

BANKING ON BETTY

Written By

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FADE IN:

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

Blue, peaceful sky ripped by a LOUD EXPLOSION; huge smoke cloud billows.

A black DODGE hurtles through air; crash-lands upside down. THUD echoes, windows POP as the engine spits fire.

Charger teeters on top steps.

JACK (V.O.)

This is not how I planned it.

JACK REESE (42), a cocky ex-con with a square jaw and Newman-esque blue eyes; his fit, six foot frame stuck in the driver's seat.

BETTY

What- no handicap spots?

He is flanked by his passenger, BETTY ROSENTHAL, (80), a gritty, sharp-tongued octogenarian, who lies in a concoction of blood and broken glass.

BETTY (CONT'D)

You qualify for one, you know;  
being a total imbecile and all.

Fierce REPORTS of high-powered weapons surround them. Bullets pierce the skin of the metal coffin with a PLINK.

JACK

Get into the courthouse- now!

Jack struggles to free himself, but Betty just grabs the Magnum.

BETTY

Fuck it...

She points the .357 and sprays lead.

Mafia Godfather, VINCENZO FIORELLI (38), and his capo, TORSO (35), approach cautiously. Betty swings the weapon in their direction.

JACK (V.O.)

It took a while, but I think we  
finally learned to trust one  
another.

Fiorelli and Torso stop as they stare at the business end of the chrome-plated revolver.

JACK (V.O.)  
I was banking on her to do the  
right thing, but in the end...

Betty lowers the gun.

JACK (V.O.)  
...people always disappoint.

Jack gapes incredulously.

JACK  
Damn it, Betty- shoot them!

BETTY  
I can't, Jack.

She drops the gun.

Fiorelli and Torso creep closer.

BETTY (CONT'D)  
Family first. You knew that.

Resigned, exhausted, Jack falls back.

JACK (V.O.)  
In the end, that trust cost me my  
family...

Fiorelli bends down, taps Jack's cheek.

FIORELLI  
Looks like you're going to be late  
for court, Jack.

Fiorelli stands, turns to Betty and spits.

BETTY  
(wipes face)  
Son of a bitch.

FIORELLI  
Got that right.

JACK (V.O.)  
...my friends...

He nods to Torso, who presses his gun against Betty's chest, and fires.

Betty lay still.

A large blood pool spreads beneath her blouse.

Torso gets a second nod as Jack stares wide-eyed.

JACK (V.O.)  
... and now...

Torso presses the gun against Jack's forehead.

TORSO  
See you 'round, fuck face!

JACK (V.O.)  
...it'll cost me my life.

A LOUD GUN BLAST.

CUT TO BLACK

FADE IN.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

LOUD GUN BLAST continues; multiple explosions permeate the air.

SUPERIMPOSE: SEVEN DAYS EARLIER

Car slams into gas station pumps; COMBUSTIONS and FIRES.

INT. CAMARO - DAY - TRAVELING

Jack ducks as his red Chevy Camaro slides sideways under a gas tanker truck. The roof and windows shear off.

JACK  
Whoa-lly...!

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

The now-convertible Camaro emerges onto the other side. As Jack drives off, the tanker DETONATES.

INT. CAMARO - DAY

He brushes off broken glass from the gym bag in the seat beside him; maneuvers through traffic-congested streets.

POLICE jockey for position behind him; lights and sirens.

Jack holds up the broken rearview mirror, sees the police behind him.

JACK  
Persistent, aren't you?

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Jack drifts around corners, flies through alleyways. Smashed patrol cars left in his wake.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER OVERHEAD - DAY

The AIR UNIT pilot overhead calls over a loudspeaker:

AIR UNIT PILOT (V.O.)  
This is the police. Pull over and  
surrender!

Radio chatter confirms they are in pursuit of a bank robber; Jack reaches out, extends his middle finger.

AIR UNIT PILOT  
Dispatch, be advised: driver has  
acknowledged.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Patrol units park end-to-end across street. Officers squat behind vehicles, weapons drawn, as Chevy careens towards them.

INT. JACK'S RED CHEVY - DAY

Jack wedges broken mirror between gas pedal and carpet.

His fingers white-knuckle the wheel.

He snatches the money bag, opens the door and throws himself to the pavement.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Jack lands hard, rolls to a stop against the gutter.

The Camaro wails, slips into neutral then comes to a complete stop as it gently TAPS one of the patrol units.

EXT. MOVIE SET - DAY

A movie director shouts down from a camera lift positioned over action.

DIRECTOR

(screaming)

Cut! Cut! Goddamn it, Jack. That was too damn early! You jumped too damn early! I'm paying a stunt man to do this? What the hell are you doing to me? Cut, for chrissakes, CUT!

EXT. OFF-SET

Stunt coordinator LARRY "POPEYE" LOGAN, a bald, eye-patched roly-poly 80-year old Irishman, known for his thick brogue and head to match, jumps from his chair, scampers to the car.

POPEYE

Hold your gosh darn horses, lad.  
Let me see what happened here!

Popeye flings open hood and scans the motor; Jack struggles to stand.

ETHAN MILLER, Jack's protege - a younger and less-skilled version of Jack - brushes him down, checks for broken bones.

ETHAN

That was great, Jack, just terrific!

Jack pushes ETHAN away, annoyed.

POPEYE

Get your skinny arse over here, Jack.

Jack acknowledges non-existent praises of the other actors, waves, then limps over to Popeye.

JACK  
Thanks everyone, I'm fine. No  
problems...

Popeye points to the car interior.

POPEYE  
Do those impetuous eyes see  
anything a bit out of place?

Jack stares into the car; shrugs.

POPEYE (CONT'D)  
She's in neutral, Jack. When you  
bailed out, you knocked her into  
neutral.

JACK  
Break, everybody!

POPEYE  
Dammit, boy, quit clowning around.  
I'm serious.

JACK  
Pops...it was only a little-

Popeye interrupts.

POPEYE  
A little accident, is it? Do you  
not remember that your last  
accident cost this crew a few  
hundred thousand dollars?

Jack falls silent, shuffles away.

JACK  
I'm going back.

INT. STUNT TEAM TRAILER - DAY

Popeye and Ethan enter trailer fully engaged in heated  
discussion. Jack lays on the couch, eyes closed.

POPEYE  
He's bailing early, and if he does  
it again, you're in.

Jack intercedes.

JACK  
What do you want from me?

ETHAN reaches into the refrigerator for a beer.

ETHAN

Anybody?

Popeye glares. Ethan shrugs, pulls out a beer and downs it.

POPEYE

They're saying that you're scared,  
Jack, that you bottled it. Saying  
you don't trust me anymore. That  
you don't trust the team.

JACK

Relax, Pops.

Jack pulls himself off of the couch.

POPEYE

Bullocks! You've worked too hard  
for this; we all did. I don't want  
you pissing it all away!

Jack rolls his eyes. Steamed, Popeye gets nose to nose with Jack.

POPEYE (CONT'D)

One day, you're going to find  
yourself stuck and no one's gonna  
be there to help you. You've got  
to learn to trust, laddie.

Jack looks at his watch; walks to door as Popeye stares him down.

JACK

I gotta get going. I promised  
Primrose I'd deliver a car for him.

POPEYE

Car?

JACK

That yellow Ferrari out back.

Popeye and Ethan peer through the blinds and see the Ferrari.

ETHAN

Sweet!

POPEYE

How does Primrose get a hold of a  
hundred and fifty thousand dollar  
car on a bookie's salary?



JACK  
I didn't ask and he didn't say.  
All I know is that he's paying me  
five grand to drive it downtown,  
and I'm late.

Popeye walks away from the window, shakes his head.

JACK (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
You know Diane and I could use it.

POPEYE  
Take Ethan.

Ethan turns; Jack burns.

JACK  
Why?

POPEYE  
Just do it. They're the ones you  
shouldn't trust, Jack. Them. Take  
him- if not as a back-up, then as a  
witness.

Awkward silence is broken by Ethan.

ETHAN  
Wingman!

Ethan holds out a fist for Jack to bump, who turns and walks  
out of the trailer.

POPEYE  
Watch out for him.

ETHAN  
What about me?

Popeye sits down, defeated.

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
Got it, Pops.

Ethan jumps out of the trailer, chases after Jack. Ethan's  
voice can be heard as it trails off...

ETHAN (CONT'D)  
Go slow, Jack. You still haven't  
paid me back for the last ticket!

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY, LYNWOOD, CA - NIGHT

Jack and Ethan arrive at a closed storage facility; large metal building with tin roof. Lone street lamp illuminates the gravel lot.

They exit their cars and survey the area.

ETHAN

Sure this is the place?

JACK

Nope.

Jack pulls on the front door- locked; he bangs on the door.

A beam of light streams out as chains rattle; the garage door lifts.

A STOCKY MECHANIC in greasy blue coveralls emerges, wipes his hands on a rag.

JACK (CONT'D)

Primrose sent me.

The mechanic looks around, spits, then lifts the garage door further. His nod signals Jack to drive inside.

INT. STORAGE GARAGE - NIGHT

Classic chop-shop; fluorescent lighting, oil-stained concrete floors, car parts, tools strewn about.

Several pristine sports cars are parked inside, including a black Ferrari, a purple Corvette, and a red Porsche with the license plate "IH8PGNS".

Jack smiles at the plate as he parks inside. The overhead door is noisily dropped shut.

The purr of the engine is silenced.

EXT. STORAGE FACILITY

Ethan paces outside, alone.

INT. STORAGE FACILITY

Jack alights the Ferrari.

JACK  
Looks like someone has a nice  
collection going.

The mechanic stares; wipes his hands.

VINCENZO FIORELLI, (38), a tall, barrel-chested man, dressed in a black and white camp-style shirt, emerges from the shadows, flanked by TWO MUSCULAR HENCHMEN.

Unnerved, Jack speaks.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Primrose asked me to deliver the  
package. Here you go.

Fiorelli looks over the yellow Ferrari, with occasional glances towards Jack. The others, vigilant.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Drives like a dream, too.

Fiorelli peers into the interior of the car.

FIORELLI  
You the car fairy?

The gang laughs.

JACK  
Car fairy?

Jack walks towards Fiorelli and the Ferrari. The gangsters step forward, Fiorelli waves them off.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Just doing "Prim" a favor. Truth  
is, I need the money more than he  
does. I'm getting married  
tomorr...

Interrupting.

FIORELLI  
Money? What money?

Jack glances around; sweats.

JACK  
Hey, I don't want any trouble here.  
I just came to deliver...

Fiorelli straightens, stares directly at Jack.

FIORELLI  
I said, what money?

Realization shoots across Jack's face.

The front door suddenly flies open. Ethan is pushed inside the garage by GANGSTER #1.

GANGSTER #1  
Found him sneaking around outside,  
boss.

ETHAN  
Sneaking around? I was just-

JACK  
Look, he wasn't sneaking  
around. I told him to-

Fiorelli interrupts.

                  FIORELLI  
You told him what, tough guy?

Fiorelli towers over Jack, bends to get eye to eye.

Tension is thick as chowder.

JACK  
He's my ride back.

Fiorelli breaks into a wide grin. He lightly slaps Jack's face.

FIORELLI  
Relax, my man. Appreciate youse  
bringing the car for me.

Jack exhales noticeably; the others laugh out loud.

FIORELLI (CONT'D)  
How much did Primrose promise you?  
Ten thousand?

JACK  
Five, actually.

Fiorelli reaches over to one of his muscular henchmen, removes a stuffed envelope from the small of his back.

                  FIORELLI  
I know.  I was testing you.

Fiorelli roughly yanks the belt line of Jack's pants; pulls him off balance.

He stuffs the envelope in his waistband.

FIORELLI (CONT'D)  
                  (whispers)  
                  You passed.

Fiorelli pinches, then slaps Jack's face.

                  FIORELLI (CONT'D)  
                  Congratulations on getting married.  
                  You registered?

                  JACK  
                  Registered?

Door flies open; GANGSTER #2 runs in and waves a cell phone.

                  GANGSTER #2  
                  Cops coming, Boss. Gotta move.

The gang heads for the rear exit door. Fiorelli stares daggers at Jack.

                  FIORELLI  
                  Yeah, registered. You know, for  
                  dishes or toasters and shit? Maybe  
                  a cemetery plot?

Jack squints at the notion.

Panicked, Ethan runs towards the rear exit behind the other gangsters.

Fiorelli grabs him by the arm, pulls out a .9 millimeter from under his shirt, puts it up toward's Ethan's head and pulls the trigger.

Ethan crumbles at Fiorelli's feet; blood streams from the wound.

Fiorelli points the gun at Jack.

                  FIORELLI (CONT'D)  
                  A certain bride could be next.

With a demented smile, Fiorelli bolts out the rear door.

EXT. REAR OF STORAGE FACILITY

With lights out, a black sedan races from the area.

F.B.I. LIEUTENANT THOMAS GOODWIN (50), a trim, mustached, by-the-book "suit" always on the promotional fast-track, arrives at the rear of the shop in time to watch them disappear.

He calmly tucks his cell phone onto his hip, then enters the shop from the rear door.

A cavalcade of SWAT OFFICERS and AGENTS descend upon the property.

INT. STORAGE FACILITY

AGENT #1  
Lieutenant, we've got one down and  
one in custody.

Goodwin surveys the scene; stares at a handcuffed Jack...

GOODWIN  
Get him downtown for a chat...

...then looks down at Ethan.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)  
...and call for a bus.

INT. FBI BUILDING, L.A., CA/ INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

Jack sits at a grey metal table, head down on his crossed arms, asleep.

Goodwin enters with a handful of files and a cup of coffee. He slaps the files down hard on the desk.

Jack jumps awake.

GOODWIN  
This ain't the Motel 6. I didn't  
leave the fuckin' light on for your  
ass.

Jack straightens up, still drowsy.

JACK  
Can I get some coffee?

GOODWIN  
(whispers)  
Sure, Jack-off. Want a bear claw,  
too?

Jack peeks through one eye.

JACK  
That a "no" on the coffee?

Goodwin pulls out the metal chair and sits. The high-pitched SCRAPE of the floor causes Jack to shiver.

GOODWIN  
Strike three, "Jack-off".

JACK  
I already told them- I was only  
doing someone a favor.

Goodwin opens the file.

GOODWIN  
Two thousand five- driving a stolen  
vehicle. Outside corner; strike  
one.

Jack clasps his hands behind his head, leans back...

GOODWIN (CONT'D)  
Two thousand eight- another stolen.  
Said you were only "borrowing" said  
vehicle. Foul tip- strike two.

...closes his eyes and lets out a snore.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)  
Two thousand ten- four stolen  
vehicles, one poor bastard shot in  
the head.

Jack's eyes open wide as they start to well up.

JACK  
Is he...?

GOODWIN  
Whoa, Jack. You have a heart after  
all, huh? Actually, he was lucky.  
The bullet grazed him, but now his  
memory ain't so good. Looks like  
it's all on you.

JACK  
Screw you, Goodwin.

GOODWIN  
Now, Jack. You know that's no way  
to talk to the FBI. Didn't your  
mother teach you better?

Goodwin turns a page in the file.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)  
Oh, that's right. Your mother  
off'ed herself, as I recall. Not  
much time to teach you jack-shit.  
Hey- that'll be my new nickname for  
you- "Jack-Shit"!

Goodwin engages in an animated conversation with himself.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)  
"You know Jack-Shit? I don't know  
jack shit!" Not many people around  
here know you, Jack-Shit.

Opens file, shuffles papers.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)  
Says here that "Mama Shit"  
overdosed on heroin. Didn't I read  
once where you tried to get her to  
a hospital or something?

JACK  
I was thirteen.

GOODWIN  
Right, thirteen. Slammed into a  
tree on the way to emergency. Not  
much of a driver then, but whoa!  
If yo' momma could see you now!  
Guess back then, you were more of a  
"Dumb Shit", eh Jack?

JACK  
Go to hell.

Goodwin hooks his foot underneath Jack's chair and pulls.  
Jack falls flat on his back.

GOODWIN  
Strike three, asshole.

Jack rises slowly, picks up the chair. He slides it hard  
against the table and glares.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)  
Feeling froggy?

Jack reddens, but sits back down.

Goodwin stands, swigs his coffee, and puts his foot up on the  
chair.



GOODWIN (CONT'D)  
 So, you say you were doing a solid  
 for Primrose. That's your story?

Jack eyeballs Goodwin.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)  
 You like doing favors, Jack?  
 Now you get to do me a favor.

JACK  
 I'll just wait for my lawyer.

GOODWIN  
 Okay then. We'll wait.

Goodwin wipes off the chair, then sits down across from Jack.

Jack fidgets, bites his nails, cracks his fingers.

Goodwin continues to stare. No blinks.

JACK  
 What do you want, Goodwin?

GOODWIN  
 Wanna talk now? Without your  
 lawyer present?

JACK  
 I'm supposed to be getting married  
 today. What time is it?

GOODWIN  
 Time for you to listen up, Jack-  
 Shit.

Goodwin opens a second file.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)  
 I'm willing to look the other way  
 regarding your friend with the new  
 dent in his head, and that  
 "mistaken vehicle" event in return  
 for you doing a little something  
 for me.

Jack listens.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)  
 I need you to deliver a package.

JACK  
 A package?

GOODWIN  
Need you to drive a federal witness  
to court for trial.

Jack looks down at the file, notices several surveillance  
snapshots.

JACK  
Who are those guys? They look  
familiar.

Goodwin pushes the photos back into the file; snaps it  
closed.

GOODWIN  
Uh-uh, Jack. Have to answer my  
question first.

JACK  
Driving someone to court, that's  
the favor?

Jack gets up out of the chair.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Give me the address; I'll go right  
now.

GOODWIN  
Federal Court. In New York City.

He freezes...

GOODWIN (CONT'D)  
Court starts next Monday.

...then slowly sits down again.

JACK  
Okay, I'll play. Why me?

GOODWIN  
Because this task requires a  
certain, shall we say, "level of  
expertise" behind the wheel.

Jack smiles...briefly.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)  
Besides, I don't think you'll make  
it in time...

Goodwin gathers the files.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)  
...and I'll get to throw your ass  
in prison again - for good.

JACK  
Why drive? There's probably flights  
leaving every hour.

GOODWIN  
No, no, no. This particular  
witness is afraid of flying. Nope,  
looks like you two are going be a  
couple of road warriors.

JACK  
So, I do this and you'll drop all  
of these BS charges? Is that right?

GOODWIN  
You don't cuss much, do you, Jack-  
Shit?

Goodwin gets up.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)  
More like an "intentional walk".

Jack smiles slightly.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)  
You'll still have to go on living  
knowing you killed yo' mama and  
nearly killed your friend, Mr. Dent-  
In-The-Head.

Smile disappears.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Goodwin drives Jack through the streets of Los Angeles.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE STREET

They park and exit.

JACK  
Shoot, I've forgot to call Diane.

Goodwin glances over.

JACK (CONT'D)  
My fiance. We're supposed to be married today.

GOODWIN  
Doesn't look like that's going to happen.

He tosses Jack his cell.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)  
I assume it's local?

Jack's eyes roll; dials.

JACK  
She's not answering.

GOODWIN  
We're here- seventeen twenty Independence Street.

JACK  
Hi honey-bunny. Hey, look, I can't talk right now, but I'm going to have to miss the wedding. Something important's come up, last minute thing. I knew you'd understand, sweetheart, but I'll explain it all when I get back. I love you and- hello? Hello?

The call disconnects.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Lost signal.

GOODWIN  
How romantic.

Jack, unseen, slides the phone in his back pocket.

They tread towards one of the neighborhood homes.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)  
Now, "No Books" is not your typical bean-counter. Don't expect to be best friends and all.

Jack notes a dark Escalade parked at the end of the street.

JACK

Ah, don't say that. I'm told I'm rather charming once you get to know me.

GOODWIN

I know you. I don't think "charming. I think "asshole".

JACK

I bet you think of assholes a lot.

They stop when Jack pulls out a cigarette, lights it, and offers one to Goodwin, who declines.

After a deep drag, he blows out a large smoke ring.

JACK (CONT'D)

What kind of name is "No Books" anyway?

GOODWIN

This accountant never kept a ledger, no written records.

JACK

How do they keep track of anything?

GOODWIN

Photographic memory. No books - no evidence.

JACK

What's he like? I mean, I'm driving halfway around the world with him, I should know a little something.

Goodwin smiles broadly.

JACK (CONT'D)

Oh, no. He's not gay, is he?

GOODWIN

The accountant may have had a man or two in the past.

Jack squinches face.

JACK

Blech!

EXT. SAFE HOUSE FRONT PORCH

Safe house is two-story stucco home, average for this middle-class suburban area.

Goodwin motions for Jack to walk up the steps, as he stays back.

GOODWIN

You have everything you need.  
Agent Holden will brief you. I'll  
be in touch.

Goodwin looks at his watch.

JACK

Where are you going?

GOODWIN

Meeting. I have to get back. Good  
rid--, I mean, good luck, Jack!

Goodwin jogs back to his car, as Jack's eyes follow him.

Just past Goodwin, Jack notices the Escalade's turn signal activated briefly. The windows are too tinted to make out a driver.

Jack turns, ogles the front door and ponders his options. After several seconds, he knocks.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - KITCHEN

A nebbish-looking man, slight stature, stirs pot on stove; his frilly pink apron doesn't exactly instill fear.

He leans in to sniff the contents.

COOKING MAN

You're right- that seasoning  
certainly does tease the palate-  
how exciting!

A KNOCK at the front door.

An OLDER WOMAN, professionally dressed in a grey pants suit, carries a coffee cup and answers the door.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE, FRONT DOOR- MORNING

JACK

Goodwin sent me.

She mumbles, sips from her coffee cup, nods her head inside.

INT. SAFE HOUSE LIVING ROOM

Jack steps in. Residence is sparsely decorated with cheap, mix-and-match furniture.

JACK  
Always let strangers waltz right  
in? Not much of a "safe house",  
now, is it?

The woman chokes on a swallow.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN  
Relax, toadstool. Goodwin called.

Jack spots the Cooking Man.

JACK  
(to woman)  
He doesn't look so tough.

The woman shrugs, then nods in agreement; sips again.

Jack approaches, unannounced.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Word, please?

Cooking Man looks up at Jack, startled, glasses steamed over.

Jack grabs his arm firmly, "leads" him into the backyard into the...

EXT. SAFE HOUSE REAR YARD

COOKING MAN  
What's going on here? Who are you?

Jack tosses the man a few feet into the yard.

JACK  
I'm the guy who's gonna drive your  
butt to New York City.

COOKING MAN  
But-

JACK  
Shut up! I'll tell you when to  
talk, got it?

COOKING MAN  
Now, just wait a min-

JACK  
I said shut up!

Jack grabs the man's left arm.

The man spins, throws an elbow into Jack's solar plexus, spins the other direction, takes Jack's arm behind his back, bends him over and kicks him in the face.

Jack grunts; falls violently on his back in the garden.

The Cooking Man strikes a karate pose and lets out a primal scream.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Who... you?

Jack's dazed; his nose bleeds.

AGENT HOLDEN (COOKING MAN)  
Agent Fred Holden- Federal Bureau of Investigations, and you, sir, are under arrest.

JACK  
Arrest? Goodwin sent me; I'm the transporter.

Holden straightens up from his karate stance, helps Jack to his feet.

The professional woman laughs.

AGENT HOLDEN  
I'm sorry. I couldn't see. You were tossing me around-

JACK  
Goodwin said you were gay. You looked gay. Where is this bookkeeper I'm supposed to be driving cross country?

All eyes turn to the professional woman.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN (BETTY)  
You're looking at him, driver.

AGENT HOLDEN  
Betty Rosenthal- she's the package.

(MORE)



AGENT HOLDEN (CONT'D)  
(mouths to Betty)  
Do I look gay?

BETTY  
What they didn't tell you is I  
AIN'T gay and I AIN'T going!

The woman turns to walk back into the residence. Jack reaches and touches her shoulder.

Betty throws an elbow into his solar plexus, spins him around, clasps his arm behind his back. She bends him over and violently kicks him in the face- again.

He falls in a heap in the garden- again.

BETTY (CONT'D)  
(to Holden)  
How was that?

Holden looks down at Jack, puts palms together, bows.

HOLDEN  
You most ex-cerr-ent student,  
Grasshoppah.

BETTY  
Anybody want a smoke?

EXT. SAFE HOUSE STREET

The blacked-out Escalade slowly drives up the street. The moon roof opens, and a stick of dynamite is thrown through the front window.

The safe house EXPLODES, ignites into flames.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE REAR YARD

Betty and Agent Holden are blown back into the yard; Jack covers up.

JACK  
What the-

Jack, Betty and Holden are covered with HOUSE, DIRT and BURNING EMBERS; car alarms SQUEAL all around them.

Jack helps Betty to her feet. He checks on Holden, then lifts his wallet and ID case from his pocket, takes his weapon from the shoulder holster.

BETTY

Is he...?

JACK

Out cold.

She removes his cell phone, reads the screen quickly, then shoves it deep into his pocket.

She removes a pair of ammo speed loaders off of his belt and tosses them to Jack.

BETTY

If you're gonna steal the gun, take the goddamn bullets, too.

While he's distracted, she removes a small gun from his ankle holster.

Jack grabs Betty and runs through the backyard; pushes her up over a fence.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Get your hands off my ass, perv!

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - DAY

Drivers in the area stop, exit their cars to check out the explosion.

Jack and Betty slide into a compact and race off.

INT. JACK'S STOLEN VEHICLE - DAY

Filthy car with a Jesus bobble-head on the dashboard, marijuana roaches in the ashtray.

Betty sees two black Escalades in pursuit. They shoot; Betty ducks.

BETTY

Shit - who are these guys?

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Jack drives through traffic with expert aplomb.

He turns into a residential neighborhood; quickly U-turns behind a lawn gardener's truck.

As the Escalades pass, Jack sends a RIDING LAWN MOWER full-throttle, across the path of the trucks.

The mower SLAMS into the first truck, and the Escalade CRUNCHES into several parked cars. The second Escalade COLLIDES with the first.

Jack and Betty disappear northbound on the freeway.

INT. JACK'S STOLEN VEHICLE

Jack looks back through mirrors; Betty turns around to be sure.

BETTY

They're gone. You can slow down now.

JACK

You're kidding, right? We were just shot at, lady. This happens a lot in your life, does it?

BETTY

What kind of low-life scum do you take me for, anyway?

JACK

The kind found in your average, run-of-the-mill safe house, I suppose?

BETTY

You're the FBI. Maybe they just hate Feds.

Jack shoots across three lanes, veers off the next exit, skids to a stop in a deserted area beneath the overpass.

JACK

I'm not FBI.

Betty pales.

BETTY

You're not? Get me the hell outta here.

Betty unlocks the lock on her door. Jack leans over and locks it again.

JACK

Wait. Let's calm down a sec.

Jack takes out a pack of cigarettes, lights one and gives it to Betty. He lights a second one and takes a deep puff, then exhales a large smoke ring.

BETTY

Were you sent to kill me?

JACK

Kill you? What, like a hit man?

Betty smokes nervously.

BETTY

If you're not a fed, who are you?

JACK

I told you. I'm the transporter.  
Delivery man. Who are YOU?

She takes one last drag, then grinds the cigarette out on the dashboard vinyl.

BETTY

You first, driver.

Jack exits the car, sits on the hood, lights another smoke. Betty opens passenger door.

JACK

I was asked by a Lieutenant Goodwin  
to drive a witness cross country.  
That's what I'm doing. You're the  
witness, aren't you?

BETTY

Goodwin? Oh, yeah. Why you?

JACK

Probably because I drive cars for a  
living.

Betty gives him the once-over.

BETTY

You a cabbie?

JACK

Not hardly.

Jack takes another puff.

JACK (CONT'D)

I'm Tom Cruise when he's too afraid  
to do the dangerous stuff.

Betty stares unimpressed.

JACK (CONT'D)

Jack- Jack Reese. I'm a stunt driver- for the movies, you know? Tom Cruise? Well, I'm pretty famous too, actually.

BETTY

Heard of Tom Cruise; never heard of you.

Betty gets out of the car, shuts the door, and walks away.

BETTY (CONT'D)

I gotta pee.

JACK

Just how many stunt men do you know?

She walks to a clump of bushes; checks back to see if he peeks.

BETTY

Evel Knievel, for one.

Jack lights another cigarette.

JACK

He was a daredevil, not a stunt man. And he's dead.

She removes the gun, unbuttons her slacks and drops them.

BETTY

I didn't even know he was sick.

A POLICE CRUISER pulls up behind Jack. He SQUAWKS the siren.

JACK

Dangnabit.

Jack slides off of the car, flicks away his cigarette.

OFFICER hops out of the vehicle; slides baton onto his belt.

OFFICER

Car trouble, sir?

Jack looks around for Betty, doesn't see her.

JACK

Not really, Officer. Just pulled over to have a smoke, taking a break.

OFFICER

A smoke? Some of that medical "herb" maybe?

JACK

You can check if you'd like.

Officer pulls out baton, points it under Jack's chin.

OFFICER

I'll do as I goddamn please, asshole. Got that straight?

Jacks steps back; his eye twitches.

JACK

Straight as an arrow- sir.

The officer pulls out his cell phone and dials, not overly concerned about privacy.

OFFICER

Yeah, I got him... just north of the County line... I don't fuckin' know- who gives a shit? Do you want it done or not?

Jack looks around for Betty and/or an escape. He finds neither.

JACK

I think I'll be going now...

The officer pulls down the phone.

OFFICER

You move when I fuckin' tell ya'.

Jack stops.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

(on phone)

Tell Fiorelli I'll call him when it's done.

The officer pockets the phone, slides baton back onto his belt.

He removes his weapon and hangs it down by his side.

OFFICER (CONT'D)  
You don't wanna listen, do you?

JACK  
I never moved, unless bowels count.

OFFICER  
I say you resisted my lawful  
arrest, then tried to get my gun.

Jack backs away.

OFFICER (CONT'D)  
I had to shoot you in defense of my  
life.

The officer raises his weapon; Jack puts up his hands in  
defense, eyes closed tight.

A GUNSHOT reverberates through the underpass.

BETTY  
You okay?

Jack smells gunpowder; his ears ring from the resounding  
echo. He takes a peek, sees the officer on the ground.

JACK  
(shouts)  
WHAT? CAN'T HEAR YOU!

Betty picks up the officer's weapon, takes the ammo.

She removes the cell phone, presses some buttons, reads the  
screen, then tosses the phone into the weeds.

Betty opens the car door of their stolen car.

BETTY  
Get in.

INT. JACK'S STOLEN VEHICLE - DAY

Jack, still deaf, fires up the car.

JACK  
(yelling)  
DID YOU HAVE TO SHOOT HIM?

BETTY  
I whacked him.

JACK  
THAT'S WHAT I SAID. DID YOU HAVE TO  
KILL HIM?

Betty swings the butt of her gun like a hammer.

BETTY  
I whacked him, Jack. On the head.

Jack shakes his head, fingers his ears.

JACK  
Why do you have a gun? What are  
you afraid of?

Betty looks at the gun, slides in her waistband, then pats  
it.

BETTY  
Not a damn thing, Jack. Not a damn  
thing.

Jack tears out towards the freeway.

INT. CHURCH BRIDAL ROOM

Large bridal room filled with busy people in preparation for  
a wedding.

The bride, DIANE SEXTON (28), in wedding gown, gets help with  
hair and make-up.

BRIDESMAID #1  
You look gorgeous, Diane. Jack  
hasn't seen the dress yet, has he?

DIANE  
No. In fact, I haven't even seen  
him yet. He better be on time. Do  
me a favor- grab my cell? I better  
call him, wake his ass up.

A bridesmaid grabs the phone from the vanity.

BRIDESMAID #2  
Lights blinking. Looks like you  
have a message.



INT. LARGE CHURCH

Ornate, well-decorated church, pews filled with TWO HUNDRED GUESTS. ORGANIST plays pre-wedding MUSIC; PRIEST speaks to ALTAR BOYS, straightens their vestments.

A LOUD, HIGH-PITCHED SCREAM resonates through the chambers.

DIANE  
MOTHERFUCKER!

All movement and music screeches to a halt.

INT. JACK'S CAR - NIGHT

Jack drives, gazes over at Betty, who sits with eyes closed.

BETTY  
I can feel you staring...

JACK  
I know you.

BETTY  
No, you don't.

JACK  
You look very familiar.

BETTY  
Maybe I resemble the other old ladies you've kidnapped and raped.

JACK  
No, that's not it. It'll come to me, though.

Betty opens her eyes; looks concerned.

BETTY  
Probably just pictures Goodwin showed you.

JACK  
I saw some, but not of you. Looked like surveillance photos or something. One guy did look like someone I knew a long time ago, though. Weird.

Jack lights a cigarette, rolls down window.

JACK (CONT'D)  
I've seen you- on TV. I'm sure of it.

BETTY  
You're confusing me with one of the "Golden Girls".

JACK  
You do look like "Bea Arthur", but that ain't it.

Shoots him an "eat shit and die" look. She begins to cough uncontrollably; it turns into a spasm.

JACK (CONT'D)  
That sounds bad. You okay?

Betty ignores him.

BETTY  
Where are we going?

JACK  
We're going to find a place to hole up for the night.

EXT. CAMPGROUND - NIGHT

Jack parks well-hidden amongst trees off the freeway.

INT. JACK'S CAR - NIGHT

Jack sleeps in driver's seat; Betty's cuddled up next to him. She yawns; Jack awakens, attempts to disengage.

BETTY  
What the hell are you doing?

She pushes Jack away.

JACK  
Uh, hello.

BETTY  
What are you doing?

JACK  
Relax, I was just moving. In your sleep, you got, uh, a little too close.

BETTY

I got too close? I wake up and you got your hands all over me trying to grab my sweet spot and I'm getting too close to you? Rapist.

JACK

Go to sleep. I've driven over eight hundred miles. I'm beat.

BETTY

Yeah, eight hundred miles to get in my pants, you did. Get in the back.

JACK

What?

BETTY

You heard me- back.

Jack looks at the small, vacant area in the back of the car.

JACK

I'm not sleeping back there. There's no room. Just close your eyes and go to sleep. Stay in your seat and I'll stay in mine.

BETTY

If you don't get back there, it's because you tried to rape me. We'll see how long it takes for those douche bags at the FBI to take you and stick you in General Population, where every Tito and Bubba can dig in your dirt cave. Rapist.

JACK

What a frigging mouth you have. Relax, and go back to sleep.

She reaches for the cell phone.

EXT. JACK'S CAR - DAY

Sunrise; Betty sleeps soundly across the front seat.

Jack is curled up in an uncomfortable position way in back, pressed up against the rear window.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Yellow crime scene blocks traffic from the public. POLICE CARS, FIRE TRUCKS, OFFICERS AND FIREMEN mill around bomb scene.

Diane ducks beneath the crime scene tape and marches towards Goodwin.

DIANE

Excuse me, sir. Where is my husband?

GOODWIN

You're not supposed to be here.  
Get back behind the yellow tape.

DIANE

My husband was last seen at this address, and I want to know where he is.

GOODWIN

Oh, Mrs. Holden...I'm sorry.  
You're husband is at the hospital,  
but I'm sure he's going to be-

Diane rolls her eyes, frustrated.

DIANE

Sexton. Diane Sexton.

She abruptly sticks out her hand to shake. Goodwin looks down at her hand, then back at her.

GOODWIN

Who the hell is Sexton?

DIANE

I'm Sexton. I'm looking for Jack,  
Jack Reese.

Goodwin grabs her by the arm, drags her away from other "ears".

GOODWIN

What do you know about Jack Reese?

Diane yanks her arm back.

DIANE

Get your hands off me! Jack called  
and left me a message.

(MORE)

DIANE (CONT'D)

I heard someone in the background  
mention this address right before  
he hung up. Where the hell is he?

Goodwin looks over at the burned out house.

Diane looks around for the first time; suddenly realizes the  
commotion.

She puts her hand over her mouth; her face pales.

DIANE (CONT'D)

I think I'm going to be sick.

Goodwin comforts her with a hug.

GOODWIN

Relax. Jack's fine... we think.

Diane slams both fists into Goodwin's chest, pushes him away.

DIANE

Fine? That sonofabitch left me  
standing at the altar yesterday.  
If he's not dead, I'll kill him!

OVERHEAD SHOT: HOUSE BLOWN UP, SEVERAL HOMES BURNED OUT,  
EMERGENCY VEHICLES, CRIME SCENE TAPE.

Diane and Goodwin continue to talk. He reaches into his  
shirt pocket.

GOODWIN

Take my card. My cell number is on  
it. Call me as soon as you hear  
anything. Don't talk to anyone  
else. Understand?

Diane stares at the card, confused.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)

No one else. No press, no friends,  
no family. It's imperative, if you  
ever want to see Jack alive again.  
Is that understood?

Frightened, Diane nods, backs away slowly, turns and runs  
back to...

INT. DIANE'S CAR - DAY

Diane climbs into the driver's seat; Popeye sits beside her.

POPEYE  
Well, did you find him?

Diane stares straight ahead.

DIANE  
They said they've lost him.

Turns to Popeye.

DIANE (CONT'D)  
Said he's working a special  
assignment.

POPEYE  
What? Working for who?

EXT. SAFE HOUSE NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Diane pulls out from the curb, U-turns, then races out of the area.

DIANE (O.S.)  
The FBI.

INT. JACK'S CAR - DAY

Long, open highway, deafening silence.

BETTY  
So what makes you a big movie  
hotshot anyway? You drive cars.

Jack glances at Betty.

JACK  
Yes I do.

He reaches across, opens the glove box, and papers fall out.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Nice. Look on that map and find  
Thomasville County, please.

Betty takes out the map and unfolds it.

BETTY  
So do I.

JACK  
So do you what?

Still looking at the map.

BETTY

Drive.

JACK

Not like I do.

EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER - DAY

Jack's car drives slowly in right lane, drivers in other cars blow their horns as they speed pass.

The right turn signal continues to blink.

INT. JACK'S CAR - DAY

Betty drives. She can barely see over the wheel.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Jack closes passenger door, runs around to driver's side, gets in and takes off.

BETTY (O.S.)

I told them bastards at Motor  
Vehicles not to take my license. I  
can still drive...

INT. JACK'S CAR - DAY

Jack drives as Betty reads map.

JACK

I hear you're a pretty fancy  
schmancy bookkeeper, huh?

Betty sneers.

BETTY

Accountant. Where are we going  
again?

JACK

Thomasville- I have an aunt there.  
So, what makes you so different  
from other book... accountants?

BETTY

Have no idea.

Jack looks over knowingly.

JACK  
Are you sure... "No-Books"?

Betty stares off out of the window.

JACK (CONT'D)  
How is what you do even possible?

BETTY  
It's a curse, trust me.

Jack lights two cigarettes, gives Betty one.

JACK  
I think it's cool, remembering  
every number you ever read. Wish I  
could've done that in my single  
days. I'd never be alone on  
weekends, that's for sure.

Betty drags.

BETTY  
Probably blister a finger dialing  
so many before you got one to come  
over. Anyway, that's still better  
than the callouses you'd get from  
spanking it all the time, I guess.

JACK  
Man, I'd be embarrassed if my  
mother talked like that. Aren't  
your kids ever ashamed?

BETTY  
Ashamed? Fuck no. I'm the best  
thing that ever happened to him.  
Trust me.

Jack tokes on cigarette, exhales out the window.

JACK  
"Him"? Just one?

BETTY  
That I know of.

Betty looks at the map.

BETTY (CONT'D)  
Exit here.



JACK  
What does he do, your son?

BETTY  
How the hell do I know? What are  
you- writing a book? Look,  
Stephen King, make it a mystery.

Jack laughs.

JACK  
He writes horror, dummy.

BETTY  
Watch it. I'm old enough to be  
your mother.

Jack tosses out his cigarette, rolls up the window.

JACK  
We're here. Her name is Edwina...

They pull onto a gravel driveway.

JACK (CONT'D)  
...and be nice.

BETTY  
I'm always nice. Felon.

EXT. AUNT EDWINA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Large farm house on several acres, surrounded by forest.

INT. AUNT EDWINA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

AUNT EDWINA, (65), short and round, wears a country apron,  
opens the door.

EDWINA  
Can I help you?

JACK  
Aunt Edwina? It's Jack Reese,  
Shirley's son.

Surprised.

EDWINA  
Little fat Jack? Jack Reese? Come  
in, come in.

BETTY  
(whispers to Jack)  
Fat Jack?

Jack and Edwina hug and enter.

EDWINA  
It's been years, Jack. Probably  
since your mother...

She looks down; Betty looks around uncomfortably.

BETTY  
Don't mind nothing. He's just  
kidnapping me.

JACK  
Edwina, this is my friend, Betty.

Betty grips Edwina's hand and shakes it like a trucker.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Sorry to barge in on you, but we're  
heading to New York and we thought  
we'd stop in to see you.

EDWINA  
My, New York? That's a mighty big  
trip, Jack.

BETTY  
We're eloping.

Edwina's shocked; Jack rolls his eyes.

JACK  
Don't listen to her. It's work-  
related. She's work-related.

EDWINA  
(to Betty)  
Are you in the movies too?

BETTY  
(to Jack)  
Movies? You said you were a  
traveling preacher!

EDWINA  
(to Jack)  
Oh, a preacher? That's wond-

JACK

Aunt Edwina, do you think we can  
freshen up, maybe rest up a bit.  
We can't stay that long, really.

Edwina points up the staircase.

EDWINA

Of course, help yourselves.  
There's a bathroom to the right at  
the top of the stairs.

Jacks kisses his aunt on the cheek; they start up the stairs.

EDWINA (CONT'D)

You could share Murray's bed to  
rest up. Just do what he does when  
he brings home a "friend": put a  
sock on the doorknob. He insists  
it's safer with a sock on the knob.

Jack and Betty look at each other; both suppress their  
laughter.

EDWINA (CONT'D)

(sing-song)  
I promise not to disturb the little  
love birds!

They watch Edwina disappear; Betty punches Jack's butt on the  
way up.

INT. MURRAY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The bedroom is decorated in a "Hells Angels on Crack" motif,  
ripe with Harley signs, posters of naked women, and a  
Confederate flag featured prominently over the unmade bed.

Betty lays on her back across the "Hot Wheels" sheets.

BETTY

Who's Murray? Your old cell mate?

Jack pulls out his cell phone, dials.

JACK

Cousin. Last time I saw him he was  
a skinny little twerp with acne.

BETTY

Who are you calling?

Jack shushes Betty.

JACK  
Goodwin?... Reese. What the heck  
is going on?

Betty snoops, opens drawers, closet doors.

JACK (CONT'D)  
We're gonna need help here... We're  
holed up, getting supplies...

Betty looks over at Jack; he shrugs.

JACK (CONT'D)  
And we're going to need new wheels.

GOODWIN (O.S.)  
Okay, Jack. Now, where exactly are  
you guys?

INT. GOODWIN'S VEHICLE - NIGHT

On cell phone; takes notes on small memo pad.

GOODWIN  
Got it. Is the package intact?...  
Okay, that's good. Good job, Jack.  
I'll have a car waiting for you at  
your next stop... yes, I'll explain  
it all to Diane. Call me when you  
get there.

Goodwin closes phone, turns to passenger, cloaked in shadows.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)  
He's in some bum-fuck town in New  
Mexico. Needs a new car.

PASSENGER  
Makes sure it has a LoJack. You  
can't be too careful 'dese days.

They laugh; Goodwin starts car.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Freeway signs indicate "Leaving California".

INT. DIANE'S CAR - NIGHT

Diane drives on open freeway; Popeye looks at map.

POPEYE  
He use to talk about an aunt that  
lived near Sante Fe somewhere...

DIANE  
Edwina.

Popeye shoots her a surprised look.

DIANE (CONT'D)  
Who do you think sent the Christmas  
cards?

POPEYE  
He always tried to set me up with  
her, but that was the main reason  
why I said no.

DIANE  
Because she lives in New Mexico?

POPEYE  
Oh, yeah. Second reason.

Diane waits for his explanation.

And waits...

DIANE  
Well?

POPEYE  
Ed-DWEEN-ah?

Diane nods understandingly; drives on.

POPEYE (CONT'D)  
You wouldn't happen to remember the  
address, now, would you?

DIANE  
Can't be too many Edwina's in  
Thomasville County, right?

POPEYE  
Thomasville County? Grand!

INT. MURRAY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack washes up in bathroom as Betty waits.

BETTY  
You sure don't curse much, do you?

JACK  
Try not to.

BETTY  
You religious or something?

JACK  
Nope. Just trying to be a better person. Someone my mother would have been proud of.

BETTY  
She must have died young.

Jack dries his hands, exits bathroom.

JACK  
She did. Guessing it's time to eat.

Betty gets up.

BETTY  
Subtle.

INT. EDWINA'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack, Betty and Edwina sit at the dinner table, a country spread of food in front of them. Jack stabs at the last scraps of meat.

BETTY  
That was delicious, Edwina. Thank you, again.

EDWINA  
Well, thank you for the help in the kitchen.

The front door bursts open; cousin MURRAY struts into the dining room.

MURRAY  
Ma? What's for sup- who the fuck are you guys?

Murray, six foot three, two hundred-plus pounds tightly packed into a pair of leather pants, vest to match that accentuates a pair of ripped arms decorated with ink.

He sports a red bandana around his shaved head.

EDWINA

Murray- your language! Do you need  
the soap?

Murray, sheepish, looks down.

MURRAY

Sorry, Ma. No soap, please.

JACK

Murray? "Little Furry" Murray?

Betty snickers; Murray sneers.

MURRAY

Hey, Jack. Don't call me that. I  
ain't no kid no more.

Murray grabs a seat, spins it backwards, forks the last  
pieces of meat off of Jack's plate.

He nods towards Betty.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

Who's this- your old lady?

Betty glares; Jack winces.

BETTY

Hi, Furry. I'm Betty.

Murray stares daggers at Betty.

Movement at the table stops in its track... tension thickens.

His grip tightens on the fork, which begins to bend...  
muscles bulge, a vein throbs in his forehead.

Suddenly, Murray explodes with laughter.

MURRAY

Good one, lady!

Rips off bandana. A tattooed crown encircles his bald head.

MURRAY (CONT'D)

No mo' bro fro!

LATER

They finish up their dinner.

JACK

Maybe you know a good spot nearby to switch cars? This one is a bit rough, and we're on a schedule. My, uh, "boss" is sending us a replacement.

MURRAY

"Nipples" out on fifteen.

EDWINA

Murray! What do I have to do?

MURRAY

Sorry, Ma.

(to Jack)

Titty bar- been closed a while.

(to Edwina)

Sorry again, Ma!

Edwina shakes her head, stands and takes dishes into the kitchen.

BETTY

(whispers to the boys)

What potty-mouths. Don't youse have no fuckin' respect?

Betty takes some dishes and follows after Edwina with a huff. Jack and Murray stare in disbelief.

EXT. AUNT EDWINA'S HOUSE - LATER

Jack and Betty walk to car, followed by Edwina and Murray.

JACK

Aunt Edwina, "cuz"- it was great to see you both again. Sorry we couldn't stay.

Betty bends Edwina's ear.

BETTY

Remember, more garlic and a touch of rosemary. Just a pinch. And try the sour cream in the next batch. You'll love it!

EDWINA

Thank you, Betty. I never thought I'd find anyone who cooked a better macaroni and cheese, but yours is divine.



They hug; Betty looks at Jack over Edwina's shoulder, sticks her tongue out at Jack, who rolls his eyes.

Jack shakes Murray's hand.

JACK  
Chapter President? Cool. Small  
chapter, I imagine?

MURRAY  
Yeah. We meet in a tree house.

Jack looks at Betty, who shakes her head and gets in the car.

MURRAY (CONT'D)  
(to Jack)  
You know what to do if you need to.

Jack pats his shirt pocket.

JACK  
Got it, thanks. See ya' soon, Aunt  
Edwina.

Jack backs out; Edwina waves.

EDWINA  
Be good, you two.

MURRAY  
If you can't be good, be careful.

He looks at Betty fixing her hair in the visor mirror.

MURRAY (CONT'D)  
Never mind.

INT. STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK RESTAURANT/ REAR OFFICE - DAY

Fiorelli talks on telephone seated at large desk; various henchmen surround him.

FIORELLI  
You're my fucking attorney. That's  
what I pay you for.

He slams down receiver.

HOOD #1  
Well?

FIORELLI

Well, what? Trial still on for Monday. I want everyone there- Torso, you make sure they are where they're 'posed to be.

Torso eats a large sandwich; with a full mouth, he garbles his response.

TORSO

Got it.

FIORELLI

Hey, fat face. I'm talking to you!

Torso puts down his sandwich, wipes his mouth.

TORSO

Woah... what's up?

FIORELLI

Is that fuckin' "banker" still above ground?

TORSO

We got a tail on them, don't worry 'bout it.

Fiorelli pushes everything off the desk. Papers fly, telephone gets flung, bad guys dive for cover.

FIORELLI

Don't fucking worry? It's not your ass going to prison now, is it?

TORSO

(more calmly)

We got the word out, boss- cops, dealers, even the other families are looking out for them. They have a better chance breaking into the White House than getting to court on Monday.

Fiorelli sits with his head in his hands.

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

You trusted me for three years- trust me for a couple more days, alright?

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD/ NIPPLES BAR - NIGHT

Tree-lined highway on forest edge. They arrive at a closed beer joint; black truck parked in front beneath lone street lamp.

JACK (O.S.)  
This must be the place.

Betty gets out; Jack drives to the back of the bar. He walks back to his new set of wheels.

ASIAN THUG #1  
Mr. Reese?

Jack looks up, sees Betty held at gunpoint by TWO ASIAN MEN in black suits, white shirts and ties.

JACK  
Sorry, fellas. Names not "Leese".  
Must have the wrong guy.

Asian Thug #2 jumps, throws spinning kick to Jack's face. Jack flies backward, lands on his back.

He grabs his jaw.

ASIAN THUG #1  
I said "Reese", Jack Reese.

JACK  
Oh. Being Japanese, I figured you  
meant "Leese". My bad.

Jack struggles to his feet. Asian Thug #2 slams his back with a forearm smash; Jack crashes to the gravel, again.

ASIAN THUG #1  
That's profiling. Besides, we are  
Chinese-American, douche.

JACK  
Well, you know what they say.

Asian Thug #1 grabs Betty by the arm and pulls her close. He puts the gun up against the back of her head.

ASIAN THUG #1  
No, what they say is "Party over. I  
going to "kirr" you".

A lone motorcycle chopper engine RUMBLES up the highway, illuminated by a single head light. He pulls up to join the crowd.

MURRAY

Didn't know they delivered Chinese  
this far. Perfect timing- I'm  
starving.

Asian Thug #2 is poised in karate stance in front of Murray's  
bike.

ASIAN THUG #1

This doesn't concern you, Mister.  
Leave now, before you get hurt.

Asian Thug #2 displays a series of martial arts moves.

MURRAY

You got me. I'm scared. I'll be  
leaving... but I'm taking the old  
lady with me.

Asian Thug #1 tightens his grip on Betty.

ASIAN THUG #1

You know her?

MURRAY

Nah. She just looks like a sweet  
old lady. You can take care of him  
after we leave.

Jack stands and brushes himself off.

JACK

Gee, thanks a lot, good samaritan.

ASIAN THUG #1

You forget one thing, "Mister  
Scooter Trash". There's two of us,  
and I have gun.

Murray snaps his fingers.

Jack, Betty and the two thugs look towards the highway where  
a hundred single headlights from a hundred bikers light up  
the pavement.

Betty throws a sharp elbow in Thug #1's sternum, spins and  
grabs his wrist. She slaps the gun away, then flips the thug  
onto his back. The thug looks up; Betty puts out his lights  
with a stomp to the face.

Murray claps. A slow wave of claps builds up as the other  
bikers join in.

JACK  
I taught her that.

Jack walks over to Thug #2 and kicks him in the balls.

BETTY  
I taught him that.

Jack approaches Murray; looks over towards gang.

JACK  
(whispers)  
Must be one hell of a tree house.

Murray turns to Betty.

MURRAY  
You, my lady, are one sick, rockin'  
bitch!

Betty walks up to Murray and kisses him on the cheek.

BETTY  
That's the nicest thing any  
"scooter trash" ever said to me!

Jack and Betty get in the truck; take off down the highway.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Long stretch of highway, little traffic. Road sign for Texas state border.

INT. JACK'S CAR - DAY

Country radio station plays low in background; Jack and Betty stare into the vastness of the open horizon and endless stream of the broken white lines.

JACK  
This is a nice truck. I was a  
little worried about Goodwin.

BETTY  
You should be. He's a lying  
bastard.

Jack sits in silence.

BETTY (CONT'D)  
Murray's sweet, though.

JACK

Why do you say that?

BETTY

What- you don't think he's sweet?

JACK

No, I mean about Goodwin. You don't trust him?

BETTY

Apparently you don't either.

Jack cracks the window open and lights a cigarette.

BETTY (CONT'D)

I'll take one.

He lights another and gives it to Betty.

JACK

I didn't say that I don't trust him. We needed fresh wheels, and he came through. That's all I'm saying.

Betty looks over, disbelieving.

BETTY

Do I need to spell it out for you?

He shrugs.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Who knew about the safe house? Who knew about us on the freeway out of town? Who knew about us at Edwina's, and set us up at the roadside bar?

Jack stares straight ahead.

BETTY (CONT'D)

He's a switch-hitter, Jack. He's playing for both sides.

JACK

(whining)

Please don't say that. He and I had a deal!

INT. THE DEW DROP INN - NIGHT

They arrive at a local watering hole, slide into a rear booth unnoticed.

Jukebox BLASTS Lynyrd Skynyrd tunes... deer heads and bullet holes round out the decor, with mood lighting provided by Bud Light and Jack Daniels neon.

Patrons resemble Star Wars bar-scene rejects, dressed in head-to-toe leather.

One stands six feet, with a shaved head, twenty-two inch arms smothered in tattoos... and she's the WAITRESS.

WAITRESS

What can I get you two?

Sloshes two water glasses on table, expertly slides them in front of them.

JACK

Whatever's on tap.

WAITRESS

And your- girlfriend?

Jack stares at the waitress with disdain.

BETTY

Black coffee, please.

She rumbles off; they peruse the menu.

JACK

The feds got you by the short hairs. You'll have to testify.

BETTY

You think the onion soup is any good here?

JACK

I don't think anything's any good here. You think they'd go through all of this for nothing?

Betty sits silently, turns the menu page.

JACK (CONT'D)

If they don't get you, they'll still get the Don.

BETTY  
It's family, Jack.

JACK  
What are you talking about, family?

BETTY  
What are you eating?

JACK  
You don't owe them a goddamn thing.

Betty puts down the menu.

BETTY  
They're never going to let us get  
to New York. You need to know  
that, Jack.

JACK  
So. We'll die trying.

Betty picks up the menu again, looks into Jack's eyes.

BETTY  
Yes. We will.

They are interrupted when "Sasquatch" returns with the beer  
and coffee.

WAITRESS  
Need another minute?

Jack nods; she leaves.

Betty looks over her glasses at Jack.

BETTY  
Tell me again why I should help  
you?

JACK  
Not me. The FBI.

BETTY  
And if you're not one of them, why  
do you care?

JACK  
I'm not thirteen anymore...

He drinks the water. Betty smiles briefly, then toughens up.



BETTY

And I ain't your momma, neither.

Awkward silence.

Jack leans in, whispers.

JACK

I look at it this way: they want you there, and they want me to get you there. Some others don't want you there, and if I'm gonna get my butt blown off, I want to know it's for something good and worthwhile, like some scumbag getting the chair or something.

BETTY

Fuck you if you say that again.

Jack's surprised at her reaction. He leans in to whisper.

JACK

That motherfrumper shot Ethan in the head right in front of me!

BETTY

Nobody's getting the chair because I'm not testifying to nothing. Waitress?

The waitress emerges from the kitchen, takes one last drag off of a cigarette.

JACK

If you don't they'll throw you into Rikers, and that ain't a place you wanna start learning how to swim, little minnow. Not at eighty years old.

The waitress tosses the cigarette butt into a plastic tub of dirty dishes.

The embers sizzle out in a puddle of Coke products.

BETTY

Seventy three, asshole.  
(to waitress)  
We're ready now.

The jukebox suddenly goes silent.

Jack looks around, notices that Sasquatch and her friends have disappeared, replaced by SEVERAL LARGE, OVERWEIGHT BIKERS, dressed in leathers, "flying colors".

Leader KILROY, steps up front and center. Four hundred pounds, a shaved head with a way-too bushy beard; the embodiment of a "Wooly Willy" magnet toy.

KILROY

Well, well... look at what we have here, boys! A little boy taking Grandma out for a sodie pop!

The gang laughs heartily. Jack realizes he's clearly outnumbered.

JACK

We don't want no trouble, fellas. Like you said, we're just having a sodie pop.

KILROY

You didn't ask permission.

Jack starts to get up; Betty grabs his arm.

BETTY

Hi, boys. My friend and I came into this fine establishment hoping to get some dinner. We're hungry and very tired. I think we can even pay double the menu rate for this delicious food. Consider it a tip for letting us eat here. If you prefer...

KILROY

I prefer that you shut the fuck up, Blue Hair.

Kilroy turns to his posse.

KILROY (CONT'D)

She talks too much, don't she?

The gang laughs again. With a wave of his hand- silence.

KILROY (CONT'D)

We know who you are.

He points to Jack.

KILROY (CONT'D)

YOU! You're coming with us. Motor-mouth- you can take off. Lucky for you, I have a rule against hurting bitches and rug rats.

Jack hands Betty the keys to the car and nods his head towards the exit.

Betty scans the gang.

BETTY

It's not like he's family or nothing. Adios, muchachos!

She leaves without a glance back.

Jack is grabbed by two biker dudes, but kicks Kilroy's groin. He shakes loose an arm, punches a biker and throws him into the gang.

Two more bikers grab him and holds him still. Kilroy punches him in the stomach so hard, his fist almost hits his spine.

KILROY

Take him in the back.

They drag him through curtains at the back of the bar. Kilroy closes the curtains tight behind him.

The music starts up, and conversations continue without missing a beat.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - NIGHT

SHERIFF'S CAR, SEVERAL POLICE CARS park at roadside bar.

Police process Jack's car left behind; a FLAT-BED TOW TRUCK awaits to haul car off to impound.

Diane waits in her parked car; Popeye is inside a phone booth across from the bar.

INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

POPEYE

Don't give me that shit, Goodwin. You know where he is.

GOODWIN (O.S.)

I already told you. We're looking for him as well.

POPEYE

You don't just "give" someone a new truck and not keep tabs on him. Especially one with a fondness for vehicles like Jack. Now, where is he?

INT. GOODWIN'S FBI OFFICE - NIGHT

Goodwin on the telephone.

GOODWIN

We are operating on the assumption that he is still headed east. That's all I can tell you.

POPEYE (O.S.)

Remember, Goodwin. You and I go back a long way...

INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

POPEYE

I know things. I know things you don't know I know. If I find out you're lying to me, or if Jack ends up hurt- or worse- they'll need a map to find your ass and a sponge to soak it up with.

GOODWIN (O.S.)

You shouldn't threaten an FBI agent, Logan. You're an old man, now; too old to find yourself in prison.

The call is disconnected. Popeye glares; slams down the receiver. He throws open the booth door.

DIANE

Well?

POPEYE

Slide over. I'm driving.

INT. BAR OFFICE

Desk, chair, leather sofa. Desk covered with papers and bar receipts.

Jack sits on the floor, handcuffed from behind. His face is peppered with fresh bruises and cuts, as warm blood runs down his cheeks.

Kilroy and TWO OTHER BIKERS work over Jack with punches and kicks.

KILROY

I'm pretty sure she said she didn't  
want to go to New York.

OTIS lifts Jack and backhands his face.

Jack shakes off the slap.

JACK

No one wants to, but we all got to  
go sometime.

Kilroy punches Jack in the stomach, then a cross on the chin. Jack goes down for the count.

Kilroy turns to Otis.

KILROY

I'll find out what they want done  
with him. Stay here.

INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Goodwin emerges from the elevator in parking garage. He walks swiftly to his car, attache in hand.

A shadow descends upon him from behind.

TORSO

Goodwin.

Goodwin freezes, then turns slowly.

GOODWIN

What the hell are you doing here?

Glances at security camera.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)

We can't be seen together.

TORSO

My boss is a bit worried. Now that  
he's been indicted, he's "worried"  
for his mother's safety.

Goodwin steps in closer to Torso.

GOODWIN

Tell your "boss" that his mother is  
in his good hands.

TORSO

Not good enough.

GOODWIN

(whispers)

Dammit, it'll have to do, for now.  
I've got this three-strike loser- a  
stunt car driver, no less- driving  
her to New York. Every asshole  
between here and there is after the  
prize at the bottom of that Cracker  
Jack box.

Torso's face relaxes, concerned.

TORSO

Reese?

Goodwin steps back.

GOODWIN

Yeah. Why? You know him?

Torso gathers himself, toughens up.

TORSO

Heard of him is all; seen him in  
some stuff. I like reading about  
movie cars. Won't it attract some  
attention if he gets taken out?

GOODWIN

That's the beauty of it. He's  
already on parole for stealing  
cars. He's driving a car I've had  
listed as stolen. When he gets  
popped, it'll all be in the name of  
justice.

Torso grins. Goodwin pats him on the shoulder.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)

Leave it up to the professionals.  
Tell your boss to relax; I've got  
it handled.

Torso reaches up, removes Goodwin's hand from his shoulder.

TORSO

You better. If not, the only  
handles needed will be the six used  
to drop your sorry ass toes up in  
the turf.

Torso glares for several seconds, then breaks into a smile.

He turns to leave, but stops and admires Goodwin's car, a red  
Porsche.

TORSO (CONT'D)

I see the FBI pays pretty good  
these days.

(staring at the plate)

What does that say?

Goodwin reads the license plate "IH8PGNS.

GOODWIN

Pigeons. I hate pigeons. You  
know, red Porsche?

Torso chuckles. His heels click as he disappears into the  
darkness.

INT. BAR OFFICE - LATER

Otis is on guard duty, but leaves the back office to go to  
the...

BAR

...where he is more interested in the booze and THREE BIKER  
HAGS at the bar.

INT. BAR REAR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Betty re-enters the bar through an unlocked back door, and  
slides, undetected, into the ladies room.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Otis sidles up next to group of biker hags at the bar.

OTIS

Any of you called for?

HAG #1  
I'm with Jackson, but these other  
two are with me.

The girls giggle. One of the girls- a blonde with a blue micro-short skirt, fishnet stockings and a white, low-cut halter top, gets up and heads towards the back.

OTIS  
(to Hag #1)  
Well, sweet thing. You can't be  
hogging up all the pretty pussy  
yourself, now.

Otis laughs and throws his arms around the two girls left behind.

HAG #1  
Otis- you are cute when you're  
drunk!

INT. BAR REAR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Blonde hag enters the rest room. Muffled sounds of a SCUFFLE with a DOOR SLAM or two.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Otis leaves the women, returns towards back office.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Betty enters through the front and sits at the bar.

She's now dressed in a blue micro-short skirt, fishnet stockings and a white, low-cut halter top, with the biker hag's blonde wig.

Several bikers stare, mouths agape. Bartender slowly approaches Betty.

BARTENDER  
Retirement home is about thirty  
miles down the road, lady.

Other bar patrons laugh.

BETTY  
I'll have a shot of Jack, straight  
up. I'd like to get you something,  
too, if I may?



BARTENDER

Oh yeah? What's that- a gummer?

Bikers laugh openly at the exchange.

She lights a cigarette, takes a deep inhale, then blows the smoke into the bartender's face.

BETTY

How about a big bowl of "fuck" with  
a "kiss my wrinkly ass" chaser?

Stunned, the bartender methodically pours her shot.

Betty reaches down her braless halter top, grabs her left boob, pulls it up and places it on the bar along side the other.

INT. REAR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Otis emerges from back room; steps behind bar to refill his beer mug off of the tap.

Betty notices blood on Otis' knuckles. Bartender returns.

BARTENDER

Anything else? Geritol?

Betty shoots the shot, then slams her open hand on the bar with a loud SPLAT!

BETTY

Geritol! That's so fucking funny.

Bartender starts looking around nervously.

BETTY (CONT'D)

I laughed so hard I nearly pissed  
my Depends.

Betty leans in, grabs the bartender by the shirt and whispers.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Hey, you dick-licking hick, where  
the fuck can a classy lady take a  
dump around here?

The bartender nods towards the curtain and back hallway.

She SLAPS the bar next to the empty shot glass.

BETTY (CONT'D)  
One more for the road, baby. The  
nursing home has a curfew.

Betty gets up from the stool, shakily stumbles in her hooker  
stilettos, and disappears behind the curtain.

She sees the "Office" sign, enters through unlocked door.

INT. BAR OFFICE

Jack is bloodied and unconscious; Betty kneels to shake him.

BETTY  
Jack, wake up! JACK!

Jack groggily moans and opens one swollen eye.

BETTY (CONT'D)  
Come on, Jack, get up. We've got  
to get outta here.

As Betty tries to help Jack to his feet, she notices the  
handcuffs.

Otis' laugh is heard as he approaches; Betty drops Jack back  
to the floor.

Otis crashes through the office door, swills his beer, and  
slowly fathoms what he sees.

OTIS  
What the--?

Betty glances at Otis, then back down at Jack. She kicks  
Jack squarely in the stomach.

Jack moans as his breath is sucked from his chest; he  
crumbles into a ball.

BETTY  
That'll be the last time you get a  
free peek, you stingy bastard.

Otis stares confused.

BETTY (CONT'D)  
Son-of-a-bitch said he would pay me  
fifty for a little peek-a-boo.  
Come to find out he ain't got no  
fifty bucks.

Betty turns to walk out of the office, but Otis grabs her upper arm.

OTIS

Wait right here, sweetheart.

Otis walks over to Jack, bends over to check the handcuffs.

Betty runs the short distant to Otis and SLAMS him from behind.

Otis hits his head on the wall; buries his head in plaster, and collapses unconscious on top of Jack.

Betty throws Otis' limp body off of Jack, and helps Jack up.

JACK

The key. Get the key.

Betty rifles through Otis's pockets; finds the handcuff key, and unlatches Jack from his restraints.

Jack looks down at the unconscious Otis.

JACK (CONT'D)

Tell me you played football, too?

BETTY

We better get out of here.

INT. REAR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Betty peers out of the office, then both run out through the rear door, into the darkness.

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jack wakes a PASSED OUT DRUNK in his El Camino; he signals for him to roll down the window.

DRUNK

Was I speeding, Occifer?

Jack opens the door, pulls him from the car and dumps him onto the pavement. Betty gets in to drive.

INT. REAR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hag #1 enters the ladies restroom.

INT. LADIES REST ROOM - NIGHT

She sees girlfriend unconscious on toilet, dressed only in bra and panties. She screams.

INT. REAR HALLWAY- NIGHT

Bar patrons run through rear hall of bar, throw open the rear door, and see Jack and Betty.

BETTY  
Get in. NOW!

Undaunted, Jack jumps in as angry crowd descend upon the car.

Betty throws it in reverse and slings gravel and broken glass at crowd; leaves bar in cloud of dust.

INT. EL CAMINO, DRIVING - NIGHT

Betty drives out of town, pursued by several outlaw bikers.

BETTY  
You haven't said anything yet.

Jack looks back, sees a rash of headlights.

JACK  
They're catching up- move  
it...about what?

Betty straightens out her skirt, runs her fingers through her blonde wig.

BETTY  
Didn't even notice, did you?

Jack's befuddled.

JACK  
What the hell are you talking  
about?

A bullet crashes through the rear window; Jack and Betty flinch.

BETTY  
A woman likes to be told how good  
she looks, you know.

Jack looks up and down at Betty.

JACK  
You look like a hooker.

Bullets fly. Bikers ride six across, shoulder-to-shoulder.

BETTY  
Thank you, that's very nice. Hold  
on!

She slams the brakes, steers sideways. They stop dead across  
the road.

Betty and Jack bury their faces deep into their laps as the  
bikers SMASH into the car.

The bikers flip over the handlebars, land flat on their backs  
on the pavement.

JACK  
Not bad- for a peroxide pussycat.

They drive off; leave wrecked bikes behind.

BETTY (O.S.)  
And, yes, the carpet DOES match the  
drapes...

EXT. CAMP SITE

Jack and Betty sit at a campfire in a dense forest.

Sounds of the CRUMBLE of gravel, then the RUSTLE of leaves  
and BREAKING TWIGS.

HIGH BEAM LIGHTS illuminate the impromptu campsite; Jack  
grabs his gun.

POPEYE (O.S.)  
You know it's illegal to have an  
open flame at an undesignated camp  
site.

Jack stands. Popeye emerges from light halo.

JACK  
Pops! How the heck...?

POPEYE  
Goodwin has GPS coordinates- of HIS  
phone... AND he wants it back.  
He's pretty ticked off some, too.

They hug.

Jack notices his fiancée, Diane, for the first time as she bounces out of the car.

JACK

Diane? What are you doing here?

POPEYE

I didn't want to bring her, Jack,  
but she was rather insistent.

Diane approaches.

DIANE

Didn't want to bring me? I brought  
you, you little shit!

(to Jack)

I figured that if a man is going to  
leave me at the altar, either he's  
got a death wish or is in need of  
help. Either way, I was going to  
find you, Jack Reese.

They hug and kiss.

DIANE (CONT'D)

Got something to say?

JACK

(a la Ricky Riccardo)

"I got me some 'splaining to do ,  
Rucy."

They go off back to Diane's car.

LATER

Everyone has seemingly gone to bed.

Betty sits alone by the dying embers of the fire. She hears  
a rustle; turns, points her pistol.

POPEYE

Whoa, relax there, lass. Didn't  
mean to startle ya' none.

BETTY

You're loud enough to wake  
hibernating bears.

Popeye plops down against the log several feet from Betty.

POPEYE

Ah, no missy. Bears don't hibernate in the summer.

Betty shoots a "no shit, Sherlock" look; Popeye pokes at the fire.

POPEYE (CONT'D)

How's that, my lady? Better?

Betty tightens her blanket wrap.

BETTY

Yes, thanks.

After several seconds of uncomfortable silence...

BETTY (CONT'D)

What's the story with you two?

POPEYE

Story?

BETTY

Everyone has a story.

Betty nods her head towards Diane's vehicle.

POPEYE

Jack? Oh, we go way back, yes we do. He was a handful, back in the day, always getting himself into trouble, you know, borrowing cars, joy rides-

BETTY

He's a car thief. Some habits die hard.

POPEYE

Well, we did the best we could with him, the State and I. I was his "P.O.", his probation officer. I knew he was a good kid at heart. You could tell, you know- seen so many over the years that were evil, just evil. Not Jackie. No, he's a good boy- at heart.

Popeye takes a stab at the fire.

BETTY

And?

POPEYE

And, I guess we just became friends. In high school- when he did go- he'd come over after and we'd tinker with the old cars I had. He kept them running; they kept him busy and off the streets.

BETTY

I know his Mom died young. What about his Dad?

POPEYE

His daddy was long gone by this point. His mom, she was a very sick girl-

BETTY

(interrupts)

I know, he told me- drugs. Neighbor killed her when she hit a tree taking her to the hospital. Must have been tough for him at that age.

POPEYE

He told you that malarkey?

Betty's confused; Popeye clears his throat, looks down.

POPEYE (CONT'D)

Actually, that was when he stole his first car. Wrapped it around a corner birch. Doctors say she was already gone- overdosed- by that point, but he won't believe it. Blames himself, he does.

Silence.

POPEYE (CONT'D)

I decided he needed more guidance than most. My own boy was a bit less of a handful, you might say.

Betty's brow raises.

POPEYE (CONT'D)

(sniffling)

I lost him in Iraq.

Betty eyes Popeye compassionately.



POPEYE (CONT'D)

So, I guess we kind of saved each other.

Uneasy, she looks down.

POPEYE (CONT'D)

After I retired, I was contacted by a friend who worked in the studios. He asked for my help fixing a few cars, and pretty soon, I started bringing Jackie around.

BETTY

And Jack started out as a natural and became one of the best drivers ever, right? I know the story.

Popeye slides closer, pokes and stokes the fire.

POPEYE

Not exactly. In fact, he begged us to do his first stunt- a simple run towards the cameras. Hit the gas instead of the brake, nearly wiped out the crew. Almost killed Telly Savalas in the process! Ended up breaking a ten thousand dollar camera.

They laugh at the notion.

POPEYE (CONT'D)

Yep. Stunt work wasn't exactly in his blood...

BETTY

Then how...?

POPEYE

Nerves. Guts. Or as we say it in the stunt industry...

Popeye circles his arms below his waist.

POPEYE (CONT'D)

...big, hairy balls, pardon my French.

BETTY

I still don't like him much.

POPEYE

I'm not surprised.

She's interested; he continues.

POPEYE (CONT'D)

You're too much alike- both pig-headed. Neither one of you will take a backseat to the other. I swear, you're cut from the same cloth, you two.

Defensive.

BETTY

You're right- I don't like it much getting bossed around, telling me what to do. I had to do for myself most of my life- lousy husbands, a son who's just like HIS father, I had to divorce them BOTH! And he's practically kidnapping me, you know. I don't even wanna go to New York!

POPEYE

None of us do, darling. None of us do.

Diane's car starts to rock up and down; shocks SQUEAK as windows fog up.

Popeye puts an arm around Betty's shoulders, pulls the blanket tightly against her.

POPEYE (CONT'D)

I love Jack like a son. In time, I'm sure I'll feel pretty strongly for you too.

Betty pulls away, stands and throws off the blanket in one swift motion.

BETTY

You mick sonofabitch. You weasel up to me and get me all misty-eyed with some sob story then try to get in MY pants. Fuck you. I ain't no "Snooki"!

She stomps off; kicks Diane's car door as she passes.

BETTY (CONT'D)

And you two- keep it down in there!

Betty marches to her car, crawls into the backseat and SLAMS door behind her.

POPEYE  
What the hell is a "Snooki"?

Curled up next to the fire, he drifts off.

EXT. CAMP SITE - DAY

Betty and Diane fold blankets; Jack and Popeye cover up the fire.

POPEYE  
Are you sure about this?

JACK  
Not really, but it's our only choice.

POPEYE  
We travelled over half the country to find you, Jack. You're going to need our help.

Jack gets close to Popeye's face.

JACK  
These guys mean business. I don't want to get my head blown off worrying about the two of you.

Popeye pulls out his wallet, hands Jack a wad of cash.

POPEYE  
This is all I've got; figure you're going to need it. We'll get to the next airport and meet you in New York on Monday.

Jack pockets the cash.

JACK  
Pops, remember that director with the crazy wife a few years back?

POPEYE  
Yeah. What was his name? Shultzman or Shitzman or something like that, wasn't it? His wife threatened to blow his balls off for sleeping with her sister.

JACK

That one. Who was that one guy that we let run that two-wheel stunt during rehearsal? That bodybuilder guy? Cop, I think.

POPEYE

Yeah, yeah. I remember him. Kept calling you "fuck face", even after you let him run that gag. Ha! Shitzman had a shit-fit when he found out, too! "Dave" was his name, I think. Got his card back at the office somewhere. Why?

JACK

Goodwin had photos in his file about this case. I saw a bunch of goons, one reminded me of him, that's all.

POPEYE

Maybe he's gone rogue. I could find out when I get back. You thinking about snitching him off to get out of this mess, perhaps?

Interrupted by distant SIRENS.

JACK

Damn.

Sirens get closer. Jack and Betty scramble to their car; Popeye and Diane theirs.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

They shoot out of the woods onto the road, directly in front of the police, who initiate a pursuit. A trail of high-speed cars pass through a sleepy one-horse town.

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT - DAY

They turn into a large, empty manufacturing plant, and exit on foot. Seconds later, the plant is surrounded by a SHERIFF and THREE DEPUTIES.

Within minutes, FIVE MOBSTERS arrive in separate cars.

SHERIFF

We got 'em trapped. Can't get out.

MOBSTER #1 hands the Sheriff an envelope.

MOBSTER #1  
Here's a contribution to the  
Policeman's Ball, or whatever the  
fuck you call it out here in the  
corn fields.

The Sheriff checks the envelope, spits out a chaw of tobacco,  
then turns to his men.

SHERIFF  
Lunch at Annie's. I'm buying!

The deputies CHEER, get in their cars and drive off.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Jack and the gang are panicked.

JACK  
Pops, check the back. Betty, see  
if you can find a phone or  
something.

Popeye runs off towards the back of the warehouse.

BETTY  
Where the hell are we? I don't  
want to die in a place that makes  
shoe horns and switch plates, for  
chrissakes.

JACK  
Shoe horns? Just go, please.

Betty takes off to search.

DIANE  
What are we going to do?

Jack piles boxes and chairs on a table. He climbs up the  
makeshift ladder, peeks out a high window.

Popeye returns.

POPEYE  
It's locked up tight, Jack.  
Where's Betty?

Jack trying to maintain his balance on the makeshift ladder.

JACK  
Looking for a phone.

Popeye looks around, ignores Jack's struggles.

POPEYE  
She shouldn't be walking around  
alone, Jack. She could get hurt.

Jack looks down at Popeye.

JACK  
More like she'll do the hurting.  
Help me down!

Popeye helps Jack down from the boxes.

A scream comes from another part of the warehouse. They follow the scream to an...

INTERIOR OFFICE

...where Diane cowers behind a door. Popeye grabs, hugs her.

JACK  
What happened?

Diane points towards the desk.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Good. You found a phone.

The receiver dangles while the BUZZ sound of a disconnected call fills the air.

Next to the phone is a large grey rat. Jack moves, careful not to upset the rodent.

Betty shoves Jack aside, SLAMS a heavy book down on the rat, grabs the phone and hands it to Jack.

BETTY  
Three one oh, eight, eight, five,  
six seven two three.

They stop and gawk at Betty, amazed.

BETTY (CONT'D)  
That number was on Holden's phone,  
and on the phone of that cop we  
whacked in L.A.

Popeye snap-turns to Jack.

POPEYE  
You whacked a cop?

Jack ignores him, dials.

BETTY  
(to Popeye and Diane)  
Can't wait to see who answers.

GOODWIN (O.S.)  
(answers cell phone)  
Yeah?

Jack recognizes the voice.

JACK  
Lieutenant.

Popeye, Betty and Diane all glance at one another.

GOODWIN  
How did you get this number, Jack?

JACK  
You better pray your guys finish  
the job this time, because I'm  
coming after you next.

Jack presses on the phone several times, but to no avail. He  
slams down the receiver.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Line's been cut.

INT. GOODWIN'S VEHICLE, TRAVELLING - DAY

Goodwin on the cell phone.

GOODWIN  
Jack? We can talk about this.  
Jack?

Goodwin closes the cell phone, rolls down the window and  
tosses it.

EXT. LOS ANGELES FREEWAY OVERPASS

Cell phone flies through air, CRASHES to the ground below the  
overpass; SHATTERS.

Truck drives over it, SMASHES phone to pieces.

Goodwin pulls out second cell phone, dials.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)  
Have the plane ready in one hour...  
Newark Airport.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Popeye looks towards Jack.

POPEYE  
What do we do now?

Pensive.

BETTY  
Jack?

JACK  
I'm thinking.

Popeye grabs Betty's hand, grasps it tightly.

Jacks eyes a FORKLIFT.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Pops- you think that forklift  
works?

POPEYE  
If not, I can make it work. Why?

JACK  
Look around for some keys. This is  
the office- they've got to keep the  
keys in here somewhere.

They tear up the office in search for keys.

The room is SHOT UP up from the outside; bullets penetrate,  
bounce around, PAPERS fly, CHAIRS topple. They duck and  
cover.

Popeye pops up and looks for Betty.

POPEYE  
Christ, Betty, where are you?

Betty mumbles. Popeye's on top of her.

POPEYE (CONT'D)  
Thank God you're alright.



Popeye kisses Betty full-bore on the lips.

She struggles and pushes him off.

BETTY

I will be as soon as you get your  
fat ass off of me.

More bullets. Papers scatter to the floor. An ENVELOPE falls to the floor, opens, and dumps out SEVERAL SETS OF KEYS.

JACK

Here!

They sort through; Jack finds one for a forklift and shoves the rest of them in his pocket.

Popeye grabs the forklift keys and crawls out of the office and into the warehouse.

Mobster #1 shouts from outside.

MOBSTER #1 (O/S)

Come on, Jack. We only want the  
accountant. You can just walk  
away.

Betty looks towards Jack, who shakes his head.

JACK

Okay. Give me ten minutes to think  
about it, okay?

MOBSTER #1(O/S)

How about ten seconds? Will that  
work?

JACK

Not really. Let's compromise- ten  
minutes.

MOBSTER #1(O.S.)

Okay, Jack, you win. Ten seconds,  
then we're coming in.

At the sound of the forklift engine, they run towards the warehouse.

INT. GOODWIN'S VEHICLE - TRAVELLING

Goodwin makes another call as he arrives at the airport.

GOODWIN

What have you heard?

FIORELLI (O.S.)

We've got them in some empty building outside Toledo. Won't be long now.

GOODWIN

Good. I'm flying out shortly; see you in court.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Jack piles GAS CONTAINERS on the rear of the forklift. He stuffs a gas-soaked RAG in between the containers, lights it.

Betty's as nervous as a long-tailed cat in a room full of rockers.

JACK

Still don't trust me yet, do you?

She manages a weak smile. Popeye throws the forklift in drive.

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT - DAY

The sheet metal wall EXPLODES; forklift plows through.

One MOBSTER re-loads; the fork of the forklift stabs him in the neck. The other gangsters shoot at the forklift, hit the gas containers, and watch as it ERUPTS into flames. The forklift staggers over to the mobster's cars, where it slows to a stop. A second explosion ignites their cars as well.

Jack and the gang jump in a work truck and speed out of the area.

INT. AIRPORT FLIGHT INFORMATION MONITOR BANK- NIGHT

Flight monitors display information on departures to Los Angeles, while announcements are made over the P.A.

ANNOUNCER

Last call for Flight 249 leaving Toledo to Los Angeles...

EXT. AIRPORT LOT - NIGHT

Jack and Betty walk through the lot, stop at a Mitsubishi Eclipse. Jack disappears beneath the blue car.

EXT. AIRPORT STREET - NIGHT

The Eclipse departs the parking lot.

INT. STOLEN ECLIPSE, LATER - NIGHT

Jack and Betty on the highway in new stolen vehicle.

BETTY

Diane really cares about you.

JACK

And Popeye, about you.

BETTY

Bullshit.

JACK

I'm glad they got out of Dodge.  
I'd be too worried otherwise.

BETTY

Why do you say that?

JACK

I'd be worrying about them, and  
worried about us getting us to New  
York in one piece.

Jack lights a cigarette, offers it to Betty. She refuses.

BETTY

No, I mean the other thing.

Jack's perplexed.

BETTY (CONT'D)

About him caring about me. Why did  
you say that?

Jack slowly breaks into a wide smile.

JACK

I can tell. His eyes light up in a  
different way when he looks at you.

Prolonged silence.

BETTY  
I care for him too.

JACK  
Ooooh, Betty's in lo-ah-ah-ve.

BETTY  
You're such a fucking asshole.

Jack grasps Betty's hand; she recoils.

LATER

Jack sees TWO VEHICLES in close pursuit.

JACK  
We've got company.

Jack's face is as tight as his grip on the steering wheel.

Rear window EXPLODES from fusillade of bullets.

BETTY  
Jesus, Jack- faster!

JACK  
Going as fast as I can!

Bullets WHIZ by, several PLUNK the metal frame of the car.

They crest the top of a hill: they see BIG RIG TRUCK one mile ahead.

BETTY  
Another cancer stick won't matter  
at this point; hand it over!

With downhill momentum, they speed up to one hundred and forty miles per hour.

Betty tries to light her cigarette with matches, but with her window down, going 140 mph, the flame keeps going out.

JACK  
I got one idea, and it ain't a good  
one.

Betty's fingernails grip the plastic dashboard.

BETTY  
If it keeps us from getting shot,  
it's a good one.

JACK  
It should keep us from getting  
shot...

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

A string of traffic comes towards them; Jack races to catch up to the big rig.

INT. STOLEN ECLIPSE - DAY

JACK  
...but may not keep us from getting  
dead. Hold on!

They read the company logo on truck:

"Enjoy Life- Eat Out More!"

INT. STOLEN ECLIPSE - DAY

Jack and Betty look at each other.

JACK	BETTY
I must remember that.	I keep telling 'em.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Jack downshifts to keep pace with the truck, as Betty throws the cigarette out and rolls up her window.

The cigarette blows back into the car, wedges in the back seat cushion. A fire smolders

INT. STOLEN ECLIPSE - DAY

BETTY  
What the-

INT. BIG RIG CAB - DAY

The truck driver sees Jack, as well as the pursuers and the traffic ahead.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Horns BLARE from the string of oncoming traffic.

As the pursuers shoot, Jack veers quickly and slides under the truck between the front and back wheels.

INT. BIG RIG CAB - DAY

The truck driver BLASTS his horn, looks through side view mirror. Jack's gone.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Mobster Chase Car #1 veers from the on-coming traffic, flies off the embankment, flips, lands in grove of trees. It EXPLODES in flames.

Mobster Chase Car #2 slides back behind the truck.

INT. STOLEN ECLIPSE - DAY

Jack keeps pace with truck while between the two axles; windshield pelted with rocks and dirt

JACK

One down, one to go.

Betty looks back, sees a full on fire as it lights up the back seat of the Eclipse.

BETTY

Shit, Jack! What did you do now?

INT. MOBSTER CHASE CAR #2 - DAY

Several attempts to pull up beside truck fail as oncoming traffic blow their HORNS.

INT. STOLEN ECLIPSE - DAY

Jack sees an open spot in traffic ahead.

JACK

(softly)

Do you trust me?

The LOUD GROAN of the truck makes it nearly impossible to hear one another.

Betty leans forward, holds her blown-out hair in place.

BETTY  
(yells)  
WHAT?

JACK  
(yells)  
DO YOU TRUST ME?

Betty grabs Jack's arm, closes eyes tightly. Her face relaxes.

The open spot in traffic approaches- a SECOND BIG RIG.

As both trucks pass, Jack steers abruptly beneath the passing truck, through the other side and down an embankment, onto a dirt road.

Mobster Chase Car #2 waits for the second rig to pass.

They race up, only to see that Jack's gone.

The trucker whips his truck's tail end, hits the Mobster Chase Car #2, which runs off the road and into trees where they CRASH.

TRUCK DRIVER  
Damn city drivers!

The trucker drives off, flips a "bird" out of window.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Jack and Betty leave behind the burned-out chassis of the Eclipse and resort to another mode of transportation...

...their feet.

JACK  
We gonna need another ride. It's  
not safe out in the open like this.

BETTY  
I'm done. I can't do this anymore.

JACK  
Sure you can. This time, I'll let  
you choose the car.

Betty stops, turns to Jack.

BETTY  
I'm not stealing anymore cars,  
Jack. I'm done.

JACK

We only have a few hundred miles to go. Come on!

BETTY

I said I'm done.

Jack grabs Betty by the arm and spins her towards him.

JACK

Look, I didn't put up with all of this bullshit just to give up now. I said I was going to get you to the hospital, and I will.

Betty pulls her arm free from Jack's grip.

BETTY

Hospital?

JACK

What?

BETTY

Court, Jack. You said hospital.

JACK

Whatever.

Betty reflects.

BETTY

You don't get it, do you? It's over. If you bring me in, you'll be DEAD. They'll never let you-or me, for that matter- in that courtroom alive.

She walks away.

JACK

Who won't? The Feds? The Mob? Who?

Betty stops and looks right into Jack's eyes.

BETTY

YES!

Jack and Betty quicken their stroll along the quiet road.

JACK

Why?



BETTY

Because of what I know. Because of who I am.

JACK

You're just a bookkeep... uh, accountant.

BETTY

I'm more than that, Jack.

Betty stops and looks right at Jack.

BETTY (CONT'D)

(serious)

Why are you doing this?

JACK

Because I promised I would.

BETTY

You're gonna get killed.

JACK

Well, they hurt Ethan. Nobody's gonna hurt any more of my friends.

Betty turns to walk away, at a much quicker pace. She shouts back over her shoulder.

BETTY

You're too young to die, Jack. Too young.

Jack runs up and gets next to Betty.

JACK

Why am I gonna die?

BETTY

My son wants you dead, that's why.

JACK

Your son? What the-?

Betty stops, turns and faces Jack.

BETTY

Vincenzo Fiorelli- the Godfather. He's my son.

Betty stomps off. Jack's eyes follow her in disbelief.

JACK  
(shouts)  
Now I know where he got his ass-  
holery from!

Jack catches up, puts his arm around Betty's shoulders and they stroll into the next town.

INT. PICCOLINO'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Establishing shot of restaurant exterior.

BETTY (O.S.)  
Good idea, taking the train. My  
dogs were barking.

JACK (O.S.)  
They do resemble a pair of shar pei  
puppies now that you mention it.

BETTY (O.S.)  
What a dickhead.

Jack and Betty sit in a booth, look over menu.

BETTY (CONT'D)  
I've been coming here for fifty  
years. Thought we deserved one  
last meal together before court  
tomorrow.

JACK  
Our own "Last Supper".

BETTY  
Smell that eggplant parmigiana? I  
remember one night...

Betty looks up; a GROUP OF GOOMBAHS enter the restaurant.

JACK  
What about the eggplant? Never  
mind, I hate eggplant.

Jack glances towards Betty, then follows her stare. He notices the group seated at a table twenty feet away.

JACK (CONT'D)  
You know those guys?

Jack turns to wave to the table; Betty gives him a swift kick under the table.

JACK (CONT'D)

Ow!

BETTY

Shush!

Jack leans in and whispers.

JACK

Who are they?

BETTY

Family.

JACK

Something tells me they ain't the Rosenthals.

Betty picks up a wine menu off the table, covers her face.

BETTY

See the big one with his back to the wall looking right towards us?

JACK

The ugly one with the bulbous nose?

Betty lets down the menu a bit and looks over.

BETTY

Bulbous? I always thought it was cute, like his Dad's.

Suddenly Jack's eyes widen in recognition.

JACK

That's the guy who shot Ethan.  
That's Fiorelli!

INT. HALLWAY

SEVERAL ACTORS AND ACTRESSES enter the room dressed in evening gowns, top hats and tails.

They mill about, sit with various dinner patrons.

INT. DINING ROOM

ACTOR #1

Thank you ladies and gentlemen.  
Welcome to tonight's "Murder  
Mystery Dinner Theatre!"

Diners applaud.

BETTY  
(to Jack)  
Follow me.

She grabs Jack and leads him down the hall and into the...

MEN'S ROOM

They encounter a collection of actor's COSTUMES draped over stall doors; MAKE-UP, BLOOD SQUIBS and PROSTHETICS spread out on the counter.

JACK  
Okay fine. Now what?

Betty bars the door shut with an actor's cane.

BETTY  
Check the window.

Jack tries unsuccessfully to pry open the window.

JACK  
Won't budge.

INT. RESTAURANT DINING ROOM

Fiorelli and the gang eat and imbibe heavily in the wine.

FIORELLI  
(to Torso)  
So, how was La-La-land? Did you  
meet with our friend?

TORSO  
Sure did, boss. Said the package  
would be delayed.

GOOMBAH #1  
Delayed permanently.

The group laughs heartily. Fiorelli lifts a glass of wine.

FIORELLI  
They say you can never buy good  
wine- youse can only rent it!  
Let me out; gotta drain the lizard.

Fiorelli rises from his chair, staggers his way to the restroom.

INT. MEN'S REST ROOM

The door is pushed on from the outside; jammed by the cane. Startled, Betty and Jack are still as statues.

INT. HALLWAY

Fiorelli continues to push on the door.

                    FIORELLI  
What the fuck?

He steps back and prepares to throw a shoulder into the door.

INT. MEN'S REST ROOM

A hand removes the cane.

INT. HALLWAY

Fiorelli flies through door, which opens.

INT. MEN'S REST ROOM

He staggers, almost falls. Jack, in disguise, stands at the urinal.

                    FIORELLI  
Christ. The door was stuck.

Jack mumbles something unintelligible.

Fiorelli sidles up next to Jack at the next urinal.

                    FIORELLI (CONT'D)  
How you doing tonight, cumpare?

OVERHEAD BATHROOM STALL

Betty, inside stall, ducks behind closed stall door.

AT URINALS

Jack disguises his voice.

                    JACK  
Berry goot, tank you.

Fiorelli stares, Jack continues to "pretend" pee.

                    FIORELLI  
             Little shy, huh? Not me. When I  
             gotta go, I let it fly.

Jack hears what sounds like a water hose as it SPLASHES into the urinal.

Fiorelli sighs, then FARTS so loudly, it echoes.

                    FIORELLI (CONT'D)  
             Shit- I hope that one didn't stain.

IN BATHROOM STALL

Betty's whispered voice is heard.

                    BETTY  
             Disgusting.

AT URINALS

Jack and Fiorelli look at each other, then towards the stall.

                    FIORELLI  
             Sorry, guy. Wine and pasta have  
             that effect on me. What can I say?

Fiorelli flushes, then walks towards the door.

IN BATHROOM STALL

Betty listens intently.

AT THE URINALS

Fiorelli starts to open the door.

                    BETTY (O.S.)  
             Hands!

                    FIORELLI  
             Oh, right.

He returns to the sink, stops and stares at the stall again. Looks over at Jack; eyes narrow.

Fiorelli listens against the stall door; SLAPS his open hand against it. It's locked.

IN BATHROOM STALL

Betty flies backward away from the door.

AT THE URINALS

Fiorelli at the stall door.

FIORELLI

You sound like my mother.

Fiorelli explodes in laughter, washes, then leaves. His laughter ECHOES as he walks down the hall.

Betty, dressed in top hat, tails, a small moustache, a monocle and a cane, emerges from stall.

JACK

Jesus, you almost got us killed.

BETTY

Did not.

JACK

"Hands"? Seriously?

BETTY

He knows better. I brung him up right.

JACK

He's a killer!

BETTY

Maybe so, but he was raised to have piss-free hands.

The restroom door flies open; STAGE MANAGER sees Jack and Betty in costume.

STAGE MANAGER

What are you doing? We need  
EVERYBODY out there. Now- chop,  
chop!

Jack, dressed in costume as a 19TH CENTURY COP, and Betty as a RICH ARISTOCRAT, follow the manager to the dining room.

INT. DINING ROOM

Like the other actors, they circulate among the patrons.

Jack helps himself to the bread and food from diner's plates; Betty finishes off several glasses of their wine.

Intoxicated, Betty works her way to the "Mob table".

TORSO

Check it out, boss.

Fiorelli looks up from his plate of food, delighted.

Betty shakes hands as she bounces from mobster to mobster.

In a deep "manly" voice, she hobnobs.

BETTY

How youse doin' tonight?

FIORELLI

Who you supposed to be? The  
Planters Peanut?

Gang laughs.

BETTY

And here I thought I was just a  
lowly accountant.

The laughter ceases.

FIORELLI

What is that supposed to mean?

Jack works his police officer character over to the table with Betty. Imitating Popeye, he takes on a thick, Irish brogue.

JACK

Good evening, lads! Is this chap  
giving you a hard time? I'll just  
drag him out to the paddy wagon, I  
will.

TORSO

Yeah, officer, arrest his ass.  
Give him life without parole.

The gang laughs again.

BETTY

Better watch out. I just might  
make the Witness Protection  
Program.



The mobsters look stunned; glance from Betty to Fiorelli, now frozen in mid-bite.

Suddenly, a GUNSHOT rings out... an actor falls across a table, white shirt covered with blood.

An actress faints. Jack grabs Betty's arm.

JACK

Off to the pokey with you, laddie!

Betty pulls away. Her voice changes back to her own.

BETTY

Take your stinking paws off me, you damn dirty ape!

Fiorelli stands, wipes his mouth with a napkin, wads it up, then throws it on table. He points directly at Betty.

FIORELLI

YOU!

They freeze; the audience, ABUZZ with excitement, falls silent.

The mobsters push away from the table to a safe distance. Fiorelli squints.

FIORELLI (CONT'D)

I know you, don't I?

All dining activity stops. Torso reaches deep into his jacket. Jack whispers to Betty.

JACK

Let's go- now!

Fake mustache askew, Betty wrinkles her nose. Back in her gruff voice again.

BETTY

Never met you before in my life, my good friend.

FIORELLI

No, no, that other voice. I didn't recognize it at first, but..

Jack drifts backwards, pulls Betty with him slowly.

FIORELLI (CONT'D)

...you're my MOTHER!

The mobsters look at each other confused. Guns are pulled.

Jack's eyes widen; a diner jumps up and points to one of the other actresses.

DINER #1

He didn't do it... SHE DID!

Fiorelli breaks into a wide grin; points towards Betty.

FIORELLI

This is the guy from the shitter I  
was telling you about- my "mother"-  
"Hands" he says.

The gang bursts with laughter; slap the table, one another.

The audience applauds, as the actress holds up her fake gun.  
The actor who was "shot" stands and acknowledges applause.

DINER #1

(to friends)

I did it. I figured it out!

Jack and Betty escape unnoticed due to the dinner theatre commotion.

Fiorelli's explanation is heard as it tapers off in the background.

FIORELLI

After I took a leak, this guy in  
the john says "Hands", so I wash my  
hands. Freaking hilarious!

EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jack leads Betty by the arm; she staggers through the lot.

Jack finds a black Dodge Charger; jimmies lock.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Black Charger whips out of the lot; red tail lights trail off into the horizon.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Goodwin knots his tie in hotel mirror. He chambers a round in his gun, then shoves it back in the shoulder rig.

Cell phone RINGS; he recognizes number.

GOODWIN

Yeah?

TORSO (O.S.)

Everything in place?

GOODWIN

They're in New York now, should be  
at the court house near eight.  
I'll be down shortly. Your people  
in line?

TORSO (O.S.)

They'll be there.

GOODWIN

Hey- you tell your boss that I'm  
out of here right after. Got that?  
He better have my "retirement  
package" in hand.

TORSO (V.O.)

You'll get what you have comin';  
don't worry 'bout that.

The call is disconnected.

Beads of sweat form on his forehead and upper lip, which he  
pats dry with a towel.

He turns out the light.

EXT. CITY STREETS, COURT HOUSE - DAY

Streets around court house are blocked with barriers; police  
divert traffic away.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

A black Charger in the heart of New York traffic.

INT. JACK'S CHARGER - DAY

Jack drives, Betty smokes furiously.

JACK

Do you have to smoke in the car?

BETTY

What the mother shit do you care?  
You stole the goddamn thing.

JACK

I know, but it still had that new  
car smell.

Betty FARTS - loudly.

BETTY

Not no more.

A DARK VEHICLE pulls up to passenger side; MULTIPLE SHOTS  
FIRED; window SHATTERS.

Jack swerves, then punches it.

In and out of traffic, he has (now) TWO VEHICLES in pursuit.

Jack and pursuers SLAM into each other repeatedly. MOB  
DRIVER #1 gets in front... Jack puts pedal to the metal,  
swerves and passes them... Mob Driver #1 SHOOTS as they pass.

An OLD PICK-UP TRUCK runs red light, PLOWS into Mob Driver #1  
from the right. Mob Driver #1 spins into a pole as truck  
drifts to stop in the intersection.

INT. BLUE PICK-UP TRUCK

Popeye, hunched over the wheel face down, slowly looks up.

POPEYE

YAHOO, you sons-a-bitches! That'll  
teach you, messing with my lassie!

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Popeye re-starts the truck, steers back into traffic.

INT. JACK'S CHARGER

Jack tries every trick he knows to avoid MOB DRIVER #2.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Traffic at courthouse is at a virtual stand-still; perimeter  
police direct traffic away.

INT. JACK'S CHARGER

JACK  
They closed down the streets.

BETTY  
What for?

JACK  
Probably for us, but this ain't the  
red carpet treatment I was hoping  
for.

Jack sees a parking garage. Betty starts to cough heavily,  
spits up more blood.

JACK (CONT'D)  
Not now...

BETTY  
Drive! Don't worry about me.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Jack crosses over a street corner through the traffic, drives  
up into a multi-level parking structure.

SEVERAL MOB GUNMEN posted at this location open up on Jack.  
He races up several ramp levels, bounces off parked cars  
along the way.

They pass a heavily tinted black sedan.

INT. TINTED BLACK SEDAN

Goodwin watches action from the driver's seat.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

The Charger spins around the last corner of the last level.

ARMED MOBSTERS stand at the very end of the top level, face-  
to-face with Jack and Betty.

INT. JACK'S CHARGER

Through rear view mirror, Jack sees ARMED MOBSTERS behind  
him.

Lt. Goodwin exits sedan; stands shoulder-to-shoulder with group. Jack REVS engine, contemplates.

Goodwin approaches.

GOODWIN  
It's over, Jack. They only want  
Betty.

Blood drips from Betty's mouth; she's pale, scared.

Jack REVS the engine a few more times.

The mobsters tighten their grips on their weapons and raise them towards the Charger.

GOODWIN (CONT'D)  
Come on, Jack. You did your job.  
Now, just let her go.

Jack looks back, then to the front. The mobsters take aim.

Beyond the parking garage, Jack notices an AMERICAN FLAG and STATE FLAG of the courthouse as it flaps in the wind.

He grins.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE

JACK (O.S.)  
No can do. We've got a court date.

Jack stomps on the gas; Charger burns rubber.

The mobsters open up with a flurry of bullets.

Jack takes aim and drives right towards the gang.

Mobsters scatter. The Charger races towards the wall.

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS - DAY

Blue, peaceful sky, flags flap in wind.

LOUD EXPLOSION; huge smoke CLOUD.

Black Dodge hurtles through air; crash-lands upside down.  
THUD echoes... windows POP... engine SPITS fire.

Car see-saws on steps.

INT. JACK'S CHARGER - DAY

JACK

That's not how I planned it.

BETTY

What- no handicap spots?  
You qualify, you know; being a  
total imbecile and all.

Fierce REPORTS of high-powered weapons.

JACK

Get in the courthouse- now!

BETTY

Fuck it.

Betty grabs the .357; shoots back. Jack struggles.

FIORELLI and TORSO approach; Betty swings her gun their way.

They stop and stare down the barrel.

Betty suddenly lowers the gun; Jack gapes incredulously.

JACK

Damn it, Betty- shoot!

Betty turns, with tears.

BETTY

I can't, Jack.

She drops her gun; Fiorelli and Torso creep closer.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Family first. You knew that.

Resigned and exhausted, Jack falls back.

Fiorelli bends down, taps Jack's cheek.

FIORELLI

Looks like you're going to be late  
for court, Jack.

Fiorelli stands, turns to Betty and spits in her face.

BETTY

(wiping face)  
Son of a bitch.

FIORELLI  
Got that right.

He nods to Torso, who presses gun against Betty's chest.

He fires. Betty lays still. A pool of blood soaks through her blouse.

Torso then presses the gun against Jack's forehead.

                    TORSO  
See you 'round, fuck face.

He winks.

Jack's eyes open wide, and a hint of calm relaxes his face as he braces for the bullet.

EXT. CITY STREET IN FRONT OF COURTHOUSE.

Overhead view of carnage at court house location; smoke, fire, dead bodies lay about among the scatter of spent cartridges.

A LOUD GUN BLAST.

CUT TO BLACK  
SCREEN

FADE IN.

INT. BAR RESTAURANT - DAY

Goodwin sits at table after a meal. News report comes across bar television.

TELEVISION

A FEMALE REPORTER conducts a stand-up in front of the court house scene.

                    NEWS REPORTER  
"That's right, Bill. The scene here at the court house is still chaotic after multiple shots were fired at that black Dodge Charger seen on its roof on the court house steps behind me.  
(MORE)



NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)

Initial reports are that a potential terrorist attack was thwarted by city police and local FBI when the driver of that vehicle, a three-time felon by the name of Jack Allen Reese, drove off of the parking garage just west of here in a possible attempt..."

Goodwin smiles at the report; stands and puts on his jacket.

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)

"...and we now know that hearing scheduled for this morning will, in fact, take place later today. Amazing happenings here in downtown. Back to you in the studio, Bill."

Goodwin does a double-take at the screen.

GOODWIN

Shit.

He throws down money, walks quickly from restaurant.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

A PACKED COURTROOM; LAWYERS in their seats at their respective tables.

Fiorelli is seated at the defense table next to counsel. The audience murmur hums like a beehive.

JUDGE HARRISON, at the podium, continuously pounds the gavel.

JUDGE

Quiet... order... I want order in my courtroom!

The crowd settles down. Fiorelli whispers to his DEFENSE ATTORNEY.

FIORELLI

Make this fast, capiche? I got dinner plans.

Judge shoots the defense team a stern look.

JUDGE

Alright. Lets get on with it.  
This is a preliminary hearing for  
"The State of New York" versus  
"Vincenzo Alberto Fiorelli",  
charged with several counts of  
murder, theft racketeering, blah,  
blah, blah. Is the defense team  
ready?

The attorney stands and buttons his jacket.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

We are, your Honor.

JUDGE

Is the State ready?

The PROSECUTORS whisper to each other in a panic.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

I asked are you ready?

The lead prosecutor stands nervously.

PROSECUTOR

We are, your Honor, but...

The defense attorney interrupts.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Your Honor? We filed a motion to  
have this entire case thrown out  
and all charges levied against our  
client dismissed. Due to today's  
activity outside of the court...

JUDGE

I am well aware of the actions that  
took place earlier, counselor. The  
entire country is aware of the  
events that took place.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Well, your Honor, it appears that a  
material witness listed on the  
prosecution's witness list will be  
unable to testify at this hearing  
today...

FIORELLI

Or any day...

Fiorelli and OTHER MOBSTERS in the audience laugh out loud.

The judge slams his gavel.

JUDGE

Silence! Counselor, if you don't warn your client against future outbursts, I will hold you both in contempt.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

Yes, your Honor.

The defense attorney admonishes Fiorelli, who nods.

PROSECUTOR

Your Honor, due to the shooting outside the court house earlier today, our witnesses will not be able to testify, and we ask the Court's indulgence. We respectfully request a recess of one week to allow us...

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

I object!

The judge slams the gavel several times.

JUDGE

One week? This is a preliminary hearing, counselor. If you cannot provide the evidence or the witnesses to substantiate the charges that Mr. Fiorelli violated the RICO Act...

The judge puts on his glasses to review the file.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

...a total of fifty-seven times, then, I suggest you allow me to dismiss the charges.

The courtroom doors burst open and a SUITED MAN, followed by an AMBULANCE ATTENDANT, enter and race to the prosecutor's table. They whisper to each other and motion frantically.

Once again, the judge and his gavel.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Order! Order! Counselor, I will not have my courtroom interrupted!

PROSECUTOR

Your Honor, we are ready to  
proceed.

Fiorelli looks around. His eyes catch Popeye's, seated in  
the crowd next to Diane.

Popeye points at his own eyes, then back towards Fiorelli.

POPEYE

(to himself)

I'm watching you, you  
mother...killer.

Fiorelli looks to Torso and nods towards Popeye. Torso  
stares at Popeye, grins and turns away.

POPEYE (CONT'D)

That son of a...

JUDGE

Call your first witness.

The crowd murmurs its excitement.

PROSECUTOR

Your Honor, we call the county  
medical examiner, Dr. David Levine.

The courtroom doors open and DR. LEVINE (55) a balding man in  
a white medical coat and glasses, enters, swears in and takes  
the stand.

DIANE

Why did they call the medical  
examiner? Where's Jack?

Popeye takes and holds her hand tightly. Fiorelli leans in  
to his attorney.

FIORELLI

What the fuck are they doing?

PROSECUTOR

Dr. Levine, you know the  
whereabouts of our main witness, do  
you not?

The doctor removes his glasses.

LEVINE

Unfortunately, yes. I do.

PROSECUTOR

Can you present the witness here in the courtroom today?

The doctor looks up at the judge, who arches his eyebrows.

LEVINE

Well, I can, yes, but it is a rather abnormal request under the circumstances.

PROSECUTOR

Sir, I repeat, can you and will you produce our witness? Yes or no?

From the witness chair, the doctor stands and waves in.

The doors open, and TWO AMBULANCE ATTENDANTS wheel in a STRETCHER that contains a body covered with a bloody sheet.

The CROWD gasps, SEVERAL WOMEN scream. Cameras flash as TELEVISION REPORTERS whisper into their microphones.

The stretcher is wheeled up to the judge's podium.

He bangs the gavel- again.

JUDGE

Order. Order in the court. Settle down.

The crowd quiets. Torso winks to Fiorelli.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Counselor, you better have a good explanation for this.

PROSECUTOR

I do, your Honor. If you will allow a little leeway, your Honor?

The judge looks at the body, then at the defense table. Fiorelli stares back, smirk on his face.

JUDGE

Proceed. Cautiously.

The prosecutor stands and walks towards witness.

PROSECUTOR

Dr. Levine, is our material witness in the courtroom, sir?

LEVINE

Yes.

PROSECUTOR

Is that witness under this bloody sheet?

Dr. Levine looks down, somberly.

LEVINE

She is.

With that, the prosecutor rips off the bloody sheet and reveals Betty Rosenthal's body.

The crowd erupts in shock. SEVERAL PEOPLE race towards the door. A WOMAN in the crowd vomits, while ANOTHER WOMAN faints.

Television cameras zoom in on the body with the bloodstained upper body.

PROSECUTOR

Who have you identified the person lying here in front of the courtroom today, Dr. Levine?

LEVINE

That woman was identified as Betty O'Hallaran-McGuire-Jones-Fiorelli-Andruzzi-Rosenthal.

POPEYE

(whispers)  
Betty.

DIANE

Fiorelli?

The crowd erupts in commotion again. The judge SLAMS his gavel several times. The crowd settles down.

Realization.

POPEYE

Oh, Jesus... Jack.

PROSECUTOR

Ms. Betty Rosenthal? The primary witness to the State's case?

The defense attorney jumps up.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY  
I object! Leading, your Honor.

LEVINE  
I'm not sure if she's the State's witness or not, but I know for a fact that is Betty Rosenthal.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY  
In light of this new information, your Honor, I request that all the charges against Mr. Fiorelli be dropped - with prejudice.

The judge turns to the Prosecutor.

JUDGE  
What say you, counselor?

The courtroom doors swing open; TWO COURTROOM BAILIFFS approach Torso, grab him by each arm and forcibly remove him from his seat.

The prosecutor approaches the dead "witness".

PROSECUTOR  
Your Honor, we have the shooter of Mrs. Rosenthal present in the courtroom today. He sits at the defense table and his name is Vincenzo Fiorelli.

Fiorelli jumps out of his seat.

FIORELLI  
Bullshit, I didn't kill her. He did!

He frantically points to Torso in the back of the courtroom.

FIORELLI (CONT'D)  
He killed them both - saw it myself, and I'll testify!

The doors slam open a second time; Jack Reese saunters in.  
Fiorelli reels.

FIORELLI (CONT'D)  
What the...?

The bloody sheet suddenly slides off the body.  
A blood-soaked Betty rises.

FIORELLI (CONT'D)

Ma?

BETTY

Spit in my face? Son-of-a-bitch!

Hell breaks loose in the courtroom.

The judge BANGS the gavel, but it has no effect. Above the fray, the prosecutor continues.

PROSECUTOR

Your Honor, undercover police detective David Travanti, also known as "Torso" will testify that Mr. Fiorelli has been involved in mob-related crimes dating back several years, and include murder, kidnapping, theft...

The bailiffs release Torso, grab Fiorelli and take him into custody. Jack hugs Popeye, kisses Diane.

They all rush to Betty, who struggles to get down off of the stretcher. She wipes the fake blood from her face and neck.

POPEYE

Not a bad-looking corpse, if you ask me.

Popeye kisses Betty. Betty breaks free from his grasp.

BETTY

Dead or alive, you still ain't getting none of this.

EXT. GRASSY PARK - ONE YEAR LATER - DAY

SUPER: ONE YEAR LATER

Jack and Diane sit on a blanket, play with a baby girl. A puppy runs about as it plays with a toy.

JACK (V.O.)

Fiorelli's trial lasted all of sixteen weeks and cost the mob over ten million dollars...



INT. PRISON CELL BLOCK

INMATES sit around a table, play cards. Fiorelli has large pile of toothpicks in front of him.

JACK (V.O.)  
...which, as you can imagine,  
pissed off a few of the "Moustache  
Pete's".

As Fiorelli deals a new hand, someone WHISTLES.

The players stand from table and quickly walk away.

A PRISONER walks by, shanks Fiorelli repeatedly about the head and neck.

JACK (V.O.)  
So, they cashed in Fiorelli's  
chips for him.

INT. GOODWIN'S FBI OFFICE - DAY

New FBI Lieutenant David ("Torso") Travanti is seated at Goodwin's old desk; types on computer, talks on telephone.

JACK (V.O.)  
Torso accepted a lateral transfer  
into the FBI, taking over where  
Goodwin left off...

Wall behind Torso has several pictures of expensive sports cars.

JACK (V.O.)  
...and, ironically, also shares his  
love of fine automobiles.

INT. PARKING GARAGE

Torso emerges from elevator, unlocks and enters his car. He backs out and speeds out of the garage.

JACK (V.O.)  
But, he drives a Honda.

INT. PRISON LIBRARY

Goodwin wears a prison jumpsuit, reads a thick reference book in the prison library; writes notes in a note pad.

JACK (V.O.)  
Goodwin will occupy an orifice...

A large black prisoner sits down beside Goodwin. They kiss.

JACK (V.O.)  
...of a different kind, for the  
next sixty to seventy years,  
depending on good behavior and all.

EXT. LARGE WAREHOUSE - DAY

Large sign "L&R Stunt Team".

INT. LARGE WAREHOUSE

MONTAGE - POPEYE TEACHES STUNT DRIVING.

-- A helmeted Popeye instructs a student stunt driving.

-- The student drives over a number of orange cones set up in a serpentine path.

JACK (V.O.)  
Popeye hasn't slowed down much.  
After coming into some "found  
money", we opened a school for  
stunt drivers in the Valley...

ESTABLISHING SHOT - EXT. BANK - DAY

JACK (V.O.)  
...right around the time Betty  
remembered several bank account  
numbers the "family" had long  
forgotten about.

INT. BANK - DAY

BANK MANAGER (60) hands Betty cashier check. She reads it, tucks it into her purse, smiles and leaves.

EXT. LARGE WAREHOUSE - DAY

TWO MEN install new sign on warehouse:

"Betty's Stunt Driving School- The One School You Can Trust!"

JACK (V.O.)  
She always said she could drive.

EXT. GRASSY PARK - DAY

Jack secures a car seat in the back seat of a car. Diane buckles the baby girl in the seat.

JACK (V.O.)  
Betty had known she was sick for  
sometime, long before our trip...

HEADSTONE:

"Betty Fiorelli-Rosenthal,  
Loving Wife To Many;  
World's Greatest Accountant,  
1932 - 2012"

INT. JACK'S CAR - DAY

Jack kisses his daughter on the head, jumps into the driver's seat, reaches back, tickles her feet.

JACK (V.O.)  
...and our Betty was born a month  
and a day after she was laid to  
rest.

EXT. CEMETERY ROAD - DAY

A red Porsche pulls out of cemetery, disappears onto the freeway.

The rear plate reads "IH8PGNS". A baby LAUGHS.

JACK (V.O.)  
Guess I'll be banking on Betty for  
a few years to come.

FADE OUT.

THE END