

Targeted

By

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. UPSCALE SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

1

A camera shot, with Bill Withers' "Use Me" playing over the OPENING CREDITS, sweeps up a winding road, pauses on a lawn and slowly zooms along the hedge line to the back of the house. The camera zooms in on a lovely window.

In the beautiful dimly lit library inside, we see a distinguished MAN sitting in a chair. The camera pans to high heels. Camera pulls back and pans up slowly revealing the long legs of a WOMAN clad only in black stockings, garter, panties and a bra. She seductively moves slowly toward the man. As she gets near to him, he stands up. They kiss passionately. She slowly starts to kneel down, unbuttoning his shirt, kissing his chest and then working her way down to his crotch. In a tight shot we see her hands unbuckling his belt, undoing his pants. His trousers fall to the floor. Her hands slide up his legs and pull his underwear down around his ankles. Her head slowly moves in.

CUT TO: A FIGURE clad in all black is holding a long zoom lens camera pointed toward the library window. We hear the rapid clicking of the camera taking photos.

FIGURE

Gotcha!

CUT TO: SUV interior the figure tosses his camera onto a manila file folder marked ROBINSON ADULTERY sitting atop a pizza box on the front seat of a SUV. We hear the car start and take off.

2 INT. BEAUTIFUL COLONIAL HOME - DAY

2

In an impeccably spotless house with everything in meticulous order, we see a tall, huge GUY wearing a bathrobe and vacuuming. He nudges a table leg, disrupting slightly the alignment of his remotes on the table. He pauses to straighten them out. He continues to vacuum, then carefully wraps up the cord and hangs up the vacuum in a closet. He shuts the door.

3 EXT. HIGHWAY INSIDE MATT'S SUV - DAY

3

MATT ALLEN, previously the figure with the camera, 5-10, fit and in his late 40's, is driving his beat-up SUV on Interstate 4 heading to Daytona Beach, Florida. He is wearing one of his requisite floral Hawaiian shirts, jeans and sneakers. TOM ASHBURN, previously the huge guy vacuuming,

considerably taller, built like a Mack truck and also in his late 40's, is in the front passenger seat. He is wearing one of his requisite blue suits with a crisp white dress shirt and loafers.

TOM

Matt, your car is sloppier than a truck stop kitchen.

Tom leans forward and picks up a banana peel in one hand and a granola bar wrapper in the other.

TOM

There must be a dozen banana peels and two dozen empty granola bar wrappers on the floor.

MATT

Tacos or burgers for lunch?

TOM

Tacos. But back to this pigsty.

MATT

I'll get to it when I get to it. I'm a little busy right now.

Tom drops the peel and wrapper on the floor, picks up a half-eaten slice of pizza and flips it on Matt's lap.

MATT

You're distracting my driving. And messing up my jeans.

TOM

Those jeans haven't been washed in a month.

Matt takes a bite out of the pizza.

TOM

You're gross.

Matt burps.

TOM

By the way, you're two weeks behind logging in your investigations.

MATT

I'm a free-wheeling, wing-it private  
(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)

investigator flying by the seat of my pants. Your administrative shit is a waste of my talent.

TOM

Matt, listen to me. You've got to become more analytical. You're wasting too much time tracking blind leads.

MATT

Really? You waste time in front of your computer all day. And when you're not doing that, you're washing your hands.

TOM

I'm not a huge fan of germs.

MATT

Which is why I'm the one raising hell on the streets while you sit behind your sanitized computer.

Matt shakes his head and smiles.

MATT

Have you ever looked at yourself? You're big enough to wipe out the entire Bolivian Army.

TOM

Just because I was gifted with great genetics doesn't mean I can't prefer being analytical.

4 EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING HIGHWAY - DAY

4

DONNA MOYER, a full-figured brunette in her 40's, stands over her husband MEL MOYER, a pudgy, balding guy in his 40's, who is lying on the ground holding a recoil-operated semi-automatic sniper rifle that is perched on a large rock.

DONNA

When you squeeze the trigger, remember that behemoth fucked up our lives.

MEL

How could I forget? I'm the one they sent to prison. Plus you keep reminding me.

DONNA  
Shut up and stay focused.

Mel mumbles to himself.

5 EXT. HIGHWAY INSIDE MATT'S SUV - DAY 5

Inside the car Matt lights a cigarette.

TOM  
How many times have I asked you not to  
smoke around me?

Tom lowers his window.

TOM  
Keep your lung cancer to yourself,  
partner.

MATT  
Fuck, a bullet will likely kill you  
before cigarettes do.

Matt lowers his window and takes a deep drag on his  
cigarette. Tom coughs.

6 EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING HIGHWAY - DAY 6

DONNA  
There they are!

MEL  
Got them in my sights.

He squeezes the trigger.

7 EXT. HIGHWAY INSIDE MATT'S SUV - DAY 7

As Matt exhales, a bullet zips through his open window and  
out Tom's, miraculously missing them and the car.

For a moment Matt and Tom sit in stunned silence.

MATT  
(Loudly)  
Holy fuck! That was a fucking bullet!

TOM  
It sure as hell wasn't a fucking  
butterfly.

MATT  
I'd better quit smoking.

TOM  
Who would be mad enough to want to  
kill us?

MATT  
A bunch of faces raced through my  
fucking mind.

FLASH/MONTAGE

-A gallery of images of people they've investigated flashes  
through Matt's mind.

BACK TO SCENE

TOM  
Flashing through my mind was what I  
usually see only on the back of my  
eyelids when I go to sleep.

FLASH/MONTAGE

-Images of firefights between U.S. Marines and ISIS in Iraq  
pinball through Tom's mind.

BACK TO SCENE

MATT  
I don't miss those days in the  
sandbox. Too much damn structure.

TOM  
I don't miss all the damn sand.

MATT  
The ultimate nightmare for you.

TOM  
Not to mention you never knew who was  
who.

MATT  
With your OCD, I bet that's a bitch.

TOM  
If they would've only lined up in neat  
formation like the Redcoats.

8 EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING HIGHWAY - DAY

8

Mel is standing with the sniper rifle in his hand while Donna slaps him upside the head.

DONNA

I told you not to miss.

MEL

I didn't miss. How was I to know they had the windows down?

Extremely pissed, she walks back to their vehicle.

DONNA

Call a fucking psychic.

9 EXT. HIGHWAY INSIDE MATT'S SUV - DAY

9

Matt lights up another cigarette in the car.

MATT

Sorry. I think better when I'm smoking.

TOM

What about that infidelity suspect you're tracking? Would he take a shot at us?

MATT

Vince Granger? He's a suit. I don't see him being our guy.

TOM

Could have hired someone?

Off Matt's look.

TOM

No? How about the wife? Is she pissed at you?

MATT

Bonnie Granger is impatient. But a killer, no.

TOM

Glad you mostly deal with them. Clients can be such a pain in the ass.

MATT

Bonnie Granger is worth the sacrifice.

10 INT. MUSEUM OFFICE - DAY

10

BONNIE GRANGER, a stunning, stylishly dressed brunette in her 40's, sits behind her desk at the Museum of Arts and Sciences. The office walls are adorned with beautiful paintings. Matt and Tom sit in plush chairs across from her desk.

BONNIE

I prefer we meet at my home. But you said this was urgent. What is it?

MATT

What does a curator do?

BONNIE

I manage large collections of art. Right now it's Claude Monet. But what is the emergency?

MATT

Monet? Didn't he play second base for the Minnesota Twins?

She gives him an are-you-serious look.

BONNIE

(Impatiently)

Seriously. He was a French impressionist who died in 1926.

MATT

Did he do impressions of Babe Ruth?

She is not amused. She turns to Tom.

BONNIE

Have you caught Vince in the act yet?

TOM

Bonnie, your husband is a devious guy. But...

She slams her hands on the desk.

BONNIE

Seriously! I need a private investigator to tell me that? What am  
(MORE)



BONNIE (CONT'D)

I paying you for? Why are you here and what's so urgent?

MATT

We were shot at today. Do you think Vince is capable of murder?

BONNIE

Absolutely not. Other than fucking his hair stylist, he's a straight shooter.

Matt and Tom exchange glances.

BONNIE

Definitely not Vince. Otherwise you two wouldn't be sitting here right now. He's a champion trap shooter.

TOM

(Realizing Vince isn't their guy)  
Sorry to have bothered you at work. We'll catch him and when we do it'll cost him a fortune. Thank you for your time.

BONNIE

(Gleaming, emphatically)  
Good. Because I'm going to squeeze him so badly the buffalo on his last nickel will shit.

MATT

(Whispering to Tom)  
Isn't that motive enough to hire a hit man?

TOM

Shut up.

BONNIE

(Chuckling softly)  
He would never do that because I'd just hire another pair of dicks.

Tom and Matt respond almost simultaneously.

TOM

That hurt.

MATT

Ouch.

Matt and Tom get up and start walking toward the door.

BONNIE

(Dismissively)

Oh. And boys, try not to get killed  
before you finish my case.

Matt purses his lips as to say BIT.. as Tom's massive hand covers his mouth and most of his face as they walk out the door.

11 EXT. TOWNHOUSE PARKING LOT INSIDE MATT'S SUV - DAY

11

Matt and Tom are sitting in the SUV, keeping an eye on a suburban townhouse while drinking coffee and checking their phones. Tom is rubbing his hands.

TOM

I don't understand this. My hands are  
always so dry.

MATT

So stop washing your hands so much.  
Use a moisturizer.

TOM

Tried that, but then I can't open  
doorknobs.

MATT

You neat freaks!

TOM

Spoken by a guy who adores dirt.

MATT

I just don't obsess over shit like you  
do.

TOM

OCD is a byproduct of stress.

Matt rolls his eyes.

MATT

Oh, Jesus.

A delivery truck backfires down the street.

Tom whips his head toward the sound.

TOM  
Was that another gunshot?

MATT  
(Laughing)  
You can't be shitting your pants  
whenever a truck backfires. You're an  
ex-Marine for Christ's sake.

TOM  
I was worried about your ass, not  
mine.

MATT  
Sure you were, tough guy.

TOM  
We're wasting time here.

MATT  
I've a hunch Granger will be here any  
minute.

CUT TO: EXT. - DAY

A sports car pulls in front of the townhouse and VINCE GRANGER, a trim, silver-haired guy in his 50's, pops out and hurries up to the door, unlocks it and enters. Matt and Tom exit the SUV and walk up to the door. Matt rings the doorbell several times. He pulls a lock pick from his back pocket and lets them inside, where Vince and VIV TEMPLETON, a sexy brunette in her early 20's, are arguing. A startled Vince notices Matt and Tom standing there.

VINCE  
Hey, who the hell are you two? How did  
you get in here?

Viv turns and hides behind Vince like a child would do. Matt grins and casually walks closer to them, trailed by Tom.

MATT  
Do me a favor. Can you bang out a  
quick one so I can video it and send  
it to your wife?

TOM  
And then tell us why you two are  
trying to kill me and my partner?

VINCE  
What the hell are you talking about?  
We're not trying to kill anybody.

MATT  
Ever shoot a gun, Vince?

VINCE  
My hobby is trapshooting.

TOM  
Branching out to shooting at cars?

VINCE  
What the fuck? I don't have time for  
this. I've got to get back to the  
office.

VIV  
And I have a cut and color.

MATT  
Sorry we interrupted your afternoon  
delight.

VIV  
(Sharply)  
GROSS! He's my father!

MATT  
(Laughing)  
And I'm your uncle.

VINCE  
She's telling the truth.

TOM  
(Sarcastically)  
Sure she is.

VINCE  
Before I met Bonnie, there was someone  
else. Simple as that. She left town.

VIV  
As you can see, she didn't have the  
abortion.

VINCE  
I just found out about Viv. That's why  
I've been keeping it a secret from  
(MORE)

VINCE (CONT'D)

Bonnie.

VIV

I told my father he should just tell Bonnie. It's silly.

VINCE

When we got married, Bonnie was a virgin. She wanted me to be a virgin, too. She made me vow that I was.

TOM

Come on. You'd rather have her suspect you're having an affair and risk her filing for divorce?

VINCE

I guess hiding my daughter from my wife hasn't been the brightest thing I've ever done.

VIV

No shit, Daddy! That's what we were arguing about when you two idiots broke in.

VINCE

I've never been unfaithful to my wife.

MATT

Are you going to tell Bonnie the truth or should I?

VIV

Daddy and I are going to tell her together.

MATT

Get Vince a nice Father's Day gift.

VIV

I'm gonna get Daddy a pair of balls to stand up to Bonnie.

12 EXT. STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

12

Matt and Tom pull up in front of an empty furniture store in a suburban strip mall, get out of Matt's SUV and enter the empty storefront. They open a door that leads to a secret elevator and descend to their office bunker in the basement.

13 INT. AA DETECTIVE AGENCY OFFICE - DAY

13

BARB DUNCAN, a statuesque, smart, sassy attractive Black woman in her 30's, sits behind her desk that has a desktop computer, a landline phone and several folders. Behind her are several large filing cabinets. A sign on the wall reads AA DETECTIVE AGENCY. Tom and Matt walk into the office.

MATT

Take a nap while we were gone, Barb?

BARB

Nah. My girlfriend came over and we made love on your desk.

TOM

How did you find the room with all the shit on his desk?

BARB

Threw it all on the floor.

MATT

You should try screwing a guy sometime.

BARB

Maybe you should, too.

Matt gives her a dumbfounded look.

BARB

So, what have you guys been up to?

MATT

Discovering further validation that our secret bunker may save our lives.

BARB

You've pissed off somebody else?

TOM

Someone took a shot at us while we were driving on the highway.

MATT

Lucky the windows were open.

BARB

Smoking in your car again, huh?

TOM

Look, we have to figure out who the hell wants us dead.

BARB

Well, that's a long list. Pick a file. It could be anyone.

Tom sits down at his nearby desk. His desk surface is empty except for a desktop computer, a laptop and a landline phone. He begins reviewing their client database on his desktop.

Matt sits behind his desk, leans back and props his feet on his desk that is smothered with file folders sloppily spilling everywhere, including some on the floor. His desktop has a cracked screen and his landline phone is speckled with mustard stains.

MATT

It just came to me. Luke Barber! Fuck, that dude threatened to kill me for proving he was cheating on his wife. That divorce cost him a fortune.

TOM

The used car lot owner who looks like he can bench press the lemons he sells?

MATT

Bingo.

TOM

Let's go pay Mr. Barber a visit. I hope your instincts are right for a change.

14 EXT. LUKE'S USED CAR LOT - DAY

14

Matt and Tom in the SUV pull into a used car lot located in the rural countryside and walk toward the small office sporting a LUKE'S USED CARS sign. The lot has about two dozen cars, most of them not in vintage condition. LUKE BARBER, a beefy guy in his 50's, rolls his wheelchair out of the office to greet them.

LUKE

The Odd Couple returns. If I had a shotgun handy and two good arms, you two would be fucking lunchmeat.

MATT

Nice to see you too, Luke.

TOM

What happened to you?

LUKE

A jealous husband pushed me down a flight of stairs.

Matt lights a cigarette and snickers.

MATT

When will you learn to keep your dick in your pants?

LUKE

No problem now. It's limper than linguine. I'm paralyzed from the waist down. And I only have partial use of my right arm.

MATT

That rules him out.

LUKE

What the hell are you talking about?

TOM

Someone took a shot at us today while we were driving on the highway.

MATT

In one window and out the other.

TOM

If we had bigger noses, they'd be gone.

Matt and Tom turn and start walking back to their vehicle.

LUKE

(Yelling)

Sorry the bastard missed. Obviously it wasn't me. By the way, if you know a pretty lady who took a vow of chastity, send her over.

TOM

What are friends for?



LUKE

Isn't it time you upgraded your wheels?

MATT

Get the fuck out of here. Your dick may be dead, but you still screw people here.

LUKE

Come on, guys. Show me an honest used car dealer and I'll show you a schmuck.

15 EXT. AA DETECTIVE AGENCY PARKING LOT - DAY

15

As Tom and Matt walk toward their office Mel, wearing a ski mask, is behind them, leaning into the trunk of his parked car. There is a flamethrower connected to a tank of fuel in the trunk.

TOM

So much for your hunches. Luke Barber was a waste of time.

MATT

Even the best hound dog can be thrown off the scent.

CUT TO: EXT. - DAY

Mel picks up the flamethrower, takes a step to the right, takes aim at Tom and Matt and squeezes the trigger. As he does so he sneezes violently, causing him to misfire and the flames set fire to a nearby bush.

Startled, Tom and Matt look back and see Mel throw the flamethrower into his trunk. He quickly slams the lid and hops into the front passenger seat.

Tom and Matt, with handguns drawn, sprint toward the car but it speeds away with Donna, also wearing a ski mask, behind the wheel.

MATT

I'm sure as hell not Moses so I don't think that burning bush was an act of God.

TOM

Did you catch the license plate?

Matt gives him an astonished WTF look.

MATT

(Sarcastically)

And I got the VIN number, too. Come on, man. What exactly do you do again?

16 INT. AA DETECTIVE AGENCY OFFICE - DAY

16

Tom and Matt stand talking with Barb.

BARB

A fucking flamethrower and a highway shooting?

MATT

It's gotta be someone from our active cases.

TOM

The financial identity theft case. He's a bad-ass bartender. But would he be clumsy with firearms?

MATT

He could have poor hand-eye coordination.

TOM

He allegedly stole a hundred grand from a jeweler. I'll go have a beer and feel him out.

MATT

Fuck, I have a feeling we can rule out the Grangers.

BARB

Why? Did you feel Bonnie up?

MATT

Not my type. She's a museum curator. But you would like Granger's daughter. HOT! And she owns her own beauty salon.

Matt gives Barb a curious look.

BARB

It's his daughter, not his mistress?

TOM  
Life can be funny sometimes.

BARB  
I'm sure you guys will figure this out.

TOM  
Always do. Been figuring it out together since boot camp.

BARB  
Now you're a modern day David and Goliath...but on the same side.

17 INT. BEAUTIFUL COLONIAL HOME - NIGHT

17

SUE ROBBINS, an attractive blonde in her late 30's/early 40's, sits with Tom on a large couch in their stylish living room in their suburban home. The carpet is plush, the drapes expensive and the wall paintings are gorgeous.

TOM  
Sue, you know how you're always joking that someday you'll have to replace my knees?

SUE  
Yeah. But do you really want your wife to be your orthopedic surgeon?

TOM  
We're not married.

SUE  
We'd better be by then or I'll operate on you without anesthesia.

TOM  
After today, knee replacements may not be necessary. Somebody took a shot at Matt and me and later tried to take us out with a flamethrower.

Sue, startled and frightened, leans over, hugs him and kisses him tenderly. She then slaps him hard on the cheek.

TOM  
What was that for?

She points a finger in his face.

SUE

How many times have I pleaded with you to quit being a private detective? It's a scumbag job and it's dangerous.

TOM

And do what? Become a surgeon because I'm always scrubbing my hands?

SUE

Jesus, Tom. You're gifted with computers. Become a software developer for God's sake. They don't face gunfire and flamethrowers on the same day.

TOM

First we have to find out who it is.

SUE

Then get to it.

TOM

First I want to clean our bathroom.

SUE

The cleaning lady was here yesterday.

TOM

Germs multiply like loaves and fishes on steroids in 24 hours.

SUE

I didn't know Jesus used steroids.

TOM

It's implied in the Bible.

SUE

Ooh.

She straddles him.

SUE

Now we're talking. Biblical scholars get me hotter than two-lane blacktop in the summertime.

Death to Germs tank top and gym shorts, is cleaning their master bathroom with the style, enthusiasm, elegance, grace and sophistication of a symphony orchestra conductor.

Tom intersperses his chores with conductor-like hand gestures. Watching him clean a bathroom is like watching a carefully choreographed dance.

He removes all items and products from the shower, sink, bathtub, toilet and countertops and places them outside the door on a large towel on their bedroom carpet. He removes all rugs and towels from the bathroom and puts them on the bedroom floor. He also removes the wastebasket and places it in the bedroom. He grabs a duster with a long handle and dusts the bathroom's corners, light fixtures and vents. He then vacuums the floor.

He sprays all-purpose cleaner to the bathtub, shower walls and floor. He lets the cleaning solution sit for a minute while he mimics waving the bottle like a baton. He then, with dramatic flourish, uses a sponge to wipe away the residue before rinsing. He applies glass cleaner to the glass shower door to give it a streak-free finish.

Oozing poise and polish, he addresses other surfaces -- spraying all-purpose cleaner on a sponge and wiping down the towel racks, shelves, baseboards, blinds and windowsills. Employing precise geometric progression, he works in sections from the top of the room to the bottom and left to right.

With flair and energy, Tom next cleans the vanity area -- spraying all-purpose cleaner on the sink, faucet and countertop and then wiping with a clean cloth. He uses a scrubby sponge to loosen buildup in the sink and soap dish. Smiling with satisfaction, he uses glass cleaner on the mirror, does a celebratory pirouette, and dampens a cloth with water to remove dust from cabinet faces.

He pauses, grimaces and shadowboxes --throwing a volley of fast punches with bad intentions as if preparing for a fight. He sprays the toilet bowl with toilet-bowl cleaner and then scrubs with a toilet brush before flushing. He sprays the outside of the toilet with all-purpose cleaner, then wipes with a clean cloth.

Finally, he submerges a mop into a bucket of cleaning solution, squeezes out excess water and then cleans the bathroom floor. He finishes by spraying the entire bathroom with disinfectant spray.

A broad smile creases his face. To celebrate his victory over

germs, he bows from the waist much like an orchestra conductor and then raises both fists in the air like a boxer who has just won the fight.

19 INT. TOM AND SUE'S MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT 19

While Bobby Darin's "Splish Splash" is playing, a beaming Tom is taking a luxurious bubble bath in the tub.

20 INT. FACTORY ARTIST LOFT - NIGHT 20

Matt and DANIELLE BISSET, a pretty, petite brunette in her late 30's/early 40's, sip wine on leather lounge chairs in the living area of their sprawling factory artist loft. The living area is impeccable and artistic, adorned with beautiful portraits, stunning sculptures and a Persian rug.

MATT

How was your day, babe?

DANIELLE

Perfect. The shipment of marble I've been waiting for finally arrived. I thought the freight elevator would buckle.

MATT

Glad it didn't. You'd be reduced to sculpting pebbles.

DANIELLE

And the portrait painting of that peanut butter heiress I'm working on went well except the bitch talked too much during her sitting.

MATT

Hazards of the job. Speaking of which, Tom and I were shot at today and then nearly barbecued by a flamethrower.

DANIELLE

Oh my God! Why didn't you call me?

MATT

Didn't want to worry you while you were working.

She quickly arises, walks over to him, sits on his lap and kisses him.

DANIELLE  
Thank God you and Tom were unharmed.

MATT  
Only because the hit man sucked.

DANIELLE  
He'll try again?

A beat off Matt's look of concern.

DANIELLE  
Please let me paint your portrait  
while you still have your pretty face.

She takes his hand and they walk over to the huge workroom studio that is filled with easels, canvasses, paints and brushes, palettes, chisels, hammers, torches and blocks of marble and granite.

Matt sits in a chair facing her. She peers at him, picks up her palette and holds it with her left hand while her right hand brushes oil paint on canvas mounted on an easel.

MATT  
(Jokingly)  
Make me look like Matthew McConaughey.  
That way you can look at his picture  
and save me from spending hours in  
this chair.

DANIELLE  
Try to be still. No fidgeting.

MATT  
Can I pick my nose?

DANIELLE  
If you do, I'll paint a big booger on  
your forehead.

Matt uses his thumb and index finger to playfully shoot himself in the forehead.

MATT  
Beats a bullet hole.

DANIELLE  
Stop that and behave if you want to  
get lucky tonight.

MATT

They say it's better to be lucky than good. You've flipped the script. I have to be good to get lucky.

DANIELLE

One other thing.

She points toward their bedroom in the loft where Matt's clothes are strewn all over the floor.

DANIELLE

Clean up that mess. I'm not bedding a slob.

MATT

You have been.

DANIELLE

Don't split hairs with me.

Matt smiles impishly.

MATT

Pubic hairs?

DANIELLE

Stop being 14 years old.

MATT

Fuck, it's no fun acting like an adult. Which is why we're playing paintball Saturday.

DANIELLE

You may be playing paintball Saturday but I have to work. I'm on deadline on two sculptures.

MATT

What happened to the fun-loving artist I fell in love with?

DANIELLE

I got successful. That translates into less play time with you.

MATT

Bohemian artists aren't supposed to care about money.



DANIELLE

I sometimes flaunt the rules. As you do. That's why we eat with our hands in restaurants and walk up to drive-thru windows.

MATT

I miss our carefree days when on a whim we would go skinny dipping at the lake or cruise dive bars or go elevator surfing in skyscrapers.

DANIELLE

We're getting too old to ride on top of elevators. Besides, life can't be all fun and chaos. A little order never hurt anybody.

MATT

Discipline. What a drag.

She laughs.

DANIELLE

How would you know? You've never even been in the same zip code as discipline. Which is why I'm crazy about you. Most of the time.

21 INT. MATT AND DANIELLE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

21

While Jack Hartmann's "Clean Up Vacuum Cleaner" is playing, Matt is lying on his bed. His clothes that were strewn on the floor on his side of the bed now lie in a crumpled heap on a nearby chair. He is lazily vacuuming the carpet on his side of the bed with his right arm while his left hand is busily engaged removing cheese curls from a bag resting on the bed and stuffing them into his mouth. Residue and crumbs from the cheese curls are squatting on his chin, lips, left hand and the bedspread.

22 INT. DIVE BAR - DAY

22

Tom sits at the bar. The bartender, BIFF BENSON, rugged and in his 30's, taps him a beer.

TOM

It's dead in here.

BIFF

Hang around a bit. It gets packed at  
(MORE)

BIFF (CONT'D)

happy hour.

TOM

This is a tough neighborhood. How are the tips?

BIFF

So-so.

TOM

That's interesting.

BIFF

Why?

TOM

I saw you pull up in a new Corvette.

BIFF

I have some good investments. Why? Are you a cop?

TOM

Nah. Just a nosy guy.

BIFF

Stick your nose elsewhere or I'll rip it off, you big fuck.

TOM

Trust me, I'm not here to start anything. And you look like you can handle yourself.

BIFF

Two tours in Afghanistan as a Marine sniper. What do you think?

TOM

Enough said. Semper Fi. Thanks for the beer.

Tom stands up, gives Biff a hard stare, flexes a bicep and lays down a twenty.

BIFF

That's a helluva tip for a beer.

TOM

Put it toward your car insurance.

23 INT. AA DETECTIVE AGENCY OFFICE - DAY

23

Tom is seated at his computer while Matt stands behind him. Tom suddenly points a finger at his desktop screen.

TOM

Here's a prime suspect.

MATT

Who?

TOM

Ben Hammer.

MATT

Now there's a real tool.

Barb walks over to them.

BARB

I don't remember him. Must not have been working here yet.

TOM

He was a real a charming guy. We caught him trying to kill his girlfriend Alicia Mendez with a chainsaw.

MATT

I almost lost a limb or two wrestling him before Tom shot him in the knee.

TOM

He served 15 years in prison and was released last month.

MATT

Nice catch, partner. He could be our guy. He's an ornery prick.

TOM

Wonder if he still has the chainsaw.

MATT

I'll look up Alicia and see if she knows his whereabouts.

24 EXT. FRONT PORCH OF MODEST RANCH HOUSE - DAY

24

Matt rings the doorbell. The front porch of the rural ranch

house is decorated with a variety of plants. A chime in the shape of a cross dangles from the front porch ceiling. The door opens and ALICIA MENDEZ, a pretty Latina in her 40's, steps out and smiles warmly at Matt.

ALICIA

Surprised to see you, Matt.

MATT

You remember my name after all these years.

ALICIA

Don't be silly. You saved my life. You and Tom. Only wished Tom didn't have to shoot Ben.

MATT

It was either that or.

He holds his up his hands and shrugs his shoulders.

MATT

Did you know that Hammer is out of prison?

ALICIA

Of course. He's now my husband.

MATT

Fuck. Imagine that.

ALICIA

He's a changed man. He found God in prison. We got married the day he was released from prison.

MATT

Fuck. Imagine that.

ALICIA

He became an ordained minister online while in prison.

MATT

Sure beats making license plates.

ALICIA

Want to see him again?

MATT

Uh, does he still have the chainsaw?

ALICIA

Don't be silly. He's replaced the chainsaw with a silver cross. He carries it all the time.

MATT

Bless the Lord.

ALICIA

(Yells into the house)

Honey, can you step out on the porch for a minute?

BEN HAMMER, a hard-looking Black guy with a shaved head and in his 50's, steps out the door with a slight limp and a friendly grin. He is dressed like a minister with a black suit, black shirt and white clergy collar. He holds a large silver cross in his left hand and blesses Matt with his right hand.

BEN

Thank the Lord that I didn't dismember you Matthew or your partner Thomas. And thank you from stopping me from killing my saintly Alicia.

MATT

You've got to be kidding, Hammer.

BEN

Reverend Hammer. Just say I had a Saul on the Road to Damascus epiphany in prison.

MATT

I imagine getting it up the ass in the slammer changes a man. I'm no Bible banger, but I do know that the Apostle Paul wrote a lot of letters to the Corinthians. Did they ever write him back?

BEN

Ever the quipster, Matthew. What can I do for you?

MATT

Since you're now a man of God, tell me  
(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)

the truth. Have you tried to kill me and Tom since you've been released from prison?

BEN

(Laughing)

Lawdy, that's funny. Thou shalt not kill, especially if you're holding a cross.

MATT

They did during the crusades.

BEN

Ancient history. I've taken a sacred vow to carry this cross everywhere I go. I even carry it to the john.

MATT

I assume that you wipe your ass with your right hand.

Hammer gives Matt a cold stare and then grins.

BEN

My right hand to the Lord, I'm not trying to kill you or your associate. But I must say, the old Ben Hammer would've been holding a hammer instead of a cross and pounded your brains into goo resembling eggs over easy.

MATT

No doubt. You still look like you were mined, not born. And you still look like a guy who should be holding a gun, not a cross.

BEN

Looks are deceiving. I'm not a false apostle disguised as a servant of righteousness.

MATT

Well, I'd better let you go back to shepherding your flock. Goodbye, Alicia. Stay safe.

ALICIA

I trust in the Lord. I'll pray for

(MORE)

ALICIA (CONT'D)  
you, Matt.

BEN  
Amen. Go in peace and praise the Lord.

MATT  
Since you're now so tight with God,  
ask him to give us a clue who's trying  
to kill us.

BEN  
If you donate a hundred bucks to my  
ministry, I'll add you to my prayer  
line.

MATT  
I'm a little short on cash so I'll  
just ask God myself.

25 EXT. AA DETECTIVE AGENCY PARKING LOT - DAY

25

Donna places a GPS tracker under Matt's SUV and Mel puts one under Tom's gleaming sports car. Donna walks over to Mel.

DONNA  
(Whispers)  
Let me check it to make sure you  
didn't fuck it up. You may be great  
with numbers but that's about it.

She crouches down to check the tracker.

DONNA  
You did it right. Wonders never cease.

MEL  
You're just pissed because I haven't  
killed them yet.

DONNA  
You're damn right. You couldn't kill  
an ant if you drove a steamroller over  
it.

26 EXT. HIGHWAY INSIDE MATT'S SUV - DAY

26

Matt is driving his SUV on Highway A1A that runs along the beautiful Atlantic coastline. Tom once again is riding shotgun.

MATT

Your research fucked up on Ben Hammer.  
He's now a man of God.

TOM

Computers can't foresee divine  
intervention.

A sedan comes out of nowhere on the empty highway and pulls alongside them in the passing lane. Donna is driving while Mel is riding shotgun.

DONNA

You'd better not miss this time,  
hotshot.

MEL

Your parents should have named you  
Prima Donna.

DONNA

Just pull the fucking trigger and  
finish them.

He fires a handgun through the open passenger window at Matt's SUV. The first bullet hits the SUV's roof. He fires a second shot, this time hitting the hood. The sedan then speeds away with Matt and Tom in hot pursuit.

MATT

What the fuck! The last fucking thing  
my car needed was two more bullet  
holes.

TOM

You're worried about your car?  
Seriously! If the guy was any kind of  
shot, half your face would be gone.

MATT

Next time you drive and get your car  
shot at and your face blown off.

TOM

Floor this piece of shit. I want to  
catch those bastards.

A police siren starts wailing. Matt glances in his rearview mirror and sees a police car gaining on them. Matt relinquishes the chase and pulls over. Then slams his right palm on top of the steering wheel.



MATT

Another damn speeding ticket.

Matt glances at Tom, who has his palms up on his knees and is taking meditative deep breaths.

TOM

Now we'll never catch them.

MATT

Don't worry. You don't have to be Nostradamus to predict we'll hear from them again.

TOM

Yeah, sure as the sunrise.

27 EXT. HIGHWAY INSIDE MATT'S SUV - DAY

27

Matt resumes driving his SUV on Highway 1A. As they approach an overpass a man drops a large boulder onto the highway.

Matt immediately spots the falling boulder and quickly yanks the steering wheel to the left. As Matt swerves into the passing lane, the boulder narrowly misses his SUV and shatters into pieces on the highway.

TOM

(Exulting)

Great reflexes, partner!

MATT

Shit, that would've totally fucked my car up.

TOM

Ten to one, the boulder guy and the shooter guy are the same.

MATT

Fuck, you're becoming a regular Sherlock Holmes. Although he was only 6-1.

TOM

What? He's a fictional character. Arthur Conan Doyle could have made him 2-7 or 7-2.

MATT

Either way must be a bitch buying  
(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)  
suits off the rack.

28 EXT. HIGHWAY OVERPASS - DAY

28

Mel and Donna are standing on the overpass, looking down on the highway.

DONNA  
How the fuck can you miss a SUV with a big boulder?

MEL  
I was a bit premature.

DONNA  
That's my Mel. The king of premature ejaculations.

29 INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

29

Matt and Tom are sitting at a front table in a sleazy topless joint. PATRONS, mostly male, are sitting at other tables and at the bar. Performing on stage is MAMMARY JONES, a busty bottle blonde in her 30's.

TOM  
I hate these places. Too filthy, too sticky, too germy.

MATT  
We're not here to lick the tables.

TOM  
You really think Mammary Jones up there could be our shooter?

MATT  
Man, she fucking hates me.

TOM  
(Laughing)  
Her child custody case was a slam dunk. Even without your investigation, the judge would've awarded sole custody to her ex-husband.

MATT  
You know that. I know that. Tell her that.

Mammary ends her routine, looks down and sees Matt and Tom. She grimaces and gives them the finger. Still topless, she stomps over to their table and pulls up a chair.

MAMMARY

I know you didn't come here to look at my tits, Matt. What the fuck do you want?

Matt grins.

MATT

Still pissed at me?

MAMMARY

I'd love to feed your cock to a crocodile. But that would be cruel to the croc because there isn't much to chew on.

MATT

You had zero chance. Your ex-husband's a bank president and head of church council. You're a stripper, cocaine abuser and ran a cockfighting ring.

MAMMARY

Nobody knew about the cockfighting until you dug it up. Now my Grace is a church mouse.

MATT

A step up from collecting bets at the cockpit when you're only 8 years old.

TOM

Somebody's shooting at us. Is it you?

MAMMARY

I'm anti-gun. Besides, I'm now holding less of a grudge against Matt.

MATT

Finally succumbed to my charms?

MAMMARY

The judge who ruled against me? He just left his wife for me. This time the law's on my side.

MATT

Hot damn.

TOM

Pardon me, but I just gotta ask. Is Mammary your stage name?

MAMMARY

My mother was flat-chested. Named me Mammary, hoping it would trump genetics.

TOM

It worked.

MAMMARY

They're real and they're spectacular.

MATT

So you're not our trigger lady?

MAMMARY

Nope. But the judge knocked me up. Scram before I start lactating and drown both of you.

30 EXT. TONY THE TIGER'S TATTOO PARLOR - DAY

30

Tom and Matt are standing in front of the tattoo parlor, admiring a sign featuring a large tiger tattoo image.

TOM

Tony the Tiger is a first-class prick. He owned a pre-school that he intentionally burned down for the insurance money.

MATT

A peach of a guy.

TOM

He never got the money. He got jail time instead after I uncovered evidence of arson.

MATT

The insurance company gave you a sweet retainer. Of which I didn't receive a cent.

TOM

You didn't do shit on that case.

MATT

I was glad I wasn't on that case after Tony went after you with a tire iron. I still wonder if he can shit after you stuck that tire iron up his ass.

TOM

Let's see if Tony still is holding a grudge now that he's switched careers.

31 INT. TONY THE TIGER'S TATTOO PARLOR - DAY

31

Tom and Matt are standing in front of a counter. Standing behind the counter is TONY GALENTO, a bare-chested beefy guy in his 40's. He has a large tiger tattooed on his chest and a smaller tiger tattooed on top of his shaved head. He is wearing dark sunglasses. The parlor walls are full of framed pictures of various tattoos. The parlor has several black leather chairs, including a recliner, where Tony and his staff work on customers.

TONY

May I help you?

TOM

Surprised you don't remember me. Tom Ashburn.

TONY

How could I forget? I think of you every time I take a shit.

TOM

Still pissed at me?

TONY

Fuck yeah.

TOM

Been trying to shoot me and my partner here?

TONY

Wish I could.

MATT

Why can't you?

TONY  
I'm fucking blind, you dumb fuck.

TOM  
What happened?

TONY  
My 8-year-old grandson Nico shot me in both eyes with the BB gun I bought him for Christmas.

TOM  
The kid must be a real Scrooge.

TONY  
The last Christmas gift I'll ever give that little shit.

MATT  
You still tattooing customers?

TONY  
Fuck yeah. Once you've got the touch, you've got the touch. Need some art?

MATT  
I'll pass.

TOM  
Remember not to play with matches.

32 EXT. SWIMMING POOL IN TOM AND SUE'S BACKYARD - DAY

32

Tom in swim trunks and Sue in a bikini sit in poolside beach chairs. They both are looking at their phones.

TOM  
Time for a dip. Man, I'm hot.

Sue holds up your phone.

SUE  
I'll join you shortly.

He dives into the pool and quickly surfaces.

TOM  
(Loudly)  
Holy shit! My skin's on fire. Too much chlorine.

SUE  
 (Urgently)  
 Oh my God, get out of there!

Tom vaults out of the water, grabs a towel on the back of his chair and gently rubs his eyes, face and body. His skin is irritated and red.

SUE  
 Let me Google excessive chlorine in a swimming pool.

She picks up her phone and checks out a couple websites.

SUE  
 It says here that excessive chlorine can cause skin redness, itchy eyes, a burning sensation in your throat, nausea, vomiting and possibly poison you.

TOM  
 At least my knee and hip joints are fine.

SUE  
 Two words for you: Software developer.

TOM  
 My hunch is our pool guy didn't dump the extra chlorine.

33 INT. TOM AND SUE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

33

Tom is standing in front of a mirror, looking at his body. His skin is covered with a flame red rash and hives. Sue is inspecting him.

SUE  
 You must itch like crazy.

TOM  
 Itch? I wish we had a pet tiger so he could claw my skin off.

SUE  
 I'm going to put hydrocortisone on you. And then sleep in the guest bedroom so you're more comfortable.

Tom gives her a look of relief.

34 INT. AA DETECTIVE AGENCY OFFICE - DAY

34

Matt and Barb flank Tom, who is seated at his desktop, scrolling through a list of their active and former investigations.

BARB

What if the blind marksman trying to take you out was never a client?

MATT

Hell, then it could be anybody.

BARB

Any non-professional skeletons in your closets? Jealous husbands, stiffed bookies, bitter ex-girlfriends. Parents angry because you two never amounted to anything. Grandparents pissed because you put them in a nursing home.

TOM

Before I settled down with Sue, I broke a few ladies' hearts. But they're not killers.

MATT

I've made my bookie wealthy so no reason he'd be pissed.

BARB

What about a priest you may have jilted?

TOM

I must have been ugly. No priest ever tried to molest me.

MATT

I had a teacher who was a hot nun. I wish she would have molested me.

TOM

It's obvious that this couple is connected to our business. I've been searching the cases for the people who served the most prison time.

MATT

Glad your database is coming in handy.



TOM  
Barb, did those words actually come  
out of Matt's mouth?

BARB  
Either that or I've become a  
ventriloquist.

TOM  
You could be a target as well. Please  
look out for any suspicious mail or  
ticking packages.

BARB  
How about I let you guys open the mail  
from now on?

MATT  
What will you do then?

BARB  
My nails.

Matt flashes her a wry smile.

35 EXT. TOM AND SUE'S BACKYARD - DAY

35

Tom is cooking steaks on his grill. He reaches for a barbecue  
sauce jar and pours it on the steaks. The grill suddenly  
erupts in flames but he quickly backpedals away from the  
grill to escape the fire.

TOM  
(Very loudly)  
Hot damn!

A frantic Sue rushes out of the house.

SUE  
(Screaming)  
Are you all right? Is that gasoline I  
smell? Why did you pour gasoline on  
the grill?

TOM  
I didn't. Somebody poured gas in the  
barbecue sauce jar.

SUE  
Those bastards!

He hugs her to calm her down.

TOM

Once we catch these guys, I'm going to take some software development courses.

SUE

If you don't, I'm leaving you.

36 EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING TOM AND SUE'S HOME - DAY

36

Mel and Donna look down upon the backyard. He is holding binoculars and looking sheepish. She is scowling at him.

DONNA

You didn't put enough gasoline in the jar.

MEL

I did. Filled it to the brim.

DONNA

Then learn how to build a bomb. Scratch that. You'd blow us up.

37 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

37

Tom, Matt and Barb are having lunch. Other CUSTOMERS sit at tables.

BARB

While you two busy are busy tracking down assassin suspects, business is more backed up than our office toilet after Tom eats Mexican.

She pulls out a sheet of paper from her purse. Matt yawns. Tom checks his phone.

BARB

Here's what's on our plate. Six accident reconstructions, four background checks, three child custodies, two computer forensics on cyber crimes, seven criminal investigations, eight financial investigations, two identity thefts, nine insurance frauds and two missing persons investigations.

MATT  
Christ, is that all?

TOM  
We've got to take care of ourselves  
first. Other business can wait.

MATT  
(Laughing)  
We're out of business anyway if we're  
dead.

BARB  
If you two clowns get whacked, all  
those backed-up clients will be up my  
ass.

LOU LIPPS, a medium-sized guy with long blond hair in his  
30's, approaches their table.

MATT  
Mr. Lou Lipps. Love that name.

LOU  
(Defensively)  
Remember, Lipps has two p's.

TOM  
(Defensively)  
And Lou Lipps with two p's, what are  
you pissed at us for?

LOU  
Not pissed. Saw you all here and just  
wanted to thank you again for nailing  
my wife for adultery.

Matt smiles and chuckles.

MATT  
How is Sugar Lipps doing?

LOU  
Don't know. Divorced the unfaithful  
bitch. She's no longer Sugar Lipps.  
Took back her maiden name. Bohl.

Matt, Tom and Barb all laugh.

MATT  
How does she spell it?

LOU  
B...O...H...L.

TOM  
No matter. It's still pronounced Sugar  
Bowl.

MATT  
Great name for a country singer.

LOU  
Barb, can I take you to dinner  
sometime since I'm single again?

BARB  
Sorry, darling. I play for the other  
team. But if you ever bump into Sugar,  
tell her to give me a call.

Lou walks away. Matt, Tom and Barb eat in silence for a few moments until they jerk their heads toward the back of the restaurant where loud shouting is taking place. Other PATRONS also rubberneck toward the racket.

At the back of the restaurant LADY FINGERS, a tall, curvy, extremely fit brunette in skin-tight shorts and top in her 20's, and a short GUY in his 50's stand up from the table they were sharing. Suddenly Lady Fingers picks the guy up and tosses him across two tables. He lands on the floor with a resounding thud. She calmly grabs her purse and struts away until she spots Matt. She stops and glowers at him.

LADY  
Matt, still the same bastard?

MATT  
Always. Having a little disagreement  
back there?

LADY  
My promoter stiffed me on my last  
purse. Nobody fucks Lady Fingers  
unless Lady Fingers wants to get  
fucked.

MATT  
Barb and Tom, as you probably already  
guessed, this is Lady Fingers. Piano  
teacher by day, MMA fighter by night.

LADY

Ten knockouts in twelve fights. UFC is knocking on my door. Matt, you could've been fucking a star.

MATT

Lady Fingers was my piano teacher a few years ago. She legally changed her name to that because she plays a mean piano. And because she's notorious for illegal eye finger pokes in the octagon.

LADY

I'm still furious at you for jilting me. Even though you were all thumbs on the keyboard and hit enough wrong notes to give me a migraine, I wanted you bad.

MATT

What can I say? Monogamy is one of my biggest faults.

LADY

How is that little stone-chipper Danielle?

MATT

Still putting up with my shit.

LADY

You're the only guy who turned me down. I hate you.

TOM

Enough to shoot all of us?

Lady Fingers laughs. And flexes both her impressive biceps,

LADY

Who needs guns? I got my own guns.

BARB

I've been considering piano lessons.

Lady Fingers gives Barb a lustful stare, then grins.

LADY

You can share a piano bench with me anytime, sister. Matt knows where my

(MORE)

LADY (CONT'D)  
studio is.

Lady Fingers prances away in her high heels.

MATT  
This is why I prefer takeout.

38 INT. AA DETECTIVE AGENCY OFFICE - DAY

38

Matt and Barb stand behind Tom and watch him scroll through a database.

BARB  
Tom, you always bring such a thoughtful approach to your investigations. Unlike Matt.

Matt points to Tom.

MATT  
Analytical.

Then Matt points to himself.

MATT  
Instinctual.

TOM  
Instinctual? Now that we're literally under the gun, we don't have time for you to pull the right suspect out of your ass.

MATT  
Philip Marlowe never fucked around with computers.

TOM  
I've also narrowed our search to only cases I worked on.

BARB  
Find anything yet?

TOM  
Yep. A guy named Mel Moyer.

BARB  
The pudgy embezzler?

TOM

I can't believe I overlooked this guy. He embezzled two million bucks from the electronics company he worked for. He got 10 years in prison and was just released.

MATT

How did you overlook this guy? Fucking computers!

TOM

Operator error.

MATT

He definitely has motive. Not the ideal hit man, though.

TOM

His wife is the one who has the balls. She's the gold digger. She was the one who pressured him into stealing the money.

BARB

He should've shot her instead.

TOM

He would've missed.

39 EXT. GOLF DRIVING RANGE - DAY

39

Tom and Matt are driving golf balls at an otherwise empty driving range.

MATT

Since someone is working overtime trying to kill us, shouldn't we be working right now?

TOM

I am working. I think more clearly when I'm taking out my frustrations on a golf ball.

MATT

A guy your size should be punching the shit out of a heavy bag.

TOM

I'm more of a cerebral guy.

They resume hitting golf balls.

A flatbed truck backs up behind them in the nearby parking lot. In the truck bed Mel is crouched over a Gatling gun.

Matt hits an awful drive that hooks dramatically.

TOM

Keep your head down and just follow through. How many times do I have to tell you this?

Mel begins cranking out a hailstorm of bullets.

Tom and Matt leap over a cement retaining wall separating the tee boxes from the range and they lie facedown on the ground. The bullets are chewing up the range turf but flying over Tom and Matt, who are safely below firing range.

Mel stops, pulls a tarp over the Gatling gun and Donna drives the truck away.

Tom and Matt get up slowly and peek over the retaining wall. Matt lights up a cigarette and take a deep drag.

MATT

(Exasperated)

A fucking Gatling gun!

TOM

I'll have to find out if Mel Moyer is a Civil War buff.

MATT

This is getting out of control.

TOM

I should've become a software developer.

40 INT. FACTORY ARTIST LOFT - NIGHT

40

Matt sits in a chair, facing Danielle. She looks intently at him while holding a palette in her left hand and brushing oil paint with her right hand on canvas mounted on an easel.

DANIELLE

Sit still and stop fidgeting. You keep changing facial expressions.



MATT

Why do you want to paint my portrait?  
Just take my picture, blow up the  
photograph and hang it on the wall.

DANIELLE

Why did Leonardo da Vinci paint the  
Mona Lisa? Because she was pure  
subject, as are you.

MATT

I'm more like a verb than a subject.

DANIELLE

Any new leads on the wannabe assassin?

MATT

Tom feels it's a guy he helped put  
away for embezzlement.

DANIELLE

So why is he trying to kill you?

MATT

I'm evidently just collateral damage.

DANIELLE

You've always been damaged goods.

MATT

Part of my charm.

DANIELLE

Sue and I definitely know how to pick  
them.

MATT

Focus on painting my mug.

DANIELLE

And you focus on getting that guy. I  
don't want to paint your tombstone.

MATT

Speaking of tombstones, how about a  
naked run through the cemetery  
tonight? You know how much I love to  
run through ghosts.

DANIELLE

We already did that last Halloween.

(MORE)

DANIELLE (CONT'D)

Besides, I have to get up early tomorrow to meet a client about a painting.

MATT

I liked it better when you were a starving artist and had more time to fuck around with me.

DANIELLE

I've always supported your career, putting up with the weird hours and wondering if you're coming home. Show a little respect for mine.

MATT

I'm sorry. I know. I'm selfish. But you couldn't live without me.

DANIELLE

Try me. I love you but you need to give me some space to work. My work is my art. You're either in on that or I'm out.

He walks over and kisses her gently. She dabs his nose with paint and laughs.

DANIELLE

I give in. Let's do that naked midnight run.

41 EXT. CEMETERY - NIGHT

41

While Bob Dylan's "Tombstone Blues" plays, in the moonlight we see the silhouettes of Matt and Danielle jogging naked around tombstones. Suddenly a CARETAKER carrying a flashlight stops them.

CARETAKER

How sick must a person be to run naked through a cemetery at midnight?

DANIELLE

Doctor's orders. We both suffer from nipple and pubic chafing from too much jogging.

42 INT. HALIFAX HEALTH MEDICAL CENTER CAFETERIA - DAY

42

Sue, wearing a white doctor's coat, and EMMA IMPINK, an orthopedic surgeon in her 40's who also is wearing a white doctor's coat, are having lunch.

SUE

How was your morning, Emma?

EMMA

Replaced three hips. You?

SUE

Replaced three knees.

EMMA

Good things come in threes.

SUE

Evidently.

EMMA

The boomers are keeping us busy.

Sue picks up her cup of coffee, takes a sip and immediately spits it out into her bowl of soup.

SUE

Ugh. This cup is filled with coffee grounds.

EMMA

Really? That never happens in this cafeteria. Let me take a peek.

Emma inspects the cup of coffee.

EMMA

Strange. These aren't coffee grounds. These grains look like the rodent bait my husband uses in the backyard. It's laced with strychnine.

SUE

(Angrily)

Jesus! I don't think I swallowed any of it. But I better make sure.

She spits into the soup again.

SUE  
 (Softly to herself)  
 Tom has to nail that bastard.

EMMA  
 Tom? Huh? What's going on, Sue?

SUE  
 Someone is trying to kill Tom and his partner. Oh my God. Danielle!

EMMA  
 I didn't realize that being a private investigator was that dangerous.

SUE  
 It's not worth dying over.

EMMA  
 You need to have your stomach pumped.

SUE  
 (Exhaling)  
 Fuck.

43 INT. AA DETECTIVE AGENCY OFFICE - DAY

43

Tom is sitting at his desk, working on his laptop. His phone rings and he answers.

TOM  
 Slow down. What happened exactly?...OK...Uh-huh...So there's no poison. Thank God. I promise you we'll catch this guy. I love you.

He hangs up.

TOM  
 (Bellows)  
 MOTHERFUCKER!

He slams his fist down on his desk. His fist covers Mel Moyer's face that is clipped to top of his file.

44 INT. BISTRO - DAY

44

Sue and Danielle are the only patrons sitting at a small bar in a quaint bistro. The BARTENDER pours them both a glass of red wine and walks away.

DANIELLE

So how you feeling? You must be a wreck.

SUE

I'm doing OK. I was very lucky. Strychnine is deadly.

DANIELLE

Jesus, they need to end this nightmare.

SUE

I just needed to talk to you without them being around.

DANIELLE

OK, no problem. I'm here for you. Talk to me.

SUE

I'm scared. And...

DANIELLE

Me, too! If they went after you, I could be next.

SUE

I just wish Tom would leave this damn business already. It's too dangerous now. It's jeopardizing our lives.

DANIELLE

I hear you. I'm upset and scared, too. But I just can't see Matt doing anything else. He loves it too much.

SUE

Yeah. So does Tom. I've been pushing him to do something else. He's good with computers. But he's not enamored with becoming a software developer.

DANIELLE

If he's not happy at work, he won't be happy at home.

SUE

But will I be happy?

DANIELLE

(Shaking her in agreement)  
It's like being in a relationship with  
a cop. You accept the risks and  
everything that comes with it.

SUE

I wish I could be more like you.

DANIELLE

It's different for me. We're not  
planning on getting married.

SUE

I just hope we don't get into a  
position where I have to make a hard  
decision.

DANIELLE

Why? Are you thinking about leaving  
Tom?

SUE

It's crossed my mind.

45 INT. FACTORY ARTIST LOFT - DAY

45

Danielle is cleaning some paint brushes in her studio when  
she suddenly recoils. She is wearing latex gloves.

DANIELLE

(Loudly to herself)  
What the hell? This isn't paint  
thinner.

Paint brushes are disintegrating right before her eyes in the  
sulfuric acid. She quickly pulls off the gloves, rushes to a  
nearby sink and frantically washes and dries her hands. She  
then grabs her cell and makes a call.

The phone is ringing and ringing as she paces back and forth.  
The phone then goes to voicemail.

DANIELLE

(Frantic)  
Matt, pick up the phone!

Phone goes to voicemail. She hangs up, zoom in on the phone  
where she texts him: Get home ASAP! It's an emergency!

46 INT. FITNESS GYM - DAY

46

Matt, in a muscle shirt and gym shorts, is alternating sets of barbell bench presses and bent-over barbell rows in a spacious suburban fitness center.

OTHER GYM PATRONS are doing a variety of movements with free weights and machines or running on treadmills. The sound system is blaring rock music.

Mel walks in, holding a hand grenade. He spots Matt towards the back of the large room, quickly pulls the pin and lobs the grenade high toward Matt and sprints out the door.

But Mel lobs the grenade too high. It bounces off the ceiling and lands about 10 feet to the left, exploding behind an unoccupied juice bar and injuring nobody.

FEMALE GYM PATRON

(Screaming)

Was that a hand grenade?

Matt is standing next to her.

MATT

Either that or defective pineapples.

Matt grabs his gym bag, checks his phone and sees numerous missed calls and texts from Danielle.

47 EXT. FITNESS GYM - DAY

47

Mel rushes over to their car and jumps into the passenger seat. Donna tosses her coffee cup at him, soaking his left arm and lap with coffee.

MEL

What did you do that for?

DONNA

You're such a fool.

She pops him in the nose.

48 EXT. HIGHWAY INSIDE MATT'S SUV - DAY

48

Matt is driving on Interstate 695, smoking a cigarette and talking on his phone.

MATT

I love you, babe. I'm almost there.

(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)  
Don't touch anything.

49 EXT. TOM AND SUE'S DRIVEWAY - DAY 49

Tom and a glum-looking Sue are loading suitcases into the back of their car. Tom then removes a GPS tracker from the underside of the car.

50 EXT. MATT AND DANIELLE'S LOFT DRIVEWAY - DAY 50

Matt and an angry-looking Danielle are loading suitcases into the back of their car. Matt then removes a GPS tracker from the underside of the car.

51 INT. RANCH HOME - DAY 51

Mel is eating a Snickers bar while he's on his laptop sitting on a small card table in the modest, sparsely decorated living room of their rural rancher. Donna walks into the room.

DONNA  
You're pathetic.

MEL  
Want a bite?

He lifts his arm and puts the Snickers bar in her face. She gives him a disgusted look and swats away his arm.

DONNA  
Now what are you doing?

MEL  
Learning how to make a bomb.

DONNA  
Why? You'll only wind up blowing us up.

MEL  
If you have another way, I'm all ears.  
But it has to be discreet.

DONNA  
Discreet? Look at this dump we're in.  
Like we're inconspicuous.

MEL  
Nothing is ever enough for you.



DONNA  
You're blaming me for your  
incompetence?

MEL  
Incompetence? We planned on a hundred  
grand, not two million.

DONNA  
Do you think I married you for your  
looks?

MEL  
You think you're Julia Roberts?

DONNA  
Fuck you.

There is a long stare between them. She arches an eyebrow. So does he. There is heavy tension between them. Or is it foreplay? She jumps him and they start kissing passionately.

52 INT. MODEST APARTMENT - NIGHT

52

Tom, Sue, Matt and Danielle are eating dinner at a small table in the dining area of their temporary place in a suburban apartment complex. There is an uncomfortable tension at the table. The ladies have joined forces.

SUE  
(Angry)  
I can't believe I had to postpone six  
surgeries. How long will we be here?

TOM  
Hard to say. Even his parole officer  
doesn't know where he is.

SUE  
Just peachy.

DANIELLE  
I'm missing deadline on getting my  
sculpture of a warthog finished.

MATT  
It's ugly anyway.

DANIELLE  
What did you expect? It's a warthog.

TOM  
Why a warthog?

DANIELLE  
It's the name of their business. It  
was founded by Willie W. Warthog.

TOM  
What business are they in?

DANIELLE  
Portable toilets.

MATT  
Great dinner conversation.

DANIELLE  
Find these fuckers or we're finding  
new boyfriends.

SUE  
I second that motion.

MATT  
What is this, a board meeting?

SUE  
And another thing. I've been offered a  
position at the Orlando Orthopaedic  
Center and I'm actually considering  
it.

TOM  
That's amazing, babe. Congratulations.

SUE  
I'd have to move.

TOM  
Orlando's only about 50 miles from  
here. Commute.

SUE  
I'm not commuting.

DANIELLE  
I don't blame you.

TOM  
You would leave our home?

SUE  
If I take take the job, yes.

TOM  
I could always commute?

Sue gives him a look.

DANIELLE  
I'm also considering a professional change. To the West Coast. The San Francisco Arts Commission wants me.

MATT  
What about us?

There is dead silence.

SUE  
Tom and Matt, we always have put you guys first. No more.

DANIELLE  
We're done with just being supporting role players.

53 INT. AA DETECTIVE AGENCY OFFICE - DAY

53

Tom, Matt and Barb are sitting at a small conference table sipping their morning coffee.

BARB  
How are the four of you getting along?

TOM  
We were told to find the Moyers soon or they're leaving us.

MATT  
They may be leaving us anyway for professional opportunities elsewhere. Do you believe that?

BARB  
Hell, I'm surprised they were even with you two in the first place. A surgeon, a famous artist and you two professional babysitters. Never saw that coming.

MATT

I guess when you put it that way.

TOM

Barb, you have a way of putting things in perspective.

BARB

Good. I want to do more around here than just be your secretary.

TOM

Done.

MATT

Amen.

TOM

Good. Barb, start by checking the utility companies.

BARB

Did that yesterday.

She gives him a wink and a smile.

TOM

Matt, check out nearby gun ranges and shops. See if Mel popped up there recently. I'll visit his old firm to see if there're any unturned stones.

BARB

Do you think they have any idea about me?

MATT

I checked your car. No GPS tracker on it. You're safe for now.

BARB

Should I be worried?

TOM

Worst case scenario, you move in with all of us.

MATT

Now that's interesting.

BARB  
You pervert.

54 EXT. ZZ GUN RANGE - DAY

54

Matt gets out of his car and looks at the sign atop the one-story suburban brick building that reads ZZ GUN RANGE in red letters accompanied by pictures of a handgun and assault rifle. He's eating a banana. When he's done, he tosses the peel through his open driver's window.

55 INT. ZZ GUN RANGE - DAY

55

Matt is at the front counter. Standing behind it is ZIGGY ZIMMERMAN, a pony-tailed guy in his 50's chewing on a toothpick and looking like he just stepped right out of Duck Dynasty. Behind him numerous handguns for sale are displayed on shelves.

MATT  
Hi. You the owner?

ZIGGY  
(Laughing)  
Depends. Who's asking? You a cop?

Matt shakes his head no.

MATT  
Far from it. I'm Matt Allen. I was hoping you can help me out with something.

Ziggy eyes Matt up and down. Then extends his hand.

ZIGGY  
I'm Ziggy Zimmerman.

MATT  
ZZ. I get it.

ZIGGY  
What can I do you for?

Matt gives him a picture of Mel Moyer. Ziggy looks at it. Matt stares at him waiting for a response. Ziggy looks up.

MATT  
Ever seen that guy?

Ziggy rubs his chin and keeps Matt hanging.

ZIGGY

Maybe.

Ziggy diverts his eyes slightly toward some camouflage hats on a rack. Matt follows his glance toward the hats, looks back at him and smiles. Matt walks over and picks out the ugliest hat on the rack, puts it on the counter, lays down some cash and they do the exchange.

MATT

So you've seen him?

ZIGGY

Yeah. He does look real familiar to me.

Ziggy looks in the other direction at some ugly camouflage shirts. Matt walks over and grabs a shirt in his size and puts it up to his chest. He starts to walk away, changes his mind and walks back to the shirts and picks up another. The camera zooms in on the XXXL label. He walks over to the counter, lays the shirts down and they make another purchase exchange.

MATT

(With a forced smile)

This should do it.

Matt packs up his shirts and hat.

ZIGGY

Yeah. I have seen him.

Ziggy points behind Matt. Matt turns around and sees a big autographed picture of actor Tim Conway.

Matt walks out with his packages, feeling embarrassed as Ziggy chuckles.

56 INT. EISENHOWER ELECTRONICS CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

56

Tom sits across the desk of STEVE EISENHOWER, a distinguished looking man in his 60's. The nameplate on his huge desk reads STEVE EISENHOWER. OWNER. PRESIDENT. CEO. CHIEF BOTTLE WASHER. The office has large glass windows and is stylishly decorated.

TOM

Thank you for taking the time to see me, Mr. Eisenhower.

STEVE

Call me Steve. After the job you did catching Mel, how could I ever thank you.

TOM

Did you know he recently was released from prison?

STEVE

Really? It's been ten years already?

TOM

Yeah, time flies. Anything unusual happen to you or anyone you know recently?

STEVE

No. Nothing out of the ordinary. Why?

TOM

Well, recently there've been several attempts on my life and those around me. Matt and I think it's connected to Mel Moyer.

STEVE

Jesus! Mel? That's not saying much for the penal system. He was always so...so...meek.

TOM

Just the same, I'd keep my eyes open. If you see or hear anything that might help us find him, please let me know.

Steve sees BLAKE PALKON, trim, crew cut and in his 50's, walking by and summons him into his office.

STEVE

Take a seat.

Blake takes a seat next to Tom.

STEVE

Blake, you remember Tom Ashburn.

BLAKE

Of course. How can I forget? How are you?

TOM  
Good days, bad days. More bad days  
recently.

BLAKE  
Really? How so?

STEVE  
Have you spoken with Mel recently?

BLAKE  
We haven't spoken since the day I  
brought my suspicions to Steve. Why?

TOM  
I've good reason to believe he's  
trying to kill me and my partner.

BLAKE  
(Chuckling in disbelief)  
Mel? No way. Not on his own.

TOM  
You think he could if somebody was  
pushing him?

BLAKE  
The only person with that kind of hold  
on him is his wife. He and Donna have  
a really twisted relationship. I truly  
believe she pushed him into the  
embezzlement scheme.

TOM  
Do you think she could push him into  
attempting multiple murders?

A beat.

BLAKE  
Yes. I do.

TOM  
Thanks. And if either one of you can  
think of anything else, as off beat as  
it may seem, it could be helpful.

BLAKE  
He was pretty boring. His only  
interest was that damn stamp  
collecting. He loved to hang out at  
(MORE)



BLAKE (CONT'D)  
Dengler's Coin and Stamps.

TOM  
Thanks, gentlemen. You've been a real help.

57 INT. RANCH HOME - DAY

57

Mel and Donna are home sitting on their sofa having a rare vulnerable moment.

MEL  
How did it come to this?

DONNA  
(Inquisitively)  
What?

MEL  
When we got married I never envisioned this kind of life for us.

DONNA  
I saw more in you than you did in yourself. I envisioned a life with no struggles with you.

MEL  
We had all of that. Where did it go wrong?

DONNA  
I wanted more.

MEL  
Wanted more? You had two of everything. What more could you want?

DONNA  
When you grow up poor in a house of seven, two of everything is never enough...I never wanted to fight for a meal ever again.

MEL  
(Empathetically)  
Sorry. Must've been tough.

DONNA  
Yeah, well. Hunger hardens a person.

MEL

You know I love you. You turned me into a criminal. And likely a murderer.

DONNA

Likely? You'd better be. And soon.

MEL

So much for being a Boy Scout.

DONNA

Well, guess you married the wrong woman.

MEL

(Smiling ear to ear)

Guess so.

She laughs.

DONNA

I'm the best thing that ever happened to you.

He gives her a flabbergasted look.

DONNA

Without me you still would be a spineless bean counter collecting stamps. I put some steel into your spine.

MEL

(Softly to himself)

Prison bars are steel.

58 EXT. PARKING LOT OF APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

58

Barb is walking out of her apartment building toward her car when Mel pulls out a bazooka from the trunk of his car idling in the parking lot.

He launches a rocket at her. But it misses wide, incinerating a nearby trash dumpster. Barb dives to the asphalt.

Angry, he throws the bazooka into the trunk, slams the lid and scurries into the passenger seat. Donna floors the car, burning rubber as she peels away while repeatedly punching Mel with her right arm.

Barb stands up, examines her skimmed knees and pulls her cell from her purse.

BARB

Tom, they're onto me. A fucking bazooka! Who are these people? Hope the damn sofa is comfortable.

59 INT. MODEST APARTMENT - NIGHT

59

Matt answers the front door and Barb, pulling two suitcases behind her, walks in. Matt hugs her as Tom, Sue and Danielle come over to greet her.

60 EXT. DENGLER'S COIN AND STAMPS INSIDE TOM'S SPORTS CAR - DAY

60

Tom and Matt sit in Tom's sports car parked in front of a modest suburban one-story building with a small DENGLER'S COIN AND STAMPS sign.

MATT

Did you ever see that old movie The Odd Couple?

TOM

Of course. Who hasn't?

MATT

I feel that's us. Best friends since high school. Yada yada. Gluttons for punishment.

TOM

Maybe we need a trial separation.

Matt nods in agreement.

TOM

We'll revisit this after we nail the fuckers.

They get out of the car and walk into the place.

61 INT. DENGLER'S COIN AND STAMPS - DAY

61

Tom and Matt walk up to a large display counter showcasing numerous stamps. The walls have shelves holding more stamps on display, boxes and thick books. Standing behind the counter is PAUL DENGLER, a thin man in his 70's. He looks up from a book of stamps.

PAUL  
Hello, what can I do for you gentlemen?

MATT  
Plenty of stamps to lick around here.

PAUL  
They collect them, son. They don't lick them.

TOM  
You're the owner?

PAUL  
I am, Paul Dengler's the name.

TOM  
I'm Tom and this is Matt. We're private investigators. Mind answering a few questions.

PAUL  
If I can, sure.

Tom shows him a picture of Mel.

TOM  
Know this man?

PAUL  
That's Mel. He's been a customer of mine for many years until he got into (makes quotation gestures with his hands) trouble.

MATT  
Can you elaborate?

PAUL  
(Whispering)  
Embezzlement. I never would've thought of him like that. It was that mean wife of his. Come on. Look at him.

TOM  
Have you seen or talk to him lately?

PAUL  
He was here three weeks ago yesterday.

TOM  
You're very precise.

PAUL  
Any stamp dealer would easily remember  
a day when he acquires five rare  
George Washington two-cent stamps.

MATT  
Mel sold them to you?

PAUL  
They're worth every penny of the 62  
grand I paid Mel for them.

TOM  
Why would a stamp lover like Mel sell  
five rare stamps?

PAUL  
Said he was broke because his wife  
refused to go to work while he was in  
prison.

MATT  
Somebody has been repeatedly trying to  
kill us.

TOM  
We have good reason to believe it's  
Mel with his wife as his accomplice.

PAUL  
Mel's an embezzler. But he wouldn't  
hurt a fly. Even if he wanted to, he'd  
likely miss with the flyswatter.

MATT  
No shit. We should be playing harps.

TOM  
We need his contact information.

PAUL  
Usually I keep that confidential. But  
under the circumstances.

He walks over to his desktop, searches for Moyer's contact  
information, prints it out and hands it to Tom.

TOM  
Appreciate it. We're heading over  
there now.

PAUL  
Mel always seemed as meek as a church  
mouse.

TOM  
I guess he was a disciple of Matthew  
5:5. Blessed are the meek for they  
shall inherit the earth.

62 EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - DAY

62

Tom and Matt stand in front of a rural crummy house that looks ready to collapse in a light wind. The roof is missing a number of shingles. The front porch is filled with junk. The front lawn is overgrown and full of weeds. An old sofa sits on the grass.

MATT  
Not the ideal place for Mel's stamp  
collection.

TOM  
Moyer obviously gave Dengler a false  
address.

They walk onto the front porch. Matt kicks the front door and it flies open. They walk in.

63 INT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - DAY

63

The living room is littered with trash. The only furniture is an old rocking chair. Cobwebs hang from the ceiling corners. Matt and Tom walk into the dining room, which also is carpeted in trash. The only furniture is an old-fashioned sewing machine.

TOM  
Want to check out the upstairs?

MATT  
(Still standing there surveying  
the room)  
I've seen enough.

TOM  
How could a schmuck like Moyer be so  
hard to track?

MATT

The biggest mystery of my young life.

TOM

We've got to find him soon or you may not get much older. I'm going to call the number Dengler gave us.

Tom pulls his cell from his pants, makes the call and grimaces.

TOM

The number is no longer in service.

MATT

Fucking figures.

A brick smashes through a dining room window, followed by a Molotov cocktail that ignites a fire in the carpeted trash.

TOM

(Yelling)  
Time to adios.

MATT

(Screaming)  
No shit.

They sprint from the burning dining room into the living room and out the front door.

64 EXT. DILAPIDATED HOUSE - DAY

64

As Tom and Matt exit the house, they see Mel standing there, holding a crossbow. Matt rushes him and Mel shoots an arrow-like projectile that sticks in Matt's left arm.

Donna guns the engine of their car and tries to run over Tom and Matt. They are quick enough to jump out of the way. Mel jumps in the passenger seat of the car and the Moyers zoom away.

TOM

Can't believe you rushed him.

MATT

I figured he'd miss again.

Tom inspects Matt's shoulder, which is bleeding.

TOM

Just a flesh wound. Nothing vital.  
We'll have Sue take a look at it.

TOM

Molotov cocktail. A crossbow. They're  
going fucking medieval on us.

MATT

Nothing old-fashioned about vehicular  
homicide.

TOM

You know, pharaoh used to run over  
Hebrews with his chariot.

MATT

What? Which pharaoh?

TOM

You know, the one that looked like Yul  
Brynner.

65 INT. AA DETECTIVE AGENCY OFFICE - DAY

65

Tom and Matt, his left arm bandaged, walk into the office.  
Barb looks up from her desk, surprised at what she sees.

TOM

They just tried to take us out with a  
Molotov cocktail, a crossbow that hit  
Matt and tried to run us over.

BARB

Oh my God. Are you OK, Matt?

MATT

Yeah. I'll live. Sue fixed me up.

BARB

Was that the address from the stamp  
man?

MATT

Another damn dead end.

TOM

What's new around here?

BARB

Just my increasing paranoia about  
(MORE)



BARB (CONT'D)  
anthrax in my sugar bowl.

TOM  
I get you. On another note, who's  
hungry?

Matt raises his good arm.

TOM  
I'll order three large pizzas.

BARB  
Make sure one of the toppings is dark  
chocolate coconut balls.

Tom gives her a look.

TOM  
You guys head to the apartment. I'll  
order the pizzas and catch up with a  
few things while I wait to pick up the  
pizzas.

Matt and Barb walk out while Matt grabs his phone and calls  
the pizza place.

TOM  
Three large pizzas, please. One with  
mushrooms, one with with pepperoni and  
one with dark chocolate coconut balls.  
(A beat) All right, make that last one  
shrimp and pineapple instead. Ashburn  
is the name. Thank you.

After ending the call he works on his desktop computer.

66 EXT. AA DETECTIVE AGENCY PARKING LOT INSIDE TOM'S SPORTS CAR 66  
- DAY

Tom sits behind the wheel in his sports car. He suddenly is  
startled by a rattling sound coming from the passenger seat  
where a coiled rattlesnake sits poised to strike. He quickly  
grabs the snake at its throat before it strikes and flings it  
out the open passenger window.

TOM  
(To himself)  
That could've made a nice purse for  
Sue.

67 INT. MODEST APARTMENT - NIGHT

67

Tom walks into the apartment carrying three large pizzas. Sue, Danielle and Matt are sitting on the sofa, sipping wine. Barb is slouched on a chair, drinking a beer.

MATT

What took you so long?

TOM

A rattlesnake.

SUE

Rattlesnake?

TOM

You've heard of snakes on the plane.  
Now we have snakes in the car.

SUE

I'm never riding in your car again.

DANIELLE

Let's stop this shit and go to the  
police already.

MATT

You can't be serious!

DANIELLE

I'm dead serious.

SUE

We can't live like this forever.

TOM

The police! Are you kidding? Those  
guys couldn't find their dicks with  
both hands. We're better off calling  
SpongeBob SquarePants.

BARB

We're supposed to remain sitting  
ducks?

MATT

You know Barb, you're onto something.  
What if we do make ourselves sitting  
ducks?

TOM

Let's figure out how we can make you  
the sitting duck.

MATT

Why am I the sitting duck?

TOM

Because it's your idea.

Matt and Tom squabble for a moment over who'll be the sitting  
duck.

BARB

Hell, I'll do it. You two better just  
cover my ass. I don't want wind up a  
Peking duck.

MATT

No way. We don't pay you enough to  
take that big of a risk.

BARB

Yes way! I'm expecting a large bonus.  
I'm part of this damn team now.

DANIELLE

There's gotta be a better way.

TOM

(Dryly)

We could hope that Donna kills Mel in  
a domestic dispute.

MATT

Like that's gonna happen. Enough. Our  
pizza is getting cold.

BARB

Bring on those dark chocolate coconut  
balls.

68 INT. MODEST APARTMENT - NIGHT

68

Tom and Sue are lying in bed in their bedroom, talking.

SUE

I'm not comfortable using Barb as  
bait.

TOM  
Neither am I. We'll have to figure  
that out.

SUE  
How long will that take?

TOM  
I don't know.

SUE  
Well, I have to go back to work  
tomorrow. And I'll be sleeping at my  
office.

TOM  
You'll be safer sleeping at the  
hospital.

SUE  
Anything will be safer than living  
here. It's only a matter of time  
before they find this place.

TOM  
I'll miss you.

She leans over and kisses him, looking like the cat who ate  
the canary.

SUE  
(Smiling)  
Why? It's not like I'm moving to  
Orlando. Halifax made me a generous  
counteroffer. I'm staying here.

TOM  
Amazing. Congratulations to you. And  
me.

They suddenly hear the passionate screams of a woman having  
an intense orgasm. They smile and look at the adjoining wall  
where the sounds are coming from. They look back at each  
other and smile.

SUE  
Let's see what you got, big fellow.

Cut to the kitchen table and two empty pizza boxes. Moans are  
emanating from both bedrooms. Pan throughout the apartment.  
Sounds of lovemaking still are going on. Zoom in on an empty

pizza box with just crumbs and crust lying on a coffee table. Zoom out and focus on Barb lying by her self on the sofa with a what-the-fuck-am-I'm-doing-here look on her face.

BARB

(Frustrated)

First no dark coconut balls. Now this.

She pulls a blanket over head.

69 INT. MODEST APARTMENT - DAY

69

The five of them are in the living room, having morning coffee.

DANIELLE

It's settled then. Sue's going back to her office and I'm flying home to my parents until this settled.

TOM

I just had an idea.

Tom grabs his cell, scrolls through his contacts and makes a call.

TOM

Ralph, this is Tom Ashburn again about Mel Moyer...When is your next appointment with him?...Your last appointment was yesterday?...He's no longer on parole?...Uh huh...I see. Thank you.

MATT

How can his parole be over already?

TOM

He was released from prison two months early. He had to be on parole for only the remainder of his sentence.

SUE

I'm going to work now.

DANIELLE

I'm making flight arrangements this morning.

BARB

I'm going to call that equestrian  
(MORE)

BARB (CONT'D)  
 place for a job. Shoveling horseshit  
 has to be safer than working with you  
 guys.

70 INT. MODEST APARTMENT - DAY

70

Tom is helping Sue pack her suitcase in their bedroom when she suddenly stops, grabs him and kisses him passionately.

SUE  
 Promise me you'll be extra careful.

TOM  
 Of course. You'll be safer at the  
 office.

SUE  
 Oh. By the way, that software  
 developer thing?

TOM  
 I haven't forgotten. Just been a bit  
 preoccupied right now.

SUE  
 Forget about it. I've been selfish.  
 You are who you are and that's why I  
 love you.

He smiles, caresses her hair and kisses her gently.

71 EXT. AA DETECTIVE AGENCY PARKING LOT - DAY

71

Tom is walking toward his car when the Moyers drive by with Donna behind the wheel and Mel holding an AK-47 in the front passenger seat. Mel, wearing sunglasses, fires a round at Tom and all the bullets either fly wide of him or over his head. Tom dives behind a parked car for protection and the Moyers speed off with Donna berating Mel.

DONNA  
 How the hell can you miss a guy big  
 enough to block out the sun?

MEL  
 That was the damn problem. With him  
 blocking out the sun, I couldn't get a  
 good look at him.

DONNA

(Shaking her head)

Next time I'm just going to dare you  
to miss him.

72 EXT. DAYTONA BEACH INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT DEPARTURE ENTRANCE - 72  
DAY

Matt and Danielle are saying goodbye at the airport. Arriving  
passengers towing luggage behind them stream through the  
doors.

DANIELLE

(Not happy about having to leave)

Aargh, I love my parents. But after a  
week or two, oh God. Hurry up and  
catch those bastards so I can come  
home. Matt, please be careful.

MATT

Only the good die young, babe.

DANIELLE

Yeah. That's what worries me. You're  
awfully good in bed.

MATT

(Laughing)

We sure got Barb's attention last  
night. Maybe we should have let her  
join us.

DANIELLE

Maybe I won't miss you that much after  
all.

MATT

Liar.

They both laugh and kiss tenderly. She grabs the handle of  
her luggage and is about to walk into the airport when she  
suddenly turns around and calls back to him.

DANIELLE

The San Francisco thing? Forget it. It  
doesn't make sense financially.

MATT

And moi?

They smile at each other like two people in love.

73 EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

73

Matt is walking out of a pizzeria with a slice in his hand towards his SUV. Mel quickly pops out of the passenger seat of his car and shoots Matt with a tranquilizer gun and hits him. Matt slumps to the ground.

Donna exits from the driver's seat, pops open the trunk, and she and Mel struggle to hoist Matt into their trunk. They quickly drive out of the parking lot.

74 EXT. AMTRAK RAILROAD TRACKS - NIGHT

74

Mel and Donna quickly tie the sedated Matt to the railroad tracks.

MEL

The next train should be here in five minutes or so.

DONNA

Thank you sweet Jesus.

MEL

Do you really think Jesus is on our side?

DONNA

Jesus loves sinners.

MEL

He must adore us.

A train approaches, its whistle blowing. Matt suddenly awakens and realizes he is tied to railroad tracks.

MATT

(Startled)

Holy fuck!

A skinny HOOKER, with greasy brunette hair and in her 30's, spots Matt on the tracks and runs up to him as fast as her stiletto heels allow her. She frantically unties Matt's arms and legs and they both roll out of harm's way as the freight train rumbles over where Matt was moments ago. Matt winds up lying face to face on top of the hooker.

MATT

Anybody ever tell you that you're a fucking saint?



HOOKER

(Laughing)

I've been called many things. But never a saint.

MATT

You're a Madonna to me.

HOOKER

I'm not a big fan of her music.

MATT

Never mind.

HOOKER

Since we're already in the missionary position, how about a quick fuck? Only two hundred.

MATT

What the hell are doing out here?

HOOKER

When you don't accept crypto, your date is likely to drop you off anywhere.

He kisses her on the forehead.

Cut to Mel and Donna who are portraits in despair as they sit dejectedly in their car.

75 EXT. MODEST APARTMENT PARKING LOT - DAY

75

Mel attaches a magnetic car bomb to the underside of Barb's car. He quickly walks to his nearby car and gets into the passenger's seat next to Donna.

MEL

I told you I could build a bomb without killing us.

DONNA

Easy, Rambo. Let's see if it explodes.

MEL

(Laughing)

Haha. Don't worry. I rigged it with a timing device. It won't detonate for another 30 minutes. We'll be plenty clear of the blast.

76 EXT. HIGHWAY INSIDE BARB'S CAR - DAY

76

Barb is driving along State Road 40 while drinking coffee. She looks at her gas gauge and sees the needle on empty.

BARB  
(Aloud to herself)  
Fuck!

Barb takes a nearby exit and pulls into a gas station. She parks at the pump and walks toward the convenience store. After a few steps, her car explodes. She hits the deck, then wheels around in horror and sees her car burning. Then she sees the gas pump erupt in flames, creating a large fireball.

BARB  
(Exclaims loudly)  
Goddamn!

77 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

77

Tom is walking toward his car when Donna jumps out from behind a nearby parked car and confronts him.

DONNA  
We're going biblical on you, Goliath.

Mel, using a slingshot with heavy-duty rubber bands, catapults a golf ball at Tom. It strikes him in the forehead and knocks him unconscious. Mel hands the slingshot to Donna, who gives him a basketball air pump. Mel runs up to Tom and struggles to jab the needle into Tom's arm.

DONNA  
Jab it in, pump it up and create an air bubble that'll give him a fatal stroke.

MEL  
The damn needle won't go in. His arm is too muscular.

Mel gives it one more jab and the needle breaks off the pump.

DONNA  
On to Plan B. The crucifixion.

Donna and Mel struggle mightily to hoist Tom into the trunk of their car and drive away.

78 EXT. RURAL DILAPIDATED HOUSE - DAY

78

Mel and Donna look admiringly at Tom hanging from a cross in the backyard. They have bound Tom by his wrists in lieu of nailing his hands. Tom, a large bump on his forehead from the golf ball, is fully awake by now and aware he's in a bad place.

DONNA

(Laughing)

Jesus Christ, you built a helluva cross.

MEL

Praise the Lord! A compliment!

DONNA

Want a glass of wine up there, Jesus?

TOM

Prefer single malt Scotch.

MEL

We'd love to hang around and watch you hang out. But we need to find your partner.

DONNA

Toot-a-loo.

The Moyers walk over to their car and pull away.

TOM

(Aloud to himself)

Jesus, you know I'm not a religious man. But it seems I'm gonna check out of this world the same way you did. I just pray you treat me kindly in the next.

Just then Matt comes roaring up in his SUV. He jumps out of his car and runs up to Tom and the cross.

MATT

Holy shit, they fucking crucified you?

TOM

No, I'm just hanging around for the sun. Cut me down, you fuck.

MATT

Now, now. Is that how you talk to a guy who acted on one of his fabled hunches?

TOM

(Looking to the heavens)  
Thank you, Jesus. For once what one of his hunches was correct.

Matt pulls out a pocket knife from his back pocket, climbs up a ladder and cuts Tom loose.

MATT

I'd say matters have escalated to the breaking point.

The Moyers, holding tranquilizer guns, sneak up behind them and fire darts into Tom and Matt, who fall unconscious to the ground.

79 EXT. RURAL DILAPIDATED HOUSE - DAY

79

Tom and Matt, their hands tied behind their backs, are sitting shirtless in a cauldron of water as Mel lights a fire to a pile of twigs, kindling and firewood underneath it.

Donna cackles.

DONNA

This should burn your sorry asses.

MEL

I may not be a marksman, but I make a damn good fry cook.

Just then a raindrop falls on Mel's forehead. Mel and Donna look up to the heavens.

80 INT. AA DETECTIVE AGENCY OFFICE - DAY

80

Tom and Matt are working on their desktops. Barb walks in.

MATT

I thought you quit.

BARB

They fired me. Do you believe that shit? Just because I was late.

TOM

Not a good move on your first day.

BARB

Guess they didn't like my excuse.

MATT AND TOM

Which was?

BARB

My car blew up. Ain't that some shit?  
Lucky I was inside buying some gum.

TOM

We're just about to have a staff  
meeting...you in? We have a plan.

BARB

About damn time. You guys are way  
overdue.

MATT

Let's get you up to speed.

Barb nods her head.

MATT

Well, a lady of the evening rescued me  
seconds before I was run over by a  
freight train.

TOM

Yeah, the Moyers crucified me.

BARB

Jesus Christ! And you rose from the  
dead?

MATT

Yes. But on a hunch. Yeah, that's  
right. On a hunch. Yours truly saved  
his big ass before he suffocated.

TOM

Yes, you did. I'll give you that.  
However, that was short-lived, wasn't  
it? Then we wound up hogtied together  
in a cauldron.

MATT

Luckily it started pouring before they  
(MORE)

MATT (CONT'D)  
boiled us alive.

TOM  
Jesus answered my prayers.

Matt turns to Barb.

MATT  
(Dryly)  
FYI. Ever since he was crucified, he's  
been tight with Jesus.

BARB  
I don't get it. Why didn't they just  
shoot your ass?

TOM  
By divine intervention. They were out  
of shells.

MATT  
(Shaking his head)  
Oh my God.

TOM  
And the Lord summoned them to a  
marriage counselor.

Barb looks at Matt and then back at Tom.

BARB  
Boy, wrap up your come-to-Jesus  
moment. Let's get to work.

Tom walks over to their small conference table that has  
banana peels and granola bar wrappers strewn across it. He  
pushes them all onto the floor and sits down at the table.  
Matt and Barb follow suit.

TOM  
You need to start cleaning up your  
messes around here. Otherwise I'll  
kill you before the Moyers do.

MATT  
Oh yeah? I wonder what Jesus would  
think of that? At least I had it on  
the table this time. See? Character  
growth.

A beat.

TOM

Me, too. I only sanitized my desk  
three times today.

Barb gets up, walks over to the office water cooler and pours  
herself a cup of water.

BARB

Damn, this water is fucking hot.

TOM

(Screams)

Don't drink the water!

Barb is startled as Tom leaps up, rushes over, takes the  
glass of water from her, sniffs it, puts it on the floor and  
moves her away from the cooler.

TOM

It's lye.

BARB

Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God!

TOM

See. Jesus is looking out for you,  
too.

BARB

Jesus better hurry up and help us find  
them. We're not even safe in a secure  
office anymore. So what's the fucking  
plan?

They put their heads together.

81 EXT. AA DETECTIVE AGENCY OFFICE - DAY

81

Tom, Matt and Barb are standing outside the empty furniture  
storefront that houses their basement bunker office, admiring  
its new look. A large sign in bold letters says:

MEL AND DONNA

WE KNOW IT'S YOU

SEE YOU TOMORROW

SIGNED THE GOOD GUYS

Next to the message is a blown-up image of Mel Moyer's mug shot.

82 INT. AA DETECTIVE AGENCY OFFICE - DAY

82

Matt is holding a shotgun, instructing Barb on how to operate it as Tom watches. Tom and Matt go through their tactical gear like it's the back of their hand. We see an array of handguns, assault rifles and various other equipment. This obviously is familiar territory for them.

TOM

Matt and I rotate four-hour shifts.

MATT

Whoever isn't outside will be inside with you.

TOM

Now we hurry up and wait for their end of days.

BARB

Getting biblical?

TOM

Apocalyptic.

83 EXT. AA DETECTIVE AGENCY PARKING LOT INSIDE THE MOYERS' CAR - DAY 83

Mel and Donna are sitting in their parked car, looking at the sign and his photo on the empty furniture storefront window.

Donna mumbles an expletive to herself.

DONNA

The audacity. Time to up our game, Mel.

MEL

It's a trap. They're baiting us.

DONNA

They're desperate.

MEL

Exactly! We'll get them. But let's keep it on our terms.



DONNA

Yeah. With a bang!

She grabs three sticks of dynamite from a bag and tosses them on his lap. Mel looks surprised.

DONNA

Hopefully you can toss them without blowing us up.

MEL

Why do I put up with you and your insults?

Donna holds up her index and middle fingers to mimic scissors, glances down at his crouch and then back up at his face.

MEL

You took them off years ago.

84 EXT. EMPTY FURNITURE STORE PARKING LOT INSIDE TOM'S SPORTS CAR - DAY 84

Tom is sitting in his sports car, his eyes scanning the parking lot entrance.

85 INT. EMPTY FURNITURE STORE - NIGHT 85

Barb kneels on the floor under the front window, looking out with her binoculars. Matt is sitting next to her.

MATT

Well, this has been a real bust.

BARB

Did it dawn on you guys that maybe they don't come by our office everyday?...or the note. Maybe it was the note that scared them.

MATT

A good possibility. Maybe they're not that dumb after all.

Tom walks into the store and Matt walks out, carrying an assault rifle and with his binoculars hanging from his neck.

TOM

Barb, I'll grab a snack and join you in a minute.

Tom walks toward the bathroom.

BARB

When you get back, do you think I  
could make a quick run to the store?  
My vibrator batteries ran out.

TOM

Horny beats dead?

86 EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS INSIDE THE MOYERS' CAR - DAY

86

Donna, behind the wheel, and Mel are riding in their sedan.  
The sun has just come up. Mel is holding three sticks of  
dynamite in his hands.

MEL

You know, maybe we should rethink this  
whole thing. I'm out of jail. We're  
free. Let's move on and just live our  
lives.

DONNA

(Her tone stone cold)  
What the hell are you talking about?  
Start fresh? Start new? With what?

MEL

Ashburn was just doing his job.

She pounds the steering wheel in anger.

DONNA

He has to die.

MEL

What good would come from that?

Her face contorted by rage, she glowers at him.

DONNA

It would give me peace of mind.

MEL

Peace of mind?

DONNA

He stole our fortune, our future!  
That's worth killing for.

87 EXT. EMPTY FURNITURE STORE PARKING LOT - DAY 87

The Moyers' sedan pulls into the parking lot. Matt, smoking in his car, spots them with his binoculars and calls Tom.

MATT

We're on!

88 INT. EMPTY FURNITURE STORE - DAY 88

Tom is crouching below the window and Barb is asleep on the floor beside him. Tom is on his phone.

TOM

Roger that.

He ends the call, leans over and jostles Barb.

TOM

Barb, wake up. They're here.

She opens her eyes and arises to a kneeling position below the window. She grabs a shotgun and he grabs an assault rifle.

TOM

You good?

BARB

Scared shitless.

89 EXT. EMPTY FURNITURE STORE PARKING LOT - DAY 89

The Moyers' sedan winds along the nearly deserted parking lot at such an early hour and heads toward the empty furniture store. Matt pops out of his SUV and crouches behind the open door. As the sedan nears the office, Matt rises and opens fire, taking out the front and rear tires facing him.

90 INT. EMPTY FURNITURE STORE - DAY 90

Tom opens the front door, holding his assault rifle. Upon hearing Matt's gunfire, Tom opens fire and takes out the other two tires facing him.

91 EXT. EMPTY FURNITURE STORE PARKING LOT - DAY 91

With all four tires riddled, the sedan is careening out of control.

Inside the car, Mel lights the fuses on the three sticks of

dynamite. Just as he is throwing them toward the empty furniture store their car crashes into a large concrete flowerpot, causing his throw to go off-target. The dynamite sticks land in the back of a nearby pickup truck, blowing it to smithereens. The sedan catches fire.

Mel and Donna scramble out of the car as Tom and Matt, their weapons drawn, rush up to them.

As Tom and Matt close in, Donna quickly pulls a can of pepper spray from her back pocket and sprays their faces.

Tom and Matt immediately start coughing. They drop their weapons to wipe their eyes.

With the two temporarily disabled, the Moyers lumber away on foot. Barb, carrying her shotgun, runs after them. She quickly catches up with them. A huffing and puffing Donna throws a roundhouse right hand at Barb, who easily sidesteps the punch and counters with a vicious right front kick to Donna's left knee and then a wicked left sidekick to her stomach.

Donna crumbles to the ground, screaming and crying. A horrified Mel, doubled over with exhaustion, begins whimpering.

BARB

(Yelling)

Hell, no. You gotta be kidding me. You two motherfuckers been causing all this trouble? Get up!

Mel starts to run away. Barb lifts the shotgun, squeezes the trigger and shoots him in the ass. He falls to the ground, screaming.

MEL

It burns, it burns.

Holding her shotgun with her left hand, Barb grabs her phone from her front pants pocket and begins videoing as she and Donna walk toward Mel writhing on the ground.

DONNA

(Pleading)

Let me go! Please, I'm the victim here. He told me he'd kill me if I didn't help murder you all.

MEL  
(Screaming to Donna)  
You bitch!

MEL  
(Turning to Barb)  
She's lying. It was her. She planned  
this whole thing. It was all her.

Matt and Tom, in obvious discomfort with their eyes still  
watering and toting their weapons, walk up to them.

TOM  
Good shot.

BARB  
It was self-defense, motherfucker.  
That's my story and I'm sticking to  
it.

DONNA  
No it wasn't.

MATT  
Good call on the rock salt shells.

BARB  
You know this is going to cost you,  
right?

MATT  
We know. You're worth every cent of  
it.

BARB  
They're going away for a long time.  
I've got them confessing to everything  
on video.

MATT  
I think I just fell in love with you.

DONNA  
Are you three going to bullshit all  
day? Or what?

TOM  
OK, let me ask you one thing. Did I  
really hurt you that badly that you  
were willing to kill us and spend the  
rest of your lives in prison?

Mel manages to stand up, wincing badly.

MEL

Not to me you didn't.

TOM

I must have meant something. You came up with a lot of creative ways trying to kill us.

MEL

You learn a lot on YouTube.

TOM

A shame you didn't learn forgiveness.

DONNA

A good thing you two didn't watch YouTube. You'd be better PIs.

MATT

We nailed your fucking asses.

Donna starts laughing.

MATT

What's so funny?

DONNA

You guys really are terrible at your job. You don't even know what's going on.

MEL

(Loudly)

Shut up, Donna!

DONNA

No, you shut up. We're not taking the full rap for this. If we're going down, he's going down with us.

Tom, Matt and Barb exchange confused glances.

TOM

What are you talking about?

DONNA

Ugh, you guys are pathetic. Right under your noses.

MEL

I'm a finance guy, not a killer. You think we came up with all this on our own?

Mel laughs.

MEL

You even know the guy.

MATT

What moron do we know who would hire you two?

Donna laughs.

Matt kicks Mel in the ass. He winds up to kick him again.

MEL

(Screaming in pain)

Biff Benson!

FLASHBACK

Cut to a flashback to Tom and Biff having their conversation in a bar. As Tom walks out of the front door of the bar we see Mel and Donna walking in the back door and approaching Biff, who hands them them a piece of a paper.

BACK TO SCENE

MEL

You guys definitely have a knack for pissing people off.

Matt kicks Mel in the ass again.

TOM

Why Biff Benson?

DONNA

Oh God, because he's Mel's cousin, you morons. Jesus, you're bad at your job.

MEL

I'll spell it out for you. Biff contacted us because he knew our history together and our disdain for you. He was worried you were getting too close to his financial dealings and knew that we needed money. So he

(MORE)

MEL (CONT'D)  
hired us to take you out.

FLASH/MONTAGE

-A gallery of images of Mel and Donna meeting with Biff and exchanging weapons and envelopes.

Donna opens the trunk of their car as Biff hands Mel a semi-automatic sniper rifle in a dimly lit back alley.

Biff instructs Mel on how to operate a flamethrower at an abandoned industrial site while Donna watches.

Donna hands Biff an envelope, who pockets it on a dark country road. Biff reaches into the trunk of his Corvette and hands two GPS trackers and a handgun to Mel.

In an empty parking lot, Biff exchanges envelopes with Donna, then pulls out a tub of chlorine from the back of his van and hands it to Mel, who puts in his trunk. Biff then hands a gasoline can to Mel, who deposits it in his trunk.

Biff shows Mel how to operate a Gatling gun as Donna watches in the parking lot of an abandoned factory.

Biff hands Mel a jar of rodenticide bait and a jar of sulfuric acid at sunrise in the empty parking lot behind his bar.

Late at night in the driveway of the Moyers' home, Biff, Mel and Donna carry a hand grenade, a bazooka, a crossbow, a Molotov cocktail bottle and two tranquilizer guns from the back of Biff's van into the Moyers' garage.

Late at night in the empty parking lot of a manufacturing plant, Biff and Mel put a magnetic car bomb kit, a bag of lye and three sticks of dynamite into the Moyers' trunk.

BACK TO SCENE

MATT  
We've got to track that motherfucker  
down.

With that, a van suddenly drives up and screeches to a halt. The side door slides partially open. Biff Benson steps out of the van. The DRIVER remains behind the wheel.

MEL  
No need for that.



Biff gives Mel and Donna a disgusted look.

BIFF

Look at what we have here.

TOM

Biff Fucking Benson.

Matt looks up at Tom. Tom looks down at Matt. Matt is gesturing with his head like go get him, Tom. Tom just nods, like I'm not doing that.

BIFF

This is gonna be easier than anticipated.

MATT

I think you got it backwards.

BIFF

(Laughing)

Really?

Biff pushes the door wide open, showing Sue and Danielle bound and gagged with duct tape.

TOM

Shit.

MATT

Fuck.

TOM

We could kill you and your driver and free the girls.

BIFF

Can you defuse a bomb? I can.

MATT

You could be bluffing.

BIFF

Or not.

TOM

Financial identity theft is one thing. Multiple murders are a whole new ballgame.

MEL

Throw in drug trafficking and sex trafficking as well.

DONNA

You two have no idea who you're dealing with.

BIFF

You two fat, incompetent, bumbling idiots.

Donna instantly grabs Barb's shotgun filled with salt pellets and shoots Biff in the left shoulder. Barb in turn clocks Donna with a left hook and grabs back the shotgun. Biff falls backwards into the van, his legs dangling from the side. Looking toward the driver, he yells.

BIFF

Drive!

DRIVER

I didn't sign up for this shit. I'm just an Uber driver.

The driver scoots out the door and runs away.

Matt runs up to the van, grabs Biff's feet and yanks him down hard to the ground. Tom sprints to the van and cuts Sue and Danielle's hands loose. While doing so, the girls are frantically turning their heads to their right with their eyes as wide as silver dollars as they try to talk through the duct tape. Tom then pulls the duct tape from their mouths.

SUE

(Screaming)

Bomb!

DANIELLE

(Yelling)

Get us out of here!

Tom looks to his left and sees the bomb. He grabs both girls and they scramble out of the van. Matt and Biff back away from the van as do Barb, Mel and Donna. Nothing happens.

TOM

Must have been a dud.

BIFF  
I don't do duds.

Just then the van blows up.

BARB  
Thanks for the assist, Donna.

DONNA  
I hate being called fat.

MATT  
(Startled)  
Danielle, when did you get back in town?

DANIELLE  
Yesterday. Wine with you beats prune juice with my parents.

A fire engine and a police van with sirens blaring and lights flashing pull up. FIREMEN put out the van fire while POLICEMEN canvass the area and EMTs tends to Mel's ass and Biff's shoulder. Then three COPS handcuff Mel, Donna and Biff and escort them to the police van.

92 INT. ART GALLERY - NIGHT

92

PATRONS are walking around looking at works of art while Matt, Danielle, Tom, Sue and Barb are huddling off to the side with wine glasses.

SUE  
Here's a toast to Barb. Without you we all wouldn't be here right now.  
Just think where we were a month ago.

They raise their wine glasses as Barb smiles and raises her glass.

BARB  
Somebody had to keep an eye on these softies.

MATT  
Hey there.

DANIELLE  
There's a surprise waiting in the back room.

They all follow Danielle into the back room where they see a large sign she has painted. It reads BARB DUNCAN DETECTIVE AGENCY.

BARB

What? You work for me now?

The others giggle.

MATT

No, we don't work for anyone.

TOM

It's all yours, Barb.

Barb is shocked.

BARB

Why?

TOM

It's time for us to start new chapters in our lives.

MATT

You were the glue that ran our agency.

**A YEAR LATER**

93 EXT. DAYTONA BEACH - DAY

93

Tom, Sue, Matt, Danielle, Barb and Viv are frolicking and chatting in the Atlantic surf.

MATT

Can't believe you're in theological seminary.

TOM

So says the guy in mortuary school.

BARB

Not everybody can be a superstar private investigator.

DANIELLE

Tom and Matt sure couldn't.

SUE

To say the least. But now that we're engaged, I'm glad Tom's safer as a

(MORE)

SUE (CONT'D)  
minister.

VIV  
Having a girlfriend who's a private  
investigator turns me on.

BARB  
(Laughing)  
She calls me the private dick without  
a dick.

TOM  
(Yelling as he looks out at the  
ocean)  
Duck! There's scuba divers out there  
with spear guns!

For a moment we see their faces contorted by shocked  
disbelief before they dive into the ocean as a slew of  
harpoons fly at them.

FADE OUT:

THE END

ROLL CLOSING CREDITS