do.

BILLY

He was like "you're gonna get
caught."

Andrew ponders...

ANDREW

This is okay. He wants to talk to
someone? Send him up to my office
next time this guy approaches you.

BILLY

You sure about that?

ANDREW

Yes. There's nothing to pin on us.

BILLY

This just got me thinking...I don't
know...how long...

He stops. Andrew leans in...

ANDREW
Say what you wanna say, c'mon.

BILLY
I don't wanna get caught, Andrew.

ANDREW
Knock that off, right now!

BILLY
I just-

ANDREW
-First off, you knew what you were getting into when you got involved. You have to believe one hundred percent in this or it falls through...or the pyramid crumbles.

BILLY
I know, I know...this guy...just kind of shook me up a little bit. Before I thought we were untouchable-

Suddenly, Levi walks in...

LEVI
Andrew, you call that last lead?

He sees the mood...

LEVI (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

ANDEW
(bluntly)
Billy wants to quit.

BILLY
What?! No...I...

Levi looks at him sternly...

LEVI
You wanna fucking quit?

BILLY
No, I just said...

ANDREW

Tell him what you just told me.

Billy nervously stands up, takes a deep breath...

BILLY

The fuckin' F.B.I. talked to me, man.
F.B.I.

Levi contemplates...

LEVI

What'd you say to them?

BILLY

It was just one guy. I told him to
fuck off, what'd you think?!

LEV

Okay, okay...this is fine. I don't
know what triggered this but this is
fine.

BILLY

And I didn't say I wanna quit, I just
said...

LEVI

Well, I'll clear that up for you right
now...this is a mafia, Bill. And like
all mafias, you can't quit, you
can't...it's for life. Blood in,
blood out kind of thing.

BILLY

I would never think about quitting.

LEVI

Remember, we are defining the 21st
century right now, as we speak. We
are defining the age of technology
with this. Jesse James, remember?

BILLY

I know, I know.

LEVI

So are you cool?

BILLY

Yeah.

LEVI
You're cool?

BILLY
Yeah.

LEVI
Okay...now...let's make some phone
calls, huh?

BILLY
Yeah.

Billy gets up and walks out of the room.

LEVI
And that F.B.I. official approaches
you again, you tell him Levi wants to
talk to him!

Andrew picks up Mike's business card on his desk and stares at
it.

CUT TO:

EXT. NORTHCUTT'S MODEST HOME — EVENING

Mike parks his car in the driveway, grabs his briefcase and
wanders over the front door.

INT. NORTHCUTT'S MODEST HOME —

MIKE

Becky?!

He tosses his suitcase onto the living room couch, takes off
his jacket and heads into the kitchen.

He calls out again...

MIKE (CONT'D)

Becky?! You home?!

He pauses, waits for an answer, and then quickly opens up a
cabinet drawer and takes out a handle of Jack Daniels. He grabs

a glass and starts pouring. A smile comes on his face, he stops pouring, takes a big swig.

It doesn't go down smooth and he winces.

We HEAR footsteps from the other room..

Mike quickly tries to hide the alcohol but Becky turns the corner and sees him.

BECKY

Hey, honey, are-

Mike freezes.

BECKY (CONT'D)

I thought you were quitting?

MIKE

Baby...I had a rough, rough, day. A tough, tough day.

BECKY

A promise is a promise, Mike.

MIKE

I know, I know. Look—I haven't had a cig in weeks. Can't we take this one at a time?

BECKY

It was your idea to quit! I agreed of course, but you can't just back out of it.

MIKE

Your right. Well, how about I quit next week? I need something to keep me going. I need something to keep my blood boiling.

He walks over to her and puts his hands on his shoulders.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I'm chasing some bad people right now. But I don't think anyone believes me. They think I'm wrong...but I'm not...and I'm gonna prove it.

BECKY

So you get to drink because of that?

MIKE
(smiling)
Yes.

INT. CASINO -- NIGHT

Travis is playing hold'em.

Billy wanders up behind him...

BILLY
Hey Travis, I think I'm taking off,
okay?

TRAVIS
Yeah, yeah.

BILLY
You gonna taxi home?

TRAVIS
Sure. (to the table) Ten thousand.

Travis stacks some chips and slides them into the middle of the table.

A few other players fold, but finally, this other guy calls him...

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Got some action, okay.

The DEALER starts flipping over the cards, and finally, Travis wins.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Fuck yeah!

Travis jumps up and starts pumping his fist, celebrating way more than he should.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Too bad, baby, time to walk!

The other PLAYER is getting annoyed by this taunting.

PLAYER
Go fuck yourself!

TRAVIS
Oh, you gonna cry little baby? You
a little baby? C'mon, you set
yourself up for that shit.

The Player makes a bee line for Travis and gets up in his face.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
Chill the fuck out.

PLAYER
You're lucky I don't break your nose
right now.

Travis scowls and looks away...

TRAVIS
Can someone get this guy a piece of
gum, fuck.

The Player shoves Travis in the chest and he flies back! The rest of the players get up and try to break it up. Travis flies back at him but is stopped by Billy.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
You better watch your back! I fuckin'
know people man! I could buy you
right now! You
know how much money I have?! Huh?!

The scuffle continues, Billy thrown in the middle of it.

INT. BILLY'S CAR -- LATER

Billy drives down the road. Travis in shotgun. They aren't saying anything to each other.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION -- DAY

A young female REAL ESTATE AGENT leads Andrew and Heather up to a beautiful home...

REAL ESTATE AGENT

I think you'll love this one.

Andrew grabs Heathers hand, they smile at each other.

INT. MANSION –

They wander into the home and it is gorgeous to say the least.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

This was actually just put on the market.
Perfect for a young, rich couple like
yourself.

She laughs.

ANDREW

How do you know we're rich? Do I smell
like money or something?

He smiles and sniffs his shirt as a joke.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

I think I know when you asked to look
at houses in the two to five million
dollar range!

ANDREW

Yes of course.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

How long have you been married?

ANDREW

We're not.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

Oh, how long have you been engaged?

They don't say anything, awkward moment, until...

HEATHER

This place is beautiful.

Heather walks out and over to the kitchen. Andrew follows...

REAL ESTATE AGENT

I'll give you a chance to check it out.
They wander away from her and over into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN, MANSION -

HEATHER
Do you like it?

ANDREW
I like the kitchen. But if this place
has any secret passageways I'm signing
today!

Suddenly, his phone rings.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
I gotta take this.

HEATHER
I thought you said you weren't gonna
answer your phone?

ANDREW
Baby, please, I have to. This is
important.

HEATHER
Well so is this!

Andrew looks back and forth at Heather and then his phone, back
and forth and finally he whips open his phone.

ANDREW
Hey...yeah...what's up?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, OFFICE BUILDING --

Levi, Andrew, and Billy sit around a conference table...all
looking very serious.

Suddenly, Travis walks into the room, kind of disheveled, wearing
his suit.

TRAVIS
Sorry I'm late.

The others look at each other.

Travis takes his seat.

They all look at him. Travis feels uncomfortable...

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

What?

No one says anything.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

Levi leans forward.

LEVI

We need to talk to you.

TRAVIS

Yeah, about what?

LEVI

You're drawing too much attention to yourself...to us.

TRAVIS

What are you talking about?

LEVI

I don't wanna lecture you, Travis...but...we don't need any extra attention from anyone. People hear you talking about how much money you have, they're going to start getting interested into where that money is coming from.

TRAVIS

Our cover is completely credible.

ANDREW

It doesn't matter, Travis. We can't seem reckless.

TRAVIS

You a little tattletale, Bill?

LEVI

Leave him out of this.

TRAVIS

Okay, so what do you want me to say?!

LEVI

Just take it easy for a little bit.

ANDREW

Just be smart. Use common sense.

Travis takes a deep breath.

TRAVIS

Shit...alright, fine. You gonna take my gambling priviledges away too?

LEVI

Gamble all you fuckin' want. Lose your entire share if it makes you happy.

TRAVIS

You know what, fuck you, Levi. You always act like you're the leader, but let me tell you something, there is no fucking leader!

INT. HALLWAY, OFFICE BUILDING --

As they're arguing, Richard wanders up the hallway, going over to ask them a question.

He hears Travis shouting, and stops by the door.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, OFFICE BUILDING --

LEVI

You wanna be in charge, Travis?

TRAVIS

That's my fucking point! No one is in charge! We're a fucking team!

ANDREW

Travis, just chill out.

TRAVIS

We get busted, we all go down together. Together. No one is different here. And I might as well point something else out...this

whole fucking scam was my idea! The fake accounts, the Ponzi scheme!

BILLY

Quiet down.

LEVI

Sit your ass back down and shut your mouth!

TRAVIS

I was the one who thought this shit up, man! And don't forget it!

INT. OFFICE BUILDING --

Richard is listening closely now, looks confused, squints. He passes over the doorway, blocking a little bit of light going into the room.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, OFFICE BUILDING --

The guys continue to argue as Billy watches the doorway...sees the light in the doorway kind of flickering because of Richard. He watches more closely and finally jumps up and rips open the door. He sees Richard, grabs him and throws him into the room.

TRAVIS

What the-

Immediately Andrew and Billy toss him into a chair. They all gather around him...

LEVI

What the fuck did you just hear?!

Richard is freaked out...

RICHARD

Nothing, nothing. I was just walking by.

LEVI

Bullshit!

Travis wanders away, rubbing his head in frustration.

ANDREW

Richard...be smart here...tell us what you heard.

RICHARD
I...I didn't...hear anything.

BILLY
You're lying, Richard.

LEVI
How long were you standing there?

RICHARD
Just for like...a minute.

LEVI
A minute! You can hear a lot in a
minute, Richard.

ANDREW
Dammit!

Andrew walks away.

Levi contemplates...

LEVI
We gotta kill him.

RICHARD
What?!

He tries to jump up but Billy and Andrew grab him again and hold his arms behind his back as he continues to squirm.

Levi bends down right in front of his face.

LEVI
Richard...tell me...what would you
do right now?

RICHARD
I...I...don't...

LEVI
I'm sorry. We have to kill you.

RICHARD
I don't care what you're doing, I
don't...I won't tell anyone...

ANDREW
So you did hear something!

RICHARD
Just the end.

LEVI
Tell me what you heard, Richard. Tell
me what you heard and we'll think
about not killing you.

RICHARD
I just...

ANDREW
Time to talk, c'mon.

RICHARD
I just heard Travis, say, the thing
about the fake accounts.

Travis turns to the group...

TRAVIS
You're right...we do have to kill
him.

RICHARD
Guys, guys, please...

LEVI
I'm gonna go get my gun, I'll be right
back.

He turns for a moment...

ANDREW
Wait a second.

BILLY
You have a gun?

LEVI
Hell yeah I have a gun.

BILLY
Why?

LEVI
For shit like this, what you think?

BILLY

You're just gonna shoot him right here?

LEVI

Yes! One shot and it's done.

He holds his hand like a gun and points it at Richard AND FIRES IT LIKE A GUN AND WE SEE RICHARD IN A DREAMLIKE SEQUENCE BEING SHOT, BUT THEN WE QUICKLY CUT BACK TO REALITY AND SEE HE'S STILL ALIVE.

ANDREW

What would we do with the body?

LEVI

We'll carry his ass outta here and dump it somewhere.

CUT TO DREAM SEQUENCE -- THE FOUR GUYS CARRYING RICHARD'S DEAD BODY THROUGH THE HALLS -- QUICKLY CUT BACK TO REALITY.

ANDREW

Hold on. Let's figure this out first.

LEVI

There's nothing to figure out! He knows! He knows! He knows! He knows! He leaves this room and we're all dead!

RICHARD

Who am I gonna tell?-

LEVI

-Richard, shut up!

BILLY

How about we just...

LEVI

Just what?

BILLY

I don't know. This is tough.

LEVI

No, this isn't tough. This is an easy decision in my book.

ANDREW

You don't think anyone's gonna be curious why he disappeared?

LEVI

Not if we do it right.

RICHARD

Everyone knows I work here...people will know what happened...

Levi jumps back over to Richard and talks an inch from his face...

LEVI

Say one more word...c'mon...say one more...

Richard freezes.

Levi goes back over to Andrew.

ANDREW

We can't kill him. The F.B.I.'s all over us right now anyway, we don't need to give them another reason to talk to us.

Levi looks back over at Richard...

LEVI

How about this...

He walks over to him, talks in a quiet, calm voice...

LEVI (CONT'D)

If you tell anyone, if...if...if... you better fuckin' run...you better find a fuckin' rock and hide behind it for the rest of your life because I will hunt you down...I will hunt you down Richard...got it?

RICHARD

Got it, yeah.

LEVI

You gonna say anything?

RICHARD

No, of course not.

LEVI
No?

RICHARD
No.

LEVI
No?

RICHARD
No.

LEVI
Alright...now...go back to work.

Richard gets up and runs out of the room.

They all look at each other.

BILLY
This is a problem.

ANDREW
I think we should like...tap his
phones or something...

Levi nods...

LEVI
Not a bad idea.

A beat.

Travis looks over at them...

TRAVIS
Sorry guys...nothing like that will
ever happen again...

LEVI
Damn right.

There's an awkward tension in the room.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN, ANDREW'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

CLOSE-UP ON -- A stereo plays a SONG.

Heather is in the kitchen, moving to the beat as she reaches into a cabinet and pulls out a bottle of wine. She hums to the song, uncorks the bottle, and pours a glass of wine.

Andrew wanders in behind her, watches her for a moment...

She turns and is startled by him...

HEATHER

Oh shit, Andrew. You scared me.

Andrew is still wearing his suit, but his tie is undone. He smiles at her.

ANDREW

What's that?

HEATHER

Wine.

ANDREW

I know it's wine. What year?

HEATHER

Oh.

She examines the bottle.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Ninety five...Napa Valley...pinot.
I thought it would add a little
something to the meal.

She nods toward the kitchen table. She's prepared a nice dinner for both of them.

Andrew smiles, but clearly exhausted from the day.

INT. DINING ROOM, ANDREW'S HOUSE -- LATER

They sit across from each other, not saying much, but making eye contact here and there.

HEATHER

How was work today?

A beat.

ANDREW

Okay.

HEATHER

Just okay? That's it?

ANDREW

It was...interesting. Everyday is interesting working with those guys.

HEATHER

Working with those psychos?

ANDREW

Hey, those are my business partners you're talking about.

HEATHER

I've met your business partners...and they're psychos.

ANDREW

As psycho as wanting to bury a million dollars in the ground?

HEATHER

No, that's strategy.

ANDREW

Strategy?

HEATHER

Yes! You're gonna thank me for that one day!

ANDREW

Yeah, okay.

HEATHER

Are you in a bad mood?

ANDREW

No.

HEATHER

No?

ANDREW

No. I'm fine.

HEATHER

Well, is something wrong?

ANDREW

I'm just stressed out...very, very stressed out.

HEATHER

I'm sorry.

ANDREW

It's getting harder and harder to kind of...turn off work...in my head. It's hard to come home and not think about all the stuff I had to go through...and all the stuff I have to deal with tomorrow...and the next day...it just keeps...building...

HEATHER

Do you need help with anything?

ANDREW

(smiles)

No, but thank you.

HEATHER

So why don't you take a little vacation?

ANDREW

I can't...this job...making the type of money I'm trying to make...is an all-day, everyday endeavor...it never stops...

They look at each other and sit in silence...

MUSIC COMES IN AND CONTINUES TO PLAY OVER...

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

We show a bunch of scenes where all of our guys are talking on the phones with investors, closing deals, Levi pacing the call room, Monica half-naked in bed as Levi walks into the room, Andrew and Billy shaking hands with other investors, Andrew and Heather kissing in bed, Travis collecting more chips at the casino, the montage ends with the four guys sitting in chairs, smoking cigars, the image of success.

Taking us to...

INT. CIGAR LOUNGE -- DAY

They're all sitting in oversized, brown, leather chairs, smoking cigars at this low key lounge...

LEVI
Gentlemen--We have tripled our client roster.

ANDREW
Now be smart with what you spend your money on.

BILLY
Yeah.

TRAVIS
Why you looking at me?

ANDREW
Nothing.

TRAVIS
Yeah I bet. Well, when we first started this thing, I honestly thought it'd be difficult.

LEVI
Sayin' shit like that's gonna fuckin' jinx us, man!

TRAVIS
What?

LEVI
You could've just jinxed us right now!

TRAVIS
Please.

LEVI
You don't believe in a jinx?

TRAVIS
No, I don't.

LEVI

Do you Billy?

BILLY

Yup.

LEVI

Andrew?

ANDREW

Yeah.

LEVI

See!

TRAVIS

Well, I hope you don't believe
in karma too, cuz then we're all
dead men walking.

He smiles.

LEVI

I'm more inclined to believe in a
jinx than some motherfuckin' karma.

TRAVIS

How is it different?

LEVI

It just is...

BILLY

It's not that different, Levi.

LEVI

Okay, I'm sorry I brought it up.

TRAVIS

So...what'd you say we fly out to
Vegas this weekend?

ANDREW

I'd be down.

BILLY

Yeah!

LEVI

I don't know. We gotta lot of work
to do.

TRAVIS

Do we though? Honestly?

LEVI

You wanna go to Vegas? Go. I don't care. I'm gonna work.

TRAVIS

Okay, fine.

ANDREW

Actually, I can't.

TRAVIS

Why not?

ANDREW

Heather's parents are visiting.

BILLY

That's gettin' pretty serious, huh?

ANDREW

I'm not gonna lie...but...I think I want to marry her.

LEVI

Okay, okay, we don't need to hear this shit, Andrew.

ANDREW

I'm just telling the truth. You don't wanna hear about my personal life?

LEVI

No, I don't.

BILLY

Well, I say congrats, Andrew.

ANDREW

Thanks, Billy.

TRAVIS

Yeah, Levi's just jealous cuz' he wanted Andrew all for himself.

Levi flicks him off.

The others laugh.

CUT TO:

INT. CASINO -- NIGHT

Travis wanders up to the outside of the casino, smoking a cigarette. He puts it out and walks inside.

He heads over to the cashier...and slaps down a huge wad of money, wrapped in a rubber band. The CASHIER looks at it, looks up at him strangely...Travis smiles.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING -- DAY

Mike and CHARLES DOWNS, another F.B.I. agent, are briefing WALTER JACOBS, a former official, on a meeting with the Phoenix Group.

Charles is strapping a recording device to Walter's chest.

MIKE

Make sure you stay calm and keep asking questions.

WALTER

Just because I'm retired doesn't mean I don't remember how to do this shit.

CHARLES

Your name is Jonathan Mitchell.

WALTER

Jonathan, okay.

Walter has a cocktail on the table next to him, grabs it and takes a swig.

CHARLES

Should you be drinking before this?

WALTER

I'm fine. I need to loosen up a little bit. Take the edge off, the fuckin' nerves.

MIKE

Try to see if they'll let you onto a trial account on their website.

WALTER

At what point do I cut off the conversation?

MIKE

Keep it going as long as possible. Try to set up another meeting. Try to get some referrals.

CHARLES

You need to get referrals. Try to get a list of everyone they have investing.

WALTER

Why the fuck would they give me that?

MIKE

Because...they're trying to gain credibility. They're trying to get you to trust them.

CHARLES

At least get one.

MIKE

Say you want to follow up and get a first hand account of their services.

Walter chugs the rest of his drink.

WALTER

Showtime.

INT. ELEVATOR, OFFICE BUILDING --

Levi, Billy and Andrew all walk into the elevator.

LEVI

Where's Travis?

They all look at each other...

BILLY

I don't know.

LEVI

Fuck.

ANDREW

It's fine. We don't need him.

LEVI

Who do we got right now?

ANDREW

Some CEO of...an accounting
firm...Jonathan Mitchell.

LEVI

We background check this guy?

They don't respond.

LEVI (CONT'D)

Jesus! We let anyone walk up in here
now? Background check, background
check!

ANDREW

He seemed credible and usually that's
Travis' job.

LEVI

Travis is a fuck up, so let's not use
that excuse.

The elevator doors open and they quickly rush over to a
conference room.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM --

They walk in and sitting down is Walter.

He gets up and shakes their hands...

WALTER

Gentlemen, how do you do?

EVERYONE

Good.

They all shake.

INT. WHITE SURVEILLANCE VAN -- SAME TIME

Mike and Charles are sitting in front of a large recording
device, each listening on headphones.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM --

LEVI

So how you feeling today Mr. Mitchell?

WALTER
Good, good...

LEVI
You feel like making money today?

WALTER
Today?!

LEVI
Well, are you ready to start the process of making money? Cuz' that can happen right now, yes.

WALTER
(smiling)
You gonna buy me dinner before you try to fuck me?

ANDREW
Walter...how much do you know about us and what we do?

WALTER
A little...I saw the website.

BILLY
The website doesn't let you know who we are. How we work. You can only determine that by meeting like we are right now.

WALTER
What are your names again?

LEVI
Levi, Andrew, and that's Billy. We're basically brothers here.

WALTER
Brothers, huh? Don't look like brothers.

LEVI
As far as you're concerned we are. Our company is a family of like-minded individuals dedicated to

prospering in a vicious and competitive world. We look out for each other...like brothers... we have each other's backs...like brothers...and we trust each other...like brothers. If you invest with us, you will be treated in the same fashion.

WALTER

Well, what concerns me is...I want to know where my money is going.

LEVI

We don't reveal who we invest with, or what stocks we buy, but you can see the allocation of funds, per month, and also track the returns.

WALTER

Why can't I see where my money is going?

ANDREW

Because then you become a critic, a referee. We don't want you to judge our expertise, or for that matter, spread any information about what stocks we feel are quality.

WALTER

I guess that makes sense.

BILLY

Of course it makes sense.

WALTER

I'm still skeptical though.

LEVI

There's nothing to be skeptical about, sir. It's not like we're gonna take your money, kidnap you, carry you into the woods, chop your body up into little pieces, cover each limb with honey and then wait for the wolves to show up.

Walter looks at him strangely...an awkward moment...until everyone starts laughing.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING -- LATER

Mike paces the room. Charles is sitting down on a stool. Walter is taking off his recording device.

WALTER

You know, there's a chance they could be legitimate.

MIKE

No way.

WALTER

Why is that not possible?

MIKE

Trust me.

WALTER

I wanna know, Mike. Why is that not possible? What's with the vendetta?

MIKE

There's no fucking vendetta! Alright, yeah, I'm skeptical sometimes, but you know what I'm gonna do? I'm going to Mexico...I'm talking to Tan'el.

CHARLES

You gonna call up his secretary and ask for a fuckin' appointment? Forget it.

Mike rubs his head, takes a deep breath.

A beat.

MIKE

I know what they're doing...I know. And I'm not stopping until all those guys are in fuckin' cuffs.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

Travis, Levi, Andrew and Billy are all walking through a courthouse, hands cuffed behind their back. SLOW-MOTION AS THEY PASS MIKE, he stares at them.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING --

Mike stares straight forward, concentrated, determined.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOTEL -- DAY

A brand new Ferrari pulls up to the valet at this fancy hotel in Scottsdale. Levi and Monica step out.

The valet helps Monica out.

Levi walks around and they proceed into the building.

MONICA

What am I supposed to do during this thing?

LEVI

I don't know.

MONICA

How long is it gonna be?

Levi stops and turns to her...

LEVI

Just hang out in the lobby or something.

MONICA

I'm not hanging out in the fucking lobby, Levi.

He quickly whips out his wallet...

LEVI

Alright, just get a room and sit there.

He hands her his Black Amex.

She smiles...

MONICA

See ya.

He turns and heads to...

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

Levi walks into the conference room where a small camera crew has set up two chairs, clearly prepared for an interview of some kind.

A young JOURNALIST greets him, wearing a slick suit.

JOURNALIST

Levi Charles -- Thank you so much for agreeing to this.

LEVI

My pleasure.

JOURNALIST

Lot of business majors dying to hear some of your secrets.

LEVI

Well, I don't think I'm giving away too many of those today.

He laughs.

JOURNALIST

It'd be a good story.

LEVI

But seriously. I love reaching out to people and I'm thrilled to do this.

JOURNALIST

Well, in that case, let's get going.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

They begin the interview..

JOURNALIST

Where did you go to college?

LEVI

Cornell, Business School.

JOURNALIST

How old are you?

LEVI

People think I look young...and that's
because I am...I'm twenty eight years old.

JOURNALIST

And that's what makes your story so
intriguing.

INT. ANDREW'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Heather is sleeping in bed. Andrew crawls up next to her. He's holding something in his hands.

He kisses her on the cheek, waking her up. She readjusts herself toward him.

ANDREW

Baby...wake up...I have something I
want to tell you.

HEATHER

Tell me.

ANDREW

You have to look at me.

She opens her eyes and rolls over.

HEATHER

Yes...

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

Levi and the Journalist have started their interview...

LEVI

Success is a product of desire. A desire to have the things you want, to live the way you want to live, to be the person you want to be. The people that succeed, that fight for that success, they have those qualities.

INT. ANDREW'S APARTMENT --

ANDREW

I'm doing really well right now...as you probably know...everything in my life is perfect. In this moment everything is exactly how it should be...except for one thing...one thing isn't complete yet...one thing isn't right yet...yet...

HEATHER

Yet...?

ANDREW

I wanna give you my last name...

He takes out a massive diamond engagement ring...

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Will you marry me?

HEATHER

Oh my god!

ANDREW

(laughing)

Is that a yes?

She rolls over onto him and they start kissing.

LEVI (V.O.)

I believe the new generation, the eighties babies, we have that strong desire flowing through our veins.

INT. F.B.I. OFFICE -- NIGHT

Mike sits at his desk, reading over a bunch of documents about the Phoenix Group. He leans back in his chair and stretches. He looks exhausted.

LEVI (V.O.)

We are a spoiled generation and we want to keep it that way. Our parents didn't have fuckin' cell phones, the internet!

EXT. ADAMS' HOME -- DAY

Billy, his father, and his mother, MRS. ADAMS, wander out of the house. Both his parents have their eyes closed and Billy is leading them outside.

BILLY

Keep them closed!

MR. ADAMS

Fuck, Bill, I'm gonna hit something.

He leads them over to the driveway and sets them up in front of a brand new MERCEDES with a giant bow around it.

LEVI (V.O.)

We have a new way of life that we are trying to sustain.

BILLY

Okay...open!

MRS. ADAMS

Oh my god!

BILLY

You like it?!

MR. ADAMS

What's this?

BILLY

A gift.

(a beat)

I bought this for you.

MRS. ADAMS

You didn't have to do this, Billy!

BILLY

I wanted to.

MRS. ADAMS

Wasn't that sweet?

MR. ADAMS

You afford this?

BILLY

Yeah. I wanted to do somethin' special for you guys.

MR. ADAMS

Well, thank you, thank you...

BILLY

I expected a little more excitement outta you.

MR. ADAMS

I'm excited...yeah...I mean...I have my SUV...I love that thing...but...momma will drive it...won't you?

MRS. ADAMS

Of course I will!

BILLY

Well, good.

MRS. ADAMS

Maybe we should start investing with you, huh?

Billy sheepishly grins...

BILLY

Yeah, maybe...

LEVI (V.O.)

And yet, it's survival of the fittest.

INT. HOTEL CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

LEVI

You have to fight for every breath out there. Everyone in business is out for themselves. Including me.

JOURNALIST

Well, you have business partners, don't you?

LEVI

Everyone in business...is out for themselves...that's a fuckin' fact.

JOURNALIST

What advice do you have for the young business majors of the world who are trying to achieve a similar success as you?

He pauses until...

LEVI

Ethics are overrated.

He breaks into laughter.

LEVI (CONT'D)

I'm just kidding. No I'm not. Yes, I am. Okay...my advice? Find your niche.

JOURNALIST

Does it ever get stressful knowing that you are in control and in charge of millions and millions of dollars... of other people's money.

Levi stares back at him, a slight grin on his face...

The journalist stays relentless...

JOURNALIST (CONT'D)

And how have you managed to stay so consistent in your investments? Is it true you guarantee returns?

LEVI

There is no way to guarantee returns.

Who told you that?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, OFFICE BUILDING -- DAY

Mike is standing in front of a projector screen in this small conference room.

Peter Donnelly is standing in the back of the room with his arms crossed.

Mike is explaining what he thinks our guys are doing...

MIKE

Basically...what I believe...is that it's a form of online banking, but they use their own program and their own database. For instance, if someone gives them one hundred thousand dollars, they create an "account" for this person. With this "account" the investor can check their balance, can check their gains, losses etc. But what I believe they're doing...is setting up invisible money. This account...this number...is just that...a number. It has no monetary representation. They actually deposit the investment into their own account.

OFFICIAL

Then how do they give returns to their investors?

MIKE

Well, that's it right there. They're feeding money from investor to investor. In a chain. So when they give their investors the returns, they are actually depositing money into that person's account, but it is only a small percentage of what that person invested. So technically, as long as the investor never decides to walk away, they could be funneling their own money back to them forever.

PETER

Now, is any of this information
backed up? Confirmed?

MIKE

It's just speculation at this point,
sir.

The group sighs.

PETER

Don't bother us anymore with
speculation...get some facts.
Alright, who's next?!

Peter walks down the aisle toward the front of the room.

Mike starts breathing hard, getting more and more frustrated
until he bursts out...

MIKE

I'm not done!

Peter pauses in his tracks.

PETER

What?

MIKE

I'm not done! This is priority! This
is a high-technology crime! Maybe you're
not briefed enough on this material
Peter but let me tell you...this is the
twenty-first century and the biggest
wars we have are the cyber-wars!

Addressing the rest of the officials in the room..

PETER

Please cover your ears--I'm about
to start cussing now.

(a beat)

Sit your fucking ass over in that
motherfucking chair Northcutt!

Mike pauses and then walks over to his chair and sits down.
Peter wanders over to the projector screen, examines it and
turns around.

PETER

First off, you ever call me Peter again and I'll rip your nose off your fucking face. You address me as "sir" or you address me as Mister Donnelly. I may be attractive and youthful but I have earned my status as "Mister."
You got that?

Mike doesn't react.

PETER

Issue number two..we are not in the business of skepticism Mike. We are in the business of fact. And I like facts. Facts don't fucking lie, and the only facts you have right now, Mike, Mike Northcutt, is that you are a novice fucking official that enjoys raising his voice to heads of criminal investigative divisions.

(he begins pacing the aisles)

A man is shot with a bullet equals fact. A car crashes into a telephone pole equals fact. Tears are wet, fire is hot, ice is cold, fact, fact, and fact. You have no facts son, you have skepticism and the world is not run that way and neither is the Federal Bureau of Investigation. This may be the wrong Unit for you. Maybe you should transfer to Cyber Division and handle internet Fraud? You know where they're stationed? (changing tones) Do you wanna know where they're stationed? You want to be in the criminal investigative division? This division? You need to do some criminal investigating. You need to get tangible evidence. So let me say it one more time, Mikey, and I hope you can contain your tears. Don't bother us again with speculation—get some facts.

(he heads toward the door)

Now all of you go turn your teeth into fucking fangs and start making some arrests.

CUT TO:

INT. CALL ROOM -- DAY

We travel around the call room, listening to different pitches from telemarketers. We end on Richard, as he sits there, staring forward, looking kind of nervous. Behind him...Levi stands in the doorway with his arms crossed.

After a moment, we suddenly see Andrew rush down the hallway...

ANDREW

Levi!

Levi turns.

LEVI

What's wrong?

ANDREW

Tan'el's on the phone...it's not good.

INT. OFFICE --

Levi rushes into Andrew's office, picks up the phone...

LEVI

Mr. Garcia! How are you?

INT. RANCH -- SAME TIME

Tan'el paces back and forth in his living room, talking to them on his cell phone.

TAN'EL

Not good, not good.

LEVI

Why?

TAN'EL

I know I promised to invest but...I'm sorry...I need my money back...

INT. OFFICE --

Levi mouths "shit" and sits down in Andrew's chair.

LEVI

Can you explain why?

TAN'EL

I understand if you've already invested some of it...that's fine...keep it...but...the rest of the capitol I need back.

LEVI

You gettin' cold feet? C'mon, what changed?

TAN'EL

I had a few...deals...that...got fucked up...I lost some money. I'm not trying to dance around this, I need my money back.

LEVI

Well, just so you know, we're looking at some big returns very soon for you. We plan on tripling your money!

TAN'EL

That's all good, but, at this moment, I'm putting together something that requires the extra money...I will eventually be able to reinvest with you gentlemen, but right now...

LEVI

Okay, okay. How about this? Let me and my partners come back down there, down to Mexico-

Andrew shoots him an awkward look.

LEVI (CONT'D)

And we'll sit down with you and work out how we can continue our business together.

Tan'el takes a deep breath...

TAN'EL

Well...I don't know if it'll change anything...but...you wanna come down to my city? I won't turn you away.

LEVI

Then we're getting on a plane right now. You're important to us Mr.

Garcia. You're our most important client and we don't want to lose your business. (pause) Okay, sir. See you soon. Bye.

He hangs up, rubs his head, Andrew is silent.

EXT. RUNWAY -- DAY

Levi and Andrew walk down this private runway and over to their private plane. They're dressed in nice suits.

Andrew is talking to Travis on the phone..

ANDREW

Where are you? (pause) No, we can't wait! You supposed to be here thirty minutes ago! (pause) Just stay there with Billy. (pause) Bye.

He hangs up.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Travis isn't coming.

LEVI

What are we gonna do with that kid?

ANDREW

He was our connection to Tan'el.

LEVI

Doesn't matter now.

INT. BILLY'S OFFICE -- SAME TIME

Billy is leaning back in his chair, zoning out. He's taking pieces of computer paper, crushing them into little balls and trying to shoot it into the waste basket near the door. He shoots a few times and misses.

He stretches, takes a deep breath, bored.

EXT. RUNWAY, MEXICO -- DAY

The plane comes to a smooth stop on the runway.

Our guys get out and are met with Tan'el's assistant, standing next to the same limousine as before.

They all shake his hand and get in.

EXT. RANCH -- DAY

Tan'el is sitting in a lawn chair in the back of the ranch. He's wearing a wife-beater, smoking a cigar, and shooting a rifle at a few targets.

He fires...BANG! Misses. He reloads. BANG! BANG! He misses again.

He squints, trying to see if he hit it or not.

After a moment, our guys turn the corner, being led by the assistant.

Tan'el hears them and turns...

TAN'EL

Oopa!

LEVI

How you doin' sir?

TAN'EL

Good, good. Where's Travis?

ANDREW

He's back home.

Changing subjects...

LEVI

You a good shot?

Tan'el looks down at his rifle.

TAN'EL

One of the best!

He clearly is terrible.

LEVI

Can I try?

TAN'EL

Sure, sure.

He hands the gun to Levi. Levi grabs it, seems comfortable with the rifle, walks over in front of the lawn chair, quickly cocks it, points it at a target...BANG! BANG! BANG! He hits three straight targets.

Tan'el tries to not look impressed.

TAN'EL (CONT'D)

Good, good. Almost as good as me!

LEVI

I'm trying.

INT. BILLY'S OFFICE -- SAME TIME

Billy is still hanging out in the office. He looks at his watch, then gets up, grabs his jacket, and leaves.

EXT. RANCH -- DAY

Andrew is holding the gun now, looking down the sight. He fires...misses...fires...misses.

LEVI

You suck, Andrew.

ANDREW

Shut up.

He lowers the gun...

ANDREW (CONT'D)

This seems like a pretty good bargaining tool.

TAN'EL

It is, it is. I use it in all my negotiations!

They laugh.

TAN'EL (CONT'D)

So...you have my money?

Silence...a beat.

Finally...

LEVI

Well, that's why we wanted to come down here.

ANDREW

We really want you to continue to work with us.

TAN'EL

I already explained this. I need that money.

LEVI

Let's try to figure something out that works for both of us.

Tan'el calmly reaches out for the rifle.

TAN'EL

(quietly)

Can I see that for a moment?

Andrew hands it to him.

Tan'el quickly grabs it and points it right at Levi's head.

TAN'EL (CONT'D)

Give me my money.

Levi nervously smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET -- SAME TIME

Billy, hands in his pockets, wanders down the street.

He passes a deli, stops, and heads inside.

INT. RANCH -- SAME TIME

TAN'EL

Everyone is a good shot when they're standing an inch from their target. I don't think I can miss from here.

ANDREW

Just calm down, calm down.

LEVI

Let's talk about this.

TAN'EL

I made a mistake. I was too quick to invest with you gentlemen. Too stupid.

ANDREW

We can make you money. Just give us time.

TAN'EL

No! If my money is not in my account by next weekend...I will kill you. Is that clear? Is that English? I can tell you in Spanish if you want?

LEVI

Well, this wasn't much of a negotiation, was it?

TAN'EL

No...

ANDREW

Give us two weeks. And just the rest of the capitol.

TAN'EL

Why two weeks? Why more time?

ANDREW

We have to organize our accounts.

LEVI

Yeah, crunch some numbers.

TAN'EL

Okay, two weeks.

He lowers the gun and smiles.

INT. DELI -- SAME TIME

Billy looks over the menu, orders, pays, and takes his seat at a table about ten feet away. He's looking at his cell phone.

As he's looking at his phone, a MAN enters through the front entrance. Billy hears him, but doesn't look up.

CASHIER

Hey, Walter, how ya doin'?

Billy finally looks up, sees Walter and does a double take. He recognizes him and realizes he's going by a different name...

BILLY

(smirking)

Hey, Jonathan...

Walter snaps his head over to him, gives a surprised expression and quickly turns back to the cashier.

Billy flashes a huge smile, knows he was spying on them.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Nice one.

CUT TO:

EXT. RUNWAY -- DAY

Andrew and Levi walk down the runway.

Levi has his phone to his ear...

LEVI

Billy, what's up?

INT. BILLY'S HOUSE -- SAME TIME

BILLY

You guys landed yet?

LEVI

We're just taking off. Be there in a few hours.

BILLY

Okay...well...when you land...I need you guys to come over to my house.

LEVI

Why?

BILLY

I'll explain when you get here.

He hangs up.

Levi lowers the cell phone, looks oddly over at Andrew.

EXT. BILLY'S HOUSE --

They walk up to the front door and knock. After only a moment, Billy rips the door open, he's biting his nails.

BILLY

Hey.

ANDREW

So what's going, Billy?

BILLY

I have to show you something.

The guys look confused. Billy turns and leads them through his house and over to a bedroom.

They open the door next to him...

INT. BEDROOM -

Sitting there on the far side of the room is Walter, a blindfold around his eyes, his mouth bleeding, and his arms tied behind his back.

Andrew quickly slams the door shut again...

ANDREW

What the hell is that?!

BILLY

That's Walter, man.

LEVI

Walter?!

BILLY

He's F.B.I. He was spying on us.

ANDREW

What are you talking about?!

BILLY

Remember Jonathan Mitchell? The investor of that accounting firm we met last week?

ANDREW

Yes.

BILLY
That's him!

ANDREW
So why the hell is he tied up in your house, Billy?

BILLY
I didn't know what to do.

ANDREW
Oh my god.

Andrew walks away, rubs his forehead.

LEVI
Billy, Billy...listen to me for a second. Did anyone see you bring this guy here?

BILLY
No way.

LEVI
Are you sure about that?

BILLY
Yes, positive.

ANDREW
What the hell were you thinking?

BILLY
I was thinking I was gonna save our asses by catching a spy!

ANDREW
This is insane.

LEVI
But Billy...what do we do now, huh?

BILLY
I don't know!

LEVI
Dammit.

ANDREW

Where's Travis? Does he know about this?

BILLY

He didn't answer.

LEVI

Billy...I appreciate you looking out for us. I know you thought this was the right thing to do, but this was not the right thing to do. This was the wrong thing to do.

Billy rubs his eyes.

Andrew opens the door again and studies Walter...

ANDREW

Is he knocked out?

BILLY

Yeah, I think so. I hit him pretty hard.

LEVI

So let's just dump him somewhere.

ANDREW

Then he'll just come back and arrest us.

BILLY

No, no. I blindfolded him right away, he doesn't know where he is.

ANDREW

Will he recognize you from our company?

BILLY

I don't think so.

ANDREW

You don't think so?

BILLY

Yeah. He only saw me for a moment. He probably won't remember anything.

Andrew closes the door.

ANDREW

We need to worry about Tan'el right now, we don't have time to think about a freaking hostage!

LEVI

Billy's gonna handle this.

BILLY

How?

LEVI

How?

BILLY

Yeah.

LEVI

You're gonna fuckin' dump him back off somewhere, somewhere in this desert so no one sees your ass doing it.

BILLY

...alright...okay.

LEVI

Got it?

BILLY

Yeah, got it.

ANDREW

Somebody call Travis!

EXT. DESERT -- EVENING

All is quiet until...Billy's flies by and screeches to a stop. No one is around.

Billy quickly jumps out and walks around to the side of the car. He opens the door, grabs Walter by the arms and drags him out into the desert.

WALTER

What the hell?! You better run!
You're going to jail for a long time,
son!

His blindfold is still on, he has no clue who Billy is...

BILLY
Sure about that?

Billy jumps into the driver's seat and takes off.

Walter tries to get to his feet, but trips and falls.

CUT TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM -- NIGHT

Our guys sit around the room.

Andrew's pacing back and forth.

Travis is there.

LEVI
Tan'el...

No one says anything.

ANDREW
There's nothing we can do with him.
We have to bite the bullet on this
one. Cut our spending and continue
to push forward, finding more people.
We haven't even asked any clients to
refer us yet. We should work those
connections more.

A beat...

TRAVIS
Tan'el...what if...what if we killed
him...kept the money.

ANDREW
Are you fuckin' serious? Levi get you
on that coke or what?

LEVI

First of all, fuck off. Secondly,
that's not a bad idea, Travis.

Billy doesn't say anything.

ANDREW
Are you insane?!

TRAVIS
You wouldn't kill him for ten million
dollars?

ANDREW
No! What the-where the hell am I?

LEVI
It's definitely intriguing.

ANDREW
Intriguing?! You plan to just walk
in there, say "hey, how ya' doin?" and
then cap his ass? You don't think
anyone's gonna have a problem with
that?

LEVI
Well, obviously, we'd be smarter
about it than that.

TRAVIS
What would you do for ten million
dollars, Andrew?

He doesn't respond.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
(overly articulate)
What would you do for ten million
dollars, Andrew? Tell me.

ANDREW
Shit...I don't know! Not murder!

TRAVIS
Then I'll do it, or Levi, or Billy.

DREAM SEQUENCE:

We see Tan'el smoking a cigar, laughing, and then Levi, Travis and Billy come up behind him. Levi draws a gun and POINTS IT AT HIM. ON THE SOUND OF THE TRIGGER WE CUT BACK TO...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM --

TRAVIS

You stay here, be a pussy.

ANDREW

I don't consider that being a pussy you head-case. I consider that rational thinking.

LEVI

Travis is right though...you don't have to be involved.

ANDREW

I'm involved no matter what, so stop saying that. If I know about it, and I don't stop it, I'm involved.

TRAVIS

I just don't see any other way.

ANDREW

How about giving him his money back?
(a beat)
We wire him his ten mill, we suck it up, and move on. We haven't spent that much of it any way.

Silence.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Right?

Silence.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Look, I gotta get out of here. I'm not having this conversation.

LEVI

Now you quitting?

Andrew stops...

A beat.

ANDREW
(mockingly)
You can't quit, right? This is a
mafia...blood in...

No one responds.

He leaves.

BILLY
You don't really wanna murder Tan'el,
do you?

Travis leans back in his chair.

TRAVIS
I think it should be an option.

BILLY
I'm worried about Andrew, I am.

LEVI
You don't need to be.

BILLY
I don't know...I mean...I thought
I was feelin' skeptical but
Andrew...I think everything's
starting to get to him. What if he
tells someone?

LEVI
Well, then we'll probably know about
it.

TRAVIS
What do you mean?

LEVI
(frankly)
I tapped his phones and miked his
house.

TRAVIS
What? Are you kidding?

LEVI
No. I'm serious.

BILLY

Why?!

TRAVIS
Wait-You tap my shit?

LEVI
No.

TRAVIS
You're a liar.

LEVI
I didn't, Travis! I trust you.
Andrew, I don't trust. Not lately.

BILLY
I don't like that, man. That's fucked
up.

LEVI
I'm lookin' out for us, okay?

BILLY
When did you tap his phones?

LEVI
Same time I did Richard's. If he's
so trust worthy then we should have
nothing to worry about, right?

Levi's point kind of makes sense.

The group sits in silence.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM, ANDREW'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Heather sits on the floor, looking at some CD's.

She pops one into the stereo and turns it up a little bit...as...

Andrew walks in the front door. He's slouching, looks tired.

Heather hears him...

HEATHER
Hey baby.

He wanders into the living room...

ANDREW
What are you doing?

HEATHER
Just listening to some music.

He collapses onto the couch.

ANDREW
Some day, I bet we won't even have
CD's.

HEATHER
What do you mean?

ANDREW
Well, first we had records, then
tapes, now CD's, I mean it's the year
two thousand, I'm sure they're gonna
think of something.

HEATHER
Maybe like a little CD player, but it
has all your music without putting
any CD's in.

ANDREW
That's just crazy.

She laughs.

HEATHER
Whatever.

ANDREW
Wasn't it weird how everyone thought
Y2K was gonna be the end of the world?
Everyone bought all this canned food,
searched for bomb shelters, and then
the clock struck midnight and nothing
fuckin' happened. Nothing. How can
people be so wrong about something?
Just completely wrong.

HEATHER
I was worried.

ANDREW
No way! You were?

HEATHER

A little bit. You weren't?

ANDREW

Nope.

HEATHER

You know, you think you're a tough guy, but I know you're really just a big baby.

ANDREW

(playfully)

Dem's fightin' words.

HEATHER

I could take you.

ANDREW

Really, huh?

She gets up and jumps on him.

They wrestle for a moment and it ends with Andrew holding her.

HEATHER

So, where are we having the wedding?
We haven't even decided yet.

Andrew grows serious...

ANDREW

Well...

HEATHER

How about...Jamaica?

He doesn't respond.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Okay, not Jamaica.

He takes a deep breath.

ANDREW

We might have to push it back for awhile.

She perks up and turns to him...

HEATHER

Why?

ANDREW

Well...we had some...problems...at work.

HEATHER

What kind of problems?

ANDREW

We lost some money.

Heather looks concerned.

HEATHER

What happened?

ANDREW

I don't wanna get into it...but...
I just want you to know that I'm
trying to give you the wedding of your
dreams...I wanna make sure it's
perfect. So I'm going to need more
time.

HEATHER

Can you tell me what happened?

He takes another breath...

ANDREW

Remember that big investment we got?
Well, we lost it.

HEATHER

You lost it? How?

ANDREW

We had to give it back.

He gets up and starts pacing, getting increasingly stressed out.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

I really didn't wanna talk about
this.

HEATHER

If we're going to get married, I deserve to know everything about your life, don't I?

ANDREW

Yes, but...

HEATHER

You can talk to your wife, Andrew. What are you hiding?

ANDREW

I'm not hiding anything.

HEATHER

Sure sounds like it.

ANDREW

It's just...complicated...

HEATHER

I want to trust you. I have to trust you...you have to trust me.

ANDREW

I trust you.

HEATHER

Then tell me what's going on.

He turns to her. He's about to crack.

ANDREW

Everything I do...I'm not perfect...I've made mistakes...but I think...I don't know...I'm sick of being the bad guy.

HEATHER

Bad guy?

ANDREW

What I'm about to tell you, you can't repeat, you can't question, and I want you to know that I'm trying to make it right. Okay?

HEATHER

Okay. You can trust me.

ANDREW

I can trust you?

HEATHER

Of course. I love you.

ANDREW

Well, I'm telling you this because I love you too. I love you more than anything.

HEATHER

Just tell me.

He walks over and sits down next to her...

ANDREW

Our company...baby...our company is a fucking fraud. We don't invest, we're not stock brokers, we're frauds! What we do...we take peoples investments and then pay them back small portions of their own money pretending it's their interest. But there is no fucking interest! We're spending their money!

HEATHER

But...how...wouldn't you run out?

ANDREW

Not if you keep getting investors! Especially if the investments keep getting bigger! And we keep getting them! Baby...we're stealing their money! This house is stolen! Everything in here! Everything I buy you! It's all a scam, baby!

He gets up and starts pacing.

He notices she's starting to get nervous.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

But Heather...see...the only reason I'm telling you this is because I'm gonna stop, I'm quitting, I'm not gonna be a criminal anymore.

HEATHER

What if someone finds out?

ANDREW

No one's gonna find out, ever. No one knows. No one will ever know.

HEATHER

I think you should tell someone.

ANDREW

And go to jail?! Are you insane?!

HEATHER

Are they gonna let you just walk away?

Andrew ponders...

ANDREW

No, not exactly. I'm still figuring that out.

Heather starts to tear up.

ANDREW (CONT'D)

Heather--Don't cry. Everything's gonna be fine. Really. I promise.

HEATHER

I don't want anything to happen to you.

ANDREW

Nothing's gonna happen to me. We're going to be alright.

HEATHER

How are you gonna protect yourself?

A beat.

ANDREW

There is one option...a backup plan...

HEATHER

What is it?

ANDREW

If all else fails, and I have to get out, if I need to do something drastic...

HEATHER

What?

ANDREW

There's this F.B.I. agent that's been trying to get information from us. He told us...he told Billy...that...he'd grant immunity to anyone who disclosed information about our company, if it lead to indictments.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE -- SAME TIME!

WE ARE WIDE ON -- LEVI'S OFFICE -- HE SITS BEHIND HIS DESK, HEADPHONES ON.

WE DOLLY IN ON HIM -- HE'S FROZEN WITH SHOCK, ANGER, AWE...HE IS LISTENING TO THEIR CONVERSATION THROUGH THE MICROPHONES HE PLANTED IN ANDREW'S HOUSE.

WE FAINTLY HEAR ANDREW AND HEATHER CONTINUE TO TALK.

WE GET A SENSE THAT LEVI IS GOING TO HAVE A PROBLEM WITH THIS...

INT. ANDREW'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Andrew and Heather lie in bed -- Andrew is awake and staring up at the ceiling.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING -- NIGHT

Levi is sitting under a street light, waiting. After a moment, Travis and Billy wander up.

TRAVIS

So what's this about?

Levi pauses for a moment.

Travis looks around...

TRAVIS (CONT'D)
What the fuck is goin' on?

LEVI
We have a problem with Andrew.

BILLY
What kind of problem?

LEVI
A big problem...a really big problem.

TRAVIS
Like what?

LEVI
I have something I want you to hear.

Levi walks toward the office building.

Travis and Billy look at each, and finally, follow Levi toward the building.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM, ANDREW'S HOUSE -- DAY

He brushes his teeth in front of the mirror, getting ready for a day of work. He takes an extra long look at himself in the mirror.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE -- LATER

Andrew, dressed in his suit, holding his suitcase, crosses through the parking garage. He seems nervous, breathing hard.

INT. ELEVATOR --

LONG TAKE -- He gets into the elevator, rides it up, gets off, and walks through the entire office. He passes Levi's office, empty, passes Travis' office, empty, Billy's office, empty. He heads over to the conference room and opens the door...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM --

Levi, Billy, and Travis sit around the conference table with serious expressions. They turn and stare at Andrew.

ANDREW
We having a meeting?

Levi nods.

Andrew senses some tension in the air.

ANDREW (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

TRAVIS
(calmly)
Can you close the door?

Andrew closes the door.

As he does, Levi stands up and smoothly takes out a gun and points it right at Andrew's back. He turns around to see the gun and freezes.

ANDREW
What the fuck?

LEVI
Sit down.

Andrew puts his hands up and wanders over to a chair.

He sits down and Travis immediately whips out some duct tape, rips off a large piece and slaps it across Andrew's mouth. He jerks up but Billy grabs his arms and holds them behind the chair. Travis takes the rest of the duct tape and starts wrapping it around his body and the chair.

Levi leans in...

LEVI (CONT'D)
Andrew, Andrew, Andrew. We have a
problem.

Andrew fights for a moment...

LEVI (CONT'D)
Do you know why we're doing this?

He obviously can't respond...

LEVI (CONT'D)
I thought we were brothers. I thought
we were family. We had a circle of
trust here, Andrew. But you know what
you did? You broke that bond. You

broke the motherfuckin' trust
circle, Andrew.

Andrew's eyes look confused.

LEVI (CONT'D)

You were gonna sell us out. You were
gonna tell the F.B.I. and fuck us!

He shakes his head furiously.

LEVI (CONT'D)

You can't deny that!
I...hear...everything. I have tiny
little eyeballs everywhere. This
isn't easy for us, Andrew. This is
hard....very, very hard. We don't
wanna have to kill you...but...I
think we have to. I think we have to
kill your girl too.

Andrew is breathing heavily, and in one big burst of strength
tries to rip out of the duct tape. He kind of breaks some of
it, and Travis and Billy hold him back down.

BILLY

Shit.

LEVI

Use more duct tape, shit.

Billy holds him down as Travis applies more tape.

LEVI (CONT'D)

Maybe I'm wrong here. Maybe I
shouldn't kill you. Do you have a
better idea? A better option? Cuz
we don't. We're not going to jail,
Andrew. We're not gonna let you sell
us out.

Andrew is trying to say something, we hear it muffled by the
tape.

BILLY

Maybe we should let him say
something.

Levi thinks about it...finally...rips the duct tape off of his
mouth.

Andrew yells out in pain.

LEVI
Talk, talk, talk.

ANDREW
(through breaths)
I don't...know...what the hell
you're talking about.

LEVI
Andrew...I miked your house.

ANDREW
Huh?

LEVI
I...miked...your...house. You were
going to rat us out.

ANDREW
What? No! No, I wasn't!

LEVI
We fucking heard you.

ANDREW
I wasn't serious! I would never
do that!

He motions to Travis to cover his mouth up again. Travis quickly
does...

LEVI
No denying it now, sir. I'm sorry.

Levi wanders over to the window.

LEVI (CONT'D)
You've put us in a very difficult
position.

He clutches his gun in his hands, calmly walks over to Andrew,
and WHACK! He hits him in the face with the back of his gun
and knocks him out.

FADE TO BLACK:

WE HEAR A RUSTLING AROUND, BREATHING, FINALLY, BRIGHTNESS...

EXT. PARKING GARAGE -- DAY

Andrew was in the back of a trunk, his face bruised and cut. His hands are tied behind his back and he still has duct tape over his mouth. Billy has just popped the trunk.

They're on top of a parking garage, no other cars around.

Billy is leaning up against the car.

He takes out a cigarette and lights it.

Andrew squirms for a moment and then realizes he can't free himself.

BILLY

I don't know how we got here, man.
I feel like I'm in a fucking
nightmare...and I'm just waiting to
wake up from this shit.

(a beat)

They're looking for Heather right
now, Andrew. And me? I'm supposed
to get rid of you. I'm supposed to
kill you. I'm supposed to kill one
of my best friends!

Billy rubs his head.

Andrew fights harder to untie himself but it's useless.

BILLY (CONT'D)

The first outlaws of the 21st
century, huh? It sounds
romantic...but...all this shit...
everything we've been doing for the
last two years...it's all fucked up.
We're all insane, you know that? To
do what we've been doing? You have
to be wired a little
differently up here to go through
with any of this stuff. You know...my
goal...was always just about making
money...make as
much money as you can...make all the
money in the world...prove to people
and myself that I could do it. Why?
Probably cuz it was important to my

parents, I guess. But, one day I finally realized that isn't what makes me happy. I still don't know what does though...I'm still trying to figure that out.

(a beat)

You're one of my best friends, Andrew. I could never kill you...I could never kill anyone. Levi? Travis? They could kill. They might have already killed her. I don't know. But...that's for you to figure out I guess.

He tosses his cigarette away, reaches over and helps Andrew out of the trunk. Andrew's feet and hands are tied and he collapses onto the ground.

Billy stands over him...

BILLY (CONT'D)

I'm leaving, Andrew. Billy the Kid isn't gonna die young. Billy the Kid is running off into the sunset. You guys? I don't know what's going to happen. I don't wanna know. I don't wanna be here anymore. I wanna change, I wanna be somebody else, have a different life.

He takes out a small knife and unties his feet and hands.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Wyatt Earp, huh? Good luck, man. Take care of yourself.

He tosses Andrew's cellphone into his lap, rushes over to the driver's seat and gets in. Andrew jumps up and rips the duct tape off his mouth...

ANDREW

Billy! Wait! Where are they?! Where are they?!

He jogs after the car but Billy quickly peels away and is gone.

He stops and looks down at his cellphone.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE -- LATER

Andrew dials Heather's number, and rushes down the stairs.

He listens for a moment, but the answering clicks on...

ANDREW

Fuck!

He continues down the stairs. Dials again...answering machine.

He reaches the bottom of the stairs and takes off into a full speed sprint.

Mid-stride, he dials again...

No answer.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREETS -- LATER

Andrew runs along the city street, breathing hard, sweating, scanning the area for a taxi.

He sees one and darts into the street to flag it down. He waves his arms wildly into the air. The taxi slams on its brakes.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANDREW'S HOUSE -- LATER

Levi and Travis are parked across the street waiting in their car.

Travis lights a cigarette.

They wait, not talking to each other, Levi's eyes fixed on the front door.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI -- EVENING

Andrew is breathing hard, continues to dial her number and still no answer.

He reaches into his pocket, grabs his wallet and opens it. He takes out Mike's business card and looks at it.

Finally, he dials the number.

ANDREW

Hello? Mike Northcut? (pause) Yes, this is Andrew Thomas with the Phoenix Group. (pause) I have something to talk to you about.

EXT. ANDREW'S HOUSE -- EVENING

The taxi pulls up to his house and Andrew jumps out. He doesn't pay the driver and just runs toward the house.

DRIVER

Hey! You owe me...

He trails off as Andrew reaches the front door. He opens it...it was unlocked.

ANDREW

Heather?!

He jogs into the kitchen, no one. He jogs into the living room...

INT. LIVING ROOM, ANDREW'S HOUSE --

Levi and Travis are standing there, Levi holding a gun...

Andrew sees them and freezes...

LEVI

What the...

TRAVIS

Shit! I told you I should do it!

Levi doesn't respond to him.

ANDREW

Where's my wife?

LEVI

You tell me. We've been waiting for her.

TRAVIS

Where's Billy?

ANDREW

He left.

LEVI

What'd you mean "he left?"

ANDREW

He's gone! He bailed! He doesn't
wanna be a part of this anymore...
just like me.

Levi raises his gun to Andrew...

LEVI

Too bad.

Andrew puts his hands up...

ANDREW

You think me and Billy are the only
ones who wanted out? Travis was gonna
do the same thing I was!

TRAVIS

Shut the fuck up.

ANDREW

I'm serious, Levi! He said you were
getting out of control.

Levi kind of looks over at Travis...

TRAVIS

Shoot him, please.

ANDREW

He told Billy too! He always hated
that you were the leader! Remember?!

TRAVIS

Gimme the gun, please, I'll shoot
him.

LEVI

What's he talking about?

TRAVIS

He's trying to save his ass, what'd
you think?! Fucking kill him, man,
and lets get outta here!

ANDREW

It's the truth, Levi! Ask Billy!
It's true! He always hated how you
were Jesse James and shit, the
leader...isn't that right Travis?

TRAVIS

Shut your fucking mouth, Andrew.
Levi! Gimme the gun!

He lunges for it, but Levi steps back and points it at him...

They freeze there for a moment.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

What're you doing?

LEVI

Maybe I should just kill both of you?

TRAVIS

Yeah, fuckin' maybe.

(a beat)

You really gonna let him manipulate
you like this? Are you that weak?

LEVI

I forgot...do I trust you?

TRAVIS

You're so fucking paranoid, man.

Travis takes out a cigarette and lights it.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

You need to figure some shit out for
yourself, because if you can't trust
me, you can't trust anyone.

LEVI

Yeah, maybe I can't trust anyone.

TRAVIS

You know...I always thought I had
some problems...but...compared to
you...

EXT. ANDREW'S HOUSE -- SAME TIME

A car pulls up to the side garage...and out steps Heather.

INT. LIVING ROOM, ANDREW'S HOUSE --

TRAVIS

Is this what you wanted, Andrew?
You wanted this thing to
self-destruct? We were on top of the
world, you realize that?

LEVI

We still are...

Suddenly, Heather crosses into the living room, sees them standing there, and SCREAMS!

Her high-pitched scream startles Levi and he SHOOTS TRAVIS!
BANG!

The bullet slices through Travis' chest, his cigarette drops from his mouth.

In this instance, Andrew spins around, and grabs Heather...

ANDREW

RUN!

Levi looks over at them but rushes over to Travis...

LEVI

Shit! Shit!

Travis is coughing up blood, as Levi leans down next to him.

LEVI (CONT'D)

I didn't...mean...

TRAVIS

(coughing)

This feels...pretty real.

EXT. ANDREW'S HOUSE --

Andrew and Heather run out to her car...

ANDREW

Gimme the keys!

She tosses the keys to him, and they pile in.

He fires up the car and they peel out.

INT. LIVING ROOM, ANDREW'S HOUSE --

Levi gets up and runs out of the house.

EXT. ANDREW'S HOUSE --

Levi makes it outside in time to see Andrew and Heather drive down the street.

INT. CAR -- LATER

Andrew and Heather drive down the street, Andrew pulls the car over on the side of the road. He unbuckles his seat belt, reaches over and they hug...

ANDREW
Baby, I love you.

HEATHER
I'm scared...what's going on...

ANDREW
It's okay...everything is taken care
of now...we're gonna be alright...

FADE TO BLACK:

CUT TO:

EXTREME CLOSE-UP ON A FEW BULLETS BEING LOADED INTO A CHAMBER.

INT. OFFICE -- NIGHT

(SCENE FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE MOVIE)

WE ARE WIDE on this darkly lit office. A giant glass wall overlooks the bright, city lights of Phoenix, Arizona.

Standing in the middle of the room is a MAN, that we now identify as Levi.

He is holding a gun in his hands...clutching it tightly.

INT. WHITE HALLWAY -- NIGHT

WE ARE CENTERED ON A WHITE HALLWAY -- THREE MEN, F.B.I. OFFICIALS, suddenly rush around the corner.

We now identify one of the men as Mike Northcut.

They're holding a few folders, walking briskly...

OFFICIAL #1
He's ready-

MIKE
-Full confession?

OFFICIAL #1
Full confession.

OFFICIAL #3
He wants total immunity.

They turn the corner and enter a small dark room, where a single light shines over a MAN at a table, that we now identify as Andrew.

The three men pull up chairs across from him.

One of them pulls out a small recording device, sets it up in front of Andrew, and hits record.

MIKE
Someone went to work on that eye.

He doesn't respond.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I've been chasing you guys for awhile
now, huh?

Still no response...

MIKE (CONT'D)
But I always knew...I always knew.

He reaches over and hits record on the recording device.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Okay...tell us what happened...

INT. OFFICE -- NIGHT

Levi continues to clutch the gun, staring out at the city.

Finally, in one swift movement, he raises it to his head and fires.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM --

Andrew leans into the light...

ANDREW

Well, first, I wanna know I have immunity.

Mike looks around.

MIKE

Sir, we actually can't promise that at this time, but I assure you, that your cooperation will favor you in court sentencing-

ANDREW

-What if I told you that I could help bring in another person too...someone you might be very interested in bringing in. Would that give me immunity?

MIKE

Who?

EXT. DESERT -- DAY

There are two SUV's parked in the middle of the desert. After a moment, we see Andrew get out of one of the cars.

He walks out into the middle of the two cars and waits for a moment, until the doors of the other car open and out steps Tan'el and his assistant.

Andrew flashes a huge fake smile.

TAN'EL

My favorite broker!

Andrew tosses them a duffle bag...

ANDREW

Ten million. Back like we told you.

TAN'EL

My man! And don't think I won't want to invest with you guys again.

ANDREW

I don't think that's gonna happen.

TAN'EL

Why not?

ANDREW

I'm quitting the business. Moving away for awhile.

TAN'EL

Too bad. Well, I hope you live a good life my friend.

ANDREW

You as well.

They shake and Andrew turns and heads back to his car.

He gets in as Tan'el wanders back to his car.

Andrew peels out and dust flies up. Before Tan'el is even in the car, Andrew is already booking out of there. Finally, after Andrew's car is about fifty yards away, WE SEE FOUR BLACK SUV'S APPEAR FROM EACH ANGLE HEADING RIGHT TOWARD TAN'EL'S VEHICLE.

Tan'el looks around, scared, not knowing what's going on.

INT. F.B.I SUV --

Mike is in shotgun of one of the cars, staring straight ahead, clenching his jaw.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD, ANDREW'S HOME -- SAME TIME

We slowly move in on a hill of dirt...and see that next to it is a big hole...where Heather and Andrew buried the one million dollars in cash...it's gone now.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDREW'S CAR --

Andrew lets out a scream of excitement. Heather appears from the backseat, she was ducking down.

ANDREW
We did it baby!

HEATHER
Home free, huh?

ANDREW
Yeah, we just gotta find where that home is now.

He smiles.

HEATHER
Well, what are you thinking...Vegas?

ANDREW
Can we afford Vegas?

Heather reveals the duffle bag with the one million dollars in cash...

HEATHER
We got about one million, so how long can that last in Vegas?

ANDREW
I guess we'll find out.

They both laugh.

EXT. DESERT --

THEY FLY THROUGH THE DESERT AND FINALLY REACH A PAVED ROAD. WE WATCH THEM DISAPPEAR INTO THE DISTANCE.

We hear a voice over from an earlier scene as they drive away and we see the desert, old west landscape...

LEVI (V.O.)
Welcome to the twenty-first century, gentlemen.

ANDREW (V.O.)
Feels good.

LEVI (V.O.)

This is our time. This is our time
to define what the twenty-first
century is going to represent. We can
shape it.

BILLY (V.O.)

The first outlaws of the new
millenium.

FADE OUT:

THE END.