

BROKEN TOYS

by

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FADE IN:

A garbage truck lumbers past a hundred-year-old clock tower.

The faint serenade of Victorian Christmas Carolers on the steps. Blue-collar families gather to listen. Nothing fancy about 'em. Snow flurries. Crisp winter air *whistles*.

We rise. Fly to the tower's clock face then slip inside.

The rhythmic *clanking* of well-oiled interlocking gears and pinions relentlessly turning.

We rush out of the other side. And linger.

The sun gives up on the day.

Dressed in her holiday best, lights twinkle throughout the city of DALLAS, TEXAS.

We sweep down skyscraper canyons.

Come to rest before an office building bejeweled with a glowing holiday star.

A whisper of snowflakes as we drift inside...

INT. WORLD MOBILE HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

BEDLAM. Garbed in professional office attire.

Throughout the entire floor, dozens of separate arguments rage. Finger-pointing. Yelling. Quiet sobbing.

A line of freshly sacrificed CORPORATE DRONES carries their personal belongings in boxes. File into the elevator.

A SUPERVISOR taps a BUSINESS WOMAN seated at her desk. Her eyes fast-forward to the conversation about to go down.

We snake past the cubicle jungle and into...

THE BOARDROOM

Silence. Not a soul in sight. Just a bare mahogany table. Matching chairs tucked. And a glorious view of downtown.

PANICKED BOARD MEMBER (PRELAP V.O.)
If word ever got out--

ANGRY BOARD MEMBER (PRELAP V.O.)
Oh, word is out!

In an instant, we drop through 60 floors of offices to...

THE BASEMENT LAUNDRY ROOM

Industrial-size washers and dryers spin. Soul-crushing fluorescent lights overhead buzz. And a linoleum island for folding towels, roughly the same size as the boardroom table.

Completely overdressed for the room, six BOARD MEMBERS on stools circle the table. It's humid as a jungle.

FEMALE BOARD MEMBER

We've lost our support in Congress--

ANGRY BOARD MEMBER

Who are we not paying?

Cowboy, CEO and Chairman of the Board, MENDELSON "BULL" GAMBLE (50) comes straight outta Greek mythology, the Cretan Bull in a bespoke suit. A porterhouse shy of four bills and a hand short of seven foot. He starts undressing.

Board Members notice. Trade uncomfortable glances.

GIDEON

Solutions?

All eyes move to GIDEON GRAVES (pushing 60), the company attorney. Always packing a sharp argument, and a switchblade in case that ain't enough. Fancies 19th Century attire: tailcoat, canvas trousers and tall club collared shirts.

Sweating like an open faucet, Bull opens his belt.

FEMALE BOARD MEMBER

Excuse me, but I'm not comfortable... with... that.

GIDEON

(to Female Board Member)

There are bigger issues.

ANGRY BOARD MEMBER

We're running out of time--

PANICKED BOARD MEMBER

Our stock's falling every day this goes on.

Down to his tighty-whities, Bull pants.

FEMALE BOARD MEMBER

I'm sorry, but--

ANGRY BOARD MEMBER

Bull, is that completely necessary?

BULL

My core... My core's hot.

Bull glares. Waits out the room.

They stew. Tense. Nervous.

In unison, each Board Member yields. Looks away.

GIDEON

Exactly, what is it going to take for
Triton Industries to sign off on the
merger?

Like dominoes falling, each folds their arms in turn.

SARCASTIC BOARD MEMBER

Hmmph, a miracle worker--

PANICKED BOARD MEMBER

An exorcist--

ANGRY BOARD MEMBER

A hostage negotiator--

FEMALE BOARD MEMBER

A shaman.

Bull grows irritated. Not from the heat but the answers.

BULL

Then y'all bring me a fucking wizard!

INT. SANDY'S GARAGE - DAY

SANDY swallows one last pull from a Jack Daniels bottle.
Launches it across the room. Drops a noose around his neck.

Title, "SEATTLE, 18 MONTHS EARLIER"

Famous for being an asshole, Sandy (well north of 40) thinks
the worst of everyone. Including himself. Thinks the world of
his shoulder-length chestnut brown hair.

NARRATOR

Meet... me-- The old me-- Idiot me.
It's me, so I can say that.

Steps atop a wooden three-legged stool.

NARRATOR

Under-loved, under-appreciated...
Unless ya count low-track prosties and
over-educated coke dealers.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (cont'd)
And a total, irredeemable, fucking
world-class wretch.

Sandy speaks directly into the camera...

SANDY
Ya mind? I got this whole thing going
on here.

Hyperventilates while fixing his death knot.

NARRATOR
But way too much of a narcissist to
ever off myself.

On the counter a couple feet away, Sandy's cell phone *buzzes*.

He considers for a moment...

Stretches for the caller's name. Too far away.

Sandy reaches for it...

On his tippy-toes... On the edge of the stool... Loses his
balance. And loses the stool-- Firing into a wall.

Panicked, Sandy flails.

Sandy turns blue.

Fights to loosen the noose.

Realizes the phone stopped buzzing.

Climbs the rope.

Looks up.

Overhead, the pipe suspending the rope gives way.

Sandy hits the bare concrete floor. Coughs.

NARRATOR
See, what'd I say?

Crawls to his phone. Hits redial.

SANDY
(raspy into the phone)
Yeah?

Rubs his throat.

SANDY
Oh, uh, nothing.

INT. THE MONKEY BUSINESS TAVERN - DAY

A bartender, TALLBOY (40s) tips bourbon into a glass.

Pushes it at Sandy, half in the bag. One stool away, LARRY (70s), a hammered barfly, nurses a vodka & vodka.

SANDY
 (to camera)
 It ain't like I don't have money. My
 conundrum's hangin' on to it...

FLASHBACK: LIGHTNING-FAST SHOTS OF SANDY BEHAVING BADLY

- Yells for a racehorse at the track.
- Pops a handful of pills.
- Tosses a gold credit card on a counter.
- Flips back a shot.
- Snorts blow off a woman's bare ass.

BACK TO SCENE

SANDY
 (to camera)
 Anything to numb the pain.

SANDY
 (to Larry)
 Me? Now, I know why I'm trashed at ten
 in the morning, but... but what's your
 story?

LARRY
 I had a light breakfast.

SANDY
 Ah, makes sense.

LARRY
 (grunts)
 You?

SANDY
 I hate my life.

LARRY
 Bullshit.

SANDY
 I'm a business consultant.

LARRY
I stand corrected.

SANDY
No, I mean it. I'm the guy Corporate
America calls after they screw
everything up.

LARRY
Steady work.

SANDY
And so by definition, I'm working with
a bunch of fuckups. All of 'em as
plastic as water bottles.

Raises a toast.

SANDY
And, therefore, I am, um, slowly
poisoning myself to death.

Slams his shot.

LARRY
I want your life.

SANDY
Being thumbed by pretentious
corporate fucks every day?

Sandy flags down Tallboy.

SANDY
Hey, Tallboy! We're the only goddamn
juice monkeys in this dump. Ya'd think
we'd get some decent service.

TALLBOY
Ever consider slowing down, Sandy?

SANDY
(scoffs)
A lifetime ban from Alcoholics
Anonymous says no.

LARRY
The whole thing sounds made up.

SANDY
What'd ya say your name was again?

LARRY
Larry.

Tallboy reloads. Pours heavy.

Sandy waves a single dollar bill. Adds it to the tip pile.

SANDY

Well, lemme tell ya, Barry--

LARRY

Larry--

SANDY

Whatever. You don't know what it's like, working with these... these goddamn phonies. Not like you and me, Gary. We're honest. We're real. We're fuckin' blue-collar heroes.

LARRY

--Damn straight.

SANDY

Say, care to imbibe in a little eye-opener?

LARRY

You holding?

SANDY

Always.

LARRY

Pfft, you're a very easy man to like.

Tallboy clocks Sandy chopping lines on the bar.

TALLBOY

What the hell do you think you're doing?

SANDY

Me and... What's your name again?

LARRY

Larry, fucking Larry.

SANDY

No, that ain't it.

(to Tallboy)

We're kinda indulging in a wee bit of a pick-me-up. Why, ya want in?

TALLBOY

Get the fuck out of my bar.

Sandy checks his handiwork.

SANDY
It's, uh, kind of a work in progress.

Tallboy spikes a bar towel.

SANDY
Go for it, Jerry!

Cheek-to-cheek, Sandy and Larry shove their faces into the bar, snorting as fast as a Hoover sucks up dust bunnies.

Tallboy reaches for a Louisville Slugger under the bar.

Sandy and Larry scramble away.

Sandy doubles back.

Grabs the tip money off the bar. RUNS!

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Sandy stands over a parking meter on empty. Scowls.

SANDY
(to camera)
What fucking century do I live in?

A CAR HORN catches his ear.

Turns him toward a HOMELESS ENCAMPMENT down the street.

MOMENTS LATER

An old panhandler, LEVI (60s) sits cross-legged on the sidewalk. Beside him a hand-drawn "Please Help" sign and a baseball cap full of coins.

Sandy offers him a FIVE-DOLLAR BILL.

LEVI
Bless you.

SANDY
Oh, no-no-no. Can you change it?

Levi's stumped.

Sandy drops Visine into each eye. Shakes his head.

Levi offers a couple bucks in quarters.

LEVI
That enough?

SANDY

(squints)

Eh, not even close. But ya change that sign to fuck Trump and the libtards around here'll take out loans to get ya paid-- A hundred percent.

Levi sighs. Digs out more quarters while a feral TABBY CAT with a toothbrush mustache circles the cap.

With an inviting smile, Sandy squats down to make friends.

SANDY

Oh, who's this?

The tabby SWIPES at Sandy. *Hisses.*

Stands him straight to his feet.

LEVI

Hitler.

SANDY

Good name.

With clearer eyes, Sandy notices Levi's half-disintegrated steel-toe work boots.

SANDY

Who'd ya used to be, old-timer?

LEVI

Proud to say I drove a rig for fifty years. The workingman ain't dead yet.

Sandy pulls a ragged breath. Smirks. Searches the skies.

Drops a TWENTY in Levi's baseball cap.

A voice from behind Sandy...

BEDRAGGLED MAN (O.S.)

That was selfless.

A BEDRAGGLED MAN (70s) in casual clothing rocks long white hair and a beard. Blocks Sandy's retreat.

BEDRAGGLED MAN

And a bit out of character for the man I remember.

SANDY

And, uh, do I know you?

BEDRAGGLED MAN

We've met.

A smile tugs at the Bedraggled Man's lips.

Sandy tries pushing past.

SANDY

I'm sorry, but I--

BEDRAGGLED MAN

(blocks him)

Oh, you're not late. And besides, I brought you something.

From 1,000 feet, we drop in an instant to the Bedraggled Man's extended fist. He opens his hand, revealing an ancient pewter COIN about the size of a fifty-cent piece.

SANDY

What is it?

BEDRAGGLED MAN

It'll change your life.

Sandy works a thought...

SANDY

So what's the catch?

BEDRAGGLED MAN

It'll give you what you want, but more importantly, what you need.

SANDY

(starts away)

Ha! I got everything I need.

The Bedraggled Man tugs Sandy's sleeve.

BEDRAGGLED MAN

I'm no phony.

SANDY

Hey, bud, I don't want your creepy coin. And touch me again and we're, uh, gonna have a situation.

BEDRAGGLED MAN

I'm telling you the truth, Sandy.

SANDY

(to camera)

How's he know my name?

BEDRAGGLED MAN
You can talk to me.

Sandy whips back to the Bedraggled Man.

SANDY
You can see them?

BEDRAGGLED MAN
(grins into the camera)
Of course.

Sandy inventories the world. Anything that seems real.
Anything but this guy.

NARRATOR
I must admit I was freaking out a little. I had just done a lot of, what I had assumed were, edibles that Larry gave me. But there was something about this guy. He had very kind eyes.

BEDRAGGLED MAN
Thank you.

SANDY
For what?

BEDRAGGLED MAN
You have kind eyes too.

SANDY
Wait, you heard that? Who are you--?
What the fuck is going on?

They share a moment of possibilities.

In the Bedraggled Man's hand, the coin catches light. Winks.

BEDRAGGLED MAN
I'm giving you this of my own free will. And you can only give it away of your own free will.

Slowly, Sandy pinches the coin out of his hand.

BEDRAGGLED MAN
Sleep on it.

They exchange awkward smiles.

Sandy starts away. Turns.

The Bedraggled Man is gone.

A wad of cash falls into Levi's cap.

SANDY

Buy the good stuff tonight. And something for your little friend.

Levi throws Sandy a smile.

Hitler purrs.

Sandy skips away to feed his meter.

INT. SANDY'S HOUSE - NEXT DAY

A bachelor pad. A mere red cup away from a college dorm.

Sandy's roommate NAJEE (late 20s) ropes twinkle lights around a tall ELEPHANT EAR PLANT. He's a second-generation East Indian. True blue. And scarcely brighter than the plant.

SANDY

It's a Christmas tree.

NAJEE

It's a plant.

SANDY

It's a Christmas tree.

NAJEE

It's a plant... with personality.

SANDY

There will be no Christmas trees in this house.

NAJEE

A plant cannot be a tree.

SANDY

(ignoring the obvious)
That's not a Christmas tree?

NAJEE

No. There's no ornaments or star on top, or, or presents, or, or, or--

SANDY

If it twinkles, it's a Christmas tree.

NAJEE

I can have a plant.

SANDY
You know the rule, Naj.

NAJEE
You were serious about that?

SANDY
No Christmas trees. No twinkly plants.

NAJEE
You added that last one.

Studies the ends of two twinkle light cords.

Both ends female.

NAJEE
Just watch. You're gonna like it.

Confused, Najee tries smashing them together. Repeatedly.

SANDY
Naj.

NAJEE
No, I got this.

Spies the other end of one cord, plugged into the wall.

Licks the female end.

Shocked, his eyes sparkle.

NAJEE
Dammit.

SANDY
Najee.

Timid this time, Najee licks it again.

Shocks him again.

NAJEE
Dang, that's twice in a row.

SANDY
(snatches the cord)
Gimme that.

Sandy lets the cord fall away.

NAJEE
That's the plugged-in one.

SANDY
Yeah, I got it.

Hands on hips...

SANDY
Now, stop stalling.

NAJEE
Who's stalling?

SANDY
(to camera)
He owes me money.

NAJEE
(charming)
Sandman.

SANDY
(to camera)
He doesn't have the money.

NAJEE
I know, I'm a little bit behind.

SANDY
(to camera)
I knew he'd say that.

NAJEE
It can't be more than a couple weeks.

SANDY
(to camera)
And that. Have ya figured it out yet?
(to Najee)
You have no idea how rent works.

NAJEE
Is this about the plant?

SANDY
Rent is due the first of every month.

NAJEE
That's great because the first isn't
for a couple more weeks.

Sandy hangs his head. Smiles.

NAJEE
You thought I was behind.

SANDY
Naj, you need money.

NAJEE
You mean you need money--

SANDY
Wild Card needs money.

NAJEE
You said it was for rent.

SANDY
(to camera)
I don't put up with this kinda shit
from women who give me sex. I have no
idea why I put up with it from Naj.
Except that he's as dumb as a box of
puppies and does most whatever the
hell I tell him to do.

EXT. THE DEVIL'S TRIANGLE STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

WILD CARD (mid-40s) holds court outside his club. He's a
hustler. Built like a fire hydrant.

Wild Card's flanked by two BOUNCERS who nearly look human.

Sandy preens in the darkened windows of the club.

SANDY
... So I asked for, like, a full
Komodo and she looked at me like it
was her trigonometry final--

WILD CARD
I don't hire 'em fer their brains.

Two well-suited SENIOR MEN approach.

Wild Card nods them over to his associates.

WILD CARD
IDs ready, gentlemen.

Balls deep in a smoke, he pulls one last drag.

WILD CARD
Did ya get off?

SANDY
Wild Card--

WILD CARD
Did she get you off?

SANDY
All I'm saying is that at the rates
you're charging I shouldn't have to
break 'em in.

WILD CARD
'K-Okay, I'll work with 'er.

SANDY
(sarcastic)
Oh, you'd do that for me?

WILD CARD
Whadda want me ta do here? I got three
wives-- And god knows how many kids. I
don't deliver, nobody eats.

SANDY
(to camera)
I knew he was gonna say that too.

Wild Card waves a REGULAR to the door.

SANDY
How old was she?

WILD CARD
No more credit--

SANDY
How old was she?

WILD CARD
Like Einstein once said, "Time, it's
all fuckin' relative."

SANDY
(to camera)
A true Renaissance man.

SANDY
Just take jail bait off my tab.

WILD CARD
How 'bout we go skiin' instead? You
know, take the edge off.

Sandy looks at the camera. Shrugs his shoulders.

INT. THE DEVIL'S TRIANGLE STRIP CLUB - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A parade of strippers in lingerie saunter past.

ALEXA (19) rocks a blonde wig and tramp uniform, but the girl's all business.

SIRI (23) is a hot mess, trashy and strung out.

SANDY

Look, we're all friends here--

WILD CARD

No, I ain't yer friend. I'm yer drug dealer. There's a difference.

SANDY

Eh, you're splittin' hairs.

ALEXA

(overlapping)

--Hey, Sandy.

WILD CARD

And yer so far behind on yer tab, you ain't never gonna catch up.

SIRI

--I'll be your friend, baby.

Siri puts hands on Sandy. He's down.

Wild Card hustles her away by her bare ass cheek.

WILD CARD

Hey, get the fuck outta here. Does he look like he's got any money?

Wild Card BANGS through the men's room door.

WILD CARD

Let's talk serious.

MEN'S ROOM

A couple of PATRONS splash urinals against the far wall.

Gripping Sandy's shoulder, Wild Card walks Sandy to the sink.

They stare at the mirror for an inappropriate amount of time.

WILD CARD

Ya know, yer a very good looking man.

Sandy mops the counter with paper towels and his dignity.

SANDY

Fuck you very much. But the amount of alcohol that would require, I would, uh, die of liver cirrhosis.

WILD CARD

Not me, idiot.

SANDY

I don't need money that bad.

WILD CARD

I'm afraid you do.

Wild Card chops small lines on the back of his phone.

WILD CARD

You would make a very attractive woman.

SANDY

--Fuck off.

WILD CARD

Just sayin' that tranny shit pays triple.

An inebriated BUSINESSMAN stumbles in like a zombie bear searching for a picnic basket full of brains.

BUSINESSMAN

(slacks soaked)
Who fucking pissed my pants?

WILD CARD

Get the fuck out of here. All of yous perverts.

The Businessman spins. Confusion apparent.

As patrons zip up and brush past...

WILD CARD

And get one drop of piss on me...

NARRATOR

Here's the deal, I was starting to figure it out. Still, it was shocking to hear the actual words coming out of Wild Card's mouth.

WILD CARD

(as the patrons leave)
Oh, and tip the girl on stage, ya degenerates!

SANDY
Eh, who's on stage?

WILD CARD
My daughter.

SANDY
How are you always able to make
anything worse?

Wild Card snorts a line of powder off his phone.

WILD CARD
Aaaah! Jackpot?

Offers the other to Sandy. He obliges.

WILD CARD
Dunno if ya can pull off short skirts.
But let us game-plan that shit over
drinks. Yer buyin'.

Guides him into the club by the scruff of the neck.

DIP TO BLACK:

EXT. HIGH OVER DOWNTOWN SEATTLE - DAY

Corporate towers. Space Needle. Cranes at the port.

TITLE "PRESENT DAY"

INT. THE BELVEDERE HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - DAY

In the bedroom, Sandy lounges in his boxers and black socks
on rumpled silk sheets. A new and improved Sandy?

SANDY
(cheery to camera)
Hey! Lemme catch ya up.

FLASHBACK: FAMILIAR SERIES OF LIGHTNING-FAST SHOTS OF SANDY

- In a tailored suit, yells for a racehorse at the track.
- Pops a large assortment of pills.
- Tosses a black credit card on a counter.
- Flips back shot after shot after shot.
- Snorts blow off a woman's ass. Rings of white powder around his nostrils. Another naked woman appears over his shoulder.

SANDY (V.O.)
 Ah, that really brings it all back.

BACK TO SCENE

Sandy hops off the bed.

Addresses the camera throughout his rant.

SANDY
 Short version: I discovered that if I
 removed randomness from my life...
 (kisses the coin)
 ... This little baby gives me the
 ability to see other people's future.

Walks out of the bedroom...

SANDY
 So, as you could imagine, every day I
 stick to a very regimented routine.
 Remember, randomness, bad.

... And continues into a luxurious living room.

SANDY
 And when you travel as much as me, you
 know who's great at routines?

Stretches his arms wide.

SANDY
 Hotels!

WALK IN CLOSET

Dozens of identical black suits. Black shoes. White shirts.

SANDY
 I wear the same clothes...

DINING ROOM

Half-eaten breakfast. Scrambled eggs, bacon, toast.

SANDY
 Eat the same meals...

HALLWAY

Paces to his private elevator in a black suit.

SANDY
 Take the same number of steps...

The doors open. The ELEVATOR OPERATOR smiles.

SANDY
 (to elevator operator)
Good morning.

LOBBY

Strides out of the elevator and down a grand staircase.

SANDY
 (to camera)
 And in general, follow the routine
 every day. In every city I travel to,
 every detail is pretty much the same.

INT. PRIVATE TOWN CAR - DAY

Sandy climbs in.

SANDY
 Where's Skunk?

A confident driver, POODER (20s), checks the navigation app.

POODER
 Uh, Skunk's sick. I'm Pooder.

SANDY
 (rambling)
 Sick? How sick? So sick he can't
 drive? That's pretty damn sick.

POODER
 They just pay me to drive, man.

Uneasy, Sandy turns to the camera. They pull away.

EXT. TRITON WORLD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

As Sandy climbs out of the town car, he cuffs Pooder's head.

SANDY
 Walk with me, moron.

They thread through a crowd in the plaza.

A transparent blue aura glows over the head of each person.

SANDY (V.O.)
 Pooder, you see these people? I'm able
 to see all of their possible futures
 collapsing into the present.
 (MORE)

SANDY (V.O.) (cont'd)
 It kinda looks like a blue aura. I
 simply stare into the bluest part of
 their aura because that without fail
 becomes their future. Understand?

Pooder shakes his head.

SANDY
 Whatever. Just gimme the damn oxy in
 your pocket because if you snort it
 all tonight, you're gonna die.

SANDY
 (to camera)
 And I'm almost out.

INT. TRITON WORLD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Sandy bounces in like his own theme music is playing.

SANDY
 (to camera)
 Trust me, this lifestyle ain't cheap.
 So I explored every avenue for making
 money with said ability.

FLASHBACK - INT. STERILE PRIVATE OFFICE - DAY

Sandy listens to a bickering celebrity couple.

SANDY (V.O.)
 Therapist to the stars, motivational
 guru, tax attorney, professional
 gambler...

FLASHBACK - INT. CASINO POKER TABLE - DAY

Sandy flips over his cards, a pair of twos.

HIGH ROLLERS at the table growl or groan.

SANDY (V.O.)
 You know, you get labeled a cheat in a
 couple casinos, word gets around.

A double-chinned PIT BOSS double-taps Sandy's shoulder.

SANDY (V.O.)
 --Fucking internet.

Two NEANDERTHALS in Brooks Brothers suits assist Sandy away.

FLASHBACK - INT. FACTORY OFFICE - DAY

A METALLURGIST in a heavy smock examines the coin.

SANDY (V.O.)
I even tried having more coins made,
so, you know, I could sell 'em.

FLASHBACK - EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Sandy lobs a brown paper bag of replicas into a dumpster.

SANDY (V.O.)
Except they didn't work for shit.

BACK TO SCENE**INT. TRITON WORLD HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY - DAY**

As Sandy nears the receptionist's desk...

SANDY
(to camera)
And, so, I returned to what I know,
consulting. Except now, I only consult
on the most profitable jobs in the
world, corporate mergers.

An enthusiastic female receptionist, AVERY (20) lights up as he arrives. She's attractive. A point Sandy doesn't miss.

AVERY
(gasps)
Oh my god, I'm your biggest fan.

SANDY
(to camera)
I have fans.

AVERY
Was that totally unpro-fesh?

SANDY
(starts past)
Yes, but strongly encouraged.

AVERY
--Oh, I'm sorry, but, uh, if you don't
mind? What kinda advice would you give
a first-year law student?

SANDY
Are you a first-year law student?

EVERY

(coy)
Maybe.

SANDY

(to camera)
Oh, I can absolutely see her begging
me inside of thirty seconds.

SANDY

First, never be afraid to take the
initiative.

Head down, Avery pecks out a note on her laptop.

Sandy preps for the kill. Rakes his long brown hair back with
both hands. Shakes his head. Sets his eyes to stun.

SANDY

And, hey, after I get done here, why
don't you come back to my place? I
have the entire penthouse to myself.

Avery goes blank. Is this really happening?

EVERY

Oh, I'm sorry. But, I mean, I didn't
mean to give you the idea... Aren't
you kinda old for me?

That stung a bit.

SANDY

Well, um, ten outta ten strippers
would disagree.

EVERY

Ew.

SANDY

Some younger than you.

EVERY

And you're disgusting-uh.

SANDY

Ya want career advice?

EVERY

--Please stop.

SANDY

Learn to climb poles. It pays better
than lawyering--

AVERY

And leave.

SANDY

I'd pay to see ya naked.

AVERY

I'm begging you.

SANDY

(to camera)

Oh, you thought she'd be begging for sex. I knew there was something I liked about you.

As Sandy strides to the elevators...

NARRATOR

Now pay attention. This next part's important.

BOARDROOM

Across the table, attorneys stares down their opposite number in silence like prize fighters before a big match.

Sandy parks at the head of the table.

NARRATOR

World Mobile had hired me to push through a merger with Triton Industries.

SANDY

(to camera)

Now, everything I know about mergers can fill a Monopoly token top hat.

Over his shoulder, blue auras glow over each attorney's head.

SANDY (V.O.)

But when you can see everyone's cards, you really don't need to know how the game's played.

Resplendent in a stylish power ensemble, ZIBBY CHRISTIAN (35) blows into the room. She's geek-chic. Sunny with sharp edges. Curls forever and legs all the way to the floor.

ZIBBY

This is the largest merger in corporate history, folks. I imagine we're gonna need to do it with words.

Cocked and loaded, she perches opposite Sandy.

ZIBBY
I'm lead negotiator for Triton
Industries, Zibby Christian.

Her professional veneer can't hide the glimmer in her eyes.

Sandy's smitten. A smile flashes across his lips. Realizing he's staring, Sandy looks down.

SANDY
And I'm--

Looks up...

EVERY BLUE AURA IN THE ROOM COLLAPSES.

Sandy's eyes zero out.

Zibby leans forward anticipating the next word.

ZIBBY
This is the part where you talk.

SANDY
(to camera)
Uh, what the hell just happened?

Turns back to Zibby.

SANDY
(to camera)
In all this time, now. Now it stops
working?!

No one says anything.

ZIBBY
Well, someone say something.

Both sides erupt with accusations and finger-pointing.

Sandy cups the coin in his hands so only he can see it.

SANDY
(threatening the coin)
You little piece of shit.

Everyone stops to consider what "shit" might be in his hand.

Sandy's anger shrinks into insecurity.

Gideon arrives. Late.

Zibby won't meet his eyes. A fresh wound.

Without breaking stride...

GIDEON

Good morning and where are we at?

Both sides erupt with accusations and finger-pointing.

Gideon holds up his hand--

Instantly, silences both sides of the table.

GIDEON

That about covers it.

Turns to Sandy. Well?

Barely perceptible, Sandy shakes his head. Emerging from fear, a thought forms. Slowly crowning.

SANDY

I'm... I'm not saying anything.

ZIBBY

And you're very good at it.

SANDY

(building to a boil)

I'm not saying anything until we paper this room. I want NDAs from all of you. Someone's leaking to the media.

Zibby shoots her pre-signed NDA across the table.

Okay, that didn't work.

SANDY

All right, but the rest of you... 'Til I see signatures, meeting adjourned.

Incredulous, Gideon moves to the hallway.

Attorneys follow.

The instant the boardroom door shuts--

ZIBBY

I can't work with him--

SANDY

Gideon?

ZIBBY

Yes, Gideon. My gawd, I think he brought a knife to our last meeting.

SANDY
I'm only the mediator.

ZIBBY
I wish I could simply work with you.

SANDY
Granted. And you have two more wishes.

ZIBBY
And I never wanna talk to him again.

SANDY
You have one wish remaining.

ZIBBY
Well, since this is gonna come down to you and me, whaddaya say we put down our swords and get to know each other?

SANDY
That ain't gonna work, cupcake.

ZIBBY
--Professionally.

SANDY
Everyone knows I have a weakness for attractive women.

ZIBBY
I-I don't date men I work with. Or date men, at all-- Currently. Did you just call me 'cupcake'?

SANDY
Finished with the ground rules?

ZIBBY
I mean this should be our entire focus.

SANDY
Agreed. And I see you pocketing that third wish.

Zibby starts for the door.

He folds in beside her.

ZIBBY
Then, I'm sure we can work this out.
Touches his sleeve.

SANDY
(to camera)
Oh, she is so fucking good at this.
And smells like warm sugar cookies.

LOBBY

The elevator doors part.
Sandy and Zibby step into the crowded lobby.
The blue aura around each person's head flickers off.
Avery scowls at Sandy all the way to the door.

ZIBBY
Can I assume you've met?

EXT. TRITON WORLD HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

A revolving door spits out Sandy. No Zibby.
SANTA #1 trots up the steps at precisely the wrong moment.
Realizing he's been made, Santa #1 FREEZES.

SANDY
I will bulldoze you like a trailer
park and then break you off short.
Santa #1 RUNS FOR HIS LIFE.
Sandy busts ass after him. But he ain't catching Santa.
Yells across the plaza...

SANDY
Fucking king of the phonies!
Downshifting, Sandy buttons against the cold. And is...
SUCKER-PUNCHED
... He crumbles. Out cold.
SANTA #2 lords over him.

SANTA #2
Psycho.
Sandy twitches as Santa #2 storms away.

INT. ZIBBY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Emotionless, McKenna (18), Zibby's daughter, announces...

MCKENNA

I'm pregnant.

She's barefoot. Not showing. As headstrong as her mother.

Zibby shows her back.

Opens the cupboard.

MCKENNA

And I'm moving in with Raul.

ZIBBY

I don't know how many times I have to tell you... The handles on the cups should always face out.

Every mug handle points in a different direction.

MCKENNA

Did you hear me?

ZIBBY

(spins handles)
Mmm-hm. Did you hear me?

MCKENNA

Jesus Christ--

ZIBBY

Okay, you wanna do this--?

MCKENNA

Yeah.

ZIBBY

Yeah? Well, as long as you live in my house, I have certain rules--

MCKENNA

I knew you wouldn't understand.

ZIBBY

And the fucking handles--

Zibby SMASHES a mug into the floor.

ZIBBY

(sad)
So you can just reach in...

McKenna hugs her mom. They hold each other. And cry.

Zibby retreats. Counts her wounded.

ZIBBY

I give up. Do what you want. You're eighteen. You don't listen to me anymore. No one listens to me anymore.

MCKENNA

That's not true.

ZIBBY

It's gonna be okay. I'll help.

Hugs McKenna this time.

MCKENNA

Until we get a place, can, uh, Raul and I--

ZIBBY

(cheerful)

Oh, baby, I would stab you to death in your sleep.

Zibby wrestles under her own blouse. Tears off her bra like she's removing a tourniquet.

ZIBBY

So to be clear: Not so much as a steamy thought about Raul in my house. Ever. Okay? Good talk.

Off Zibby raising a wine glass...

INT. SANDY'S RED PORSCHE - DAY

Lacing through traffic, Sandy chats over the speakerphone.

SANDY

But Mags, you don't get it.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Sandy's personal assistant, MAGGIE (70s) is devoid of all human filters. Sounds like a broken garbage disposal from a lifetime of chain-smoking Camel Straights.

MAGGIE

Sandy, you just described her like the first time you mainlined heroin.

INTERCUT CONVERSATION

SANDY
 (reminisces)
 Ah, good times.

SANDY
 (to camera)
 Maggie's in charge of keeping me
 alive. Does a bang-up job considering
 what she's working with.

MAGGIE
 You sound disturbingly happy.

SANDY
 Can't I be happy?

MAGGIE
 I dunno. Can you?

SANDY
 Maggie, she's got zest.

MAGGIE
 You go down on this one first chance
 you get, boss. Scrambles every bit uh
 common sense out of a woman.

SANDY
 She's the lead negotiator for Triton
 Industries. I don't think I can risk
 it until I get my edge back.

EXT. FLOWER SHOP - WINDOWFRONT - DAY

The conversation continues while Sandy admires flowers.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
 Well, hey, Sandy, you ever consider
 she's the reason you lost your juice?

After an insufferable pause.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
 And if you gotta choose between this
 deal, that we need, or this broad...?
 Unless, of course, you're hiding
 something behind door number three.

Off Sandy's tormented face--

INT. THE BELVEDERE HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - LATER

Impeccable-groomed and over-accessorized Najee is befuddled.

SANDY

Okay Naj, we need leverage on World Mobile: dirt, incriminating evidence, photos of traumatized livestock in compromised positions. Everything about the merger. You know, in case I have to actually do whatever a mediator does.

NAJEE

Bring both sides together in a fair and equitable partnership?

SANDY

Or, more likely, kneecap World Mobile.

NAJEE

Uh, what if I, like, get caught?

SANDY

Just play dumb-- I'm leaving you in charge of that.

NAJEE

Oh, oh, Sandy. Sandy.

Raises his hand.

NAJEE

Sandy.

SANDY

Yes, Najee. Speak.

NAJEE

I'm pretty sure I don't work for you.

SANDY

We used to be janitors, right?

NAJEE

Of course--

SANDY

And you can copy a hard drive?

NAJEE

Uh-huh.

SANDY

Then what's the problem?

Timidly, Najee raises his hand again.

SANDY

Did I buy you the suite below me?

NAJEE

Yes, I know that-- And thank you.

SANDY

Do I give you money, credit cards...?

NAJEE

Yes, I know--

SANDY

I bought you a fucking Lamborghini.

NAJEE

I'm not for sure how to drive it.

SANDY

In what world do you not work for me?

NAJEE

Okay then, what's my hourly? And what are my benefits?

SANDY

You get a Lamborghini!

NAJEE

I already got one of those!

SANDY

(to camera)

Ya know, if I didn't love him so much, I'd beat him to death with a brick.

SANDY

Then think of it as doing me a favor.

NAJEE

Absolutely, Sandy, I'd do anything for you. Anything. Just name it.

Grabs a wax apple from a fruit bowl. Bites into it.

SANDY

Are those edible?

NAJEE

(swallows)

God, I hope so.

Sandy shakes his head.

Tries to leave.

SANDY

All right, I gotta go see if Wild Card has something to help me focus.

NAJEE

--But that's not your routine.

SANDY

(stops)

Naj, you've confused me with someone who's still listening.

Sandy starts away.

NAJEE

--Oh, Sandy, just one more thing.

SANDY

(stops)

Okay, but if you tell me one more time you don't work for me, I'm gonna chop you into little pieces and feed you to hogs. And then I'll kill the hogs, make bacon and eat you!

NAJEE

It can wait.

Sandy marches away.

After he's safely gone...

NAJEE

(defiant)

But I don't work for you.

INT. THE DEVIL'S TRIANGLE STRIP CLUB - BAR - NIGHT

It's loud. EDM thumps from the club speakers. In a corner booth, Sandy and Wild Card yell a conversation.

SANDY

It's a work problem.

WILD CARD

You've come ta the right place.

SANDY

I need something to clear my head.

WILD CARD

Lemme introduce you ta some of my friends: Charlie, Emma, Molly, Barbs, George and Benny.

SANDY

No. Nothing like that.

WILD CARD

(doesn't understand)
Never heard of it.

Alexa drew the short straw.

ALEXA

Hey, Wild Card, some ugly, foul-mouth skank here to see you. Looks pregnant.

WILD CARD

Does that sound like anyone I would ever wanna talk to?

ALEXA

What'd ya want me to say?

WILD CARD

I have great confidence in your ability ta lie.

She leaves in a huff.

WILD CARD

Ever hear of somethin' called Oz? I'm tripping balls on it this very moment. Oxydine Zirconium-- Made of pure tiger adrenalin.

SANDY

What?!

WILD CARD

I could put my head right through this table. Wouldn't feel a thing.

SANDY

How are you still alive?

WILD CARD

Trial and error mainly.

SANDY

I don't need to put my head through a table. See, I have this thing and it stopped working at a most inopportune moment. Now, it's not working at all.

Amused, Wild Card places a blue Viagra pill on the table.

WILD CARD
Happens ta the best of us.

SANDY
No. For work.

WILD CARD
I use it at work all the time.

SANDY
Something so I can focus.

WILD CARD
Let's walk ta the pharmacy.

Emphatically, Sandy nods. Grabs his coat.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Sandy and Wild Card walk and talk.

A handbell *clangs* in the distance.

WILD CARD
My car's right around the corner.

Fires up a fresh smoke.

SANDY
You don't understand. If I can't get
back to baseline--

WILD CARD
Oh, yer gonna be better than baseline.

SANDY
Well, what if it never comes back?
Without it, I'm, like, nothing but a
hairdo with attitude.

WILD CARD
I have thoughts but please continue
your ramblin's.

SANDY
Better throw in an eight-ball while
we're at it.

WILD CARD
Or maybe ya should pump the brakes a
little, bro.

SANDY

You're my fucking drug dealer. Don't start trying to be my friend now.

WILD CARD

Ya know, most people are just naturalistic assholes, but you... You work so goddamn hard at it.

They round the corner and spot...

SANTA #3

... Alongside a red kettle. Rings a handbell. Smiles and nods at Sandy and Wild Card.

SANTA #3

Happy Holidays!

SANDY

What's your name?

SANTA #3

Kris Kringle.

SANDY

Sure. What's your real name?

SANTA #3

Santa Claus?

WILD CARD

Give 'im a break. It's obviously his first day.

SANDY

Uh, okay, fake Santa, what'd ya bring me when I was fourteen?

SANTA #3

(dropping the act)

Guys, I don't want any trouble.

WILD CARD

You strapped or know karate?

SANTA #3

No.

WILD CARD

I would run.

With two hands, Sandy shoves Santa #3 back on his heels.

SANTA #3

What the--

WILD CARD

I think he was repeatedly raped by Santa as a child.

SANDY

Will ya stop telling people that?

WILD CARD

Then what's wrong with you, man?
You're a psychiatrist's wet dream.

Sandy slaps Santa's handbell down the sidewalk.

Indignant, Santa goes after his bell.

A HOMELESS WOMAN pushes a shopping cart filled with all her worldly belongings. Her YOUNG SON trails close behind.

Sandy grabs a fist full of cash out of the kettle.

WILD CARD

Wow, that's pretty fucking horrible.

SANDY

Coming from you?

Sandy hands the Homeless Woman the cash.

Her face remembers what it's like to smile.

While walking away with Wild Card...

SANDY

I might be an asshole, but I ain't no phony.

Santa #3 re-mans his battle station at the kettle.

Clang. Clang. Clang from the handbell.

INT. TRITON WORLD HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY - NEXT DAY

We follow Zibby to the elevator. She turns. The doors close.

HALLWAY

The elevator doors open. Gideon steps out. Followed by Zibby and a battalion of attorneys.

BOARDROOM

A full house and no one's happy. Attorneys for World Mobile on one side of the table and Triton on the other. Computers at the ready. Grumbling. Overlapping side conversations.

Disheveled and hungover, Sandy lifts his head off the table.

SANDY

Jeez, are burros packing my coffee in from the Andes?

GIDEON

Stop stalling.

SANDY

Sure. As long as that's code for not doing shit until my coffee gets here.

Sandy washes in and out of consciousness.

SANDY

I just survived a night that woulda killed Keith Richards in his prime. So, yeah, I'm... just gonna lay my head... right here.

GIDEON

I swear by all that is holy... if he falls asleep--

An ATTENDANT bursts through the doors with coffee.

SANDY

(beckons)
God bless you, Juan Valdez.

GIDEON

(to Sandy)
Have you at least signed off on due diligence yet?

SANDY

Uh, wait, was that a "me" question?

Sips coffee. Eyes the room.

SANDY

I can do that?

GIDEON

Is this going as poorly as you thought it would?

ZIBBY

Due diligence is golden as long as we can all agree on tech integration.

All attorneys nod.

NARRATOR

More jargon I didn't understand.

Insecurity competes for Sandy's eyes. He rises.

SANDY

(wobbles)

New idea. I leave.

GIDEON

And where do you think you're going?

SANDY

You all seem to have a handle on this diligence thingamajig. So I'm just...

As Sandy slips out of the boardroom...

Gideon seethes.

Zibby boils.

HALLWAY

The door latches behind Sandy. *Click*.

He scrambles away.

NARRATOR

I had become everything I hated, a phony. Plastic as a water bottle.

LOBBY

Sandy sprints out of the building like it's on fire.

NARRATOR

I needed help.

INT. COIN SHOP - DAY

A human eye distorts through a jeweler's loupe.

Sandy rants as a SQUATTY MAN examines the coin.

NARRATOR

Professional help. Not my friends. You've met my friends. They're all ding dongs and sociopaths.

INT. UNIVERSITY LAB - DAY

A frustrated COLLEGE PROFESSOR aims a laser pointer at physics equations on a whiteboard.

NARRATOR

I mean, like, real experts...

SANDY

(to camera)

Math has never made me so angry.

INT. PIKE PLACE MARKET MAGIC SHOP - DAY

A MAGICIAN in a tuxedo makes the coin disappear.

NARRATOR

The leading minds in their field...

Sandy STRANGLES him until the coin falls to the floor.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Sandy harangues hobos and the homeless.

NARRATOR

A higher authority.

Outside a toy store, Sandy PUMMELS a blow-up Santa.

Seeing the horror, a LITTLE GIRL cries.

MOM cries.

DAD cries.

Sandy hangs his head. Shuffles away.

NARRATOR

I was losing my screws when I realized I needed a better plan. One that didn't rely on magic. One that did rely on someone who knew these waters.

INT./EXT. SANDY'S RED PORSCHE - NIGHT

Sandy drives. He's pleased with himself.

NARRATOR

A plan that played to my strengths and above-average good looks. One word: Overwhelming charm offensive.

INT. TOO-HIP-TO-HAVE-A-NAME COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Zibby fidgets.

Her coffee steams.

A heavy winter coat hides her designer couture. But can't hide her frustration.

SANDY
(flies in hot)
Hey! Sorry-- I'm sorry.

ZIBBY
I've been waiting--

SANDY
I know.

ZIBBY
You're late.

SANDY
I said I was sorry. We're still on that?

ZIBBY
How are we not?

SANDY
Look, I'm calling a truce.

ZIBBY
I always go into these things so hopeful. Are you a hopeful man?

SANDY
Me? Yes. Of course. Hopeful.

ZIBBY
Then give me hope, Sandy. Gimme something.

SANDY
How about a peace offering?

ZIBBY
Whaddaya got?

SANDY
Whaddaya need? Evidently, a mediator has the authority to do stuff.

Sandy shines up his best fake smile. Struggles to hold it.

ZIBBY

(mocking)

Gracious, you would do that for little ol' defenseless me?

SANDY

Uh, you're about as defenseless as a cobra in a basket.

ZIBBY

Look, I've been to the rodeo and all the way around the outhouse.

SANDY

(to camera)

I saw this going way different.

She considers the moment. Softens. Smirks.

ZIBBY

Oh, look, it's not you-- Well, it's a little bit you.

Sandy spots an opening.

ZIBBY

Can we talk? I had a, a fight with my daughter the other night.

SANDY

Hmm-mm.

ZIBBY

She's eighteen. So by definition, she knows, like, everything.

SANDY

You had her young.

ZIBBY

(sarcastic)

No offense taken.

SANDY

I have no boundaries.

ZIBBY

Do you have kids?

SANDY

Doubt it.

ZIBBY

She's pregnant.

SANDY

Oh, I'm sure her father loves that.

ZIBBY

We don't talk about him.

SANDY

Why do women in my life always say
"we" when they mean "you"?

(peers side to side)

Unless, of course, there're imaginary
people who've just joined us.

ZIBBY

Do you realize when you're being an
asshole?

SANDY

Most of the time. It's like an
involuntary gag reflex.

ZIBBY

Whatever... He stopped listening to
me... And, I... Hmmph, I got tired of
crying in the shower every day.

That moment hangs in the air.

ZIBBY

And for the record, I'm not in your
life.

SANDY

My ex always wanted things. Things I
could never give her.

ZIBBY

Such as?

SANDY

An everlasting supply of Vicodin.

ZIBBY

So you were drug addicts.

SANDY

Thus the Vicodin. Bonus, she was every
flavor of crazy-- The whole spice
rack.

Zibby collects her purse.

SANDY

Wait. Do we have a truce? Asking for a
friend.

ZIBBY
I'll settle for a lift.

INT./EXT. SANDY'S RED PORSCHE - DAY

Inside his mid-life crisis mobile, Sandy raises his arms.

SANDY
Whaddaya think?

ZIBBY
Exactly what I imagined.

The side power mirror buzzes outside Zibby's door. Sandy adjusts it to follow two WOMEN IN TIGHT JEANS walking away.

ZIBBY
Are you doing what I think you're doing?

SANDY
It's only weird if you make it weird.

Her face tightens.

The Porsche pulls into traffic.

MOMENTS LATER

Sandy drives.

Zibby shotgun.

ZIBBY
I need you to meet with my CEO.

SANDY
Because...?

ZIBBY
Because that's the peace offering you're gonna give me.

SANDY
So, this isn't wish number three?

ZIBBY
As soon as he signs off that the two technologies integrate, you know, work together, the merger's done.

SANDY
And why do you need me? I mean, I'm happy to, but don't you work for him?

ZIBBY

Because he doesn't understand
technology and I don't have a penis.

SANDY

I have been operating under certain
assumptions. But I, um, I'm glad we
cleared that one up early.

ZIBBY

Trust me. It's still a thing.

His attention drifts lower. Finds her crotch.

She looks at him. Her crotch. Back to him.

SANDY

Your non-penis is "a thing?"

ZIBBY

(frustrated)

Men don't listen to women like men
listen to other men. Now, he's gonna
look you in the eye to see if he can
trust you so be nice.

SANDY

Nice? I'm nice.

ZIBBY

I distinctly remember you calling me a
snake and a whore.

SANDY

I happen to like snakes and whores.

They park in front of a large office building.

Zibby growls. Steps out.

Leans back through the passenger window.

ZIBBY

Hey, you got an invite to the
Christmas party tonight?

SANDY

Not looking forward to cowboy Bull
Gamble. Hear he's half cow. All boy.

ZIBBY

Does he even know who you are?

SANDY

Fair point. Need another lift?

ZIBBY
You just work on your nice.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Zibby walks down the sidewalk.
The side power mirror buzzes as it moves.
She smiles. Never looks back.

EXT. PRIVATE MANSION - NIGHT

Manicured lawns. Christmas lights. Fancy cars. Valets.

INT. PRIVATE MANSION - BALLROOM DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

A string quartet plays a melody from another century.
Close friends and those playing the part of one, all dressed to the nines. Thin conversations and plastic smiles as far as the eye can see. The place reeks of privileged elite.

OUTSIDE THE KITCHEN DOOR

SERVERS in WHITE JACKETS hustle trays of apps and champagne flutes. In a WHITE TUX, Sandy nods across the way...

... Where a SERVER stands ready with Kobe beef sliders. Bull eats his way through half the tray.

We whip back to Sandy.

SANDY
(to camera)
I'm not worried. This place is a cavern. I should be able to avoid--

Checks back in the general direction of his employer.

Who's vanished.

Sandy strains the panic from his eyes.

Takes in the room.

BULL (O.S.)
More.

Slowly, Sandy turns.

Bull shoves an empty tray of toothpicks at Sandy.

He works his way up to meet Bull's gaze.

SANDY
(to camera)
This could go a lot of different ways.

SANDY
Well, of course, sir.

BULL
Pronto.

SANDY
What are they-- Were they?

BULL
Whatever passes for steak around here.

SANDY
Ya just can't get decent beef outside
of Texas.

BULL
Honestly.

SANDY
College Station.

BULL
Hook 'em Horns.

SANDY
Won't hold that against ya.

BULL
(chuckles)
What's yer name, partner?

SANDY
Sandy.

BULL
I'm looking for a Sandy.

SANDY
Oh?

BULL
But a man. A hired gun.

SANDY
So he works for you?

BULL

A mediator or some bullshit. A fucking wizard, so I've heard told.

SANDY

I'll keep an eye out for him. What's he look like?

BULL

About yer age. Brown hair.

SANDY

What do they say about his hair?

BULL

Used to be an attractive man.

SANDY

Used to?

BULL

In his day. Now, he's a cartoon version of himself. Still thinks of himself as a ladies' man.

SANDY

Hmm.

BULL

Really good in the room--

SANDY

Uh-huh.

BULL

Handy as Satan's fluffer--

SANDY

And that's a disturbing visual.

BULL

Does a bit too much of the cocaine.

SANDY

(to camera)

If God didn't want me doing cocaine, why'd he make it so damn awesome?

Gideon steps between Sandy and Bull.

GIDEON

(dismissive)

Sandy.

SANDY
 (disdain)
 Gideon.

BULL
 Familiar with the help?

GIDEON
 Well, I wouldn't exactly call him the
help. But he is on the team.

BULL
 Holding a tray of crackers at a party
 don't make him on the team.

SANDY
 (slinking away)
 Does anyone else smell something
 burning? Something not here.

GIDEON
 That's the mediator.

Sandy's only made it a few slinks before--

BULL
 You! Get back here, boy.

SANDY
 Oh, farts.

Sandy pops back. Smiles like he's pantsed someone.

BULL
 (to Gideon)
 How's it goin'--

GIDEON
 Slow.

BULL
 My attorney here says you're slow.

SANDY
 So I heard--

GIDEON
 The process is going slowly.

BULL
 So he's not a dimwit?--

GIDEON
 Debatable.

SANDY

Don't blame yourselves. Even God took seven days to build the world.

Zibby arrives. Dimed out.

A black backless cocktail dress with a plunging neckline and she's just the woman to pay it off.

ZIBBY

Oh, if she only had more to work with.

BULL

I do know who you are.

(to Sandy)

Get it done, boy. I'm holding you personally responsible.

SANDY

Not to worry. I have a meeting on the books with the CEO at Triton.

BULL

You are a fucking wizard!

ZIBBY

And he's gonna be very nice.

Sandy plucks two champagne flutes off a passing tray.

Offers one to Zibby.

She takes the glass, his arm, his heart.

SANDY

I'm gonna go now. Again.

GIDEON

Sleeping with the enemy, I see.

ZIBBY

Isn't he a ray of sunshine?

They waltz away. Beaming.

BULL

They screwing?

GIDEON

I have dots.

BULL

'The hell does that mean?

GIDEON

I have eyes everywhere. The more eyes,
the more dots. I connect those dots--

BULL

Why the more ya talk, the less I
understand? You're like a walking
information tar pit.

NEAR THE BALLROOM DANCE FLOOR

SANDY

You clean up nice.

ZIBBY

Better when I'm dirty.

SANDY

Sounds like a line you lifted from a
screwball comedy.

ZIBBY

(laughs)
Did they dance?

SANDY

In the movie?

ZIBBY

Keep up. I'm asking you to dance.

SANDY

You look fantastic.

ZIBBY

This place not your vibe?

SANDY

Gimme big guitars, and, and something
with lyrics.

ZIBBY

Oh, did you know I sing?

SANDY

'Bet it's magical.

ZIBBY

Do you believe in magic, Sandy?

SANDY

I do.

ZIBBY

Do you sing?

SANDY
I do not-- But I'm a great listener.

ZIBBY
You wanna hear me sing?

SANDY
Right here?

ZIBBY
Don't be silly. C'mon.

SANDY
Where we going?

ZIBBY
To hear me sing.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - THE ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Bowlers on the lanes.

Cheap holiday decorations.

Sandy and Zibby enter, wildly overdressed.

Right down to their shoes.

ZIBBY
And, uh, don't be surprised if someone
recognizes me.

THE BAR

It's a packed house.

As they enter, a cloud burst of shouts.

EVERYONE
Penny!

Zibby winks at Sandy.

Waves to the regulars.

ZIBBY
Who's up?

A jolly WAITRESS (40s) in a Santa hat serves a drunk KARAOKE SINGER who makes it all of one inch out of her chair.

WAITRESS
(to Zibby)
It's all about you, Penny.

Over the karaoke machine, Zibby ponders.

ZIBBY
(excited)
Okay.

Walks on stage.

SANDY
A round for the whole place!

He's summarily shushed.

Sandy checks the crowd.

All eyes forward.

A single note of "Superstar" by the Carpenters sends the bar into whoops and applause that quickly dissipate.

Zibby sways side-to-side during the intro.

Smiles at Sandy.

*Long ago, and, oh, so far away
I fell in love with you before the second show*

Karen Carpenter has nothing on Zibby.

EVERYONE joins in...

*Your guitar, it sounds so sweet and clear
But you're not really here, it's just the radio*

Zibby stomps her stiletto.

Shakes her head.

BELTS out the chorus.

*Don't you remember, you told me you loved me baby?
You said you'd be coming back this way again baby*

Everyone sings and shouts at the top of their lungs.

*Baby, baby, baby, baby, oh baby
I love you, I really do*

THE LANES

A TEENAGE BOWLER lifts her pink bowling ball. Slowly turns, curious what the hell that noise is coming from the bar.

Bowling stops on all lanes. They're singing that loud.

SERIES OF SHOTS IN THE BAR WHILE ZIBBY SINGS:

*Don't you remember, you told me you loved me baby?
You said you'd be coming back this way again baby*

*Baby, baby, baby, baby, oh baby
I love you, I really do*

- The crowd sings.
- Zibby reaches for the crowd. They reach for her.
- Women dance in front of the karaoke stage.
- Zibby wears the Waitress' Santa hat.
- Sandy laughs at the bar.
- Zibby toasts Sandy.
- Sandy kisses the top of Zibby's head while she hugs him.

MUCH LATER

The crowd, thinner. No one on stage.

The Waitress wipes down everything but the barflies.

Zibby snaps gum.

Laughs with Sandy at the bar.

ZIBBY

... I... I was gonna be the cupcake
queen of Seattle.

SANDY

I knew you were a cupcake--

ZIBBY

(laughing)
Swear to God. Then another cupcake
place opened across the street,
cupcakes laced with, get this, pot.

SANDY

How can ya compete with that?

ZIBBY

Tell me about it. I tried, but--

SANDY

Hey-hey-hey, ya never told me why they
called you Penny.

ZIBBY
 (agreeing)
 I didn't.

A TOUGH GUY (25) enters.

Details catch Sandy's eye.

Worn work boots, tattered jeans. Not stylish. Old. He might be crying. The Tough Guy stretches a ski mask over his face.

Sandy tucks Zibby behind him.

WAITRESS
 (turns to the Tough Guy)
 Sorry, but last call was--

The Tough Guy whips out a gun.

WAITRESS
 Jesus!

TOUGH GUY
 Money. Now!

Everyone steps back.

The Waitress retreats to the register.

TOUGH GUY
 Hurry up.

SANDY
 (calm)
 Hey, buddy--

TOUGH GUY
 Shut the fuck up.

He waves the gun at Sandy and then back to the Waitress.

TOUGH GUY
 I said, hurry up!

SANDY
 I know ya think ya gotta do this, but
 ya don't.

VERY SLOWLY Sandy removes his wallet.

SANDY
 Look it, I got money. I got plenty of
 money. I'm giving it to you. Take it.

Sandy's wallet lands on the bar.

SANDY

That way yer not, like, committing a
crime-- It's a gift. You got kids?

TOUGH GUY

Yeah.

Snaps the gun straight at Sandy. Hammer back. Holds steady.

Sandy averts his eyes.

Cowering behind him, Zibby closes her eyes.

The Waitress focuses on the floor.

SANDY

Go home to yer kids, man.

The Tough Guy stares at the wallet...

Stares at Sandy...

Stares at the wallet..... SNATCHES it.

On his way out, he BLOWS a couple of holes in the ceiling.

Everyone flinches.

ZIBBY

Oh my god.

WAITRESS

Oh my god!

SANDY

Gimme a fucking drink.

WAITRESS

(overlapping)

Did that just happen?

The Waitress splashes whiskey into shot glasses.

Sandy empties one.

The Waitress downs the other.

ZIBBY

Take me home.

SANDY

Yeah.

(to the Waitress)

Another.

ZIBBY

Me too.

INT. SANDY'S RED PORSCHE - NIGHT

Parked in front of Zibby's house, Sandy shuts off the engine.

ZIBBY

I don't feel safe.

SANDY

Are you asking what I think you're asking?

ZIBBY

Lemme put this on front street. I'm asking you to stay with me until I fall asleep on the couch-- That's all. I have a teenage daughter.

SANDY

You mean the pregnant one--

ZIBBY

I'm giving you no hope whatsoever.

She starts to get out.

ZIBBY

Oh, and are you okay with dogs?

INT. ZIBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hardwood floors. Lived in furniture. On the couch, Sandy laughs hysterically. Mobbed by a half dozen pugs.

Barefoot, in old sweatpants, a dumpy sweater and a dozen bangles, Zibby throws popcorn on Sandy. The pugs go wild.

SANDY

(laughs)

No, I give up. No more popcorn.

TIME HAS PASSED

The lights glow low and warm.

Zibby curls up on the opposite side of the couch as Sandy. She rolls a wine glass between her hands.

Pugs asleep on the floor.

ZIBBY
(meaning the pugs)
They're usually a much better judge of
character.

SANDY
So what's the story? Why'd they call
ya Penny tonight?

ZIBBY
Hmm. It's my grandma's nickname for
me. Her lucky penny.

SANDY
Penny.

ZIBBY
Uh-uh. My family calls me Penny.

SANDY
And every Saucy Sally on karaoke
night. Can you ever stop thinking of
me as the enemy?

ZIBBY
Huh. You do have moments.

SANDY
Like tonight?

ZIBBY
See, you're trying too hard.

SANDY
Hey, we all got issues.

ZIBBY
I got issues?

SANDY
I don't know, but I'm on the case.
I'll find one sooner or later.

That earns him a smile.

She gets comfortable.

ZIBBY
Okay, we talked about me all night.
And I don't know anything about you.

SANDY
I, uh, can see the future.

ZIBBY

Hmm. Sounds like a line you've used on unsuspecting coeds and receptionists. You impress me as more of a "living-in-the-moment" kinda guy.

He grins.

ZIBBY

So when you, uh, look in your crystal ball, what's my future look like?

SANDY

I wasn't always like this, ya know.

ZIBBY

Oh, I'm not gonna let you wiggle off the hook. And remember, I still got one wish left. So, um, tell me... tell me what it was like growing up Sandy.

SANDY

My childhood? Disturbing.

ZIBBY

Disturbing how?

SANDY

Like a Big Bird reach-around, disturbing.

ZIBBY

C'mon, it can't be that bad.

Zibby moves closer. Chin on his chest. She runs her finger along a nearly imperceptible scar on his chin.

ZIBBY

How'd you get that?

SANDY

Fine, ya wanna go down memory lane?

Zibby nods. Her smile twinkles.

SANDY

Daddy number one died of cancer--

ZIBBY

Wait, you number them?

SANDY

Oh, there's three-- But you're missing the point of Daddy number one.

FLASHBACK - A GRAVESIDE SERVICE - DAY

Dressed in black, two fatherless families stare across a coffin at each other. Stunned.

ADULT SANDY joins them.

SANDY (V.O.)
Daddy number one died of cancer before
we found out he had a second family.

ZIBBY (V.O.)
(sad)
Oh.

In a black Santa suit, FLASHBACK SANTA clutches a bible. Plays the role of a priest. Bows his head. Leads prayers.

FLASHBACK - CHILDHOOD HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Upstairs, the unmistakable sounds of aggressive sex.

A broken trail of clothes leads to the stairs: a dress and a bra, mingled with pieces from a Santa costume.

ADULT SANDY lifts Santa's pants.

Cranes his neck at the ceiling. We hear the rhythmic beat of flesh slapping. The seeds of endless therapy.

SANDY (V.O.)
Daddy number two left before I was
eleven. Told everyone he liked kids,
but, yeah, he just liked fucking my
mom. And then ran off with some whore.

BACK TO SCENE

Zibby sits up on the couch.

ZIBBY
Jesus, I don't like that word.

SANDY
Jesus or whore? Because I'm pretty
sure either one leads us to a story
that's just begging to be shared--

ZIBBY
I'm serious--

SANDY
(rambling)
Or a story about Jesus and a whore.
(MORE)

SANDY (cont'd)
 Or some unholy three-way with you,
 Jesus and a whore. Not judging...
 Slightly aroused... Definitely
 aroused.

ZIBBY
 What about Daddy number three--?

SANDY
 Oh, no. You brought it up.

She considers. Softens. Sighs.

FLASHBACK - TEENAGE BOY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Reclining in bed, a naked TEENAGE BOY enjoys watching TEENAGE ZIBBY, barely in view. The top of her head bobs up and down.

ZIBBY (V.O.)
 I, um, well. I slept with my best
 friend's boyfriend-- in high school.

SANDY (V.O.)
 A momentary lapse in judgment--

ZIBBY (V.O.)
 For about a year...

The bedroom door bursts open.

ZIBBY (V.O.)
 ... And one day, she walked in on us.

Shocked, the Teenage Boy sits up.

Teenage Zibby pauses. Goes right back to work.

BACK TO SCENE

Zibby and Sandy sit on the couch.

ZIBBY
 Word got around school. Blah-blah.
 Please don't use that word around me.

SANDY
 Just to be clear, the word is whore.

ZIBBY
 Jesus.

SANDY
 Okay, Jesus. But my takeaway was
 whore.

ZIBBY
It is whore!

SANDY
Yell at the guy who made up English.

ZIBBY
Daddy number three!

SANDY
Which leads us to Daddy number three--
Who taught me a very valuable lesson.
See, he liked to rough up my mom.

FLASHBACK - THE COPS OUTSIDE A HOUSE - NIGHT

In the yard, POLICE OFFICERS question SANDY'S MOM (40) and DADDY NUMBER THREE (50).

ADULT SANDY watches from the doorway.

SANDY (V.O.)
But whenever the cops showed, he
instantly transformed into the perfect
father and they'd let him stay.

From the back seat of the patrol car, Flashback Santa twirls a pinky ring on his finger.

SANDY (V.O.)
Fuck, those nights were the worst.

BACK TO SCENE

Again, they're curled up on the couch. Zibby close.

SANDY
So around Christmas one year, I think
I was fourteen, I stood up to him. And
he caught me right across the chin
with his pinky ring.

ZIBBY
Sandy, I'm so sorry.

SANDY
Keep your hands up. Get yer licks in
early. Anyway, I don't like talking
about my childhood.

Zibby lays her head on his chest.

Closes her eyes.

ZIBBY
Stay here tonight.

SANDY
(to camera)
Don't you judge me-- Don't you dare
fucking judge me.

INT. HIGH RISE OFFICE BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

In a janitor's uniform, Najee pushes a cleaning cart.

EXT. BOEING FIELD - DAY

A private Gulf Stream jet rests in a hanger.

Gideon and Bull walk to the plane.

GIDEON
I don't see a bottom to this-- The man
is a fraud. And that dollymop has him
wrapped around her petticoats.

BULL
Dollymop?

GIDEON
Trollop, floozie, strumpet, harlot...

BULL
Good.

GIDEON
No, bad. Do you have any idea what we
pay him?

Bull ponders...

BULL
Ya'all'd have to check with
accounting.

Gideon slices air with slashing butterfly knives.

GIDEON
I can make it look like an accident,
like last time-- A street mugging.

BULL
Gideon, yer a real team player, one
snazzy dresser and a helluva
wordsmith. But we're gonna let this
here pony run.

Gideon folds the knives back in his waistcoat.

BULL

I have another angle in play.

GIDEON

My way saves millions.

BULL

It's a quick trip. I wanna announce live on the Bloomberg for the markets Monday mornin'. If, by the time I return, he's still a loose board...

GIDEON

End his contract?

BULL

He does any such thing to jeopardize this deal, I want you to saw him in half like a carnival magician.

INT. THE BELVEDERE HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - DAY

Sandy paces.

Maggie and Najee swirl around him.

SANDY

But you don't understand--

MAGGIE

No, you don't understand. For the first time in your life, you've finally found a woman who'll put up with you.

SANDY

Are we sure? Maybe? Look--

Sandy starts layering on coats and scarves.

SANDY

Focus on the coin. I've got a meeting with Zibby's CEO in a few hours and I need my juju back before then.

NAJEE

--No problemo--

SANDY

(blows right past those words)
It's time for bold thinking.

MAGGIE

At my age, bold thinking is the only thing still getting me laid.

SANDY

I said bold, not stupid. And how are we back on sex again?

MAGGIE

Did we ever leave?

NAJEE

--Well, you know, not a big problemo.

SANDY

(to Maggie)

Wait. What's he muttering about?

NAJEE

You gotta, you know, dump her--

MAGGIE

That's way stupider than what I said.

NAJEE

She's fouled up the routine.

Sandy buttons his coat slower.

NAJEE

There's way too much randomness.

MAGGIE

Love'll do that.

NAJEE

Dude, you gotta choose. It's, like, her or the future. And that's a no-brainer.

Sandy won't stop shaking his head.

SANDY

(to camera)

Ya think I'm trading Zibby for anything, ya better start paying closer attention.

SANDY

You just find me that dirt I asked for on World Mobile.

Najee opens a laptop.

NAJEE

M'kay but I ain't for sure what I'm even looking for.

MAGGIE

Never fear, kiddo. Shady numbers are my stock-in-trade.

INT. THE DEVIL'S TRIANGLE STRIP CLUB - BAR - DAY

Sandy and Wild Card huddle in a booth.

WILD CARD

And I thank you for entrusting me with this fascinatin' predicament.

SANDY

(to camera)

I don't hear you offering any ideas.

WILD CARD

Now, if this here bauble does anything like what you says it does--

Shakes the coin at Sandy.

SANDY

It does. Did.

WILD CARD

Well, now, metaphysically speaking, the coin's got no real power at all.

In the middle of a brawl, Alexa and Siri have each other's hair. They look like scorpions stinging each other to death.

SANDY

(nods to the strippers)

Eh, we gonna do something about that?

WILD CARD

What? 'N lose an eye?

Slaps his paw over the coin.

WILD CARD

Ever hear of Schrödinger's Cat? The cat is both dead and alive until ya check the box.

SANDY

Pretend I'm not Einstein.

WILD CARD

Ergo, you make the cat dead or alive.

Sandy's beyond confused.

WILD CARD

The point is, the coin ain't the problem. You are.

Lifts his hand and the coin has vanished.

--Sandy launches over the table at Wild Card.

WILD CARD

(chuckles)

All right. All right.

Drops the coin in front of Sandy.

And a fifty-cent piece next to it.

WILD CARD

Trade me--

SANDY

Yank me.

WILD CARD

Look, yer belief in the coin, or lack therein, that's the problem. You believe the coin isn't working--

SANDY

Because it's not.

Siri flails as Alexa strangles her.

SANDY

Are you sure we shouldn't be doing something?

WILD CARD

Is it yer first day on this planet? Never break up a stripper fight. They will cut through ya like warm cheese.

Alexa repeatedly knees Siri in the face.

WILD CARD

Then gimme the coin.

SANDY

Why you want the coin so bad?

Wild Card eases back. Relaxes.

WILD CARD
Just trying ta help.

SANDY
(relents)
Besides it takes twenty-four hours
before it starts working.

WILD CARD
No shit?

SANDY
Yeah, you wake up the next day--

WILD CARD
All I'm sayin' is that as long as ya
believe it don't work, it won't work.

SANDY
So, stop doubting it and it might
start working again?

WILD CARD
Who am I ta argue with science?

Sandy studies the coin.

SANDY
Wild Card, you're a fucking genius.

WILD CARD
What'd I tell ya?

SANDY
Whadda say we celebrate?

WILD CARD
You can see the future.

Wild Card readies white powder on the table.

SANDY
A small one. I got a meeting.

WILD CARD
A little sumthin' outta my personal
stash. A brand new, top shelf,
synthetic outta China. Batter up!

Sandy snorts first. Asks questions later.

SANDY
This safe?

WILD CARD

Absolutely not. Now don't fight it.
Let it take a hold.

HALLUCINATION

The music in the club grinds slower and slower.

Shit goes fuzzy. Wild Card's face becomes a Komodo dragon, Pennywise, Charles Manson, a lewd cartoon of Snow White.

Alexa and Siri make out in a booth. Lots of tongues.

Sandy snorts the other line. Smiles. His eyes X'ed out.

SANDY

(slurring)

This shit's the tits.

His reality melts into a muffler dragging under a police cruiser. Lights and sirens. Sparks fly. The gas tank explodes.

WILD CARD (O.S.)

Technically, it's a date rape drug,
but the rail you spooled up, someone
should notify next of kin.

BACK TO SCENE

Sandy's finger circles an elusive red button on his phone. Stabs at it a couple of times, nowhere close.

Turns to the camera. Every word comes out gibberish.

Wild Card studies the coin.

WILD CARD

Twenty-four hours, huh?

Sandy continues poking the table near his phone.

FADE TO BLACK:

Sandy winks in and out of consciousness.

Doctors and nurses check charts and equipment.

Beeps. Garbled voices. The *steady tone* of someone flatlining.

INT. THE BELVEDERE HOTEL - PENTHOUSE - DAY

Sandy starts awake. Sits up. Too fast. Pain.

His personal physician Dr. Wu (30) looks (15), acts (10).

DR. WU
Whoa, champ. Slow down.
(laughs)
We're shocked you're even alive.
(to the room)
Who do I owe fifty bucks?

SANDY
(overlapping)
Uuuuuuh.

MAGGIE
You okay, boss?

SANDY
Not in any conceivable definition of
the word.

DR. WU
What's the last thing you remember?

SANDY
Trusting someone.

DR. WU
Well, that's your first mistake.

SANDY
Then... Then everything was spinning
so hard I had to hold on to a table to
keep from flying outta the room.

A thought bolts into his cloudy brain.

Panicked, Sandy pats his gown. Thrashes. Searches.

The heart monitor wilds out.

Maggie grabs his wrist. Slaps the coin in his hand.

His heart monitor returns to normal, steady beats.

SANDY
Fucking Wild Card.

MAGGIE
Sent in the rapid response team the
second your panic button went off.

DR. WU
Do I wanna know?

MAGGIE
Ex-Mossad.

FLASHBACK - THE DEVIL'S TRIANGLE STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Pinned to the bar by two MEN IN RIOT GEAR, Wild Card literally coughs up the coin, covered in spit.

BACK TO SCENE

Sandy struggles out of bed...

SANDY
Ugh, I've got no time for this.

DR. WU
Oh! I would not recommend doing that for another forty-eight hours.

SANDY
Doing what?

DR. WU
Anything.

Sandy collapses on the floor.

DR. WU
You've had a complete blood transfusion to flush out whatever--

SANDY
How many... numbers... was I out for?

DR. WU
We're guessing two, maybe three--

SANDY
Days?!

DR. WU
Hours.

SANDY
I can't miss this meeting.

Sandy crawls to a chair.

DR. WU
Sure, don't listen to me. I only graduated from Harvard Medical School.

SANDY
This meeting... I gotta close the deal with Zibby's boss.

MAGGIE
Speaking of, she's been calling.

SANDY
Doc, pump me full of whatever it takes
to get Team Sandy to this meeting.

Dr. Wu sighs.

DR. WU
(yells to a nurse)
Prep a Charlie Sheen, stat.

MAGGIE
(yells)
Make mine a roadie.

SANDY
Mags, I can't feel my legs. I need
help with... with my... leg socks.

MAGGIE
Pants?

She helps him dress.

SANDY
Like, what'd she say?

MAGGIE
I dunno, normal stuff. Good luck at
the meeting. Love you. Be nice.

SANDY
(choking)
She said what?!

MAGGIE
Be nice?

SANDY
No, the other thing.

DR. WU
He hasn't told her.

MAGGIE
You haven't told her?

DR. WU
Tell her you love her.

SANDY
I don't think she's that kinda girl.

MAGGIE
We're all that kinda girl.

DR. WU
Or not. I only graduated top of my
class.

INT. TRITON WORLD HEADQUARTERS - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

A buttoned-up executive assistant, JOSEY (30) sits with Sandy. She's Moroccan. Gorgeous. Precise in every way.

JOSEY
Have you met Mr. Teasley?

SANDY
(groggy)
Oh, you are real.

JOSEY
Because there are rules. He suffers
from an acute form of Mysophobia.

Sandy lacks focus.

JOSEY
Are you listening?

SANDY
Don't care-- There's a difference.

JOSEY
That means he's a germaphobe. He will
not shake your hand. Avoid all
physical contact. And Lord help you if
you sneeze.

SANDY
--Total weirdo. Got it.

JOSEY
Also, Mr. Teasley is brilliant so
never disagree with him.

KEEF TEASLEY'S OFFICE

Warm. More of a study than an office.

KEEF TEASLEY (40s) is prematurely balding. Wears a vintage
smoking jacket because he thinks it makes him look like Hugh
Hefner. Works a Dunhill pipe that's never been lit.

KEEF
Welcome to my home.

Extends his hand, wrapped in a rubber glove.

As they shake, Keef slowly inventories Sandy's eyes.

SANDY
(confused)
Well, thanks. I guess.

Keef removes his gloves.

Deposits them in a sealed canister.

KEEF
Glad we could talk this one out, just
you and me, man to man.

They sit.

KEEF
Zibby tells me great things about you.

SANDY
And you bought that?

Keef's puzzled face.

KEEF
I'm sorry. My social skills... I have
trouble decoding subtleties-- You
should have been briefed.

SANDY
Who knows? 'Wasn't paying attention.

KEEF
But I more than make up for it with my
judge of character. And you, I can
see... You are a man I can trust.

Sandy checks over both shoulders.

KEEF
(chuckling)
Oh, I got that one. I like you.

SANDY
(to camera)
How the fuck did this guy build a tech
empire bigger than Microsoft?

KEEF
Now, you've met Mendelsohn Gamble. Is
that true?

SANDY
I have.

KEEF

Well, tell me about the man.

SANDY

You, like, ever wonder what would happen if Hank Hill were exposed to atomic experiments in the desert?

KEEF

(snorts)

Yes, I have heard stories. But... But to the point. Do you trust him?

SANDY

Eh, how broad is your interpretation of the word?

KEEF

I'm sorry. I don't understand. Let me be clear, Sandy. I believe that if you peer deep into a man's eyes and you can see yourself, you can trust him.

Sandy peers deep into his eyes. *Sniffs.*

Keef recoils.

KEEF

Do you trust me?

SANDY

Call it trust-adjacent.

KEEF

Fair enough. What do they call him?

SANDY

Bull.

KEEF

Yes. Look deep into the eyes of the bull. If you trust him, I grant you full authority to consummate the deal.

Sandy mouths the words "thank you" to the camera.

KEEF

But let's keep that in the room. We men need to stick together, you know.

SANDY

And, uh, what about Zibby?

KEEF

Women complicate matters.

Both rise to their feet.

KEEF

Call me after you meet Bull. The eyes,
Sandy. The windows to the soul.

INT. SANDY'S RED PORSCHE - LATER

Parked in traffic, Sandy yaps over the hands-free.

ZIBBY (V.O.)

There you are.

INT. ZIBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Zibby putters in her "after school" clothes.

INTERCUT CONVERSATION

SANDY

Been meeting with you-know-who.

ZIBBY

That's great. Is he wobbling on us?

SANDY

I have good news. We should celebrate.

ZIBBY

About the merger?

SANDY

About us.

ZIBBY

What about us?

SANDY

And the merger.

ZIBBY

That is good news.

Sandy's phone rings. It's Maggie.

SANDY

Hang on.

He answers.

SANDY

Mags, guess what's not a good time.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
Sandy, I'm here with Najee and I think we found something.

SANDY
Don't care-- Not listening.

NAJEE (V.O.)
But, Sandy--

SANDY
Are one of you dying?

MAGGIE (V.O.)
I don't think so.

SANDY
Gloriosky! We can talk later.

Disconnects the call.

ZIBBY
Are you gonna make me ask? Because I know you got more.

SANDY
About us or the merger?

ZIBBY
Whichever you think is more important.

SANDY
All I'm hearing is a man-trap.

ZIBBY
Uh-huh.

SANDY
I should really come over tonight.

ZIBBY
Really.

SANDY
You can make me dinner.

ZIBBY
You would allow me to do that for you?

SANDY
(sheepish)
Or I could bring takeout.

ZIBBY
Better plan.

SANDY
And we can talk.

ZIBBY
And celebrate.

INT. ZIBBY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A sink full of dirty plates and silverware. Paper takeout boxes on a small kitchen table. It may have been Italian.

SANDY
I've been totally sworn to secrecy.

MCKENNA
She's gonna get it out of you-- You know that.

SANDY
I've been given full authority to close the deal.

Small, rapid-fire claps from McKenna.

Sandy nods, almost bowing.

MCKENNA
Yay. Congratulations, you two.

With hungry eyes, Zibby polishes off Sandy's wine.

Signals align. Sandy and Zibby hold each other's gaze.

MCKENNA
And on that, I'm going to Raul's.

Clears plates.

MCKENNA
Did you hear what I said?

Zibby's still locked into Sandy. A slight glaze to her smile.

ZIBBY
You're leaving.

MCKENNA (V.O.)
And I won't be back until late.

ZIBBY
Yeah, I heard.

MCKENNA (V.O.)
Really late.

ZIBBY
 (still staring at Sandy)
 Is she still here?

Slowly, Zibby loads a stick of gum into Sandy's mouth.

MCKENNA
 I'm gonna grab some stuff.

McKenna leaves.

Sandy cups her hand. Zibby matches his tiny movements.

SANDY
 You're a pretty cool mom.

ZIBBY
 What's the worst that can happen?
 She's already knocked up.

Sandy leans closer. Zibby leans closer. Nose to nose.

SANDY
 I want you to know--

MCKENNA
 So, I'm taking off. Nice meeting you,
 Sandy. Well, I'm going. I might not be
 back until tomorrow. I dunno.

ZIBBY
 Can you make her leave? Because I
 obviously can't.

SANDY
 Zibby...

ZIBBY
 Call me Penny.

EXT. ZIBBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

McKenna closes the back door behind her. Steps away.

From inside the kitchen: thumps, shattered china and
 furniture dragging across hardwood floors.

McKenna smiles. Never looks back.

INT. ZIBBY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

On the floor, Zibby flips Sandy on his back. She's on top.
 Drives a deep passionate kiss. Nothing's missing from it.

Both his hands slip under her T-shirt. She sheds her top faster than a cheerleader on spring break. No bra. Another long, deep, lingering kiss. Becomes intense.

ZIBBY
 (hands up)
 Stop.
 (panting)
 Wait. Stop.

SANDY
 (overlapping)
 Too fast?

She turns-- Spits out his gum.

One giant heave to catch her breath--

ZIBBY
 Get serious.

She dives right back into it.

EXT. ZIBBY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

We move closer to a bedroom window frame. Lights out.

ZIBBY (O.S.)
 Yes! Yes!

SANDY (O.S.)
 Yes!

ZIBBY (O.S.)
 Yes!

SANDY (O.S.)
 Oh yeah!

ZIBBY (O.S.)
 What?-- Stop. Stop. What are you doing?

SANDY (O.S.)
 What?

ZIBBY (O.S.)
 Do it right.

SANDY (O.S.)
 Sorry, I got a little...

ZIBBY (O.S.)
 And less talking. Oh, yeah. That's it.

Off the fogging window frame--

EXT. BOEING FIELD - TARMAC - DAY

Bull trots down the airstairs of a private jet.

Gideon guides him to a waiting SUV.

GIDEON
Triton is ready to sign.

BULL
Yeehaw.

GIDEON
Only, our mediator is dangerously
close to undermining the whole deal.

BULL
Gideon, we're kinda on a clock here.

GIDEON
Not to fear, I can reel this one in.

BULL
No one can jeopardize this deal--

GIDEON
He won't.

BULL
Nothing. The markets expect me to
announce the merger Monday morning.

GIDEON
He wants to meet later today.

BULL
Hmm, gimme a think... Set it up for
the Seattle office. The roof.

GIDEON
The roof of the building?

BULL
Downtown-- The tall one. Iffen we
don't like the tale he's tellin'...

Climbs into the back of the SUV.

Gideon smiles.

BULL
People slip off roofs all the time.

INT. SANDY'S RED PORSCHE - DAY

Over the hands-free...

SANDY
This is all good stuff, Mags.

Turns to Najee in the passenger seat.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
The tech at World Mobile is all a house of cards. And they owe every bank in North America.

SANDY
'Shoulda listened to ya guys yesterday when you were trying to tell me.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
I appreciate that.

NAJEE
Yeah, it took a lot to say that.

SANDY
Say what?

NAJEE
Admit you were wrong.

SANDY
You being right, doesn't mean I'm wrong. Lemme be clear, I'm not wrong.

NAJEE
Hey, does this mean we can be friends again?

SANDY
We'll always be friends, Naj.

NAJEE
Good. Because I really didn't like working for you so much.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
You gotta put the kibosh on this deal.

SANDY
Way ahead of ya.
(hangs up)
Naj, can I trust you to wait here and not touch anything until I get back?

Najee nods.

SANDY

My track record with breakups is sub-
awesome.

Sandy leaves.

Najee waits in the passenger seat. Alone. Bored.

Snoops under the visor. Pokes around the console. Stares at
the glove box. Pops it open.

His expression says there's something fascinating inside.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SKYSCRAPER - DAY

Bull and Gideon peek over the edge of the roof.

They ease away from the ledge.

The roof access door whips open.

Sandy beelines toward them.

Bull skips the preamble...

BULL

Son, I pay ya for results.

SANDY

It's complicated--

BULL

Of course, it's fuckin' complicated.
Thus the doe-re-mi.

SANDY

These are two completely different
technologies. To get 'em to work
together is gonna be like converting
centimeters into periwinkles.

That adds dry wood to the fire.

GIDEON

I don't know where this is going, but
I hate it already.

Bull spins a pinky ring on his finger.

SANDY

You're leveraged up to your ass and
you need Triton's brainpower to get
these two technologies to work or
you're out of business in six months.

On a cold day, a bead of sweat rolls down Bull's forehead.
Sandy shakes the coin at him.

SANDY

And I don't need to see the future to
know you're sweating like a pig.

Bull mops his brow.

The coin captures Gideon's full attention.

GIDEON

You can do what with that?

SANDY

(pockets the coin)
What? Nothing.
(to Bull)
This... This whole thing stinks like
rotting fish heads. And I am fully
authorized to tell you to fuck off.

GIDEON

Oh, I was hoping you would say
something stupid like that.

Gideon whips out two butterfly knives. Blades spinning.

Sandy RUNS LIKE HELL.

A knife *whizzes* past Sandy's head--

Finds the wall near the roof access door. Wiggles.

Sandy glances over his shoulder.

Gideon stops. Takes careful aim.

BULL

No! Gideon!

That snaps Gideon's attention back to Bull.

BULL

(makes a diving motion)
The roof! Ya carve him up like a
sirloin, 'won't look like an accident!

Gideon spins back to Sandy.

He's gone. The door slightly ajar.

Grimacing, Gideon tears after him.

OFFICE LOBBY

Sandy bullets to the main entrance.

SANDY
 (into his phone)
 Start the car, Naj. Start the car!

NAJEE (V.O.)
 Okay, Sandy. Gimmie a minute.

Elevator doors open.

Gideon races after Sandy.

INT./EXT. SANDY'S RED PORSCHE - DAY

Flummoxed, Najee holds his phone in one hand. A PEPPER SPRAY canister in the other. The glove box open.

His eyes dart between...

The phone's RED BUTTON to end the call and the canister's RED BUTTON to unleash all hell.

SANDY (V.O.)
 No, right now!

Najee panics. Presses the wrong button.

NAJEE
 Ahhh!

Pepper sprays himself again.

NAJEE
 Aaaaaaaah!

Najee hurls the canister back into the glove box. Slams it shut before it can hurt him anymore.

Crying, Najee gets out and drags his hands around the Porsche, never losing contact with the car.

Discovers the driver's side handle.

He fumbles. Gets in. Fires up the engine.

Rubs his red, tearing eyes.

Sandy lands in the passenger seat.

SANDY
 Drive!

NAJEE
I don't think I can.

Najee's eyes swollen closed.

SANDY
How the fuck--

The driver-side window EXPLODES from a Bowie knife.

SANDY
(overlapping)
Go! Go! Go!

Najee stomps the accelerator.

Sandy steers into traffic.

Checks the back window.

Gideon in hot pursuit.

NAJEE
But I can't see.

SANDY
Faster!

They hit the sidewalk.

Scatter pedestrians.

NAJEE
What's happening?

Sandy jerks the wheel.

Turns back on the street.

NAJEE
I've never done this before.

SANDY
I'm pretty sure no one's ever done
this before. Okay, now, punch it.

They take off...

Najee sobs. His eyes sealed shut.

Sandy hits the panic button on his phone.

Loses track of the steering wheel.

Over the hands-free...

MAGGIE (V.O.)
Status.

SANDY
He didn't take it too well.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
Tracking you. ETA, ten minutes.

NAJEE
Ten minutes?!

SANDY
Turn. Turn. No, more-more!

Sandy grabs the wheel... Too late.

They PLOW into a hundred-foot CHRISTMAS TREE in the plaza.

The tree *creaks*. Slowly, tips. Comes crashing down. SMASH.

An ornament rattles as it rolls across bricks.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
I show you stopped. Anyone hurt?

NAJEE
I think my eyes are bleeding.

SANDY
And we murdered a Christmas tree.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The sidewalks crowded with streams of holiday shoppers in heavy coats.

A couple Santas trot toward the accident. One whistles to another Santa on the other side of the street.

A third Santa at a red kettle joins them.

A mob of Santas jog down the street. One smashes an empty liquor bottle to the ground. Then another. And another.

INT./EXT. SANDY'S RED PORSCHE - DAY

SANDY
Wait here-- He's not looking for you.

NAJEE
Uh, who's not looking for me?

Sandy spies the angry mob of Santas.

SANDY
Fuck.

NAJEE
Is that him?

SANDY
No, it's Santa.

NAJEE
(happy)
I love Santa.

The mob surrounds the Porsche.

Angry taunts.

NAJEE
Santa sounds mad. Is Santa mad I
wrecked the Porche? Ooooooh!

Santas grab Najee. Wrestles him through the broken window.

It's a tug-o-war between Sandy and the mob.

NAJEE
Help! Help me, Santa. I dunno what's
happening.

Into a sea of red suits, Najee disappears.

Collapses on the sidewalk. His eyes swollen shut.

NAJEE
(shotgunning fear)
He-he made me drive. And, and I'm
blind.

Pink noses. Purple faces. Souls brimming with payback.

Every Santa turns to Sandy.

SANDY
How long?

MAGGIE (V.O.)
Two minutes since the last time you
asked me.

Sandy roots through the glove box.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Sandy pops out of the Porsche with a handgun.

SANDY
Back off!

Everyone steps back. A literal loaded moment.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
Me?

SANDY
What? No, them.

SANTA #2
That ain't a gun.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
What gun?

SANDY
I have a gun.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
Since when?

SANDY
I could have a gun.

MAGGIE (V.O.)
Bullshit. What kinda gun?

SANDY
The kind that kills people.

NAJEE
(crying)
He's gonna kill Santa Claus.

SANTA #2
That's a squirt gun.

Sandy double-checks the gun.

SANDY
(to camera)
Well, that didn't work out.

Sandy spots Gideon rounding the corner. Fuck.

Throws the squirt gun at Santa #2. RUNS.

Reaches a bus stop across the street.

Steals a bike off the front of the bus. Cycles away.

He isn't Fred Astaire on a bike, but Sandy's got moves.

Gideon threads through a mob of Santas and holiday shoppers.

Black vans *screech* to a halt at the end of the street.

Sandy's rapid response team, MEN IN RIOT GEAR, tumble out of tactical vans. Brandish automatic weapons.

Turn back the crowd without firing a shot.

Gideon slows to a stop.

Sandy PEDALS LIKE HELL.

INT. THE BLOCK & CLEAVER STEAK HOUSE - PRIVATE ROOM - DAY

Bull carves a thick bloody steak. His plate and sides fill the entire dining table.

BULL

You failed.

Confused, a portly WAITER peels away. Reveals **Zibby**.

ZIBBY

He's fully authorized to green-light whatever deal we want.

BULL

Well, ain't that just lemonade. He throw a fuck in ya?

No response.

BULL

'Cause I sure as shit feel like I'm being fucked. I control every which way of these here negotiations, and I'm still being fucked. Yeah, you gave 'im the grand tour.

ZIBBY

I can get this back on track.

From behind, Gideon appears from seemingly nowhere and eases a knife to Zibby's throat.

GIDEON

We have a better plan.

BULL
 Now that you've been properly
 seasoned, you'll make excellent bait.

Bull chews.

BULL
 Call yer boyfriend.

INT. LOCAL TELEVISION STATION - MAKEUP ROOM - DAY

Slowly, the door opens to reveal Sandy... then Wild Card.

A STYLIST whips a makeup bib off Bull. *Snap!*

BULL
 (to Stylist)
 Give us a minute, darlin'.

The Stylist leaves.

SANDY
 Where is she?

BULL
 (meaning Wild Card)
 This one supposed to intimidate me?

WILD CARD
 Hey, what're friends for?

Sandy nods.

Bull stands.

Unimpressed with his stature, Wild Card searches the room.

BULL
 I'm announcing the merger live on the
 Bloomberg this mornin'.

Wild Card opens an adjoining GREEN ROOM door to reveal...

ZIBBY

... Bound in a chair. She's been through hell. Cried out.
 Fights to push words through a ball gag.

Wild Card starts after her--

On Zibby's shoulder, Gideon removes a large knife.

Wild Card snaps open a switchblade of his own.

SANDY
No, Wild Card.

Sandy and Bull trade cold stares.

Bull SLAMS down a landline.

Presses a button on the phone.

BULL
(into the phone)
Keef Teasley, please. Mendelsohn
Gamble.

His voice crackles bright and friendly...

BULL
(into the phone)
Keef! Bull Gamble. Lookin' forward ta
workin' with ya, sir. But first,
there's someone ya should talk to.

Bull presses hold.

Offers Sandy the phone.

Sandy leaves him hanging.

BULL
Now, for some odd reason, your word
carries weight. So, if you'd oblige me
and tell Triton to sign the papers...

GIDEON
Or we can always see what spills out
of the girl pinata.

Zibby violently shakes her head.

BULL
Line uno.

The moment sticks in Sandy's throat.

Zibby mumbles something through the gag.

Gideon raises a blade to her throat. Zibby's eyes brighten.

Sandy checks Wild Card.

Presses line one.

Searches for a soul in Bull's lying eyes.

SANDY
 (into the phone)
 Yeah, Mr. Teasley. Yeah. Thanks.
 I did. You can trust him. Sign the
 last draft I sent you. Reply all.

Sandy ends the call.

SANDY
 We good?

Bull checks his cell phone... Smiles.

Gideon has an unsatisfied air about him.

SANDY
 Oh, jeez, just take the win.

Bull leaves.

Zibby sobs.

GIDEON
 The coin... from the roof.

WILD CARD
 Don'tcha give him my coin.

Gideon doesn't budge.

Sandy checks Wild Card.

WILD CARD
 Don't do it, Sandy.

Sandy fishes the coin out of his pocket.

Leaves it on the counter.

Sandy steps back.

Gideon snaps his fingers. Opens his hand.

GIDEON
 Uh-uh. Bring it here.

Sandy eyes Zibby. She can't face him. Turns away.

He steps the coin into Gideon's hand.

GIDEON
 How does it work?

SANDY
 I don't have the slightest idea.

GIDEON

But you can see the future?

Works between Sandy and Wild Card.

Gideon leaves.

WILD CARD

I specifically told ya not ta give 'im
the coin.

SANDY

What was I supposed to do?

Wild Card cuts the plastic ties around Zibby's wrists.

Skips after Gideon.

Zibby tries to speak.

SANDY

What?

Pissed, Zibby tries to speak.

SANDY

Oh.

After unstrapping Zibby's ball gag...

ZIBBY

Dammit! What were you doing?

SANDY

(confused)
Saving you?

ZIBBY

And please take your time. They were
only threatening to kill me.

She sighs. Stands. Sandy hugs her. She lets him.

EXT. LOCAL TELEVISION STATION - DAY

Wild Card stumbles to a stop. Looks one way. Then another.
Then back again. Then the other way. And back again.

INT. LOCAL TELEVISION STATION - MAKEUP ROOM - DAY

Sandy's still hugging Zibby.

ZIBBY

I, uh. There's something I need to tell you.

SANDY

I know.

ZIBBY

You do?

SANDY

I feel the same way.

ZIBBY

That's not it. I mean... Look, I was in on it the whole time.

SANDY

No, say that again. I thought you--

ZIBBY

Well, obviously not the kidnapping and killing me part...

He crumbles. Each word boils away any hope of happiness.

ZIBBY

This is gonna be a huge payday for me. My contract is ironclad-- You're probably fucked.

SANDY

I thought you were, like, saying, "No, don't do the deal."

ZIBBY

Through a ball gag? Have you ever worn a ball gag? Forget I even asked that. I thought they were gonna kill me. I was saying, "No, no, don't kill me."

Sandy catches up to the moment.

SANDY

You're a complete fucking dirtbag.

ZIBBY

Yeah, well. Okay. I can do without the name-calling but I get it. But if this is the last thing we're gonna say to each other, I got a few things--

He grabs her face. Plants a long lingering kiss.

Zibby's SHOCKED.

SANDY

I might be a world-class asshole, but you're a million times worse than me.

ZIBBY

We, um, might need to work on our compliments a little.

SANDY

You're perfect.

ZIBBY

See how easy that was.

She sees herself in his eyes.

He wells up. A tender moment. A romantic kiss.

SANDY

(pissed to camera)

Do not tell me you knew about this and said nothing.

SANDY

There's just one more thing we gotta do. Kill some people.

ZIBBY

Really?

On the floor, the ball gag brings it all back for her.

ZIBBY

Who's first?

SANDY

Us.

Now, she's really confused.

SANDY

(hustling her away)

No, trust me. We, like, stage our deaths and fly to South America.

ZIBBY

But I don't speak Spanish.

SANDY

It don't matter. We're Americans.

ZIBBY

How do you feel about Florida?

SANDY

Trust me, they don't speak a lot of English down there either.

EXT. TELEVISION STATION - DAY

Strolling down the sidewalk, Zibby catches Sandy hanging a tiny smile on her. She rewards him with one of her own.

We whisk aloft. High over the city...

NARRATOR

Turns out we never made that flight because later that day...

INT. WORLD MOBILE HEADQUARTERS - BOARDROOM - DAY

Gideon wipes blood off his hands. Fixes his hair.

Looks down at the lifeless body of Bull Gamble.

NARRATOR

There was a teensy dispute over the coin and Bull got himself stabbed twenty-seven times-- Give or take.

FLASHBACK - EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Sandy roots a single coin out of a brown paper bag.

Tosses the other duplicates back in a dumpster.

NARRATOR

The coin never worked for Gideon.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Sandy strides down the sidewalk.

SANDY

(to camera)

And considering Bull's strict steak diet, he was always headed for a massive coronary anyway.

INT. KEEF TEASLEY'S OFFICE - DAY

Keef crunches a green salad at his desk.

NARRATOR

After the merger, the board named Keef Teasely the new CEO.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Sandy flips the coin in the air.

It slowly turns for a moment.

Overhand, Sandy snatches it out of the air.

NARRATOR

Gideon shanked his way through a double dime in the state pen.

EXT. THE DEVIL'S TRIANGLE STRIP CLUB - DAY

DOZENS OF CHILDREN of various ages and SEVERAL WOMEN, some pregnant, bark at Wild Card as he leaves the club.

NARRATOR

Wild Card lost his club in an impressive number of paternity lawsuits, dating back for years.

TIME JUMP

In a red latex dominatrix outfit, Maggie *cracks* a whip.

NARRATOR

But that allowed Maggie the opportunity to take over the club.

Men in Riot Gear stand guard as Dr. Wu steps outta the club. Alexi and Siri on either arm.

NARRATOR

And make immediate upgrades to their security and medical amenities.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Strolling past holiday carolers, Sandy and Zibby walk hand in hand. Twinkling lights fold into a kaleidoscope of colors.

NARRATOR

So with no one else to run from, we all lived happily ever after. Well, everyone except for Najee.

INT. CONGRESSIONAL OFFICE - DAY

As Najee dresses a proper Christmas tree, he ignores hectoring CONGRESSIONAL AIDS.

NARRATOR

With unprecedented funding from the Republican Party, Najee became a three-term Senator from Washington State.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ZIBBY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - YEARS LATER

Domestic bliss.

A little scruffy, Sandy and Zibby hug.

A couple of grandchildren, mobbed by pugs.

McKenna laughs.

NARRATOR

Eventually, Penny and I constructed a wonderful routine. One where the coin gave up even more of her secrets.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A man's bony, spotted hand rolls the coin over his fingers.

The Bedraggled Man (Sandy at 70) addresses the camera.

SANDY

You see, a wise man once told me,
"Time, it's all fuckin' relative."

He turns.

Amble toward Levi, breaking a five-dollar bill for a forty-something Sandy.

FADE OUT: