

SNERT

By

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FADE IN:

INT. GARY'S CAR - DAY

GARY KESWICK, thirties, clean-cut, feeds a CD into the player as he drives.

Corporate badge on lapel reads: Gary Keswick, Chief Engineer, Porcupine Software.

EXT. SILICON VALLEY - GARY'S CAR

He drives through an upscale neighborhood.

INT. GARY'S CAR

He repeats the sound track, a recording in his own voice.

GARY

Janet, I know that I spend long hours at the company. It hasn't given much time for the two of us. I want to make it up to you. Here. This is for the anniversary I missed. -

EXT. GARY'S HOME

Tech Boom mansion. He pulls into the driveway and parks.

INT. GARY'S CAR

He picks up bouquet and jewelry box.

GARY

- And I thought you'd be surprised to know I've booked a secluded, romantic getaway. Tahiti, baby, yeah!

INT. GARY'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Entering from the living room into the kitchen, Gary sees an empty house.

GARY

Janet. Janet? Where are you, honey?

HALLWAY

Carrying gifts, Gary searches.

GARY (CONT'D)
Janet, I'm home.

Leaning on a door jam, JANET, thirties, attractive, except for overdone makeup, wears a slinky negligee.

She beckons him with her posture.

GARY (CONT'D)
Wow. So there you are. Hey. Look. I know I spend long hours at the company. -

BEDROOM BEHIND JANET

HARRY THOMPSON, thirties, slick and debonair, dresses behind the door, then heads for the window.

GARY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
- It hasn't given much time -

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Coming up for air from Janet's kiss, Gary sighs.

JANET
The pool man came by today.

GARY
The crusty old pool man.

JANET
Yeah. Said he needed to renew the contract.

GARY
Time for that already?

JANET
Wouldn't let me sign for you.

GARY
That can wait.

He pulls her.

JANET
Oh. I dunno. It's another two hundred if you don't get it to him tomorrow. It's right here.

She reaches to a side table for the contract and a pen, pushing it at him.

JANET (CONT'D)

I try to be so conscientious about every penny. You know that, don't you, darling?

Hesitating, he takes the paper and signs.

GARY

There. Problem gone.

They embrace.

EXT. COURT BUILDING - DAY

SUPER: DAYS LATER

JUDGE (O.S.)

In the matter of Keswick versus Keswick -

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Gary, suited, wearing corporate badge, sits at the conference table, taps his iPhone, and listens.

AT THE TABLE

Janet, in tacky jewelry and tight dress, sits opposite with Harry, attired to the nines. They hold hands.

JUDGE, between the parties, reads.

JUDGE

- due to the irrevocable nature of the contract -

Holding up to Gary. Suspicion and surprise cover his face.

His opposites smirk.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

- this court hereby awards total compensation from the property of Gary Keswick.

EXT. COURT BUILDING

Janet and Harry catch up to Gary at his car.

HARRY

Conceding now is no disgrace, Gary.

He grabs Harry's lapel and raises a fist.

HARRY (CONT'D)

Yeah. Go ahead. See where that gets you.

She pulls out a digital camera and aims at the men, snapping a flash.

JANET

Go ahead. Hit him.

Dropping his guard.

GARY

My god. What else do you want? A skywriter and big letters: Y-O-U-W-I-N?

JANET

It's not like you'll be destitute.

GARY

Oh no? That web client of yours bounces his check to me? And now you steal my wife?

JANET

You're chief software engineer. At a Fortune 500 company.

HARRY

That's right. With your savvy, you'll never be feeling miserable like -

Lovers cooing.

HARRY (CONT'D)

- poor, sweet, helpless Janet, boopsy woopsy.

They smack each other. Gary shudders.

GARY

Brrrblughyecch. Aw, for the love of Christ!

He opens the car door.

JANET

And I want that car!

Tosses the keys up.

GARY

That's the houses! The cars! The boat, the brokerage account, and the RV! Not a nickel more!

Gary flees. She has him in her sights.

JANET

Alimony! I want alimony, Gary!
Every last penny! -

He glances back.

JANET (CONT'D)

- And don't think you can hide from me, mister! I'll find you! Wherever you go!

Shaking a fist at them.

GARY

You'll lose your assets trying!

Freezing with fright, she clings to Harry as Gary runs off.

INT. PORCUPINE SOFTWARE BUILDING - GARY'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

Gary throws desk memorabilia into plastic bins, grabs disks and packs them, clears off walls, and unplugs equipment.

BRANDI, twenties, coquettish secretary, surprises him when she enters.

GARY

Ugh! Don't do that, Brandi!

BRANDI

Sorry, Mr. Keswick.

GARY

For a second I thought you were my ex and her lawyer boyfriend.

BRANDI

Are you expecting them?

GARY

I wouldn't put it past them. If you don't mind -

BRANDI

It can wait. We're sorry you're leaving so abruptly.

GARY

Thanks. Now -

She excuses herself through the door into the hallway.

HALLWAY

Brandi and SHEILA, twenties, a less alluring co-worker, look through the glass partition at Gary.

BRANDI

Can you believe it? He's really clearing out.

SHEILA

Doesn't surprise me. With his flair for maneuvering.

BRANDI

You mean like the boat race?

SHEILA

That disguise he wore completely fooled the other crew. A busted marriage is the only thing I can think of to slow him down.

BRANDI

I wish it was on account of me.

Carrying a plastic bin, Gary enters the hallway and hurries past the secretaries.

TOM, thirties, preppy co-worker chases after him.

TOM

Hey, Gare.

GARY

Don't talk to me now. I've got to get to payroll.

They hurry down the hallway.

TOM

Just wanted to know about the status of your encryption project before you leave.

He stops at a workstation, goes to a desktop, types, and clicks.

GARY

Okay. Here it is.

Tom watches Gary scroll through the data.

GARY (CONT'D)

Tell Peter, with this program, I've tapped banks, brokerages, even the DMV and DOJ. Without any hint.

He rushes down the hallway.

TOM

My god! You don't want to stick around for the royalties?

GARY

Only to have my lovely wife turned gold digger rip it all off? No thanks.

They reach the elevator atrium. Gary enters the open door.

TOM

Hey. We can all learn from our mistakes.

GARY

Yeah. Like the divorce-is-near signal: watch out for changing hairstyles and plenty of bling.

Door closes.

PAYROLL DEPARTMENT

Gary passes desks of Clerks to SUPERVISOR desk.

SUPERVISOR

Oh, Mr. Keswick. You're just in time. Seems you've been garnished.

GARY

I'm pulling the plug on everything.
Just give me my severance and I'm
out of here. I'll send movers for
my stuff.

Supervisor hands him an envelope.

SUPERVISOR

You're sure you can't leave a
forwarding address?

GARY

You're looking at the only
homeless, six-figure software
engineer in Silicon Valley.

Process Server enters from elevator. Supervisor sees him.

SUPERVISOR

Uh-oh.

Gary turns.

AT THE FRONT

Process Server goes to Secretary.

PROCESS SERVER

I'm here to see Mr. Gary Keswick.

GARY AND SUPERVISOR

GARY

You never saw me, okay?

He makes an end run around the desks toward the elevator.

AT THE FRONT

SECRETARY

Oh, Mr. Keswick. There's someone
here to see you.

Process Server watches Gary head toward the elevator and
chases him.

Gary sees the elevator door closed and heads for stairs.

Process Server enters the stairwell after him.

STAIRWELL

Jumping down the stairs as fast as he can, Gary bursts through the ground floor exit.

EXT. PORCUPINE SOFTWARE BUILDING - PARKING LOT

Janet and Harry stand with Two Private Investigators, leather-jacketed and rough-featured.

Gary halts his momentum outside the door when he sees them.

Janet catches sight of Gary.

JANET

There he is!

Harry and Private Investigators turn.

Footsteps ring out from behind and Process Server runs out the door.

Finding himself caught between the two parties, Gary motors toward the busy city street.

Harry and Private Investigators join the chase.

EXT. CITY STREET

Gary makes it to the curb, looking for a way out.

Process Server, Harry, and Private Investigators rush closer.

A City Bus arrives.

When he moves to get on, Passengers disembark, blocking him.

He squeezes into the bus door, his nemeses almost on top of him.

HARRY

Stop! In the name of the law!

The last Passenger disembarks and Gary boards.

City Bus accelerates, leaving pursuers huffing and puffing.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - DAY

MONTAGE

SUPER: DAYS LATER

Gary, unkempt short hair, stubble, and grungy clothes, parks an old RV.

He ambles along Ocean Front Walk.

Bikiniied Roller Skaters whiz past.

Strong Men lift free weights at Muscle Beach.

Vendors and Local Denizens mingle.

He stops, seeing Five Men painting a mural on a wall at the beach.

END MONTAGE

MURAL

One of the Men, SATCH, thirties, greying beard, matted long hair, layered clothes, and signs of exposure, pauses from his work.

He sees Gary watching them from his distance. A look of recognition comes over him.

ON THE WALK

Gary turns away, resuming his stroll.

Satch catches up.

SATCH

Hey. You're Gary Keswick, aren't you?

He squints at Satch.

GARY

Do I know you?

SATCH

Your roommate. Satch. College dorm. Remember?

INT. SOUP KITCHEN - LATER

Eating at a table, Gary sits with Satch and his buddies from the beach mural:

GYPSY, Roma-looking and flamboyant.

EMMET, bulb-nosed and grungy in oversized layers of clothing.

BANGERS, dreadlocks, tattoos, and baggy clothes.

GROGAN, pseudo-sophisticate with hat, scarf, and goatee.

SATCH

And after that?

GARY

Well, eighteen hour days at Porcupine Software. That's when I thought marital bliss had walked into my life.

Satch leans over, confiding.

SATCH

There's this beach. In Mexico. She'd never find you. We could live like kings, man.

GARY

Sounds interesting.

SATCH

Who knows? There are a lot of lovely Latin ladies. With that chili pepper sizzle. Maybe you could use some of their lady lumps.

Satch and buddies laugh and cajole Gary.

GARY

Sorry, fellas. I'll never have enough heart left for a new love.

SATCH

Really burned you.

GARY

Splayed, diced, and burned.

SATCH

Well, dig this. You're not the only dude who's gotten bummed out.

GARY

Yeah?

SATCH

I mean, it's not a divorce. But this kitchen is about to close.

(MORE)

SATCH (CONT'D)

In two weeks. And it's not just about going hungry.

GARY

Then what is it?

SATCH

See Mrs. Hooper over there?

Mrs. Hooper, elderly, dowdy, stands behind the serving line. Gary turns to see her.

SATCH (CONT'D)

She's our sponsor. We're all out on probation. You know, community service.

GARY

Ah. Now you tell me.

SATCH

She's gotta have hip replacement surgery. When she goes in, the place has to close. And we have to go back to the slammer because there's nobody else who'll keep the kitchen open.

GARY

Jeez, I'm sorry, Satch.

SATCH

None of us wants to go back to County. If only we could keep the place open.

GARY

I see what you mean.

Gary's eyes light up.

GARY (CONT'D)

Hey. What if you could keep me safe from Janet and I could keep your sponsor happy?

SATCH

What are you talking about?

GARY

It means some work. And not just painting.

SATCH

We all got arms and legs, man.

EXT. OCEAN FRONT WALK - MOMENTS LATER

Gary, Satch, and Crew drift through the growing Crowd.

Gypsy and Emmet break off, gesturing, to take up positions on benches.

Satch, Bangers, and Grogan follow Gary farther. They near a parking lot filled with old vans and RVs.

Bangers and Grogan turn off to lounge in the grass.

Satch stops on the Walk. Gary waves to Satch and goes to the old RV in the parking lot.

INT. PARKING LOT

Gary unlocks the RV and enters.

INT. GARY'S RV

Sitting in the dining area, converted into a computer center, Gary looks at two laptop computers like they were the morning newspaper.

He plugs in coffee maker. Email inbox chimes ding-ding.

INTERCUT GARY AND INBOX

He clicks on the icon, revealing a stream of emails.

He scrolls down the almost endless list.

Letter from Mom. He opens it. It reads: "Gary, where are you? We're worried sick. Please call. Love always, Mother."

GARY

Aw, Mom.

He replies: "I'm OK. In touch later." Send.

Continues to scroll.

Cursor hovers over delete button.

Mortgage refinance.

He buzzes a raspberry. Delete.

Saddam Hussein's lost fortune for laundering.

He belches. Delete.

Viagra and Cialis.

He huffs and pants. Delete.

XXX Swinger dating service.

He forces a leering grin.

GARY (CONT'D)
More hot stuff, yeah.

Delete.

BACK TO SCENE

A knock on his door. Gary feels uneasy.

GARY (CONT'D)
Who is it?

SATCH (O.S.)
It's me.

EXT. GARY'S RV

The door cracks, then opens wide.

GARY
What is it? See her?

Satch smirks.

SATCH
No no, man. Not that. But, uh -

He checks around him. Gary looks with him.

GARY
But what?

SATCH
The guys are getting weird. It could be her. It might not be.

GARY
Get in here.

Gary lets him inside.

INT. GARY'S RV

Satch takes coffee from Gary and guzzles.

GARY
What's bothering them?

SATCH
Don't know exactly. Bad vibes.

Suspicious look.

GARY
You're supposed to be lookouts, for
Chrissakes. Not fortune tellers.

SATCH
Alright, alright. Cut us some
slack, man. It's just -

GARY
Yeah? Let's have it.

SATCH
Doesn't seem to be the same traffic
on the Walk today.

He takes Satch with a grain and pulls out two disks.

GARY
Look. If you haven't seen the
divorcee from hell or her private
eyes, we're in the clear.

Uncertainty in his eyes, Satch takes another cup of java.

SATCH
Guy like you. Aced school and
computers. You could make real
money with a straight job. Not like
me and my art history major.

GARY
Come on. And let her track me down
using my social security number?
Nope. It's better this way.

SATCH
So it's the underground economy,
huh? Well, I can dig that.

Moving to the door, Satch watches Gary smooch the disks,
inserting one in each laptop.

GARY

What now?

SATCH

I've heard about cyber tricks, but -
I've never seen anybody make it
happen.

GARY

Curious about the money machine?

He sighs and gestures him to return.

GARY (CONT'D)

Okay. End the mystery.

Satch leans over to watch.

INTERCUT COMPUTER SCREENS WITH GARY AND SATCH

Gary opens the browser and types: www.livebabecams.com.

The screen fills with a series of thumbnail camera shots of
Female Models in nude and semi-nude images.

Sensational print surrounds photos and reads "Vi Hardrive
Presents LiveBabeCams" and a signon dialog box.

Satch's eyes widen at the exposed flesh, while Gary attends
to business.

SATCH

You stealing porn? And selling it?

GARY

Better than that, my friend. It's
payback time.

SATCH

Yeah?

GARY

I built their site and they didn't
pay me. Then their lawyer ran away
with my ex.

SATCH

Ah. Getting even.

GARY

You got it. So I've put a tap on
their bank. Their cash flow is
pouring to me.

SATCH
You're a genius.

On the second laptop, Gary opens the disk file, which streams code down the page.

GARY
One laptop hacks the website. On the other I collect their money.

Gary right clicks the signon box and another dialog box appears, showing functions.

He chooses "Intercept", left clicks, and smirks.

GARY (CONT'D)
This is where I get it all back.

The first laptop screen contains an overlaid signon box.

He types "Snert2021" into the signon and a password.

The second laptop becomes a blur of streaming code, ending with a dialog box asking: "Open Account? Yes. No."

Satch watches Gary click "Yes".

The second laptop turns into a stream of dollar figures, ranging from \$3.99 to \$45.99.

A subtotal calculates at the bottom of the column.

Gary leans back.

GARY (CONT'D)
Can you get me some more coffee?

Satch, eyes mesmerized by the screens, pours and hands the coffee to Gary.

SATCH
Ain't you afraid they'll find out?

GARY
Before I left Porcupine Software, I was working on a stealth hacking system. Hush-hush stuff. The way I do it, they'll never catch me. Besides, the law would laugh in their faces.

SATCH
But it's money, man. Real Benjamins.

A thumbnail screen pops open to show a Model performing.

GARY

That's what makes them the perfect target. Our paycheck to freedom. A not too tidy racket.

Head in hands, Satch sits, eyes riveted.

ON A LAPTOP SCREEN

A Model peels off her negligee, revealing a scanty bra and thong.

She types into the chatroom section for the viewers, "If you want to see more of me, let's go private."

Her hands rub her body, enticing her viewers.

INT. LIVEBABECAMS STUDIO - FLOOR

Thirty or so Models perform in cubicles, each with a digital camera and lighting.

Electrical cables run from each cubicle to trunk cables along the floor. Staff look on or hurry about in their duties.

A wall opposite the cubicles has a one-way glass partition with a main door leading to the floor.

Door sign reads: Offices.

VI (O.S.)

He's on now.

INT. LIVEBABECAMS STUDIO - OFFICE

VI HARDRIVE, thirties, neon red straightened hair, electric vinyl clothes, and geeky day-glo neon plastic glasses, sits at a laptop, cell phone bud in one ear.

VI

He's up to ten thousand. This session alone.

LONIK "LONNIE" SZABO, beefy, Adonis-featured, forties, playboy-style clothes, and gaudy gold rings on each hand, swivels in his leather desk chair.

LONNIE

It's beginning to bother my image.

She brandishes a cigarette at the end of a silver holder.

VI

He's slick, very slick. A new intercept code. Botmaster type. If I hadn't been tracking at the right time, he'd be invisible.

LONNIE

Are my men on it?

VI

We're getting a lock on his location now.

She touches her phone bud. He rises.

LONNIE

These girls. They've got to be more careful. Keep me updated.

He leaves.

INT. ADJACENT OFFICE

Lonnie enters a bare room except for a couch and a chair.

A Second Model, sultry, sensuous and bikinied, lies bound and gagged on the couch.

He stands over her and removes a taser from a pocket.

The taser blasts a charge before his eyes and glowering face.

Second Model trembles and mumbles under her gag.

Lonnie moves toward her with the taser.

LONNIE

No more cheating on me.

EXT. OCEAN FRONT WALK

Two Thugs, Lonnie's mirror images, but with more flaws, dressed in leather jackets, move along the Walk.

First Thug carries a tablet GPS device with a red dot on the screen.

Second Thug has a cell phone bud in his ear.

As they trace the dot, Bystanders see them, some staring, while others avoid them.

Gypsy sees the Thugs, looks at Emmet, who casts a worried look. Gypsy runs off towards Gary's RV.

INT. GARY'S RV

LAPTOP SCREEN

Third Model removes her top, but covers her nipples in her hands, swooning for the camera.

SATCH AND GARY

Satch's lips moisten. Gary yawns and watches the totals.

SATCH

Why don't you do this all the time?

GARY

Safer strategy. Keeps them off balance.

SATCH

I wouldn't care. -

Excitement on Satch's face when Third Model drops her top.

SATCH (CONT'D)

- Oh, baby! You're so hot-hot-hot!

INT. LIVEBABECAMS STUDIO - OFFICE

Lonnie looks through the glass partition at the Models working on the floor. He bristles.

LONNIE

Who is this "Snert2021"?

Tapping her phone bud, Vi replies rapid-fire.

VI

A sexually nerdish expressively recidivistic troll.

Turning, he frowns at her.

LONNIE

Don't get smart with me, Vi. I asked you who the hell he is.

VI

And if you were even partially internet literate, you'd know.

LONNIE

I'm not here for computer lessons. I know about computers. I asked you a question.

VI

His screen name is an acronym. A name for anyone who violates terms of service. A snert.

LONNIE

Sneak thief prick. That's what I call him. I want his balls in a vise.

He grinds a fist into a palm.

VI

Stay cool, Lonnie. Stay cool.

EXT. OCEAN FRONT WALK

The Thugs stop near the parking lot, turning to find their direction according to the tablet GPS.

EXT. GARY'S RV

Gypsy runs to the door and knocks. He casts an anxious glance at the Thugs.

INT. GARY'S RV

Gary and Satch hear more knocks. Gary rises and answers the door.

INTERCUT GARY AND GYPSY

He relaxes when he sees Gypsy.

GARY

Yeah? What is it?

Gypsy points to the Thugs on the Walk.

GARY (CONT'D)

Is it her?

The lookout shakes his head and gestures about cell phone and tablet computer. Satch comes to the door.

Gary appears frustrated.

GARY (CONT'D)
I don't get it.

SATCH
Those leather jacketed dudes. He thinks they could be - yeah. The bad vibes.

GARY
Shit.

INT. GARY'S RV

Gary hurries to a cupboard and removes binoculars. Satch closes the door and follows.

Throwing open the blinds on a window, Gary peers at the Thugs.

GARY
For Chrissakes. She's got the damn goons on me again.

EXT. OCEAN FRONT WALK

First Thug gestures to Second Thug to move into the parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Gypsy walks away from Gary's RV when he sees Second Thug entering and searching.

INT. GARY'S RV

Gary pulls down the binoculars. He gulps.

GARY
One of them is coming this way.

He turns around, looking at the laptops.

GARY (CONT'D)
Can you drive a bike?

Satch beams with pride.

SATCH

You didn't know me in my previous
life. I had this beautiful Norton -

He picks up keys from a countertop and throws them to Satch.

GARY

Great. Helmets are on the bike.
Behind the RV. Go.

EXT. GARY'S RV

Satch exits, going around back.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Second Thug moves from van to van to RV, following hand signals from First Thug. First Thug signals him to stop and points to Gary's RV. Second Thug looks at it.

INT. GARY'S RV

Gary shuts down his laptops, removes cords, flails around with laptop cases, stuffing cords and laptops into them.

INT. LIVEBABECAMS STUDIO - OFFICE

Vi perks up, bud in ear.

VI

They've got him spotted now. Just
in time. His connection went dead.

Lonnie fumes.

LONNIE

There's something else you ought to
know. Three million is going to hit
the bank in two days!

EXT. GARY'S RV

Wary, Gary comes out, laptop cases over his back.

First Thug points at Gary. Second Thug moves toward him.

GARY

Now wait just a minute. You got a court order or something?

Second Thug grabs Gary and lifts him off his feet.

GARY (CONT'D)

Guess that answers that question.

With a swift kick in the groin, Gary doubles over the Second Thug.

GARY (CONT'D)

Satch!

Pulling up to the RV on the bike, Satch helps Gary on, leaving the groaning Second Thug on the ground.

EXT. PARKING LOT

Satch speeds around vans and RVs toward Ocean Front Walk.

First Thug chases after them and stands in their way.

Changing directions, Satch revs the motor.

First Thug reaches for Gary on the bike as it pulls away.

GARY

And you can tell her this for me!
She'll never get her money this way!

The bike sails over an embankment onto the grass, taking off between palm trees, missing Bystanders as it weaves.

First Thug reaches into his jacket for a gun, then stops.

INT. LIVEBABECAMS STUDIO - FLOOR - LATER

Models perform to their cameras.

LONNIE (O.S.)

Well? Do they have him?

INT. LIVEBABECAMS STUDIO - OFFICE

Vi fits another cigarette onto her holder.

VI

He had lookouts. Spotted them
before they could catch him.

She lights and puffs. Lonnie sits and shifts his shoulders.

LONNIE

That bastard.

VI

I could always reprogram the
website.

He looks unimpressed.

LONNIE

And how long would that take? Three
hundred thousand plus customers
without service? Because of this -
this cyber punk or whatever you
call him? That three mil is
earmarked. The Brotherhood is into
me for it. They'll tear me apart if
I don't deliver.

She puffs and raises her eyebrows.

VI

Besides, he just might hack it
again. He said something to the
guys that worries me, though.

LONNIE

I don't care. Just make sure he
doesn't get it.

VI

Oh, but I do. He said, "Tell her
this for me. She'll never get her
money this way."

He leans on the desk.

LONNIE

How would he know you?

Looking stumped.

VI

That's just it. He couldn't. Maybe -

She shows a look of recognition. His eyes narrow at her.

LONNIE

Who? If it's one of ours, they're
dog meat. I'll -

Quiets him and poses like a model.

VI

Wait. No. Use your brains and not
your muscles for a change. Who's
got more gigs and accessories than
any man can resist? Who else? He's
making a play to have me, Vi
Hardive. Don't you see?

LONNIE

But how?

VI

The web page. Remember? "Vi
Hardrive Presents LiveBabeCams"?

They see eye to eye.

LONNIE

Never underestimate the power of
love.

EXT. THE SUNSET STRIP - LATER

Satch drives Gary to Doheny and turns, going downhill.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD RESIDENTIAL

Gary looks over Satch's shoulder, worried.

GARY

Sure you know where you're going?

SATCH

Just mellow, man. I got the perfect
hideout.

They turn down a driveway leading to a house on a rear lot.

EXT. FRANCINE'S HOUSE

Gary gets off as Satch parks the bike.

FAINT GUITAR MUSIC and VOCAL emanate from inside.

GARY

What is it?

SATCH

Belongs to a really cool lady friend of mine. Name's Francine. She's a singer. Used to play in cafes on the Walk. Now she does clubs on the Strip. Gives a lot of her dough away. That's how I met her. You'll dig her.

Gary shoulders the cases and walk away.

SATCH (CONT'D)

What are you doing, man?

GARY

A flea-bag motel will work better.

Stopping Gary.

SATCH

Come on, Gary. Give this a chance, will you? She's different. I promise.

Sighing, dropping the cases.

GARY

Only because I trust you.

At the front door, ornate with leaded glass, art nouveau style, Satch knocks. MUSIC stops.

INT. FRANCINE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

FRANCINE, early thirties, waist-length streaked blonde hair, slender, curvaceous, with a face to match, stands looking at Gary while Satch finishes.

SATCH

- and that's how we got here.

Gary opens his mouth to speak. Her sultry voice intones.

FRANCINE

You don't need to say another word.

Closing her eyes and raising her hands, palms facing the men, she takes a deep breath and lifts her head.

The men look at each other, unsure.

FRANCINE (CONT'D)
I'm sensing an aura. Yes.

She smiles in contentment.

FRANCINE (CONT'D)
A good energy. A wholesome energy.

Reaches for Gary's hand, her eyes lowered.

FRANCINE (CONT'D)
A tender and sensitive aura, too.

Pressing his hand, she opens her eyes. Her smile disappears and she releases him.

FRANCINE (CONT'D)
But this other -

Sounding distant, she disconnects her eyes from Gary's.

FRANCINE (CONT'D)
- too much disturbance can be
harmful to your energy flow.

SATCH
Can you help us? I mean, him?

Her smile returns and she motions them to another room.

FRANCINE
It's time you had some tea.
Relieves some of the stress. Good
camomile tea. On the patio.

They let her direct them.

INT. GARY'S RV

First Thug and Second Thug tear through it, throwing disks into a pile. Second Thug sweeps them into a plastic bag.

First Thug dials his cell phone.

INT. LIVEBABCAMS STUDIO - FLOOR

Lonnie summons a Fourth Model from her cubicle.

LONNIE
You, baby. Come here.

Idle, she gulps and resists getting up, but does so.

LONNIE (CONT'D)
Come on. You're not working.

She stands before him, her breasts heaving beneath her scanties.

LONNIE (CONT'D)
You've got the whole world watching you, baby. Now I need to know. Have you ever had a customer called "Snert2021"?

Shakes her head.

INT. LIVEBABECAMS STUDIO - OFFICE

Vi answers her ringing phone bud. She listens and watches Lonnie through the glass partition.

VI
Keep them in a safe place. Meet me at the airport. I'll be there in a few hours.

She picks up her laptop case, primps in front of a mirror, and leaves.

INT. LIVEBABECAMS STUDIO - FLOOR

Vi approaches Lonnie and Fourth Model. He glares at Fourth Model.

LONNIE
Never? Vi. Can we check her contacts?

VI
Lonnie. I said I'd handle it.

Lonnie nears agitation.

LONNIE
We've got to check out all of them.

Putting on her charm.

VI
If you want to. You're the boss. But, if you want my advice -

LONNIE

Do I look like that's what I need?
Advice?

VI

He's off now. Let me deal with it.
I'm on my way to L. A. He can't
have gone far. He's a chump. I'll
get you what you want.

Lonnie dismisses the Model. Vi steps away.

LONNIE

Alright, doll. You're my number
one. Only. Make it fast, will you?

INT. FRANCINE'S HOUSE - PATIO

While Gary looks at the landscape from beneath the lanai,
Francine pours a cup and Satch sips.

FRANCINE

Increases your core body temp. Now,
you two, relax.

Uneasy, the men shifts in their seats. Gary's brows hide his
eyes. She deep breathes with eyes closed.

SATCH

So, uh, we're really, I mean, we--
uh -

Gary straightens in his chair, and sips.

GARY

Yeah, that's enough relaxing. Well,
I have work to do. I'll need to
plug in. There's this project. To
help Satch save his soup kitchen on
the Walk. Just for the night. Satch
will find us another place today,
won't you, Satch?

FRANCINE

So, you're one of those computer
geniuses we've heard so much about.

Catching him off guard.

GARY

In a manner of speaking, you could
say that.

(MORE)

GARY (CONT'D)

Although I don't consider myself a genius - like an Einstein or somebody - just a guy who happened to be in the right place at the right time.

SATCH

You were a programmer in Silicon Valley. Right, Gare?

Annoyed with Satch and whispering.

GARY

Don't volunteer information, will you?

He perks up to Francine.

GARY (CONT'D)

Yeah, I was there. In the tech boom. Watching Sand Hill Road and Mountain View prop up store fronts.

FRANCINE

I'm so ignorant of such things. It's all so mathematical.

Seeing Gary's uneasy look, Satch shrugs. She continues, not noticing.

FRANCINE (CONT'D)

I have my music. Going to a recording studio is about as technical as I can be.

GARY

Writing lines of code is a long way from there.

FRANCINE

But it must hold some fascination. Else why do it?

Confessing.

GARY

Maybe that's why she divorced me.

Surprised at himself, he picks up the tea cup and sips. She touches his other hand, consoling.

FRANCINE

Ah. That.

She looks within his eyes, caring, tender. Gary shifts, taking his hand away.

GARY
You're sure we're not imposing?

FRANCINE
No, of course not. I'll show you your room, how's that?

SATCH
Yeah. Great.

They rise.

FRANCINE
I'll be prepping for my set tonight.

She walks into the house. They follow.

FRANCINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You're invited to attend.

INT. LIVEBABECAMS STUDIO - OFFICE

Lonnie, drinking, talks into his cell phone.

LONNIE
I don't care what she thinks she's doing.

EXT. OCEAN FRONT WALK

First Thug listens on phone bud with Second Thug nearby.

LONNIE (O.S.)
This is working capital we're talking about. Not money she can just piss away some place.

INT. LIVEBABECAMS STUDIO - OFFICE

Lonnie watches the Models on the floor.

LONNIE
Cover her. Like a blanket. I swear to you on my mother's deathbed.
(MORE)

LONNIE (CONT'D)

Nobody -- no matter how great to look at, how many brains, how long we've worked together -- nobody is going to pull anything on Lonik Szabo.

He closes his cell phone.

EXT. OCEAN FRONT WALK

First Thug exchanges serious looks with Second Thug.

INT. FRANCINE'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM - LATER

Gary hears Satch washing in the bathroom. He looks around at Francine's posh decorations, then goes to computer cases.

Satch comes out of the bathroom.

SATCH

Wow, man. What a difference real plumbing can make.

Gary tinkers with his laptops.

SATCH (CONT'D)

Aren't you going to get ready?
What's wrong?

Shrugs him off.

GARY

Nah. Computers. Gotta get a diagnostic. We can't work until -

SATCH

Just a minute. Let me see those.

Keeping the laptops away from Satch.

GARY

Don't you want to keep out of jail?
I've gotta get this connection started or we're toast.

SATCH

They were working fine a few minutes ago.

GARY

You go ahead and go. I'll take care of business.

SATCH

This is one of the hottest clubs on the Strip, man. What planet are you on? Are you ever going to loosen up?

GARY

What's that supposed to mean?

SATCH

All those parties and bashes we had in college. You just sitting there, sipping a beer while the rest of us caroused.

GARY

Well I'm sorry I'm not the libertine hedonist. Like some people I have known.

Half pleading, half cajoling.

SATCH

Gary. Come on, man. Don't. What if she digs you?

Gary sours.

GARY

Oh yeah. You mean all that saccharin sweet gooey mush?

Mocking.

GARY (CONT'D)

Your aura is showing. Disturbance of the energy flow. Please.

SATCH

She's a sensitive artist, man.

GARY

Oh? That's dime store psychic stuff, Satch. And if that's the only difference between her and Janet -

Slings cases over his shoulder and moves to the door.

SATCH

If you knew how many charities,
foster kids, how many bread lines
and needy causes she's helped,
you'd have an idea of who she
really is. Was Janet like that?

GARY

Just the opposite, for Chrissakes.

Realizing a discrepancy.

GARY (CONT'D)

But if that makes her different,
then why hasn't she done more for
you?

Satch humbles himself.

SATCH

Me? I'm not that bad off. I got my
network.

GARY

Alright. Because she's your friend,
I'll stay. But tomorrow, I'm on my
way out of here.

INT. JANET'S HOUSE - DEN - LATER

Harry works at computer, glancing over his shoulder.

COMPUTER SCREEN

Janet's brokerage account in a window.

Cursor drags and drops large sums of money into another
window titled "Cayman Islands Offshore Bank".

Behind the mouse, Harry grins.

BATHROOM - VANITY

Janet finishes her makeup.

DEN - MOMENTS LATER

Surprised at Janet's intrusion, Harry closes the Offshore
window. She wraps an arm around him.

JANET

Honey, I can't understand what's happening to the money at the brokerage.

HARRY

Those full service pikers. Always dinging you with fees.

JANET

So much?

HARRY

Want me to file for an audit?

She shivers.

JANET

You don't think it's Gary, do you?

HARRY

Still got you scared, huh? I'll fry the guy if it is.

Harry relaxes as she puts her face in his shoulder.

JANET

I knew I could trust you, darling.

INT. FRANCINE'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM

Gary shuts the door behind him.

Laptops hack the LiveBabeCams website.

Models perform online on one laptop.

Dollar figures stream to the other.

EXT. LAX - NIGHT

A jet lands.

EXT. LAX TERMINAL

Vi walks out trailing her luggage. First and Second Thug meet her at the curb.

EXT. L. A. STREETS

Rental car drives.

INT. THUGS' CAR

Vi opens her laptop in the rear seat.

A tracking program blinks "online interception".

Vi looks up and taps Second Thug.

EXT. THE SUNSET STRIP

MONTAGE

Upscale cars pass glitzy storefronts.

Fashion-conscious Nightclubbers mingle with chic Rockers.

Valet Parking Attendants take tickets and park cars.

Neon club signs flash and beckon their patrons.

END MONTAGE

EXT. NIGHT CLUB

Satch leads Gary to the front door where Doorman checks their names off a list.

INT. NIGHT CLUB

Light show and pumping ROCK MUSIC.

Patrons drink at a bar. Servers mingle on the floor with the Crowd and take orders.

Gary hangs back, absorbing it.

Satch misses Gary, turns.

THE TWO MEN

SATCH
She'll be on next.

GARY
Is this all they do?

SATCH
What? Katie do?

Louder.

GARY
I said: Is this all they do? Just
drink, schmooze?

SATCH
Oh. Yeah. Just go with it, man.
She'll be out in a minute. Why
don't you get a drink or something?

He looks away at the Crowd and the stage. Gary finds a seat
and a Server approaches.

EXT. GARY'S RV

Vi and the Thugs arrive. First Thug's tablet computer shows
red dot on map.

VI
One more thing.

She enters the RV. Thugs follow.

INT. GARY'S RV

Shuffling through the mess, Vi handles various items, pulls
open drawers, until she finds a letter addressed to: Gary
Keswick, P.O. Box 14541, Venice, CA 90291.

VI
So that's our snert. Let's go.

INT. NIGHT CLUB

Gary gets a tap on the shoulder from a Roadie.

ROADIE
She wants to see you.

GARY
She? You mean Francine?

Roadie nods. He feels annoyed, puts on his cynic's charm, and
rises.

INT. DRESSING ROOM

Francine primps before a mirror in a stunning stage outfit.

A knock at her door.

FRANCINE

Come in.

Entering and seeing her, his sneer transforms into putty-in-her-hands shock.

FRANCINE (CONT'D)

Well, Gary. I hope you found a place to park. The Strip can get so crowded this time of night.

Catching himself.

FRANCINE (CONT'D)

Getting your drinks okay? A seat? I would really like it if you could sit somewhere close to the stage. How do you like it? The club, I mean.

GARY

Oh. Cool. Really impressive. Those curves - I mean - the setup. As Satch would say: primo stuff. And, uh, we took the bike, so parking wasn't such a hassle. Just wading through the street urchins to get in line. Uh -

FRANCINE

Listen. I wanted to thank you personally.

GARY

Thank? Me? Forget it. I mean, whatever I've done for you I don't know what it could have been, but you don't have to thank me. I, uh, I'm just passing through. Tomorrow -

FRANCINE

Lighten up, Gary. I know the last few days have really been rough on you. You're still not letting it in. Oh, but I can dig that. Your energy. Clear your mind. Let the negative energy drop away. Focus on here and now. Deep breaths.

She holds his arms, demonstrating.

GARY

Yeah, right. That's all I need. The here and now. I'm over it. See? Just a bad decision. It's all in the past.

He edges away.

FRANCINE

Oh! I'm on in five minutes. I've got to get to the band. When I do this set, I wanted you to be the first to know. There's a song in it you've helped me write.

GARY

Sorry. I'm not quite following you.

FRANCINE

You've inspired me. Us. The whole band. Oh, Gary. This could be our next hit CD.

She presses against him and kisses his cheek.

Her body excites him, then he hides it.

She hurries out leaving him perplexed.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Gary, nonplussed, watches Francine walk on stage with Band Members.

Crowd begins to quiet.

Francine picks up an acoustic electric guitar. She and Band Members tune their instruments.

Satch joins Gary.

SATCH

Come on. It's okay to feel something.

ON STAGE

The Band Members assume their positions and Francine goes to the mike.

FRANCINE
Hello, everybody. And a happy
Saturday night. Hope you enjoy the
show.

She strums and the Band comes in, playing pumping ROCK.

EXT. L. A. STREETS

Thugs' car in traffic.

INT. THUGS' CAR

Vi watches with First Thug the GPS on the tablet computer.

EXT. L. A. STREETS

Car travels toward the Strip.

INT. NIGHT CLUB

The SONG ends. Crowd applauds.

THE TWO MEN

Satch joins in the applause, while Gary sips a drink.

SATCH
You thinking about the money again?

GARY
I'm good, alright? Just don't get
out that often, that's all.

SATCH
What about her? Didn't I tell you?
Amps me up, man.

ON STAGE

She grabs the mike.

FRANCINE
Thank you. This next one is new.

STRUMS.

FRANCINE (CONT'D)
We go through a lot of changes.
Twists and turns.

THE TWO MEN

Gary tenses, self-conscious.

Satch watches Gary's reaction.

FRANCINE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And our hearts are in it.

Gary gulps and shifts.

ON STAGE

FRANCINE (CONT'D)
There may be lovers. Players.

She looks in Gary's direction through the lights.

GARY AND FRANCINE

connect for a brief moment.

Her eyes twinkle at him.

FRANCINE (CONT'D)
Feeling in love -

His sneer relaxes again, but catches himself.

ON STAGE

FRANCINE (CONT'D)
- and then losing it -

PICKS AND STRUMS. Band COMES IN.

FRANCINE (CONT'D)
- alone, but standing tall.

She SINGS and they PLAY.

THE TWO MEN

Satch notices Gary in a trance: his face alternates between his attraction to Francine and his sour disposition.

Blinking his eyes in disbelief, Satch nudges Gary.

SATCH
Hey. You just drop something?

Coming out of it.

GARY
Me? I never touch that stuff.

SATCH
Something's going on.

GARY
I - I can't believe this is
happening to me.

He rises and stomps out. Satch follows.

ON STAGE

Francine and the Band PLAY.

She recoils when she sees Gary leave, but keeps singing.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB

Gary bounds out the door with Satch behind.

SATCH
Hey. Wait up, man.

GARY
I told you, didn't I?

SATCH
You mean about another old lady?

Starting down the street.

SATCH (CONT'D)
So she's hitting on you.

GARY
You think I'd let her do that? That
- that ditz? Come on.

SATCH
So she's a ditz, is she? Hey. It's
me. Satch. Who was there when you
got locked out after curfew? Who
took you to the clinic when you had
the flu? You were really gassed,
man.

Distant.

GARY

Yeah. You were there for me. Then.
But who bailed you out for that pot
ticket? And paid off your rehab?

Keeping up with Gary.

SATCH

Couldn't have done it without you,
Gare. We square now? You don't need
Satch no more?

Stopping on the street.

GARY

Naw. Where would I be if you hadn't
warned me today? We're partners.

SATCH

Then take it from me. If it's porn
you're after, Francine's not the
type.

GARY

Aw, Satch. That's not it. That's
just for the money. Payback. The
soup kitchen.

SATCH

She's not that goofy, Gare. If it's
all sex-on-the-brain, she'll pick
up on it. And she won't dig it.

GARY

Okay. It's not that. Say I do feel
something for her. A little.

SATCH

Yeah?

GARY

I don't get it, Satch old buddy.
How can I just fold? And I only
just met her? Like Janet never
happened?

SATCH

Uh-huh. There's only one way to
find out.

GARY

Huh?

SATCH
You gotta tell her.

Satch breaks off, toward the club.

GARY
Are you - ? Aw, no!

SATCH
Come on, man. You gotta go back and
talk to her.

EXT. FRANCINE'S HOUSE - LATER

Thugs' car arrives. Vi and Thugs get out and approach the house, watching the tablet GPS.

First Thug and Second watch Vi go to the door and try it. She looks back at First Thug who removes a locksmith tool.

INT. NIGHT CLUB

Crowd mingles around Gary, who stands looking at the stage.

Satch joins Crowd around Francine and Band Members.

Gary watches Francine speak with Satch, then walk toward him.

GARY AND FRANCINE

He tenses at her approach.

FRANCINE
Hi.

GARY
Yeah. Hi.

FRANCINE
You can tell me how you felt about -
our music.

GARY
Oh. Uh. It was, uh, off the charts.

Excited.

FRANCINE
Oh, Gary. Really?

GARY

Now, hey. Don't go bonkers on me.
I'm not much of a music critic.
But, from where I sat -- and this
is a tech guy talking -- the
feeling I'm picking up -- and I can
be way off, okay -- really fine
stuff.

FRANCINE

We burned a CD tonight, if you'd
like to have one. Free. On me.

GARY

Francine. You're so accepting of so
many people.

Band Member beckons her.

FRANCINE

Just a minute!

GARY

I want to talk to you about how
much I admire -

FRANCINE

Sure. But we've been invited to a
party. In Holmby Hills in about a
half hour. Let's talk then.

GARY

Then?

FRANCINE

Great. Just hang out a few minutes,
okay? We've got to put our
instruments away and some publicity
shots and all. See you in a few.

She winks and walks away. Gary picks up an unfinished drink
nearby and gulps it down.

INT. FRANCINE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Vi and Thugs patrol through and turn to go upstairs.

INT. FRANCINE'S HOUSE - GUEST ROOM

Laptops continue to siphon currency from LiveBabeCams site.

Second Thug opens the door and sees them. He motions to Vi.

Vi enters and stares at them.

EXT. NIGHT CLUB

A stretch limo waits at the curb.

FRANCINE AND GARY

FRANCINE

Just follow us. It's only a couple of miles.

GARY

Look. I, uh, something's come up. I appreciate the invitation, but -

FRANCINE

What's wrong, Gary?

Businesslike.

GARY

Well, I just got this emergency call. There's this big programming job. In Peru. Yeah, that's right. Big server repair job. Crash programming. Enormous. Nobody else to handle it. All the big companies recommended me. So, I've got to catch this flight. And I -

FRANCINE

Gary. You promised me.

GARY

Could be a matter of life or death. Affects the whole air traffic control system in the southern hemisphere. You wouldn't want to disappoint all those people, would you?

FRANCINE

And you don't want to miss all the fun, do you? Gary, I think it would be better for you to party than to program.

GARY

Yeah, well, you've been awfully nice. And I don't want to spoil your plans, but -

FRANCINE

And I wanted some time. With you.
To talk.

Caving in.

GARY

To talk. Well, I could make it a
later flight.

FRANCINE

It's only for a few hours. I'd
really like to see you stay longer.

Squeezing his hand, she enters the limo and leaves Gary
standing in the Crowd at the curb.

EXT. HOLMBY HILLS MANSION - MOMENTS LATER

Satch drives Gary on the bike into the gate, parking near
limos and glitzy sports cars.

MONTAGE

Tudor architecture and indirect lighting.

Slinky, attractive First and Second Hostesses greet
Partygoers at the door.

Flashy car contours and stretch limos.

END MONTAGE

As Gary and Satch walk in, First Hostess greets them.

INT. HOLMBY HILLS MANSION - PARTY ROOM

Spacious, with lounge furniture, Hostesses serving drinks and
hors d'oeuvres, and MUSIC in background, Gary and Satch view
Partygoers schmoozing with each other.

SATCH

See anybody you know?

Satch takes a drink from Third Hostess. Gary passes.

GARY

I'm going to need the playbill. I
don't keep up much with the
incrowd.

She gives Gary a sidelong look, which he absorbs, then brushes off.

Francine pushes through Partygoers. She drapes herself over Gary when she meets them, drink in one hand.

FRANCINE

Gary. Hi Satch. You made it.

Disconnecting himself.

GARY

Sorry. My mind's on business.

FRANCINE

Business? Guess what? It looks like I'll be taking the band on tour to Europe soon.

GARY

Let's celebrate. To you in Europe. And me in Peru.

FRANCINE

What about Satch and the soup kitchen?

GARY

They'll get the money. Piggy bank is getting full. As we speak.

FRANCINE

And so. You just wave goodbye.

GARY

Call it a new rite of passage, Francine.

FRANCINE

I'm sorry. You're not making sense to me.

GARY

Look. If there were a scale for guys who've been hexed and vexed, I'd be a super-degree grandmaster by now.

FRANCINE

Come on. Let's get some fresh air.

EXT. HOLMBY HILLS MANSION - TERRACE

Apart from the party's hum, Francine and Gary stop near the balustrade.

FRANCINE
Stress on the rebound, right?

GARY
My ex and her lawyer boyfriend
aren't satisfied with stripping me
clean. They want alimony. Twenty
thousand a month.

Almost choking on her champagne.

FRANCINE
Pre-nups didn't work? Nevermind.
Let's not go there. Take a look at
the other side of the coin:
somebody hits you up for that kind
of settlement, you've got to be a
sizeable man.

His cynical side.

GARY
Now that we're admiring silver
linings, would you mind explaining
how a rock musician can be an
expert on marital affairs?

Eyes gleaming, defensive.

FRANCINE
You place no trust in my powers of
seeing? Casting charts? Divining
human essence?

GARY
I get it. You're going to tell me
how my Aquarius wasn't compatible
with her Libra or -

Turning, leaning on the balustrade.

FRANCINE
Please don't be like all the
others: Philistines. Cynics.
Skeptics. But when I was young, I
met a Roma clairvoyant. She
foretold how my family would suffer
a calamity.

(MORE)

FRANCINE (CONT'D)

That I would have to step in for my mother and raise my brother and sister.

GARY

Sounds traumatic. Did you?

Looking at him.

FRANCINE

Bad stroke. Right side paralysis. I helped put my brother through college. He's in medical school. My sister became a nurse and takes care of my mother now.

GARY

I'm happy for you. That would kind of go along with what Satch was telling me about your selfless giving. You are - uh, you know, uh, really impressive in that area.

FRANCINE

Don't say things you don't mean.

Assuaging her.

GARY

Hey. That's not spam. It's just when I'm so tuned to chips and circuits, it's hard to get my arms around a rising sign in Cancer and a Pisces moon. I didn't mean that personally. Only a figure of speech. I'd never try putting my arms around you if you didn't want me to.

She moves closer.

FRANCINE

There's something else Madame Vadoma foretold me.

GARY

Vadoma?

FRANCINE

My clairvoyant. That I would encounter a man. Later in my life.

GARY

That's like part of the source code, isn't it?

FRANCINE

And she could identify him? Not by name. By looks? By disposition? By circumstance?

Edging away from her.

GARY

One of your band members? Somebody you're going to meet on tour? That's it. She had relatives in the old country and she knew one day they were bound to visit - or vice versa - and there you would be.

Moving after him.

FRANCINE

Gary. It's not about the band. Or the tour. It's about fate. It's about fulfilling dreams. Our dreams.

Cornering him.

GARY

Hold on a minute. I hear you making these inclusive gestures. And I'm - I'm - I wouldn't be normal if I didn't feel - well, like attracted. But you're forgetting how my ex has put her hounds on my trail. That she's hired some guys - some really seedy-looking guys to track me down. Do you want to get mixed up in that? There might even be legal problems. Court hearings. Stuff I'm better off dealing with out of the country.

Almost in his face.

FRANCINE

How can you be sure it's her?

GARY

I just know, that's all.

FRANCINE

Did you talk to her? Have you tried calling her? She doesn't have to know where you are.

GARY

No. It's better for me to get out of here. Let things cool down. It's the only chance I have. That we have.

FRANCINE

Just call her. Tell her you want to settle. Then drop a line, you know, a comment about these guys. To get them off you.

GARY

You really think it would work?

She leans into him, head in his chest.

FRANCINE

Maybe it's because we're two opposites. Like Madame Vadoma foresaw. I wouldn't want to see you go. Not when we're getting so close.

INT. JANET'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Janet sleeps with Harry. Cell phone rings on side table.

EXT. HOLMBY HILLS MANSION - TERRACE

Francine watches Gary press his cell phone to his ear.

A ring sounds on the other end.

INTERCUT TERRACE AND JANET'S BEDROOM

Harry rolls over, switches a light.

Janet reaches for her phone.

HARRY

Who could that be?

She looks at the phone.

JANET

Oh my god. It's Gary.

A click to answer.

GARY

Janet?

JANET

What do you mean calling me at this hour?

GARY

I want to talk about a settlement.

Janet looks at Harry.

JANET

Settlement? You mean you're going to pay?

HARRY

Let me talk to him.

Harry grabs for the phone, but she resists.

JANET

Can't you call back in the morning? When our heads are clear?

GARY

It's now or never, Janet.

JANET

Well, okay.

GARY

But first, some conditions.

JANET

Conditions.

GARY

Yeah. Like call off the P.I.'s you sent after me.

JANET

P.I.'s? What are you talking about?

GARY

The ones you sent to collect this morning.

JANET

My god, Gary. I don't even know where you are, let alone send anybody - especially private eyes - after you to collect.

GARY

This isn't another one of Harry's tricks, is it?

JANET

Now, Gary. We're talking business now. This is straight talk. I swear I don't know where you are.

GARY

Yeah. And da Nile isn't a big river in Egypt.

He disconnects.

She looks at her phone and to Harry.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD RESIDENTIAL - STREET - LATER

Gary helps Francine from a limo while Satch rolls up on the bike behind them.

INT. FRANCINE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Second Thug peeks out a window looking down the long driveway.

EXT. DRIVEWAY

Satch rolls the bike alongside Francine and Gary.

FRANCINE

It's negativity that raises doubts.

GARY

As much as I find your logic attractive, if what she says is true, then who the hell were those guys?

They arrive at the front door.

FRANCINE

Burglars?

EXT. FRANCINE'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

Francine unlocks it.

INT. FRANCINE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Second Thug motions to Vi and First Thug.

They conceal themselves.

FRONT DOOR

Francine enters with Gary and Satch. She switches on a lamp as Gary shuts the door.

FRANCINE

Now. You promised me we'd talk
about your plans before you
actually did anything.

Gary looks from Francine to Satch.

LIVING ROOM

She moves to the coffee table and sits.

GARY

Well, I -

SATCH

Come on, Gare.

He sits. Francine pulls out a wine bottle from a side table, setting it in front of them.

FRANCINE

And just to add to the moment, time
to mellow.

She sets out wine glasses.

SATCH

Righteous. Enhance the experience,
Francine.

Vi steps from her hiding place, the Thugs joining her. She waggles a small handgun.

VI

I wouldn't get too comfortable just
yet.

Francine jumps, breaking the glasses.

Satch swivels his head, looking at the intruders in shock.

Gary flinches, freezes, then moves toward the door.

First Thug intervenes, stopping Gary.

Gary stares at First Thug, who pats his jacket clueing him to the bulge underneath.

Gary slumps toward a seat.

FRANCINE

Who are you? What do you want?

VI

Gary should know. Don't you, Gary?

She leans into his face.

Gary glances at her, then looks at Francine.

FRANCINE

Gary. Did you know about this? Are you - ?

VI

If you're asking if he's with us, the answer is no. Go on, Gary. Your friends are waiting.

GARY

Let me have a sec, okay? You lie in wait for us like this. You can't expect us to just -

VI

Alright. Alright. It's a little shocking, I'm sure. -

Scowls at Gary.

VI (CONT'D)

- Just about as shocking as losing a half a million bucks to a computer hacker!

GUEST ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Vi pushes Gary into the room at the point of the gun.

He sees the laptops shut down.

LIVING ROOM

Thugs keep watch over Francine and Satch.

GUEST ROOM

Vi holds up the disks from the computers.

VI

You're smart, Keswick. But for a computer techie, not smart enough.

GARY

My kudos.

VI

Yeah, right.

GARY

It's the latest stealth technology.
Hit and run.

She becomes aroused.

VI

Met your match, snert. Most men
just see me as a package. A hot
body. A pleasure doll.

Keeping the gun between them as she pouts into his face.

VI (CONT'D)

But what they don't know is that
underneath this skin they love to
touch and grope. Underneath -

Assuming an intimacy.

VI (CONT'D)

- is me. The real me. If I told you
my resume, you wouldn't believe me.
Let's just say: enough brains to
hack the hacker.

GARY

Why the adult website then?

She snickers.

VI

Because. It's all about domination.
Of men. Well. We're going to raise
the ante now, baby.

GARY

How so?

VI

We found a lot of disks. It's so tedious to go through each and everyone. I was hoping you'd make it easier for us. To get our money back.

GARY

There are a few problems with that.

VI

Better not be too many, if you want to keep your friends alive.

GARY

Uh. Maybe if we got to know each other better, we could be less hostile to each other.

She poses like a LiveBabeCams model, but waves the gun.

VI

Oh? You want to cozy up now?

GARY

That wasn't on my agenda.

Kissing the gun barrel to his cheek.

VI

There's always later. If you're a good boy.

GARY

Most of the money is still available.

VI

Only most?

GARY

Well. There've been some expenses.

VI

You have to pay that back, too.

GARY

I hope you know. You're going to disappoint a lot of very needy people.

VI
Life can be full of
disappointments.

LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

GARY
Can you give me a few moments?

VI
Make it quick. This is no paperwork
party.

He turns to Francine. Vi and Thugs move off.

GARY
When we were talking earlier, I -

FRANCINE
Did she hurt you? What is this all
about?

GARY
I'll be alright. It's all about how
I get the money.

FRANCINE
They're loan sharks, aren't they?
You borrowed too much. Now you're
in trouble.

GARY
No. No. Nothing like that.

He chokes and gulps.

GARY (CONT'D)
All my life, I've been a regular
guy. Stopping on red. Going on
green. But when this divorce
happened -

FRANCINE
Things like that can really change
you. In ways you can't imagine.

GARY
It's kind of like that, yeah. But
the main thing is - no matter what
happens to me -

FRANCINE
Don't say that, Gary.

She touches his arm. He senses her tenderness.

GARY
You really mean it, don't you?

Vi intrudes.

VI
Okay. Time's up. Let's get moving.

FRANCINE
Goodbye, Gary.

GARY
See you guys later.

Gary plods toward the door as Vi nudges him with the gun.

Satch rises from his seat.

SATCH
Hey, Gare.

First Thug pushes him down. Satch jumps up, pushes him back. They scuffle. Vi intervenes.

VI
Hold it. What do you want, bum?

SATCH
I just want to tell my friend something. I may never see him again in my life.

VI
Neh. I guess.

SATCH
Gare.

GARY
Satch, old buddy.

SATCH
If you run into the guys on the Walk.

GARY
Yeah?

VI
Move, snert.

SATCH
You might tell them. About the mural.

GARY
Mural?

VI
That's enough. What do you think this is? The home loan department?

SATCH
Don't let the wall get painted out.

GARY
Huh?

SATCH
We just painted it. A Wall. On the beach. -

VI
Okay. Shut the fuck up, bum. Sit him the fuck down, you guys.

First Thug grabs Satch and pulls him down.

She pushes Gary out the door.

VI (CONT'D)
Get going.

INT. THUGS' CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Vi watches Gary drive, holding the gun at him.

Gary turns and steers, but glances at Vi.

Pressure strains his face.

Discomfort shifts in his arms and shoulder.

Alarm lights up her eyes and anger flares her nostrils.

VI
Feel like telling me now?

GARY
You left all the disks at the RV, right?

VI

Not about the money. About why you did it.

GARY

Sorry. Maybe you didn't hear me.

VI

You told the men, "Tell her this for me. She'll never get her money this way."

GARY

Oh, that. Then you must think - ha.

He laughs.

VI

Is there a joke?

She jams the gun into his side.

GARY

Hey. Watch it. That thing might go off. We'd have an accident.

VI

Come on, baby. You did it for me, didn't you? My hot body really turns you on.

GARY

Look. I don't want to hurt your feelings or anything. But, uh, I've got to tell you about my ex. And how your boss didn't pay me.

EXT. L. A. STREETS

Thugs car travels toward Venice.

INT. LIVEBABCAMS STUDIO - FLOOR

Models perform for their audiences.

Fifth Model beckons her viewers with a voluptuous torso twist.

She lowers her bra straps.

Her hands move over her curves.

Thumbs become lodged in her thong at her hips.

OFFICE

Lonnie fumes into his cell phone.

LONNIE

Well where the fuck did she go? You know where that is? I told you to stay with her and call me and let me know where the fuck she went!

INT. FRANCINE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Second Thug listens on his phone bud.

LONNIE (O.S.)

She's leaving with the money, goddam it! I should've known better than to -

INT. LIVEBABECAMS STUDIO - OFFICE

Models on the floor continue performing from Lonnie's view.

LONNIE

- let her go off on her own. I'll be there in a few hours.

He closes his phone.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

This goddam bullshit.

From a drawer in the desk, he pulls out a large handgun and stuffs it into his waist band.

He passes through the office and onto the floor.

Assistant Manager listens to Lonnie bark orders.

Lonnie moves off.

EXT. VENICE - NEAR OCEAN FRONT WALK - LATER

Thugs' car parks.

Vi and Gary get out.

He pulls out a laptop case and waits for her.

She motions for him to join her.

Gary and Vi move toward the Walk.

OCEAN FRONT WALK

They turn a corner. Only a few isolated Bystanders meander.

She follows him closely, her expression severe.

He twists to see her behind him, then looks forward.

Passing through shadows, they near some benches along the Walk.

ON A BENCH

Gypsy and Emmet smoke cigarettes.

Gypsy recognizes Gary coming toward them.

GYPSY

Hey, man. Look. It's Gary Keswick.

Emmet stares.

GYPSY (CONT'D)

He must've made it out alive.

Gary and Vi near Gypsy and Emmet.

GYPSY (CONT'D)

Hey, Gary. Welcome back, man.

GARY

Hey guys.

EMMET

Where's Satch?

GARY

Uh. He told me to tell you guys hello.

Gary stops.

VI

Gary. What did I tell you?

She gets in his face.

GYPSY

Ah. Got a little romance thing going on, huh?

EMMET

Don't let us bother you, man. Heh.
You got better things to do. Heh.

GYPSY

Yeah. Heh-heh.

Vi takes Gary by an arm, pulling him away.

GARY

He said: don't let the wall get
painted out.

The two artists look from Gary to each other.

Vi pulls Gary down the walk.

EXT. GARY'S RV

The door swings open. Gary and Vi enter.

INT. GARY'S RV

Amid the disarray, Gary finds a light switch and flips it.

Vi wades through overturned furniture and other clutter to
pick up a garbage bag.

She holds it up to him.

VI

Would it be in these?

GARY

Guess we could start there.

He sets down the laptop case, opens it, and prepares to check
the disks.

EXT. OCEAN FRONT WALK

Gypsy and Emmet locate Bangers and Grogan asleep on the
grass.

Gypsy nudges one while Emmet awakens the other.

GYPSY

Hey, guys. Wake up. Come on.

The other two roll over, resisting.

EMMET

Satch and Gary got jammed up. We gotta go. Now.

Bangers and Grogan come to.

INT. GARY'S RV

Computer disks lie strewn next to Gary as he inserts one, reads it, then removes it.

He glances at Vi.

She stands across the RV, watching him like a vulture, tapping her arm with her hand.

He sorts disk after disk, inserts one, and reads it.

VI

Why would you put it on a disk?

GARY

It's an offshore account. I encrypted the access. The keys are on the disk.

VI

And you're sure you don't know which one.

GARY

After this mess you want me to pull it out of thin air?

She looks down her nose and pushes some of the clutter from in front of her.

Gary watches her stand spread eagle, towering near him.

Vi stares down at him.

VI

Maybe it's time mama helped refresh your memory.

She taps the gun barrel in the palm of the other hand.

EXT. GARY'S RV

Gypsy stalks to a window. He holds a spray nozzle and hose.

Emmet follows, carrying paint can and pressure sprayer.

Bangers and Grogan join them with a step ladder.

Gypsy climbs the ladder to look inside.

INT. GARY'S RV

WINDOW

Gypsy's face peers in, Vi's back toward him.

Gary kneels before Vi. He sees Gypsy's face and hides his surprise.

Vi unbuckles the belt on her tight pants, pulling it off.

She tweaks her hips and runs the belt over her tongue.

VI

Mama doesn't like naughty boys dis-
singing her. She needs more respect.

EXT. GARY'S RV - WINDOW

Gypsy pries open the window.

GYPSY

Alright you guys. Hook me up.

The others attach the hose to the paint can and pressure sprayer.

Gypsy pokes the nozzle through the window.

EMMET

Which one? Stream or spray?

INT. GARY'S RV

Vi straddles Gary horsy style, using her belt to prod him with gentle taps. She faces the window.

VI

Come on, horsy. Giddyup!

Gary crawls toward the window.

EXT. GARY'S RV - WINDOW

Vi nears the window.

GYPSY

Okay, guys. Hit it!

Emmet throws a switch, the pressure sprayer buzzes.

Paint flows through the hose to the nozzle.

Gypsy aims the paint gun at Vi and pulls the trigger.

INT. GARY'S RV

Bucking up and down on Gary's back, Vi continues her fun.

VI

Naughty horsy. Horsy can't run fast
enough. Mama's gonna -

A high pressure paint stream sprays through the window
hitting Vi in the face.

VI (CONT'D)

Yeeaaoooww!

She falls off Gary, the stream following her to the floor.

The gun rolls out of her hand.

Gary rolls out of the way, looking at Vi.

She drips from head to toe with paint. She sputters.

He picks up the gun.

GARY

Papa's gonna learn mama now.

EXT. GARY'S RV - WINDOW

Gypsy releases the trigger.

GYPSY

Cut it. We got her.

INT. GARY'S RV - MOMENTS LATER

With a blanket draped around her, Vi wipes paint from her
cheeks.

Gary and Crew gather.

GARY
- so we've still got to get the
money together.

GYPSY
But with her missing, won't they
send somebody looking for her?

GARY
We set up a trade. Her for Satch
and Francine.

EMMET
Yeah. Sure. Why didn't I think of
that?

GYPSY
But their firepower. Won't they
come looking here?

GARY
We'll have to find a new location.
Any suggestions?

GYPSY
Well, uh. Yeah. There's this place
in the Valley.

GARY
Okay. Tell me about it.

EXT. LAX TERMINAL - RENTAL CAR AGENCY - MORNING

Lonnie throws a bag into a car, enters, and starts it.

EXT. L. A. STREETS

The rental car weaves through traffic.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD RESIDENTIAL - STREET - MOMENTS LATER

At a slow speed, the rental car drives along the street.

INT. RENTAL CAR

Lonnie searches for Francine's driveway.

He finds it and turns.

INT. FRANCINE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Thugs listen to Lonnie, Satch and Francine nearby.

LONNIE

Yeah. Looking for the money. Sure.
Well, she'd better turn up or -

He stops and turns his sneer from the Thugs to his captives.

Francine wavers under his gaze.

Satch swallows hard.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

And you want me to believe that you
never knew where he was getting his
money.

FRANCINE

I can't help what you believe.

LONNIE

You're a fine looking hottie. I'll
bet you wanted the snert prick to
take you on a nice cruise
somewhere, didn't you?

FRANCINE

I'm a musician. I never knew him
until last night.

LONNIE

And I never knew when half a
million bucks had to mean you dated
before you hooked up.

SATCH

Leave her alone. I'm the one who
got her into this.

LONNIE

Aw, shut up, bum. Listen, baby. If
you ever get tired of the music
racket, come see me. I can put you
to work like that.

He snaps his fingers.

FRANCINE

And live with your poison. Forget
it.

Stroking her hair.

FRANCINE (CONT'D)
Lay off, buster.

LONNIE
Naa. You'd have to change that attitude, too, wouldn't you? But what am I doing? If we don't hear from her soon, we gotta find something to do with these bodies.

He turns away.

With Lonnie conferring MOS with the Thugs, Satch whispers to Francine.

SATCH
Hey. While they're not looking. We gotta fight back.

FRANCINE
Where are you, mondo bizarro? These are real guns, you know?

SATCH
I get that, alright? But I can't let them do this without stepping up.

FRANCINE
Oh jeez.

KITCHEN

Lonnie and his Thugs drink the wine.

LONNIE
Try her again.

Second Thug dials his cell phone.

INT. GARY'S RV

Vi's cell phone rings. Bangers picks it up and hands it to Gary, who looks at it.

GARY
Another call.

VI
How long are you going to stall?
Don't you care about your friends?

GARY

As long as we have you, I think they'll be okay.

GYPSY

Uh, maybe it's time we got more help, Gare.

GARY

You mean the police?

Gypsy shrugs.

GARY (CONT'D)

I'm not sure we have enough evidence on our side yet.

GYPSY

Breaking and entering. Kidnapping. If it was us, they'd throw away the key.

GARY

Could force them into something more desperate, though, chum. No. I'm more inclined to think right now we've got all the bargaining chips.

EMMET

Yeah?

GARY

We've got her. And we've got what they want most. The money.

VI

Don't push your luck.

GARY

As long as they think they've got a chance to get it all back, babe, I think they'll come running. You guys got the list? Let's get going.

EXT. FRANCINE'S HOUSE - LATER

The sun begins to set.

INT. FRANCINE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Satch and Francine wait alone. Lonnie and the Thugs enter from another room.

LONNIE

Well. We haven't heard since she left. And she's not picking up her phone. What do you suppose that means?

FRANCINE

Her cell phone broke?

LONNIE

Not likely. Vi is always careful.

SATCH

They never made it?

LONNIE

Hey. He's getting smarter, guys. Give the boy a coke. Yeah. Five will get you ten that they're somewhere else, together, spending my money.

FRANCINE

Then why bother with us anymore?

LONNIE

That, unfortunately for you, is exactly the question. Why bother?

Satch jumps to his feet.

SATCH

That's right. Why bother?

He hits First Thug, sending him against a side table at the wall, breaking plates and bric-a-brac.

Second Thug reacts, grabbing Satch, turning him to punch him. Satch takes the punch, then rallies for punches of his own.

Lonnie pistol whips Satch to the floor, where he lies groaning. The Thugs recover. Lonnie pulls out the taser and sparks it.

FRANCINE

Look. Don't hurt us. We've never done anything to you.

LONNIE

Maybe you haven't. But maybe you have. I have to send a message.

He nods to the Thugs who take out their guns and point them at Francine and Satch.

As Lonnie reaches to Satch with the taser, First Thug's cell phone rings. He looks at Lonnie for orders.

Lonnie nods.

First Thug answers and hands it to Lonnie.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

Yeah?

INT. GARY'S RV

Satch's crew and Gary listen to Vi.

VI

Oh, Lonnie, it's you.

INTERCUT FRANCINE'S HOUSE AND GARY'S RV

LONNIE

Hey. I've been worried about you.

VI

He's got me.

LONNIE

Who?

VI

The snert guy.

LONNIE

I've been wondering about that, too. Him having all of my money. And you being alone with him.

VI

What's the matter, Lonnie? Think I want to skip to the old country? I've been trying to get the money back for you.

LONNIE

And you got it?

VI

Well. There's a problem with that.

LONNIE

Oh? -

He turns to the Thugs.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

- She wants me to believe she's got problems. -

Back to the phone.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

- Now what does he want? Two plane tickets?

VI

Lonnie. This is no joke. I came here to get the money, but he took my gun away.

LONNIE

Oh sure, sure.

VI

Listen. Would I be talking to you now if he didn't?

LONNIE

How the fuck do I know why you'd call me?

VI

Talk to him, will you?

Vi hands the phone to Gary.

GARY

This is Gary Keswick.

LONNIE

You the guy stealing my money?

GARY

After you stole mine.

LONNIE

You got short enough time in this world, snert punk. Don't push me there any quicker.

GARY
Your website designer, remember?
The one you never paid?

LONNIE
You're that guy? Huh. My lawyer
told me you never signed the
contract. Anyways -

GARY
Anyways, I've got her. You've got
my friends.

LONNIE
No cause is worthy of stealing.
You'll learn that when you find
your friends' dead bodies.

Lonnie nods to Thugs. They take aim.

Francine and Satch melt under the pressure.

RESUME INTERCUT

Gary hears the guns cock.

GARY
Wait. I thought you wanted your
money.

LONNIE
I'm listening.

GARY
You can have the woman and the
money. Just a simple trade. That's
all I ask.

LONNIE
A half a million. In cash. Her. For
your two pals.

GARY
Cash is too hard to come by.

LONNIE
Then why are we talking?

GARY
As good as cash.

LONNIE
What's as good as cash? Come on.
You're bullshitting me.

GARY

No wait. A disk with a wire transfer.

LONNIE

You bullshit with me and I'll hunt you down like the dog you are. You know that, don't you?

GARY

That's the risk we both take.

LONNIE

It's funny. All along I thought she was - well, nevermind that. Get it over here, now, or else -

GARY

At a location of my choosing.

LONNIE

You're a dead man if you don't deliver.

GARY

And how do I know you won't kill them anyway? Cadillac Jacks and the Pink Motel. San Fernando road. Midnight.

LONNIE

We'll be there.

They hang up.

INT. GARY'S RV

Gary turns to the others.

GARY

Alright, you guys. We're on.

INT. FRANCINE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Lonnie and Thugs finish their takeout meal.

LIVING ROOM

Francine and Satch, bandaged and bound, languish in their seats.

FRANCINE
Can he really do this?

SATCH
Gary's a weird guy. You never know
just what he can or can't do. Until
it happens.

Lonnie appears in the doorway.

FRANCINE
My friends will keep calling.
They're going to worry about me.

LONNIE
So you're indisposed for a while.
When you consider the alternative,
what's a few hours here or there?

He nods. Thugs wave their guns for the captives to rise.

LONNIE (CONT'D)
Time to see if the piper really
gets paid.

INT. GARY'S RV

Gary ties a gag around Vi's mouth as Crew hurry about.

Gypsy picks up spray nozzle and hose.

Emmet grabs pressure sprayer.

Vi, in fresh clothes, stands with her hands bound behind her.

Gary leads her out the door.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Thugs' car lights up as Gary and Crew place Vi inside.

Bangers brings paint cans and dumps them into the trunk.

Grogan carries more cans and places them inside.

Gypsy and Emmet place their gear inside.

Gary pulls out Vi's gun and opens the clip. Handgun clip
contains a full load. He jams the clip into the handle and
tucks the gun away.

INT. THUGS' CAR

Vi sits watching.

EXT. THUGS' CAR

Gary watches Satch's crew running around.

Gypsy throws a pile of bandanas into the trunk.

Bangers drops bags of party balloons inside.

Emmet brings four large floodlights. He clicks a remote and turns them on in Gary's face.

Gary shields his eyes from the blast of light.

EXT. FRANCINE'S HOUSE

Francine and Satch approach Lonnie's car.

Lonnie and Thugs escort them inside.

First Thug takes keys from Lonnie.

EXT. DRIVEWAY

The rental car pulls out onto the street.

INT. RENTAL CAR

First Thug steers with Lonnie in the front seat.

Second Thug covers Francine and Satch in the rear.

EXT. THE SUNSET STRIP

The rental car becomes jammed in traffic.

EXT. THUGS' CAR

Gary drives onto the freeway.

EXT. FREEWAY

Thugs' car speeds in the carpool lane toward the Valley.

EXT. SAN FERNANDO ROAD - LATER

Thugs' car shines its headlights on Cadillac Jacks and the Pink Motel.

MONTAGE

Neon Cadillac Jacks sign beams.

Pink Motel sign beckons.

Light spills from the diner.

Motel parking court leads to bungalow rooms.

END MONTAGE

EXT. CADILLAC JACKS

Gary pulls the car into the driveway.

Inside the diner, Customers share tables and sit at the counter. Servers come and go.

Satch's crew exit the car with Gary. Vi remains inside.

GARY

You guys get all the gear and go to
the motel. I'll catch up with you.

They pop the trunk and Gary walks to the diner.

INT. CADILLAC JACKS

Gary hears the JUKEBOX while Customers talk and eat.

He removes the disk from his pocket and leans over the jukebox, looking at the titles.

The disk slides behind the jukebox and Gary's hand pulls away.

He blinks at the jukebox, turns to see Servers and Customers, and walks out.

INT. PINK MOTEL - ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Vi flops onto the bed while Gary stands over her. She mumbles beneath her gag.

VI
Let me talk.

He closes the door, glaring at her.

GARY
What now? Mama wants to play
another game?

VI
It's important. Please.

Her eyes plead with him.

GARY
Alright. But no screaming.

VI
Okay.

He pulls down the gag.

VI (CONT'D)
Just give me the money and get out
of here. I'll get your friends free
for you.

GARY
Nice try, toodles. But you're in no
position to bargain.

VI
You don't know what you're doing.
He'll kill you. All of you.

GARY
An alarming possibility. Is that
all you wanted to tell me?

VI
This is no time to be brave. Give
it to me and get lost. While you
still can. You can even have me.
Now. Just the two of us. Like
you've never dreamed.

She thrusts her breasts out and pulls up her skirt.

GARY
You'd do that for me?

VI

Come on. We're alone. Some really fine one on one, baby. You don't want to die, do you?

GARY

Hard core action through and through, aren't you?

VI

You're crazy if you think you can take on Lonik Szabo alone. Take me. Give me the money.

GARY

You don't understand. I've got to be the one to see them safely out of this mess. Because I got them into it.

VI

Gary, don't do this. We can save each other -

He replaces the gag.

GARY

Just sit tight, lady.

She mumbles.

VI

Gary! No!

EXT. PINK MOTEL - PARKING COURT

Gypsy, behind shrubs, fills a party balloon with paint.

Emmet takes the paint balloon from Gypsy and ties it off.

Bangers places the balloon into a bucket with other paint balloons.

Grogan sets up the pressure sprayer behind a shrub.

Three other buckets with paint balloons rest nearby.

Gary arrives and looks over their work.

GARY

They could be here any second.

The Crew pick up their cans and buckets and disperse into the darkness.

Emmet hides in shrubs with the floodlight remote.

Bangers takes up a position with a bucket of paint balloons.

Grogan waits opposite Bangers with the pressure sprayer.

Gary and Gypsy walk down the court to the pool gate and enter.

EXT. POOL AREA

A canvas covers the pool.

The two men approach.

GARY
Not good enough.

GYPSY
It's dark. Only the diner lights.

GARY
Paint it black. Hurry.

Gypsy runs off.

MOMENTS LATER

Gypsy sprays black paint over the canvas.

Gary moves off.

INT. CADILLAC JACKS - MOMENTS LATER

Lowering a cup of coffee, Gary sees a car pull up outside.

EXT. CADILLAC JACKS

Lonnie's car arrives.

EXT. PINK MOTEL

Gary hurries through the shadows toward the office, looking back at Lonnie's car.

EXT. RENTAL CAR

Lonnie and First Thug exit, looking around at the scene.

Cell phone rings inside Lonnie's jacket. He taps his phone bud to answer.

LONNIE

Yeah?

EXT. PINK MOTEL

Emmet listens to Gary.

GARY

I see you got here.

INTERCUT GARY AND LONNIE

LONNIE

What are we doing? Long distance deal?

GARY

First, let's prove our good faith.

LONNIE

Oh yeah?

GARY

Let my friends out of the car and I'll tell you where the disk is.

LONNIE

Okay.

Motions to Thugs to let Francine and Satch out.

Francine emerges from the car.

Satch feels a push from behind to join Francine.

RESUME INTERCUT

LONNIE (CONT'D)

Okay. Now. Where's my money?

GARY

The disk is in the diner. Behind the jukebox.

LONNIE
 Good. If it checks out, your
 friends walk free.

Lonnie moves toward Cadillac Jacks door.

GARY
 That's just the disk. You'll need a
 key code.

LONNIE
 Don't play fucking games with me,
 you twerp, or I'll -

GARY
 Easy, now. Take it easy. Step by
 step and we'll get through this.

LONNIE
 I'm going to get the disk, okay?

GARY
 That's fine.

EXT. CADILLAC JACKS

Lonnie enters the diner.

Hostess approaches him.

HOSTESS
 Would you like a seat?

LONNIE
 No, thanks. I'm just looking for
 somebody.

He passes his gaze over the Customers, then leans over the
 jukebox, running his hand behind it.

Lonnie feels the disk and removes it. He stares at the disk
 and walks out.

EXT. PINK MOTEL

Gary sees Lonnie move back to the car. He continues the cell
 phone conversation.

GARY
 Convinced?

INTERCUT GARY AND LONNIE

LONNIE
This had better be real.

GARY
Getting more real all the time.

LONNIE
Hey, pal. Where are you? Why can't we just meet face to face and settle this whole thing?

GARY
It's better this way for both of us. You're probably carrying a gun. And I've got Vi's little thirty-four. Safety first.

LONNIE
Yeah. Now. This code thing.

GARY
Walk slowly over to the motel parking court. Leave Francine and Satch at the diner.

Lonnie motions to Thugs.

LONNIE
Okay. Let them go.

Francine and Satch move off to Cadillac Jacks.

Lonnie and Thugs step toward the motel.

EXT. PINK MOTEL - ROOM

Gary pulls Vi from inside and moves to the pool gate with her.

PARKING COURT

Lonnie and Thugs stand between the office and the parking court. Cell phone chat continues.

LONNIE
Okay. We're here. Now what?

GARY
Look down at the other end of the parking court.

Lonnie strains to see into the darkness lit by the diner and dim porchlights.

Gary and Vi wait in shadows near the pool gate.

LONNIE

Alright, you prick. This has gone
far enough.

He pulls his handgun. Thugs do likewise.

AT THE POOL GATE

GARY

Don't try it, Lonnie!

PARKING COURT

Lonnie and Thugs draw a bead on Gary.

LONNIE

Too late, snert prick!

INTERCUT

GARY

You haven't got everything yet.

LONNIE

Maybe I haven't and maybe I have.
Let him have it.

Lonnie and Thugs open fire.

Gary and Vi dodge the incoming rounds, fleeing through the
gate.

PARKING COURT

Emmet hits the lights.

First Thug squints into the high beam.

Second Thug contorts his face, blinded.

Lonnie shields his face with one hand, continuing to fire.

LONNIE (CONT'D)

What the fuck? At the lights,
goddam it!

Bangers reaches into his bucket for paint balloons.

Grogan opens up with the sprayer, dousing the Thugs.

First Thug squeezes off rounds at one of the lights as balloon after balloon splatters paint around his head and face. Spray blinds him.

Second Thug fires at random, paint balloons pummeling his face and shoulders. The sprayer covers him.

Gypsy hurls a balloon barrage at Lonnie, who runs though the hail of paint and balloons toward the pool gate.

Bangers and Grogan shower First and Second Thugs, blinding them, immobilizing them, and forcing them to the ground.

Lonnie, dripping, but hot in pursuit, enters the pool gate.

INT. CADILLAC JACKS

Emmet enters the diner.

He sees Satch and Francine and goes to them.

EMMET

Jeez. They beat you up?

SATCH

We'll be okay. What's all that noise?

FRANCINE

Is Gary hurt? Is everyone alright? Shouldn't we call the police?

EMMET

You guys sit tight. Gary's got a plan. We got two of them now.

EXT. POOL AREA

Lonnie stalks into the darkness, backlit from the diner. Shadows race from darkness on the other side of the pool from him. He swings toward the shadows and holds.

Gary and Vi stand across the pool, seeing Lonnie's figure illuminated from the diner behind them. He tightens her gag and bindings.

GARY

No strumping on me. Just do what I tell you.

INTERCUT GARY AND LONNIE

GARY (CONT'D)
Hold it. Right there.

Gary shows the gun.

LONNIE
Just give me the code, pal, and
step away. We'll call it a night.

GARY
Slow down. A few more steps.

Lonnie takes small steps, easing toward them.

The pool cover comes closer to each step.

GARY (CONT'D)
Vi's been straight with you,
Lonnie.

LONNIE
I can see that now, punk. Just let
her go and -

GARY
Hold it. I'm going to put the code
in her hands. Then I'm leaving.
Just drop your gun first.

Lonnie hesitates.

LONNIE
And let you bust a cap on me? Vi.
Get away from him. Now!

Vi struggles to get free.

GARY
I said don't try it!

LONNIE
Now, listen, snert or whatever -

GARY
One last time. Drop the gun.

He lets the gun fall from his hand.

Gary pushes the note into Vi's bound hands and pushes her
toward Lonnie.

He runs into the shadows toward the rear of the diner.

Lonnie retrieves his gun and shoots at Gary, who dodges the rounds in the shadows, turns, and sees Lonnie running for Vi.

Jumping up and down, she mumbles.

VI

No, Lonnie, no! It's a trap! Don't!

Lonnie runs onto the pool cover, which holds his weight at first, then caves in.

Losing his balance, he falls face first into the empty pool, aghast to see the cover folding beneath him.

The pool echoes with a dull thwack. Lonnie moans from inside.

Vi looks over the edge.

Gary comes out of the shadows to join her, gun at the ready.

Lonnie lies unconscious, head bleeding, at the bottom of the pool.

MOMENTS LATER

Gary rolls him over, sees the bleeding skull, takes out a bandana, and pats the blood dry.

EXT. CADILLAC JACKS - LATER

Two police cruisers, lights flashing, rest nearby.

Gary, Francine, and Satch watch from near the entrance.

EXT. PINK MOTEL

Gypsy and Emmet lead First Thug, bound and gagged with bandanas, toward police car.

Bangers and Grogan pull Second Thug with similar bindings behind.

EXT. CADILLAC JACKS

Policemen place handcuffs on Thugs and take custody.

FRANCINE

And the other two?

GARY

They'll be along.

Satch approaches his buddies.

SATCH
Hey, guys. Awesome job.

They give hugs and handshakes.

EXT. PINK MOTEL

Two Policemen escort Lonnie and Vi from the shadows toward Cadillac Jacks.

Lonnie stops when he sees Gary and Francine.

LONNIE
Hold it a minute, will you? You're not going to let this guy off, are you?

POLICEMAN
They're not the ones discharging firearms, mister.

LONNIE
Nobody does this to Lonik Szabo and lives. You know that, don't you, snert punk?

GARY
Oh, Lonnie.

Gary pulls out the disk to show Francine.

LONNIE
He stole my money. It's on that disk. Can't you arrest him?

GARY
About the disk. A copy went to the Federal Trade Commission, enforcement division.

LONNIE
Yeah. So what.

GARY
Detailed information on all your customers. For the last two years.

LONNIE
That's invasion of privacy, you little -

GARY

You've been selling porn to
underage minors. Against Federal
law.

POLICEMAN

Put him in the car.

A Policeman presses Lonnie's head down as he sits in the
cruiser.

Vi casts a longing glance at Gary.

Another policeman puts her next to Lonnie.

Gary and Francine look on as the police cruisers drive away,
sirens blaring.

INT. LIVEBABECAMS STUDIO - FLOOR - NEXT DAY

Models perform their acts in cubicles.

Sixth Model wearing only a thong and string top, sits with
her legs spread before the camera, typing on her computer
keyboard at her side.

Seventh Model lies nude on her stomach, typing on her
computer keyboard in front of her.

STUDIO DOOR

Federal Trade Commission Law Enforcement Officers, jacketed
with sidearms, burst through the door.

FTC OFFICER

Everybody freeze! This is a raid!
You are all under arrest for
violation of Federal law!

FLOOR

Pandemonium breaks out among Models and Staff.

Nude and semi-nude Models rush about.

Staff hurries to destroy disks.

FTC Officers battle Staff.

INT. LIVEBABECAMS STUDIO - OFFICE

Monitors of webcams go blank.

INT. FRANCINE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NEXT DAY

Gary browses among Francine's collection of mounted photos.

Francine HUMS from behind a door and appears.

FRANCINE

Well.

Hesitant.

GARY

Yeah. I'm sorry, Francine. You wanted me to come over today for brunch. But it's like this: I've got to head out. That big server job. And I just wanted to say before I go how -

Flaunting.

FRANCINE

Gary. I'm seeing you tear apart so many karmic emanations - a kind of a essence that only our experience together could make. Where life energies collide, turn around and flow back through old channels into new ones. We've altered something about ourselves. We're different people now. Don't you get that feeling, too?

Put off.

GARY

Oh, uh, well. Except that - and stay with me on this - not sure you know where I'm coming from - I've been a computer science engineer for a long time now - it's all engineering to me - give me some space here and let me see - uh, well - see - karmic channels, energy turning around and flowing back through - must be like a new programming language - I'm sorry. But it might be a good idea for a new website. I know a good -

Seeing him grow disinterested.

FRANCINE

Gary. Look at me. You're not
looking at me. Look - at - me.

GARY

I'm looking.

FRANCINE

You're not really hearing me.

Shifting away from her.

GARY

Go with the auras. You're better
with those.

FRANCINE

And what if those auras are blended
into a new one?

GARY

Give yourself some more yoga. And
tea. You'll need it. I hear blended
auras can be tricky. A little tea.
A little meditation -

She takes him by the arms.

FRANCINE

Get centered with me. Now. Do I
look like I need yoga and tea?

GARY

Well, it could be - Tell you what.
We can share our auras over tea.
You here in L.A. Me in Peru. Just
close our eyes and we're there.

FRANCINE

It wouldn't be as real as now.

She clings and pulls herself to him. He relents.

GARY

You know, when you were on that
stage, I went ga-ga inside over
you. But I couldn't bring myself to
admit it. Janet hurt me so much I
didn't really believe caring about
anyone could ever happen to me
again.

FRANCINE

And I was beginning to doubt my
seers.

Kiss.

FRANCINE (CONT'D)

What ever happened to Janet?

GARY

I don't know. Oh! I promised Satch
I'd bring him the check today.

EXT. JANET'S HOUSE - LATER

Harry piles luggage into a classy car, looking over his
shoulder for Janet.

He opens the door to enter, then stops, snapping a finger in
forgetfulness.

INT. JANET'S HOUSE - HALLWAY

Stepping on tiptoes, Harry goes down the hall.

At the door to the den, he stops and peers around the corner.

INT. JANET'S HOUSE - DEN

Janet sits at the computer reading the screen.

COMPUTER SCREEN

she reads email from her brokerage titled "FUND TRANSFER
INQUIRY".

INTERCUT JANET AND HARRY

She falls back in her chair, picks up a document near her,
looks at it, and crumples it in her fists.

JANET

That - that fiend! Harry!

Harry hears footsteps and runs toward the door he came in.

Janet rushes through the house.

JANET (CONT'D)

Harry! Where are you? Harry! I want
my money back! You thieving crook!

EXT. JANET'S HOUSE

Harry races to the car and gets in.

Janet follows him outside.

JANET

Stop! Where do you think you're going?

The car backs out of the drive.

JANET (CONT'D)

You can't do this! I'll get a court order! I'll freeze your accounts!

She pounds on the window as the car speeds off.

JANET (CONT'D)

Harry! No! Don't do this to me!
Harry!

EXT. OCEAN FRONT WALK - LATER

Gary and Francine arrive.

They walk past the soup kitchen, where Customers queue.

Looking around, they see Satch and his Crew at the wall on the beach.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - MURAL

Satch and Crew take pains spraying paint.

Gypsy reclines on the beach, turns, and sees Gary and Francine approaching.

GYPSY

Hey. They're coming.

SATCH

Quick.

Emmet, Bangers, and Grogan throw a cover over their painting.

Enter Gary and Francine.

GARY

Hey guys.

FRANCINE
Hi fellas.

Waves and smiles.

SATCH
Hey.

CREW
Hi. Hey.

Looking at the covered mural.

GARY
Guys got a project going on?

SATCH
Something new. Yeah.

FRANCINE
Can I take a peek?

She lifts the cover.

EMMET
No no. Bad luck.

GARY
Managed to close that offshore
account.

SATCH
Feds didn't ask any questions?

GARY
They seized their assets.

SATCH
Really bagged them, didn't you?

GARY
How's Mrs. Hooper?

SATCH
You drop by the kitchen? Thanks to
you, they kept it open. She goes
under the knife today.

Gary pulls out a check from a pocket.

GARY
Here's the rest.

Taking the check from Gary.

SATCH
Man! You aced them!

EXT. LAPD STATION

Three Brotherhood Members, suited, muscle-bound, stress-worn, slam doors on their car and walk into the building.

INT. VISITORS AREA - MOMENTS LATER

First Brotherhood Member glares at Lonnie, who squirms, panicky.

LONNIE
The three mil. It was a computer hacker. A snert. Sex nerd embezzler troll. What? Why are you looking at me like that? You think I'm a nut case? I'm telling you - you gotta believe me. Ask Vi -

EXT. VENICE BEACH - MURAL

Crew gather around, looking at the check.

GARY
Thanks, guys. Couldn't have done it without you.

FRANCINE
Well. We've got a plane to catch.

SATCH
Aw, come on. Stay here with us.

GARY
We're taking off for Maui.

SATCH
Wow. Big doings.

FRANCINE
We'll miss you guys.

GARY
Yeah. So long. Til later.

CREW
Yeah. Bye. Have a good trip.

SATCH

Ciao.

They part with hugs and handshakes.

Gary and Francine walk away.

SATCH (CONT'D)

I guess it's okay now. Hey!

Crew moves to the cover and pause.

The couple turn to Satch.

Satch waves to them to move to one side.

SATCH (CONT'D)

The view's better over there.

The pair move to his directions.

Satch and Crew pull down the cover.

The couple stand surprised, then smile at each other.

The mural bears an oversized portrait of Gary and Francine with a background montage of Venice Beach, the Sunset Strip, and Cadillac Jacks and the Pink Motel.

Satch and Crew give each other high fives.

VIEW OF THE BEACH

Gary and Francine move from the Beach to the Walk.

FADE OUT.

THE END