

TRUE CRIMINALS

Written by

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Logline: Two farce criminals take the fall for a celebrity's death
in order to profit off of a Hollywood buyout.

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1 INT. POLICE BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Two grubby redneck brothers, DARYL (38) and DAX (35), sit beside each other at a table. Quiet. Unmoving.

A cigarette hangs from Daryl's lips. Dax fondles a zippo.

Detectives, Glenn (45) and Kelley (44), sit opposite. Documents surround their space. Kelley presses record and slides his tape recorder to the center of the table.

Daryl takes a puff and leans in--

2 EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

27 YEARS AGO:

YOUNG DARYL (11) and YOUNG DAX (8), camp out in an electric Jeep on the outskirts of a playground.

Dax peers through binoculars. Daryl listens to a CRYING child over a walkie-talkie labeled EAST.

3 EXT. SWING SET - DAY

An identical walkie is taped to the base of a swing set. An ANNOYED MOTHER wipes wet sand off the bawling kid's face.

4 EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Daryl turns the walkie off and sticks it to a Velcro-strip on the front dash next to three others; NORTH, WEST, and SOUTH. Raises WEST, turns it on, and listens. It sounds like--

5 EXT. WATER FOUNTAIN - DAY

--A dog peeing directly onto the corresponding walkie taped to the base of the water fountain.

6 EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY

Irritated. Daryl grabs NORTH and listens.

YOUNG JIMMY (V.O.)
(from walkie)
--bitch, it'll never work!

Daryl perks up. Guides Dax's binoculars to the jungle gym.

YOUNG DARYL
Got somet'n! Jungle gym!

Dax frantically searches for movement through the binoculars.

YOUNG DAX
I don't see...
(beat)
Wait. Wait! Maybe!

PIMPLES (V.O.)
It'll totally work, Jimmy!

YOUNG DAX
We got Pimples talk'n! And-- And
Jimmy and Beefy with a map!

PIMPLES (V.O.)
All you gotta do is fill the
backpack with candy, toss it out
the bathroom window! And boom!
We're loaded for life!

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS - JUNGLE GYM:

Three rat-haired kids, PIMPLES (11), YOUNG JIMMY (9), and BEEFY (12), huddle around a crumbled hand-drawn map.

PIMPLES (V.O.)
Plan's flawless! What's not to get?

Scrawny Young Jimmy scratches his head. Confused.

JIMMY (V.O.)
I'm tellin' ya fellas the old man
always be check'n our backpacks.
He'll notice if I come back without
it.

Beefy smacks Jimmy on the back of the head.

BEEFY (V.O.)
Hell you think we got the second
backpack for, stupid? It'll be hung
out back full of books!

YOUNG DARYL
Hear that, Dax? They just laid out
the whole plan. Idiots!

YOUNG DAX
Idiots!

Daryl ruffles Dax's hair. Dax lowers the binoculars.

YOUNG DARYL

This is the big one Daxy! Crank it!

Dax pushes the Jeep's "ON" button. They're off!

7 EXT. CANDY STORE ALLEY - DAY

Daryl hides behind a dumpster with his binoculars focussed on the bathroom window. Pans left. Spots Pimples walking around the corner with a decoy backpack.

Daryl whips out his walkie-talkie.

DARYL

Target acquired!

8 EXT. CANDY STOREFRONT - DAY

Dax waits in the Jeep across the street with his hands held up like binoculars. Focuses on Jimmy and Beefy as they approach the storefront carrying a matching backpack.

YOUNG DAX

(into walkie-talkie)

I've got visual on the other two!

YOUNG DARYL (V.O.)

Keep that engine running!

Young Dax pushes the "On" button. Pretends it's a hot rod.

YOUNG DAX

Rrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr! MMMmmmmmm!

9 EXT. CANDY STORE ALLEY - DAY

Pimples hangs up the decoy backpack and takes off running.

YOUNG DARYL

(into walkie-talkie)

The decoy has been hung.

Daryl keeps an eye on the backpack. Checks his watch.

YOUNG DARYL (CONT'D)

Now. We. Wait.

(beat)

Oh never-mind!

The window slides open. Jimmy's arm reaches out, but can't reach the decoy.

Daryl rushes over. Lifts the backpack off and holds it up to Jimmy who grabs it and pulls it inside.

As soon as the identical backpack is shoved back out Daryl snatches and unzips it, revealing a surplus of candy.

YOUNG DARYL (CONT'D)

Hot damn!

YOUNG JIMMY (O.S.)

Hey!

Daryl looks up to see Jimmy leaning out of the window.

YOUNG DARYL

Oh shee-oot.

Daryl takes off running as Jimmy FLOPS out the window and SMACKS onto the alley floor behind him.

YOUNG JIMMY

Shit!

Jimmy picks himself up and follows.

12 EXT. CANDY STOREFRONT - DAY

Daryl stumbles out onto the sidewalk and sprints. He dodges traffic like Frogger. Cars soar by.

YOUNG DARYL

Go! Go! Go!

Dax eyes widen in panic. Floors it in turtle gear.

Jimmy closes in fast. Pimples and Beefy join him.

YOUNG DARYL (CONT'D)

Damn it boy! Rabbit! Rabbit!

13 Dax switches the knob from "Turtle" to "Rabbit" and drifts into the middle of the road.

Daryl leaps in and clings on for his life as Dax peels away, leaving the boys in their dust. He holds up the backpack revealing the candy surplus.

The two scream with excitement as they fly down the road.

14 INT. POLICE BREAK ROOM - DAY

The brothers continue to scream, but with less enthusiasm.

KELLEY

All right! Enough of that. Dang.

Glenn opens up a manila envelope.

GLENN

Professional eavesdroppers since childhood. Explains a few police reports from your past.

(beat)

Botched robbery of a public library in ninety-nine... and in oh-six, possession of five-hundred...

(flips pages)

...illegally imported crabs?

Glenn and Kelley await their response.

DARYL

Job's a job, man.

KELLEY

Look. Dudes. We don't need your whole life's story. Just skip ahead to the murder of Jennifer Holland. How are you two involved?

Dax glances over at Daryl. Daryl puts out his cigarette.

DARYL

It all started with a drug deal gone wrong--

15 INT. DAX & DARYL'S RV - EVENING

Daryl sits inside a cluttered RV at a workstation compiled of junked radios, police scanners, transmitters, and receivers. He stares up at a Beautiful-Mind-esque map of Atlanta. Police scanners run continuously in the background.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Copy that. Black pick-up heading south on Memorial. Officer--

Daryl mutes the scanner. Turns a receiver knob like browsing radio stations. Eyes a photo of well-dressed mobsters.

MOBSTER VOICE (V.O.)

Yo Frank, you whack that guy yet?

FRANK (V.O.)
Whacked his wife, if ya know--

Daryl turns the knob again.

Dax sprawls out on the couch in his underwear, eating Pork Grinds, and watching a true crime show on a portable TV.

ON THE TV: A woman SCREAMS while being stabbed to death.

DAX
(laughing)
Girl, you knew you was gonna die!

Daryl eyes a photo of tattooed GANG MEMBERS. Dials in.

GANG MEMBER #1 (V.O.)
Was thinking about taking the kids tubing on the river this Sunday.

Daryl yawns. Leans back in his chair.

GANG MEMBER #2 (V.O.)
Ah dude, wish I could go tubing. Weekend's gonna be a scorcher and the lady's got us going to some fuck'n potluck. Community my ass.

Daryl wings open a mini-fridge. Whips out a tall boy. Cracks open the beer and turns the knob to two DRUG DEALERS.

DRUG DEALER #1 (V.O.)
Seven-point-five fuck'n grand! I told you never to trust Jimmy!

Dax perks up. Leans forward and listens carefully.

DRUG DEALER #2 (V.O.)
But alls he had to do was drive the batch down to Macon. Collect the green dude. Then come back. Guess what?! Never fucking came back!

DARYL
My boy Jimmy! Knew I could count on you!
(turns to Dax)
Yo Dax! We got a drug bust!

Dax turns around in disappointment as Daryl unplugs his headphones. The conversation blares over the speakers.

DRUG DEALER #2 (V.O.)
 Jimmy popped the guy. Then made off
 with the green and heroin! Gotta
 find him quick before he blows it.
 Or injects it. Whatever.

DARYL
 What'd I tell ya? Next hit's a drug
 bust! So pay up, fat-ass!

Dax digs in his underwear. Whips out a crumpled five dollar
 bill and tosses it to Daryl, who admires it like a trophy.

DARYL (CONT'D)
 Thank. You. Now get ready!

Dax slowly gets up and wanders toward his bedroom.

DARYL (CONT'D)
 Seventy-five-hundred fuck'n bucks!

Daryl slaps Dax's jiggly butt cheeks as he walks by.

16 INT. 1977 HONDA CIVIC - EVENING

Doors slam shut.

Belts buckle up.

Cassette tape slides in. "The Bad Touch" by The Bloodhound
 Gang blares.

17 EXT. JUNKYARD RV PARK - EVENING

A broken down baby blue 1977 Honda Civic peels out.

INTERCUT DRIVING MONTAG: ATLANTA STREETS.

The brothers drive and sing along to their pump-up song--
 Awkward dancing. Out of tune voices. Improvised lyrics--

18 The brothers shout at passing cars and pedestrians--

They flirt with young women at stoplights.

DAX
 You and me baby ain't nothin' but
 mammals!

DARYL
Let's do it like they do it on the--

DAX
Investigation!

DARYL (CONT'D)
--Discovery Channel!

19 INT. 1977 HONDA CIVIC - NIGHT

They roll up to the Shady Pines Motel, where rooms rent monthly, nightly, or by the hour. Mainly by the hour.

DAX
What makes you think he's here?

DARYL
Where else would a grease bag like Jimmy go with a load of cash and shit ton of heroin? Follow my lead. Could take all night to search--

DAX
--There he is.

Jimmy enters the lobby with his arms around two prostitutes.

DARYL
Let's move.

The brothers unbuckle and jump out.

20 EXT. SHADY PINES MOTEL - NIGHT

Daryl keeps low. Dax awkwardly ducks behind everything he can.

DARYL
Da'hell you doing?

Dax pops his head out around a car.

DAX
I'm being stealth.

Daryl rolls his eyes. Watches Jimmy head down a hallway past a bored HOTEL CLERK.

Dax accidentally sets off the car alarm. Dives to the ground.

Daryl freaks out and ducks behind a pole.

DARYL
 (angry whisper)
 Stalk like a normal person!

21 INT. SHADY PINES MOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

The Hotel Clerk reads a magazine while leaning back. He eyes Dax and Daryl as they grab their composure and enter the lobby.

HOTEL CLERK
 Twenty dollars for the first hour.
 Five per after that.

Daryl keeps his eye on Jimmy and the prostitutes as they turn a corner down the hallway. Slaps a crumpled five-dollar bill on the counter and squints at the Hotel Clerk.

The Clerk lifts up the bill and smells it. He looks at Daryl, then at Dax.

HOTEL CLERK (CONT'D)
 Smells like balls. Whatever.

They share an awkward stare. The Clerk tosses them a key.

DARYL
 'Preciate it.

Daryl grabs Dax and pulls him along.

DARYL (CONT'D)
 Come on lover boy.

The two head down the hall as the Hotel Clerk flips a page in his magazine.

22 EXT. HOTEL POOL - NIGHT

Daryl spots Jimmy and his prostitutes entering a room on the second floor. Moves forward stealthily. Motions Dax to follow.

Dax trips over a pool chair. It CLATTERS across the quiet courtyard.

DARYL
 Really?

DAX
 My bad.

They make a stealthy dash around the pool, then up the stairs to room 208.

Daryl presses his ear against the door. Hears laughter and a creaky bed.

Dax peeks through the crack of the blinds.

Jimmy lays naked while the two laughing prostitutes jump topless above him on the bed.

DARYL

On the count of three.

Dax holds up his finger guns and gets ready to pounce.

DARYL (CONT'D)

One... Two... Three!

Daryl busts through the hotel door. Dax quickly follows.

23

INT. MOTEL ROOM 208 - NIGHT

Dax and Daryl point their finger guns at Jimmy.

The prostitutes scream and fall to the floor.

DARYL

Nobody move!

One prostitute covers herself with the blanket and runs screaming out of the room.

Dax stares in awe at the other naked prostitute.

Daryl tosses her Jimmy's shirt.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Scram, will ya?

She takes it, covers herself, and runs out.

JIMMY

What's happening--

Jimmy lowers his guard.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Oh shit. Not you guys again...

DARYL

Tie him up, Dax.

DAX
 But... What if I accidentally touch
 his--
 (eyes Jimmy's crotch)
 You know.
 (whispers)
 Penis?

Daryl shoves Dax closer to Jimmy.

DARYL
 Just tie him the fuck up!

Jimmy laughs at the sight of Dax's finger gun.

JIMMY
 Are those finger guns?!

Dax looks at his fingers. Puts them away.

Jimmy stands up to leave.

Dax cringes at the sight of Jimmy's naked body. Grabs the hotel lamp and smashes it across Jimmy's head!

24 INT. POLICE BREAK ROOM - DAY

Glenn and Kelley stare in disbelief.

KELLEY
 So... The day Jennifer was
 murdered... You two were trying to
 steal money from a naked drug
 addict having sex with a couple of
 prostitutes?

DAX
 About to have sex... Yes.

Glenn shakes his head. Kelley writes in his notepad.

KELLEY
 Continue.

25 INT. MOTEL ROOM 208 - NIGHT

Jimmy comes to. Tied to a chair and wearing the same dress that the prostitute left behind.

JIMMY

Not my color, but I like it.
(to Dax)
Who dressed me? You?

Dax looks away, repressing the memory.

Daryl dumps Jimmy's backpack onto the table. Shifts through the contents on the table; Cigarettes, a lighter, dildo, dirty clothes, and more dildos.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Hey, what the fuck you doing!?

DARYL

Where's the drugs and money, Jimmy?

JIMMY

Ah, that's what this is all about!

Daryl tosses the backpack and frantically searches the room.

DARYL

Where the fuck is it, Jimmy?

Jimmy playfully laughs.

JIMMY

Bet you won't find it.

Daryl storms to the bathroom.

Dax flops onto the bed. Spots a six-pack by the nightstand.

DAX

May I?

Jimmy pulls at the ropes. Shrugs.

JIMMY

Only if you get me one.

Dax cracks open a beer and tosses it to Jimmy. It SMACKS Jimmy in the face and HITS the floor.

DAX

You was supposed to catch.

Jimmy stares down at the spilt beer.

Dax opens another one and takes a swig. He grabs the television remote. Yells to the bathroom.

DAX (CONT'D)

Yo Dar! Mind if I turn on my murder show?

(checks his watch)

Enough time to see who dun it.

26 INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Daryl rips apart the bathroom.

DARYL

You always know who dun it!

27 INT. MOTEL ROOM 208 - NIGHT

Dax turns on the television. Mashes buttons on the remote.

DAX

He's right, you know.

(drinks his beer)

I always wanted to be a detective.

Jimmy keeps his eyes on the television, which still broadcasts the motel's "about" channel. He's not impressed.

JIMMY

Y'all come real far.

28 INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Daryl stands on the toilet and peeks up in the drop ceiling.

29 INT. MOTEL ROOM 208 - NIGHT

Dax's button mashing flips the channel to a local news station reporting on a dog saving another dog from drowning.

ON THE TV: News Anchors BRENT SIMPSON (40's) and KAREN HAMILTON (30's) sit awkwardly close at a news desk.

BRENT (ON TV)

Just spectacular, Karen. That dog's more courageous than I am.

KAREN (ON TV)

That's for sure. This is one underdog that turned out to be a wonder-dog.

DAX

Amazing. How do you get the menu on this thing?

Dax examines the remote.

BRENT (ON TV)

We have breaking new developments in the disappearance of Jennifer Holland, wife of famed quarterback and rapper, An'Dre.

KAREN (ON TV)

So shocking and sad, Brent.

BRENT (ON TV)

So true. We now go to Channel Five's own Stacy Abrams, live at the home.

Dax and Jimmy lean forward.

DAX

Oh shit, is that the An'Dre who lives up the hill?

JIMMY

How many rap'n quarterback black men named An'Dre do you know of?

ON THE TV: Eager young STACY ABRAMS (20-30's) stands in front of a mansion surrounded by police. Helicopter spotlights gaudy statues and Hummers.

STACY ABRAMS (ON TV)

Thanks Brent. As you can see behind me the police have the residence surrounded. It appears that An'Dre is not letting anyone in. Until now, there have been no indications of any foul play...

DARYL (O.S)

God Damn it, where's the stash?

Jimmy absently waves his hand. Keeps watching.

JIMMY

In the toilet tank!

KAREN (ON TV)

This is a stunning turn. Last night we reported that An'Dre himself made the nine-one-one call--

A ruckus starts in the background on the TV. The front door opens and An'Dre appears in his bathrobe.

STACY ABRAMS (ON TV)

Hang on. It appears that An'Dre has now opened the door and is speaking with the police.

Glenn and Kelley cautiously approach An'Dre with their hands out front in a passive gesture.

An'Dre listens. He moves back inside. The police follow.

30 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Daryl pulls out several improperly sealed plastic bags from the toilet's water tank. White goo oozes from each bag.

DAX

He killed her.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Dude's about to get like a hundred times more famous.

DAX (O.S.)

Shit. Gon' get arrested is what he's gonna get.

Daryl drops the bags in disgust.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Not with all the lawyers he can afford. You know I heard OJ got three million just for doing an interview.

Daryl perks up.

JIMMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Three million! For talk'n bout murder, man.

DAX (O.S.)

Well OJ didn't do it.

31 INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Daryl peaks out from within the doorway.

DARYL

What did you just say?

DAX
I said OJ didn't--

DARYL
--Not you.
(To Jimmy)
You say three mil?

JIMMY
Yup.

DARYL
One interview?

JIMMY
Aren't y'all supposed to be some
professional listeners?

Daryl smiles as thoughts run through his head.

DARYL
Dax. You think'n what I'm think'n?

DAX
(smiles and nods)
Hell yeah. Let's rob OJ!

DARYL
Dax, dax, dax, dax! You're the true
crime expert here. Think about it!
If An'Dre killed Jennifer why
haven't they arrested him?

DAX
Well, they probably ain't got
enough evidence yet.

DARYL
Exactly! An'Dre didn't kill her.

Dax stares blankly.

DARYL (CONT'D)
We did, Dax! You and I! We'll plant
evidence link'n us to the scene.
(beat)
Once word goes national, we'll be
gettin' those three million dollar
interviews like OJ!

JIMMY
--and the death penalty.

DAX
Death penalty!?

DARYL
Don't listen to him, Dax. Once that
Hollywood cash rolls in, we just
bail ourselves out and hire a fancy-
ass lawyer to keep us out. We'll be
millionaires.

Dax is hesitant.

DARYL (CONT'D)
This'll be our last big job, Dax.
Retirement! Think about it dude!
Those true crime shows you love?
You'll have one just about you!

Dax smiles.

DAX
My own movie? Well. Ok Dar. You're
the smart one. I trust ya! But...
What bout Jimmy?

DARYL
What about him?

JIMMY
What's say I don't wait until y'all
hit the top and I tell the news
here you're nothing but fakes?

DARYL
What's say we don't bury you alive
in a hooker's dress with dildos up
your ass?

JIMMY
Touché...
(beat)
Just let me in on it. I won't spill
the beans. A'ight? I ain't got
nothing else to do.

DARYL
Fine. Dax, get him outta that
dress.

JIMMY
Can't I get a little kiss first?

Jimmy tries to kiss Dax as he unties him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You know, all we have to do is confess. Don't need no evidence plant'n and shit.

DARYL

Nah. Gotta have more than that.

DAX

Actually, he's right. As soon as someone pleads guilty the cops just give up. Didn't you watch the false confessions series?

Daryl rolls his eyes.

DARYL

Yeah, well... I knew that.

Daryl picks up the phone and dials 9-1-1.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Daryl here... Yeah, Daryl. I'm a criminal. My brother and I would--

JIMMY

And Jimmy!

DARYL

--and Jimmy...

JIMMY

The drug lord.

DARYL

Jimmy, the drug addict... would like to confess to the murder of Jennifer Holland. The rapper's wife.

DAX

Hey Dar...

Dax tugs at Daryl's sleeve. Daryl brushes him off.

DARYL

Where's the body? Uh... We dumped it. In a dumpster... Like a teen momma's baby on prom night. You'll never find it.

DAX

Dar!

Dax points to the television where a HOMELESS MAN is being interviewed. The caption reads "Local Man Confesses To Murder Of Jennifer Holland".

Dax unmutes the TV as it cuts back to Stacy. Stacy panics as the Homeless Man grabs the mic.

HOMELESS MAN
(screaming chaotically)
--KILLED HER! I KILLED DAT BITCH! I
DUN IT AND I DO IT AGAIN!

Cops pull the man away. A frazzled Stacy composes herself.

STACY ABRAMS (ON TV)
That was...
(clears her throat)
That was among thirty such
confessions received so far. Police
would like to remind people that
misleading an investigation is
against the law.

DARYL
(into phone)
Wrong number.

He hangs up.

DARYL (CONT'D)
Told yer asses. We're gonna need to
plant real hard evidence.

Daryl points to the television showcasing An'Dre's mansion.

DARYL (CONT'D)
We need to go there!

32 EXT. AN'DRE'S MANSION - NIGHT

Daryl leads Jimmy and Dax through thick bushes along a garden wall. He holds up his fist, military-style, and they stop to peek over.

Glenn and Kelley argue on the back porch with AMY (32), a tall, severe blonde woman in a power suit.

Two burly police officers, MIKE MILLIGAN (45) and THOMAS RAINEY (39), stand behind her and glare at Glenn and Kelley.

Daryl puts on his headphones and lifts up a long shotgun microphone. The conversation becomes audible.

Amy points at the patio.

AMY

--you two assholes call yourselves detectives and miss key evidence like this? This place should have been thoroughly searched last night and An'Dre should already be in custody.

GLENN

With all due respect, until now it was a simple missing person case. Unlike some prosecutors, we don't immediately jump to conclusions.

AMY

You two homos couldn't reach a conclusion if it were sitting on your face.

Amy makes wriggling hip motions at Kelley as he marks the spot on the ground. He stands back up.

KELLEY

That's really inappropriate, Amy. We're still the leads on this investigation, so until we hand the case to over to the DA's office, we're going to do it our way.

Glenn and Kelley brush past Amy's cops and enter the house.

AMY

Your way had better include a forensics team. Did you even check--

Amy's voice fades off as she follows them inside.

Daryl looks over at Dax and smiles.

DARYL

They haven't swept the house yet. We can still prove we were here. Come on.

They climb over the wall and run across the yard.

33

INT. AN'DRE'S MUD ROOM - NIGHT

The trio slowly opens the door and peek in.

It's clear. They quietly enter and shut the door behind them.

34 INT. AN'DRE'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Daryl peers around the corner.

An'Dre hangs his head as Mike and Thomas handcuff him.

Amy points out a red spot on the counter to Glenn and Kelly.

AMY

Did you see this spot of blood?

AN'DRE

That's cranberry juice, bitch.

AMY

(ignoring An'Dre)

Have you even been upstairs?

GLENN

Until now there was no reason to.
We've been following procedure.

AMY

Procedure my ass! This is an
obvious domestic murder case. Since
you won't arrest An'Dre, we will.

Amy storms off. Mike and Thomas escort An'Dre out.

Glenn looks at Kelly and shrugs.

GLENN

What a dumb move.

(beat)

Let's get the crew in.

Daryl whispers to Jimmy and Dax.

DARYL

We've got to plant the evidence
before they search upstairs.

DAX

The bad stuff always happens in the
bedroom.

DARYL

Got it. We need a diversion.

JIMMY

I got some'n.

Jimmy turns around and heads back outside.

35 EXT. AN'DRE'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Jimmy pulls out firecrackers and lights them.

Daryl runs over and tries to grab the fireworks from Jimmy.

DARYL

What the hell are you doing?!

Jimmy tosses the firecrackers over the bushes.

JIMMY

Chill. I do this all the time.

Jimmy walks back into the house.

The firecrackers light up the neighbor's yard and sound like gunshots.

Dax and Daryl flinch with every blow. They duck out of sight as Glenn and Kelly run out the back door with their guns drawn. Other COPS follow.

Jimmy pokes his head back out. Grins.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You boys coming?

Dax and Daryl rush back inside.

36 INT. AN'DRE'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

The trio creeps down the hall.

A HEFTY OFFICER crashes through the kitchen. The trio ducks into a closet as he rounds the corner and barrels past.

DARYL

Jimmy, you're insane.

Jimmy smiles. Moves on.

37 INT. AN'DRE'S STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Dax acts stealthy as the trio heads upstairs.

38 INT. AN'DRE'S UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

They wander down the hallway, peeking their heads in and out of each room.

JIMMY

A'ight, I got you up here. What we
plant'n?!

Dax and Daryl glance at each other in silence.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Y'all got nothing, huh?

DARYL

Now hold on. Dax, what kind of
stuff do the cops always find in
your shows?

Dax thinks for a second.

DAX

Weapons. Blood. Hair.
(excited)
Oh! Semen?

DARYL

Gross! See, that's why I can't
watch those damn shows.

JIMMY

(giggling)
What... you don't like semen?

Daryl searches his pockets. Pulls out a pocketknife.

DARYL

Here we go. Got my prints all over
it!

Daryl holds the knife up and examines it. Excited.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Maybe I can lick it. Like some
twisted freak watching the victim
before slicing their neck.

DAX

Sure. Hey, that's not bad, but I
was think'n... We take some
trophies? Killers always keep a
trophy from their victims.

DARYL

Nice. We'll keep it at the RV for
when they search us.

DAX

Covered in drops of our own semen.

DARYL
No semen!

JIMMY
A'ight, so like what? Jewelry?
(smiling)
Panties?

DARYL
Dude--

They hear a noise downstairs. Quickly duck through a door.

39 INT. AN'DRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's a bedroom that any billionaire would envy. Daryl whistles in appreciation.

DAX
Bingo.

JIMMY
I need myself a bedroom like this.

DARYL
Grab what you can and let's get out
of here. I'll hit the jewelry.

JIMMY
I call the panty drawer!

Dax admires Jennifer's photo wall; happy memories of An'Dre and Jennifer, Jennifer with her family, vacation...

He pulls a candid headshot of Jennifer at the beach off the wall. In her bikini. She takes Dax's breath away.

DAX
She's an angel.

Jimmy opens dresser drawers until he finds unmentionables.

JIMMY
Day-amn girl!

Smells a few. Shoves them into his pockets.

Daryl sits down at a vanity. Shuffles through her jewelry and pulls out a pearl necklace. He holds it up to his neck to admire it.

In the mirror he spots Dax facing the bathroom sink with his pants below his waist revealing his hairy bare ass.

Clearly masturbating to the framed picture of Jennifer.

Daryl spins around.

DARYL

What the fuck are you doing?!

Dax turns his head and smiles at Daryl.

DAX

Leaving DNA!

DARYL

Oh my God!

Jimmy's laughter grabs Daryl's attention. Jimmy's doing the same thing by the dresser.

DARYL (CONT'D)

You too?!

Jimmy smiles.

JIMMY

Looked like fun!

DAX

This way the cops will now know there were other dudes involved. It won't match An'Dre's DNA!

JIMMY

It's science!
(laughing to himself)
Forensic science!

DARYL

They're gonna think y'all are sex perverts.

(beat)

This is all we need...

Daryl holds up his pocketknife, flips out a small blade and licks it like a pervert.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Cops will find it and be all like 'well, guess our job is done', cause it's got spits and prints AND my prints are in the system, so--

A loud door SLAM downstairs catches their attention.

Jimmy and Dax pause their masturbation.

Daryl jumps up with the necklace on. Rushes into the hallway, wields the knife as protection.

DAX
What was that?

JIMMY
Cops?

40 INT. AN'DRES HALLWAY - NIGHT

Daryl peeks over the railing and down into the foyer.

The MAID (50's), struggles with her cleaning supplies and vacuum. She heads towards the stairs.

41 INT. AN'DRES BEDROOM - NIGHT

Daryl rushes back into the room.

DARYL
Shit! An'Dre's maid! She's coming!

JIMMY
She ain't the only one!

DARYL
Y'all need to quit that shit!

Daryl peeks back out. The Maid drags the vacuum up the stairs, pausing to curse its weight under her breath.

Daryl shuts the door. Frantically searches for an exit. He runs to the window. It's a steep drop to the garden below.

DARYL (CONT'D)
Hide!

Daryl rushes to the bathroom and grabs Dax just as he finishes with a grunt. Pulls him out of the bathroom. Waves at Jimmy to hide.

JIMMY
I'm not done.

Daryl points his knife at Jimmy.

Jimmy gives up. Goes to the window and pulls the curtains shut in front of him.

The bedroom door handle rattles.

Daryl pulls Dax into the closet and shuts the door.

The Maid enters. She glances around as though she just heard something.

42 INT. CLOSET - NIGHT

Daryl watches from the closet. He punches Dax in the arm.

The Maid drops her supplies onto the bed. Takes a basket to the bathroom.

She turns on the sink faucet to soak her washrag then notices Jennifer's photo on the counter with something sprayed all over it.

She touches it and rubs the substance between her index finger and thumb. Sniff. Her eyes go wide.

MAID

Oh sweet lord, An'Dre! Is this what you do while Jenni is out?!

She cleans the picture with her soapy rag.

DAX

That's my evidence...

DARYL

Well, we still got the knife.

Dax flops down, disappointed. Spots a box of junk. Pulls out a book labeled "Jenny's Journal." He flips it open and reads.

DAX

"July 20th. An'Dre was feeling guilty about last night, so guess who's getting a trip to Paris?"

(beat)

Aw, I wanna go to Paris!

Daryl grabs the journal from Dax and flips through it.

DARYL

You sweet fat genius! We can use these pages to toy with the media!

Daryl grabs Dax and kisses him on the cheek with excitement.

43 INT. AN'DRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jimmy peeks around the curtain while the Maid plugs in her vacuum and begins vacuuming.

She slowly makes her rounds and gets closer to Jimmy.

JIMMY

Ah shit.

The Maid inches closer to the curtains. She notices Jimmy's shoes poking out from underneath.

Turns off the vacuum and stares.

44 EXT. NEIGHBOR'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

The Hefty Officer searches the backyard with a flashlight. Comes across a used firecracker, picks it up and examines it.

HEFTY OFFICER

Detectives!

Glenn and Kelley walk over and spot more in the grass.

KELLEY

Why would someone set these off?

45 INT. AN'DRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Maid slings open the curtains and lays eyes on Jimmy smiling back at her.

JIMMY

(politely waves)

Hello.

She screams bloody murder. So does Jimmy.

46 EXT. NEIGHBOR'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Glenn, Kelley, and the officers turn to the house.

GLENN

It's a diversion!

And they're off!

47 INT. AN'DRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The screaming Maid draws back and punches Jimmy square in the face.

48 INT. AN'DRE'S CLOSET - NIGHT

Dax and Daryl cringe as Jimmy gets beat up by the old maid.

49 INT. AN'DRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jimmy holds up his hands in surrender.

JIMMY

Wait, wait!

POW! A punch sends Jimmy flying backwards through the glass window. It shatters and he plummets to the ground.

The Maid runs out of the bedroom screaming.

MAID

Help!

Dax and Daryl bust out of the closet. They lock the bedroom door and run to the window.

DARYL AND DAX

Jimmy!

They look down. Jimmy is sprawled on his back over flowers. A decorative 'BLESS THIS GARDEN' flag sticks out of his torso.

DAX

Oh fuck.

Jimmy stirs. His eyes open.

He stands tall. Looks down at the flag. Then up to the window. Dax and Daryl wave.

JIMMY

This isn't fun anymore... Ya know,
what, I'm out... fuck this...

Jimmy wanders off into the bushes. Pissed.

SHOUTS come from the officers downstairs.

Dax and Daryl look at each other, then out the window. More SHOUTS come from the street where REPORTERS group together.

50 EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Stacy looks around at the commotion. Grabs her CAMERAMAN.

STACY ABRAMS

Go, go, go! Start recording!

She looks around at the other reporters aiming their cameras at the house. She points at the bedroom window.

STACY ABRAMS (CONT'D)

There!

ON CAMERA

The video focuses on the silhouettes of Dax and Daryl. They're unidentifiable. One second later--

They jump.

51 INT. TV NEWS REPORT - NIGHT

News anchors Brent and Karen sit at the desk with their mouths hanging open, stunned. In the corner of the screen is a still shot of the two dark figures in the window.

KAREN

Just moments after the arrest of An'Dre, two unidentifiable men were caught on tape at the scene of the Holland's residence.

ON CAMERA: A frantic EYE WITNESS describes what he saw.

EYE WITNESS

I seen it. This one shadow fella punched another skinny shadow fella who fell. Then two more shadows jumped and ran.

BRENT

You heard it here. Shadow men. Are they Jennifer's killers returning to the scene of the crime? Find out more at eleven.

A CLOSING NEWS ANIMATION LEADS US TO:

52 INT. DAX & DARYL'S RV - MORNING

Daryl paces back and forth, holding a small portable radio.

Dax wanders out of his bedroom wearing only his boxers and a robe. Heads over to the coffee pot.

DAX
What's going on with you, Dar?

DARYL
We fuck'n messed up, Dax! We.
Messed. This all up!

Dax pours sugar into his coffee as he yawns.

DAX
What you freak'n out about?

Daryl shoves his radio up against Dax's face, causing him to spill the pouring sugar.

Daryl turns up the volume as the radio plays "The Bad Touch".

DAX (CONT'D)
Oh nice. It's our song!
(quietly singing along)
You 'n me baby ain't nothin' but
mammals.
(serious whisper)
Get'n horny now!

Daryl slaps Dax upside the head.

DARYL
Not the song! The conversation they
were having before the song.

Daryl forces Dax to hold the radio and paces again.

Dax awkwardly dances to the beat as the song finishes.

DARYL (CONT'D)
We gotta figure out our next move
before they find him!

DAX
Find who?

The song finishes and the two RADIO HOSTS join back in.

RADIO HOST #1 (V.O.)
(from radio)
Welcome back you hot Atlantans!
(MORE)

RADIO HOST #1 (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In case you missed our hot topic morning sesh, let's do a little recap.

DARYL

This is it! Turn it up!

Dax turns it up.

RADIO HOST #2 (V.O.)

(from radio)

That's right! Last night, after An'Dre's arrest, some dude told the nation that a shadow man pushed a skinny shadow man out of An'Dre's window! This case just keeps getting wilder. Well that skinny one has been identified as Jimmy--

(laughs)

Jimmy freak'n Buffet! Can you believe it?!

RADIO HOST #1 (V.O.)

(from radio)

But not who you think. This is Jimmy "Boo-Fey", with one T, not the frat-boy god who spells his name with two T's!

DAX

This why you're freak'n out, Dar?

DARYL

Yes! Don't you get it? Now that they know who Jimmy is, they're gonna find him and he's gonna rat us out!

DAX

Now, why would Jimmy do somet'n like that?

DARYL

Dude! Because he's a no good fuck'n junkie! He'd squeal for a pack of Pork Grinds!

DAX

Well what do you wanna do, Dar?

DARYL

We gotta get guilty quick! We need to... always be there beside the cops without them know'n.

(MORE)

DARYL (CONT'D)

Figure out what they know and make
it all look like it was us.

Dax ponders for a second.

RADIO HOST #1 (O.S.)

(from radio)

Now if you're interested in keeping
up with this case, An'Dre's bail
hearing is only two hours from now,
down at the courthouse. If you go
and snag photos, use our hashtag
and you'll be entered into--

Daryl grabs the radio and throws it to the floor.

DARYL

Guess we're going to court, bitch!

53

EXT. COURTHOUSE - MORNING

A large group of An'Dre fans protest outside of the
courthouse holding signs and rapping his lyrics.

Dax and Daryl's little blue car swerves around the corner
narrowly missing protestors as they come to a halt.

The brothers step out, and examine the crowd.

DAX

A lot of people think he's
innocent, huh?

DARYL

Yeah. That's great for our cause.

Daryl notices Amy step out of a black luxury car, wearing
sunglasses and an expensive power suit. She looks angry.

DARYL (CONT'D)

That's the blonde lady from
An'Dre's house.

Daryl pops up their trunk and pulls out a small tool kit.
Heads toward Amy's car as he keeps his eye on her.

Dax follows closely behind.

As soon as Amy enters the courthouse, Daryl slides a window
pump into the driver side window, pumps it up, and then
slides in a long metal hanger.

DAX
What are you doing?

DARYL
Bugging this gal's car.

Dax glances around nervously.

DAX
What if she's a cop?

Daryl's hook finally grabs onto the door handle. He pulls, trying to open it up but it slips.

DARYL
In that power suit? She's gotta be a lawyer.

Dax spots a few police officers walking their way.

DAX
Dar, we've got po-po nine o'clock!

Daryl side-eye's the officers. Rotates his body to cover up what he's doing and hooks the handle again.

DAX (CONT'D)
Hurry!

DARYL
Would you shut up!?

The Officers get closer. Dax sweats bullets.

CLICK. Daryl succeeds and opens the door.

DARYL (CONT'D)
We're in!

Daryl slides into the driver's seat and searches around for the perfect place to plant his microphone. Shoves it into the crease of the front dash.

Dax tries to look casual while covering Daryl.

DARYL (CONT'D)
A'ight, we're all set.

Daryl slides out. The two brothers shove their way through the crowd of protestors.

DARYL (CONT'D)

When we're in the courtroom, keep quiet. Let me do all the listen'n ok? You ain't good at listen'n.

DAX

What?

54 INT. COURTHOUSE - MORNING

Daryl holds his hands up as he's being metal detected.

DARYL

You got that journal?

DAX

Yeah here. Why?

Dax pulls out the journal and places it in the plastic bin. Steps forward. Giggles and squirms as an officer frisks him.

DARYL

Just read that. Keep ya busy and your mouth shut.

55 INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - MORNING

Dax follows Daryl down a crowded hallway, packed with rap fans, sports fans, media, and government staff.

Dax's keeps his eyes buried in the journal. Mutters the words out loud and tunes everything else out.

DAX

August 23rd, I think--

56 EXT. AN'DRE'S BACKYARD - DAY

An'Dre and Jennifer make love by the pool. Dax's voice transitions into Jennifer's.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

--our neighbor watches when An'Dre and I have sex.

Jennifer looks up at her neighbor's security camera pointing back at her.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

Her camera used to aim the opposite way, but now points directly at us.

Her concern faintly turns into a soft smile.

JENNIFER (V.O.)
At first it creeped me out. But
then I started to like it. A little
too much, maybe.

The security camera stares back at Jennifer.

JENNIFER (V.O.)
Someone's watching me. Wanting me.

DARYL (V.O.)
Dax! Dax!

57 INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - MORNING

Daryl snaps Dax out of his daydream.

DARYL
DAX! We're here!
(glances down)
Dude. Why you got a boner?

Dax covers himself with Jennifer's journal as Daryl pulls him towards a door.

DAX
Someone's been spyin' on Jennifer.
Could be a lead.

DARYL
She's a celebrity's hot wife.
Everyone's watching her.

Daryl peaks through the door's windows.

Amy and her officers converse on one side of the courtroom as An'Dre and his attorney, CHIP STORY (40's), sit on the other.

Daryl presses an ear up against the window. Covers his other.

DAX
Can you hear anything?

Daryl removes his hand.

DARYL
What?

DAX
Can you hear anything?

Daryl rolls his eyes.

DARYL
 Dude. I literally just put my ear
 up against the window.
 (yelling to the crowd)
 Y'all shut the fuck up!

The crowd quiets down and turns their attention to Daryl.

DARYL (CONT'D)
 If everyone is quiet, maybe we can
 fuck'n hear what's happening!

Daryl re-focuses on listening.

58 INT. COURTROOM - MORNING

Judge NICHOLAS EDISON (50's) addresses the courtroom.

NICHOLAS EDISON
 ...and further you are alleged to
 have committed the crime of murder
 in violation of penal code 182 when
 you willfully and unlawfully
 murdered Jennifer Holland in the
 first degree. Do you understand the
 charge before you?

AN'DRE
 Yes.

NICHOLAS EDISON
 At this time do you wish to enter a
 plea of guilty or not guilty?

Chip whispers into An'Dre's ears.

AN'DRE
 Not guilty.

59 INT. COURTROOM HALLWAY - DAY

The crowd of reporters in the hallway all hover silently,
 trying to hear as Daryl whispers to Dax.

DARYL
 He said "*Not guilty.*"

Dax turns and addresses the crowd.

DAX
Totally not guilty!

The crowd erupts in murmurs. An ANXIOUS REPORTER speaks up.

ANXIOUS REPORTER
To which count?!

Daryl whispers to Dax. Dax repeats to the crowd.

DAX
Violatin' the penis code.

Confused murmurs. Dax shushes the crowd while Daryl presses his ear to the door again.

Daryl leans over and whispers to Dax.

ANXIOUS REPORTER
What'd he say?

DAX
Pre-trial next Monday.

Daryl whispers a bunch to Dax. The Anxious Reporter grows even more anxious. The crowd shuffles. Angry murmurs grow.

ANXIOUS REPORTER
What are y'all whispering?!

DAX
(to reporter)
Dude I'm gonna slap you so hard!

Dax straightens up and addresses them like an interpreter.

They all listen attentively while writing notes.

DAX (CONT'D)
(to crowd)
Okay, so the people, aka the blonde lady, would like to take samples of Mr. An'Dre Holland's hair follicles and ... Um...
(whispering to Daryl)
What else again?

Daryl whispers to him again.

DAX (CONT'D)
(to crowd)
...clothing from the night of Jennifer's disappearance... And um.
(MORE)

DAX (CONT'D)

They would also like to obtain
Andre's driving gloves,
fingerprints, used whiskey bottles,
and bank records.

Inside, the courtroom stands and Amy exits the side door.

Daryl grabs Dax.

DARYL

Let's roll!

60 EXT. COURTHOUSE - MORNING

Amy makes her way down the courthouse steps through a sea of media, fans, and protestors. Dax and Daryl try to keep up.

Stacy Abrams and her camera crew quickly catch up with Amy.

STACY ABRAMS

Amy! Miss Amy Lee! Stacy Abrams,
Channel 5!

(holds mic up to Amy)

Could you tell the nation why you
think An'Dre murdered his wife, And
that this is not just simply a
missing persons case?

Stacy's excitement quickly turns into disappointment as Amy rudely pushes past her.

Daryl and Dax pass by. Dax grabs Stacy's mic and looks into the camera, giggling.

DAX

We did it! We killed her!

Stacy and her crew watch confused as the brothers run away through the noisy crowd.

DAX (CONT'D)

(giggling to Daryl)

How was that for a confession, Dar?

In the distance, Amy steps into her car.

Daryl and Dax sprint to theirs and hop in. They follow.

61 INT. 1977 HONDA CIVIC - DAY

Dax drives, focused on Amy's car ahead.

Daryl has his headphones on and receiver set.

DARYL
She's making a call.

INTERCUT WITH AMY'S CAR

Amy holds her phone to her ear. It rings.

Daryl holds one of the headphone earpieces up for Dax.

AMY
Tell me you watched the neighbor's
tape?
(beat)
What do you mean, "not good"?

Dax and Daryl listen carefully.

AMY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Shit. Shut her up and meet me at
the office.

Amy swerves and does a U-turn.

Dax attempts to follow, but Daryl quickly grabs the wheel to keep them straight.

DARYL
No! Let her go. We have a neighbor
to visit!

62 EXT. AN'DRE'S STREET - AFTERNOON

The brothers park a few houses down from Andre's house. Daryl whips out a pair of binoculars and begins snooping.

DAX
Which neighbor do you think it is?

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

A cop car is parked out front of the neighbor's house.

DARYL
Probably the one with the cop car
chilling out front.

DAX
What you think they're doing?

DARYL
 Fuck if I know. Drive up closer,
 will ya.

Dax slowly creeps forward as Daryl continues searching for clues through his binoculars.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

In the living room window, Officer Mike converses with MISS LUANN CARRICK (78), the sweetest old lady you've ever met.

DARYL (CONT'D)
 Looks like the cop is talking to
 some old hag.

DAX
 About what?

Daryl lowers his binoculars.

DARYL
 These are binoculars, not
 headphones. How the hell would I
 know what they're saying?

DAX
 You can't read lips?

DARYL
 No... Can you?

DAX
 Yeah?

DARYL
 Prove it.

Daryl hands over the binoculars and Dax looks through them.

Dax's narration overlays the conversation in the house.

DAX
 (in deep cop voice)
 Thank you miss old lady, you've
 been a great help to our case.
 (in old lady voice)
 Oh it weren't nut'n, I hope you
 catch that murderer! What a shame.
 Murder'n folks and all.
 (in deep cop voice)
 It really is. I have to get back to
 doing cop things. Derp-a-der.
 (MORE)

DAX (CONT'D)

I hope you enjoy this box of stuff
I'm giving you as a thank you gift.
(in old lady voice)
I will. Bye now!
(beat)
...annndddd now the pig's leav'n.

Daryl stares at Dax.

DARYL

Yeah right. You made all that up.

DAX

Wanna bet a hundred on that?

Daryl hesitates.

DARYL

No.
(beat)
Come on, let's do this before any
other cop's show up.

Daryl jumps out of the car and slams his door shut.

63 EXT. NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

The brothers stealthily run across the street. They duck behind a car.

DAX

You know, I bet Hemsworth would
play me.

DARYL

What?

DAX

In our movie. Once all this is done
and we get our deal. Chris
Hemsworth would be a great Dax!

Daryl finally understands what Dax is saying and laughs.

DARYL

Hemsworth? The guy who played Thor?
THE God of Thunder that every teen
girl out there would fuck in a
heartbeat? Hell, I'd even fuck him.

Mike steps out of the front door and heads to his car.

DAX

He can play other characters than Thor. Like Dax in *Gone Girl!*

(speaking like Don LaFontaine)

In a world where two dangerous brothers kill a celebrity's wife to escape a life a crime. *Gone Girl!*

DARYL

(laughing)

Gone girl?!

DAX

Yeah? Jennifer is gone? Gone... Girl...? Get it?

DARYL

Dude that's already a movie!

Mike gets in his car and drives away.

Daryl stands tall and heads up to the front door.

DAX

Really?

Dax follows mimicking Daryl's movements.

DARYL

Yeah! Member Doogie Howser was in it? And... Batman's Dick was in it!

DAX

(reminiscing)

I do remember that Batman Dick.

They creep along Miss Luann's house and reach the front door.

DAX (CONT'D)

So how you wanna do this? We P.I.? We under cover? We super scary threat'n criminals here to cut her saggy boobs off if she don't freak'n talk?!

DARYL

Jesus. Calm down. We're just simple cops doing paper work. Maybe we miss-placed the video and we just need a written statement from her, ok? Just see'n what she knows.

DAX

Cool. I'm with you. We're the good
guys doing just good guys stuff.
(squinty eye'd whisper)
Good guys!

64 INT. NEIGHBOR'S KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Flames heat up a teapot on the stove. Miss Luann arranges a
rock-hard pastry on a plate. A doorbell grabs her attention.

65 INT. NEIGHBOR'S FOYER - AFTERNOON

Miss Luann answers the door to Dax and Daryl.

MISS LUANN

Yes, may I help you--

DARYL

Hello, Ma'am. We're sorry to bother
you given our recent visit.

MISS LUANN

Pardon?

DARYL

(louder)

Our recent visit. We work down at
the police precinct and file
evidence. We received a tape from
your house...

The teapot in the kitchen begins whistling.

DARYL (CONT'D)

...But somehow it got damaged and
we're unable to view it. Could we
possibly come in and get a written
statement from you as to what's
exactly on that tape?

MISS LUANN

But your officer was just here?

Miss Luan looks for Officer Mike's car. The teapot SCREAMS
loudly in the kitchen. Miss Luan doesn't seem to notice.

DARYL

Yes. We're with him. We tried his
cell but he wasn't answering.

(beat)

Are you going to turn that off?

MISS LUANN

Oh. Yes. Tea calls. Come on in and make yourselves comfortable.

Miss Luann waves the boys in.

MISS LUANN (CONT'D)

Would you two strapping young men like some?

DARYL

We're okay! Appreciate it, Ma'am!

MISS LUANN

Okay then.

She heads to the kitchen.

The brothers glance around at the sparkling clean house, all white with colorful floral patterns.

MISS LUANN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Are you hungry? I have some pastries left over from book club.

Porcelain clatters in kitchen as she preps her tea.

MISS LUANN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

They're a bit dry.

DARYL

No thank you, Ma'am!

Dax stares at a cheap Sears-style portrait of Miss Luann petting her cat. It hangs above the fireplace like a shrine.

DAX

What a strange portrait.

The old lady walks in with a tray of pastries and tea.

MISS LUANN

Here you two fine gentlemen are. I do love having all the company. Such excitement.

DARYL

Thank you, Miss... um--

She sets down the tea.

MISS LUANN

--Luann. Miss Luann Carrick at your service! And that's a miss with an "I" "S", not "R".

She winks at Dax, grabs his arm, and guides him to a chair, all while squeezing his bicep. Dax blushes.

DAX

(whispers to Daryl)
See. Hemsworth!

DARYL

(whispers)
Shut the fuck up. Focus.

MISS LUANN

Now sit down and tell me what all this is about again.

The brothers carefully sit on her clean, elegant furniture.

DARYL

Well Ma'am, as we said earlier, something went wrong where we can't view the tape you gave us. We just need for you to tell us what exactly is on it.

Daryl pulls out a recorder, hits record, and sets it on the table.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Please state your name for the record.

Miss Luann leans into the recorder.

MISS LUANN

(slowly)
Luann Carrick.

DARYL

You can speak normally. It's okay.

MISS LUANN

Oh okay. Well. Where do I start?

DARYL

Has anyone else been by besides the other officer?

MISS LUANN
 Oh let me thi-- Oh, that blonde
 lady came by... yesterday.

DARYL
 Amy?

Miss Luann smiles bashfully at the sound of Amy's name.

MISS LUANN
 Yes! Amy. Quite the looker, isn't
 she? She asked me about my security
 cameras. I have one that's pointed
 right at An'Dre's back yard. She
 said the tape was evidence of a
 crime. So I gave it to her.

Dax puts two and two together.

DAX
 (whispers to Daryl)
 She's the one watching them fuck.
 (to Miss Luann)
 Did you happen to see what was on
 the tape before you turned it in?

MISS LUANN
 Yes, I watch them every night.
 Nothing exciting. Just Amy.

The brothers sit forward.

DARYL
 Amy was on your tape?

MISS LUANN
 Yes. She wasn't doing much. Just
 wandering around their backyard on
 her phone.

Daryl and Dax glance at each other.

DARYL
 (whisper to Dax)
 Amy's is hiding some'n!

MISS LUANN
 Excuse me?

DARYL
 Thank you, Miss Luann! You've been
 a great help! May I ask one more
 thing before we had out?

Miss Luann pours cups of tea for them and herself.

MISS LUANN

Of course, sweethearts. Oh this smells good.

She cups her tea and seductively blows on it.

MISS LUANN (CONT'D)

What were you going to ask?

Dax picks up his cup of tea. Daryl grabs it and sets it back down, shakes his head.

DARYL

Why do you have a camera pointing at An'Dre's backyard? Seems oddly convenient.

Miss Luann holds her teacup close as she blushes and smiles.

MISS LUANN

Oh my. Well. You see...

(laughs to herself)

Ooh. I'm getting flustered just thinking about it. An'Dre and Jenni were never ones to hide their... relations with each other. Or even others.

(beat)

I saw them one day while gardening. And well, a beautiful young widow such as myself may not get as much action as you think. So I just gave the old camera a little nudge.

(grinning ear to ear)

So I can watch, and you know...

(bashful whisper)

Make calls on the old rotary phone.

She makes circles with her finger. Daryl gags. Throws up in his mouth a little. Dax laughs.

DAX

Get it, Grandma!

She blushes, laughs softly and squeezes Dax's knee.

Dax smiles back, flirting. Lifts his teacup and clinks her glass.

MISS LUANN

What a dear. Please make sure to thank Amy for sending this tea.

She finally takes a sip. Instantly stiffens up like she's having heartburn. She tries to clear her throat.

Daryl looks concerned.

DARYL

Are you-- Are you okay?

She gags and turns blue.

Dax sniffs the steam from his teacup with pleasure. Daryl knocks the cup from Dax's hand just before he drinks.

Miss Luan drops her teacup and falls to the floor. Her eyes shoot to the back of her head as she foams at the mouth. She flops around like a fish out of water.

Daryl and Dax stare in shock.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Of course...

DAX

Of course what?!

DARYL

I knew something was up. Why would the police give a thank you gift for evidence?

DAX

Because they're nice?

DARYL

No Dax! Think about it. That tape places Amy at the scene of the crime. They're going to destroy it, and--

DAX

--anyone who could testify what was on it.

DARYL

This old pussy-pettin' granny.

Her cat meows.

DAX

So they're winning?

DARYL

Yes.

DAX
How do we start winning?

DARYL
I don't know!

Daryl paces around the room and stops by a window. He glances out at her security camera pointing over at An'Dre's house.

DARYL (CONT'D)
I got an idea...

Daryl turns around and looks at Miss Luann.

DARYL (CONT'D)
...and it involves this perverted
old corpse.

66 INT. NEIGHBOR'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Daryl and Dax lean back with makeup in their hands as though they just finished giving someone a makeover.

DARYL
Not bad, huh?

Daryl holds up a photo of Jennifer.

DAX
Nailed it.

Daryl lowers the photo revealing Miss Luann's lifeless corpse propped up on her couch. She's wearing a wig, make-up, and a pretty sundress. It clearly looks like a painted up corpse.

DAX (CONT'D)
So remind me again how this is
going to work.

DARYL
You get footage of me carrying out
this old hag dressed as Jennifer.
Then we'll go to the station and
cut it into the evidence video.

DAX
Brilliant.

Dax ponders for a moment and runs into the kitchen.

DAX (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Got an idea.

He runs back out with plastic ketchup bottles.

He holds one out to Daryl, who stares back at him as though that is the dumbest thing he's ever seen.

DARYL

That. Is...

Daryl grabs the bottle.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Brilliant.

Dax and Daryl squirt ketchup all over Miss Luann's lifeless body like the bottles are their wieners.

DARYL (CONT'D)

First one to finish wins.

DAX

I'm pissing blood! Watch this.

Dax squeezes his bottle causing it to splatter everywhere.

DARYL

You should get that checked out.

DAX

Wait, got another idea!

Dax runs back into the kitchen and returns with a jar of mayonnaise. Flips small ejaculate-esque drops onto her.

DARYL

Dude! Too far!

Daryl shakes his head.

The brothers pick up Miss Luann and carry her outside.

84

INT. COURTHOUSE MAIN HALL - MORNING

Dax and Daryl casually stroll down the large stately halls of the county courthouse. An old guard snoozes in a chair outside of a courtroom. Two lawyers emerge and walk past.

Dax tries to cover a VHS tape sticking out of his pocket.

Daryl checks the building guide as they pass. "DISTRICT ATTORNEY - 3RD FLOOR"

When no one is looking, they duck into the stairwell.

85

INT. COURTHOUSE - 3RD FLOOR - MORNING

They poke their head out of the stairwell. The coast is clear. They head down the hallway, checking door plaques.

DARYL

(nervous)

I still think that tape's probably locked up at the station.

DAX

If Amy's on that tape there's no way she's turned it into evidence. She's either going to destroy it or doctor it.

DARYL

Damn Dax. Who would have thought all those crime shows of yours would come in handy?

They pass by an office door. Daryl grabs Dax's collar and yanks him back. They look in through the door's window.

Inside, Amy and her cops escort An'Dre and his lawyer Chip Story to the door.

Dax and Daryl scramble to look for a hiding spot. They duck into a nearby closet just as the door opens.

CHIP STORY

...don't even have a motive or a body.

Amy holds up a stack of papers.

AMY

Oh, I've already got enough evidence here to put An'Dre away for life.

CHIP STORY

It's flimsy.

Chip pushes the button to call the elevator.

AMY

You won't be saying that when Jennifer's body turns up. Then you'll wish you'd made a deal. I might even ask for the death penalty.

AN'DRE
Death Penalty?

Chip shakes his head to assure An'Dre, whose eyes are starting to water. Pulls An'Dre into the waiting elevator.

CHIP STORY
Try making a deal with the Shadow
Men. No one believes your story.

The door closes.

Amy puts her hand to her head. Headache. She glares at Officer Mike and Officer Thomas.

AMY
Tell me everything is in place?

OFFICER MIKE
It's all set.

Amy's stomach gurgles. Loud. The cops look at each other.

OFFICER THOMAS
You okay?

AMY
Just go! I'll see you down there.

The cops leave. Amy grabs her stomach and rushes to the ladies room.

The coast is clear. Dax and Daryl emerge.

DARYL
Sweet merciful diarrhea! Let's hope
she takes a while.

They rush to her unlocked office. Enter and quietly shut the door behind them.

86 INT. AMY'S FRONT OFFICE - DAY

Daryl heads straight to the back office. Dax searches Amy's secretary's drawers.

DARYL (O.S.)
Dax, my brother? Life is too easy!

Dax turns and enters the back office.

90 INT. AMY'S BACK OFFICE - DAY

A TV and two VCRs sit on a desk. The TV image is paused on a shot of someone dressed like An'Dre dragging a body outside of his house at night.

Daryl hits play. On the TV, An'Dre drags the body off screen. The image jumps slightly. Daryl hits pause.

DAX
He did do it!

DARYL
No. Look...

Daryl scrubs back over the image jump.

DARYL (CONT'D)
The footage is spliced. They just faked the tape before we did.

DAX
Ah dang!

DARYL
Quick, give me our tape.

Daryl ejects Amy's fake source tape and drops it in his pocket. Puts Dax's tape in. Rewinds the target tape back to before fake An'Dre appears. Hits the play and record buttons.

The image jumps angles a bit as it switches to their footage.

DAX
Come on. Come on...

The new footage of Daryl dragging the fake Jennifer across the yard records over the tape. Daryl gets ready to hit stop.

91 INT. COURTROOM HALLWAY - MORNING

Amy steps out of the bathroom. Her phone rings. She answers.

AMY
Hello?

OFFICER JARED (V.O.)
Amy! We got a problem.

AMY
What is it, Jared?

OFFICER JARED (V.O.)
We just found the neighbor's body
in An'Dre's garbage.

AMY
How the hell did she get there?

OFFICER JARED (V.O.)
Um. I don't know. We checked her
security footage, but the new tape
is gone. And... well, there was a
note attached to her. It says
"We killed Jennifer and we've
killed again. Set An'Dre free or
else."

AMY
Who killed Jennifer!?

Amy glances down both sides of the hall as though she's being
watched.

OFFICER JARED (V.O.)
"PS. Fuck you Amy."

Amy's face goes red.

AMY
Jared. Just put the body back in
her house and call it in as
planned. Our autopsy will show an
allergic reaction to the tea.

92 INT. AMY'S BACK OFFICE - MORNING

Just as Daryl reaches the edge of the screen, the image
flickers and cuts to footage of Dax dancing in the RV to the
Bloodhound Gang with his underwear tucked into his butt
cheeks to look like a G-string.

DARYL
What the hell Dax?! Damn!

93 INT. COURTHOUSE - 3RD FLOOR - MORNING

The faint music of The Bloodhound Gang draws Amy's attention
towards her office's open door.

AMY
I gotta go.

OFFICER JARED (V.O.)

Amy! Wait--

She cuts Jared off by hanging up.

94 INT. AMY'S FRONT OFFICE - MORNING

Dax peeks out into the hallway and spots Amy walking towards her office.

DAX

She's coming!

Daryl hits buttons to eject their cassette. The image of Dax's hairy ass freezes on the monitor. It's jammed.

Dax runs back into the back office and turns off the monitor.

DAX (CONT'D)

Dar, she's coming!

DARYL

I heard you! The tape's jammed...

The VCR makes a grinding noise. Daryl pulls the cassette out. The tape catches and unravels.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Shit...

Daryl gathers the tape as fast as he can.

Amy SLAMS the office door behind her.

They try to squeeze under the desk together as Daryl continues pulling on the VHS tape. Dax's butt smashes up against Daryl's face.

Daryl frees the last of the tape just as Amy enters. She surveys the room with her eyes, suspicious.

The brothers watch Amy's legs approach the desk.

She ejects the new security tape and walks out.

As soon as she slams the door, Dax lets a huge fart loose in Daryl's face.

DAX

Whew! Thought I was gonna let that blast for sure!

Daryl scrambles out for air.

DARYL

I'm get'n real sick of you.

Daryl notices her desk drawer slightly open. Looks in to find a Ziploc bag labeled "Jennifer's cell phone" with a cell phone inside. Takes it.

Dax stands up.

DAX

I thought we were planting evidence, not taking it?

DARYL

Could come in handy...

DAX

She sure does keep an awful lot of evidence here and not in the police station.

DARYL

She's scamming some'n, for sure. Let's see where she's off to.

95 INT. COURTHOUSE - 3RD FLOOR - MORNING

Daryl and Dax bust out of Amy's office. They slip and almost fall as they notice Amy on the elevator. The doors shut.

They take off down the hallway and enter the staircase.

DARYL

Shit. Let's not lose her.

96 INT. COURTHOUSE - STAIRWELL - MORNING

Daryl and Dax sprint down the stairwell.

DAX

Why would a prosecutor spend so much effort framing someone when she's got two people willing to take the fall?

They're already starting to lose their breath.

DAX (CONT'D)

I mean, if I was her, I would already be at the news and be like bam! Case solved bitches!

DARYL

Well maybe there's more to it.
That's why she's boss lady and
you're a criminal.

DAX

A criminal 'bout to become a movie
legend!

Dax jumps over a handrail and slides down.

DAX (CONT'D)

Action scene! Killers chase'n
government bitches!

Dax lands. Whips out a pocketknife and pretends to stab the
air while making awkward sound effects. Jumps another
handrail and almost stabs Daryl.

DARYL

Fuck'n watch it! Our story ain't
gonna be an action movie. Most
likely a horror...

Dax laughs and chases Daryl down the stairs with his knife.

DAX

Can still have action-y parts!
(beat)
Here's the part where one killer
turns on the other killer.

Dax pretends to stab Daryl.

DARYL

Dude seriously!

They make it to the bottom floor and bust out of the exit
door. Dax makes one last stabbing motion and--

97

EXT. COURTHOUSE - MORNING

--accidentally stabs a huge, scary inmate (Male, 40's) in the
neck. Dax draws back in shock.

DAX

Oh my God!

The inmate glares at Dax.

Daryl turns around and his eyes widen.

DARYL

Dude!

DAX

I'm so sorry!

Dax pulls the knife out. Blood sprays from the inmate's neck. Dax tries to yell, but gets a mouthful of blood.

The inmate falls to the ground, his hands still handcuffed behind him. Gurgles unintelligible curses at Dax.

DARYL

Put some pressure on it!

DAX

Oh my god! Oh my god! Oh my god!

A FEMALE OFFICER (40's) nonchalantly walks over smoking a cigarette.

FEMALE OFFICER

He was gonna get executed anyways.
Dude was a real bad rapist.

Daryl is more shocked by the officer than the inmate, as Dax spits blood out of his mouth.

DAX

(Frantic)

I got rapist blood in my mouth?!

FEMALE OFFICER

Oh yeah. He was super rapey. Raped all over the place. Then got raped a bunch himself in prison. They all have AIDS you know...

DAX

I got AIDS in my mouth!

Dax dry heaves.

DARYL

Um...

The Female Officer watches Daryl pull Dax away. Takes a drag of her cigarette.

98

EXT. COURTHOUSE PARKING LOT - MORNING

Daryl drags a shocked and bloody Dax across a parking lot. He watches Amy step into her car and shut her door.

DARYL
There she is.

Daryl shoves Dax into their car and hops in.

99 INT. DAX AND DARYL'S CAR - DAY

Daryl puts on his headphones and whips out his receiver.

Dax uses the seatbelt to wipe his tongue.

DARYL
Step on it! We need to stay in
range.

100 INT. DAX AND DARYL'S CAR - DAY

Amy's voice comes over the headphones. Daryl holds one earpiece close to Dax's ear so he can hear while driving.

AMY (V.O.)
(over headphones)
--told you I'd have a big story for
you. If you want to break it first,
get your crew down to the rock
quarry in fifteen minutes.

The line clicks and goes dead. Daryl lowers the headphones.

DAX
You think this is about the tape?

DARYL
Has to be. Or maybe they found that
old hag. But why go to the quarry?

101 EXT. ATLANTA STREETS - DAY

Amy pulls off the main road onto a gravel side street. Dax slows down and turns, keeping his distance.

102 INT. 1977 HONDA CIVIC - DAY

They drive down a tree lined rural road. Dust clouds the air.

DAX
Where'd the fuck she go?

DARYL
Just keep going straight.

DAX

Duh. It's a straight road. Where the hell I'd be turnin'?

An opening and some daylight up ahead through the trees.

DARYL

Don't you get lip with me. You're the driver and I'm the captain of this ship.

Dax turns to Daryl, taking his attention off the road.

DAX

Whatever Dar. I do most of the work. All you do is sit there and listen and then bark orders. I'm the fuck'n captain!

As the brothers argue, they clear the tree line and head straight for the quarry ledge.

Daryl's eyes widen in fear. He grabs the wheel and yanks!

DARYL

Watch out, Dax!

Dax stomps the breaks. The car swerves and skids sideways. The brothers scream in fear as they stop just shy of the quarry ledge.

The brothers are frozen stiff. Dax death-grips the wheel.

Daryl opens his eyes and falls back into his seat in relief. Turns and tries to shake Dax out of it.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Dax! It's ok! We're alive! You can relax now.

DAX

Aye aye, captain!

Daryl glances over the ledge out of his window and notices a flock of cop cars, news vans, and a crane below.

DARYL

Something's happening down there.

Daryl holds up binoculars to his eyes and takes a look.

DAX

What ya see?

Daryl lowers the binoculars with annoyance.

DARYL
 Damn it Dax... Get your own damn
 binoculars!

Daryl looks again. Dax holds up his hands in the shape of binoculars and squints his eyes.

Through the binoculars: Amy steps out of her car and walks over to Officer Thomas and a crowd of cops.

DARYL (CONT'D)
 I see Amy.

103 EXT. ROCK QUARRY - DAY

Amy steps away from her cops and walks to the edge of the water. A crane's wire dangles in the water as Officer Mike and a few scuba divers assist it.

AMY
 Is the media ready?

No one answers. Amy turns and snaps her fingers at her cops.

AMY (CONT'D)
 Hey! Get the media over here now!

Her cops shuffle frantically toward a "Channel 5" news truck.

Amy turns her attention back to the crane.

104 INT. 1977 HONDA CIVIC - DAY

Daryl snaps his fingers at Dax.

DARYL
 You got your portable TV?

Dax ponders for a second, then perks up, turns around, and digs through the back.

DAX
 Do I?

Dax whips out his small portable television.

DAX (CONT'D)
 What we watch'n?

DARYL

Turn on Channel Five. I see cameras
down there.

Dax flips through a few channels until he finds it.

105 EXT. ROCK QUARRY - DAY

Amy stares at the water as Stacy Abrams and her crew run up
behind her.

STACY ABRAMS

Yes Amy?

Amy doesn't even look back at Stacy. Whips out the tape.

AMY

Play this and then we'll reveal
what's in the water.

Amy turns and gives Stacy a side-eye stare.

AMY (CONT'D)

You're about to hit big time. Act
surprised.

The excited reporter pulls herself together.

STACY ABRAMS

Yes Ma'am!

(turns to crew)

Time to get camera ready. Chris,
pop this tape in and cue it up.

A scrawny Production Assistant, CHRIS (20), grabs the tape.

CHRIS

What's on it?

STACY ABRAMS

We didn't hire you to ask questions
Chris! Hurry!

Chris runs.

Stacy fluffs her hair as her team sets up the shot and key
lights.

106 INT. 1977 HONDA CIVIC - DAY

The brothers watch the excited news anchors, Brent Simpson
and Karen Hamilton, address the nation on TV.

BRENT (ON THE TV)
 Police have reported that they have
 found something down at the rock
 quarry that may provide some leads
 in the An'Dre case.

Stacy appears in a box on the screen.

107 INT. NEWS TRUCK - DAY

Chris pops in the tape and hits play. Dax dances onscreen in his G-string underwear.

CHRIS
 What the fuck?

Brent, Karen, and Stacy broadcast on another monitor in the truck. Chris watches them as he rewinds Amy's tape.

KAREN (ON THE TV)
 We now go live with Stacy Abrams at
 the scene.

STACY ABRAMS (ON THE TV)
 Thanks Brent and Karen. That's
 right. A series of tire marks
 matching Jennifer's car has led
 police to believe that her car may
 be at the bottom of our very own
 rock quarry.

Chris searches, but there's nothing on the tape except an empty backyard and Dax's bare ass.

STACY ABRAMS (V.O.)
 As you can see behind me, police
 have divers in the water.

108 INT. 1977 HONDA CIVIC - DAY

Dax watches the TV. Daryl pans his binoculars over to the water.

STACY ABRAMS (V.O.)
 (on the TV)
 While we wait to discover what lies
 at the bottom of this pit, we have
 another significant lead in the
 case, also provided by the
 prosecuting attorney, Miss Amy Lee.
 (MORE)

STACY ABRAMS (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The neighbor's security footage
from the night of Jennifer's
disappearance.

DARYL
Here we go!

ON THE TELEVISION: Stacy waits on the air, confused as to why
they're not cutting.

STACY ABRAMS
We may be having some technical
difficulties.

109 EXT. ROCK QUARRY - DAY

Stacy turns around to face her truck and notices Chris making
the cutting motions with his hand and neck. Stacy quickly
turns back to the camera.

STACY ABRAMS
I'm sorry, America, we will be
right back.

110 INT. NEWS STUDIO - DAY

Brent and Karen stare at the cameras in confusion as Stacy
storms offscreen. Karen glances off camera at her producers.

BRENT
Um, we'll be right back after a few
messages from our sponsors!

111 INT. 1977 HONDA CIVIC - DAY

Dax and Daryl look at each other.

DAX
Wonder what that was about?

112 INT. NEWS TRUCK - DAY

Stacy storms into the production truck.

STACY ABRAMS
What the hell?!

Chris cowers back.

CHRIS
 I'm sorry! But I couldn't air that.
 I don't think it's what you think
 you thought it was!

Chris hands over a printed photo of Dax's ass.

STACY ABRAMS
 What the hell is this?

CHRIS
 A screenshot from your video.

Stacy furiously turns around to look out at Amy.

113 EXT. ROCK QUARRY - DAY

Stacy storms over to Amy and shoves the printout in her hand.

STACY ABRAMS
 Trying to pull a fast one on this
 new reporter. I don't think so!

Amy is taken back by Stacy's aggressive body language.

AMY
 Whoa. Excuse me?

Stacy points at the photo.

STACY ABRAMS
 You want me to air this on live TV?
 A hairy fat ass?

Amy looks down at Dax's hairy ass and takes a moment...

AMY
 ...Nice move, shadow men.

STACY ABRAMS
 Excuse me?

AMY
 Forget the tape. Just start rolling
 and you'll get your story.

Amy walks toward the water as the crane's wire rises.

Stacy pulls herself together. Puts back on her camera smile
 and makes a "rolling" hang gesture.

114 INT. 1977 HONDA CIVIC - DAY

DAX
What's happening, Dar?

DARYL
I can't tell, but it looks like
that fiery little news gal is
pissed. She's coming back on.

The commercial break is over and the news is back on.

STACY ABRAMS (ON THE TV)
We're back, America, and ready to
show you an amazing new discovery
by your Atlanta PD!

DAX
What happened to our tape?

115 EXT. ROCK QUARRY - DAY

Amy removes her shades and smiles as Jennifer's car rises
from the muddy waters.

STACY ABRAMS
(to her camera)
This is major new evidence in the
An'Dre case! Jennifer's missing car
has indeed been discovered!

Police push the crowd back as the car swings in. Officer Mike
holds the bumper as he guides the car onto land.

116 INT. 1977 HONDA CIVIC - DAY

Daryl lowers his binoculars. The two stare at the TV.

DAX
We're losing again, huh?

DARYL
Not yet, Dax. This is just a
hiccup.

117 EXT. ROCK QUARRY - DAY

The car lowers to solid ground.

Amy walks over and looks in through the window.

AMY
We have a body!

The cops and media surround the car. Stacy pushes her way through. Her camera crew snags a quick shot of a wet lifeless body in the back seat.

STACY ABRAMS
(to her camera)
Amy Lee has just discovered a body
in the back seat of Jennifer's car!
Could this be Jennifer?! Did An'Dre
kill her and dump her in this
quarry?

118 INT. 1977 HONDA CIVIC - DAY

Dax stares at the television in shock. Daryl reaches over and turns it off.

DARYL
Now we lost.

DAX
She's Dead? She's really dead...

Daryl pats Dax's back.

DARYL
Come on... Let's go, buddy.

Dax starts up the car and they take off.

119 EXT. ROCK QUARRY LEDGE - DAY

The little blue Honda kicks up dirt and rocks as the brothers take off. Rocks fall off the ledge of the quarry and tumble down to the water. The noise echoes across the quarry and reaches Amy and her cops.

120 EXT. ROCK QUARRY - DAY

MIKE
What was that?

THOMAS
Looks like we got some bogies up
over yonder.

Officer Mike peers through a pair of binoculars.

MIKE

Fucking An'Dre fans... You know
what Thomas, out of all the
celebrities, these fans have gotta
be the most annoy--

Amy turns around and rips Mike's binoculars from his hands.

AMY

Give me those!

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS: The blue car drives up a dirt road.

AMY (CONT'D)

(to herself)

The Shadow Men!

Amy slaps the binoculars back into the hands of the officer.

MIKE

Who?

Amy hands Officer Thomas the photo of Dax's ass.

THOMAS

(looks at image)

Gross.

AMY

I'm not about to let two...

(looks at photo)

Hairy assholes mess up this case.

(to her officers)

Find out who they really are and
get rid of them!

121 EXT. ATLANTA STREETS - AFTERNOON

The little Civic putters along through a rough part of town.

122 EXT. ATLANTA PROJECTS - AFTERNOON

The brothers come to a halt at a red light next to a group of
African American men sitting on a stoop, drinking beer and
listening to their radio.

RADIO HOST #1 (V.O.)

(from the radio)

Things aren't looking good for our
very own An'Dre.

Dax keeps his eyes forward trying to zone the media out as Daryl listens to their radio.

RADIO HOST #2 (V.O.)

Guess I'm changing my fantasy line up. Doesn't look like An'Dre's getting out of this one.

(beat)

Anyhow! Before we all give up An'Dre to the big house, let's hear one that we all know and love! By An'Dre himself!

The radio plays an An'Dre song. The group raises their beers.

STOOP BOY

Good thing I didn't pick him for my league.

ELDER MAN

Mhmm. I'm tellin' ya he din't do it.

ELDER WOMAN

Don't matter. They gonna put that boy away for a looonngggg time. I tell ya.

Daryl glances over at a bench with Amy's political sign: "Amy Lee For Judge. Tough On Crime, Tougher On Justice!"

A car horn behind the brothers jolts them out of their trance. The light is green. An angry driver waves at them to go. They're off.

As the two cars leave, Mike and Thomas follow closely in an unmarked cop car. The two officers and stoop gang both share a side eye stare, acknowledging each other.

123 EXT. DAX & DARYL'S RV - EVENING

The brothers park out front. The loud chatter of the trailer park trash and children's laughter echoes in the distance.

The officers come to a stop down the road.

124 INT. UNMARKED COP CAR - EVENING

Mike and Thomas watch the brothers walk into their RV and shut the door.

125 INT. DAX & DARYL'S RV - EVENING

Daryl watches Dax sulk to his room.

DARYL
We can still fix this, Dax...

Dax pauses at his bedroom door.

DARYL (CONT'D)
Dax?

Dax turns around and faces Daryl.

DARYL (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

Dax shakes his head and rolls his eyes at Daryl's stupidity.

DAX
You don't get it, Dar...

DARYL
Get what?

Dax holds up Jennifer's journal.

DAX
Listen to this. "May 18 - I saw a butterfly land on a kitten's nose today."

He stares at Daryl like he just read definitive evidence.

DAX (CONT'D)
A fuck'n real person wrote that!
Jennifer was a real person! A
beautiful kind person. And everyone
just uses her...
(beat)
As... a weapon against An'Dre... To
sell news ads... And now we're
doing it too. I just can't keep
this up man.
(eyes begin to water)
Part of me was hoping she was alive
and that one day we would meet.
After reading all of this...
(holds up journal)
I've fallen in love with the person
who wrote this. That person doesn't
deserve all this.

DARYL

(slight chuckle)

Dax. Come on. You can't honestly think you two would be together even if she was alive?

DAX

...Whatever dude.

Dax grabs his door handle. Before he enters, he turns around and whips out a folded up page of the journal.

DAX (CONT'D)

Here. Read this.

Dax walks the paper over to Daryl and hands it to him.

DARYL

What is it?

DAX

It's from her journal. To me, this is her life. It's my favorite page and I keep reading it try to make sense of all this.

Dax turns back around.

DAX (CONT'D)

Night Dar. I'm going to bed.

He shuts the door, leaving Daryl alone with the paper.

Daryl unfolds the entry as he walks to the front of the RV and sits down in the driver seat. The front dash is covered in photos, mail, and beer cans as though he uses this as his makeshift office.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

It's been awhile since I've written to you. I'm sorry. I've just been caught up in my own head lately.

126 INT. AN'DRE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jennifer lays in bed by a night-light and writes.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

It's been tough trying to put the words together. Sometimes I'll open you with a pen in hand and write nothing. Where do I begin?

Jennifer glances down at her sleeping husband.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

I love my husband. Dearly. But lately I've been having conflicting feelings. I'm not cheating on him, but sometimes it feels like I am.

127 INT. DAX & DARYL'S RV - EVENING

Daryl continues to read.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

I grew up in a simpler place. A farm with my grandparents in a small town.

128 EXT. QAURRY - NIGHT

Amy and her cops watch as a body bag on a stretcher is shoved into a unmarked SUV by a coroner.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

It wasn't anything like this life I live now. This celebrity's wife lifestyle.

129 INT. DAX & DARYL'S RV - EVENING

Daryl continues to read.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

I just miss my hometown.

130 EXT. FARMHOUSE - MORNING

An old wooden farmhouse rests on a desolate countryside.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

I miss waking up to the fresh air.

A rusty tractor sits between a wooden barn and hay bails.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

My grandpa's smile as he passes by on his tractor.

An empty garden catches the morning sunlight.

JENNIFER (V.O.)
The conversations with grandma in
her garden.

A red Chevy sits on the side of a hill. Jennifer's silhouette sits on the tailgate. Her hair blows in the wind as she smiles.

JENNIFER (V.O.)
Sitting on that tailgate watching
the sunset with a cold beer.
(beat)
Most of all, I miss her. I miss
being with her.

131 INT. DAX & DARYL'S RV - EVENING

Daryl continues to read.

JENNIFER (V.O.)
I've never told anyone about her.
Not even you. Not even An'Dre.

132 INT. MORGUE - EVENING

Amy and her cops watch as the body bag is shoved into a refrigerated unit. The door is shut and locked.

JENNIFER (V.O.)
I guess I'm just worried... If I
keep up with this life of luxury
long enough, will I ever be able to
go back to her?

133 INT. DAX & DARYL'S RV - EVENING

Daryl sets down the journal entry. He picks up her cell phone and turns it on. The background image shows a farm. Jennifer kneels by a pond and pets a little cat. A beautiful scene.

DARYL
Shit.

He stares off into the evening sky. He notices the undercover cop car parked in the distance.

He pulls out a pair of binoculars and takes a closer look. The car is empty.

DARYL (CONT'D)
Well that's clearly an undercover
cop car!

Daryl scans the junkyard with his binoculars. No one.

DARYL (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Come out little piggies!

134 EXT. DAX & DARYL'S RV - EVENING

Mike and Thomas creep along the back side of the RV. They approach a lit window and climb up a pile of junk to peek in.

135 INT. DAX'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Dax walks into his bedroom soaking wet, with only a towel. Checks himself out in the mirror. He raises the towel to dry his upper body and reveals his ass.

136 EXT. DAX & DARYL'S RV - EVENING

Officer Thomas holds up the photo of Dax's hairy ass and glances between the real thing and the photo.

THOMAS
That's our ass!

MIKE
It's even worse than the picture.

A light flashes behind them, followed the sound of film processing. They turn to see a little WHITE TRASH BOY (10) in his baggy boxers and stained tee shirt holding a Polaroid camera.

WHITE TRASH BOY
Are y'all peep'n toms?

The officers quickly duck.

137 INT. DAX'S BEDROOM - EVENING

Dax turns around as though he heard something. No one is there and he goes back to drying himself.

138 EXT. DAX & DARYL'S RV - EVENING

The Officers stay low and look around.

THOMAS
(angry whisper)
What, kid?!

WHITE TRASH BOY
My mumma told me to report peep'n
toms. She says they always be try'n
to look at her bewbs in the shower.

The officer's try to hush the little boy as he points at the trailer next door. A small window reveals a beautiful middle aged woman taking a shower. The officers raise their heads to take a better look.

MIKE
Dear Lord. No wonder you get peep'n
toms...

Thomas punches Mike's arm.

THOMAS
Look kid. We're not peep'n toms.

Officer Mike holds up his iPhone. Snaps a photo of the mom.

THOMAS (CONT'D)
You wouldn't happen to know
anything about these two goons,
would ya?

WHITE TRASH BOY
Um. My mumma always says they're
criminals. My mumma says they steal
other criminal's jobs before those
criminals finish them. My mumma
said that's rude and you shouldn't
steal. My mumma says--

MIKE
We get it, Little Bobby Boucher...

Mike grabs the Polaroid photo from the little boy and crumples it up. They turn their attention back to Dax.

MIKE (CONT'D)
That fat ass doesn't look that
threatening.

THOMAS
So? You don't look threatening.

MIKE

Bitch. I'm super threatening. Just call Amy and see what she wants us to do.

Officer Thomas whips out his flip phone and dials Amy's number.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Seriously? A flip phone?

Officer Thomas holds the phone to his ear. It rings.

THOMAS

Wife caught me looking at porn on the toilet. So I'm stuck using this thing. It's got games. Hey Amy!

(beat)

Yeah we found the fuckers. And we found a pretty legit source who gave us intel on these two.

The two glance down at the little boy who's picking his butt.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Said these two motherfuckers are legit man. They're...

Officer palms the microphone and addresses the kid.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Who are they?

WHITE TRASH BOY

Mumma says they're the buggers. 'Cause they be bug'n people.

THOMAS

The Buggers!

(beat)

Yeah! Professional eavesdroppers. Apparently they plant bugs on criminals and steal their jobs. Hell.

(suddenly paranoid)

They could be listening to us right now. So what you want us to do?

(beat)

Ok. Ok. Ok. So... Ok. You got it boss!

Officer Mike hangs up and pockets his phone.

MIKE

She said take them down.

THOMAS

Hmm. Soooo... what? Shoot them dead
and blame this stupid kid?

The little boy is devastated.

WHITE TRASH BOY

Stupid?

THOMAS

Or... bust in and end up in wild-
ass chase, 'cause you know they're
going to run.

The officers stare at each other for a second.

139 EXT. ATLANTA STREETS - NIGHT

The brothers' little blue Honda flies through the air as
Mike, Thomas, and several cop cars follow.

140 INT. 1977 HONDA CIVIC - NIGHT

Daryl keeps his eyes behind them as Dax focuses on the road
and dodging traffic.

DAX

HOW THE FUCK DID THEY FIND US?!

DARYL

I DONT KNOW!

(beat)

I bet Amy caught onto us! She's an
evil genius!

DAX

I knew we shouldn't have driven to
that quarry in our own car, I bet
they followed us!

(beat)

Can you hear what they're saying?

Daryl slaps on his headphones. Whips out a shotgun microphone
like a gun.

141 INT. UNDERCOVER COP CAR - NIGHT

Mike and Thomas follow the Honda. Amy yells over the radio.

AMY (V.O.)
A car chase!? I told you to take
them down quietly--

Thomas flips the radio off.

OFFICER THOMAS
What are they doing? Looks like
they're pointing something at us.

OFFICER MIKE
Well get out your gosh dang
'noculars and see!

Officer Thomas notices Daryl's microphone.

THOMAS
It looks like a microphone?

MIKE
Really?

THOMAS
I don't know. YO! FUCK YOU DARYL
DIPSHIT! I KNOW WHO YOU ARE!

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS: Daryl flips the middle finger.

OFFICER THOMAS
Yep they're listening to us...

Mike clenches his fist.

MIKE
Buggers!

142 INT. 1977 HONDA CIVIC - NIGHT

DARYL
Well, they know who we are.

DAX
What?! How's that possible?!

DARYL
I don't know! But we need to lose
them before they kill us!

DAX
Hang on.

Dax turns the wheel hard and soars through a back alley, up a
ramp, and over a crowd of screaming bystanders.

143 INT. POLICE BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Dax uses Hot Wheels cars to put on a high-speed chase through cups, notepads, and various props for Glenn and Kelley.

DAX
BBRRRMMMMM! VOOSSSH!!! AHFFF!!!!

Glenn, Kelley, and Daryl are not amused as Dax describes their car chase.

DAX (CONT'D)
And then we flew through Atlantic Station. People are screaming and running! AHFFFHHH!!!! NOOOO!!!!
And we then we skid around the corner...

Dax slides the cop car toy off the ledge and skids their car around a notepad.

DAX (CONT'D)
And the cop car flew off the parking deck and BOOM went up in flames! We turned the corner and drove to the bottom of the parking deck and that's where we were cornered by Mike and Thomas...

Dax's car runs into a black toy car.

144 INT. PARKING DECK - NIGHT

The brother's Honda civic stares at Mike and Thomas' black car like a western standoff.

145 INT. 1977 HONDA CIVIC - NIGHT

Daryl and Dax stare at the undercover cop car with fear.

DAX
We're fucked, aren't we?

DARYL
We can still get out of this.

Several more cop cars soar into the parking lot and come to a screeching halt.

DARYL (CONT'D)
Ok. We're fucked. Damn it.

Amy steps out of one of the cars.

DARYL (CONT'D)
Of course she would be here.

146 INT. PARKING DECK - NIGHT

Amy walks closer to the Honda as her officers get out and follow closely behind. Amy stares at the brothers who appear as shadows within their own car.

AMY
Step out, shadow men! Turn your car
off and show us who you are!

Amy and her officers patiently wait. The car turns off and Amy smiles.

147 INT. 1977 HONDA CIVIC - NIGHT

Dax starts to slowly open his door.

DARYL
What the fuck you doing?!

Dax stops.

DAX
She said show ourselves?

Daryl takes in a deep sigh.

DARYL
You don't just do whatever the bad
guy tells you to do.

DAX
Aren't we the bad guys?

Daryl leans over and cranks the car back on.

DARYL
Yes but we're the good bad guys,
they're the bad bad guys.

148 INT. PARKING DECK - NIGHT

Amy's smile turns into a frown. Her officers draw their guns.

149 INT. 1977 HONDA CIVIC - NIGHT

Daryl and Dax's eyes widen in fear.

DAX

Um, they got guns.

DARYL

It's ok. Just uh. Rev the engine
show'n we're not scared.

Dax glances between Daryl and the pedal, as he hesitantly presses on the pedal.

150 INT. PARKING DECK - NIGHT

The Honda's engine revs up and the cops instantly unload their bullets into the engine and tires.

151 INT. 1977 HONDA CIVIC - NIGHT

The brothers shield themselves while screaming like little girls. Sparks light up their faces as bullets rain around them.

152 INT. PARKING DECK - NIGHT

The little Honda's tires and engine blow.

Amy holds up her hand to stop her crew. Everyone lowers their weapons. The car billows smoke.

AMY

Let's try this again.

153 INT. 1977 HONDA CIVIC - NIGHT

Daryl and Dax slowly open their eyes and stare at each other in shock. They examine themselves and each other. No bullet holes.

Amy is seen through the billow of smoke.

AMY

Get them.

Officer Mike and Thomas run over to the car.

154 INT. PARKING DECK - NIGHT

Officer Mike drags out Daryl and Officer Thomas drags out Dax. They slam the brothers against the hood of the car.

MIKE
Spread 'em!

The brothers assume the positions. Legs spread, hands on the hood. Mike and Thomas search them, pulling out a variety of things; binoculars, surveillance gear, Amy's tape, Dax's ruined tape, Jennifer's journal...

THOMAS
Just full of evidence, aren't you boys?

Dax quickly grabs the journal and clinches it tight.

DAX
No. No. Not the journal!

Thomas punches Dax and snatches the journal from him.

Mike pulls the bloody knife from Dax's pocket. Whistles.

MIKE
Ooo, armed and dangerous. We could waste you right here and probably get a medal for it.

DARYL
You won't do shit.

MIKE
Really?

Mike steps up and punches Dax in the nose. Dax yelps and holds his bloody nose. The officers laugh.

AMY
Tone it down Mike. I want to talk to these morons.

Daryl acts tough. Glares at Mike.

DARYL
We ain't got nothing to say, bitch.

Amy shrugs and nods to Mike, who happily steps up and punches Dax in the stomach.

AMY

Keep talking and we'll keep punching.

(beat)

Now what the hell is your game plan? You two obviously aren't smart enough to think this through on your own. Someone paying you to fuck me?

DARYL

No offense, but I wouldn't fuck you. You're just not my type.

Mike knees Dax in the groin. Dax holds his nose, stomach and balls. He whimpers.

DAX

Dar, stop.

DARYL

We don't need no one's help. No one paid us.

DAX

Yeah. We're the lone musketeers!

Dax points his finger gun at Mike and pretends to fire. Mike raises his fist. Dax shrinks back.

AMY

Enough.

(beat)

So what is it? Blackmail?

DARYL

Look blondie. We don't even care about you. We killed Jennifer and no one hired us to do it.

AMY

(laughs)

What?! Y'all killed Jennifer?!

(Turns to officers)

These two assholes say they killed Jennifer!

Amy stops laughing and nods to Mike. Mike punches Dax again.

AMY (CONT'D)

Look shitbags. You two better back the fuck off, or else!

(MORE)

AMY (CONT'D)

I've invested too much in this
An'Dre cover-up to let two dickwads
fuck it up.

DARYL

I knew it was a cover-up.

Dax spits up blood.

DAX

How 'bout the best cover-up wins?
(coughs)
We got nothing else to lose.

Amy leans back intrigued.

AMY

A competition, huh?
(beat)
I love competitions!

Amy walks back to her car and opens the trunk. Digs through
it and pulls out a plastic bag containing a whiskey bottle.

AMY (CONT'D)

Ok! Best cover-up wins!

She walks back over to Daryl and Dax.

AMY (CONT'D)

An'Dre's signature drink. I mean
the dude raps about it, and hell,
drinks it every night.

Daryl and Dax stare at Amy in confusion.

AMY (CONT'D)

You see. I have an advantage. The
court provided everything I needed.
Like An'Dre's prints.

Amy's whips out a rubber glove.

AMY (CONT'D)

I had them engraved into this
glove.

She snaps the glove onto her hand, then pulls the whiskey
bottle out of the bag.

DARYL

So what? Gonna make it look like
An'Dre partied in a parking deck?

Amy ducks down to Daryl's level and smashes the bottle. She holds the broken end up to Daryl's face and fondles a broken shard in her other hand.

AMY

You know, once they do an autopsy of the body today. They'll find matching pieces of glass in her neck. In her stomach.

(holds bottle to his neck)

Who's to say I don't slice your neck... tell the jury, hell the news, that An'Dre killed you.

Dax can't take the sight of Amy threatening Daryl any longer. He jumps up and tackles Amy. Grabs the bottle and pins her to the concrete.

An officer grabs Dax and wrestles the bottle from him.

Amy jumps up, runs over, takes the bottle and grabs the officer. She slices the officer's neck open. Blood pours out as he gargles for air and falls to the ground.

Dax falls back and screams like a little girl.

DARYL

What the hell?!

Daryl and the officers brace themselves.

Amy straddles her kill with pride.

AMY

(maniacal laughter)

This is even better! The jury... The public will eat this shit up. An'Dre killed his wife. And now killed an ex-lover?

(making up a headline)

A black celebrity's homosexual love affair with white cop. My god! Talk about TMZ gold!

Amy tosses the bottle to Thomas, who stares back stunned.

AMY (CONT'D)

What?!

He bags the item for evidence.

Daryl stands up and approaches Amy. Slow claps.

DARYL

Nice move. But I think we can top you.

Amy scoffs as she wipes a drop of blood from her cheek.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Just like you, we also obtained some important evidence.

Daryl whips out Jennifer's cell phone. Amy is surprised.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Snagged this baby from your office. Made a little phone call to the authorities on the way over here confessing to the murder. Any legit pig would have traced it by now. They'll be here any second.

Amy laughs and doesn't seem threatened.

AMY

You idiot! What did you think was going to happen? These are the cops and I'm the fucking prosecutor.

Daryl smiles.

DARYL

I know. Which is why I called the defense side.

Amy's face drops.

DARYL (CONT'D)

And once those two detectives show up, they'll find this body and a broken whiskey bottle with Dax's fingerprints!

Amy glances at the bottle. Dax waves his fingers.

DARYL (CONT'D)

There's more than enough evidence to put us away. The fingerprints. The semen at the crime scene. Her journal. You got nothing bitch!

Amy seems slightly defeated.

AMY
I'm impressed.
(beat)
But let me ask something. Why?

DARYL
Why what?

AMY
Why do all this? The lone
musketeers. Why?

DARYL
If people think we're the killers,
then we can cash in on that fame.

DAX
Yeah, we want that big-ass
Hollywood pay out. Like OJ.

Amy and her team laugh. They continue to laugh as Dax and Daryl look at each other, confused.

DAX (CONT'D)
What?

They all laugh even harder. Mike wipes tears from his eyes.

MIKE
That's gotta be the dumbest plan
I've ever heard.

THOMAS
You two. Want to go to prison for
life for a crime y'all didn't
commit. For fame?

Dax shuffles his feet uncomfortably.

DAX
Well. Yeah. Jimmy said OJ made
three million off interviews. We
want that.

AMY
You fucking idiots! You've never
heard of the Son of Sam law?

DARYL
Say what now? Son of Sam?

AMY

Yeah? Son of Sam! David Berkowitz?
A serial killer from the seventies
who killed six people and wounded
seven with a forty-four caliber?

(laughing)

Thomas, you explain it!

Amy can't stop but laughing.

THOMAS

The law's designed to keep
criminals from profiting off their
crimes. Berkowitz started it. He
had such a large media presence,
Hollywood was rolling in to buy out
his story. So New York passed a law
preventing that.

Dax is still confused. Daryl looks defeated.

DAX

But. But. What about OJ? He even
had a book, right? "If I did it?"

AMY

The fucking court awarded his
book's rights to the Goldmans! So
yeah. You two will get famous! But
it's Jennifer's family that will
profit big time! And now cop
killers? That's the death penalty,
easy! My God, this is even better!

Sirens echo through the parking deck.

AMY (CONT'D)

(mocking them)

Those must be your authorities!

(to Thomas and Mike)

Cuff 'em, boys!

Officers Thomas and Mike walk over to Daryl and Dax, pin them
down onto the hood of a cop car, and cuff them. Daryl and Dax
are speechless.

AMY (CONT'D)

To think of it, I can still win
this case. I don't care about
An'Dre. We'll just flip the blame
over to you two assholes and call
it a day.

Amy slaps Dax on the ass and walks away.

AMY (CONT'D)
Thanks for taking the fall, boys!

Amy makes it to her car as Glenn and Kelley pull up. They hop out to catch Amy before she sits down.

GLENN
Amy? What are you-- How are you, here?

AMY
Looks like you were right. Call your boy, An'Dre, and tell 'em it's over! We got the real killers!

Glenn and Kelley look over at Daryl and Dax pinned down.

AMY (CONT'D)
Oh and that cop on the ground there? They killed him too. I tried stopping them but I was too late. they're crazy!

Glenn and Kelley are confused by Amy's upbeat tone. Amy's on cloud nine!

AMY (CONT'D)
The public loves a good twist, don't they?

Amy shuts the door on Glenn and Kelley.

155 INT. CHANNEL FIVE NEWS - NIGHT

Brent and Karen report the nightly news.

BRENT
Breaking news! Jennifer Holland's killers have been taken into custody. Earlier tonight, Prosecutor Amy and her line of officers heroically arrested two brothers, Daryl and Dax, after they killed an officer using a whiskey bottle.

KAREN
This is an amazing turn of events. Amy told Channel Five that the brothers even confessed to the murder from Jennifer's own cell phone. Stacy Abrams has the story.

156 EXT. COURTHOUSE - NIGHT

Stacy interviews Amy in front of the courthouse.

AMY

It was so bizarre. We got a call from an officer needing back-up in this parking deck. We raced over. And there they were! Daryl and Dax. Just confessing to killing Jennifer Holland while standing over this dead officer's body and swinging around a bloody whiskey bottle.

157 INT. CHANNEL FIVE NEWS - NIGHT

BRENT

You couldn't make this story up Karen. I mean, the craziest part is that these two didn't just pop up out of the blue. They've been in the spotlight this entire time.

KAREN

You don't say?

BRENT

You remember the shadow men, Karen?

REPLAY: A frantic EYE WITNESS from the previous night.

EYE WITNESS

I seen it. This shadow man--

A freeze frame of Daryl's and Dax's silhouettes shrinks as Brent and Karen converse.

BRENT

Those "shadow men" are the same two who were just arrested.

158 INT. POLICE BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Glenn and Kelley stare at Daryl and Dax. The room is silent and tense, as Glenn and Kelley try to make sense of it all.

KELLEY

So. You two are saying that you spent all this time tampering with the case to intentionally take the fall as the murderers?

(MORE)

KELLEY (CONT'D)

But now want us to believe that Amy
is behind it all?

DARYL

Yes.

Kelley shuts his folder and leans back with his arms crossed.
Glenn blows out a long breath and looks at the ceiling.

KELLEY

(softly to Glenn)
What do you think of this?

DARYL

Look. Amy's been tampering with
evidence too, which we discovered
while we were also tampering with
evidence. Sounds terrible. I know.

DAX

She killed that cop. She probably
killed Jennifer too.

GLENN

Well. Amy had her team book you
already. It's all over the news.
You two have dug yourselves a hell
of a hole. No offense, but you two
are going to have a real hard time
convincing a jury otherwise now.
(shuts his documents)
I think we're done here.

KELLEY

Agreed. Let's get y'all back down
to holding. We'll finish this
another night.

Glenn and Kelley stand up and gather their things.

159

INT. POLICE STATION HALLWAY - NIGHT

Glenn and Kelley guide the brothers out of the break room and
down the hall, with their hands behind their back and cuffed.

They notice An'Dre being released across the room. An'Dre,
Daryl, and Dax lock eyes but remain speechless. An'Dre looks
devastated, but relieved to be released.

The brothers keep their eyes on him as they're being pushed
down the hallway.

The four of them reach an elevator and Kelley presses a button. They all patiently wait as they stare forward at the elevator doors. The buttons slowly light one by one.

Daryl glances over and notices an exit door. He turns to Dax and tries to get his attention. Dax finally looks at Daryl who nods at the door. The elevator reaches their floor.

DING! The doors start to open.

Daryl mouths the words "three", "two", and "one".

Daryl trips Glenn and shoulders him into the elevator. Takes off towards the exit door. Dax shoves Kelley into Glenn.

DAX

Sorry!

He runs after Daryl.

160 EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Daryl and Dax bust out into the world and frantically look around for anything. They notice a police tow truck and run over to it.

They duck behind the truck and remain hidden as Glenn and Kelley burst out of the exit door.

GLENN

God damn it. Why does this always happen?

KELLEY

We gotta stop using the elevator to transport inmates. Should we call for backup?

GLENN

Hell no. Just find them. I'll check the back lot, you check the front.

They survey the area and then split up running opposite ways around the building. The brothers are now alone.

DAX

What the fuck we gonna do now, Dar?

Daryl spots another police tow truck dropping off a vehicle. The TOW TRUCK OFFICER (40-50's) unhitches a vehicle.

DARYL

Let's go. Gots a plan. Stay low.

They run over to the tow truck, while ducking down with their hands still cuffed behind their backs.

DARYL (CONT'D)
Jump in passenger side.

Dax runs over to the passenger side and slowly opens the door with his hands.

Daryl heads around to the driver side, but ducks back behind the front grill after noticing the officer. Peeks around and watches the officer slowly lower the vehicle on the hook.

The winch stops, The officer walks over to unhook the cable. Daryl runs for it and quietly opens the driver's side door.

161 INT. POLICE TOW TRUCK - NIGHT

Daryl and Dax now sit in the front seat.

DAX
Keys are still in it, but how the hell we gonna drive it, Dar?

DARYL
Grab the wheel with your mouth. I'll take the pedal.

DAX
What?!

DARYL
You're gonna steer while I gas it.

Daryl turns the key and starts the truck.

162 EXT. POLICE TOW TRUCK - NIGHT

The officer jolts up at the sound of his truck starting.

163 INT. POLICE TOW TRUCK - NIGHT

Daryl steps on the gas pedal before Dax even grabs the wheel.

DARYL
Grab the fuck'n wheel, Dax!

The truck takes off, curves to the right. Dax flings across the seat, smacks against the wheel and into Daryl's lap.

164 EXT. POLICE TOW TRUCK - NIGHT

The officer ducks for safety as the cable and hook swings over him. He runs after the truck.

TOW TRUCK OFFICER
(into radio)
Grand theft auto! Police tow truck
leaving the station. Heading north.

165 EXT. ATLANTA STREETS - NIGHT

The police tow truck swerves onto the a busy road and dodges several on-coming vehicles.

166 INT. POLICE TOW TRUCK - NIGHT

DARYL
GRAB THE FUCK'N WHEEL!

Dax pulls himself up, rotates his body, and grabs the wheel with his mouth.

167 EXT. ATLANTA STREETS - NIGHT

The truck swerves onto the correct side of the road.

168 INT. POLICE TOW TRUCK - NIGHT

Distant police lights appear in the rearview mirror.

DARYL
Shit. Hard right!

Dax yanks the wheel hard with his mouth. The truck slightly veers to the right, bumps over a curb into a park. He tries to talk but his voice is muffled by the steering wheel.

DAX
Dish iszh welly har to do!

They head straight for a playground.

DARYL
Turn, turn, turn!

Dax lets go and turns the wheel with his face. They jump back onto another road. Dax steers with the top of his head.

DAX
Where we going, Dar?

Daryl scans the roads around them. There are flashing lights everywhere in the distance.

DARYL
As far from the police station as
we can!

169 EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The tow truck is parked right in front of the police station.

170 INT. TOW TRUCK - NIGHT

Daryl grinds the gears but the truck won't move. Dax sits up to look around.

DARYL
The hell you bring us back here
for?

DAX
You was navigatin'!

DARYL
You were the one not taking
direction!

DAX
You try steering with-- Duck!

They both duck down as two people walk past the truck.

DARYL
We gotta get out of here.

Dax looks outside.

DAX
Where are all the cops!

Daryl turns on the trucks police radio.

MIKE (V.O.)
(over radio)
--We've got every single unit out
looking. How could you possibly
lose them?!

Daryl clicks the radio off. They look outside again. Not a cop in sight. They look at each other.

DAX

Huh.

DARYL

But now where are we going to find the keys for the cuffs?

DAX

Uh, Dar?

Dax nods at the key ring in the ignition.

DARYL

Feeling lucky?

DAX

You know Dar? I am.

DARYL

Good. We're gonna go see the only person who can prove our innocence.

171 INT. HOSPITAL BASEMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dax and Daryl bust through swinging doors and sneak from door to door. Daryl pauses to point at a door at the end of the hallway. The MORGUE.

They look through the small windows.

DARYL

She'll be in here.

DAX

Who?

DARYL

Jennifer!

DAX

How we gonna talk to a dead gal?

They both slowly sneak into the...

172 INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

...and a gun pointing straight at them. Autopsy technician, JERRY (45), uses both hands to keep the gun from shaking.

JERRY
Hold it right there!

The brothers stop and raise their hands in defense.

DARYL
Ah shit.

Jerry glances around. Points his gun at some chairs.

JERRY
Sit down. Sit right there. Come on,
shadow men.

DARYL
What did you just call us?

JERRY
Shadow men? Y'all are Daryl and
Dax. The shadow men who killed...

Jerry glances over at a door labeled Jennifer.

DARYL
Oh. There she is!

JERRY
You're murderers!

DAX
Hah, that's just what we wanted you
to think!

DARYL
That's right, but now we're going
to prove our innocence, bitch!

JERRY
Sit. Down!

Daryl and Dax edge towards the chairs as they lower their
hands.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Keep your hands up.

They re-raise their hands.

DARYL
Wait, how did you know who we were?

Jerry backs up and turns his small television on.

ON THE TELEVISION: Brent and Karen report:

BRENT (ON THE TV)
 A statewide manhunt for The Shadow Men, Daryl and Dax, is currently underway. They escaped shortly after their arrest earlier this evening for the murder of Jennifer Holland. They were last seen hijacking a police tow truck heading north through downtown Atlanta. If anyone has any leads, please call--

Jerry mites the TV and smirks.

DARYL
 That was oddly convenient.

DAX
 Guess we're famous now. Just like we wished.

DARYL
 True, Dax. The irony is that--

JERRY
 Would you two shut up!

DARYL
 (to Dax)
 This guy annoying you too?

Daryl grabs the metal chair and swings it at Jerry, knocking his gun out of his hand and across the room.

Jerry grabs the chair and fights Daryl over it.

DARYL (CONT'D)
 Dax! Grab the other fucking chair!

Dax frantically looks around and grabs the second chair.

DAX
 Now what?!

DARYL
 Hit him!

Dax swings as Jerry ducks and hits Daryl with the chair. Daryl falls backwards.

Jerry runs over and grabs the gun.

Dax makes a run at Jerry, who spins around with the gun. Jerry fires into Dax's shoulder.

Daryl stands up just as Dax falls down.

DARYL (CONT'D)

DAX!

Daryl grabs a chair and throws it at Jerry knocking the gun out of his hand once again. He tackles Jerry and slams his head against a morgue shelve until he's knocked out.

Daryl lifts Jerry onto the shelf, shoves it into the body refrigerator and locks the door.

Daryl catches his breath and turns around to Dax, who's motionless on the ground. He pinches Dax's face.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Dax! Come on, buddy! Wake up!

Daryl slaps Dax's face until he comes to.

DAX

What the fuck. Stop slapping me!

DARYL

Oh my god! You're alive!

DAX

Of course I'm alive! Why would you even be pointing that out?

Daryl pokes Dax's shoulder. Dax knocks his hand away.

DAX (CONT'D)

Ow!!!

DARYL

You were shot.

DAX

How bad is it?

Daryl checks. The bullet just grazed Dax's shoulder.

DARYL

You're gonna be fine. Now get up.

Daryl helps Dax up.

DAX

Why you poking my bullet hole? That fuck'n hurt!

They walk over to the door labeled "Jennifer Holland". Open it and slide the drawer out. They unzip the bag, revealing the face of a woman who looks exactly like Jennifer.

Daryl unzips the rest of the way as Dax stares.

DAX (CONT'D)

Wait a minute.

Daryl stops. Dax grabs the bag and pulls it open. A big grin stretches across Dax's face as he laughs with excitement.

DARYL

What? What are you looking at?

DAX

Her hoo-ha!

DARYL

Please tell me you don't wanna leave "evidence" again...

DAX

No! Look!

Dax points to her pelvis.

DAX (CONT'D)

A few years ago she got a tattoo of a small bird right under her belt line. I read about it in her Journal! Said her and An'Dre got matching "love bird" tattoos.

(beat)

This is not Jennifer!

DARYL

Body swap?

DAX

Classic. Amy is good.

DARYL

Who the fuck is this gal then?

DAX

Some celebrities have look-a-likes to trick paparazzi. This girl's like that, but dead. Saw it once on the True Crime "Body Double" episode. An actor was murdered by their body double.

DARYL
 (to TV)
 Hmm. Hey look. It's An'Dre.

Dax turns. Brent and Karen are now interviewing An'Dre on TV.
 Daryl turns up the volume.

BRENT (ON THE TV)
 Thank you for coming in, despite
 everything that's happening.

173 INT. CHANNEL FIVE NEWS - NIGHT

KAREN
 So brave.

BRENT
 Everyone here at Channel Five would
 like to offer our condolences to
 you and your family. Um. And
 apologize for any of the rumors
 that may have been broadcasted.

Karen stares at An'Dre, starry-eyed.

KAREN
 You must be going through so much
 right now.

AN'DRE
 Yeah. Well. We--
 (glances off camera)
 I just wanted to say something to
 these so-called shadow men.

174 INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

Daryl and Dax slowly step closer to the television.

DAX
 Hey, he's talking 'bout us!

AN'DRE (ON THE TV)
 The police told me their whole
 reason for murdering Jennifer was
 for fame.

BRENT
 Murder for fame?

AN'DRE

Let me finish, Brent. They thought they'd get a movie deal out of all this! So I... I just--

An'Dre chokes back tears. His face twitches with anger.

175 INT. CHANNEL FIVE NEWS - NIGHT

Brent motions to the camera.

BRENT

Please. Go ahead.

AN'DRE

(looks at camera)

Daryl. Dax. Y'all just want money? I will pay you one million in cash. If... you turn yourselves in.

(beat)

Or I'll pay anyone else a million dollars if they catch Daryl and Dax and turn them in. Daryl. Dax. It's your move.

BRENT

Wow. You heard it Atlanta. Your chance to earn one million.

An'Dre leans back and glances off-stage at Amy standing behind the cameras.

Amy smiles sinisterly.

176 INT. MORGUE - NIGHT

DARYL

Shit. Now the whole town is gonna be after us.

A flash lights up the room as Daryl turns around. Dax snaps a photo of the naked corpse with Jimmy's digital camera.

DARYL (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?

DAX

Taking a photo. We can go to An'Dre. Collect our one million and show him this! He'll believe us.

DARYL

It's a total trap. I bet'cha there's also a million cops and one crazy-ass blonde prosecutor waiting for us at An'Dre's.

DAX

Maybe. But now we've got proof. Just like you wanted.

Daryl shakes his head.

DARYL

With a picture of a vagina?

DAX

An un-tattooed vagina.

DARYL

What does that prove. There's about a vajillion of those online.

DAX

Then we show An'Dre the body!

DARYL

Amy will never let An'Dre near here. Any other bright ideas?

177 EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A side door opens to an alley. The brothers stagger out carrying the body wrapped in a white sheet. An ambulance siren wails in the distance.

Dax trips and the sheet pulls down exposing the corpse's face inches away. Her dead eyes stares right at him. Dax lets out a choked scream and drops her.

Her body tumbles down the stairs into the alley.

DARYL

Damnit Dax!

They rush down to cover her up. Drag her into the shadows.

DAX

She looked at me!

The siren approaches.

DARYL

Shh!!!

DAX
 (whispers)
 Right into my soul...

Daryl looks around the corner of the building.

The ambulance pulls to a stop and switches off its sirens. Paramedics pull a stretcher out of the back and rush into the hospital, leaving the ambulance running with the doors open.

Dax and Daryl look at each other. Grab the body, run to the ambulance, throw her in back, jump in the cab and drive away.

178 INT. AN'DRE'S LIVING ROON - NIGHT

An'Dre sits on an easy chair in his living room, watching Brent and Kelley talk on TV over images of his interview. The caption reads: "Husband's Passionate Plea for Justice"

Amy paces back and forth. Mike and Thomas wait on a couch.

Mike gets up.

MIKE
 More tea? Amy? Anyone? No? I'm
 gonna make some more tea.

He heads to the kitchen.

AN'DRE
 How long we gotta wait before you
 go out and bring these murderers to
 justice?

AMY
 Trust me. A million dollars?
 They'll come. Like flies to a week
 old corpse.

An'Dre cringes.

AMY (CONT'D)
 What? Oh yeah, sorry.

An'Dre checks his watch and leans back in frustration.

179 EXT. AN'DRE'S MANSION - NIGHT

Cop cars line the street around the mansion. Dax and Daryl watch through the window, then duck down and hide.

DAX

I don't know if this is such a good idea, Dar.

DARYL

When has one of our plans ever gone wrong?

DAX

Every single time.

DARYL

Exactly. It's got to go right sometime. Law of averages.

Daryl looks up at An'Dre's bedroom balcony as he finishes tying a rope around the cloth covered body.

DAX

A'ight. Let's do it.

Dax grabs the free end of the rope and starts climbing a trellis.

DAX (CONT'D)

Can't wait to see the look on An'Dre's face when he sees this body layin' in his bed.

DARYL

I just want to see Amy trying to explain whose it is.

Dax struggles over the rail of the balcony. He tests the strength of the rail. It's solid. Loops the rope over it and starts to pull.

The body lifts off the ground. Before it passes the window Daryl raises his fist. Dax stops pulling.

Daryl peeks through the window. An'Dre, Amy and the cops all face the TV. Daryl gives a thumbs up.

180 INT. ANDRE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mugshots of Dax and Daryl are displayed on the TV news.

AMY

Round the clock coverage. Every major network. This is huge.

She smiles at Mike and Thomas.

An'Dre rolls his eyes, angry.

THUMP! There is a muffled noise upstairs. They all look up.

CRASH! The cops grab their guns. BUMP. BUMP. BUMP... Their eyes follow the sound of heavy footsteps across the ceiling.

SLAM! The white cloth covered corpse slams into the window and hangs there. Dax falls past and crashes out of sight in the bushes. The cloth starts to fall off the body.

181 EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Dax lies on top of Daryl. They stare up at the corpse dangling upside down against the window.

DAX AND DARYL

No, no, no, no...

The white sheet falls and exposes the corpse's naked butt.

182 INT. AN'DRE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The body squeaks on the glass as it swings.

AMY

Go get them!

Amy and the cops rush out.

Andre stares in shock at the exposed corpse. Then something catches his eye. He steps closer to the window.

A SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS:

183 INT. COURTHOUSE - MORNING

A door slams. Chains chatter. Daryl and Dax step before the judge.

JUDGE NICHOLAS EDISON

Bail is set at five million each.

His gavel slams down.

184 INT. COUNTY JAIL BOOKING ROOM - MORNING

A smiling JAILER stands behind a camera.

JAILER

Look left!

Daryl looks to his left. CLICK. Mugshot.

JAILER (CONT'D)

Now right!

Dax looks to his right. CLICK. Mugshot.

COUNTER:

A jail CLERCK, smiling.

CLERK

Empty your pockets.

Loose change, candy wrappers, a broken cigarette... All get bagged in a Ziploc.

185 INT. COUNTY JAIL CELL - MORNING

SLAM! Dax and Daryl are locked in a small cell. A smiling GAP-TOOTHED GUARD looks in at them.

GAP-TOOTHED GUARD

Enjoy your new home. Until you move to death row that is.

Dax whimpers. Daryl puts his arm around Dax.

DARYL

We're not going to death row.

GAP-TOOTHED GUARD

Hah! You two guilty as fuck!

DAX

No we ain't. We're gonna prove our innocence.

GAP-TOOTHED GUARD

Not from a cell you ain't. Unless you got ten million on you. Bwaahaahahahah!

The guard walks away laughing his ass off.

DARYL

That was ominous.

The two brothers stand in silence as they soak in the
ambiance of prison around them; Inmates fighting, men
shouting sexual insults, men crying, guards yelling, etc.

DARYL (CONT'D)

You hear that, Dax? That sound of
hatred and unwanted sexual
encounters? That's our life now.

DAX

Dar? I'm scared. I don't wanna die.
(beat)
Or get sexual encountered.

DARYL

We're not gonna, I promise.

DAX

Why does Amy hate us? She knows we
didn't do it.

DARYL

She wants the same thing we did.
Fame and fortune, Dax. Fame and
fucking fortune.

DAX

But why?

A deep voice comes from under a blanket on the bed that Dax
is sitting on.

VOICE (O.S.)

I'll tell you why.

Dax screams and jumps up. Daryl guards himself.

An inmate covered in COLD SORES sits up.

DARYL

(to Dax)

Ok... We may get raped in prison...

Daryl looks around at the tiny cell with the two bunk beds.

COLD SORES

Chill. I ain't gonna rape ya.

Daryl drops his guard.

DARYL

Wait a minute. How the hell are three people supposed to sleep in here? I call top! Dax, you sleep with Cold Sores.

Daryl jumps up onto the top bunk.

COLD SORES

Prison's full. They're packing us in.

DARYL

Yeah, with innocent people like us. Because of the D.A.

COLD SORES

Don't get me started on Amy Lee.

DARYL

You know Amy?! What's her game?

Cold Sores checks the corridor. Lowers his voice.

COLD SORES

Think about it. Who's more powerful than a corrupt D.A.?

DAX

Batman? Batman's Dick! Ben Affleck!

COLD SORES

No. You two aren't the sharpest crayons in the box, are you? A judge, man! Judge trumps lawyer.

DARYL

So she wants to be judge so she can put everyone in prison?

COLD SORES

No man! Open your eyes! They can't fit anymore in here. There's too many prisoners. It's not about putting more people away. It's gettin' them out!

DAX

Oh... I get it! Actually, no. I don't get it. Daryl?

Daryl shakes his head. This time he's at a loss.

COLD SORES

I'm getting out of here tomorrow man. I done paid my dues, if you know what I mean.

Dax shrugs. Cold Sores rolls his eyes. Drops his mystique.

COLD SORES (CONT'D)

A bribe. I bribed the judge. That's how I'm getting out tomorrow. See her plan now? The Jennifer case will make Amy famous enough to get elected judge. Then she can charge fortunes to let the people her corrupt cops arrest go free.

The Gap-Toothed Guard returns. Knocks the cell bars with his baton.

GAP-TOOTHED GUARD

Hey shitwads! Ya got bail! Move your asses.

DARYL

Hah. We didn't even need a bribe. Or suck a dick.

Cold Sores rolls his eyes as Daryl and Dax exit.

186 INT. COUNTY JAIL CORRIDOR - MORNING

Daryl gives double fingers to everyone as he walks down the loud corridor.

DARYL

We're outta here, dick suckers!

GAP-TOOTHED GUARD

I wouldn't--

A huge inmate reaches out and stabs Daryl in the shoulder with a shiv. The guard laughs.

GAP-TOOTHED GUARD (CONT'D)

Bwaahaaha! That was funny. He stabbed you. Told ya "I wouldn't."

The guard shoves Daryl forward and the two hurry out. The inmate attempts to stab the guard, but he dodges.

GAP-TOOTHED GUARD (CONT'D)

Hey! No shivs.

187 INT. COUNTY JAIL LOBBY - MORNING

The Clerk hands Dax and Daryl their things; loose change, candy wrappers, a broken cigarette...

Daryl grabs the cigarette, lights it. Notices An'Dre standing by the front door.

CLERK

Hey! No smoking in here.

Daryl ignores the Clerk as he steps closer to An'Dre.

DARYL

Uh... Did you-- Were you the one who--

AN'DRE

Posted your bail? Yes.

Dax examines the candy wrapper and licks it.

DAX

Still some chocolate here.

An'Dre cringes.

AN'DRE

Look. I convinced the county to let me drive y'all home under the circumstance I place these ankle bracelets on y'all once we get there. If they're not activated in one hour, y'all heading back to prison. A'ight?

DARYL

Um. How did you...?

Daryl turns around and notices a few officers counting hundreds and placing wads of cash in their pockets.

DARYL (CONT'D)

A'ight.

An'Dre turns and walks out. Daryl slaps Dax across the head.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Really? What the fuck is wrong with you? Lick'n that wrapper in front of An'Dre. Let's go!

Daryl pulls Dax out the door.

188 EXT. COUNTY JAIL - MORNING

An'Dre heads towards his Hummer parked by the street. Daryl and Dax pick up their pace to catch up.

AN'DRE

Get in.

The two brothers hop in the back.

189 INT. AN'DRE'S HUMMER - MORNING

An'Dre turns around and stares at the brothers.

AN'DRE

Ah hell no. I ain't no Hoke and
y'all ain't no Daisy. One of y'all
get up here.

Daryl and Dax frantically shuffle around until Dax jumps out and runs around the front of the Hummer.

DAX

Shotgun!

He trips.

An'Dre stares forward as Daryl shields his shame.

Dax opens the door and hops in with a bloody nose. Smears it everywhere hands.

AN'DRE

Dude. Did you really just bust your
nose and then bleed all over my
leather?

DAX

I'm sorry!

Dax attempts to wipe up the blood with his shirt and hands, but ends up smearing it around even more.

Daryl leans forward to help. Elbows An'Dre in the face.

AN'DRE

FUCK!

(beat)

BOTH Y'ALL! SIT THE FUCK DOWN.

Daryl falls back into his seat.

AN'DRE (CONT'D)
Now buckle up!

The brothers quickly buckle up.

AN'DRE (CONT'D)
A'ight. Now. Let's talk.
(beat)
At first, I thought you two
murdered my wife. And I wanted to
murder y'all. But...
(beat)
After you two motherfuckers threw
that naked woman's body at my
window, I noticed something.

FLASHBACK:

190 INT. AN'DRE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

An'Dre stares at the naked corpse dangling before him.

AN'DRE (V.O.)
As I was staring at the sweet
beautiful naked dead woman who I
thought was my wife, I noticed
there was no tattoo. The little
bird tattoo that we got together
years ago.

191 INT. AN'DRE'S HUMMER - MORNING

AN'DRE
And that ain't something that just
falls off.
(beat)
Then I started putting the clues
together. For days, this prosecutor
lady, Amy, was all over my ass.
Try'n to put me away for murder.
Then out of nowhere, she wants to
team up with me? Kissing up to me
to trap you two motherfuckers? Hell
no.
(beat)
I feel something's up and I feel
y'all aren't my wife's killers.
(tearing up)
And I feel she's still out there.
So I wanna help. I wanna put this
Amy in her place!

Dax and Daryl stare at An'Dre speechless.

DARYL
Feel anything else?

AN'DRE
I feel we can do that with these.

An'Dre holds up the ankle bracelets. He snaps one on Dax's leg. Turns to Daryl.

AN'DRE (CONT'D)
Give me your foot.

Daryl shoves his leg between the seats. An'Dre snaps the other bracelet on Daryl's ankle.

AN'DRE (CONT'D)
Once these kick on and they're not at your address, cops will be all over y'all like... Like. Well cops on runaway murderers.

The brothers look at each other, worried.

AN'DRE (CONT'D)
If you two assholes are innocent, you've got about--
(checks his watch)
Forty-two minutes to prove it before every cop in the city is looking for you. I got y'all this far. So talk. What's our next move?

Daryl and Dax ponder for a moment.

DARYL
Uh, well...

DAX
(counting fingers)
We did the semen thing. The corpse tape thing. The were not killers thing. The vagina tattoo thing. Then the inmate-- Wait!

Daryl and An'Dre wait with anticipation as Dax stares off in thought.

DAX (CONT'D)
No, that won't work.

An'Dre is not amused.

AN'DRE

What's the inmate thing?

DAX

Well we met this cold sore dude in jail. He says Amy's corrupt as shit. So. What if your wife's kidnapping was a cover up from the beginning?

DARYL

She already admitted to us that it was a cover up. That ain't new dude.

DAX

I know. But think about it. Jimmy was right all along. All she cared about was closing the case, which is why she switched blaming An'Dre blaming us so easily.

AN'DRE

Who's Jimmy?

DAX

The other shadow man who jerked off on your pillow and got punched by your maid.

AN'DRE

Ah, right. Right. Wait, what?

DAX

But, Amy ain't the mastermind! All the evidence points to An'Dre right?

DARYL

(thinking)

The blood. The gloves. The whiskey. So?

DAX

She's playing the same evidence game we playin'. But how'd she plant all this shit about An'Dre in the first place? If we want to know what happened to Jenni, we're following the wrong person.

AN'DRE

Who should we be following then?

DAX

Your wife.

An'Dre is surprised and offended.

AN'DRE

My wife?!

DARYL

Dax. Come on now. You ain't making any sense.

DAX.

No, Listen. Hey! Remember Batman Dick? Gone Girl? And, like almost every true crime show I ever watched? It's always the wife or husband or boyfriend or lover. It's always the one closest to the victim! What if it actually was the victim herself? Think about it. She went missing with no traces of forced entry right?

An'Dre considers the thought.

AN'DRE

Nah man, my wife would never do that. She wouldn't leave me. Hell, she loved me!

DAX

What about the other woman?

AN'DRE

What other woman?

DAX

(to Daryl)

Member Dar? I showed you that paper from the journal about the farm and her grandparents? Missing HER? There was another woman.

AN'DRE

Nah man. We may have had a few threesomes but she never loved a gal like that. She... Oh, I know, she'd always refer to her old farmhouse as "her"... The house she grew up in.

DAX

Huh. Is it close by? Where is it?

AN'DRE

It's South Georgia. 'Bout thirty
away if we don't hit traffic.

DARYL

Enough time to get there before
these ankle shits go off.

DAX

You got nothing else to lose right?

AN'DRE

A'ight! Let's do this!

An'Dre sets his car into drive and they're off.

192 EXT. ATLANTA STREETS - MORNING

An'Dre's hummer soars out into the streets. Flies over curbs
and through traffic like a bat out of hell.

193 INT. POLICE STATION BULLPEN - MORNING

Thomas throws darts at Daryl and Dax's mugshots.

Mike walks in with a cup of coffee. Stops and stares at the
tracker screen with curiosity.

MIKE

Yo, why aren't the boy's trackers
on?

Thomas continues to throw darts.

THOMAS

Clerk gave them an hour to get home
before he'll flip them on.

MIKE

What?! He just let two murderers
and the victim's husband have an
unsupervised hour to do whatever
they want?

Thomas shrugs.

THOMAS

They're probably just stopping to
get a pile of jerk-off mags for the
long stay. Oh yeah, special present
from An'Dre.

Thomas whips out a wad of hundred dollar bills and tosses it.
Mike catches the money.

MIKE

10-4!

Mike pockets it and sips his coffee.

194 INT. AN'DRE'S HUMMER - DAY

The trio soars down the highway in An'Dre's oversized hummer.

AN'DRE

Y'all listen to my work?

DAX

Do we?!

AN'DRE

Let's pump this road trip up,
a'ight?

An'Dre turns on his radio and picks one of his songs. Raps along.

Dax joins in. Too white and stupid to keep up, or even remember the words, but he tries.

AN'DRE (CONT'D)

Man, Dax you something else!

195 EXT. SOUTHERN BELLE FARMS - DAY

The Hummer pulls up to the edge of an overgrown tree line just off the side of an old country road.

196 INT. AN'DRE'S HUMMER - DAY

The boys stare out the window at the trees. Nothing exciting.

AN'DRE

Well, here we are.

DAX

Where is the farmhouse?

AN'DRE

Just through that tree line. This is the closest I can get without someone recognizing my Hummer.

DAX

Wait a darn minute. In her journal,
Jennifer said she never told anyone
about 'her'.

An'Dre is confused.

AN'DRE

(points at house)
About 'her'? She talked about this
place all the time. Kept trying to
convince me to move here.

DAX

Exactly! Doesn't make any sense.

An'Dre checks his watch.

AN'DRE

Whatever, you've got ten minutes
before cops realize you're not
home. Let's go.

197 EXT. TREE LINE - DAY

An'Dre, Dax, and Daryl hop out of the Hummer and begin their
trek through the tree line.

198 EXT. SOUTHERN BELLE FARMS - DAY

An'Dre, Dax, and Daryl make their way through the trees and
into the clearing. The sight is heavenly; The desolate
farmhouse on the hill, the bright green grass, the old
tractor by the barn and the birds chirping in the clean air.

DAX

My god. She's beautiful.

AN'DRE

(reminiscing)
Sure is.
(hand to ear)
You hear that?

Daryl and Dax try to listen, but hear nothing.

DARYL

The birds?

AN'DRE

No, the house. She says...
(mimics female voice)
(MORE)

AN'DRE (CONT'D)
 Come inside me. I'm ready.
 (playfully)
 Mmm. Girl if you say so.
 (to the brothers)
 You heard her. Let's go!

DAX
 The house said all that?

The trio treks through the long grass up the hill to the farmhouse. Daryl and Dax slowly fall behind.

DARYL
 What a strange dude.

DAX
 I like him.

199 EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

They peek around a large oak tree at the empty farmhouse.

DAX
 I don't see no cars.

DARYL
 Jennifer doesn't have a car.
 'Member? Amy dumped it in the
 quarry. So even if she was here she
 wouldn't have a car.

AN'DRE
 Maybe she Uber'd.
 (looks at watch)
 Five minutes left. You'd better
 hope you were right.

They run up to the side of the house.

AN'DRE (CONT'D)
 Everyone grab a window.

They split up and peek through as many windows as they can.

DARYL
 Nothing.

DAX
 Nope.

An'Dre stares through his, stunned and speechless.

Daryl and Dax turn to An'Dre.

DAX (CONT'D)

An'Dre?

AN'DRE

She's here.

Daryl and Dax sprint over and look through the window.

There she is. The beautiful, elegant, and living Jennifer Holland. Sun shines through her loose fitting sundress, casting a heavenly glow as she waters a Phalaenopsis Orchid on the dining room table. The room is artfully consumed with old furniture, books, plants, flowers, and drapery.

AN'DRE (CONT'D)

I can't believe it.

An'Dre begins to tear up as he laughs to himself.

AN'DRE (CONT'D)

My Jenni. She's...

An'Dre is at a lost for words. Dax is wide eyed.

DAX

(orgasmic)

Oh-oh-oh. She's beautiful.

An'Dre glances at Dax.

AN'DRE

What the?

DARYL

Don't mind him. He's just in love with your wife. And probably just came in his pants.

The disgusted An'Dre glances back into the house.

AN'DRE

Amy?!

Daryl and Dax look back in to see Amy behind Jennifer.

DARYL

Amy?

Amy wraps her arms around Jennifer from behind. Jennifer grabs onto Amy's hold, turns her head, and they kiss.

An'Dre, Dax, and Daryl are speechless as they watch.

DAX
 (orgasmic)
 Oh-oh-oh.

Dax faints and falls backwards. Daryl looks back at Dax, but An'Dre's eyes are stuck on Jennifer and Amy.

AN'DRE
 She did it.
 (beat)
 She really did it. Jenni would joke
 about leaving me for her. I just...
 I just always thought she meant
 this stupid house. Not...
 (motions to Amy)
 Her...

Daryl attempts to awkwardly pat An'Dre on the back, but stops himself due to his lack of personal life skills. Checks his nonexistent watch.

DARYL
 Shit. What time is it?

An'Dre glances down at his watch.

AN'DRE
 Cop time.

Daryl and An'Dre glance down at the ankle monitors. Nothing happens.

DARYL
 Do they make a noise?

AN'DRE
 No they just send a signal to the
 station alerting the officers.

200 INT. POLICE STATION BULLPEN - DAY

Mike works at his desk. Routine paper work. He checks his watch. Glances over at the global tracker. He sits up as Daryls and Dax's lights turn on.

MIKE
 Double Dipshits just li--

Mike slowly stands up. His face grows with concern.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 Wait a min-- THOMAS!?!

Thomas drops his darts and runs over to Mike.

THOMAS
What?! What is it?

MIKE
Look where Daryl and Dax are.

The global tracker shows two circular lights blinking on a map of Georgia near McDonough, Georgia.

MIKE (CONT'D)
The farm? Didn't you say An'Dre was with them?

THOMAS
Shit!

MIKE
Shit!

Thomas whips out his cell phone and makes a call.

THOMAS AND MIKE
SHIT! SHIT! SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!

201 INT. FARMHOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Amy and Jennifer kiss on the dining room table. Amy's cell phone rings from the back pocket of her jeans.

Jennifer's eyes open slightly. Her hand glides down to Amy's back pocket. The phone continues to ring.

JENNIFER
(kissing)
You want to answer that?

AMY
Hell no.

Amy kisses Jennifer harder.

202 INT. POLICE STATION BULLPEN - DAY

THOMAS AND MIKE
SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!

Thomas waits with the cell phone pressed up against his ear. At the sound of Amy's voice, Thomas places his finger on Mike's lips. They both stop saying "shit".

AMY (V.O.)
(from phone)
You have reached Amy Lee at Legal
Services of Greater Atlanta. Please
leave your name, number, and a
detailed message after the beep.

The phone beeps and then Thomas yells into the phone.

THOMAS
SHIT! SHIT! SHIT!

Thomas hangs up.

MIKE
Shit. Let's go!

Mike grabs his keys and jumps up. They run to the door.

203 EXT. POLICE STATION - BACK DOOR - DAY

The back door flies open. Mike and Thomas accidentally bump
into Glenn and Kelley.

THOMAS
Out of my way, homos!

GLENN
Excuse me?!

Kelley watches the two run off with suspicion.

205 INT. FARMHOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Amy and Jennifer continue to kiss as the phone rings again.
Jennifer draws back.

JENNIFER
I can't with that ringing. Just
answer it, ok?

Amy sighs, annoyed. Whips out her cell phone and answers it.

AMY
Thomas. What? I'm kind of busy?

Amy leans back in to kiss Jennifer.

INTERCUT WITH INT COP CAR:

Thomas is thrilled to hear Amy's voice.

THOMAS
It's Daryl and Dax!

AMY
What about 'em?

THOMAS
Their ankle monitor just activated.
They're at the farm!

Amy jolts up. Her face drops. Jennifer looks worried.

AMY
WHAT?!

JENNIFER
Oh my. What is it?

AMY
How did those assholes post bail?

THOMAS
An'Dre! An'Dre bailed them out.
He's probably with them now!

AMY
An'Dre's here?!

JENNIFER
WHAT?!

Jennifer pushes Amy off and jumps up. She runs over and glares out the window. Quickly shuts the curtains.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
NO! NO! OH MY GOD, NO!

Amy hangs up. For once in her life, she looks defeated. Like a child about to get grounded by her mother.

Jennifer has a panic attack.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
What the fuck?! You said he would
never find me. He'd never find out!
I knew I should have never gone
through with this.

AMY
Calm down! It's going to be ok. I
can fix this!

Jennifer pushes Amy like a child throwing a fit.

JENNIFER

No! You can't. It's all your fault Amy. We should have just stuck with my first plan and killed him. But nooooo!

Amy switches to defense mode, threatened.

AMY

(mocking Jennifer)

"Oh-oh! Amy, what about your career though? If we cover up my death, you could win your race with a high profile case!"

(beat)

YOU FUCKING SAID THAT!

JENNIFER

Well, I wasn't wrong! The public loves you. You're gonna get judge!

AMY

We're both going to get ten to life if this shit gets out!

206 INT. POLICE STATION BULLPEN - DAY

Glenn and Kelley enter the bullpen and head to Mike's desk.

GLENN

Their case should be up here. Betcha Mike or Thomas forgot to file it.

Kelley glances around and ends on the global tracker. He places his finger on a spot marked "Derlinks". Then moves his finger over to Daryl and Dax's lights at the farm.

KELLEY

They're up to something. Come on!

Kelley runs out. Glenn looks up confused.

GLENN

What?

KELLEY (O.S.)

Let's go!

Glenn follows Kelley's voice out into the hallway.

207 INT. FARMHOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Jennifer pauses to catch her breath.

JENNIFER

We need to do something.

Amy whips out her pistol and checks her bullets.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

AMY

What you said we should have done
from the beginning. Kill 'em.

Amy heads to the front door. Jennifer runs after her.

208 EXT. FARMHOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Amy busts out and cocks her gun.

AMY

OH AN'DRE?! YOU FAILED RAPPING
PEICE OF SHIT?! WHERE ARE YOU?!

She fires a warning shot in the air.

209 EXT. FARMHOUSE - SIDE - DAY

Daryl and An'Dre hide around the corner from Amy. They help
Dax to his feet and shield themselves along the wall.

AMY (O.C.)

COME OUT AND PLAY, MISTER DRE!

AN'DRE

An angry white woman trying to kill
a rich black man. Ain't this some
Tiger Woods shit right now!

210 EXT. FARMHOUSE - FRONT - DAY

Amy struts out into the grass with her gun up. Surveys the
entire farm and heads to the driveway side.

211 EXT. FARMHOUSE - SIDE - DAY

An'Dre passes Dax off to Daryl and walks toward Amy.

DARYL

What the fuck you doing? She got
ammo!

AN'DRE

(prideful)

Yeah well, I got love on my side.
And I wanna talk to my wife.

Daryl chuckles in disbelief.

DARYL

What a terrible idea...

Dax chuckles to himself within his own train of thought.

DAX

This will make a good love story in
our movie.

DARYL

Ha! Forgot all 'bout that. That's
true. Two white lesbians and a
black dude.

(beat)

Oh, and a pervert granny!

DAX

How about Betty White for granny,
and Amy Poehler for well... Amy?

DARYL

I like Tilda Swinton for Amy.

DAX

Sure. Lauren Cohan for Jennifer?
Oh! Fuck'n Don Cheadle for An'Dre!

DARYL

Dude. Yes. Yes. Love Don Cheadle!
The Cheadle!

(beat)

But shit. Hollywood will probably
just cast some white actor, like...
Ben Affleck.

DAX

Ah... You're right. Um. Hey.
Speak'n of An'Dre. Should we go
help him?

DARYL

Shit. Yeah.

The brothers take off.

212 EXT. FARMHOUSE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Amy stands her ground as An'Dre struts toward her. She smiles and cocks her gun.

An'Dre stops. They face off like two cowboys in a western.

213 INT. FARMHOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Jennifer peeks through the curtains and watches Amy and An'Dre.

214 EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY

AN'DRE

I want to see my wife!

AMY

Yeah, that's not happening.

An'Dre steps toward the house.

AN'DRE

Jennifer! Please just come out here and talk to me! I don't care if you want to be with this woman or not, I just--

Amy points a gun at An'Dre. An'Dre stops.

AMY

You've had your chance. You had ten years of chances. It's my turn now.

AN'DRE

You're not going to shoot me. I'm a celebrity! People love me! I'm An--

Amy shoots An'Dre in the shoulder. An'Dre falls backwards and to the ground.

AN'DRE (CONT'D)

Aye! Bitch shot me!

Daryl and Dax run to An'Dre.

DARYL

Knew that was a terrible idea!

DAX

An'Dre!

Daryl and Dax grab An'Dre and help him up.

AMY

Oh look, it's the dip-shit twins.

Dax and Daryl take off running downhill towards the barn.

Amy cocks her gun and follows them.

215 INT. FARMHOUSE - FOYER - DAY

Jennifer turns and runs up the stairs.

218 EXT. SOUTHERN BELLE FARMS - AFTERNOON

Bullets SMACK the ground around An'Dre, Daryl and Dax. They duck behind a haystack halfway to the barn.

DAX

She's like the Terminator!

Amy reloads while walking steadily toward them.

The boys run.

217 INT. FARMHOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Jennifer slings open the door of a gun case labeled "Granddaddy's Guns". Grabs a bolt-action hunting rifle and a few bullets.

219 EXT. SOUTH ATLANTA STREETS - AFTERNOON

Mike and Thomas race down the road. They flip on their flashers to run a red light. Mike slams the brakes when a group of girls getting ready for a car wash enter the street.

THOMAS

Shit!

MIKE

Now's the time they choose to have the bikini car wash?!

Glenn and Kelley pull up next to Mike and Thomas. All four of them turn and look at each other.

KELLEY

Afternoon officers! Where ya heading?!

MIKE

Oh hell no. Hey douche-bros, check your tire pressure!

Mike leans out and fires rounds into their tires.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Floor it!

Thomas burns out. The bikini girls scatter. Cross traffic swerves as Mike and Thomas drive through the intersection.

Glenn leans out and shakes his head at his deflated tires.

GLENN

You were right. They're definitely up to something.

220 EXT. SOUTHERN BELLE FARMS - AFTERNOON

An'Dre, Daryl and Dax sprint while bullets ricochet around them. They make it to the barn and rush inside.

221 INT. BARN - AFTERNOON

Daryl and Dax let go of An'Dre and each run over to a heavy sliding barn door. They push on the doors while An'Dre is left dead center watching Amy marching right toward him.

She raises her gun. Fires. Nails An'Dre again, this time in his arm.

AN'DRE

Aye! Bitch shot me again!

The doors shut and lock just as Amy slams against them. Dax peeks through the crack.

222 EXT. BARN - AFTERNOON

Amy draws back and aims her gun at the door.

223 INT. BARN - AFTERNOON

Dax leaps and tackles An'Dre into a pile of hay.

DAX

Duck!

Bullets pierce the barn doors and soar overtop them. The boys cover themselves until they hear Amy's gun dry firing. She's out of ammo.

AN'DRE

Nice tackle.

Dax looks at his arm. He has a bullet wound in the same spot as An'Dre. His eyes water.

DAX

Look An'Dre. We match.

An'Dre nods in respect. They both hold their arms in pain.

AMY

(behind the door)

Hey Dre!

They look up and see Amy's eye glaring through a bullet hole. She pulls back and then tongues the same bullet hole.

AN'DRE

Bitch is crazy.

224 EXT. BARN - AFTERNOON

Amy yells at the door.

AMY

That's what I did to your wife last night!

Through the bullet hole, An'Dre shakes his head.

AN'DRE

That's just hurtful!

AMY

You're gonna be hurtful!

DARYL

What are you? Frickin' ten?

Amy roars and kicks the door. Stomps back to the house.

While Dax helps An'Dre up, Daryl turns around and looks around the barn.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Where's the light at? We need to see what we work'n with in here.

Daryl finds a switch and flips it, illuminating the barn.

Dax and Daryl are stunned by what they see.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Talk about a collection. Huh?

The barn is covered head to toe in chainsaws. Every single brand. Every single year. Every single type of chainsaw.

AN'DRE

Oh, right. Jenni's papa loved his chainsaw collection.

DARYL

No kid'n.

DAX

Was he a lumberjack?

AN'DRE

Nope. Just loved chainsaws. Never actually saw him use one.

Daryl looks over at a wall with chains draped over various pieces of farming equipment.

DARYL

I got a stupidly awesome idea.

225 EXT. SOUTHERN BELLE FARMS - AFTERNOON

Mike and Thomas soar into the driveway and slam on their breaks. They hop out and stare in awe.

MIKE

Day-am!

Jennifer and Amy step down from the front porch while loading their guns.

AMY

'Bout fucking time you two made it.

THOMAS

Uh, yeah, had a bit of a hiccup with those two detectives, but--

MIKE

--I took care of 'em.

Thomas glares at Mike. They look around the farm.

THOMAS

Where are the double dip-shits?

AMY

In the barn. I unloaded on them and had to re-up on ammo.

(beat)

You two go. I'll be right there.

THOMAS

Hell yeah. I've been itching for some action.

Thomas cocks his gun and takes off.

Amy turns to Jennifer.

AMY

Why don't you head inside, baby. I don't want you getting hurt.

Mike admires Amy and Jennifer's love.

MIKE

I just love "love".

AMY

(to Mike)

Go!

Mike whips his gun out, cocks it, and takes off.

MIKE

Yes Ma'am!

Amy grabs Jennifer's rifle and hands her the handgun.

AMY

Take this. Anyone with a dick walks through that door. Shoot him.

Amy kisses Jennifer. Smacks her on the ass and takes off.

226

EXT. BARN - AFTERNOON

Mike and Thomas near the barn and slow up. They walk towards the two big doors, guns raised.

An'Dre pulls the barn doors open.

Dax and Daryl run out swinging metal chains with chainsaws attached to the ends like two long chainsaw-esque nunchucks.

Thomas and Mike freeze, stunned.

THOMAS

What the--

MIKE

--fuck--

THOMAS

--is happening right now?!

Daryl and Dax run straight at Mike and Thomas swinging their chainsaws. Daryl screams a war cry as Dax imitates a chainsaw sound.

DAX

RPRPRPBPRPRBP!!!!

SWOOSH! DOUBLE SWOOSH!

Amy stops in her tracks, stunned.

Mike and Thomas' heads both SMACK onto the ground and roll. Their bodies collapse to the grass.

DAX (CONT'D)

OH. MY. GOD. We just killed y'all!

(beat)

We were just trying to scare y'all!

The four chainsaws swing out of control. Dax's grazes Daryl's leg. Daryl stumbles and cuts through Dax's chain sending one of his chainsaws straight up in the air.

They both toss their remaining chainsaws and dive for cover. The flying chainsaw lands on Mike and Thomas's bodies and chews through them. Blood covers Dax and Daryl.

AMY

YOU FUCKING BASTARDS!

The other chainsaws crawl across the ground like crazy rats. One heads for Amy. She backs away from the approaching doom and aims her rifle. BAM! The chainsaw dies at her feet.

DARYL

Run!

Amy reloads. BANG! Fires at Dax and Daryl as they limp back into the barn.

227 INT. BARN - AFTERNOON

The barn is quiet.

Amy enters cautiously. No sign of the boys. She looks down at a trail of blood on the ground. Her eyes follow it to a ladder then up to the hayloft.

Dax, Daryl and An'Dre stare back down at her.

228 HAYLOFT

BANG! The wood beam splinters right between Dax and Daryl, They duck back and hide. Scared. Each checks their wounds.

AN'DRE

Now what?

DAX

I don't know. Dar?

Daryl peeks back over the edge. POW! Another bullet hits by his head. He ducks back.

DARYL

A'ight. So... We're fucked.

229 EXT. FARM - AFTERNOON

A four-door Camry pulls up to the farm. Glenn and Kelley step out of the back.

KELLEY

Thank you!

GLENN

The water bottle was a nice touch!

They head to the house. The young female teenager, UBER DRIVER, leans out the window at the men.

UBER DRIVER

Don't forget to five star me!

GLENN

Oh right.

Glenn touches his phone screen and smiles at the driver.

Kelley stares at the farmhouse.

KELLEY
Wonder who's house this is.

230 INT. BARN - AFTERNOON

Amy tries to climb the ladder, but a giant wads of hay fall down on her and drive her back.

231 HAYLOFT

Dax and Daryl scoop up armloads of hay and toss them over the edge.

DAX
We're running out of hay!

232 EXT. FARMHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Glenn and Kelley draw their guns and step onto the front porch. The floorboards creak.

233 INT. FARMHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Jennifer stands with her back against the wall. She watches Glenn and Kelley's shadows pass the window, going toward the front door.

Her fingers grip the handgun tight. She aims.

234 EXT. FARMHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Glenn grabs the doorknob. Kelley readies his gun.

GLENN
One, two, th--

Distant gunshots startle them. They duck.

235 INT. FARMHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Jennifer peers out the window at the barn.

236 EXT. FARMHOUSE - AFTERNOON

KELLEY
That came from the barn.

GLENN
Let's go.

Glenn and Kelley are off.

237 INT. BARN - AFTERNOON

The falling clumps of hay are now just handfuls.
Amy reloads her rifle. She heads to the ladder again.

AMY
You boys about done?

HAYLOFT

Dax kicks one last little bit of hay over the edge.
Daryl grabs his shirt and pulls him. The three of them back away to the open loft door.

238 HAYLOFT LADDER

Amy reaches the top rung of the ladder and peeks her head over the edge. Dax, Daryl and An'Dre are hiding somewhere.
She climbs up and lifts her rifle. Steps toward the loft door, scanning left and right. She reaches the door without seeing anyone and turns back around.

239 EXT. BARN - AFTERNOON

Glenn and Kelley run to the barn. Kelley stops Glenn and points up at Amy standing with her back to the loft door.

KELLEY
Look! It's Amy!

GLENN
Since when does the DA chase criminals with a gun?

240 INT. HAYLOFT - AFTERNOON

Amy looks up and spots Daryl and Andre hiding in the rafters.

AMY
Climb on down boys.

She aims at Daryl as he climbs down.

AMY (CONT'D)
Where's your idiot brother?

Daryl points out the door.

DARYL
He jumped and ran for help.

Glenn and Kelley duck out of sight as Amy turns to look outside. She turns back.

AMY
I don't believe you.

DARYL
Shadow men can do that, remember?

AMY
Ha! I'll give ya that one. You know what, you boys have been very impressive these past few days. But. No one's going to believe two escaped criminals!

AN'DRE
They'll believe us when they find out Jennifer's alive!

Amy shoots An'Dre in the leg. An'Dre drops.

AN'DRE (CONT'D)
Bitch, quit shooting me!

241 EXT. BARN - AFTERNOON

Glenn and Kelly look at each other.

GLENN AND KELLEY
Jennifer's alive?

242 INT. BARN HAYLOFT - AFTERNOON

An'Dre groans and holds his leg.

AMY

What makes you think anyone's going to look for her with no credible witnesses left alive? When Dax comes back with the press they'll find you two dead and naked in each other's arms, like Romeo and Juliet. He'll sound like a loony.

(beat)

Face it. I won. With you two dead and Dax on death row, I'll get the Judge's seat. I'll get Jennifer. And according to her will, all of her money too, which, with An'Dre dead, includes his estate. This worked out better than we had ever planned!

Amy aims at An'Dre's head.

AMY (CONT'D)

Anyone have any last words?

DAX

I do!

Dax swings in on a hay winch rope. Slams into Amy and knocks the gun out of her hands. She staggers back to the edge of the loft door. Dax wraps the rope around her neck and kicks.

Amy swings off the edge and dangles high above the ground. She grasps the rope with both hands to keep from choking.

243 EXT. BARN - AFTERNOON

Glenn and Kelly stare up from underneath.

Dax looks down.

DAX

Oh, hey guys!

Daryl appears behind Dax.

DARYL

Did you hear all of that?

KELLEY

Sure did.

Amy starts to turn blue. Her feet kick the air.

GLENN

You want to let her down before she
chokes to death?

Dax walks over to the winch lever, like a hero.

DAX

Sure thing officer!

He pulls the lever. Instead of gracefully lowering, Amy
plummets!

DAX (CONT'D)

Ah, shit.

Dax slams the lever back.

The rope catches just before Amy hits the ground. Her body
keeps going but her head pops off. Blood fountains out.

Jennifer SCREAMS behind Glenn and Kelley.

JENNIFER

AMY?!

She rushes to Amy's body and falls to the ground in tears.

DAX

Oooh, crap. Didn't mean to do that!

An'Dre limps over to the loft door.

AN'DRE

Jenni.

Jennifer looks up at An'dre in tears.

AN'DRE (CONT'D)

We can make all this right. My
lawyers will prove the Amy
manipulated you all along. Just
come back to me babe. Please.

Jennifer wipes her tears away. Stands up, covered in Amy's
blood.

AN'DRE (CONT'D)

Come on girl, what do you say?

Glenn and Kelley squeeze each other's hands in anticipation.

Dax whispers to Daryl.

DAX
 Maybe she doesn't love me, but at
 least if her and An'Dre--

BANG, BANG, BANG! An'Dre clutches his chest. Stunned.

Smoke drifts out of the barrel of Jenni's handgun.

AN'DRE
 Babe...

He topples over the edge and THUDS on top of Amy's body.

AN'DRE (CONT'D)
 (dying breath)
 Bitch shot m--

Glenn and Kelley snap out of it and tackle her.

GLENN
 Wasn't expecting that!

Daryl and Dax watch from above as they handcuff her.

DARYL
 How's that for a tragic ending?

DAX
 And the two heroes walk off into
 the sunset.

Dax turns around and realizes they're still in the loft.

DAX (CONT'D)
 Well. Guess we need to get down
 first.

DARYL
 Yeah. Probably right.

244 EXT. BARN - EVENING

Dax and Daryl stand just outside the large doors.

DARYL
 How's that for a tragic ending?

DAX
 And the two heroes walk off into
 the sunset!

Daryl and Dax begin walking off into the sunset.

GLENN (O.S.)
Hey! Hold it right there!

Daryl and Dax turn to face Glenn and Kelley who are waiting with Jennifer.

GLENN (CONT'D)
Where the hell you two think you're off to? You're under arrest.

DARYL
For what? You got Jennifer?

Glenn and Kelley laugh.

KELLEY
You're kidding, right? For starters. Jennifer here just told us how you two decapitated Mike and Thomas.

GLENN
And we've got security footage of you stabbing an inmate at the courthouse.

KELLEY
Grand theft of a police tow truck, tampering with evidence, stealing a dead-- two dead bodies... I mean the list just goes on. What did you expect would happen?

DAX
Yeah, but... An'Dre's got our backs, right An'Dre?

Andre looks at the sky.

245 INT. PRISON - COMMON AREA - NIGHT

Daryl and Dax stand on top of a table with their arms swinging.

DARYL
So we're running out with our chainsaws soaring above our heads. Cops have us surrounded and we're just knocking 'em down one by one.

DAX
RPRRPRBPRRPRBP!!!

Dax runs around the crowd of huge tough inmates pretending to chop off their heads with his hands.

DAX (CONT'D)
RPRPRPBPRPRBP!!!

The brothers stop flapping their arms and dramatically look around at the crowd of inmates.

DARYL
We probably killed like fiddy pigs
that day. Pure. Blood. Bath.

INMATE #1
Bullshit. Not one of those fifty
pigs shot you?

INMATE #2
Seems unlikely.

Dax jumps up and chops the air. Inmate #2 flinches.

DAX
We blocked their bullets with our
chainsaws. Like, swoosh! Hitting
our blades left and right, bounce'n
back. Basically shooting the
officers with their own bullets!
Double whammy bro!

Dax starts to walk away, then jumps back at Inmate #2, who
cowards away.

INMATE #1
Bitch whatever.

DARYL
Best part is the movie deal we got.
Even though we didn't kill
Jennifer, producers were still all
over us. Actresses were calling me
left and right.
(mimicking female voice)
Oh Daryl. Let us suck your cock and
be in your movie.
(beat)
Literally had to fight them off me.
So I just let them come. If you
know what I mean.

Daryl nudges another huge inmate next to him.

INMATE #2
How much money did you get?

DARYL

Well we couldn't legally make any money off the movie, but! Here's the best part. There's no law against us using our own images. So An'Dre helped us hire a toy company to make our own action figures.

Daryl whips out a little action figure of himself wielding chainsaws.

DARYL (CONT'D)

It comes with chainsaws, and when you press this button...

Dax sets the toy on the table and presses the button. His arms rotate, swinging the chainsaws and screaming a war cry.

DARYL (CONT'D)

Dax got one too.

Dax holds his action figure up. His pants are down by his ankles. He presses the button and the action figure begins jerking himself off.

DAX ACTION FIGURE (FUTZED)

I'm leaving evidence.

Dax presses the button again.

DAX ACTION FIGURE (FUTZED) (CONT'D)

OJ didn't do it.

And again.

DAX ACTION FIGURE (FUTZED) (CONT'D)

Remember that scene in Gone Girl where you saw part of Batman's dick?

Dax chuckles. Holds up his toy and smiles like a child.

DAX

We picked our own catch phrases.
(points to TV)
Look. Our movie's about to start!

DARYL

They didn't let us see the script, but we got to suggest titles. I thought it should be "Mad Genius."

DAX
I told 'em it should be "Dax and
Daryl Save the World."

Music by the Bloodhound Gang starts. Everyone in the common area turns their attention to the television set mounted to the wall. The title splashes across the screen:

STUPIDER AND STUPIDER

Dax and Daryl look at each other. Wave it off.

DAX (CONT'D)
They talkin' bout the cops.

DARYL
Yeah and Amy.

Two actors appear driving in a car on-screen, looking like a cross between Dax and Daryl, and Lloyd and Harry from the movie "Dumb and Dumber."

The actors sing along and dance to the music, but this time all of the bystanders look at them like they're disgusting idiots. The actors play it extra stupid.

246 INT. PRISON COMMON AREA - LATER

Dax and Daryl watch dejected. The crowd of inmates has swollen and is dying of laughter.

TV DAX
She shot my ass! Suck it out Daryl!
Suck it out!

Daryl jumps up and tries to grab the controller. Inmate #1 holds it out of reach. Dax joins in and they wrestle for it.

247 TV - FULL SCREEN

TV Dax pulls down his pants and bends over.

TV DAX
I'd do it for you!

TV Daryl cringes as he gets on his knees.

TV DARYL
If you ever tell anyone about this--
He purses his lips and leans forward.

248 INT. PRISON COMMON AREA - NIGHT

The wrestling turns into full on prison riot.

A NARRATOR mocking "Stand By Me" narrates over the chaos.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

From that point onward, we became a mockery in the penitentiary. They raped us, beat us, and stabbed us almost every day. Raped us, mainly.
(beat)

They always say be careful of what you wish for. Guess we got what we wanted. Fame. Money. Yep. We got it all. As far as the rest of them?

249 INT. DEATH ROW - DAY

Jennifer fries in the electric chair.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Jennifer was sentenced to the electric chair for the murders of An'Dre, the perverted granny, and whatever else she did.

250 EXT. CEMETARY - MORNING

A casket lowers into a grave as a family stands ovetop, tossing in dildos, bottles of lube, and various sex toys.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The perverted granny, Miss Luann, was buried with her collection of sex toys by her family, close friends, and past lovers.

251 INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Glenn and Kelley stand before a seated crowd of state officials, media, and their staff.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Glenn and Kelley became famous and were rewarded handsomely for putting an end to the most ridiculous cover-up the state of Georgia has seen in years. I mean seriously, this whole story is super stupid if you think about it.

252 INT. MOTEL - DAY

Jimmy has sex with two prostitutes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Jimmy got stitched up and finally
had sex with those two prostitutes.
Then they stabbed in him in his
sleep and he died.

FADE TO BLACK.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And that's it. That's the whole
fucking movie. It's over. The end.