

Scalpel. Syringe. Silencer.

written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

KYLE JACKSON (40s) struggles to get up off the ground. He's handsome, oozes charisma, and has a **fresh black eye!**

KYLE

I'll have it, swear to God.

A pair of big, meaty hands grab Kyle. They're connected to mobster TONY NOTELLI (50s). He's a large, scary gangster and effortlessly picks Kyle up.

TONY

I should just take your car and--

KYLE

It was my dad's.

TONY

He should've raised you not to go for the under on Detroit at home.

KYLE

Double or nothing on the Dolphins.
You know I'm good for it.

Tony lets go.

Kyle hits the ground with a thump.

He moans in pain.

KYLE (V.O.)

The moment before you find out if you win is as good as winning in a gambling addict's brain.

Kyle slowly staggers to his feet.

KYLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You'll chase that high until it ruins everything in your life.

Tony walks away.

KYLE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

And then you'll chase it some more.

Kyle falls down.

INT. MEDICAL OFFICE - DAY

Downtown Los Angeles is visible through a massive bay window.

Military mementos and a medical degree from Johns Hopkins are on the wall. A name plate on an executive desk reads: "Kyle Jackson, M.D." A heavy brick with a plaque is next to it.

RAQUEL (O.S.)
Bigger gets booked more.

Kyle is behind the desk. He discreetly pushes away a family photo of him, his wife NATASHA (40s, lawyer), and his daughter YOUNG MAYA (12).

Natasha is short with fiery red hair.

Maya is a spitting image of her mother.

Across from him is porn star RAQUEL ST. ANTHONY (20s). She's tall, curvy, blonde, and stunning.

Their attraction is chemical.

Her eyes are focused on a tablet computer. A mock-up of a woman's figure is on the screen. She presses a button and the model's chest gets bigger.

KYLE
They look that way on the screen
but think of how they'll feel.

She looks at him oddly.

He offers her the brick and motions for her to stand.

Raquel stands up, her eyes spotting "For Valor Under Fire" engraved on a brass plate on the brick.

He raises the brick to her chest level.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Walk with me.

They take several steps.

Raquel smiles coyly.

KYLE (V.O.)
I gambled everything, from my
marriage to my practice, all in
chase of that high.

Their hands touch for a moment.

EXT. NO TELL MOTEL - NIGHT

A sign on the marquee reads "\$50 an hour."

A badass black 1969 Dodge Charger is parked next to a fancy red convertible.

The sounds of loud sex pierce the air.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Clothing is all over the floor.

Kyle and Raquel have passionate, back-breaking sex. His eyes look up. A football game is on the TV. He focuses on the score. The Dolphins are down by 12.

KYLE
God-damn it.

They stop having sex for a moment.

RAQUEL
Is everything ok?

KYLE
It's... fine.

INT. MEDICAL OFFICE - DAY

Kyle fills out some paperwork at his desk.

Tony walks in and looks around.

The door closes behind him.

TONY
How much does this place cost to rent? I image it isn't cheap.

Kyle gulps.

TONY (CONT'D)
Is your phone broken?

Tony sits down across from him.

KYLE
Give me a month, please.

TONY

One of my guys told me you plastic surgeons keep Halbuterinzo on site. It's worth a lot to a certain demographic of person.

KYLE

It's off-brand use for erectile dysfunction is why it's popular, not why it's actually prescribed.

Tony spots Kyle's family photo.

TONY

What do you think your wife will say if I ask her for the money?

Kyle places the family photo face down.

KYLE

I do this... and we're square.

TONY

500 grand worth of square, sure.
(beat)
The usual spot.

KYLE

I'll be there.

Tony leaves.

Kyle logs into his computer and pulls up every single banking account, savings account, and brokerage account he has. He grabs a sheet of paper and writes down the balances he has.

His eyes focus on the final number: \$500.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

A Duffel bag full of prescription drugs is on the ground.

Kyle paces besides it.

Tony walks up to him.

Police lights flash.

KYLE (PRE-LAP)

It was in his damn hands!

INT. PRISON CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Kyle looks around.

Across from him is his attorney LOGAN DANIELS (60s). Logan is short, balding, and in an expensive suit.

KYLE

The ball was right here--
(holds his hands up to his
chest)
--and it hits him in the helmet.

LOGAN

They've offered ten years, five
with good behavior.

KYLE

What did Natasha say? She won't
return my calls.

Logan reaches into his suitcase and hands Kyle a divorce
petition with Natasha as applicant.

LOGAN

Focus on what we can control.

Kyle puts the divorce papers down.

KYLE

What happens five to ten years
after all of this?

Logan reaches into his suitcase and pulls out an envelope. He
hands it to Kyle.

LOGAN

Just let me know who's handling it.

Underneath the photos are papers for divorce proceedings.

KYLE

One thing at a time.

Logan takes out another envelope and hands it to him.

Kyle opens it up.

LOGAN

We can fight it once you're out of
here, at least.

Kyle opens it, revealing a letter from the Medical Board of
California suspending Kyle's license to practice medicine.

KYLE

Ten years and Maya is in college.

LOGAN

So you should behave and see her in high school, then.

KYLE

Is there any way I get out of here without any time?

LOGAN

Who do you have dirt on besides the wonderful man you stole drugs for?

Kyle thinks for a long moment.

KYLE

I'll take it.

LOGAN

I'll let you know.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

The door opens.

Kyle walks in, a fresh gray prison uniform on. A blanket and a pillow are in his hands.

A PRISON GUARD is behind him.

Kyle sits down on the bed and looks around.

The door closes.

He turns and looks through the cell bars.

INT. JAIL HALLWAY - DAY

CONVICTS of all ages and races as far as the eye can see.

PRISON GUARDS are all over, observing.

Kyle is in the middle of it all. He spots A shank being passed up the line.

A STABBY CONVICT gets it. He grips it tightly. His eyes focus down the line.

Kyle stares forward and sees Russian Mobster YURI (30s) get stabbed a dozen times. Yuri's tall, muscular, and covered in Russian mafia tattoos.

Kyle sees a bloody shank being passed down the line.

A GUARD spots Yuri and pulls a lever. Klaxons fire off. Convicts drop to the floor.

Kyle spots Yuri and sprints towards him. He presses on Yuri's stab wound. Blood pours out everywhere. He takes his shirt off and places it on the wound.

A PRISON DOCTOR and several NURSES show up.

Kyle spots them and backs off.

The Guards tackle Kyle to the ground and kick his ass.

INT. SOLITARY HOLDING UNIT - NIGHT

Kyle is tossed inside. His face is all bruised up.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY (2 WEEKS LATER)

Yuri is in there, lying on Kyle's bed.

The door opens.

Kyle walks in. He hasn't shaved or slept for a long time.

Yuri sits up and looks at him.

YURI
You look like shit.

Kyle looks at him for a long moment.

KYLE
How are the stitches?

Yuri taps his side.

YURI
Just another scar.

Kyle looks around and raises his hands.

KYLE
I don't want any trouble.

YURI

I wanted to thank you. The doctors
said if you didn't do something I
would've died.

KYLE

Old instincts, I suppose.

Yuri stands up and pats Kyle on the shoulder.

YURI

Good instincts.

(beat)

Join me for lunch.

KYLE

OK.

Yuri leaves.

Kyle sits down on the bed, his eyes focused on the ceiling.

INT. PRISON CAFETERIA - DAY

Prisoners as far as the eye can see.

Yuri sits in the corner, RUSSIAN GANGSTERS all around him.

Eyes from all over follow Kyle as he walks around.

A tray of prison slop is in his hands.

Kyle spots Yuri's table.

Yuri waves him over.

Kyle sits down at their table.

The Gangsters glare at Kyle.

KYLE

I think I should find a new table.

RUSSIAN GANGSTER

That would be a good idea.

Yuri glares at him.

YURI

He saved my life. Have you?

The Gangster looks away in pure fear.

Yuri slaps Kyle on the shoulder.

YURI (CONT'D)
 As my Uncle would say--
 (in Russian)
 The greater the favor, the greater
 the debt owed.

Kyle looks around.

YURI (CONT'D)
 You should learn some Russian.

KYLE
 I'm not a criminal. I'm--

YURI
 Yes. We're all innocent here.

The Gangsters laugh.

KYLE
 I'm just here to do my time.

YURI
 You made enemies for what you did.

Kyle looks around.

KYLE
 It looks like I have some friends.

Yuri smiles.

YURI
 Do you play chess?

BEGIN MONTAGE

Kyle plays chess and bond in jail over 5 years. He signs divorce paperwork in prison.

Maya visits him sporadically over the years with Natasha.

Kyle does push-ups in his cell every morning and night.

Yuri and the Gangsters eat lunch every day with Kyle. Another INMATE glares at Kyle. Yuri places his hand on Kyle's shoulder, staring back at him. The Inmate looks away.

END MONTAGE

EXT. PRISON - DAY

Super: 1,822 days later

Kyle's Dodge Charger is parked.

Natasha stands next to it.

Kyle exits the prison gates, an envelope in his hands.

Their eyes catch.

MAYA (O.S.)

Dad!

MAYA (teenager) emerges from the Charger. She sprints to her father and hugs him.

KYLE

It's good to see you too, kid.

He mouths "Thank you" to his ex-wife.

Natasha gets into the car.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - DAY

Natasha starts the engine.

Maya and Kyle get inside.

MAYA

What do you want to do, Dad?

Natasha puts the car into drive and pulls out.

KYLE

Get something to eat. They didn't have five-star chefs in there.

MAYA

What do you want to eat?

NATASHA

I've got to get back to work.

KYLE

A Kahuna Burger sounds like heaven.
 (hands Maya an envelope
 full of cash)
 My treat.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

A small, poorly maintained ranch house.

The Pacific Ocean is visible in the distance.

A Luxury Sedan is parked up front.

The Charger pulls up.

Maya exits and walks inside. She has a bag of fast food and a matching drink in her hands.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - DAY

Kyle and Natasha look around.

Silence.

KYLE

I know I fucked up.

NATASHA

Do you know how much money we had when you went inside?

KYLE

Five-hundred bucks.
(beat)
I need a good lawyer.

NATASHA

Why?

KYLE

They revoked my license and I need someone to help get it back.

NATASHA

No.

KYLE

You're the best lawyer I know.

NATASHA

I'm the only lawyer you know.

Kyle looks into his envelope.

KYLE

I've got a hundred bucks left from my commissary so... maybe ten minutes of your time?

NATASHA

You owe *her*.

KYLE

I'll make right by her, I promise.

NATASHA

I'm not the one you have to keep that promise to.

Natasha hands him the car keys and exits.

INT. BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

The furniture is older and worn out.

Maya is asleep on a couch.

Kyle walks in. He feels her forehead. It's a little warm.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

Natasha sits behind a massive executive desk.

A framed law degree from Harvard is on the wall behind her.

OSCAR SANCHEZ (29, junior associate) walks in. He's short with bloodshot eyes.

OSCAR

You wanted to see me, Miss Jensen?

Natasha reaches into her desk and takes out a folder marked "Make Kyle a Doctor again." It's overflowing with paper. She hands it to him.

Oscar opens it up. He looks at it oddly.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

Since when do we work on medical license reinstatement?

NATASHA

Do you have kids?

OSCAR

I don't even have a girlfriend.

NATASHA

Once you do... this will make a lot more sense.

INT. PAROLE OFFICER'S OFFICE - DAY

Overflowing with file cabinets, almost claustrophobic.

Parole Officer BRAD TOLLIVER (50s, permanent snarl, very overweight) stares at Kyle's file.

Kyle sits across from him.

BRAD

So you went to Johns Hopkins.

KYLE

It's like any other medical school.

Brad puts the folder down.

BRAD

I didn't have my rich parents to pay for me to go to college.

KYLE

Uncle Sam paid for it.

BRAD

Every hour of freedom you have from here on out is because of me. Are we clear on that?

KYLE

Crystal.

Brad picks up the folder and looks at it again.

BRAD

You have a job lined up.

KYLE

I found a program for first-time offenders like me to help reintegrate into society.

Brad drops the folder and reaches into his desk. He pulls out a disposable specimen cup and hands it to Kyle.

BRAD

I can ask for this anytime for any reason, or no reason at all, in case you were going to go score.

Kyle goes to say something but stops. He grabs the cup.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

Not a customer in sight.

EDWARD HANSEN (40s) and Kyle are behind the counter. Edward has a dad bod with a receding hairline.

EDWARD

(looks both ways)

This is the deal. Twenty percent of your check is kicked back to me. If it doesn't, I'll call your parole officer and tell him that you showed up drunk or high. Or both.

KYLE

You can't do that.

EDWARD

Do you have another job available?

Kyle looks around.

INT. BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The air conditioning blows fiercely.

Maya is on the couch, her clothes covered in sweat.

Kyle walks in. His eyes turn to the thermostat and then Maya.

MAYA

How's the new life?

KYLE

I met my boss and my parole officer today. They're fun.

(touches her forehead)

Get in the car, now.

MAYA

I'm fine, it's just a little stomach fly I've had for a while.

KYLE

I need to get you to an ER.

Maya stands up and then passes back out.

Kyle picks her up and sprints outside.

INT. ER WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Several PATIENTS linger around.

Kyle and Natasha sit on uncomfortable chairs, waiting.

KYLE

Has she been this sick recently?

NATASHA

The beach house is near her school.

KYLE

She's not old enough.

NATASHA

When you're raising her on your own, you have to compromise.

KYLE

You could work less.

NATASHA

And you could've left me with--
(deep breath)
We're not going to fight about this right now, Kyle.

Silence.

An ER DOCTOR approaches the two.

ER DOCTOR

Miss Jensen, Mister Jackson?

Kyle and Natasha stand up.

KYLE

How is she?

The ER Doctor looks around. He takes a deep breath.

CANCER DOCTOR (PRE-LAP)

She's stable but her bloodwork--

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CANCER DOCTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

A full body scan of Maya is on the wall.

Natasha, Maya, and Kyle stare at it.

A CANCER DOCTOR points to a red dot on it.

CANCER DOCTOR
--indicates trigeminal Leukemia.

Natasha's jaw drops.

Maya closes her eyes, her lip trembling.

Kyle takes a deep breath.

CANCER DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Based on the size of the tumor, we
are in stage four right now.

The Cancer Doctor takes a deep breath.

KYLE
That means it's terminal.

May's eyes open. Her eyes focus on the doctor.

MAYA
How much time do I have left?

NATASHA
Honey, let's--

MAYA
I want to know.

KYLE
Are you sure?

Maya nods.

CANCER DOCTOR
If you do nothing, you have two to
three months to get your affairs in
order at best. With radiation and
chemo we could double that.

Maya cries her eyes out.

Natasha consoles her.

CANCER DOCTOR (CONT'D)
I'll let you have a moment.

The Cancer Doctor leaves.

Kyle follows him.

INT. MEDICAL HALLWAY - DAY

Kyle whistles.

The Doctor turns to him.

KYLE

We need to talk about her options.

CANCER DOCTOR

Cancer and chemo will give her time to get her affairs in order.

KYLE

Why are you ruling out surgical--

CANCER DOCTOR

She'll die on the table.

Kyle takes a deep breath.

KYLE

What about Right to Try?

The Cancer Doctor thinks for a moment.

CANCER DOCTOR

There's a new drug that's designed for this. It's still in early trials, though.

KYLE

So my wife's insurance won't cover it, I presume.

CANCER DOCTOR

Hence right to try... they should call it right to pay for a miracle.

KYLE

Do you have any idea how much it'll cost us?

CANCER DOCTOR

It's two hundred thousand dollars a month. The treatment is designed for three to six months.

KYLE

Holy shit.

CANCER DOCTOR

On paper she's the right fit but this is a Hail Mary type of drug.

KYLE

How do we do this?

CANCER DOCTOR

It's in a trial right now, but the doctor running it is a golf pal. Give me two days to go over her case with him and we should be able to get her in. No promises, though.

(beat)

I hate to be this guy but--

KYLE

Get her in and I will find the money for it.

The Doctor nods.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

The Charger pulls up and parks.

Maya exits and walks inside.

Natasha's sedan pulls up moments later.

Kyle and Natasha exit.

KYLE

I'll sell the house and my car.

NATASHA

I need you to be honest with me.

KYLE

That's a good way to start this.

NATASHA

Did you hide anything?

KYLE

Not a penny.

NATASHA

I had a 2 million buy-in to become partner last year. That was all of my money and I can't get it back.

(beat)

I'm underwater on my house, too, in case you were wondering.

KYLE

What about your 401k, my 401k, the Roth IRA, and the brokerage--

NATASHA

There was NOTHING left after you went away. I almost didn't make partner because you torched my credit rating, Kyle.

Beat.

KYLE

I'll find a way. I got us into this... I'll get us out of it.

Natasha walks inside.

Kyle looks around.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

The store is empty.

Kyle is behind the register.

Edward walks in from the office.

EDWARD

I need you to mop before your shift is over, Jackson.

KYLE

Can we talk for a moment?

EDWARD

No.

KYLE

I haven't even asked.

EDWARD

It's always the same with people like you. I want more shifts, I want this, I want that.

KYLE

My kid has cancer.

EDWARD

Sure she does.

KYLE
Why would I lie about this?

EDWARD
Because you're an ex-con and that's
what ex-cons do here.

(beat)
I'll be glad to let you know what
shifts you have ahead of time, so
you can coordinate with whatever
job you pick up on the side.

KYLE
If anyone needs to give one up--

EDWARD
I'll let you know.

Kyle walks out.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

JUSTIN (40s) looks at the Charger. He's got slicked-back
hair, a goatee, and a shirt with a cheap garage logo on it.

Kyle exits and walks over to it.

KYLE
Can I help you?

JUSTIN
Is this your car?

Kyle nods.

KYLE
Are you just curious or--

JUSTIN
I'm always in the market.

Kyle pops open the hood of the Charger. Parts from several
decades of repairs are evident.

KYLE
It's a little Frankenstein'd but it
runs like a dream.

Kyle closes the hood.

A European sports car pulls up.

Yuri exits, filling his car with gas. He's in an expensive suit. His eyes spot Kyle and he smiles.

JUSTIN

Twenty grand. I got cash, too.

Justin takes twenty thousand dollars out and places it on the hood of the car.

KYLE

I'm not taking twenty grand for my father's car.

Yuri walks over to Kyle.

Kyle looks at it.

JUSTIN

That car isn't worth eighty.

YURI

You heard him.

Justin turns and sees Yuri. He gulps loudly.

JUSTIN

This--

YURI

He said eighty. Do you have eighty?

Justin shakes his head no.

Yuri takes the money and puts it back in Justin's pocket.

YURI (CONT'D)

Please go, then.

Justin walks away.

Kyle and Yuri shake hands.

KYLE

I thought you still had a stretch.

YURI

My uncle pulled some strings.

KYLE

Does he need a car?

YURI
 (points to the Charger)
 I remember you said you couldn't
 wait to drive it when you got out.

KYLE
 I need the cash.

Yuri hands Kyle a business card.

YURI
 Maybe my uncle can help you.

Kyle looks at the card. It's the address for a bar.

KYLE
 The last time I was behind a bar
 was... twenty years ago.

YURI
 Maybe there are other jobs for a
 man with your particular skills.

Yuri taps him on the shoulder and walks away.

Kyle gets in the Charger.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT

Kyle gets in and looks around. He spot an advertisement for
 an off track betting parlor in the distance.

KYLE
 Maybe there is a forty thousand-to-
 one line on something.
 (beat)
 I could do a parlay and--
 (beat)
 I do that and I might as well go
 back to prison.

His hands pull out Yuri's card. His eyes stare at it.

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kyle sneaks in and presses down on various floorboards. One
 creaks. He pulls it up and reaches inside. His hand digs
 underneath, gripping something. He pulls out a dusty envelope
 filled with cash.

INT. OFF-TRACK BETTING FACILITY - NIGHT

GAMBLING DEGENERATES are all over.

Kyle walks up to the counter. His eyes stare at the envelope.

OTB EMPLOYEE (O.S.)

Sir?

Kyle looks up at an OTB EMPLOYEE taking bets. He puts the envelope on the counter.

KYLE

Philly with the points. Parlay that
with the Lions Jets on the over and
Bears Packers on the total. Under.

The Employee hands Kyle a betting form.

Kyle quickly fills it out and hands it to them.

The Employee takes the money, quickly counts it, and hands Kyle a betting stub.

Kyle sits down with the rest of the Degenerates, his eyes focused on Detroit vs. Philadelphia.

EXT. OFF TRACK BETTING FACILITY - NIGHT

Kyle walks out, a betting slip in hand. He tears it up and tosses it to the ground. His hand reaches into his pocket and takes out Yuri's card. He looks at it for a long moment.

KYLE (V.O.)

Sometimes a deal with the Devil is
better than no deal at all.

EXT. RUSSIAN BAR - NIGHT

GANGSTERS and ASSOCIATES mill about outside.

Two very large RUSSIAN BOUNCERS are upfront.

Kyle tries to walk inside.

They stop him.

KYLE

I'm here to see Yuri.

The first Bouncer motions to the second.

The second Bouncer walks inside.

The first Bouncer looks Kyle over.

BOUNCER #1

I think you've got the wrong place.

KYLE

Me too.

The second Bouncer emerges. He nods to the first.

The first Bouncer motions for Kyle to raise his hands.

Kyle does.

The second Bouncer frisks him.

BOUNCER #1

Follow me.

The first Bouncer walks inside.

Kyle follows him.

The second Bouncer watches them go inside and then turns his attention back to the street.

INT. RUSSIAN BAR - NIGHT

RUSSIAN GANGSTERS and GROUPIES of all ages are all over.

Kyle follows the Bouncer towards an office in the rear.

INT. RUSSIAN OFFICE - NIGHT

Russian crime kingpin FEDOR (60s) sits behind a small desk. He's long scar running down his face. An aura of violence radiates off of him.

All of them are Russian.

Fedor is older but in good shape with a long scar running down his face. An aura of violence radiates off of him.

Yuri sits across from him.

FEDOR

I saw you withdrew some money.

YURI

It was to buy some Bitcoin.

(to Kyle)

It's cryptocurrency and it'll be the future of how we do things.

FEDOR

In Story Oksol they would look at you like you had two heads if you said you spent real money on computer money.

KNOCK KNOCK!

Not: This part of the scene is in English unless as noted.

Yuri opens the door, revealing Kyle. He smiles.

YURI

(to Fedor)

This is the man I was talking to you about, Uncle.

Yuri pulls Kyle inside.

KYLE

(extends hand)

Kyle Jackson.

Yuri stays by the door.

FEDOR

Fedor Putinska.

They shake hands.

Yuri looks at Fedor.

YURI

(in Russian, to Fedor)

The greater the favor, the greater the debt owed.

Fedor nods and looks Kyle over.

FEDOR

You don't look like a doctor.

KYLE

They said that in the Army, too.

FEDOR

Where'd you serve?

KYLE

I ran a field hospital in Kandahar.

FEDOR

Did you know my nephew before he went inside?

KYLE

No.

FEDOR

So why did you save his life?

KYLE

I saw someone hurt and my instincts just took over.

YURI

He spent time in solitary for it.

KYLE

Yuri said you guys were hiring.

FEDOR

Do you want to be a bartender?

KYLE

If it pays well.

FEDOR

There are some men who can't go to a hospital that still need the service of a doctor.

KYLE

And you want me to stitch them up.

Fedor reaches into his desk and pulls out fifty thousand in cash. He places it down emphatically.

FEDOR

Twenty more every time you get a call. Just don't ask questions you don't want to hear the answer to.

Kyle takes a long look at the cash.

KYLE

That's a lot for a phone call.

FEDOR

In this country, fixing a bullet wound is a call to the police.

KYLE
It's a felony not to.

FEDOR
Some would like to have it fixed
without their involvement.

Kyle looks at the money again.

KYLE
So what happens if I take it?

FEDOR
My nephew calls you. You answer.

KYLE
What if I stop answering?

FEDOR
Some questions shouldn't be asked
because the answers to them aren't
very pleasant.

Kyle nods.

INT. BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maya is on the couch, an open notebook in her hands. "Last Will and Testament" is written on top.

Kyle walks in from outside in his gas station shirt. His eyes spot the notebook. He sighs.

KYLE
How are you feeling?

MAYA
They approved me.

Kyle pumps his fist.

MAYA (CONT'D)
He said this is experimental. I
think that means to not get my
hopes up and prepare for--

KYLE
They wouldn't have accepted you if
they didn't think you were a good
candidate for success!

MAYA
What if it doesn't work?

KYLE
You can't think that way.

Kyle's phone buzzes from a text message. His eyes look at it. It's a pin with a location from Yuri.

MAYA
How am I supposed to think?

KYLE
That you'll go in, the drugs will work, and that this will just be another struggle you overcame.
(beat)
And I've got to get back to work.

MAYA
You just got home!

KYLE
You'll understand when you're older, OK?

Kyle sprints out.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Through the windshield we see identical town homes as far as the eye can see.

Kyle parks on the side of the road. His eyes turn to his phone's GPS. He takes a deep breath. His heart pumps so loud he can't hear himself think. A small smile creeps over his face. He grabs a medical bag off the passenger seat.

EXT. TOWNHOME - NIGHT

Kyle walks up to the front door. He holds the bag tightly. His free hand knocks on the door.

ZACK (20s, criminal) opens the door slightly.

ZACK
Who sent you?

KYLE
Yuri.

Zack nods and opens up.

Kyle sprints past him.

INT. TOWNHOME LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

PERCY (20s) is on a beaten-up couch. Two bullet wounds are in his stomach.

Kyle sprints straight to him and quickly looks him over.

Zack is right behind him.

KYLE

Is there any alcohol in here? I need high proof... and a piece of Tupperware, if you can find it.

ZACK

I'll find something.

Zack leaves.

PERCY

Please, help me.

Kyle steps on a squeaky dog toy on the ground.

KYLE

There's good news and bad news, kid. Which one do you want first?

Kyle reaches into his medical bag and pulls out a scalpel, forceps, and a pair of latex gloves.

PERCY

I don't care.

KYLE

(puts the gloves on)
You've got two bullets in your guts but neither hit anything vital. All the blood is light. Arterial blood is dark. You can bleed for days and not die, if that's any consolation.

PERCY

It hurts. A lot.

KYLE

I've seen goat herders with worse wounds and they lived. This is not going to be pleasant but you will live to see another day.

Zack sprints in with a bottle of cheap tequila and a sandwich sized piece of Tupperware.

Kyle grabs the bottle from him.

KYLE (CONT'D)
(to Zack)
I'm going to need you to hold him.

Zack nods and puts his hands on Percy.

Kyle offers the tequila to Percy.

KYLE (CONT'D)
This is going to hurt. A lot.

Percy nods.

Kyle hands him the bottle.

Percy takes a long drink of it.

Kyle takes it from him and pours it on the wounds.

Percy screams and shakes.

Zach holds him down.

PERCY
What the hell?

KYLE
Antiseptic.

Kyle washes his scalpel and forceps off with the tequila.

PERCY
I want to pass out, doc.

KYLE
You have to exceed your pain
threshold to do that.

PERCY
Oh god.

Kyle grabs the dog toy and shoves it in Percy's mouth.

KYLE
In case the neighbors hear.

Percy makes sure the dog toy is secure in his mouth.

Zack holds him steady.

Kyle cuts open the wound on Percy.

Percy screams in pain.

Kyle takes his forceps and reaches inside the wound. He grips onto something and takes a deep breath. He slowly pulls it.

Percy bites down on the dog toy... **and then passes out!**

Kyle pulls out a bloody bullet projectile.

Zack holds up the Tupperware.

Kyle drops the bullet into it. Moments later he drops a second projectile into it. He reaches into his medical bag and pulls out a needle and some surgical thread. He quickly stitches Percy up.

ZACK

What happens if he wakes up?

KYLE

After that, he won't.

ZACK

Is that good or--

KYLE

(points to the bullet)
That's probably evidence you will want to get rid of ASAP.

ZACK

One thing at a time.

Kyle finishes up the stitching. He looks at it.

KYLE

Not my best work but it'll do.

ZACK

I need to get him out of there.

KYLE

Try to keep him on that couch as long as you can.

ZACK

It's not that simple.

Kyle takes out several bandages and hands them to Zack. He takes his latex gloves off.

KYLE

If he pops a stitch, super glue it and place this on it after it dries. It won't be a permanent fix but it'll keep him from bleeding out in your car.

(beat)

If he runs a temperature, or one of the wounds turns green, get him to a hospital. They'll call the cops but he'll be alive, at least.

ZACK

What if I can't?

KYLE

Then that's on you.

Zach hands Kyle an envelope full of cash.

ZACK

Send Yuri my regards.

Kyle nods and leaves.

INT. GAS STATION OFFICE - NIGHT

A large time clock, complete with time cards for a dozen employees, is on one wall.

Across from it Edward sits behind a small desk. A framed photo of Edward and his FAMILY on it.

Edward sits behind it, pouring over time cards. All of them have "Kyle Jackson" written on them and show him clocking in 10-20 minutes late consistently.

INT. BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maya sleeps on the couch.

Her last will and testament is filled out.

Kyle walks in and looks at her for a moment. He walks into the bedroom.

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kyle walks in and quickly removes the floorboard. He places the envelope of cash from earlier inside. His eyes focus on it for a long moment.

INT. PAROLE OFFICER'S OFFICE - DAY

Brad fills out a form.

Kyle sits across from him.

BRAD
Your boss doesn't like you.

KYLE
He's got a thing with people who
went to college.

Brad hands him a specimen cup.

Kyle groans.

BRAD
Refusal is a violation, parolee.

Kyle grabs the cup and leaves.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

Natasha sits at her desk, filling out paperwork.

A shoe box full of cash is slammed on her desk.

Natasha looks up and sees Kyle. Her eyes go through the shoe
box, opening wide.

NATASHA
Where did you get this?

KYLE
I cleaned out my father's savings
deposit box.

She looks at the money closely.

NATASHA
These are brand new bills.

KYLE
I won it gambling.

She shakes her head.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Would you believe I was cleaning
out the Charger and found it next
to Maya's EpiPen?

Natasha grabs one of the bills.

NATASHA

I officially represent you. Every single thing you say is now covered by attorney-client privilege.

He takes a deep breath and looks around.

KYLE

Who would you not represent?

NATASHA

There's a Russian mobster named Fedor who's bad news.

Kyle curses under his breath.

KYLE

I did a favor for his nephew inside and now I'm working for him.

NATASHA

Kyle!

KYLE

I just patched up someone who got shot a couple of times.

(beat)

They paid me fifty grand to answer a phone and twenty more to fix him.

NATASHA

What happens if you get caught?

KYLE

Our daughter dies.

NATASHA

And you go back.

KYLE

Just deposit this in your checking and we can go from there.

NATASHA

They'll flag it right away.

KYLE

Do you think they take cash?

Natasha grabs her Rolodex and places it in front of Kyle.

NATASHA

Find the one listed for "Jason Storm" and take it out. He's a person who can help you clean all of this.

He reaches in and pulls Jason Storm out.

KYLE

This is crossing a line.

NATASHA

If anyone asks--

KYLE

This is on me. Every dollar, every year, everything. If anyone asks, I stole this from you and contacted him myself. You had no clue.

She nods.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The Charger is parked in a visitor's space.

Kyle exits, medical bag in hand. He takes a deep breath, smiles, and walks towards the building.

INT. BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maya watches a trashy reality TV show.

KNOCK KNOCK!

NATASHA (O.S.)

It's me.

MAYA

It's open.

Natasha walks in with restaurant takeout for three.

Maya looks away.

NATASHA

Are you feeling ok?

MAYA

I'm not hungry.

Natasha places the food on the table.

NATASHA
Where's your father?

MAYA
He had a late shift at work.

NATASHA
Oh.

Maya walks over to the table.

MAYA
Is it weird that they just call him
like that?

NATASHA
I worked at The Gap when I was your
age. These things... happen.

Maya opens the bag and looks inside.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

Kyle is half asleep in front of the register. He hasn't
shaved in a week.

EDWARD (O.S.)
WAKE UP!

Kyle's eyes dart all over, settling on Edward.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
You don't get paid to sleep here.

Kyle rubs his eyes.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Large with an expensive landscape painting on the wall.

Kyle sits across from Natasha, filling out paperwork.

Between them is a large volume of signed paperwork.

KYLE
We haven't even had a hearing.

NATASHA
This gets you in the door.

Silence.

KYLE
Any advice you can give me?

NATASHA
Don't get caught.
(beat)
And shave more... you look like a
drunken hobo.

KYLE
Maya's doing "extraordinarily well"
according to the clinic.

NATASHA
We're not out of the woods yet.

KYLE
It makes this worth it.

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kyle changes into his work uniform. He looks at his watch.
Yuri calls him.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

A HOOKER has a seizure on the floor.
A bag of cocaine is on the counter.
An older RUSSIAN GANGSTER watches from the doorway.
Yuri looks at her.

KYLE (V.O.)
I can't be late or--

YURI
This will be quick, I promise.

EXT. RUSSIAN GANGSTER HOUSE - NIGHT

The Charger parks nearby.
Kyle hops out and sprints to the front door.
Yuri opens it.
Kyle sprints inside.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Kyle spots the Hooker. He feels her pulse. Nothing. He thinks for a moment and tosses his keys to Yuri.

KYLE

In my trunk, there's a blue bag. I need you to get it for me.

Yuri looks at him oddly.

KYLE (CONT'D)

I can't help her without it.

Yuri nods and sprints away.

The Russian Gangster peeks into the bathroom.

RUSSIAN GANGSTER

Is she OK?

KYLE

She's having an overdose and her heart is about to stop.

RUSSIAN GANGSTER

Someone stepped on my stuff.

KYLE

What did she take?

RUSSIAN GANGSTER

Just a little bit of cocaine and I don't know what else.

A blue bag hits Kyle in the face.

Kyle opens it and takes out a needle and a small bottle of Adrenaline. He slams it into her chest and injects it.

After a moment she coughs and wakes up. Her eyes dart all over before she passes out. Her breathing is shallow.

KYLE

(to Yuri)

Start the car. We need--

RUSSIAN GANGSTER

No hospital.

KYLE

That's expired Adrenaline at half the strength that my daughter uses for her bee allergy.

RUSSIAN GANGSTER
(to Yuri, in Russian)
No hospital or he dies, too.

YURI
(to the gangster, in
Russian)
Then you're burying the bodies.

The Russian Gangster turns to Kyle. He nods.

Yuri picks her up into his arms.

The two men sprint out.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT

We see the entrance to an Emergency Room in a Hospital through the windshield.

Kyle is behind the wheel. He nervously taps the steering wheel. His eyes turn to the clock. 7:15

The passenger door opens.

Yuri gets inside.

YURI
She knows to stay quiet.

KYLE
That's... good I suppose.

Kyle starts the car.

YURI
I will have my uncle's friend pay
you himself if that's OK.

KYLE
I don't care right now.

Kyle drives towards the gas station.

YURI
You always care.

KYLE
I'm late. Again.

YURI
I can talk to your boss.

KYLE
I need to keep that part of my life
separated, Yuri. So do you.

YURI
If he talks--

KYLE
That's my problem, not yours.

YURI
If you say so.

Yuri nods.

INT. GAS STATION OFFICE - NIGHT

Kyle looks both ways and winds the time clock back.

EDWARD (V.O.)
I don't care, you're fired.

Edward walks past him and sits behind his desk.

KYLE
It was an emergency.

EDWARD
It'll be thirty bucks for the
shirt. I'll take it out of your
final check.

KYLE
If you give me a minute I can
explain everything.

Edward points to the door.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Kyle places an energy drink, a candy bar, and \$5 onto the
counter. He walks away. Yuri calls him. He answers.

YURI (V.O.)
My uncle wants to thank you.

KYLE
I just lost my job.

YURI (V.O.)
Stay where you are.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Kyle walks out. He takes a long sip of his drink.

A video on one of the pumps has a "Breaking News" Chyron fly across it. "Mobster Tony Notelli released on bond pending new trial" comes up. It changes to Celebrity Gossip.

Yuri pulls up in his sports car.

Two mean-looking goons, DUSAN and ILYA (20s) are inside. Both are large, heavily tattooed, and former Russian Spec-Ops.

All three exit.

YURI
Meet me out back.

The three walk inside.

EXT. REAR OF GAS STATION - NIGHT

A large dumpster is near a fence.

Kyle walks back cautiously.

The rear door flings open, Edward's body forcefully opening the door with his head.

Edward groans in pain. His face is bruised up.

Yuri, Dusan, and Ilya emerge from inside and beat the ever-loving shit out of him.

Kyle stares, frozen in fear.

Dusan and Ilya pick Edward up.

Yuri grabs Edward's face and makes him look at Kyle.

YURI
This man gets his job back.

EDWARD
What kind of example would that--

Dusan and Ilya grab one of Edward's arms and break it.

Edward clutches his arm, moaning in pain.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
He's a shitty employee!

Ilya grabs the broken arm and violently twists it.

Edward howls in pain.

Yuri grabs his face and stares deeply into Edward's eyes.

YURI

He. Gets. His. Job. Back.

Edward nods.

YURI (CONT'D)

Did you tell anyone?

EDWARD

No, I swear to God. The paperwork--

YURI

Disappears.

EDWARD

OK, it will I promise.

YURI

If it doesn't, your whole family is going to meet me. Understand?

EDWARD

I understand.

YURI

This man gets his check every week.

EDWARD

I won't even take twenty percent!

Yuri kicks Edward in the nuts as hard as he can.

YURI

That is for cheating him!

EDWARD

I'll make good, I promise.

YURI

(to Kyle)

Feel free.

Kyle looks at Edward for a moment.

Edward mouths "I'm sorry" to him.

Kyle goes to punch him but stops.

KYLE

I'm... I'm good.

Edward rolls over and looks at Kyle.

EDWARD

I'm sorry. I didn't know.

Edward rolls away, crying in pain.

Yuri puts his hand on Kyle's shoulder.

YURI

Now you have more time to work for us. We should celebrate!

KYLE

That sounds... delightful.

Kyle and the Russians walk away.

INT. BEACH HOUSE KITCHEN - DAY

Kyle sits at the kitchen table.

A pot of coffee and a bottle of Advil are in front of him.

Maya walks in, dressed for school. She looks at her father and then the table.

MAYA

Is everything OK, Dad?

KYLE

Long night.

MAYA

Work, right?

KYLE

Edward had a shipment come in and they refused to unload it. It was overtime, at least.

MAYA

I'll see you later.

Maya leaves.

Kyle gets a text from Yuri: "Uncle wants to talk to you."

INT. RUSSIAN OFFICE - DAY

Fedor sits at his desk, cleaning an older pistol.

Kyle walks in.

FEDOR

How come you never eat here?

KYLE

I didn't realize I was supposed to.

FEDOR

You should. Yuri has done a lot to upgrade the kitchen and the menu.

KYLE

He doesn't seem the type.

FEDOR

Says the plastic surgeon with an office in Beverly Hills.

KYLE

That used to be me.

FEDOR

And you're trying to buy it back.

Kyle nods.

KYLE

I've got a lawyer working on it.

FEDOR

That doesn't end this.

KYLE

If I can practice again--

FEDOR

You took my money.

KYLE

I can pay you back and--

FEDOR

Your money is no good.
(motions to pistol)
Just your skills.

INT. GAS STATION - DAY

Brad walks in and up to the counter.

A CASHIER half acknowledges him.

CASHIER
Welcome to--

BRAD
Where's Jackson?

CASHIER
Who?

Brad flashes his badge.

BRAD
Where's your manager?

The Cashier points to the back.

INT. RUSSIAN BATH HOUSE - DAY

A DEAD GANGSTER is on the ground, stabbed to death.

Kyle drops a pair of bloody latex gloves onto it. His eyes turn to see several YOUNG RUSSIAN GANGSTERS staring back.

KYLE
He's gone.

YOUNG RUSSIAN GANGSTER
Yuri said--

KYLE
That knife nicked his Aorta.

The Gangsters look at Kyle ominously.

YOUNG RUSSIAN GANGSTER
So?

KYLE
So that requires a full surgical theater, not me and my bag.

The Young Gangsters surround him. Hands turn into fists.

YOUNG RUSSIAN GANGSTER
He can't be dead.

INT. GAS STATION OFFICE - DAY

Edward has a cast on his arm.

Brad walks in, a notepad and pen in his hands.

EDWARD
Can I help you?

BRAD
I need to see Kyle Jackson's time
cards, now.

EDWARD
We value privacy--

Brad shows his badge.

EDWARD (CONT'D)
--but are always willing to help
out law enforcement.

Brad grabs several time cards listed as "Kyle Jackson." They are all filled out meticulously. His eyes turn to a large scheduling calendar.

Kyle is supposed to be working today.

He looks the time cards. Kyle hasn't clocked in.

BRAD
Did he call in sick?

Edward looks at the board.

EDWARD
He had... something with his kid.

Brad writes that down.

BRAD
Do you normally have three people
for two registers?

EDWARD
We normally have a bigger than
normal rush in an hour. Having
another employee makes things
easier for everyone.

Brad writes that down.

INT. RUSSIAN BATH HOUSE - DAY

Kyle takes a step in one direction.

The Gangsters stop him.

KYLE
Please don't.

YOUNG RUSSIAN GANGSTER
Yuri--

YURI (O.S.)
Do not speak for me.

The Gangsters turn and see Yuri. They're all scared shitless.

Yuri sees the body. Rage flows out of him.

YOUNG RUSSIAN GANGSTER
He bragged about stepping on drugs.

YURI
Then you should've told me.

Gulps all around.

YOUNG RUSSIAN GANGSTER
It went too far.

YURI
(points to the body)
Dispose of that.

The Young Gangsters grab the body and drag it away.

Yuri turns to Kyle. He takes out an envelope full of cash and hands it to him.

KYLE
Thank you for that.

Kyle pockets it.

YURI
They didn't know better.

KYLE
Still.

YURI
We should go.

EXT. RUSSIAN BATH HOUSE - DAY

An unmarked police car is across the street.

Two FBI AGENTS are inside, taking pictures.

Yuri and Kyle exit.

They walk towards the Charger.

YURI

They believed in your nickname.

KYLE

I didn't realize I had one.

YURI

They call you Agapetus. He was a
Russian Saint who healed a prince.

(beat)

Someone said that when you show up,
miracles happen.

KYLE

Princes are sons, not nephews.

Kyle spots them.

YURI

You ran into an old friend while
trying out a new gym, nothing more.

The camera follows them.

KYLE

It's not a good look.

YURI

They've tried many times to come
inside. Until they get warrant, all
they can do is take pictures.

Yuri looks over and gives them the finger.

KYLE

What happens when they do?

YURI

It'll be handled.

KYLE

Until next time, right?

They walk in opposite directions.

INT. PAROLE OFFICER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Brad fills out paperwork.

Photos of Yuri and Kyle land on his desk with a thud. The top one is Kyle next to Yuri flipping off the camera. He looks up to see an FBI Agent staring back.

INT. RUSSIAN BAR - NIGHT

Kyle sits at the bar.

Appetizers and drinks are in front of him.

YURI (O.S.)
What do you think about new menu?

Yuri sits down next to Kyle.

KYLE
It's better than I thought.

YURI
(to Kyle)
Do you know what Byzantium Max is?

Kyle shrugs.

YURI (CONT'D)
It got rug-pulled and they stole a lot of money from me.

KYLE
How bad was it?

YURI
Very.

Kyle gulps.

KYLE
I'd hate to be the guy who winds up having to talk to you about it.

YURI
There will be a finder's fee.
(puts his hand on Kyle's shoulder)
I would be very grateful.

KYLE
There's probably something about it on YouTube.

Kyle takes his phone out and pulls up a video sharing app. He types in "Byzantium Max." The first result is "Another Social Media Influencer Crypto Scam? Yep."

Yuri's brow crinkles. Pure rage builds up on his face.

YURI

Do not worry about your meal.

KYLE

I'm not the right guy.

YURI

Half of what we recover.

KYLE

As long as it's not violent.

YURI

It's just a conversation.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Yuri and Kyle walk up to the front door.

Yuri knocks.

The door opens up, revealing Social Media Influencer TYSON "TY-DRIZZLE" PERKINS (early 20s).

TYSON

Hey--

(looks at them)

You're not what I ordered.

Yuri opens his jacket enough to reveal a gun.

YURI

May we come in?

TYSON

Sure, I guess.

YURI

Thank you.

Tyson nods, impossibly scared.

Yuri and Kyle walk inside.

The door closes behind them.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Full of crude, tactless art and objects.

Tyson raises his hands.

TYSON

Look, man--

YURI

You stole from me and I want to be paid back. In full.

KYLE

You should do what he says.

TYSON

My banking app is on my phone. It's in the living room. We can handle this in ten minutes.

Yuri nods.

Tyson walks into the living room.

Kyle and Yuri follow him.

LARGE LIVING ROOM

Tyson sprints to his phone.

Yuri tackles him to the ground. He places the gun in Tyson's mouth and stares into his eyes.

YURI

If you do anything I don't like, you will die. Nod if you heard me.

Tyson nods.

Kyle walks in and looks at.

YURI (CONT'D)

(to Kyle)

Get some zip ties.

Kyle goes into the kitchen.

Yuri stares at him.

YURI (CONT'D)

You stole my money. I want it back.

Tyson tries talking but can't.

Yuri removes the pistol from Tyson's mouth.

TYSON
I didn't do anything, I swear.

Kyle walks in with the zip ties.

Yuri motions for Tyson to sit down in a chair.

Tyson does so.

Kyle zip ties him to the chair.

Yuri puts the gun away.

TYSON (CONT'D)
Oh thank--

Yuri slaps Tyson so hard Tyson's ancestors felt it.

TYSON (CONT'D)
Christ.

YURI
Byzantium Max.

TYSON
I don't know, man.

Yuri slaps him again. Harder.

Tyson's face swells up.

TYSON (CONT'D)
They swore they were on the level!

Yuri slaps him again!

YURI
I want my money!

SLAP!

TYSON
Do you have to slap me?

YURI
You slap bitches and you... you are
a bitch.

SLAP!

TYSON
I'm not a bitch. I'm a man.

YURI
OK.

Yuri punches Tyson as hard as he can. Several teeth and blood fall out of the influencer's mouth.

YURI (CONT'D)
Men get punched.

TYSON
Can I be a bitch again?

YURI
Coward.

Yuri punches him again.

Tyson cries in pain.

TYSON
I told you... I don't know what
you're talking about!

Yuri slaps him.

YURI
You talked about the coin and then
sold it, right?

TYSON
I don't--

Yuri punches him again.

YURI
One more "I don't know" and--
(takes gun out, points it
at Tyson's head)
--you will die.

Yuri pistol whips Tyson.

YURI (CONT'D)
That was for making me take my gun
out again.

Kyle motions to Yuri.

KYLE
A moment, please.

LARGE HALLWAY

The two of them look around.

KYLE

I've got an idea. Just go with it
and he doesn't have to die, OK?

Yuri nods.

KITCHEN

Beautiful and full of half empty takeout containers.

Kyle walks and rummages through the drawers. He pulls out a
needle and a bag full of Heroin.

YURI (O.S.)

Getting him high is not what I was
thinking about.

Kyle turns the faucet on.

Yuri walks in and looks at Kyle.

YURI (CONT'D)

He looks hydrated.

Kyle fills up the needle with water.

KYLE

Just sell it with me, OK?

YURI

I'd rather just shoot him.

KYLE

Do you want to kill him or do you
want to get your money back?

YURI

Ideally... both.

KYLE

He doesn't have to die.

YURI

It better work.

Yuri motions to his pistol.

LARGE LIVING ROOM

Tyson spits blood onto the floor. He looks at it and cries.

TYSON

That's not going to come out.

Kyle walks in with the needle.

TYSON (CONT'D)

What is that?

KYLE

I'm saving your life, son.

(injects Tyson)

My friend here wants to kill you. I think a little bit of truth serum will help you prevent that.

TYSON

Do you just carry that around with you or something?

KYLE

Do you know where Kandahar is? It's in Afghanistan.

(deep breath)

I was stuck in a field hospital with this CIA spook named Richard Paulson. He showed me this once.

TYSON

This is so fucked up.

KYLE

The fucked up thing about truth serums is that you don't have to be exact. Just sort of precise.

(beat)

It's the difference between salt and sea salt. One's just a little fancier, so the effects might vary a little. Or you might die.

(looks at him)

Right now your legs will start to feel a little warm.

Tyson's legs twitch.

TYSON

What the hell is happening to me?

KYLE

It's just working its way through your body, that's all. Pretty soon your arms are going to feel heavy.

Tyson tries to move his arms. He struggles.

TYSON

Is this going to kill me?

KYLE

You ever been so drunk you can barely stand, son?

Tyson's face begins to droop. He yawns.

TYSON

(slurs)
Oh my God.

KYLE

Truth serum doesn't make you tell the truth... it just messes with your head so much that lying is very hard to do.

TYSON

Make it stop, please.

KYLE

Once you tell the truth I will shoot you full of adrenaline and it'll clear you out.

Tyson leans back and forth in the chair.

KYLE (CONT'D)

(to Yuri)
Ask him.

Yuri walks up to him and grabs him by the shirt collar.

YURI

What did you do to the crypto?

TYSON

I made three million PLUS a phat bag for that. That's crazy money.

YURI

Why?

TYSON

The government doesn't care, so why
the fuck not?

Yuri slaps him.

TYSON (CONT'D)

Grab my phone and I'll pay you back
everything they stole. And more!

YURI

Deal.

Kyle spots Tyson's phone. His finger touches the screen,
revealing a password system. He shows it to Tyson.

TYSON

Three four five two.

Kyle types the numbers in. The phone unlocks.

Yuri grabs the phone from him.

YURI

I will set up a wallet for you, so
you can have your share.

KYLE

That's OK.

Yuri motions to Kyle to leave.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Yuri and Kyle exit.

YURI

How does injecting water make
someone talk?

KYLE

I saw it on an episode of "House."
Power of suggestion and such.

YURI

I left something inside. Hold on.

Yuri walks back inside. Multiple gunshots ring out.

Yuri comes out, wiping his feet on the welcome mat.

Kyle and Yuri sprint away.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT (DRIVING)

The Russian bar is in the distance.

Kyle is behind the wheel, Yuri in the passenger seat.

KYLE

You didn't have to kill him.

YURI

I'm not going back to prison.

Yuri's gun falls to the floor.

Neither notice.

YURI (CONT'D)

You are very calm about this.

KYLE

He was not the first dead body I've been around because of you.

YURI

That is true.

Beat.

KYLE

You should go straight.

(beat)

I should go straight.

YURI

And do what?

KYLE

Be human beings, not whatever it is that we are to your uncle.

The bar is close.

YURI

This is my life.

KYLE

I'm sure you're qualified to do something besides assault.

(beat)

You could manage the bar and--

YURI

How's your practice?

KYLE
Fair enough.

Kyle parks across the street from the bar.

Yuri extends his hand.

Kyle shakes it.

YURI
Keep your phone on.

KYLE
Will do.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The Charger pulls over.

Yuri exits and walks inside.

The Charger drives away.

A Police Cruiser follows the Charger.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT (DRIVING)

Kyle looks into his rearview mirror.

The Police Cruiser turns its lights on.

Kyle pulls over. He opens his glove box and takes out his insurance card. His eyes glimpse down, spotting Yuri's gun. He kicks it under the seat.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

A NIGHT PATROLMAN walks up to the Charger cautiously. He stands outside of it, one hand near his gun.

INTERCUT BETWEEN ROAD AND INSIDE OF CHARGER

The Patrolman looks inside the Charger.

NIGHT PATROLMAN
Is everything alright, sir?

Kyle slowly sits back up.

KYLE
I dropped my insurance card.

NIGHT PATROLMAN
License and registration.

Kyle hands him all of that.

NIGHT PATROLMAN (CONT'D)
Do you know how fast you were
going, sir?

KYLE
I don't know, officer.

The Patrolman looks at Kyle's materials.

NIGHT PATROLMAN
You're a bit far from home.

KYLE
Drink with an old friend.

NIGHT PATROLMAN
Who's your friend?

KYLE
Am I being detained, officer?

NIGHT PATROLMAN
Yes.

Kyle's eyes look towards the gun.

The Officer notices.

NIGHT PATROLMAN (CONT'D)
Please exit the vehicle.

Kyle rolls up the windows. He locks the doors as he exits.

KYLE
Is there a problem, officer?

The Patrolman tries to open the door. He can't.

NIGHT PATROLMAN
Can you unlock the door?

KYLE
Can you get a warrant?

NIGHT PATROLMAN
You're one of those, huh?

KYLE
I'm not letting you search my car,
not without a warrant.

The Patrolman hands everything back to Kyle.

NIGHT PATROLMAN
Have a good night, sir.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - NIGHT

Kyle gets in and takes a deep breath. He starts the engine and drives. He keeps the speedometer exactly at the speed limit.

The Patrolman follows him.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - NIGHT

The Charger pulls in.

Kyle exits.

The Patrol Car slowly drives past.

Kyle watches it drive into the darkness.

INT. BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maya sleeps on the couch.

Kyle walks in and hustles right into the bedroom.

She wakes up, yawning. The sound of a floorboard being removed perks her ears.

INT. CLINIC - DAY

Maya sits in a comfortable lounger, an IV with red liquid connected to her arm.

Kyle is next to her in an uncomfortable steel chair.

A CLINIC DOCTOR walks in.

CLINIC DOCTOR
Hey Maya, how are you feeling?

MAYA
This stuff always makes me tired.

CLINIC DOCTOR
I spoke with your Oncologist and we
both want to see a new CAT Scan.

KYLE
I'll schedule it.

The Clinic Doctor looks at the IV and then leaves.

MAYA
Why would they want to do that?

KYLE
My educated guess is your numbers
are improving and they want to
check in on the tumor.

She smiles.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - DAY (DRIVING)

Kyle drives down a street near his home. His phone buzzes
with a text from Natasha: "10am, tomorrow, with the board."

Maya leans against the passenger door, exhausted.

Kyle sees several police cruisers in his driveway.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

Several POLICE OFFICERS are by the front door.

The Charger parks on the street.

Kyle exits and sprints towards them.

One of the Officers hands Kyle a search warrant.

Kyle walks past them.

INT. BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Several Police Officers search through the house.

Brad is there, supervising.

BRAD
These old houses can have cubby
holes in the floor. Pull up any
loose floor boards and check there.

Kyle tosses the warrant at him.

BRAD (CONT'D)
As your parole officer, I can toss
your place if I feel like it.

An officer tips over the couch.

Kyle glares at him.

BRAD (CONT'D)
Do you want to go back inside?

Kyle walks outside.

INT. BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY (LATER)

Everything is trashed.

Kyle and Maya walk inside.

Brad walks past with a smirk.

Kyle flips him off behind his back.

Maya looks around and then walks into her room.

Kyle eyes her... and then sprints to his bedroom.

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

Kyle's eyes spot the loose piece of floorboard on the ground.
He goes over and looks into the cubby hole. **It's empty!**

MAYA (O.S.)
You always wake me up when you get
back in, Dad.

Kyle turns around.

Maya looks at him.

MAYA (CONT'D)
What's one more lie, right?

Kyle sits down on the bed. He takes a deep breath.

KYLE
There are people who can't go to
hospitals when they get hurt on the
job. They call someone like me
for... discretion.

MAYA

If you get caught--

KYLE

I'd rather go back trying to keep you than be out here without you.

Maya looks around. She takes a deep breath.

MAYA

The gun is in my locker. The money is in Mister Schmidt's shed.

KYLE

You don't have privacy at school.

MAYA

I was going to throw it out.

KYLE

What's your locker number?

Kyle stands up and walks to the door.

MAYA

Forty-eight.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Banners for this fall's Homecoming hang off the ceiling.

Kyle walks down, looking at locker numbers. He's carrying a large sledgehammer. He spots 48.

It's covered in get well notes.

He smashes the lock off with the sledgehammer.

Kyle opens up the locker and searches it. He finds Yuri's gun and puts it in his lower back. Yuri calls him. He answers.

KYLE

Not a good time, Yuri.

INT. RUSSIAN BAR - NIGHT

Packed to the brim with MOBSTERS and ATTRACTIVE WOMEN.

Dance music pulsates throughout.

YURI

It's Ladies Night.

INTERCUT BETWEEN YURI AND KYLE

YURI (CONT'D)

There are lots of pretty girls here. You should try one.

KYLE

My kid hid your gun at her school.

YURI

Break into a bunch of lockers. It'll make the police look away from her.

(beat)

Do you know where Bushka Lake is?

Kyle thinks for a long moment.

KYLE

That's a six-hour drive from here.

YURI

That wasn't a suggestion.

Yuri hangs up.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Kyle walks down the hallway, smashing open several lockers. His hands reach inside, grabbing random things and tossing them all over the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

A sign for the Medical Review Board is on the wall.

Natasha paces in front, staring at her phone. She calls Kyle.

Straight to voicemail.

She looks up to see Kyle sprinting down the hallway in a suit, his tie flopping around.

KYLE

It's a long story.

He reaches her.

KYLE (CONT'D)

Bushka Lake is beautiful this time of year, at least.

NATASHA
I don't want to know.
(adjusts his tie)
Just tell them about how you're a
changed man, OK?

Kyle nods.

KYLE
Anything else?

NATASHA
Be charming but not too charming.

They walk inside.

EXT. RUSSIAN BAR - DAY

The Bouncers looks around.

Brad stomps his way up to them, a manila folder in his hands.

They step in front of him.

BOUNCER #1
May I help you?

BRAD
Tell your boss that he can either
see me or he can go back to jail.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Kyle sits on a bench. He exhales, loosening his tie.

Natasha walks out and sits down next to him.

NATASHA
It's a path, at least.

KYLE
I already did med school once.

NATASHA
And an internship.
(beat)
Did you expect to just be handed
your license back?

KYLE
Part of me did.

NATASHA

It's been six years since you practiced. You'll be able to walk away and focus on this.

KYLE

I don't think I can walk away from them, Nat.

NATASHA

You could send in an anonymous tip to the FBI and--

KYLE

They'll know.

They look at each other for a long moment.

NATASHA

You can't keep doing what you're doing for them forever, either.

KYLE

I'll figure a way to get out of it.

NATASHA

Just don't do anything stupid.

Kyle and Natasha get a text from Maya: "I've got amazing news! Come home!"

INT. BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

The news is on the TV.

Kyle and Natasha walk in.

Maya sprints up to them with a huge smile on her face.

MAYA

It shrank!

Kyle smiles.

MAYA (CONT'D)

My primary and the oncologist want another MRI in eight weeks.

Kyle spots an unpaid medical bill on the table. He looks at it for moment. He owes \$400,000 for last month's treatment on Maya. His hand places it in his rear pocket.

KYLE
We should celebrate.

Brad's photo and "Local parole officer found dead" pop up on the screen. No one notices.

MAYA
I want to celebrate when it's over.

KYLE
Some place nice.

MAYA
I'm going to go out back.

Maya leaves.

NATASHA
Eight more weeks and--

KYLE
Plus two more years.

Local sports come up on the TV.

NATASHA
You can take out loans and--

KYLE
Federal and state loans for med school require you to have zero felony convictions.

NATASHA
There has to be a better way.

KYLE
I haven't even made a dollar worth of restitution to you.

NATASHA
It's just money. If you quit--

KYLE
No it's not.
(beat)
I owe the both of you.

NATASHA
Not like this.

Kyle's phone rings. It's Yuri.

KYLE
Not a good time.

YURI (V.O.)
The office. Now.

Yuri hangs up.

Maya walks back in.

KYLE
Dress nicely, we're going to a
proper restaurant tonight.

NATASHA
Which one?

KYLE
I'll text you.

Kyle sprints outside.

Natasha shrugs. Her phone rings. She looks at the Caller ID.
"Jason Storm." She answers it.

NATASHA
Mister Storm, this--
(listens intensely)
Don't say a goddamn word until I
show up. You can invoke but if you
keep talking, they will use that
against you.
(beat)
I'll be there in ten.

INT. RUSSIAN HALLWAY - DAY

Kyle and Yuri walk towards Fedor's office.

KYLE
What's the best place to eat at
around here?

Yuri thinks for a moment.

KYLE (CONT'D)
My daughter beat cancer and we're
going out to celebrate it.

YURI
Congratulations.
(thinks)
Ilya's cousin runs Skalka's.

KYLE

I heard it's nice.

YURI

You will have a table at seven.

KYLE

Thank you.

(thinks for a moment)

Four of us, I think.

(beat)

You know, I never asked Nat if she was seeing anyone. Should I ask for another chair or what?

YURI

Maybe it is a sign.

KYLE

Probably not.

YURI

You have history and--

KYLE

Our marriage wouldn't have lasted in prison if I hadn't spent years cheating on her, much less the whole drug charges.

YURI

It's a new you, maybe.

INT. RUSSIAN OFFICE - DAY

Yuri and Kyle walk in.

Yuri sits behind the desk.

Everything in Brad's folders all over the desk. A manila folder is in the trash, a spec of blood on it.

KYLE

Where's your uncle?

Yuri points to a chair in front of the desk.

YURI

A friend in the FBI suggested he should go back home and stay there.

KYLE

And you inherited the job?

Yuri nods.

Kyle focuses on the photos.

YURI
Who is Brad Tolliver?

KYLE
He's my parole officer.

Kyle looks around. His eyes spot the folder. He looks at the photos for a long moment.

YURI
He won't be bothering you.

Yuri takes the photos off the table.

KYLE
Can you set up a job for me? A real job, not the usual.

YURI
I remember a conversation we had when you started this.

KYLE
This is a different one, then.

YURI
Are you sure? This a place you do not come back from.

Kyle looks at him for a long moment. He nods.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Kyle fills up the Charger. His eyes wander around and settle on the video screen in the gas pump. They focus on it.

The Chyron reads "Notorious Money Launderer Arrested, Considerable Assets Seized."

JASON STORM (50s) is being perp walked.

Natasha is behind him.

Kyle stares, breaking out in a cold sweat.

The pump stops, jostling him.

INT. FANCY RUSSIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The upper 1% and a handful of high-ranking Russian mobsters escorted by high-end prostitutes are all over.

Maya, Natasha and Kyle are seated around a table.

The remnants of an expensive meal are in front of them.

NATASHA

I tried to get a table here the other day for the partners meeting. They said there was a six-month wait list for it.

Maya stands up and goes to the bathroom.

A RUSSIAN WAITER walks past.

Natasha motions to him.

RUSSIAN WAITER

Yes, ma'am?

NATASHA

Can we get the check?

RUSSIAN WAITER

It has been taken care of.

The waiter walks away.

Natasha glares at Kyle.

KYLE

A friend called in a favor for me.

NATASHA

He must be a good friend.

KYLE

I asked a table for four. I didn't want to ask but--

NATASHA

The night before you got out, she met Michael. Maya told him that you were getting out and that you would be coming after him with your crew.

Maya sits down.

KYLE

So you didn't like Michael, huh?

Maya turns blood-red in embarrassment.

MAYA
He wasn't good enough for her.

NATASHA
Michael was a very nice man.

MAYA
I just want us to be a family
again, like how it was.

KYLE
It can't be that way.

MAYA
Does she know? This could--

NATASHA
I'm his lawyer, so everything we
talk about is covered by attorney
client privilege.

EXT. FANCY RUSSIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Kyle, Natasha, and Maya walk outside.

MAYA
(to Natasha)
Can I stay with you tonight?

Natasha looks at Kyle.

Kyle nods.

Maya walks to Natasha's SUV.

KYLE
I saw you on the news.

NATASHA
They seized his accounts.

KYLE
One thing at a time.

Natasha sighs.

NATASHA
Just don't do anything stupid.

KYLE
OK.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Kyle stares intensely at a bank across the street. His eyes turn to a Getaway car nearby.

Gun shots go off inside the bank.

Kyle gets inside the Getaway Car and starts the engine.

It roars to life.

Dusan emerges with a rifle in his hands. A Duffel bag overflowing with money is slung across his body.

Ilya emerges, carrying Yuri.

A SECURITY GUARD emerges, gun in hand.

Dusan turns and shoots him dead.

INT. GETAWAY CAR - DAY

Dusan, Yuri and Ilya get inside.

Kyle hits the gas.

KYLE

What the fuck happened?

DUSAN

He pulled on me!

A Hospital is in the distance.

ILYA

No he didn't.

DUSAN

He was going to make a move.

Yuri moans in pain.

KYLE

What about the other one?

DUSAN

You're welcome.

Kyle looks over and sees blood pouring out of Yuri's chest.

KYLE

We have to get you to a hospital.

YURI
No hospital.

KYLE
I can't--

Yuri grabs Kyle by the collar.

YURI
You will.

Yuri passes out.

A Police Cruiser speeds past them, towards the bank.

Kyle turns towards the Hospital.

Dusan puts a gun to his head.

DUSAN
You do that and you die right here.

KYLE
I'm driving the car!

DUSAN
I don't care.

Kyle nods. He drives past the hospital. His heart beats so loudly he can't hear anything. His eyes turn to the rearview mirror to see a Police Car pull up behind them.

KYLE
Stay calm, boys. He'll--

The police lights turn on. A siren wails.

Kyle presses down on the gas pedal.

INT./EXT. GETAWAY CAR - DAY

The Getaway Car accelerates quickly.

The Police Car is in hot pursuit.

Kyle turns the wheel hard to the right. He comes within a fraction of an inch from hitting another car. His eyes turn into the rearview.

The Police Car is right behind them.

He takes a deep breath and turns left.

The Police Car matches his turn.

Kyle looks up and spots a yellow light. His foot presses down on the gas harder.

The light turns red.

The Getaway Car flies through the intersection.

The Police Car rams into a pedestrian.

Kyle relaxes for a moment. He looks into the rearview.

Another Police Car is behind them, lights on.

Kyle makes a hard right turn.

The second Police Car tries to make the turn but can't, ramming into a traffic light.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

The Getaway car pulls up.

Dusan, Ilya and Kyle exit.

KYLE

I'm going to need a little help.

The three pull Yuri out of the car and drag him inside.

Yuri's hand touches the car, leaving a bloody hand print.

A Police Cruiser drives past it and stops.

It goes in reverse back towards it.

The PATROLMAN inside spots the hand print and grabs his radio.

PATROLMAN

I need to run plates, radio.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

Yuri is passed out on a desk. A Duffel bag overflowing with cash is next to him.

Kyle is covered in Yuri's blood.

Dusan walks in, agitated.

KYLE
He's stable, for now.

DUSAN
We need to get out of here.

KYLE
The only place he needs to go to is
a hospital or he's a dead man.

Dusan points his gun at Kyle.

DUSAN
Find a way or you'll join him.

Dusan leaves.

Kyle's eyes turn back to Yuri, and then the cash. He walks
over to the door, locking it.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

LAW ENFORCEMENT surrounds it.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE - DAY

Kyle looks at Yuri. Yuri's not moving.

KYLE
Fuck.

Gunshots ring out from inside the warehouse.

Footsteps get closer to the door.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)
Come out with your hands out!

Kyle looks around the room quickly.

The door rattles.

His eyes spot the Duffel bag and then the window.

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Open the door or we're going to
break it down.

Kyle grabs the Duffel bag and then jumps out of the window.

EXT. REAR OF WAREHOUSE - DAY

Kyle hits the ground with a thump. He moans in pain. His eyes look up.

A POLICE OFFICER looks out the window, gun drawn. He doesn't see Kyle.

Kyle sprints into the darkness.

The Officer sees Kyle.

Kyle keeps running.

The Officer looks down the barrel of his pistol, controlling his breath. He aims his pistol at Kyle.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

EXT. SWAMP - DAY

Kyle runs, bullets flying past him. One hits him in the shoulder, spinning his body around. He lands on the ground, blood pouring out.

Bullets bounce by him.

Silence.

Kyle gets up, grabs the bag, and sprints away.

EXT. BEACH HOUSE - DAY

The Charger pulls into the driveway and parks.

Kyle gets out, covered in mud, muck and blood. His eyes are bloodshot, his movements slow. He walks inside.

INT. BEACH HOUSE BATHROOM - DAY

Kyle walks in and takes his shirt off. His eyes spot the bullet wound. His legs are wobbly. He sits down on the toilet and takes a deep breath before promptly passing out.

Maya walks in and spots him. Her eyes spot the wound.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BEACH HOUSE BEDROOM - DAY

Kyle wakes up in his bed. His face has been wiped off, his clothes are clean. He touches his shoulder.

The wound is freshly bandaged.

His eyes spots an IV in his forearm. They turn to see Maya sitting next to him.

MAYA

I looked it up on YouTube.

KYLE

It's good work.

MAYA

You promised not to lie to me.

KYLE

I tried to play a stupid game and wound up winning a stupid prize.

INT. BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Maya and Kyle watch television.

Kyle is in fresh clothes. His foot taps impatiently.

KYLE

Where's the bag?

MAYA

I put it in Mister Smith's shed.

The doorbell rings. Kyle tenses up.

KYLE

The police don't ring the doorbell.
(beat)
They're going to arrest me. I need you to call your mother after they leave. Do you understand?

Maya nods.

Kyle walks to the door cautiously. He slowly opens it.

A pizza and a six-pack of soda are outside.

He grabs them and walks inside.

MAYA

I used your Uber Eats. It was supposed to show up two hours ago.

KYLE

It's ok.

The news comes on the television.

Yuri's face comes on the screen. "Bank Robbery Gone Bad" comes up on the chyron.

Kyle brings the food and drink inside. He places it on the end table.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

In tonight's leading story, an attempted robbery of First National turned deadly as two officers and two alleged robbers wound up dead after a shootout in the industrial district as well as--

Kyle turns the TV off.

INT. BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAWN

Kyle looks out the window. His phone buzzes with an alarm.

Maya has a doctor's appointment in two hours.

Maya walks in.

MAYA

Dad--

KYLE

You've got treatment today.

MAYA

Can we grab some breakfast first?

Kyle nods.

Maya hugs her father as if for the last time.

MAYA (CONT'D)

I love you.

KYLE

Love you too, kid.

The door opens, revealing Natasha.

NATASHA

I thought we'd get an early start
with some breakfast.

KYLE

That's a good idea.

Maya and Natasha leave.

Kyle sits down on the couch, relaxing. He hears Natasha's SUV
start and drive away.

Silence.

KNOCK KNOCK!

Kyle takes a deep breath. He goes to the door. His hand opens
it up. His eyes open wide. He steps back, his hands up.

Tony has a pistol pointed at Kyle's face.

Several MOB GOONS are behind him.

Tony and the Goons walks in.

TONY

How much do you think six years of
a man's life costs, doctor?

A Goon closes the door.

KYLE

You can have everything but--

TONY

Your shitty car isn't worth the
cost of selling it.

KYLE

How much do you want?

TONY

Your life is worth about a million
dollars, doctor.

KYLE

I've got that in the shed next
door.

Tony motions to one of the Goons.

KYLE (CONT'D)

It's for my daughter.

The Goon leaves.

TONY
Then she won't be going to Harvard.

KYLE
She's got cancer.

TONY
You should've thought about that
before you cut a deal.

KYLE
The money--

TONY
This is for my time.

Tony pistol whips Kyle repeatedly.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

Natasha is behind her desk, staring at photos of Kyle and Yuri. In the middle of it is Yuri flipping the camera off.

Both FBI Agents are seated in front of her.

FBI AGENT #1
We're unwinding Jason's money
trail. If it connects to either of
them, you go from attorney to just
another member of a RICO case.

NATASHA
If you had anything, the Attorney
General office would be here.
(points to the door)
Unless you have anything else.

The FBI Agents leave.

Natasha's phone rings with a call from Kyle.

KYLE (V.O.)
I need your help.

NATASHA
The FBI was here.

KYLE (V.O.)
Fuck.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - DAY

Natasha's office is building is visible through the windshield.

Kyle watches the FBI agents walk out the front door.

KYLE (V.O.)

Tony Notelli showed up and took everything I had.

NATASHA

If you testify against him--

INTERCUT BETWEEN KYLE AND NATASHA

KYLE

What about the money?

NATASHA

It's the proceeds of a crime. You don't get to keep them.

KYLE

And if I don't get them, Maya dies.

Natasha looks around. Her phone buzzes with a call the US Attorney General.

NATASHA

I can negotiate your surrender.

KYLE

This is my mistake, Nat. I'll make it right.

Kyle hangs up.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - DAY

Kyle pulls up an internet browser on his phone. He searches for "Tony Notelli." An old news article showing Tony's arrest at a social club comes up. He searches for the club's address. He double taps and his GPS comes up.

EXT. SOCIAL CLUB - DAY

The Charger parks far away.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - DAY

Kyle's eyes focus on the club.

EXT. SOCIAL CLUB - DAY

One of the Goons from earlier guards the front door.

GOON

This is a private--

Kyle attacks him, beating him senselessly. He reaches into the Goon's lower back and takes a pistol out. His hands quickly rack a round in. He charges inside.

Several FBI Agents emerge from a van in the distance.

INT. SOCIAL CLUB - DAY

MOBSTERS are all over.

Tony is in the rear.

Kyle storms in, gun in hand. He spots Tony.

A BODYGUARD sees him and draws down.

BANG!

Kyle puts a round in his head and spots the bar. He runs and jumps behind it.

BAR

Kyle hits the ground with a thud.

Bullets hit everything. Glass and booze land on him.

MAIN SOCIAL CLUB

Gangsters pelt the bar with bullets.

A flash bang rolls in front door and explodes. Moments later, FBI AGENTS swarm inside.

For the next moment, this spot is hell on Earth!

Bullets fly, Officers and Gangsters die.

Kyle jumps up and sprints after Tony.

WAREHOUSE

Tony is near the exit, the Duffel Bag in his hand.

BANG!

Tony looks down. A hole is through his chest. He looks around and spots Kyle walk in.

Kyle watches Tony fall down, dying.

Tony looks up to see Kyle standing over him.

Kyle aims the gun at Tony's face and pulls the trigger. He grabs the bag and sprints outside.

INT. NATASHA'S SUV - DAY (DRIVING)

The local news is on the radio.

Natasha is behind the wheel, casually drinking coffee.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
FBI and local police are searching
for find an unknown man accused of
shooting reputed mobster Anthony
"Big Tony" Notelli late last night.

Natasha spits her drink out in shock.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

Natasha sprints into her office.

Kyle is seated on a couch, the Duffel bag at his feet. His eyes are bloodshot, his face bruised up.

She looks at him and then the Duffel bag.

Silence.

Oscar walks into the office. He sees Kyle and then the bag.

NATASHA
Take the bag and pull up relevant
case law on evidence turnover.

Oscar grabs the bag and sprints out.

Natasha sits behind her desk.

NATASHA (CONT'D)
 There's a gym on the third floor
 that has showers.
 (tosses him her ID)
 They never check the card.

Kyle nods and leaves.

Natasha stares at her phone.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. LAW OFFICE - NIGHT

Several folders with evidence case law are on Natasha's desk.
 Kyle, freshly showered and in new clothes, sits on the couch.
 The Duffel Bag is near her desk.

KYLE
 They have to have something, right?

NATASHA
 KTCP said that Tony died after
 pulling on an FBI agent. They're
 looking at this as a cluster fuck
 and wrapping it up in a bow. I
 think you might be in the clear.

KYLE
 How do we handle the money?

Natasha looks at the Duffel bag.

NATASHA
 We'll figure it out, I guess.

INT. BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kyle looks out the window.

INT. NEW MEDICAL OFFICE - DAY

Super: Five Years Later

A near replica of Kyle's first office.

Kyle is behind a large executive desk, yawning. He has a
 tablet in front of him, a woman's figure on it. In front of
 him is TAWNY BORROW (20s, porn star), staring at the tablet.

She's tall, curvy and stunningly beautiful.

TAWNY
Raquel said you were the best.

KYLE
She's very nice.

Tawny looks at the tablet some more.

TAWNY
Let's schedule some time for this.

KYLE
Judy's got my calendar.

Tawny barely hides her disappointment.

TAWNY
Thanks, Doctor.

Tawny leaves.

INT. BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Renovated with brand new furniture.

Natasha, Kyle, Maya and Maya's boyfriend HANK (20s) walk towards the front door.

KYLE
It was nice meeting you, Hank.

HANK
Likewise, Mister Jackson.

They all shake hands.

Hank and Maya leave.

NATASHA
I think I like him.

KYLE
Me too.

Kyle walks over and looks out the window.

NATASHA
Waiting on someone?

KYLE
I keep waiting for them to show up.

NATASHA

They want this to stay buried.

KYLE

I keep thinking some day, someone will talk and it all goes away.

NATASHA

Everything suggested Tony was shot during the raid.

KYLE

Yeah... suggests.

NATASHA

I don't want to know, right?

KYLE

Right.

Beat.

NATASHA

I saw a great video on YouTube the other day about brain chemistry and its effect on gambling.

KYLE

Nice change of topic.

NATASHA

The anticipation of whether you'll win looks just like winning in the brain of someone with your addiction. It made me think a lot about you, about back then, about everything.

KYLE

I did a lot of bad things.

NATASHA

How much of that was just because your brain was rewired, you know?

KYLE

It's not an excuse.

NATASHA

It's a reason, at least.

KYLE

I'm five and a half years clean next week, actually.

NATASHA
 Congratulations.

KYLE
 I've always feel weird when people
 say that. Like you're not supposed
 to be an addict.

NATASHA
 It's still a good thing.
 (beat)
 Did it feel like they said?

KYLE
 Oh yeah... it was about the rush.

NATASHA
 I wish I could understand.

KYLE
 You really don't want to.

They hug. After a moment their hands touch briefly.

NATASHA
 Didn't we try this once?

KYLE
 We got her out of it.

NATASHA
 Take it easy.

Natasha leaves.

Kyle's phone buzzes with a text. He opens it up.

INT. SAFE HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A CRIMINAL is on a couch, bleeding out from a gun shot wound.

CRIMINAL
 Oh god, where is he?

Yuri walks into the room.

YURI
 He'll be here.

Yuri goes through his speed dial and lands on "Agapetus."

INT. BEACH HOUSE LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Kyle looks at the map. His heart starts to pound. His cell phone rings. He looks at the Caller ID.

"Yuri"

KYLE
How's Story Oksol?

YURI (V.O.)
It was cold when I left there six months ago.

KYLE
I don't have your money.

YURI (V.O.)
Cost of doing business.
(beat)
Twenty grand, no questions asked.

A smile begins to creep up on Kyle's lips.

KYLE
I'll be there.

FADE OUT.