

Beverly Hills Bratva

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

KYLE JACKSON (mid 40s) struggles to get up off the ground. He's handsome, oozes charisma and has a fresh black eye.

KYLE
I'll have it, swear to God.

A pair of big, meaty hands connected to TONY NOTELLI (mid 50s, gangster) pick him up effortlessly.

Tony is well over six feet tall, very large and scary.

TONY
I should just take your car and--

KYLE
It was my dad's.

TONY
He should've raised you not to go
for the under on Detroit at home.

KYLE
Double or nothing on the Dolphins.
You know I'm good for it.

Tony thinks for a moment. He nods and lets go.

Kyle hits the ground with a thump. He moans in pain.

KYLE (V.O.)
The moment before you find out if
you win is as good as winning in a
gambling addict's brain.

Kyle slowly staggers to his feet.

KYLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
You'll chase that high until it
ruins everything in your life.

Tony walks away.

KYLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And then you'll chase it some more.

Kyle coughs up blood.

INT. MEDICAL OFFICE - DAY

Through a massive bay window is an incredible view of downtown Los Angeles.

On the wall are several diplomas, including a medical degree from Johns Hopkins University and several military mementos.

A heavy brick with a plaque on it is on his desk.

Kyle discreetly pushes away a family photo of him, his wife NATASHA (mid 40s, lawyer) and his daughter YOUNG MAYA (12).

Natasha is short with fiery red hair.

Maya is a spitting image of her mother.

Across from him is RAQUEL ST. ANTHONY (mid 20s, porn star).

She's tall, curvy, blonde and stunning.

Their attraction is chemical.

Kyle points to a tablet with the mock-up of a woman's figure. He presses a button and her chest gets bigger.

KYLE

You have to think of more than just
how they are going to look on you
when you are camera ready.

He presses a button and the chest image shrinks.

RAQUEL

Bigger gets booked more.

KYLE

Think of the long term effects. You
will be walking, talking and doing
everything else with this--
(grabs the brick)
--to balance with.

RAQUEL

I can deal with that later, when I
retire from it.

Kyle stands up and offers her the brick.

She stands up, her eyes gravitate to the plaque.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)

"For valor under fire."

He raises the brick up to her chest level.

KYLE

We were under heavy fire from some insurgents for about two days.

RAQUEL

Sounds dangerous.

KYLE

Walk with me.

They take several steps.

RAQUEL

Oh wow.

KYLE

That stress will be on your lower back every day for the rest of your career if you go that big.

RAQUEL

They can just fix my back later.

KYLE

Why do that when you can just avoid it in the first place?

She looks at the brick and then at him.

RAQUEL

I think you're right.

He takes the brick from her. Their hands touch.

KYLE

It's also ten thousand dollars more, too, to go bigger.

Kyle sits down at his desk.

RAQUEL

Kayla said you were the best guy out there.

KYLE

She's very nice.

Raquel smiles coyly.

KYLE (V.O.)
 I gambled everything, from my
 marriage to my practice, all in
 chase of that high.

INT. LUXURY KITCHEN - NIGHT

Straight out of Martha Stewart's dreams.

Takeout from a fancy restaurant is on the table.

Kyle, Natasha and Young Maya eat.

Kyle's phone buzzes. He looks at it, placing his fork down.

KYLE
 I've got to go.

NATASHA
 You've barely eaten.

KYLE
 One of my patients is at Saint
 George's and I need to go in now.

Kyle stands up and leaves. He passes a photo on the wall of
 him and his FATHER (mid 60s) in front of a '69 Dodge Charger.

Natasha sighs and continues eating.

KYLE (V.O.)
 It was easy to pretend everything
 was OK... as long as the illusion
 of our perfect life was there.

EXT. LARGE HOUSE - NIGHT

A garage door opens, revealing the same Dodge Charger.

Kyle is behind the wheel.

KYLE (V.O.)
 I wish it had been drugs. It would
 have been easier to give up.

It roars to life.

KYLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 My dad was the same way.

The Charger drives off.

KYLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I swore I would never do to my kid
what he did me.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A pay by the hour type of room.

Kyle's and Raquel's clothing are all over the floor.

KYLE (V.O.)
He had one vice... I had two.

Kyle has sex with Raquel.

KYLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
If the Dolphins covered the spread,
or I could screw some model wanting
C cups, it felt the same exact way.

Kyle finishes and nearly passes out.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATER

Kyle lays in bed, staring at his wedding ring.

KYLE (V.O.)
That rush... that rush made every
guilty feeling that much worse.

The shower hums in the background.

A football game is on the television.

The sound of a crowd explodes through it.

Kyle looks at it and sighs.

KYLE
Are you kidding me?

He tosses the remote at the television.

INT. MEDICAL OFFICE - DAY

Kyle fills out some paperwork at his desk.

Tony walks in and closes the door behind him. His eyes survey
the room.

TONY
How much does this cost to rent?

Kyle gulps loudly.

TONY (CONT'D)
You haven't been returning my
calls, Doctor.

Tony sits down across from him.

KYLE
I need some time.

TONY
You had time once before. You swore
you had it, remember?

KYLE
And I do. And I will. I just--

TONY
One of my guys told me you plastic
surgeons keep Halbuterinzo on site.

Tony spots Kyle's family photo.

KYLE
I can't. It's--

TONY
Should I just ask your wife for the
money instead?

Kyle places the family photo down.

KYLE
I do this... and we're square.

Tony nods.

TONY
The usual spot.

Tony leaves.

Kyle logs into his computer. He pulls up his bank account.

He has three hundred dollars in it.

His fingers pull up his 401k.

Barely a thousand dollars.

Kyle pulls up his daughter's college fund.

Slightly over five hundred dollars.

He puts his face in his hands.

INT. MEDICAL OFFICE SUPPLY ROOM - NIGHT

A Duffel bag is at Kyle's feet.

Kyle frantically searches through boxes of medication.

His hands yank out several marked "Halbuterinzo."

He looks at them for a long moment. Deep breath.

Kyle shoves the boxes into the Duffel bag.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Kyle paces, the Duffel bag nearby.

Tony walks up to him.

Police lights flash.

KYLE (V.O.)

And that's how a rookie backup not
being able to hold onto a go route
got me here.

INT. PRISON CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A large TV is on the wall.

Video footage of Kyle and Tony being arrested plays on it.

Kyle, in an orange jumpsuit, stares at it.

KYLE

It's Isaac Jackson's fault, really.

Across from Kyle is his attorney LOGAN DANIELS (mid 60s).

Logan is short, balding and in an expensive suit.

KYLE (CONT'D)

The ball was right here--
(holds his hands up to his
chest)
--and it hits him in the helmet.

LOGAN

You're going to have to serve some time. Real time.

KYLE

What are we talking?

LOGAN

The District Attorney works for a governor that is cracking down on prescription drug abuse and sales.

KYLE

What did Natasha say?

LOGAN

She's the least of your worries right now, Kyle.

KYLE

She won't return my calls. I can explain it to her, to Maya--

LOGAN

Focus on what we can control.

KYLE

What's the offer?

LOGAN

Ten years, five with good behavior.
(beat)

Everyone caught trying to sell a schedule A drug is getting hit this hard or worse.

KYLE

What if we tried to fight it?

LOGAN

Then they go for the max.

KYLE

I served my country, I'm a good member of the community, I'm--

LOGAN

A gambling degenerate with a very questionable personal history.

Logan pulls out a briefcase and takes out a folder. He hands it to Kyle.

KYLE

Oh no.

Kyle opens it up, revealing photos of him with different women in front of sleazy hotels.

LOGAN

Just let me know who's handling it.

Underneath the photos are service for divorce proceedings.

KYLE

One thing at a time.

Logan takes out another envelope and hands it to him.

Kyle opens it up.

LOGAN

We can fight it once you're out of here, at least.

Kyle's medical license has been suspended.

KYLE

Ten years and Maya is in college.

LOGAN

So you should behave and see her in high school, then.

KYLE

Is there any way I get out of here without any time?

LOGAN

Unless you've got dirt on a Russian mobster, then no.

KYLE

I'll take the offer.

LOGAN

I'll let them know.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

The door opens.

Kyle walks in, a fresh gray prison uniform on.

A blanket and a pillow are in his hands.

A PRISON GUARD is behind him.

Kyle sits down on the bed and looks around.

The door closes.

Kyle turns and looks through the cell bars.

INT. JAIL HALLWAY - LATER

CONVICTS of all ages and races as far as the eye can see.

Several heavily protected Prison Guards are scattered throughout the lines, loosely observing.

Kyle is in the middle of it all.

A SHANK is passed from the hands of one convict to the next, up the line.

A STABBY CONVICT gets the shank. He grips it tightly. His eyes focus down the line.

Kyle stares forward, oblivious.

The Stabber takes several steps and quickly stabs YURI (Russian mobster, mid 30s). He passes hand the shank off, the weapon disappearing down the line.

Yuri hits the ground, blood pouring out of him. He's tall, muscular and heavily tattooed.

A GUARD spots Yuri.

GUARD
Everyone hit the ground!

The Guard pulls a lever.

Klaxons fire off.

Convicts drop to the floor quickly.

Kyle spots Yuri and sprints towards him.

GUARD (CONT'D)
Back away, convict!

Kyle presses on Yuri's stab wound.

KYLE
He'll die if I don't do anything!

Kyle takes his shirt off and places it on the wound.

YURI
Please--

KYLE
Just stay with me!

Kyle presses down on the wound.

Several guards approach Kyle.

A PRISON DOCTOR and several NURSES show up.

Kyle spots them and backs off.

The Guards tackle Kyle to the ground and kick his ass.

INT. SOLITARY HOLDING UNIT - NIGHT

Kyle is tossed inside.

His face is all bruised up.

He looks back to see a SOLITARY GUARD staring back at him.

SOLITARY GUARD
Want to know how to stay out of
here, convict?

KYLE
I'm all ears.

SOLITARY GUARD
Next time a guard tells you to stay
out of it, you stay out of it.

KYLE
Before this I was a doctor and--

SOLITARY GUARD
You're a convict. Act accordingly.

The Guard slams the door shut.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Yuri is in there, lying on Kyle's bed.

The door opens.

Kyle walks in.

Yuri sits up and looks at Kyle.

KYLE
I don't want any trouble.

YURI
I wanted to thank you.

KYLE
It's an old habit.

Yuri stands up and pats Kyle on the shoulder.

YURI
It's a good habit.
(beat)
Join me for lunch.

Kyle nods.

Yuri leaves.

Kyle sits down on the bed, his eyes focused on the ceiling.

INT. PRISON CAFETERIA - DAY

Prisoners as far as the eye can see.

Yuri sits in the corner, RUSSIAN GANGSTERS all around him.

Eyes from all over follow Kyle as he walks around. A tray of prison slop is in his hands.

Kyle spots Yuri's table.

Yuri waves him over.

Kyle sits down at their table.

The Gangsters glare at Kyle.

KYLE
I think I should find a new table.

RUSSIAN GANGSTER
That would be good idea.

YURI
Nonsense.

RUSSIAN GANGSTER
He--

YURI
Saved my life.
(glares at the Gangster)
Have you?

The Gangster looks away in pure fear.

Yuri slaps Kyle on the shoulder.

YURI (CONT'D)
As my Uncle would say--
(in Russian)
The greater the favor, the greater
the debt owed.

The Gangsters all understand.

Kyle doesn't understand it.

YURI (CONT'D)
You are welcome with us, friend.

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Super: 1,822 days later

Kyle's Dodge Charger is parked.

Natasha is next to it. Time has been very kind to her.

Kyle exits the prison gates, an envelope in his hands.

Their eyes catch.

MAYA (O.S.)
Dad!

MAYA (teenager) emerges from the Charger. She sprints to her father and hugs him.

KYLE
It's good to see you too, kid.

He mouths "Thank you" to his ex-wife.

Natasha gets into the car.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - DAY

Natasha starts the engine.

Maya and Kyle get inside.

MAYA

What do you want to do, dad?

Natasha puts the car into drive and pulls out.

KYLE

My first thought was to get something to eat.

MAYA

They fed you there, didn't they?

KYLE

A Kahuna Burger sounds like heaven.

MAYA

We can go to a restaurant and--

KYLE

We put gravy on everything to cover up how awful it was. Yuri tried but it was a private prison.

(hands Maya an envelope full of cash)

My treat.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

A small, poorly maintained ranch house.

The Pacific Ocean is visible in the distance.

A Luxury Sedan is parked up front.

The Charger pulls up.

Maya exits and walks inside. She has a bag of fast food and matching drink in her hands.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - DAY

Kyle and Natasha look around.

KYLE

Thanks, Nat.

NATASHA

Maya wanted to pick you up.

KYLE

Thanks for not selling my dad's house or--

NATASHA

Do you know how much money we had
when you went inside?

Kyle mouths a profanity.

KYLE

I'll repay you. Every cent.

NATASHA

Then you need to get your license
back, ASAP.

KYLE

I need a lawyer for that.

NATASHA

No.

KYLE

You're the best lawyer I know.

NATASHA

I'm the only lawyer you know.

KYLE

Logan--

NATASHA

Died six months ago.

KYLE

No wonder why he stopped returning
my phone calls.

NATASHA

You couldn't afford him. Or me.

Kyle looks into his envelope.

KYLE

I've got a hundred bucks left from
my commissary so... maybe ten
minutes of your time?

NATASHA

As far as I'm concerned, you and I
are even. You owe her everything
else, Kyle, including college.

KYLE

I know.

NATASHA

She talked me out of selling the house and the car. Don't make me regret it, OK?

KYLE

I'll make right by her.

NATASHA

I hope you do.

Natasha hands him the car keys and exits.

Kyle looks at his car. He touches the leather, as if for the first time.

INT. BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

The furniture is older and worn out.

Maya is asleep on a couch.

Kyle walks in. He feels her forehead. It's a little warm.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

Natasha sits behind a massive executive desk.

A framed piece of expensive art, surrounded by various diplomas and distinctions, takes up another wall.

OSCAR SANCHEZ (late 20s, junior associate) walks in.

He's short with blood shot eyes.

OSCAR

You wanted to see me, Miss Jensen?

She reaches into her desk and takes out a folder marked "Make Kyle a Doctor again." It's overflowing with paper.

NATASHA

There are a dozen cases I need to be pulled from West Law.

Oscar grabs the folder and opens it up. He looks at it oddly.

OSCAR

Since when do we work on medical license reinstatement?

NATASHA
Do you have kids?

OSCAR
I don't even have a girlfriend.

NATASHA
Once you do... this will make a lot
more sense.

INT. PAROLE OFFICER'S OFFICE - DAY

Overflowing with file cabinets, almost claustrophobic.

BRAD TOLLIVER (mid 50s, permanent snarl) stares at Kyle's
parole folder.

He's well over six feet tall and 300 plus pounds.

Kyle sits across from him.

BRAD
So you went to Johns Hopkins.

KYLE
It's like any other medical school.

Brad puts the folder down.

BRAD
I didn't have my rich parents to
pay for me to go to college.

KYLE
I was in ROTC. Uncle Sam paid for
it and I went to Afghanistan to pay
him back for the favor.

BRAD
I don't want to hear it, convict.
(beat)
Every hour of freedom you have from
here on out is because of me. Are
we clear on that?

KYLE
Crystal.

Brad picks up the folder and looks at it again.

BRAD
You have a job lined up.

KYLE

I found a program for first-time
offenders like me to help
reintegrate into society.

Brad drops the folder and reaches into his desk. He pull out
a disposable specimen cup and hands it to Kyle.

BRAD

I'll be checking in with your boss.
(points to cup)
Down the hall.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

Empty.

EDWARD HANSEN (mid 40s) and Kyle are behind the counter.

Edward has a dad bod with a receding hairline.

EDWARD

It's not that complicated.
(looks both ways)
This is the deal. Twenty percent of
your check is kicked back to me. If
it doesn't, I'll call your parole
officer and tell him that you
showed up drunk or high. Or both.

KYLE

You can't do that.

EDWARD

Do you have another job available?

KYLE

Claudia at the service said--

EDWARD

Call her right now. She gets half.

KYLE

Guys were doing time for this.

EDWARD

You start Wednesday.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - NIGHT

Kyle is in the back, drinking a cup of coffee. A half-eaten
donut is in his other hand.

Gambling addict AIDAN (early 20s) sits down next to him.

He's got foppish hair and a t-shirt that says "Make Bit Coin Great Again."

AIDAN
First time?

Kyle nods.

AIDAN (CONT'D)
I'm Aidan.

KYLE
Kyle.

They shake hands.

Kyle looks at Aidan oddly.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Aren't you a bit young to be here?

AIDAN
Online casinos didn't require you
to be twenty-one and I got in too
deep, you know?

KYLE
How did you gamble there?

AIDAN
Cryptocurrency.

Kyle doesn't know what that is.

KYLE
I've got a weird question for you.

AIDAN
Nothing's that weird here.

Kyle looks at him oddly.

AIDAN (CONT'D)
Everyone's first time, and sharing,
leaves you with some crazy shit. It
put running up my dad's electric
bill into perspective.

KYLE
How do they do sponsors here?

AIDAN
You really want to do the program.

KYLE
I need one as part of the
conditions of my release.

AIDAN
From rehab?

KYLE
I was upstate.

VICTOR (mid 70s, group leader) walks in front of the group.

VICTOR
Hey guys.

The room quiets down.

Victor scans the room.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
I see some new faces here.
(beat)
Welcome to Gambler's Anonymous. I
am Victor and I want to welcome
everyone to today's session.

EVERYONE
Hi, Victor!

VICTOR
Let's have a brief prayer for the
addict who suffers.

Silence.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
If anyone has something they want
to share, feel free.

An ADDICT walks up to the front.

EXT. CHURCH - NIGHT

Kyle walks out, staring at a small chip.

AIDAN (O.S.)
Feels ominous, huh?

Kyle turns and sees Aidan sprinting towards him.

KYLE
It's a lot to handle.

AIDAN
Victor asked me to talk to you.

KYLE
You're not much older than my
daughter, Aidan.

AIDAN
Maybe that's not a bad thing.

Kyle thinks about it.

INT. BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Air conditioning is blowing fiercely.

Maya is on the couch, her clothes covered in sweat.

Kyle walks in. He's freezing.

MAYA
How's the new life?

KYLE
I met my boss, my parole officer
and I have a sponsor now.

MAYA
Is he nice?

KYLE
(touches her forehead)
Get in the car, now.

MAYA
I'm fine, it's just--

KYLE
I need to get you to an ER.

Maya stands up and then passes back out.

INT. ER WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Several PATIENTS linger around.

Kyle and Natasha sit on uncomfortable chairs, waiting.

KYLE
Has she been this sick recently?

NATASHA
She's been staying at the beach house during the week because it's closer to school.

KYLE
She's not old enough to be alone like that.

NATASHA
When you're raising her on your own, you have to compromise.

KYLE
You could work less.

NATASHA
And you could've left me with--
(deep breath)
We're not going to fight about this right now, Kyle.

Silence.

An ER DOCTOR approaches the two.

ER DOCTOR
Miss Jensen, Mister Jackson?

Kyle and Natasha stand up.

KYLE
How is she?

The ER Doctor looks around. He takes a deep breath.

ER DOCTOR
She's stable but her bloodwork--

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CANCER DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A full body scan of Maya is on the wall.

A CANCER DOCTOR points to a red dot on it.

CANCER DOCTOR
Indicates trigeminal Leukemia.

Everyone is stunned.

CANCER DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Based on the size of the tumor, we
are in stage four right now.

MAYA
What does that mean?

The Cancer Doctor takes a deep breath.

CANCER DOCTOR
That means it's terminal.

MAYA
How much time do I have left?

NATASHA
Honey, let's--

MAYA
I want to know.

KYLE
Are you sure?

Maya nods.

CANCER DOCTOR
If you do nothing, you have two to
three months to get your affairs in
order at best.

KYLE
What about chemo and radiation?

CANCER DOCTOR
We can potentially double her--

Maya cries her eyes out.

CANCER DOCTOR (CONT'D)
--time that way.

Natasha consoles her.

CANCER DOCTOR (CONT'D)
I'll let you have a moment.

The Cancer Doctor leaves.

Kyle follows him.

INT. MEDICAL HALLWAY - DAY

Kyle grabs the Cancer Doctor by the shoulder.

KYLE

We need to talk about her options.

CANCER DOCTOR

Cancer and chemo--

KYLE

Are just a band-aid right now.

CANCER DOCTOR

You saw where the tumor was.

KYLE

You could cut it out.

CANCER DOCTOR

Based on her blood work alone the odds that she'll die on the table are significant.

KYLE

Are there any trial medications or studies we can get her in?

The Cancer Doctor thinks for a moment.

CANCER DOCTOR

We were just approached to be a part of a study on a new drug that is still under review by the FDA. It's not even approved under an FDA emergency authorization right now.

KYLE

So there goes insurance, huh?

CANCER DOCTOR

It's two hundred thousand dollars a month. The treatment is designed for three to six months.

KYLE

Holy shit.

CANCER DOCTOR

She'd be perfect for the trial.

KYLE

What strings do you need to pull?

CANCER DOCTOR
Give me a couple of days.

KYLE
Get her in and I will find the
money for it.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

The Charger pulls up and parks.

Maya exits and walks inside.

Natasha's sedan pulls up moments later.

Kyle and Natasha exit.

KYLE
I can sell the house and the
Charger, but--

NATASHA
I need you to be honest with me.

KYLE
That's a good way to start this.

NATASHA
Did you hide anything?

KYLE
Everything in the paperwork was
everything you got. I kept chasing
the losses and you know the rest.

NATASHA
I had a two million buy in to make
partner six months ago. That was
everything I had.

KYLE
We can sell the houses and--

NATASHA
I'm underwater right now.

KYLE
What about your 401k, my 401k, the
Roth IRA and the brokerage--

NATASHA
There was NOTHING left after you
went away.

Beat.

KYLE
I'll find a way. I got us into
this... I'll get us out of it.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

The store is empty.

Kyle is behind the register.

Edward walks in from the office.

EDWARD
I need you to mop before your shift
is over, Jackson.

KYLE
Can we talk for a moment?

EDWARD
No.

KYLE
I haven't even asked.

EDWARD
It's always the same with people
like you. I want more shifts, I
want this, I want that.

KYLE
My kid has cancer.

EDWARD
Sure she does.

KYLE
Why would I lie about this?

EDWARD
Because you're an ex-con and that's
what ex-cons do here.
(beat)
I'll be glad to let you know what
shifts you have ahead of time, so
you can coordinate with whatever
job you pick up on the side.

Kyle walks out.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

JUSTIN (mid 40s) looks at the Charger. He's got slicked back hair, a goatee and a shirt with a cheap garage logo on it.

Kyle exits and walks over to it.

KYLE
Can I help you?

JUSTIN
Is this your car?

Kyle nods.

KYLE
It's available for the right price,
if you're looking.

JUSTIN
Can I see under the hood?

Kyle pops the hood of the Charger.

Parts from several decades of repairs are evident.

KYLE
It's a little Frankenstein'd but it
runs like a dream.

JUSTIN
What garage did you go to?

KYLE
My old man did most of them and I
did the rest.

JUSTIN
Twenty grand.

Kyle closes the hood.

A European sports car pulls up.

Yuri exits, filling his car with gas. He's in an expensive suit. His eyes spot Kyle and he smiles.

KYLE
It lists for eighty.

JUSTIN
It also needs a lot of work.

Yuri walks over to Kyle.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
I've got cash.

KYLE
I'm not taking twenty grand for my
father's car.

Justin takes twenty thousand dollars out and places it on the
hood of the car.

Kyle looks at it.

JUSTIN
That car isn't worth eighty.

YURI
You heard the man.

Justin turns and sees Yuri.

He's instantly scared shit less.

JUSTIN
This--

YURI
He said eighty. Do you have eighty?

Justin shakes his head no.

Yuri takes his money and puts it back in Justin's pocket.

YURI (CONT'D)
Please go, then.

Justin walks away.

KYLE
That was--

YURI
Not enough for a good car.

Kyle and Yuri shake hands.

KYLE
I thought you still had a stretch.

YURI
My uncle helped me. He is a very
powerful man.

KYLE
Does he need a car?

YURI
I'm borrowing one of his,
(points to the sports car)
Do you like it?

KYLE
It's nice.

YURI
(points to the Charger)
You shouldn't sell something like
this to someone like him.

KYLE
I need the cash.

Yuri reaches into his pocket and takes out a card. He hands it to Kyle.

YURI
Maybe my uncle can help you.

Kyle looks at the card. It's the address for a bar.

KYLE
The last time I was behind a bar
was... twenty years ago.

YURI
Maybe he has a better job than that
for you.

Yuri taps him on the shoulder and walks away.

Kyle gets in the Charger.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT

Kyle goes to start the engine and stops. He turns the key just enough to get the radio on.

An ad for a gambling website starts.

He turns the radio off.

Kyle opens up his wallet. He's got fifty bucks inside.

KYLE
Maybe there's forty thousand to one
odds on something.
(beat)
I could do a parlay and--
(beat)
(MORE)

KYLE (CONT'D)

I do that and I might as well go
back to prison.

His hands pull out Yuri's card.

His eyes look at it for a long moment.

EXT. RUSSIAN BAR - NIGHT

GANGSTERS and ASSOCIATES mill about outside.

Two very large RUSSIAN BOUNCERS are up front.

Kyle walks up to the two. He tries to walk inside.

They stop him.

KYLE

I'm here to see Yuri.

The first Bouncer motions to the second.

The second Bouncer walks inside.

The first Bouncer looks Kyle over.

BOUNCER #1

I think you've got the wrong place.

The second Bouncer emerges. He nods to the first.

The first Bouncer motions for Kyle to raise his hands.

Kyle does.

The second Bouncer frisks him.

BOUNCER #1 (CONT'D)

Follow me.

The first Bouncer walks inside.

Kyle follows him.

INT. RUSSIAN BAR - NIGHT

RUSSIAN GANGSTERS and GROUPIES of all ages are all over.

People in the crowd see the Bouncer and part.

He walks past them to a VIP area.

Kyle walks behind him.

Curious gazes come from all assembled.

INT. RUSSIAN OFFICE - NIGHT

Russian crime kingpin FEDOR (mid 60s) holding court with a dozen GROUPIES (20s) and GANGSTERS of all ages.

All of them are Russian.

Fedor is older but in good shape, a long scar running down his face. An aura of violence radiates off of him.

The women are dressed in tight, revealing dresses.

Old war wounds are as common as tattoos among the Gangsters.

Yuri is at the door.

GANGSTER

(in Russian)

How could you tell what they were from inside the helicopter?

FEDOR

(in Russian)

If they ran, they were Mujaheddin.

GROUPIE

(in Russian)

What if they stood still?

FEDOR

(in Russian)

Then they were well-disciplined Mujaheddin.

The Gangsters laugh.

The women are mortified.

KNOCK KNOCK!

Yuri opens the door, revealing Kyle. He smiles.

YURI

(to Fedor)

This is the man I was talking to you about, Uncle.

Yuri pulls Kyle inside.

FEDOR
Privacy, please.

The women and the gangsters all leave.

KYLE
(extends hand)
Kyle Jackson.

Yuri stays by the door.

FEDOR
Fedor Putinska.

They shake hands.

FEDOR (CONT'D)
(in Russian, to Yuri)
The greater the favor, the greater
the debt owed.

Yuri nods.

Fedor looks Kyle over.

FEDOR (CONT'D)
You aren't what I expected when
Yuri talked about the man who saved
his life in prison.

KYLE
This is America, the melting pot.

FEDOR
You don't look like a doctor.

KYLE
I didn't look like an Army Captain,
either, but yet I am.

FEDOR
Where'd you serve?

KYLE
You know where Kandahar is?

Fedor points to the scar on his face.

KYLE (CONT'D)
I ran a field hospital there.

FEDOR
My experience was... different.

KYLE

But probably really similar.

Fedor nods.

FEDOR

My nephew told me about buying
computer money today.

YURI

Cryptocurrency, uncle.
(to Kyle)
I bought some Bitcoin.

FEDOR

In Story Oksol, where we are from,
they would look at you like you had
two heads if you said you spent
real money on computer money.

KYLE

I'd probably look at you the same
way, too.

Beat

FEDOR

So why would you save a complete
stranger's life?

KYLE

I saw someone hurt and my instincts
just took over.

YURI

He spent time in solitary for it.

KYLE

Yuri said you guys were hiring.

Fedor reaches into his desk and pulls out fifty thousand in
cash. He places it down emphatically.

FEDOR

Just to answer your phone when I
need it. Twenty more each time you
get a phone call. You don't ask any
questions you don't want to know
the answer to.

Kyle takes a long look at the cash.

KYLE

That's a lot for a phone call.

FEDOR

In this country, fixing a bullet wound is a call to the police.

KYLE

It's a felony not to.

FEDOR

Some would like to have it fixed without their involvement.

KYLE

What if I say no?

FEDOR

We have good chicken wings. You can try them.

YURI

They're really good.

FEDOR

Would you have come if you just wanted a cheap meal?

Kyle looks at the money again. He nods.

KYLE

My family doesn't find out. Ever.

FEDOR

My sister thinks Yuri is learning to manage the bar.

Fedor laughs.

Eventually Yuri and Kyle join in.

INT. BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maya is on the couch, an open notebook in her hands.

"Last will and testament" is written on top.

Kyle walks in from outside in his gas station shirt.

KYLE

How are you feeling?

MAYA

The doctor called and said I got into the program.

Kyle pumps his fist.

KYLE
Thank God!
(sees the notebook)
Honey.

MAYA
He said this is experimental and--

KYLE
And they wouldn't have accepted you
if you weren't a good candidate.

Kyle's phone buzzes from a text message. His eyes look at it.
It's an address.

MAYA
What if it doesn't work?

KYLE
You can't think that way.

MAYA
How am I supposed to think?

Maya cries.

Kyle consoles her.

His phone rings. He looks at the caller ID.

"Yuri"

He answers it.

YURI (O.S.)
Twenty grand. No questions asked.

KYLE
I'll be there.

Yuri hangs up.

MAYA
Don't go.

KYLE
(looks her in the eyes)
You'll understand when you're
older, OK?

She nods.

Kyle sprints out.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Identical town homes as far as the eye can see.

Kyle parks on the side of the road. His eyes turn to his phone's GPS.

He takes a deep breath. His heart is pumping so loud he can't hear himself think.

A small smile creeps over his face.

A medical bag is on the passenger seat.

EXT. TOWN HOME - NIGHT

Kyle walks up to the front door. He holds the bag tightly.

His free hand knocks on the door.

ZACK (mid 20s, criminal) opens the door slightly.

ZACK
Who sent you?

KYLE
Yuri.

Zack nods and opens up.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Where is he?

ZACK
The living room.

Kyle sprints past him.

INT. TOWN HOME LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

PERCY (mid 20s) is on a beaten up couch, two bullet wounds in his stomach.

Kyle sprints straight to him and quickly looks him over.

Zack is right behind him.

KYLE
Is there any alcohol in here?

ZACK
Let me find something.

Zack leaves.

PERCY
Please, help me.

Kyle steps on a squeaky dog toy on the ground.

KYLE
There's good news and bad news,
kid. Which one do you want first?

Kyle reaches into his medical bag and pulls out a scalpel,
forceps and a pair of latex gloves.

PERCY
I don't care.

KYLE
(puts the gloves on)
You've got two bullets in you but
they're in a good spot.

PERCY
How is this good?

KYLE
Gut shots bleed a lot but it looks
like it didn't hit anything vital.

PERCY
How do you know?

KYLE
All the blood is light. Arterial
blood is dark.

Zack sprints in with a bottle of cheap tequila.

Kyle grabs it from him.

KYLE (CONT'D)
(to Zack)
I'm going to need you to hold him.

Zack nods and puts his hands on Percy.

Kyle offers the tequila to Percy.

PERCY
I hate that shit.

KYLE

This is going to hurt. A lot.

Percy nods.

Kyle hands him the bottle.

Percy takes a long drink of it.

Kyle takes it from him and pours it on the wounds.

Percy screams and shakes.

Zach holds him down.

PERCY

What the hell?

KYLE

Antiseptic.

Kyle washes his scalpel and forceps off with the tequila.

PERCY

I want to pass out, doc.

KYLE

You have to exceed your pain threshold to do that.

PERCY

Oh god.

Kyle grabs the dog toy and shoves it in Percy's mouth.

KYLE

In case the neighbors hear.

Kyle cuts open the wound on Percy.

Percy makes sure the dog toy is secure in his mouth.

Zack holds him steady.

Kyle takes his forceps and reaches inside the wound. He grips onto something and takes a deep breath.

Percy bites down on the dog toy... and then passes out.

INT. TOWN HOME LIVING ROOM - LATER

A pair of bloody bullet projectiles are in a piece of Tupperware, covered in Tequila.

Percy is passed out on the couch, both wounds stitched up.

KYLE
 (points to the bullet)
 That's probably evidence you will
 want to get rid of ASAP.

ZACK
 One thing at a time.

Zack and Kyle observe Percy for a moment.

KYLE
 Try to keep him on that couch as
 long as you can.

ZACK
 It's not that simple.

KYLE
 If he runs a temperature or one of
 the wounds turns green, get him to
 a hospital.

ZACK
 They'll call the cops.

KYLE
 He'll be alive, at least.

Zach nods. He takes out an envelope and hands it to Kyle.

ZACK
 Send Yuri my regards.

Kyle nods and leaves.

INT. GAS STATION OFFICE - NIGHT

A large time-clock, complete with time cards for a dozen
 employees, is on one wall.

A desk is crammed into one corner, a photo of Edward and his
 FAMILY on it.

Edward sits behind it, pouring over time cards.

All of them have "Kyle Jackson" written on them.

They all show Kyle clocking in 10-20 minutes late.

He starts counting them.

INT. BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maya is asleep on the couch.

Kyle walks in and looks at her. He sees the notebook.

It's completely filled out.

He walks into his bedroom.

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kyle walks in and looks around.

A floorboard creaks underneath him.

He reaches down and pulls the floorboard up, revealing a small empty crawl space.

His hands reach in and place the envelope in there.

Kyle walks over to his dresser and opens it up.

The money from Fedor is in there.

He places it in the crawl space and then puts the floorboard back down on top of it.

Kyle lays down on his bed and looks at the ceiling. He takes a deep breath and falls asleep.

INT. PAROLE OFFICER'S OFFICE - DAY

Brad fills out a form.

Kyle sits across from him.

BRAD

I had a conversation with Edward
the other day.

KYLE

He didn't mention it.

BRAD

Your boss doesn't like you.

KYLE

He's got a thing with people who
went to college.

Brad hands him a specimen cup.

KYLE (CONT'D)
You know it's going to be clean.

BRAD
Refusal is a violation, convict.

Kyle grabs the cup and leaves.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

Natasha sits at her desk, filling out paperwork.

A shoe box full of cash is slammed on her desk.

KYLE (O.S.)
Schedule her.

Natasha looks up and sees Kyle. Her eyes go through the shoe box, opening wide.

NATASHA
Where did you get this?

KYLE
I cleaned out my father's savings
deposit box.

She looks at the money closely.

NATASHA
Your father died ten years ago. All
of these bills are new.

KYLE
This gets her started.

NATASHA
Where did you get this?

KYLE
I won it gambling.

She doesn't believe him.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Would you believe I was cleaning
out the Charger and found it next
to Maya's EpiPen?

NATASHA
Give me a dollar.

Kyle reaches into his pocket and hands her a dollar.

NATASHA (CONT'D)

I officially represent you. Every thing you say is now covered by attorney-client privilege.

He takes a deep breath and looks around.

KYLE

Is there anyone you or your firm would reject?

NATASHA

There's some Russian mobsters that I wouldn't represent.

KYLE

I did a favor for the nephew of one of those guys.

NATASHA

Kyle!

KYLE

I just patched up someone who got shot a couple of times.

NATASHA

What happens if you get caught?

She grabs the cash and looks through it.

KYLE

Our daughter dies.

Natasha grabs her Rolodex and places it in front of Kyle.

NATASHA

Find the one listed for "Jason Storm" and take it out.

She turns around.

KYLE

Who is he?

He reaches in and takes it out.

NATASHA

A cleaner.

She turns to face him.

KYLE

Thank you.

NATASHA

I'm working on getting your license to practice reinstated.

KYLE

I hadn't even thought of that.

NATASHA

Once you can practice, this ends.

KYLE

The money--

NATASHA

Our daughter.

KYLE

Ok.

Kyle leaves.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The Charger is parked in a visitor's space.

Kyle exits, medical bag in hand.

He takes a deep breath and smiles.

Kyle walks towards the building.

INT. BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maya watches a trashy reality TV show.

KNOCK KNOCK!

NATASHA (O.S.)

It's me.

MAYA

It's open.

The door unlocks, revealing Natasha with restaurant takeout for three.

Maya looks away.

NATASHA

Are you feeling ok?

MAYA
I'm not hungry.

Natasha places the food on the table and sits down next to Maya. She opens up one of the bags.

NATASHA
Where's your father?

MAYA
He had a late shift at work.

NATASHA
Oh.

MAYA
Is it weird that they just call him like that?

NATASHA
I worked at the GAP when I was your age. These things... happen.

Maya sniffs. It smells good.

MAYA
Did you--

NATASHA
Tomorrow is a big day.

Maya tears into one of the bags, pulling out a boxed up meal. She opens it up, revealing Chicken Marsala. Her hands place it back inside.

MAYA
I always split this with dad.

NATASHA
You can leave it for him, when he gets back.

Tears come out of Maya's eyes.

MAYA
They're putting God knows what in me tomorrow and he can't--

Natasha hugs her daughter.

NATASHA
He's making a lot of sacrifices for you. We both are.

Begin montage:

Kyle does a lot of jobs for the Russians. He's paid in cash every time.

Maya is in treatment. Natasha and Kyle are there with her.

Kyle logs into a bank account. Lots of money comes in and out of it.

End Montage.**INT. GAS STATION - DAY**

Kyle is half asleep in front of the register. He hasn't shaved in a week.

EDWARD (O.S.)
WAKE UP!

Kyle is startled. He looks around and sees Edward.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
You don't get paid to sleep here.

Kyle looks around. The store is empty.

KYLE
Because we're overflowing with customers, right?

EDWARD
Consider this--

KYLE
Another warning?

EDWARD
You've been late a half dozen times, Jackson.

KYLE
My other job--

EDWARD
I don't care.

KYLE
It won't happen again.

EDWARD
It better not.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Large with an expensive landscape painting on the wall.

Kyle sits across from Natasha, filling out paperwork.

Between them is a large volume of signed paperwork.

KYLE

This is a lot of things to sign for one hearing that they haven't even scheduled yet.

NATASHA

This just gets us in there.

Silence.

KYLE

This is weird for you too, right?

NATASHA

A smidge.

KYLE

Any advice you can give me?

NATASHA

Normally I tell my clients to be a good citizen and keep their nose clean but--

KYLE

Yeah.

NATASHA

Just don't get caught or else this is all for nothing.

Silence.

KYLE

Maya's doing "extraordinarily well" according to the clinic.

NATASHA

We're already past what the doctor said she'd be.

KYLE

Hope is a hell of a thing, right?

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kyle changes into his work uniform. He looks at his watch.

Yuri calls him.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A HOOKER is on the floor, having a seizure.

A bag of cocaine is on the counter.

An older RUSSIAN GANGSTER watches from the doorway.

Yuri looks at her.

YURI
Fifty grand.

INTERCUT BETWEEN YURI AND KYLE

Kyle takes a deep breath.

YURI (CONT'D)
This will be quick, I promise.

Kyle tries to hide his smile.

EXT. RUSSIAN GANGSTER HOUSE - NIGHT

The Charger parks nearby.

Kyle hops out of the car, sprinting to the front door with his medical bag firmly in his hands.

Yuri opens it.

Kyle sprints inside.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kyle sees the hooker. His eyes open wide. He opens his medical bag and digs through. He mutters a profanity, taking his keys out of his pocket.

KYLE
In my trunk there's a blue bag. I
need you to get it for me.

Kyle tosses the keys to Yuri.

Yuri looks at him oddly.

KYLE (CONT'D)
I can't help her without it.

Yuri nods and sprints away.

The Russian Gangster peeks into the bathroom.

RUSSIAN GANGSTER
Is she OK?

KYLE
She's having an overdose and her
heart is about to stop.

RUSSIAN GANGSTER
Someone stepped on my stuff.

A blue bag hits Kyle in the face.

Kyle opens it up, pulling out a shot of adrenaline. He opens up the Hooker's shirt, exposing her chest.

KYLE
(to Yuri)
Start the car. We need--

RUSSIAN GANGSTER
No hospital.

KYLE
This isn't a permanent solution.

RUSSIAN GANGSTER
(to Yuri, in Russian)
No hospital.

YURI
(to the gangster, in
Russian)
Then you're burying the body.

The Russian Gangster turns to Kyle. He nods.

Kyle slams the needle into the Hooker and injects the adrenaline into her.

After a moment the Hooker wakes up, screaming, before quickly passing out.

Kyle feels her pulse.

Yuri picks her up into his arms.

The two men sprint out.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT

Kyle is behind the wheel, the car humming. He taps on the steering wheel, breathing nervously.

His eyes turn to the clock.

He's late.

The passenger door opens.

Yuri gets inside.

YURI

I will have my uncle's friend pay you himself, if that's OK.

KYLE

I don't care right now.

YURI

You always care.

KYLE

I'm late. Again.

YURI

I can talk to your boss and come to an agreement for you.

KYLE

I need to keep that part of my life separated, Yuri. So do you.

Yuri nods.

INT. GAS STATION OFFICE - SEVERAL HOURS LATER

Kyle looks both ways and winds the time clock back.

He clocks in.

EDWARD (O.S.)

You should've just called in.

Edward walks past him and sits behind his desk.

KYLE

I had car trouble.

EDWARD
I don't care, you're fired.

KYLE
My daughter--

EDWARD
That's your problem, not mine.

KYLE
You can't.

EDWARD
It'll be thirty bucks for the
shirt. I'll take it out of your
final check.

Edward points to the door.

Kyle leaves.

Edward pulls out some paperwork and fills it out.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Kyle walks toward the Charger.

Yuri calls him.

KYLE
Not a good time.

YURI (V.O.)
My uncle wanted to thank you. Come
to the bar and--

KYLE
Tonight cost me my job. There's a
good chance I'm going back inside.

YURI (V.O.)
Stay where you are.

EXT. GAS STATION - LATER

Kyle stands by his Charger.

Yuri pulls up in his sports car.

Two mean looking goons, DUSAN and ILYA (mid 20s) are inside.
Both are large, heavily tattooed and former Russian Spec-Ops.

All three exit.

YURI
Meet me out back.

The three walk inside.

EXT. REAR OF GAS STATION - NIGHT

Several large dumpsters are pinned in by a tall wooden fence.

Kyle walks back cautiously.

The rear door opens.

Edward is thrown outside. He hits the ground with a thud.

His face is bruised up.

Edward moans in pain.

Yuri, Dusan and Ilya walk outside and kick the ever loving shit out of him.

Kyle is frozen in fear.

Yuri sees Kyle and has the goons pick Edward up. He grabs Edward's head and makes him look at Kyle.

YURI
This man gets his job back.

EDWARD
What kind of example would that set
for everyone else?

Dusan and Ilya grab one of Edward's arms and break it.

Edward grabs his arm, screaming in pain.

YURI
He. Gets. His. Job. Back.

EDWARD
OK.

YURI
Did you tell anyone?

EDWARD
No, I swear to God. The paperwork--

YURI
Disappears.

EDWARD
OK, it will I promise.

YURI
If it doesn't, your whole family is
going to meet me. Understand?

EDWARD
I understand.

YURI
This man gets his check every week.

EDWARD
I won't even take twenty percent!

Yuri kicks Edward in the nuts as hard as he can.

YURI
That is for cheating him.

EDWARD
I'll make good, I promise.

YURI
(to Kyle)
Feel free.

KYLE
I'm... I'm good.

Edward rolls over and looks at Kyle.

EDWARD
I'm sorry. I didn't know.

Yuri puts his hand on Kyle's shoulder.

YURI
Let's celebrate your new job!

Kyle and the Russians walk away.

INT. BEACH HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Kyle sits at the kitchen table, a mostly empty pot of coffee
in front of him. He's a combination of hungover and drunk.

Maya walks in, dressed for school. She looks at her father.

MAYA
Everything OK, dad?

KYLE
Long night.

INT. RUSSIAN OFFICE - DAY

Fedor sits at his desk, cleaning an older pistol.

Kyle walks in.

FEDOR
How come you never eat here?

KYLE
What?

FEDOR
We have a full menu and lots of
drinks but I never see you here.

KYLE
I didn't realize I was supposed to.

FEDOR
I tell Yuri to promote the food
more but he never does.

Silence.

KYLE
Last night--

FEDOR
Yuri was... assertive.

KYLE
He hurt that man. Badly.

FEDOR
You're a part of the family now.

KYLE
I just work for you, respectfully.

FEDOR
Did you really like that job?

KYLE
I'm trying to get my old job back.

FEDOR

Until then, you can focus on that while working for us.

KYLE

What'll happen if I get my license back? I can't do this forever.

FEDOR

We will find an arrangement.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

Brad walks in and up to the counter.

A CASHIER half acknowledges him.

CASHIER

Welcome to--

BRAD

Where's Jackson?

CASHIER

Who?

Brad flashes his badge.

BRAD

Where's your manager?

The Cashier points to the back.

INT. RUSSIAN BATH HOUSE - DAY

A handful of YOUNG RUSSIAN GANGSTERS are all in a circle.

One stands against the wall, covered in blood.

All of them are covered in scars from military wounds.

Kyle drops a pair of bloodied medical gloves onto a DEAD GANGSTER and sighs.

The dead man has multiple stab wounds in his chest.

YOUNG RUSSIAN GANGSTER

Yuri said--

KYLE

That knife nicked his Aorta.

The Gangsters look at Kyle ominously.

YOUNG RUSSIAN GANGSTER

So?

KYLE

So that requires a full surgical theater, not me and my bag.

(closes his medical bag)

If you'd have taken him to an ER--

The Young Gangsters surround him.

YOUNG RUSSIAN GANGSTER

We don't pay for a dead man.

KYLE

Then you shouldn't have stabbed him in the first place.

Hands turn into fists.

INT. GAS STATION OFFICE - DAY

Edward has a cast on his arm.

Brad walks in, a notepad and pen in his hands.

EDWARD

Can I help you?

BRAD

I need to see Kyle Jackson's time cards, now.

EDWARD

We value privacy--

Brad shows his badge.

EDWARD (CONT'D)

--but are always willing to help out law enforcement.

Brad grabs several time cards listed as "Kyle Jackson." They are all filled out meticulously. His eyes turn to a large scheduling calendar.

Kyle is supposed to be working today.

BRAD

He call in sick?

Edward looks at the board.

EDWARD

He had... something with his kid.

Brad writes that down.

INT. RUSSIAN BATH HOUSE - DAY

Kyle takes a step in one direction.

The Gangsters stop him.

KYLE

Please don't.

YOUNG RUSSIAN GANGSTER

Yuri--

YURI (O.S.)

Do not speak for me.

The Gangsters turn and see Yuri.

They're all scared shitless.

Yuri sees the body. Rage flows out of him.

YOUNG RUSSIAN GANGSTER

He bragged about stepping on drugs.

YURI

Then you should've told me and let me handle it.

Gulps all around.

YOUNG RUSSIAN GANGSTER

We wanted to get him to confess and then it went too far.

YURI

(points to the body)

Hide that for now. Dispose later.

The Young Gangsters grab the body and drag it away.

A blood stain follows it.

Yuri turns to Kyle.

A cold sweat comes off him.

Yuri takes out an envelope full of cash and hands it to him.

YURI (CONT'D)
You did your best.

Kyle pockets it.

EXT. RUSSIAN BATH HOUSE - DAY

An unmarked police car is across the street.

Two FBI AGENTS are inside, taking pictures.

Yuri and Kyle exit. They walk towards the Charger.

YURI
They believed in your nickname.

KYLE
I didn't realize I had one.

YURI
They call you Agapetus. He was a
Russian saint who healed a prince.

KYLE
Princes are sons, not nephews.

Kyle spots them.

YURI
You ran into an old friend while
trying out a new gym, nothing more.

The camera follows them.

KYLE
It's not a good look for either of
us, you know?

YURI
They've tried many times to come
inside. Until they get warrant, all
they can do is take pictures.

Yuri looks over and gives them the finger.

KYLE
What happens when they do?

YURI
My uncle has friends at the FBI.

KYLE
That's good for him but what about
you... or me?

YURI
It'll be handled.

INT. PAROLE OFFICER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Brad fills out paperwork.

Photos of Yuri and Kyle land on his desk with a thud.

Brad sees a focused shot of Kyle, and then Yuri flipping off
the camera. He looks up and sees the FBI Agents staring back
at him.

FBI AGENT #1
We were told you are Kyle Jackson's
parole officer.

Brad reaches into a cabinet and takes out Kyle's folder. He
puts it onto the desk.

BRAD
This will be fun.

INT. RUSSIAN BAR - NIGHT

Aidan and Kyle sit at the bar.

Appetizers and drinks are in front of them.

AIDAN
The food here is really good.

KYLE
It was recommended... by a friend.

AIDAN
It doesn't seem like your kind of
place, not going to lie.

YURI (O.S.)
What do you think about new menu?

Yuri sits down next to Kyle.

Aidan sees Yuri's tattoos and is intimidated.

KYLE
It's better than I thought.
(points to Aidan)
This is my friend, Aidan.

Yuri extends his hand.

Aidan shakes it meekly.

YURI
I'm Yuri.

AIDAN
Nice to meet you.

YURI
(to Kyle)
Do you know what Byzantium Max is?

Aidan perks up.

KYLE
No clue.

AIDAN
I do, actually.

YURI
A... friend... needs help.

AIDAN
Did they get caught up in the pump
and dump?

Yuri face turns into pure rage.

YURI
Yes.

AIDAN
The first rule of crypto is you
should never buy an alt-coin that
gets hyped up by someone who isn't
in the sphere.

YURI
It was supposed to "go to the
moon," everyone said it.

AIDAN
If it's not one of the big five, my
rule is to always stay away.

KYLE
How expensive of a lesson was it?

YURI
Very.

Aidan gulps.

KYLE
I'd hate to be the guy who winds up
having to talk to you about it.

Kyle looks at Aidan.

YURI
There will be a finder's fee.

Aidan shakes his head.

KYLE
I know Yuri from upstate.

Yuri puts his hand on Aidan's shoulder. He looks at him
deeply in the eyes.

YURI
I would be very grateful.

Aidan nearly shits a brick.

AIDAN
When you put it that way.
(takes his phone out and
types on it)
You said Byzantium Max, right?

Yuri nods.

AIDAN (CONT'D)
Whoever did this... does not want
to be found.

YURI
Cryptocurrency is supposed to be an
open blockchain.

AIDAN
Someone, years ago, created what's
basically a tumbler that allows you
to hide where a token originates.

KYLE
All of that sounds like Swedish.

AIDAN

It's basic money laundering but repurposed for the digital era.

KYLE

You can do that?

AIDAN

A twenty-first century currency needs a twenty-first century way of doing what needs to be done.

Aidan pulls up a video sharing app. He types in "Byzantium Max." The first result is "Another Social Media Influencer Crypto Scam? Yep." He laughs.

YURI

Is this funny?

AIDAN

Someone did the work for me.

Aidan hands Yuri his phone.

Yuri takes his out and pulls up the video. He places a pair of earbuds in, listening.

AIDAN (CONT'D)

He got two million hits for that.

KYLE

I'm lost.

AIDAN

There's a whole cottage industry of people online who expose the scams of other influencers.

KYLE

Your generation amazes me.

Yuri's brow crinkles. Pure rage builds up on his face.

AIDAN

It's stupid but--

Yuri angrily takes the earbuds out and waves to a BARTENDER.

The Bartender nods.

YURI

Do not worry about your meal.
(places his hand on
Aidan's shoulder)
You do not know a thing about this.

Aidan nods, terrified.

AIDAN

I'm... I'm going to go home.

Aidan leaves.

KYLE

I'm not the right guy.

YURI

Half of what we recover.

Kyle nods.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Yuri and Kyle walk up to the front door.

Yuri knocks.

The door opens up, revealing Social Media Influencer TYSON
"TY-DRIZZLE" PERKINS (early 20s).

TYSON

Hey--
(looks at them)
You're not what I ordered.

Yuri opens his jacket enough to reveal a gun.

YURI

May we come in?

Tyson nods, scared shit less.

Yuri and Kyle walk inside.

The door closes behind them.

INT. LARGE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tyson is zip-tied to a nice chair. His face is all sorts of
fucked up.

Yuri looks at him, measuring him for a punch.

Kyle is behind him, mortified.

YURI
I want my money!

SLAP!

TYSON
Do you have to slap me? That really hurts, man.

YURI
You slap bitches and you... you are a bitch.

SLAP!

TYSON
I'm not a bitch. I'm a man.

YURI
OK.

Yuri punches Tyson as hard as he can.

Several teeth and blood fall out of the influencer's mouth.

YURI (CONT'D)
Men get punched.

TYSON
Can I be a bitch again?

YURI
Coward.

PUNCH!

Tyson cries in pain.

TYSON
I told you... I don't know what you're talking about!

SLAP!

YURI
You talk about Ethereum Max coin and then sold it, right?

TYSON
I don't--

PUNCH!

YURI
One more "I don't know" and--
(takes gun out, points it
at Tyson's head)
--you will die.

Yuri pistol whips Tyson.

TYSON
What was that for?

YURI
For making me take my gun out.

Kyle motions to Yuri.

INT. LARGE HALLWAY - NIGHT

The two of them look around.

KYLE
I've got an idea. Just go with it
and he doesn't have to die, OK?

Yuri nods.

INT. TYSON'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Beautiful and full of half full takeout containers.

Kyle walks and rummages through the drawers. He pulls out a
needle and a bag full of Heroin.

YURI (O.S.)
Getting him high is not what I was
thinking about.

Kyle turns the faucet on.

YURI (CONT'D)
He looks hydrated.

Kyle fills up the needle with water.

KYLE
Just sell it with me, OK?

YURI
I'd rather just shoot him.

KYLE

Do you want to kill him or do you want to get your money back?

YURI

I want my money.

KYLE

Then just do it my way, please?

YURI

It better work.

Yuri motions to his pistol.

INT. LARGE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Tyson spits blood onto the floor. He looks at it and cries.

TYSON

That's not going to come out.

Kyle walks in with the needle.

TYSON (CONT'D)

What is that?

KYLE

I'm saving your life, son.

(injects Tyson)

My friend here wants to kill you. I think a little bit of truth serum will help you prevent that.

TYSON

Do you just carry that around with you or something?

KYLE

Do you know where Kandahar is?

TYSON

No clue.

KYLE

It's in Afghanistan.

(deep breath)

I was stuck in a field hospital with this CIA spook named Richard Paulson. He showed me this once.

TYSON

I don't have anything in there.

KYLE

You had everything I needed.
 (beat)
 The good thing about truth serums
 is that you don't have to be exact.

TYSON

Oh god.

KYLE

It's the difference between salt
 and sea salt. One's just a little
 fancier, so the effects might vary
 a little. Or you might die.
 (looks at him)
 Right now your legs will start to
 feel a little warm.

Tyson's legs twitch.

TYSON

What the hell is happening to me?

KYLE

It's just working its way through
 your body, that's all. Pretty soon
 your arms are going to feel heavy.

Tyson tries to move his arms. He struggles.

TYSON

Is this going to kill me?

KYLE

You ever been so drunk you can
 barely stand, son?

TYSON

Of course.

KYLE

This is going to do that.

Tyson's face begins to droop. He yawns.

TYSON

(slurs)
 Oh my god.

KYLE

Truth serum doesn't make you tell
 the truth... it just messes with
 your head so much that lying is
 very hard to do.

TYSON
Make it stop, please.

KYLE
Once you tell the truth I will
shoot you full of adrenaline and
it'll clear you out.

TYSON
OK.

Tyson leans back and forth in the chair.

KYLE
(to Yuri)
Ask him.

Yuri walks up to him and grabs him by the shirt collar.

YURI
What did you do to the crypto?

TYSON
I made three million PLUS a phat
bag for that. That's crazy money.

YURI
Why?

TYSON
The government doesn't care, so why
the fuck not?

Yuri slaps him.

KYLE
He told you the truth!

YURI
He's a bitch *and* a thief.

TYSON
I'll make you whole.
(to Kyle)
My phone's in my pocket.

Kyle takes Tyson's phone out of his pocket.

It's password encrypted.

Kyle shows it to Tyson.

TYSON (CONT'D)
Three four five two.

Kyle types the numbers in. The phone unlocks.

Yuri grabs the phone from him.

YURI
Can your friend do the tornado
thing with this money?

KYLE
Probably.

Yuri motions to Kyle to leave.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Yuri and Kyle exit.

YURI
How does injecting water make
someone talk?

KYLE
It's not the water.
(beat)
You tell a dumb man that there's
magic in him and he'll believe it.

YURI
Did Richard Paulson tell you that?

KYLE
I saw it on an episode of "House."

Yuri shrugs.

YURI
I left something inside. Hold on.

Yuri walks back inside.

Kyle takes his phone out and calls Aidan.

AIDAN (V.O.)
No.

KYLE
I didn't even ask.

INT. AIDAN'S DEN - NIGHT

Aidan sits behind a desk with a three monitor setup.

On one of them is Yuri's arrest record.

A television is mounted on the wall and has a real time update of the prices of various cryptocurrencies.

AIDAN
A million times no.

INTERCUT BETWEEN AIDAN AND KYLE

KYLE
Why not?

AIDAN
I Googled your friend.
(beat)
I'm not doing anything else for you
or that psycho.

KYLE
You can do that tumble thing for a
wallet if I send it to you, right?

AIDAN
You know you'd be laundering money
for the Russian mob.

KYLE
One felony at a time, right?

AIDAN
Right.
(pulls up a crypto tumbler
on his monitor)
I'm going to need you to wire it
all to an account number first, so
we can begin this.

KYLE
When you're ready.

INT. LARGE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Yuri takes his gun out and aims it at Tyson.

YURI
You fuck with people's money, you
get fucked. Understand?

TYSON
I swear to God I'll never do
anything like this again.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Kyle stares at the phone.

AIDAN (V.O.)
What have you gotten yourself into?

KYLE
Nothing good.

Multiple gunshots ring out.

Kyle hangs up.

Yuri comes out, wiping his feet on the welcome mat.

YURI
We must go.

Kyle and Yuri walk away.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT (DRIVING)

The Russian bar is in the distance.

Kyle is behind the wheel, Yuri in the passenger seat.

KYLE
You didn't have to kill him.

YURI
He saw our faces.

KYLE
He was scared and--

YURI
I'm not going back to prison.

Yuri's gun falls to the floor.

Neither notice.

YURI (CONT'D)
You are very calm about this.

KYLE
He isn't the first dead body I've
been around, Yuri.

YURI
Hopefully the last.

Beat.

KYLE
 You could go straight.
 (beat)
 I should go straight.

YURI
 And do what?

KYLE
 Be human beings, not whatever it is
 that we are to your uncle.

The bar is close.

YURI
 This is my life.

KYLE
 I'm sure you're qualified to do
 something besides assault.

Kyle parks across the street from the bar.

YURI
 How's your practice?

KYLE
 Fair enough.

Yuri extends his hand.

Kyle shakes it.

YURI
 Keep your phone on.

KYLE
 Will do.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Charger pulls over.

Yuri exits and walks inside.

The Charger drives away.

A Police Cruiser follows the Charger.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - LATER (DRIVING)

Kyle looks into his rearview mirror.

The Police Cruiser has its lights on.

Kyle pulls over. He opens his glove box and takes out his insurance card. His eyes glimpse down.

Yuri's gun is there.

He quickly puts it under the seat.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

A NIGHT PATROLMAN walks up to the Charger cautiously. He stands outside of it, one hand near his gun.

INTERCUT BETWEEN ROAD AND INSIDE OF CHARGER

NIGHT PATROLMAN
Everything alright, sir?

Kyle slowly sits back up.

KYLE
I dropped my insurance card,
officer. I'm sorry.

NIGHT PATROLMAN
I'll need to see that, your license
and registration.

Kyle hands him all of that.

NIGHT PATROLMAN (CONT'D)
Do you know how fast you were
going, sir?

KYLE
I don't know, officer. How fast was
I going?

The Patrolman looks at Kyle's materials.

NIGHT PATROLMAN
You're a bit far from home, Mister
Jackson.

KYLE
An old friend invited me out for a
drink, officer.

NIGHT PATROLMAN
Who's your friend?

KYLE
Am I being detained, officer?

NIGHT PATROLMAN
Yes.

Kyle's eyes look towards the gun.

The officer notices.

NIGHT PATROLMAN (CONT'D)
I'm going to have to ask you to
exit the vehicle.

Kyle rolls up the windows. He locks the doors as he exits.

KYLE
Is there a problem, officer?

The Patrolman tries to open the door. He can't.

NIGHT PATROLMAN
Can you unlock the door?

KYLE
Can you get a warrant?

NIGHT PATROLMAN
You're one of those, huh?

KYLE
My ex-wife is a defense attorney.

NIGHT PATROLMAN
I smelled marijuana.

KYLE
No you didn't.
(deep breath)
I'm not letting you search my car,
not without a warrant. I will
remain here, call my attorney, and
you can call it in.

NIGHT PATROLMAN
If you have nothing to hide--

KYLE
If you think there's something in
my car, you can call it in.

The Patrolman hands everything back to Kyle.

NIGHT PATROLMAN
Have a good night, sir.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT

Kyle gets back in the car and takes a deep breath.

He starts the engine and drives.

The Patrolman follows him.

Kyle keeps the speedometer exactly at the speed limit.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

The Charger pulls in.

Kyle exits.

The Patrol Car slowly drives past.

Kyle watches it drive into the darkness.

INT. BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maya is asleep on the couch.

Kyle walks in and hustles right into the bedroom.

She wakes up, yawning.

The sound of a floorboard being removed perks her ears.

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kyle quickly shoves the gun into the hole and puts the floorboard back into place.

INT. CLINIC - DAY

Maya sits in a comfortable lounger, an IV with red liquid connected to her arm.

Kyle is next to her in an uncomfortable steel chair.

A CLINIC DOCTOR walks in.

CLINIC DOCTOR
Hey Maya, how are you feeling?

MAYA
This stuff always makes me tired.

CLINIC DOCTOR
That means it's working, I hope.
(beat)
I spoke with your Oncologist and we
both want to see a new CAT Scan.

KYLE
I'll schedule it.

The Clinic Doctor looks at the IV and then leaves.

MAYA
Why would they want to do that?

KYLE
When's the last time you had blood
work done?

MAYA
A week ago, I think.

KYLE
My educated guess is your numbers
are improving and they want to
check in on the tumor.

She smiles.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - DAY (DRIVING)

Kyle drives down a street near his home.

Maya leans against the passenger door, exhausted.

Natasha calls Kyle.

Kyle puts it on speaker.

KYLE
We missed you at the clinic.

NATASHA (V.O.)
I got a call from the board for
tomorrow. We're officially on the
docket at ten a.m. Meet me there at
nine, just in case.

Kyle sees several police cruisers in his driveway.

KYLE
Let me call you back.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Several POLICE OFFICERS are by the front door.

The Charger parks on the street.

Kyle exits and sprints towards them.

KYLE
What the hell is going on?

One of the Officers hands Kyle a search warrant.

Kyle walks past them.

INT. BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Several Police Officers search through the house.

Brad is there, supervising.

BRAD
These old houses can have cubby
holes in the floor. Pull up any
loose floor boards and check
inside, I'm talking roto-

KYLE
What the hell?

BRAD
-rooter style.
(sees Kyle)
Hello, Mister Jackson.

Kyle tosses the warrant at him.

BRAD (CONT'D)
As your parole officer, I can toss
your place if I feel like it. This
is just standard procedure.

An officer tips over the couch.

KYLE
Be gentle.

Kyle goes to him.

Brad steps in front of him.

BRAD

Interfering with a search warrant
is a direct line back to where you
came from, convict.

Kyle walks outside.

INT. BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - LATER

Everything is trashed.

Kyle and Maya walk inside.

Brad walks past with a smirk.

Kyle flips him off behind his back.

Maya looks around.

KYLE

I'm sorry, honey.

Maya walks into her room.

Kyle eyes her... and then sprints to his bedroom.

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

Kyle's eyes spot the loose piece of floorboard on the ground.

He goes over and looks into the cubby hole.

It's empty.

MAYA (O.S.)

You always wake me up when you get
back in, Dad.

Kyle turns around.

His daughter looks at him, disappointed.

MAYA (CONT'D)

You always told me the truth.

KYLE

It's complicated.

MAYA

I thought I was getting my father back when you were released. You aren't the man I remember.

KYLE

I spent your entire life lying to you, honey. I don't know--

MAYA

So what's one more, right?

Kyle sits down on the bed. He takes a deep breath.

MAYA (CONT'D)

It's about a hundred now but who's counting, right?

KYLE

You'll understand when you have kids of your own, dear, many years in the future and--

MAYA

I'm not a kid anymore.

Maya sits down next to him.

KYLE

You're right.

(beat)

A friend of mine from prison has been paying me to do jobs for him.

MAYA

Are you killing people?

KYLE

More like advanced first aid.

(beat)

If someone gets shot doing a thing they shouldn't, they can't go to a hospital. Hence why I get called.

MAYA

Why not?

KYLE

They have a duty to report. Most times they'll do that on a stab wound, too.

MAYA

If you get caught--

KYLE

I'd rather go back trying to keep you than be out here without you.

Maya looks around. She takes a deep breath.

MAYA

The gun is in my locker. The money is in Mister Schmidt's shed.

KYLE

What if they searched your locker for drugs? They can do that.

MAYA

I was going to throw it out.

KYLE

What's your locker number?

Kyle stands up and walks to the door.

MAYA

Forty-eight.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Banners for this fall's Homecoming hang off the ceiling.

Kyle walks down, looking at locker numbers. He's carrying a large sledgehammer.

Locker number 48 is covered in get well notes.

His eyes spot it.

WHAM!

The lock falls to the ground.

Kyle opens it up, searching through it. He finds Yuri's gun and puts it in his lower back.

His phone rings. "Yuri" is on the Caller ID.

KYLE

Not a good time, Yuri.

INT. RUSSIAN BAR - NIGHT

Packed to the brim with MOBSTERS and ATTRACTIVE WOMEN.

Euro trash style dance music pulsates throughout.

YURI

It's Ladies Night. You should come out, have fun.

INTERCUT BETWEEN YURI AND KYLE

KYLE

I'm busy.

YURI

There are lots of pretty girls here. You should try one.

KYLE

I'm at my kid's school.

YURI

You can skip the parent teacher conference and join us.

(beat)

Also, can you search your car? I can't find my gun and--

KYLE

I'm getting it now out of her locker, Yuri.

YURI

Get rid of it.

KYLE

My parole officer tossed my house this morning. He's trying to find something to send me back inside.

YURI

Make sure to break into a bunch of them, since you're there. You break into one, police look at one. Break into many, not so much.

KYLE

Thanks.

YURI

Do you know where Bushka Lake is?

KYLE

That's a six-hour drive from here.

YURI

It's a Superfund site, so you can
toss it in there and they won't
find it for a million years.

KYLE

There's plenty of places around
here I can toss it in.

YURI

That wasn't a suggestion.

Yuri hangs up.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kyle walks down the hallway, smashing open several lockers.

His hands reach inside, grabbing random things and tossing
them all over the hallway.

He walks away, taking a deep breath.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

A sign for the Medical Review Board is on the wall.

Natasha paces in front, staring at her phone. She calls Kyle.

KYLE (V.O.)

I'm away from my phone--

She hangs up.

NATASHA

Of all the days.

Kyle sprints down the hallway in a suit.

Natasha points to her watch.

KYLE

I had a thing.

NATASHA

Seriously?

KYLE

I had to go--

NATASHA
I don't want to know.
(adjusts his tie)
Just tell them about how you're a
changed man, OK?

Kyle nods.

EXT. RUSSIAN BAR - DAY

The Bouncers looks around.

Brad stomps his way up to them, a manila folder in his hands.
He tries to walk past them.

They step in front of him.

BRAD
Move.

BOUNCER #1
May I help you?

BRAD
Tell your boss that he can either
see me or he can go back to jail.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Kyle sits on a bench. He exhales, loosening his tie.

Natasha walks out and sits down next to him.

NATASHA
It's a path, at least.

KYLE
I already did med school once.

NATASHA
And an internship.
(beat)
Did you expect to just be handed
your license back?

KYLE
Part of me did.

NATASHA
It's been six years since you
practiced. You'll be able to walk
away and focus on this.

KYLE
I can't walk away from them.

NATASHA
Why not?

KYLE
Gas station doesn't pay the rent.

Natasha's phone buzzes.

NATASHA
I'll tell Maya the good news.

Natasha walks away.

INT. BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kyle has the news on.

The doorbell rings.

He opens the front door, revealing Maya.

She has an empty chemo bag in her hands.

KYLE
Is it a trophy or--

MAYA
They give an empty to you the day
you're in remission.

Kyle drops the keys and smiles. He hugs his daughter.

KYLE
This is amazing.

Natasha walks in and smiles.

NATASHA
She wanted to surprise you.

KYLE
This is a great surprise.

Brad's photo and "Local parole officer found dead" pop up on the screen.

MAYA
Can we destroy this in a bonfire?

No one notices.

KYLE

Whatever you want, honey.

MAYA

I'm going to go out back.

Maya leaves.

NATASHA

It's over, right?

KYLE

I've got two years where I won't be able to work a real job, Nat.

Local sports come up on the TV.

NATASHA

You can take out loans and--

KYLE

Federal and state loans for med school require you to have zero felony convictions.

NATASHA

There has to be a better way.

KYLE

I haven't even made a dollar worth of restitution to you.

NATASHA

It's just money. If you quit--

KYLE

No it's not.

(beat)

I owe her and you.

NATASHA

Not like this.

Kyle's phone rings.

It's Yuri.

KYLE

Not a good time.

YURI (V.O.)

The office. Now.

Yuri hangs up.

Maya walks back in.

MAYA
Can we do the bonfire tonight?

KYLE
Sure, honey, whatever you want.

NATASHA
We should celebrate.

MAYA
I'm OK with just burning the bag.

KYLE
Nonsense. I'm going to find a great place to eat and we'll all have a fine, proper meal to celebrate.

INT. RUSSIAN HALLWAY - DAY

Kyle and Yuri walk towards Fedor's office.

KYLE
What's the best place to eat at around here?

Yuri thinks for a moment.

KYLE (CONT'D)
My daughter beat cancer and we're going out to celebrate it.

YURI
Congratulations.
(thinks)
Ilya's cousin runs Skalka's.

KYLE
I need something for today, not sometime next century.

YURI
You will have a table at seven.

KYLE
Thank you.
(thinks for a moment)
Four of us, I think.
(beat)
You know, I never asked Nat if she was seeing anyone. Should I ask for another chair or what?

YURI
Maybe it is a sign.

KYLE
Probably not.

INT. RUSSIAN OFFICE - DAY

Yuri and Kyle walk in.

Yuri sits behind the desk. He reaches inside, pulling out photos of Kyle with Yuri, time cards and more.

Yuri's hands spread them all over.

A manila folder is in the trash, a spec of blood on it.

KYLE
Where's your uncle?

Yuri points to a chair in front of the desk.

YURI
A friend in the FBI suggested he should go back home and stay there.

KYLE
And you inherited the job?

Yuri nods. He motions to the photos.

Kyle sits down. His eyes focus on the photos.

YURI
Who is Brad Tolliver and why was he interested in you?

KYLE
He's my parole officer and I guess he was vigorous about his job.

Kyle looks around. His eyes spot the folder.

YURI
He was asking questions. The wrong kind of questions.

KYLE
I could've handled him.

YURI
This would probably send you back to prison, yes?

Kyle looks at the photos.

KYLE
It's a no-show job and--
(sighs)
--consorting with known felons.

Silence.

Yuri takes the photos off the table.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Can you set up a job for me?

YURI
You're on for tomorrow.

KYLE
A real job, not the usual.
(beat)
I need the money.

YURI
You're a doctor, not a criminal.

KYLE
To be the former again I need to be
the latter, apparently.

YURI
Are you sure?

KYLE
I'm not Ilya or Dusan but I can be
a lookout, right?

YURI
This makes you one of us.

KYLE
Until I get my license back.

YURI
And then?

KYLE
Like your uncle told me... we'll
find an arrangement.

YURI
Can you drive fast?

KYLE

I street raced the Charger when I was in high school.

YURI

Did you lose?

KYLE

Never.

Yuri looks at him for a long moment. He nods.

INT. FANCY RUSSIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The upper 1% and a handful of high-ranking Russian mobsters escorted by high-end prostitutes are all over.

Maya, Natasha and Kyle are seated around a table.

The remnants of an expensive meal are in front of them.

NATASHA

I tried to get a table here the other day for the partners meeting. They said there was a six-month wait list for it.

Maya stands up and goes to the bathroom.

A RUSSIAN WAITER walks past.

Natasha motions to him.

RUSSIAN WAITER

Yes, ma'am?

NATASHA

Can we get the check?

RUSSIAN WAITER

It has been taken care of.

The waiter walks away.

Natasha glares at Kyle.

KYLE

A friend called in a favor for me.

NATASHA

He must be a really good friend.

Kyle goes to speak.

Natasha holds up her hand.

NATASHA (CONT'D)
I don't want to know.

KYLE
It's over, soon.

NATASHA
Good.

Beat.

KYLE
I had a table for four.

NATASHA
Maya has been very good at stopping
that over the years.

KYLE
I'm sorry.

NATASHA
The night before you got out, she
met Michael. She told him that you
were getting out and that you would
be coming after him with your crew.

KYLE
Seriously?

NATASHA
One of her friends had just let her
watch some movie. She was talking
about how you had shooters and that
he'd need to watch his back.

Maya sits down.

Silence.

KYLE
Did you really tell someone I was
going to bring my boys after him?

Maya turns blood red in embarrassment.

MAYA
He wasn't good enough for her.

NATASHA
Michael was a very nice man.

MAYA

I just want us to be a family again, like how it was.

KYLE

We are a family. Your mother and I are still your parents, we're just not together anymore.

MAYA

Does she know?

NATASHA

I'm his lawyer, so everything we talk about is covered by attorney client privilege.

KYLE

It'll be over, soon.

MAYA

Will it?

Silence.

KYLE

It's not that easy.

NATASHA

It never is.

EXT. FANCY RUSSIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Kyle, Natasha and Maya walk outside.

MAYA

(to Natasha)

Can I stay with you tonight?

Natasha looks at Kyle.

Kyle nods.

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kyle logs into his laptop. He opens up his crypto wallet and sends everything in it to Aidan.

An option to include a note comes up.

Kyle looks at it. His cursor lingers on "close."

He stops and then types: "Hey man. I'm about to do something stupid that might get me killed. If the next time you see me is at my funeral, make sure this winds up in my daughter's hands. --Kyle"

His cursor clicks submit.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A bank is across the street from Kyle.

He's looking all over.

A Bluetooth is in one ear, a disposable phone in his hands.

A Getaway Car is nearby.

KYLE

We're clear.

Gun shots go off inside the bank.

Kyle gets inside the Getaway Car and starts the engine.

Dusan emerges with a rifle in his hands. A Duffel bag overflowing with money is slung across his body.

Ilya emerges, carrying Yuri.

A SECURITY GUARD (mid 40s) emerges from inside with a shotgun in his hands.

Dusan turns and shoots him dead.

INT. GETAWAY CAR - DAY

Dusan, Yuri and Ilya get inside.

Kyle hits the gas.

KYLE

What the fuck happened?

DUSAN

One of the security guards pulled on me.

A Hospital is in the distance.

ILYA

No he didn't.

DUSAN
He was going to make a move.

Yuri moans in pain.

KYLE
What about the other one?

DUSAN
You're welcome.

Kyle looks over and sees blood pouring out of Yuri's chest.

KYLE
We have to get you to a hospital.

YURI
No hospital.

KYLE
I can't--

Yuri grabs Kyle by the collar.

YURI
You will.

Yuri passes out.

A Police Cruiser speeds past them, towards the bank.

Kyle turns towards the Hospital.

Dusan puts a gun to his head.

DUSAN
You do that and you die right here.

KYLE
I'm driving the car!

DUSAN
I don't care.

Kyle nods. He drives past it.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The Getaway car pulls up.

Dusan, Ilya and Kyle exit.

KYLE

I'm going to need a little help.

The three pull Yuri out of the car and drag him inside.

Yuri's hand touches the car, leaving a bloody hand print.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The Getaway Car is still parked up front.

A Police Cruiser drives past it and stops. It goes in reverse back towards it.

The PATROLMAN inside looks at the hand print.

He grabs his radio.

PATROLMAN

I need to run plates, radio.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

Yuri is passed out on a desk.

A Duffel bag overflowing with cash is next to him.

Kyle is covered in Yuri's blood.

Dusan walks in, agitated.

DUSAN

How is he?

KYLE

He's stable, for now.

DUSAN

We need to get out of here.

(looks at Yuri)

Get ready to move him.

KYLE

The only place he needs to go to is a hospital.

DUSAN

That'll get him caught.

KYLE

Any other choice and he's dead.

Dusan points his gun at Kyle.

DUSAN

You find a way or you'll join him.

KYLE

You might as well pull the trigger
now if--

Dusan's finger moves towards the trigger.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Or I can try to do something.

DUSAN

Ten minutes and we roll.

Dusan leaves.

Kyle's eyes turn back to Yuri, and then the cash. He walks over to the door, locking it.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Every Police Officer in the State, including a full SWAT squad, is up front and ready to kick ass.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - NIGHT

Kyle looks at Yuri.

He's not moving.

KYLE

Fuck.

Gunshots ring out from inside the warehouse.

Footsteps get closer to the door.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

Come out with your hands out!

Kyle looks around the room quickly.

The door rattles.

His eyes spot the Duffel bag and then the window.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Open the door or we're going to
break it down.

Kyle grabs the Duffel bag and then jumps out of the window.

EXT. REAR OF WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Kyle hits the ground with a thump. He moans in pain.

His eyes look up.

A POLICE OFFICER looks out the window, gun drawn.

He doesn't see Kyle.

Kyle sprints into the darkness.

The Officer sees Kyle.

POLICE OFFICER
Freeze!

Kyle keeps running.

The Officer looks down the barrel of his pistol, controlling his breath. He shoots at Kyle.

EXT. SWAMP - NIGHT

Kyle sprints through the muck and the mire.

Several bullets whiz past him.

One grazes his shoulder.

Kyle hits the ground, landing with a thud. He gets up in a haze, blood coming out of the wound. His hands grab the bag and he sprints into the night.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAWN

Maya walks out of the house, dressed in running gear. She begins to stretch out.

The Charger pulls into the driveway and parks.

The trunk pops open.

Kyle gets out, covered in mud, muck and a bit of other people's blood. His eyes are bloodshot, his movements slow.

He grabs the Duffel bag from the trunk and meekly closes it.
Kyle and Maya's eyes catch.

KYLE
It's over.

She nods.

Kyle walks inside.

Maya's eyes look at him closely. They see the bullet wound.

INT. BEACH HOUSE BATHROOM - DAY

Kyle walks in and takes his shirt off.

His eyes spot the bullet wound.

His legs are wobbly.

Kyle sits down on the toilet and takes a deep breath.

He passes out.

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM - LATER

Kyle wakes up in his bed. His face has been wiped off, his clothes are clean.

His hands touch his shoulder. The wound is freshly bandaged.

His eyes look up and see Maya sitting next to the bed.

KYLE
Hey kid.

Kyle looks and sees an IV in his forearm.

MAYA
You'd be amazed at what you can order on Post Mates.

KYLE
How did you--

MAYA
I looked it up on YouTube.

KYLE
You should've called 911.

MAYA
Hospitals have a duty to report.

Kyle looks away.

KYLE
It wasn't--

MAYA
You promised not to lie to me.

Silence.

KYLE
Thank you.

MAYA
If I tell you something, will you
promise not be mad?

KYLE
It's OK.

MAYA
I called mom.

KYLE
She's a lawyer so she can help me
with what's going to happen.

MAYA
Are you going away again?

He nods.

MAYA (CONT'D)
Why did you do it?

KYLE
It was lose you or lose time... and
we can always find more time.

Tears come down his face.

Maya grabs his hand.

KYLE (CONT'D)
There isn't anything in the world I
wouldn't do for you.

She cries.

MAYA
I also ordered a pizza with your
Uber Eats account.

KYLE
That's OK, too.

They hug.

INT. BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kyle, Natasha and Maya watch television.

Kyle's foot taps.

NATASHA
Is there anything here that can--

KYLE
The bag.

Kyle stands up and sprints towards the bedroom.

MAYA
I put it in Mister Smith's shed.

Kyle stops in his tracks.

NATASHA
I didn't hear that.

The doorbell rings.

Kyle tenses up.

NATASHA (CONT'D)
The police don't ring the doorbell.

Kyle frantically looks around.

NATASHA (CONT'D)
They'll shoot if you run.

KYLE
So what do we do?

Maya walks to the door cautiously. She slowly opens the door,
revealing a six-pack of soda and a pizza.

The news comes on the television.

Fedor's face comes on the screen.

"Bank Robbery Gone Bad" comes up on the chyron.

Maya brings the food and drink inside. She places it on the end table.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

In tonight's leading story, an attempted robbery of First National turned deadly as two officers and two alleged robbers wound up dead after a shootout in the industrial district as well as inside First National Bank.

Yuri's photo comes up.

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

Police have this man, identified as local crime boss Yuri--

Kyle turns the TV off.

KYLE

They have to be coming, right?

NATASHA

Did they see you?

KYLE

I don't know.

Kyle looks out the window.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Kyle looks out the window.

Maya and Natasha are asleep on the couch.

INT. NEW MEDICAL OFFICE - DAY

Super: Five Years Later

A near replica of Kyle's first office.

Kyle is behind a large executive desk, yawning. He has a tablet in front of him, a woman's figure on it.

In front of him is TAWNY BORROW (mid 20s, porn star), staring at the tablet.

She's tall, curvy and stunningly beautiful.

KYLE

I don't see why you'd want to do that, Tawny, but--

TAWNY

Raquel said you were the best.

KYLE

She's very nice.

Tawny looks at the tablet some more.

TAWNY

Let's schedule some time for this.

KYLE

Judy's got my calendar.

Tawny barely hides her disappointment.

TAWNY

Thanks, Doctor.

Tawny leaves.

Kyle puts the tablet down.

AIDAN (O.S.)

Don't screw that up.

Kyle looks up and sees Aidan.

AIDAN (CONT'D)

Her Pornhub channel is the best.

KYLE

She's just a client, Aidan.

AIDAN

The things--

KYLE

I don't need to hear it.

AIDAN

Can you give me her number?

KYLE

Checking up on me?

AIDAN

You missed tonight's meeting.

KYLE

I've got a practice to run.

AIDAN

I still have your crypto.

KYLE

How come you never said anything?

AIDAN

I read the note.

Kyle looks around awkwardly.

KYLE

The money reminds me of who I was
and I'm not trying to be him now.

AIDAN

Who are you trying to be?

KYLE

Doctor Kyle Jackson, the best
plastic surgeon in town.

Aidan sits down across from Kyle. He takes his phone out and
pulls up Kyle's crypto wallet. His hands toss it to Kyle.

Kyle looks at it. His eyes open wide.

AIDAN

So where do you want me to send
this to?

KYLE

That's a lot of money.

(beat)

Find a couple of charities you like
and split it between them. After
you do the whole tumbling thing, so
it doesn't get traced back to him.

AIDAN

Are you sure?

Kyle tosses the phone back to him.

KYLE

Do you want his money?

Aidan nods.

INT. BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Renovated with brand new furniture.

Natasha, Kyle, Maya and Maya's boyfriend HANK (mid 20s) walk towards the front door.

KYLE

It was nice meeting you, Hank.

HANK

Likewise, Mister Jackson.

They all shake hands.

Hank and Maya leave.

NATASHA

I think I like him.

KYLE

Me too.

Kyle walks over and looks out the window.

NATASHA

Waiting on someone?

KYLE

I keep waiting for them to show up.

NATASHA

No one is looking for the fourth guy anymore, Kyle.

KYLE

I keep thinking some day, someone will talk and it all goes away.

NATASHA

Criminals talk about Omertà all the time but... they *always* give up someone to save their own ass.

KYLE

I hope you're right.

NATASHA

If you were on their radar, they would've at least brought you in for questioning by now.

(looks around)

I don't want to know, right?

KYLE

Right.

Beat.

NATASHA

I saw a great video on YouTube the other day about brain chemistry and its effect on gambling.

KYLE

Nice change of topic.

NATASHA

It came up randomly.

(beat)

Apparently the anticipation of whether you'll win looks just like winning in the brain of someone with your addiction. It made me think a lot about you, about back then, about everything.

KYLE

I did a lot of bad things.

NATASHA

How much of that was just because your brain was rewired, you know?

KYLE

It's not an excuse.

NATASHA

It's a reason, at least.

KYLE

I'm five and a half years clean next week, actually.

NATASHA

Congratulations.

KYLE

I've always feel weird when people say that. Like you're not supposed to be an addict.

NATASHA

It's still a good thing.

(beat)

Did it feel like they said?

KYLE

Oh yeah... it was about the rush.

NATASHA

I wish I could understand.

KYLE

It's why my... involvement... with them... was what it was.

NATASHA

I thought it was for the money.

KYLE

It was but when I was going there my heart raced and I felt like... this feels awful... alive.

NATASHA

It's over, right?

KYLE

The perk of being shot at is that... well... it makes you remember what your priorities are.

She looks at him oddly.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I've got my practice and we have a happy, healthy daughter. Why would I want to risk it?

NATASHA

Fair enough.

They hug.

KYLE

Drive safe, Nat.

Natasha leaves.

INT. SAFE HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A CRIMINAL is on a couch, bleeding out from a gun shot wound.

CRIMINAL

Oh god, where is he?

Yuri walks into the room.

YURI
Not responding.

CRIMINAL
I'm going to die if someone doesn't
do something!

Yuri cycles through his phone contacts. He lands on an entry marked "Agapetus."

His fingers quickly send a location to his phone.

INT. BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kyle looks at the map. His heart starts to pound.

His cell phone rings. He looks at the Caller ID.

"Yuri"

KYLE
How's Story Oksol?

YURI (V.O.)
Cold.

INT. SAFE HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Yuri stares at the criminal bleeding out.

KYLE (V.O.)
I don't have your money.

YURI
Cost of doing business.
(beat)
Twenty grand, no questions asked.

INT. BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kyle's heart pounds.

His breathing quickens.

A smile begins to creep up on his lips.

KYLE
I'll be there.

FADE OUT.