

Key Bound
"Pilot Episode"

by

Samuel Zehr

COLD OPEN

EXT. CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY - DAY

The sun is rising. Waves of color glimmer off of an oily puddle of water on the cracked highway asphalt. A large pick-up truck drives through the shimmering puddle, dispersing its contents into the brisk morning air.

CUT TO BLACK:

ALBERT (V.O.)

I always said I wanted my life to feel like a movie. It's funny how easy we can all get caught up in the mundane normalities of societal standards. But not me. I wanted a life worth living. I wanted an adventure worth having. I wanted a woman that I'd never get sick of... But things don't always happen exactly how you plan em'. Hell if I knew the shit-pot I was bout' to stir up I mighta' just stayed in bed.

ACT ONE

INT. ALBERT'S TRUCK - DAY

The last 24 hours of **ALBERT's** (45) life has felt like pure chaos. He feels the weight of the world on his shoulders. You can see it in his deep blue eyes. He closes his eyes.

MEMORY FLASH:

- Dark motel room. A woman in lingerie reaches out her arms to hug him.
- A line of cocaine is inhaled through a soda straw.
- A door is opened. Dead body falling towards him.
- A squat old man is peering through an eyeglass at an old map.
- An old ship is being hurdled into a coral reef cracking its bow.
- Everything is black. Rapid breathing. 5 Gunshots are fired consecutively.

END MEMORY FLASH:

INT. ALBERT'S TRUCK - DAY

Albert opens his eyes. Only 2 seconds have passed.

("Whiskey River" by Willie nelson playing on truck radio).

He grabs a cigarette out of his jacket pocket and places it between his chapped lips. He presses in the worn out cigarette lighter on his dashboard. The spring loaded lighter shoots back at him landing on his jeans; burning hot.

ALBERT
Son of a bitch!

Albert throws the lighter out of the window. The lighter bounces off a passing by commuters windshield. The commuter swerves a little bit. Honks twice and flips him the bird.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
(singing along with the
radio nervously)
Whiskey river, take my mind.

Albert pulls a single strike anywhere match-stick out of his pocket and swipes it on his jeans igniting the flame. Finally the cigarette is lit. He inhales deeply and exhales the smoke out of his nostrils. He glances down at a beat up map sitting beside him on the bench seat and takes a sharp turn into the right hand lane.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
(mumbling to himself)
Gotta get some grub.

Albert rubs his stomach with his left hand and cranks the steering wheel with his right; taking exit 154 off of the freeway. About 30 feet up the road he pulls into the parking lot of a little breakfast diner. The diner has a large sign with one word on it. "Grub".

ALBERT (CONT'D)
Mm-mm... grub...

Albert parks in an open space by the front door of the diner. He picks up the map and takes one more good look at it. One side of it is a map with a highlighted route from California to Key west. The other side has strange foreign markings on it. He takes a picture of both sides of the map with his cellphone then lights it on fire with his cigarette cherry.

We see the wrinkled burning map sitting on the trucks bench seat. Camera pans along the HAND-DRAWN road path from California to key west, Florida.

CUT TO BLACK:

SUPER: KEY BOUND

FADE IN:

INT. GRUB DINER - DAY

The diner is small, with only three booths, one table and small breakfast bar. The interior is dimly lit. The walls are decorated with Elvis memorabilia. Albert takes a seat in the booth by the window. A petite blonde waitress approaches him.

WAITRESS

Howdy Hun! Can I get you started off with a cup of Joe?

ALBERT

That'd be great. Thank you.

WAITRESS

No problem Hun. That will be right out. I'm just waiting for the fresh pot to finish up, ain't gonna be too long. My name's Jenna-Sue. So you just holler when your ready to get some grub okay.

ALBERT

(Voice mumbling)

Alright. Okay.

JENNA-SUE

Be right back.

JENNA-SUE (20) winks at Albert and heads towards the breakfast bar. Albert's eyes follow the movement of her little butt jiggling underneath her not-so-conservative skirt as she walks away.

UP-CLOSE of the coffee machine dripping.

Jenna-Sue is doing her hair in the reflection of the coffee pot. There is a young **BUS-BOY** (16) polishing silverware next to her.

BUS-BOY

You really tryna' get all pretty for that guy? You know George wouldn't like that much Jenna-Sue.

JENNA-SUE

Well Ralph, George is in the penitentiary now ain't he. So I reckon I don't give a fuck what George thinks anymore.

RALPH

Alright. Alright. Fair enough.

Jenna-Sue shoots a smile towards Albert. Albert notices and quickly goes back to staring at his napkin.

JENNA-SUE

Coffee's almost ready Hun!

RALPH

Jesus Jenna, shouting at that man about coffee. You come off as desperate as hell. Hahaha. (mockingly) Hey baby I made it nice n hot for you...so hot...

JENNA-SUE

Shut it Ralph. A girls gotta' take what she can get around here and he's a hell of a lot better then what we usually get... Buncha' old pervs always tryna' touch me an askin' me to go home with them. God I hate this town.

RALPH

Here. Here.

Coffee pot beeps to a finish. Jenna-Sue starts to slowly fill a large black mug with it.

JENNA-SUE

One day I'm gonna meet my cowboy and he's gonna get me out of this fuckin' gas station of a town. And he could be the one. So young, an ruggedly handsome.

RALPH

Jenna that dudes like 35.

JENNA-SUE

Will you shut the fuck up an let me have my fantasy.

Jenna-Sue walks over to Albert and places his coffee on the table.

JENNA-SUE (CONT'D)

Well then Hun you gonna order any food?

ALBERT

You know what I think I'll have a...

Albert takes a sip of coffee and immediately burns his lip.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Ow shit!

JENNA-SUE

Careful baby that's hot mud.

ALBERT

(Sarcastically)

You don't say.

JENNA-SUE

Sorry bout' that. So you got a name?

ALBERT

I'm Albert.

JENNA-SUE

Albert huh. Silly name. But it's cute. It'll have to do.

Jenna-sue smiles at Albert and stares into his eyes for a long and awkward moment.

ALBERT

Shit yeah it will have to do. I aint' changin' it.

JENNA-SUE

Okay Hun.

ALBERT

Say aint' you got anything better to do then stand here staring at me.

They both look around the empty restaurant and the only other person there is Ralph - eagerly polishing glasses.

JENNA-SUE

Sure don't baby.

Up-close of Albert and Jenna-Sue smiling at each other and looking into each others eyes. Up-close shot of Jenna-Sue biting her bottom lip sexually

Suddenly automatic gunshots shatter the front window of the diner. Bullets flying through the air shattering all of the Elvis memorabilia on the wall. Jenna-Sue screams in fear.

ALBERT
Get down!!!

Albert grabs Jenna-Sue and pulls her down to the ground with him on top of her, beneath the line of fire.

JENNA-SUE
Wow Albert you sure got some nice friends don't ya'.

ALBERT
Girl, you don't know the half of it.

EXT. "GRUB DINER" PARKING LOT - DAY

Aerial view: Two men adorned with leather jackets and sunglasses stand outside the diner firing machine guns through the window panes.

UP-CLOSE shot of the men shooting the machine guns.

INT. "GRUB DINER" - DAY

Gunshots continue tearing apart the diner.

JENNA-SUE
Ralph are you okay!

Ralph is ducking behind the breakfast bar.

RALPH
I'm alright! We better make a break for it! Now Jenna Now!!!

JENNA-SUE
As much as I enjoy you being on top of me I think we best skid-addle out that back door Hun!

Albert, Jenna-Sue and Ralph make a break for it and run out the back door through the kitchen into the back parking lot

EXT. BACK PARKING LOT - DAY

JENNA-SUE
You got a car don't ya Albert?

ALBERT
Fuck, It's parked out front.

RALPH
It's all good I got mine.

ALBERT
You even old enough to drive son.

RALPH
Hey man I'm 16!

ALBERT
Well shit which ones yours.

Camera pans across the back lot and comes to a stop on a beat up little Honda civic.

JENNA-SUE
God fucking dammit.

ALBERT
I'm driving.

Albert grabs the keys out of Ralph's hand and they all begin to run towards Ralph's car. Both of the shooters come running around opposite corners of the building into the back parking lot; guns blazing. Bullets fly by Albert, Jenna-sue and Ralph as they manage to make it to the car.

INT. HONDA CIVIC - DAY

Up-close of Albert turning the key in the ignition

EXT. BACK PARKING LOT - DAY

The beat up Honda peels out of the parking lot, all the while being sprayed with bullets

FADE OUT:

INT. HONDA CIVIC - DAY

JENNA-SUE
Alright Hun what the fuck was that!?

RALPH

Yeah what the fuck was that shit man!? There goes my job!

ALBERT

Don't go getting your panties in a knot little guy. I think there's a Denny's coming up in a few miles I can drop you off there if you want? I'm sure there accepting applications haha.

RALPH

Haha very funny. An my name's Ralph by the way.

Albert rolls down the drivers side window two inches and lights up a cigarette. Albert takes his hands off the steering wheel, turns around completely to face Ralph. Cigarette still in his mouth - Reaches out for a handshake.

ALBERT

Pleasure to meet you Ralph. Names Albert.

RALPH

I aint' shaking your hand asshole. You almost got me and my sister shot.

ALBERT

Alright Ralph I'll just sit here patiently until your ready to be a man and shake my hand.

A passing by car honks loudly when he see's that Albert is turned completely backwards in the drivers seat - car heading directly towards the HWY center divider. Beep!!!! Beep!!!

JENNA-SUE

Just shake his damn hand before we all die in this shit-box!

Ralph quickly shakes Albert's hand. Albert turns around to grab the steering wheel just in time to stop the car from ramming into the center divider.

ALBERT

See that wasn't so hard now was it kid!?

JENNA-SUE

Listen here Albert. No more of that nonsense! You nearly killed All of us. An little Ralph here is the only family I got left. Seeing as you brought this mess into our place of work and commandeered our house, You got some explaining to do Mr.

RALPH

Yeah fess up Mr.!

ALBERT

You shut up. An I realize I may have brought some trouble into your little diner but I don't know what the hell your yammering on about stealing your house.

JENNA-SUE

Your sitting in it asshole. Look around.

Jenna-sue points out the shampoo bottles on the passenger floor and the open suitcases in the backseat.

ALBERT

Alright. Alright...

JENNA-SUE

So seeing as were stuck with you now you best let us in on what the hell's goin' on here. And don't you know that second hand smoke kills - Ralph's lungs are still developin'!

Jenna-Sue grabs the cigarette out of Albert's mouth, takes a deep drag of it and tosses it out the passenger window.

RALPH

Yeah man what's your deal anyways?

ALBERT

Alright, weak-lungs, sassy-boots, listen up! A couple weeks ago I was up in Arcata working a pot farm. Just your usual shit picking' dead leaves and feeding the babies you know how it goes.

RALPH

Umm we don't know how that goes. But get on with it.

ALBERT

Well I discovered the man I was working for had something very valuable sitting up in his little farmhouse. So lets just say that I may or may not have taken something that don't belong to me.

RALPH

Well which is it.

ALBERT

Seeing as I'm driving your quote unquote house; and we all were just witness to our own attempted murder. Give me your best deduction Sherlock.

JENNA-SUE

So what is it? What did you take? Drugs? You must've taken tons of weed.

ALBERT

Does it look like I'm carrying around a burlap sack full of weed on me?

JENNA-SUE

Well then, go on, what is it you stole?

ALBERT

In 1765 Captain John Mayhem's ship sank off the coast of Key West, Florida. There was a bad hurricane that year. All but destroyed the island. They must've hit a coral reef when the winds picked up. No trace of the captains ship or what it was carrying has ever been found.

RALPH

Thanks for the history lesson professor Albert. But why should we give two hoots and a cow terd about some old sea fucker.

ALBERT

Well my foul mouthed young friend that old sea fucker as you so finely put it was a very successful pirate. And that ship was carrying quite a heavy load of golden doubloons. And can you guess who has the damn map leading to this treasure.

Both Ralph and Jenna-Sue's faces un beholden.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Split it three ways. We'll all have some cash.

JENNA-SUE AND RALPH

Bullshit!

RALPH

Your fucking delusional man.

JENNA-SUE

Jesus Christ.

ALBERT

Aight whatever. Take it or leave it.

Jenna-Sue and Ralph make befuddled eye contact.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Now we got a long drive ahead of us an were gonna need some supplies. Also the tanks almost empty. I'm gonna pull in here.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

The gang pulls off the highway and stops at small two pump gas station. They park at pump #1.

INT. HONDA CIVIC - DAY

ALBERT

So which one of you fuckers has some cash on you.

JENNA-SUE

Oh hell no baby. You took us along for this ride, your gonna be the one funding it.

ALBERT
How about you Ralph. You got any
cash on you.

RALPH
Na.

ALBERT
Alright I guess were gonna have to
do this the old fashioned way.
Anybody got a gun.

JENNA-SUE
Come on Hun. Do we look like the
type of folks who go around
carrying guns.

ALBERT
Jenna-Sue you look like the type
of gal' that's full of surprises.

JENNA-SUE blushes.

JENNA-SUE
You aint' wrong about that
handsome.

Jenna-SUE rubbing Albert's leg.

JENNA-SUE (CONT'D)
But alas' I aint' got a gun. I got
a holster if you know what I
mean...

RALPH
God! Either we can rob this place
or you two need to go find a room
that aint my car!

ALBERT
Alright. Jenna, you wait here and
add gas to the shit-mobile, I got
about twenty bucks left on this
credit card.

Albert hands Jenna-sue his credit card.

ALBERT (CONT'D)
Ralph grab that big ol' suitcase
of yours and follow my lead. I
mean it. Follow, my, lead.

RALPH
Aight.

Ralph and Albert exit the shit-mobile.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Ralph and Albert start walking towards the gas station's
mini mart.

JENNA-SUE
You boys stay outta trouble now!

ALBERT
SHHHHHH!!!!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. GAS STATION MINI MART - DAY

The mini mart is small with only two shelves. one refrigerator wall and a small register counter. Behind the register counter sits an overweight **CASHIER** (25) reading a weight watchers magazine.

Albert and Ralph walk behind one of the shelves.

ALBERT

Alright start filling up this up
with anything it can hold. Try an
get some beers too.

Ralph starts shoveling food off of the shelf into the suitcase.

CASHIER

Hey! I see you here! I see you
doing that!

Albert grabs a beer-can and shakes it up vigorously while walking towards the cashier.

CASHIER (CONT'D)

I see you! I pressed the alarm
button! Cops'll be here any
second! The security camera's see
you kid!

ALBERT

You see this you fat fuck!

Albert cracks tab on the beer can shooting foam into the face/eyes of the cashier.

CASHIER

What the fuck dude!

ALBERT

Suck it four eyes.

CASHIER

This shirt is a collectors item
come on man!

The sound of sirens start ringing from the distance. Then the beep of the horn from Ralph's car starts going off.

Jenna-Sue pulls the car right up to the door of the mini-mart. BEEP!BEEP!

JENNA-SUE
Get in boys!

Albert finishes pouring out whats left in the beer can on the cashiers head. Ralph (holding the suitcase) and Albert run to the car, hop in, and they take off.

Cashier looks down at his beer soaked star trek shirt.

CASHIER
Not cool man. Not cool.

FADE OUT:

EXT. PALM SPRINGS HIGHWAY - DAY

A rattle snake is curled around the base of a metal road sign enjoying the heat of the southern California sun. A hawk swoops down and grabs the snake with its talons.

Camera pans up from the base of the road sign to the flimsy metal top that reads "palm springs city limits".

INT. HONDA CIVIC - DAY

The shit-mobile pulls off the side of the highway into the sand. The sun is beginning to set. A song plays softly on the radio. Jenna-Sue and Ralph stare out the windows watching the world go by. Albert is struggling to concentrate. He is sweating profusely. He closes his eyes.

MEMORY FLASH:

- Dark motel room. A woman in lingerie reaches out her arms to hug him.
- A line of cocaine is inhaled through a soda straw.
- A door is opened. Dead body falling towards him.
- A squat old man is peering through an eyeglass at an old map.
- Year: 1765 - a ship is being hurdled into a coral reef cracking its bow.
- Everything is black. Rapid breathing. 5 Gunshots are fired consecutively.

END MEMORY FLASH:

INT. HONDA CIVIC - DAY

The car hits small a stone forcing it to swerve slightly. Albert's eyes open. Only 2 seconds have passed. Jenna-Sue shoots him an annoyed look. They drive out a few miles to a remote location and park the car behind some dead brush.

EXT. PALM SPRINGS DESERT - DAY

Albert, Jenna-Sue and Ralph peer into the trunk.

ALBERT

Well looks like we only got two sleeping bags!

Albert winks at Jenna-Sue.

JENNA-SUE

Ha.Ha.

RALPH

God!

ALBERT

I'm just fuckin' with you. My jacket's plenty warm enough for me. You guys get your bags n I'll start a fire.

The three of them grab supplies out of the trunk of the car and set up camp.

Albert sparks a match stick and lights the campfire.

EXT. PALM SPRINGS DESERT - NIGHT

Albert, Ralph and Jenna-Sue sit by the campfire cooking hot-dogs.

ALBERT

Damn Ralph; you got a good eye takin' these dogs!

RALPH

Yeah. I can't remember the last time I ate a hot-dog. I will admit they are fucking excellent.

JENNA-SUE

I think the last time we sat
around a fire like this was when
our parents were still alive.

RALPH

I don't remember.

ALBERT

Can I ask y'all something?

JENNA-SUE

Yep. Shoot.

ALBERT

Y'all smoke grass?

JENNA-SUE

Ralph doesn't but I do from time
to time.

RALPH

I do too!

ALBERT

Cool, cool. Hey it aint' a contest
haha.

Albert pulls a joint out of his pocket and sparks it up and
passes it to Jenna-Sue. She inhales deeply and exhales a
giant cloud of smoke.

JENNA-SUE

Goddamn!

ALBERT

Not bad girl, not bad.

Jenna-Sue passes the joint to Ralph. Ralph takes a deep
drag and coughs profusely.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

So, I know it aint' my business
but what happened to you guys.
Like you live outta your vehicle
an your folks are dead?

RALPH

Yeah that's pretty much all there
is to know about us... Mm-mm this
hot-dog might be the best hot-dog
I have ever had the privilege of
eating.

Ralph takes a big messy bite into his hot-dog.

JENNA-SUE

You dorkus... Ralph's too young to remember very much. He was just four years old when it happened. Back then life was peaches n' cream. Our mother worked at the laundromat an daddy cooked. He was the head chef at the diner back then. Everyday he'd come home and bring us the most amazing food and always tell me "your gonna go far baby-girl cuz' you got the spunk to eat the junk!".

(tears welling up)

I was about 12 years old and one day; they left me at home to watch Ralph while they were at work. I used to do that a lot as a kid. So 5 o'clock rolls by. 6 o'clock rolls by. Bout' 7:30 my uncle Jeff comes to the door. He's my daddy's older brother; owns Grub Diner - he takes me and my brother to the parking lot behind Grub's and gives me keys to this here car. Tells me "your Ralph's Mamma now, here's the keys to your house" and that "you best wake up early cuz work starts at 6AM". Ever since then we aint had no schoolin' - worked everyday for no pay. Our uncle would threaten to...

RALPH

Stop Jenna. Just stop. I'm goin' to bed.

Ralph walks about 25 feet away and gets in his sleeping bag.

JENNA-SUE

Sorry Ralph doesn't like me talkin' about our folks. Our family - I mean if you consider my asshole uncle family...but shit Ralph's my only real family...

ALBERT

Your folks never came home?

JENNA-SUE

Nope. Whatever's become of them at this point is done-been-had... Nuff' about my shit.

(MORE)

JENNA-SUE (CONT'D)

What bout' you Hun? You got a
mommy and a daddy?

ALBERT

I got a mom n' I got a dad. Well I
used to...There dead now. Cancer
got my dad. Then it had a funny
way of finding my mom...Well...

Albert cracks open a beer and lights up a cigarette.

JENNA-SUE

...Well...You always been on the
run from gangster ass hillbilly
pot farmers?

ALBERT

Haha nope! Not always. Me and
Derek used to be friends. Was my
best friend for many, many years.

JENNA-SUE

Derek?

ALBERT

Yep Derek. The man who's out to
kill me. But that's a talk for
another time. I don't feel like
thinking about my ending just
before bed.

(smiling)

You sleep tight now beautiful.
Best wake up early cuz' your new
unpaid job starts at 6AM.

JENNA-SUE

Oh Shut-up Hun.

Albert's cell phone rings. He walks away to answer the
call. Jenna-Sue unable to make out what he is saying on the
phone stares at his dark silhouette longingly.

Albert walks back over to the fire and curls up in his
jacket. Jenna-Sue grabs her sleeping bag and lays it down
beside him. She gets in the sleeping bag and nudges it so
it's close to Albert.

JENNA-SUE (CONT'D)

(Whispering)
Hey Albert.

ALBERT

(whispering)
Yes ma'am.

JENNA-SUE
(whispering)
Is there really hidden treasure in
Florida like you said?

ALBERT
(whispering)
Yes ma'am.

JENNA-SUE
(Whispering)
Hey Albert.

ALBERT
Yep.

JENNA-SUE
(whispering seductively)
Thank you for taking us under your
wing.

Jenna-Sue leans over and kisses Albert on his exposed
cheek, then rolls back away from him. They both fall
asleep.

FADE OUT:

EXT. PALM SPRINGS DESERT - DAY

Albert is sound asleep laying on his back in the dessert
sand. Light begins to shine through Albert's eyelids from
the morning sun. He groggily opens his eyes to see
DEREK(45)dirty, scarred face - standing above him holding a
shovel.

ALBERT
Derek?

DEREK
Good-morning old friend.

Derek swiftly hits Albert in the head with the shovel.

CUT TO BLACK:

SUPER: 72 HOURS EARLIER

EXT. NOR. CAL. POT FARM - DAY

It's daybreak on the mountain. The sun is up but the air bites with cold gusts. Albert looks down the hill from the farmhouse porch at the field workers in the distance below. There looks to be around 1000 4-6ft marijuana plants swaying in the wind. Some of the plants have shadows cast over them from the surrounding redwood tree's. Others are inside homemade plastic greenhouse's. Albert hears the loud sound of a diesel truck starting. A large dented-up dodge ram comes rolling up the dirt road and stops right outside the steps of the farmhouse porch. The driver rolls down his window.

DEREK

Hey bud! Heading to town to grab some nutrients and fuel for the generators. Back in a bit. Keep an eye on these fuckers will ya! Later!

ALBERT

Later Derek.

Albert watches as Derek's truck drives off disappearing behind the redwood canopy.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Greedy son of a bitch.

Albert lights up a cigarette and sits down on the porch steps. He see's one of his friends walking up the hill toward him - a dark skinned man, dirty, drenched in sweat.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Hey Juan how you holdin' up amigo?

JUAN

Senor Albert. I'm tired amigo. Lots of work. Getting close to harvest though. Can't wait to get that bonus money from Derek.

JUAN (30) grabs a water bottle out of a cooler on the porch and sits down next to Albert. He opens the water bottle and takes a few big gulps.

JUAN (CONT'D)

Yesterday was payday though right?

ALBERT

If by payday you mean the day that Derek gambles away your money at the card room - then sure it was payday.

JUAN

Again! Fuck man! Aw well. Work to do. Talk to you later.

Juan stands up and walks down the porch stairs. Albert watches as Juan staggers down the mountain side to the field.

ALBERT

Later on compadre'.

Albert stands up and stretches. Back cracks loudly.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

(Mumbling to self)

Fuck this shit. Aint doing this no more.

Don't wanna pay

me...I'll pay myself.

Albert looks around to make sure none of the workers are paying attention to him; gets up off the steps and enters through the screen door of the farm-house.

INT. INSIDE FARMHOUSE - DAY

The inside of the house is old and outdated. There are lots of strings hanging from the ceiling from a previous harvest drying. There is a large beat to shit plywood table with some trimming scissors, a hammer, a screwdriver and other miscellaneous tools. Albert walks over to a small closet door and opens it. A rotting corpse with gauged-out eye-sockets falls onto him. Face to face.

ALBERT

Fuck!

Albert pushes the corpse off of himself and it lands on the floor. The smell of rotting flesh is overbearing, forcing him to vomit in his mouth. Albert kneels down and examines the body's half decayed face. It's his friend. A good man.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry this happened to you Jimmy. I'm gonna.

(starting to tear up)

I'm gonna make this right. Fuck you Derek!

Albert returns to the closet and starts shuffling through shoe-boxes and Lb. size bags of weed - tossing all of them to the side in anger. He finally gets to the box he's

looking for. It is a small tin cigar box - looks to be 50 years old at-least. He opens the box to reveal the folded up map.

EXT. PALM SPRINGS DESSERT - DAY

Albert, Jenna-Sue and Ralph are in a 10ft hole in the Palm Springs Dessert - just outside of their campfire. All of them are bruised and beaten. Hands zip-tied behind there backs. The morning sun beats down on their dispirited bodies. Derek stares down at them from outside of the hole - wielding a .22 rifle.

DEREK

I believe you have something that belongs to me Albert.

CUT TO BLACK :

SUPER: JUNE 3RD, 1999, FELTON, CALIFORNIA

EXT. SLV HIGH-SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

It is a beautiful late afternoon in Felton CA. Blue-jays chase each-other playfully in the sky above the SLV High-school football field. A large banner with the words "class of 1999" ripples in the summer breeze. Proud parents and friends sit patiently, eagerly awaiting their loved ones names to be called up to the stage.

PRINCIPLE

Next I would like to congratulate Amy Adella. Give it up for Amy everyone!

The **PRINCIPLE** (43) of the school hands Amy her diploma and shakes her hand. The audience, sitting in there lawn chairs on the football field; give Amy a round of applause. A mother and father glance at each-other awkwardly.

MOTHER

Our boy is next.

MOTHER (45) dragging a cigarette.

FATHER

(grunting noises)
Eh...

FATHER(45); cigar in mouth, goes back to reading his sports illustrated magazine.

PRINCIPLE

Next we have two young scholars that requested to walk together. I apologize to the parents who have been waiting because this is a little bit out of the planned alphabetic order.

Audience members grunt forebodingly.

PRINCIPLE (CONT'D)

Alright please give it up for Derek Weizmann and Albert Egerton!

Time stands still and silent. Neither Derek or Albert approach the podium.

PRINCIPLE (CONT'D)

Alright lets try this one more time. Can Derek Weizmann and Albert Egerton please come up to the stage.

Again nothing has changed. The two friends are nowhere to be seen. A large number of parents mumble complacently.

PRINCIPLE (CONT'D)

Well were going to keep this train moving...

The principle continues to call up more graduates to the podium. You see two sets of disappointed parents leave there seats and exit the ceremony.

INT. ALBERT'S BASEMENT - DAY

Just a few miles down the road a younger Albert is working hard along side his best friend Derek in his parents basement. Fluorescent lights dangle from the basement ceiling. At-least 20 clip-on-fans attached to various old furniture circulate the musty air. There's 10 or so marijuana plants in small plastic pots grouped on a tarp covering the cement floor. Punk rock music is blaring out of a small CD player. A pretty brown-haired girl sits at a table in the corner trimming weed. Albert and Derek are mixing nutrients into a watering jug.

DEREK

Dude I told you only 2 tablespoons of that shit otherwise you'll burn the roots.

ALBERT
Shit sorry Derek.

DEREK
It's alright. You didn't water any of them with that mix when I was gone right?

ALBERT
Na man.

DEREK
Alright cool man, no worries. Just pour that out and I'll mix up a new batch.

ALBERT
Dude I can't wait til' this shits done. Gonna be so much money. Finally be able to get my license back.

DEREK
Man, this is nothing. Someday were both gonna be rolling in it. I'm thinking big, long-term. Were done with school now. We need to save this money to re-invest. Buy land and do this on a large enough scale to make us both rich!

Albert grins.

ALBERT
It's gonna be awesome man.

DEREK
Just stick with me man; we're a good business team.

Derek hands ALBERT a beer off of a nearby shelf; then grabs one for himself.

DEREK (CONT'D)
Cheers friend. Here's to the future.

Derek and Albert both chug the beers and crush the cans. Albert looks down at the beer cans and realizes they are coors lights.

ALBERT
Shit...Dude those were my dad's last two beers.
(MORE)

ALBERT (CONT'D)
 He's gonna fucking kill me even
 more now with that, on-top of
 missing graduation. Fuck.

DEREK
 Hahah. Relax man it'll be fine.

Noises of a car pulling into the driveway.

ALBERT
 Shit my parents are home! Alright
 you guys gotta go!

Albert runs over to the girl in the corner and puts a hand on her shoulder. She turns around in her chair, straddling it backwards. (Seeing her face reveals that she's the girl from Albert's memory flashes). Albert bends down and gives her a kiss.

GIRL
 I love you.

ALBERT
 I love you too Maddie. But you
 guys gotta get outta here now
 before my folks catch y'all here.

Sounds of the opening and closing of the front door of the house.

ALBERT'S FATHER
 Albert! You home!? We got alot to
 talk about son!

Loud footsteps from Albert's father above them, shakes dust on to their heads from the basement ceiling. Albert quietly directs Derek and **MADDIE** (18) cute - out of the basement window. Once out Maddie sticks her head back through the window for one more kiss. Albert gives her a quick kiss and pushes her head back out.

DEREK
 Maddie C'mon!

Maddie and Derek run down the street - disappearing from Albert's window view.

FADE OUT:

EXT. PALM SPRINGS DESSERT HOLE - DAY

Derek wipes sweat from his brow with a handkerchief. He looks down at his bound prisoners in the deep sand hole.

His face shows it's age through scars and wrinkles. You are not looking at the same young enthusiastic kid from 1999. He aims his rifle at Albert and squeezes the trigger. Jenna-Sue screams from the crack of the gunshot. Albert can feel the bullet zing past his ear barely missing him.

DEREK

Best start talking. The next one
aint gonna miss.

CUT TO BLACK:

End of episode

(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)