

THE COACH

Written by

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You ever been so drunk, breaking up your cocaine into a fine powder is an insurmountable task? Well, it is for our GUY.

It also doesn't help when you're two thirds of a bottle of scotch deep and using your Blockbuster card. But hey, the tongue sticking out indicates concentration. Or being really fucked up.

The line of CHUNKY COKE is vacuumed up with the mechanism of LOOSELY ROLLED DOLLAR BILL.

Unfortunately though, with chunky coke, his nose is a Pinata and out falls half of what he just attempted to inhale.

Wisely, he takes his finger, picks it all up using his scotch sweats as stick-um, and proceeds to brush his teeth with the most expensive, god awful toothpaste.

Speaking of SCOTCH, nothing but the cheapest poured into his dollar store glassware with two melting cubes. Two fingers worth.

His awkwardly wet lips await to slurp it down in a quick slug.

A cigarette is lit and hot boxed due to one deep, long drag.

TV TURNS ON

INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

Rent-a-center had to of decorated his apartment.

37 inch picture tube television, oversized, fake wooden speakers, Playstation 2 with only one controller plugged in. All housed in this plastic with wooden stickered entertainment center.

But it's what's on the TV that is so attention grabbing.

DRUNK GIRLS, drunk girls lifting up their shirts, drunk girls making out, drunk girls lifting up their shirts to make out. Of course all nipples are covered by the "Co-Eds Are Crazy" logo.

Yes, this is a play off of Girls Gone Wild.

TV SHOW (V.O.)

(screaming)

Co-eds are crazy! Co-eds are crazy
at Mardi Gras!

CO-EDS are taking off their shirts and making out for beads that each represent a regrettable decision. They are then given a t-shirt with the CO-EDS GONE CRAZY logo.

TV SHOW (V.O.)

Co-eds are Crazy at the beach!

CO-EDS are taking off their shirts and making out with each other for the chance to funnel some beer, and of course a t-shirt.

TV SHOW (V.O.)

And these Co-eds can be crazy with you for only \$19.95

A phone number blasts the screen as a faint sound of, SLAPPING? Swear it sounds like someone masturbating.

Yeah, he's jerking off to the commercial. Or at least trying to. Trying to bring some semblance of joy to his miserable, numb life.

Let's try to ignore this feeble attempt as we see the rest of his own personal "prison cell".

The walls are bare except for the smoke stains that come with chain smoking Camel Lights and \$25 an eighth weed.

The windows are covered by blankets and bed sheets due to their fantastic ability to block out the sun at 6am when the previous night fails to end.

We can only see his cheap dress shoed feet, well, foot. One shoes is on and the other is completely bare. Yes, he's jerking off into the sock he is wearing.

On the coffee table are the aforementioned party favors, which looks like they each have one serving left: one small pile of blow, about 3 fingers of scotch, and one cigarette in the pack.

And then there is his flip cell phone that is sitting wide open. A list of outgoing calls is on his SCREEN.

Stepahine 2:37 AM

Alyssa 2:52 AM

Maggie 3:01 AM

Deana 3:09 AM

Goddamn it, the pace is picking up and it's getting louder

GUY (O.S.)
There we go!

On the TV, s GIRL is crawling on the bed and making her way
to a DRUNK GIRLFRIEND

The speed of the "sound" increases.

GUY (V.O.)
Yeah, it's your first time isn't
it?

GIRL gets closer, getting so loud.

GUY (V.O.)
(imitating the girl)
Just let me kiss you...

GIRL and DRUNK FRIEND are about to kiss and then...

Screen blasts the words that are about to be said

TV SHOW (V.O.)
THIS HAS BEEN A PRESENTATION OF CO-
EDS ARE CRAZY.

The sock hits the sreen

GUY (V.O.)
Goddamn it!

He leans up, we never get a full view of his face. We don't
need to. Just his eyes. And his eyes concentrate on the last
soldiers on the coffee table.

Then, on the TV Screen

TV SHOW (V.O.)
THE FOLLOWING IS A PRESENTATION OF
MONTGOMERY BECKER

His attention shifts back to the TV, he knows what's coming.

A MASSIVE MOUSTACHED SMILING FACE appears on the screen.

JERRY GARVEY (V.O.)
Antoine Collins, the son of an
immigrant and a emergency room
nurse, has been taking peoples
lives to the next level for almost
two decades. Some even referring to
him as the "Guru to God".

ANTOINE COLLINS is a massive Mexican man. Yes, I know Collins isn't Mexican, but don't you think I'll give you the goddamn reason?

This man is walking like a pornstar that was just named MVP of the Super Bowl. Zero lack of confidence in this man.

JERRY GARVEY (V.O.)
Whether it's financial

ANTOINE is helping THICK GLASSED MAN sitting at his desk with an archaic computer. Antoine types a couple things and the man is blown away. As it goes from a blinking cursor on the screen to a screen filled with numbers! Thanks Antoine!

JERRY GARVEY (V.O.)
Or on my old turf, the sports field

Antoine awkwardly catches a pass over his shoulder while wearing way too short of shorts and way too high of striped socks. He goes over to a YOUNG ATHLETE and tries to show him how to catch a football. The kid is so intrigued and suddenly has an "a ha" moment. Thanks Antoine!

JERRY GARVEY (V.O.)
Or even romantically

Antoine is watching a YOUNG HOT COUPLE hold hands, the MAN can't maintain eye contact. Antoine interrupts grabs the LADIES hand makes intense eye contact, she melts, they kiss and the man is so grateful as he puts his arm around his lady, while she continues to hold Antoin's hand. Thanks Antoine!

The eyes of our guy watching shift from glazed to pure anger as JERRY 60's, appears with Antoine on screen.

JERRY GARVEY
Hey folks, Jerry Garvey, former pro football hall of famer here to tell you about my dear, close friend, and hero to not only me, but millions across the world, Antoine Collins. Antoine, great to see you!

Jerry reaches out his hand which is grabbed by both hands of Antoine in such an endearing manner.

ANTOINE
Great to see you my friend.

JERRY GARVEY

So Antoine, I have to ask, why?
Your days are long, home is not
your Bel Air palace or your Naples
beach house, it's hotels. And days
off are a myth. Why self help?

ANTOINE

(laughing)

Oh I'm not going to lie to you
Jerry it's a challenge. But so is
life, and instead of cowering,
saying whoa is me, and living off a
diet of feeling sorry for myself
mixed with self loathing; I help
those that want to make eternal
change. To be the person they
aspire to be. But it's not for the
faint of heart.

A glaze comes over our guys eyes as they change from sadness
to emptiness. The fuse has been lit.

JERRY (O.S.)

No it most certainly is not.

He continues to watch as he cuts the coke to a fine powder.
Tightens the dollar to a perfect straw, inhales flawlessly in
one suck. Eyes only leaving the tv when necessary.

JERRY GARVEY (O.S.)

But why self help?

He gets up to empty his glass of the slivers of cold water
remaining in his glass. Gets two fresh cubes from the freezer
and lightly places them in, ensuring not to chip the ice and
water down the scotch.

ANTOINE (O.S.)

You can call it spiritual, you can
call it personal, or you can simply
call it my mission.

Pours out the three fingers left of scotch, and slurps is
down in one long drink. Holding it up to his mouth breathing
in any remaining liquor.

Grabs and lights his last cigarette as he leaves to a room we
cannot see.

We're back on the TV.

JERRY GARVEY
What is that mission?

Our GUY walks in. Grabs his cell phone and starts to dial.

ANTOINE
(laughing)
How long do we have?

Whoever he's calling at this hour, it's ringing.

JERRY
(laughing)
All the time you need.

INT. BEDROOM- LATE NIGHT

The computer version of some 80's hair band plays. We see the CELL PHONE it's coming from with the name MICAH on it. What appears to be a YOUNG LADY as her silhouette is all we see, and she grabs the phone, looks, mutes and goes back to bed while spooning the MAN next to her.

INT. LIVING ROOM-LATE NIGHT.

He looks at his phone, puts it down. Looks back at TV where Antoine finally says what his mission is

ANTOINE
My mission is to be the hero that
people so desperately need.

Gun pulls up into the mouth of our guy, Micah, and we go full screen on the TV.

BOOM!

TV switches channels.

A 24 hour news station with banner at the bottom:

"BREAKING NEWS: ANTOINE COLLINS ARRESTED FOR MURDER"

There is a 4K LED television hanging on the wall.

We hear the sweet voice of our storyteller, DARLENE, we'll see her in a minute but first a proverb

DARLENE (V.O.)
There's an old Italian proverb: Tra
il dire e il fare, c'è di mezzo il
mare

On screen is news anchor SHADOW MICHAELS -- older, striking, but basically your standard talking hairdo.

SHAWDOW

More coming in by the second. For those just joining us, Antoine Collins, self-help, financial advisor and life coach extraordinaire; has been charged with, what we're hearing is first degree murder and possibly substantial drug charges.

B-roll of Antoine in deep conversations with such important figures as TIGER WOODS, O.J. SIMPSON, HARVEY WEINSTEIN, DONALD TRUMP, and then the POPE.

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

You heard me correctly, the man millions refer to as the Guru to God

A video of ANTOINE shows him wearing a tribal gown playing football with starving kids in Africa all wearing t shirts with Antoin's face on them.

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

Has been charged with murder.

Live shot of Collins being wheeled out and hand cuffed to a gurney, while tuxedo coat covers his face, mafia style.

FREEZE FRAME

DARLENE (V.O.)

It means, "between doing and saying lies the sea."

(beat)

This is a story about doing. And it starts, sorta, at a cage fight in a casino of all the goddamn things. But here is the story of how I'm going to destroy Antoine Collins. At the end, hopefully I will still be alive to talk about it.

SMASH CUT TO:

TITLE CREDITS-ROLLING THROUGHOUT

INT. SARATOGA SPRINGS, NY-ARENA-NIGHT

OSCAR FLORES, 20's, Mexican, bounces back and forth, eyes closed. Sweat jumps off him with every bounce. His eyes open, and he blesses himself with the sign of the cross.

OSCAR

Amen.

His opponent--the more skilled and confident SEBASTIAN FIGUERORA, 20's. His CORNER MAN 60's, stands watching with the wise, alert eyes of experience.

CORNER MAN

(in Spanish: subtitled)

Our lady of victory...

SEBASTIAN

(in Spanish; subtitled)

Pray for us.

The REF, 40's steps in between the two fighters. His cauliflower ears betray a history in the ring.

REF

(to Oscar)

You ready?

Oscar nods.

REF (CONT'D)

(to Sebastian)

You ready?

Sebastian smiles, showing a mouthpiece with the image of teeth crusted with diamonds.

The Ref claps his hands and with a pump of his fist--

REF (CONT'D)

Then lets fucking go!

The combatants go to the middle of the ring to tap gloved fists.

OSCAR

Putá.

SEBASTIAN

Muerto.

Here we go!

They circle, Oscar posing, hamming it up, acting like someone told him how fighters look when they fight.

Meanwhile Sebastian stalks his prey with calculated, creepy pace.

THWACK! Sebastian kids Oscar's shin. Instant pain shoots straight up to his face, and agony in the form of tears fill his eyes.

Knowing this Sebastian fakes another shin kick--Oscar flinches just long enough for Sebastian to pounce and in a flash Oscar and he are on the mat.

Then, like a coked out python, Sebastian slithers around his body and strangles him with a rear naked choke hold.

Oscar eyes are no longer filled with tears as they are now filled with panic. They search the paltry crown in the arena for something, anything.

Sebastian squeezes and whispers as Oscar's larynx is being crushed.

SEBASTIAN (CONT'D)
(in Spanish; subtitled)
Sleep.

CHAD, early 50's, Oscar's trainer, sees his fighter dying

CHAD
Oscar!

Oscar fades to black.

Chad slams his hand on the mat.

CHAD (CONT'D)
Ozzy!

Those words are smelling salts to the young Mexican.

CHAD (CONT'D)
(in Spanish; subtitled)
Breathe!

Oscar closes his eyes and sucks in whatever oxygen he can through his nose.

CHAD (CONT'D)
(in Spanish; subtitled)
Seek

Oscars's hands slowly slide along Sebastians thighs and finds his inner knees

Chad slams his hands

CHAD (CONT'D)
(in Spanish; subtitled)
And destroy!

BOOM, BOOM! The points of Oscars elbows spear downward into Sebastians inner thighs--

Sebastians legs scramble back, but not to far because he can't let go.--these obviously fucking killed-- He goes to squeeze tighter then

CHAD (CONT'D)
(in Spanish; subtitled)
Again!

BOOM, BOOM! Sebastian's eyes pop in pain and shock.

SEBASTIAN
(in Spanish; subtitled)
Stop!

Chad slams his hand none stop

CHAD
(in Spanish; subtitled)
Kill him!

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM, BOOM!

Sebastian's grip slips,--just enough--

WHAM! Oscar SLAMS Sebastian's face with the back of his skull.

Oscar tucks and rolls, but not before getting in one last kick. Pops up, bounces like he's been born again. Gestures

OSCAR
(in Spanish; subtitled)
On your feet pussy!

Blood pour from Sebastian's nose. He smiles and blood pours down his oh so fancy mouthpiece.

He spits out blood onto the mat. Goes to rise

SEBASTIAN
(in Spanish; subtitled)
Mistake--

Only he can't stand, his legs are toast after the brief beating they just took

Oscar in a flash TACKLES him.

Oscar delivers blow after blow to his sternum and solar plexus. Sebastian feebly counters, but Oscar is too close--Oscar accidentally on purpose hammers a fist to Sebastian's junk.

Sebastian gives a look at the Ref--Are you seeing this shit?

Taking advantage of this distraction, Oscar quickly throws on a guillotine choke, hunching Sebastian over. With a quick lean back, Oscar kicks out Sebastian's legs crashing them both to the mat.

OSCAR
(in Spanish; subtitled)
Give my regards to Jesus.

I don't know if that's what set him off...from the dead...Sebastian leans back with pure rage and SCREAMS!

Up they go--except Oscar's feet never touch the ground again, or at least until Sebastian executes a running power bomb to the side of Oscar's face. WHAM!

Not sure if Oscar's head is comfortable or deep enough within the mat, Sebastian pounces on his dying torso and begins to pile drive each fist into his bloodied profile.

Out of nowhere, the Ref tackles Sebastian saving something for Oscar's mother to put in the casket.

Sebastian, like he damn well should, celebrates by sprinting around the ring, appeasing the small, but spirited crowd.

And his coup de grace, he jumps on the side of the ring and proceeds to dry hump it.

The sparse crowds volume is at its apex. In the third row--a group of GUYS in the middle of a bachelor party high five. A PREPPY MAN with four beers, collars popped, and way too much hair gel returns.

PREPPY MAN
What the fuck did I miss?

Laughter and beers all around.

Behind them, a hot couple--a GIRL, possibly 30 or 17, and more than likely a prostitute, leans into her MAN, 40's, you can smell through the screen how much cologne he has on.

GIRL
I'm soaked...

Cologne gives her a look, she bites her lip, yeah...

He explodes up out of his seat, yanks her arm off as they go to leave.

We follow them as they make their way out of the arena past a young lady typing on her iPad. More on her in a sec.

Security opens the door, and the cacophony of slot machines, people cheering, and despair is what hits us first as we are now in the

INT. CASINO FLOOR-CONTINUOUS

They are racing somewhere, anywhere.

A WAITRESS walks by with a drink on her tray, Cologne stops, grabs the drink

WAITRESS
Whoa, what the fuck?

He puts up a finger like "hold on" while he slams the drink. Puts the drink back on the tray, tosses a one dollar poker chip and takes back off, hooker in tow.

WAITRESS (CONT'D)
I hope she gives you herpes Jersey Shore!

They laugh hysterically and take off where she, in fact, will give him herpes.

We now follow the pissed off waitress back towards what must be the bar.

WAITRESS #2 with a pitcher of water and a pot of coffee makes her way past her in the opposite direction. We follow until she reaches a couple of doors.

DARLENE (O.S.)
Hold on, I got you!

WAITRESS #2
Thanks!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM-CONTINUOUS

Darlene, gorgeous, early 30's, press pass dangling down her flannel and Bob Dylan t-shirt, opens the door for the waitress. She goes on in after.

There are more people here than there were at the fight. They are all talking, a few meditating, a few reading the notebooks with this huge picture of a man's smiling face on them.

A young man, BRADLEY, ginger, about the same age as Darlene, give or take a couple years, points for the waitress

BRADLEY

Thanks, over to your right, I'm sorry, my right, your left...

WAITRESS #2

No worries sugar, I've done this a few times.

He blushes as she makes her way and behind is the apathetic Darlene who nonchalantly flashes her pass.

Bradley grabs the aforementioned notebook and hands it to her assuming acceptance.

She holds her hand up, she's all good.

BRADLEY

(loudly)
Oh, one of those?

People look, she's not a believer. But someone recognizes her

HEATHER (O.S.)

Darlene?

Darlene turns and see's an HEATHER 30's, cute, little bit on the thicker side, but cute.

Darlene doesn't know what to think of this.

Bradley takes notice.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

What in the name of Jesus Hubert Christ are you doing here?

DARLENE

Hey...

HEATHER

Heather

DARLENE

Sorry, Heather, hi! Why would you say that?

HEATHER

Oh come on, like I don't follow your--

Grabs her quickly making sure Bradley doesn't hear

DARLENE

Yeah, let's keep that between us, okay?

HEATHER

(whispering)

Oh, are you, undercover?

DARLENE

Yeah, undercover.

HEATHER

That's so cool. Sit with me.

Heather pulls Darlene down to find a good spot.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Aisle seats are great in case he spits on me, plus I can dance!

DARLENE

Dance? Spits on you?

HEATHER

All of sudden straight from "Jock Jams", music starts to play and the lights go out. And lights flash all around. We've just entered a 90's dance party.

Darlene doesn't know what to make of this

BRADLEY (O.S.)

Albany, are you ready?

Good amount of cheering from the capacity crowd.

Bradley is the warm up act and he's trying

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Come on Albany, how about this, are you ready to change your lives?

Crowd erupts especially Heather as she's losing her shit next to an uncomfortable and awkward Darlene.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Let him hear you!

They explode

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
I said let him hear you!

Darlene covers her ears as Heather is freaking the fuck out!

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
Ladies and gentlemen, Coach Pete It
Up himself! The Coach, Peter
Stillwell!

From behind the curtain he comes, COACH PETER STILLWELL, not quite a Calvin Klein model, but maybe an alcoholic former one. More on that in a bit. But first Bradley whispers as he exits

BRADLEY (CONT'D)
9th row, right side, press pass.

Coach comes the front wearing headset, dress shirt with the sleeves rolled up, no tie, pair of jeans. Like the hunk teacher on an 80's sitcom.

COACH
How you feeling Albany?

The crowd explodes with hopeful joy.

COACH (CONT'D)
Bullshit, if you felt that good you
wouldn't be here!

It's true and they all share a moment of laughter. Their smiles are immense, well, except for, you know. But she can't help but be mesmerized by the energy of this man.

FREEZE FRAME

DARLENE (V.O.)
Coach Peter Stillwell, aka: Coach
Pete it Up. Truthfully, the first
time you see one of these guys in
person, you think of some
televangelist screaming at you in
southern accent. Instead, well,
he's a hot, charming, guy.
(MORE)

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

And you can be sure as shit I don't believe a word he's about to fucking say.

BACK TO SCENE

COACH

Everyone sit down, lets keep that feeling as we ask this first question of yourselves, who is your hero? Parent, friend, co-worker, boss, actor, actress, sports star, porn star?

They laugh. He smiles and winks.

DARLENE (O.S.)

Antoine Collins.

Attention grabber. Everyone turns their head to the lady with the big mouth.

Awkwardness is palpable as Coach walks his way over to Darlene.

Coach and she stare, the crowd is appropriately all standing.

COACH

Bradley...

Bradley from nowhere, swoops in and goes to hand a microphone over to her. For the second time she gives an "all good" gesture to the poor guy, but this time, he insists.

Coach gestures

COACH (CONT'D)

Please

She acquiesces his please.

COACH (CONT'D)

Okay, you got my attention, what's your name?

She pauses, smiles

DARLENE

Betty.

He knows she's full of shit.

COACH

Okay, Betty, we on the record here?

They both look at her press pass

DARLENE

Prove me wrong.

COACH

Like I said, you got my attention now, don't fuck it up, say what you want to say.

DARLENE

Okay, snakeoil salesmen like you and Antoine Collins--

COACH

I'm not Antoine Collins...

DARLENE

...Believe that you are the hero for those that need one,
(acknowledges the crowd)
Why is that? What the fuck makes you guys so goddamn special?

COACH

Aww, you surmise my beliefs are the same as Antoine? You don't even know me yet.

She points to him, looks around, like "well, if it looks like a duck". He walks away for a breath and comes back with, well, the eye of the tiger.

COACH (CONT'D)

Do you believe in God?

DARLENE

Fairy tales?

COACH

That's what I thought. For those that God is their hero, remember God said, I made man out of my own image so I am man and man is me. Or something like that, right?

Crowd smiles, they see where he is going with this.

COACH (CONT'D)

(to Darlene)

And to those going to hell when they die, I could use plenty of examples from everyday life where people have been their own hero.

(MORE)

COACH (CONT'D)

But here are my beliefs: I believe we are our own hero waiting to come out. I believe we all hide our hero under all the shit we think we believe about ourselves.

(to Darlene)

Do you know who Nolan Ryan is or more so, was?

She shrugs and shakes her head no.

COACH (CONT'D)

He was one of the best pitchers to ever be blessed by the baseball deities. Hitters knew what he was going to do, and he knew it. But what Nolan said to himself and said to them was:

(right in her face)

I'm Nolan Ryan, you're not, here comes my fastball, fuck you, hit it.

The crowd explodes in a cheer, Coach stares down Darlene, she grins back.

She's found him.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM-LATER

It's a book signing. Coach and Bradley sit next to each other with about 25 books piled high awaiting purchase and signature.

A line of eager attendees, women, wait. First in line is SUZANNE, 60's, debutante, sexy, and blushing.

COACH

And who do I have the undying pleasure of making this out to?

SUZANNE

I'm...it's...I'm Suzanne, with a z.

COACH

Well Suzanne with a z, God bless you for allowing me to coming into your life tonight.

SUZANNE

Honey, you can come into my life any night. And that's with a u.

BRADLEY
Thank you madame, next

SUZANNE
Madam? Little prick.

She makes her way.

BRADLEY
(quietly to Coach)
You see Antoine--

COACH
Fucking trending topic here
tonight.

BRADLEY
He's coming to New York.

COACH
Please be with an o.

MAUREEN, 40's comes blushing and stammering

MAUREEN
Maur..Maur...I'm Maureen and I just
love you so much.

COACH
And I just love you so much
Maureen. Thank you and God Bless.
(to Bradley)
A lot of people come to New York,
pretty popular with all the sites
and attractions and stuff.

BRADLEY
He's going on Marla

He nods over to a nearby display--"Marla", an intense Oprah
like TV host, on the cover of her latest book, "Rags to
Righteous, My Story For You". Photos of her on her TV show
set with celebs adorn the display.

COACH
Got it d.v.r'd do you?

SIDNEY, late 30's comes up for an autograph.

SIDNEY
Please make it out to Sidney--with
an I, not with a Y like your
beautiful wife. You're amazing.

COACH

Well Sidney, I think you're
amazing. God bless.

(to Bradley)

What's your point?

BRADLEY

My point is, I think you should go--

A woman COUGHS.

Their attention is now on the oh so sexy in her "I don't give
a shit" way, Darlene.

DARLENE

Hi.

COACH

Betty, you gonna spit on me or some
shit?

DARLENE

Has that ever happened?

COACH

(to Bradley)

Glens Falls?

BRADLEY

Whitehall

COACH

That's right, Whitehall Armory

DARLENE

Yeah, no, I'm not going to fucking
spit on you, unless you like that
sort of thing...

Yeah, she just said that.

COACH

Bradley

BRADLEY

Yeah, I'm out

He starts to slowly pick shit up

COACH

Bradley, hurry the fuck up please
and thank you

Bradley in one swoop puts everything in a box, gives Darlene one last look

BRADLEY

Damn

Leaves

DARLENE

Before we do this

COACH

What's this?

DARLENE

Yeah...Before, do you really think you changed anyone's life tonight?

The Coach pauses, PLAYS WITH HIS WEDDING RING, gives her one more look, decides it's time to go for the kill.

COACH

An old man is walking on the beach one early morning. He sees a young boy off in the distance throwing something one after one into the ocean. As he approaches, the young boy is surrounded by starfish as far as the eye could see. The old man says to the boy, "what are you doing son? Can't you see you can't save them all? And the boy pauses, bends down, picks up a starfish and throws it in. He looks at the old man, points out to the sea and says, "Yeah, but I saved that one."

INT.BROOM CLOSET-NIGHT

Coach is banging the shit out of Darlene while standing against a work table. It's uncomfortable as hell for her, and a little for him. But it's primal and it's over in two seconds.

She grabs him by the face looks into his eyes like she is about to kiss him with more passion than she has ever kissed anyone, but instead

DARLENE

You're going to help me take down Antoine Collins.

COACH
 (oblivious)
 Great, can I first take this condom
 off? I fucking hate these things.

She grabs him.

DARLENE
 You're going to help me.

He's smiling, euphoria after having intercourse with such a fine specimen. But his face slowly indicates the realization that she may be the devil.

That, and the look she is giving him.

He gets her off of him. Snaps off the condom and throws into the garbage. Pulls up his pants, walks back and she just sits there, in her nude beauty, staring.

She's going to get what she wants, and she knows it.

He walks out.

ROCK MUSIC PLAYS

MONTAGE

The Saratoga Springs downtown glistens in all it's old white money beauty.

The PERFORMING ARTS CENTER

The CASINO

The RACE TRACK

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE-NIGHT

Two 40 ounce bottles of malt liquor and a tin of mints hits the counter. Followed by a \$50 bill

The checker, MOLLY, 19, cute, way too much dark makeup, eyes her client--

COACH. Smiles, eyes are blood shot, shirt unbuttoned framing his St. Anthony Medallion that hangs around his neck; he's numbing his conscience and reeking of sex.

Molly bags up his beers and mints.

ROCK MUSIC STOPS.

COACH
Do I recognize you?

MOLLY
Nice line.

COACH
That's not a line, that's the truth. Just like somewhere beneath all that makeup and the smell of cloves permeating out your pores; there's an exquisite lady I'd love to introduce you to.

Molly looks at his hand. Nods.

MOLLY
Nice ring.

COACH
(he hasn't broke eye
contact the entire time)
Thanks, it was a gift. Not nearly as nice as the one I got her, but you know, it's the thought.

She rings him out, he picks up the change, leaves behind a \$5 and walks off.

Still he's engaged and she's start to eat it up.

He gets to the door and the MUSIC stop. He gets one last gulp of her.

COACH (CONT'D)
God...damn.

MUSIC STARTS

He walks out.

She starts to blush, looks at the napkin dispenser for her reflection, takes out a napkin, licks it and starts to wipe some makeup away.

SERIES OF SHOTS

A car door opens

It's closed

40 yanked out of the bag

Car keys hit ignition...turned...the MUSIC now comes from radio

40 opened and slugged down

And slugged

Belly expands

Slugged

Killed

Belly is full and like a balloon deflating, he lets out a massive burp and fart at the same time.

He laughs

Opens the glove box for a bottle of pills. A script of Xanax. Taps a couple out.

Grabs his other 40. Washes them down.

Takes a hit off the pipe in the center console.

Peels off.

EXT. STILLWELL HOUSE-NIGHT

Coach pulls into the driveway in his SUV. Trades the empty 40 for the mints still in the bag.

Gives a quick glance through the front windshield at the upstairs window. Lights are off.

He pours the entire tin of mints in his mouth and chews like a squirrel with a mouthful of nuts.

While still peeking out the front to see if the light turns on, he grabs in the center console for something else, no not weed, cologne.

Sprays his shirt.

Pauses--then on his crotch. Pauses--then on his hand. Pauses--then on his face.

INT. STILLWELL HOUSE-MASTER BEDROOM-NIGHT

A sleeping beauty--SYDNEY, same age as Coach, and she is his wife. Even asleep, she looks delicious yet terrifying.

Coach sneaks in. Quietly sheds shoes and clothes. His stealthiness indicates tolerance and experience.

He slips into bed--his head drops gratefully on his long awaited pillow, he stares at the ceiling for a minute with a blank expression. Thinking a little about what Darlene said. Shakes his head, smiles closes his eyes and then.

SYDNEY (O.S.)

Who was she?

The smiles disappears.

COACH

No one special.

She sits up, this just got her attention.

SYDNEY

What did you do?

He looks at her, gives her a look, like "Baby"

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Don't!

Shot down before even firing.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

We don't live by their rules, but don't you, don't you dare fuck this up for us!

COACH

Should we go after Antoine Collins?

She smacks him. They've clearly talked about this before.

SYDNEY

You're not ready.

She turns around, lays her head on her pillow and starts to head back to sleep, calming herself down.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Now grab your pillow and go sleep on the couch. You smell like you fucked a boy band.

Coach looks at her, the sky as to say "fuck, God, fuck". He goes to put his hand on her bare shoulder but right before he touches

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
A fucking boy band.

He pulls away. Grabs the pillow, gets up and leaves.

INT. COLLINS MANSION-MORNING

A palace. Like a castle built in the early 1900's. Very extravagant and regal. GLADYS COLLINS early 50's, sits at the dining table reading her iPad. When she awakes, she wakes breathtaking.

ENRIQUE, Latino servant, pours a cup of coffee from a French press. Then goes to pour a glass of orange juice--she moves the glass aside without taking her eyes off her iPad.

A single drop hits the table.

GLADYS
I feel like cranberry Enrique, and please be quick to clean up your mess before you ruin my fucking table.

FREEZE FRAME

DARLENE (V.O.)
Gladys Collins, the daughter of descendants of the Mayflower. She knows the secret handshake to all the clubs that the only thing of color are the clothes and the help. She's Antoine bulletproof vest. And you bet she knows how good she looks while being it.

BACK TO SCENE

ENRIQUE
Yes Madame.

ANTOINE (O.S.)
When I wake up the first thing I do is hop into my cryotherapy chamber. That's two hundred and sixteen degrees below freezing.

Gladys rolls her eyes.

A documentary crew surrounds Antoine. He's wearing the same tribal garment we saw earlier with the starving African kids.

ANTOINE (CONT'D)

Not many can handle it. But I've trained my mind to accept the cold as its natural element. And by doing so, I heal much faster.

The DIRECTOR, 20's, a young woman in a NY Mets baseball hat, watches rapt.

DIRECTOR

Like Wolverine?

ANTOINE

A little slower than that.
 (looking into the camera)
 But some have told me I am a superhero. Of course they don't know what they're talking about.

Laughs hysterically.

DIRECTOR

Please don't look into the camera.

The joy in his eyes turns to fury in a blink. The look paralyzes the director.

GLADYS

(noticing)
 Darling, can we please discuss your appearance on Marla?

His mercurial nature changes instantly again as he flashes a smile, looks deep into the directors eyes.

ANTOINE

(to Gladys)
 Absolutely honey.
 (to Director)
 Notice how she said please?

Director is a little terrified but finds the courage to nod.

DIRECTOR

Hey guys lets give them some privacy and shoot some b-roll.

They leave.

Enrique is still for some reason cleaning the table.

GLADYS

Piss off Enrique.

ENRIQUE

Yes Madame.

He leaves. It's just the Collins'.

GLADYS

May I make a suggestion?

ANTOINE

Like I could ever stop you my love.

GLADYS

Yeah, lets keep our temper under control with the female director of the documentary crew filming our lives. Okay? Good, glad we had this talk.

She is not only his bulletproof vest, but his electrified dog collar too.

GLADYS (CONT'D)

(referencing her iPad)

Have you heard of this Peter Stillwell?

ANTOINE

Stillwater? Haven't heard of him. Sounds like a character in a sitcom.

He thinks he's so funny.

Gladys doesn't.

GLADYS

He's creating quite the fan base in New York.

ANTOINE

Let him have it. I've got 49 other states and three continents.

GLADYS

No he can't. Right?

ANTOINE

Right.

GLADYS

Have you talked to John?

ANTOINE

Sale should be final any time now.

GLADYS
Billionaires Antoine! Billionaires.

ANTOINE
Sounds right doesn't it.

GLADYS
It does.

They kiss.

GLADYS (CONT'D)
Nice clothes.

ANTOINE
Thanks, Ethiopia.

GLADYS
Did you bring them food?

ANTOINE
T-shirts.

She laughs and shakes her head.

GLADYS
Get back to your movie, I got to
work on the Charity Ball.

ANTOINE
Yes my lady.
(to the crew)
Where were we.

The crew comes in.

DIRECTOR
Ready?

ANTOINE
Always

DIRECTOR
Yeah, okay, sticks

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR gets in front of the camera.

A.D.
Morning routine, and...

Prepares sticks

DIRECTOR
Rolling

A.D. claps the sticks

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

Action

ANTOINE

So after my cryotherapy, I drink a Goji berry, Camu, Camu, and Kale smoothie before one hour of aiki jitsu followed by my hyperbaric chamber where I take a 20 minute nap.

Gladys rolls her eyes again and starts to read the New York Daily. A picture of Peter and Sydney Stillwell is captioned, "The Next Guru?"

EXT. SARATOGA SPRINGS, NY-DAY

The beautiful city is bustling in all its splendor.

Horses hold up traffic as they cross.

People are enjoying their morning coffee and power walks.

EXT. STRIP MALL-DAY

Oh you know it's your standard little plaza. Chinese restaurant called "The Blue Dragon", the same family owns the laundromat doors down. Sandwiched in between is a big windowed business, with the words: "Coach Pete It Up" stenciled on it.

INT. COACH PETE IT UP-WAITING ROOM-DAY

On the inside, it's a well decorated waiting room. Modern, stylish, it looks like a \$10,000 saddle on a donkey, but they are trying.

SHIRLEY, late 60's, receptionist, office manager, mother figure. She sits at the counter behind a sliding glass window.

In walks Coach with a jumbo sized cup of coffee, hiding behind his Ray Bans. He had a long night.

SHIRLEY

Good morning!

COACH

What's so good about it Shirley?

SHIRLEY

Glad to see we're ready to inspire
the masses Coach Pete it Up.

Coach walks through, takes off his sunglasses to reveal his
blood shot eyes.

Shirley, seeing this before simply opens up her drawer and
hands him a bottle of Visene.

COACH

Slept on the couch, or tried to
sleep on the couch. Who buys a
leather couch?

SHIRLEY

I wouldn't blame the couch.
(hands him a folder)
Richard Burgess

COACH

Who was your freshman year crush?

SHIRLEY

No, that was Mr. McNamara. Dreamy,
but by the afternoon his classroom
smelled like old cabbage.

COACH

Five seconds of my life I'll never
get back.

SHIRLEY

Funny you should put it that way,
because Richard Burgess, your nine
am

Coach looks at his watch, and his eyes bulge out

COACH

Where is he?

SHIRLEY

In your office, he wasn't
comfortable waiting in here.

She points to the massive window out front where there is
absolutely nothing stopping any and everyone from staring in
to see if they know someone desperate enough to go in there.

Which there are, you know, PEOPLE doing just that as they
walk by.

COACH

Ya, I really need to--

SHIRLEY

Ya, you need to do something about that window.

EXT. STRIP MALL-DAY

A compact car pulls up, inside is Darlene. She parks it a little bit away from where Coach's office sits. She's about to settle in for a moment, and just as she does.

PHONE RINGS

She looks, sees who it is, annoyed

DARLENE

Yes?

(beat)

What do you think I'm doing?

(beat)

I'm here now

(beat)

If I didn't have to waste time on the phone...

She hangs up. Opens up a paper bag and crushes her breakfast sandwich. Not very lady like, but she never claimed to be one now did she?

INT. COACH'S OFFICE-DAY

RICHARD, late 50's, frumpy, melancholy, which we'll get to, and is making us uncomfortable by how uncomfortable he is by simply sitting.

The DOOR OPENS AND SHUTS quickly and loudly...also intentionally by Coach

Richard jumps up and Coach is waiting for him. They are nose to nose

COACH

Richard?

RICHARD

Dick.

COACH

I'm good, how about your hand instead?

Coach sticks out his hand, Richard obliges but has his dead fish crushed by the mitt of Coach.

RICHARD

No, my friends and family call me
Dick

COACH

Well, you tried to kill yourself,
so, I don't think that's helping
any.

Coach frees Richards hand and makes his way around his desk

RICHARD

Maybe this wasn't--

COACH

Goddamn it.
(hits the button on his
intercom)
Shirley, be a peach and bring me my
coffee.
(beat)
Richard, have a seat

Shirley makes her way in with Coach's massive cup of coffee. She gives a grin to Richard who is too terrified to notice.

SHIRLEY

(to Coach)
You had a walk-in inquire about an
appointment after you're done here.

COACH

Am I a hairstylist?

SHIRLEY

You don't have anything scheduled
and trust me, you'll like her, your
wife not so much, but you two have
this--

COACH

Yes, yes, god yes.

SHIRLEY

I'll let her know.

Shirley turns and makes it blatantly clear she finds Richard cute with this look and smile. She knows he needs to see that. She's a good lady. She exits.

COACH
Did I just catch--

RICHARD
I don't know--

COACH
Why not? If I were blind and had no
sense of taste, touch, or smell,
I'd hit that.

SHIRLEY
(from right behind the
door)
Fuck you Peter!

COACH
(amused)
I knew she was there.
(beat)
Richard?

Richard is still standing, punch drunk

RICHARD
Yes.

COACH
You're still standing.

He sits down quietly.

RICHARD
Like I was trying to say, I don't--

COACH
(reading his file)
You tried to do it by drinking a
six pack of beer and a dozen
sleeping pills? That sounds like a
fun night. Shitty plan for suicide
though. Next time use a gun. Hard
to fuck up a bullet to the back of
the head. But you didn't want to
kill yourself now did you Richard?

RICHARD
No

COACH
Who were you trying to say fuck you
to?

RICHARD
You say fuck a lot

COACH
Some people say um, I say fuck.

RICHARD
Ex-wife.

COACH
Said um a lot?

RICHARD
No she was the one I was--

COACH
Ah, yeah, so let's do this, lets
make a better plan to show her how
to go fuck herself and this time
you got me. So it sure as shit will
be much better than this Keith
Richards of a good time. You good
with that?

Richard looks up, there is a smile behind his eyes.

INT. COACH PETE IT UP-WAITING ROOM-DAY

Breaking through the doors, blowing by the back of the LADY
in the waiting room is Sydney.

Oh we know who the lady is.

SYDNEY
Shirley!

SHIRLEY
Mrs. Stillwell.

SYDNEY
Knock that shit off. Where's that
little hardbody dipshit assistant
to my douche of a husband?

SHIRLEY
He's more than likely on his way
Mrs. Stillwell. Probably grabbing
coffee, bagels or something else
that he can't afford for us.

SYDNEY
Hey, he sought us out.

BRADLEY (O.S.)
Who sought who out?

Bradley walks in holding exactly what Shirley referred to earlier: 3 pack of coffee, and a bag of bagels with all the fixing.

The Lady on the couch turns to face the outside, not knowing her reflection is clear as day in that huge goddamn window in the front. It's Darlene.

SYDNEY
You even get napkins. Which one is Pete's?

BRADLEY
The one with a whole lotta cream and whole lotta sugar.

SYDNEY
Something about that just pisses me off. He won't be needing it.

She grabs it and gets right in his face.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
We've talked about this haven't we?

He knows, and nods.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
I know why you're here

He gives a look of concern

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
Before he can behave like Bill Clinton on Ecstasy in Cabo, he has to become Bill Clinton first. Comprende?

He smiles with relief and nods.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
Shirley, when will my husband be free?

SHIRLEY
Oh not until lunch Mrs. Stillwell.

She cringes every time she hears that.

SYDNEY

Tell him I'll call him then, tell
him not to fuck anyone, and tell
him Bradley has a friend who works
in the morgue so making him
disappear--

Darlene coughs, grabbing everyone's attention.

Bradley looks at her wide-eyed, Sydney looks at her
suspiciously.

BRADLEY

May we help you--

SHIRLEY

She's his next appointment.

BRADLEY

She--

SYDNEY

She certainly is cute.

Sydney walks over, smirking.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Are you one of his groupies?

DARLENE

Groupies?

Sydney lets out this odd laugh, it doesn't even sound like a
laugh, like a snort mixed with a sneeze mixed with a gasp
mixed with a laugh.

SYDNEY

Yeah...

She walks out holding eye contact until she leaves

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Have a great day everyone!

SHIRLEY

You too Mrs. Stillwell.

(beat)

Bradley.

Bradley is locked on Darlene, why is she there?

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

Bradley!

BRADLEY
 (snapping out of it)
 Yes, yes Shirley?

Darlene goes back to reading her magazine

SHIRLEY
 We have to insert the sales totals
 from last night.

BRADLEY
 (still looking at Darlene)
 Sure thing

Darlene gives a little corner of the eye look to him, he notices, she smirks and goes back to reading. He waits, and then turns to help Shirley

INT. COACH'S OFFICE-DAY

Richard is leaning in, Coach sits at his desk, leaning back, not breaking one second of eye contact.

RICHARD
 What?

COACH
 No, why did you?

RICHARD
 Who says I did?

COACH
 Who the fuck cares who said what!
 Jesus Christ I'm in a fucking Dr.
 Seuss book! Who? What? Why? How?
 Fuck! Answer the goddamn question.

RICHARD
 You talk different.

COACH
 If you don't answer the fucking
 question I'm going to beat the shit
 out of you like your father should
 of!

RICHARD
 He did.

COACH
 You dont't fucking say...

RICHARD

What was the question again?

COACH

(annoyed)

Do you like to choke yourself when you jerk off to Islamic lesbians?

RICHARD

Why did I let my wife treat me that way?

A thank you comes across the face of Coach.

Richard is really pondering the question as opposed to reacting to it.

COACH

There it is. You see, we always play the victim when we get the chance. I mean we wake up everyday worrying about my health, my family, my families health, my job, my families jobs, my friends, why don't I have enough friends, the Government, the President, the New York Mets, not to mention strangers and strangers with guns, and oh my god the fucking weather!

Richard laughs, genuinely laughs because he knows exactly what he's talking about.

COACH (CONT'D)

And when you play that role so often, you're typecast in your own mind. And the reason you tried to kill yourself, wasn't because you wanted to die, it was your fucking heart saying to your mind stop! I'm done being fucking hurt by you! So you put your mind into a fucking strangle hold and right now, this conflict is at the O.K. Corral. And you ain't Doc Holliday. Not yet. But you have to realize this, the reason you pulled some shit a 16 year old girl would do to get the attention of the captain of the football team is this: The passion in your heart, the spirit in your soul, the superheroes within you said fuck you! It's my turn!

(MORE)

COACH (CONT'D)

So what do you think, let's see
what they have to say? Hmmm?

Richard is fully erect. Which makes him look like a penis
with his bald head. It's odd yet fitting. But we just got
introduced to a man with confidence.

Here is the thing, the delivery in which Coach provides this
message is the beauty of the man. He cares. He genuinely
loves helping people. And they feel that.

EXT. COLLINS MANSION-JUPITER, FL-DAY

What would you expect this place to be other than a palace.
Gorgeous infinite pool, fucking fountains everywhere. Nobody
needs that many fountains, but here they are, a ton of
fountains. More greens keepers than Augusta. And they are
all Mexican. Ironic.

Pool side looking delicious is Gladys. Reading her tablet
again.

Antoine is showing the camera crew around. Points to a
gorgeous fountain, one of many.

ANTOINE

I was given this fountain by the
President Adrizonne of Sicily

DIRECTOR

Antoine, please feel free to go
about your day like you typically
would, we don't need a tour.

Antoine is staring at the fish in the fountain, like he wants
to pet them

ANTOINE

What?

DIRECTOR

(nervous)

We just, you live a fascinating
life, we, we're a documentary crew
so...

ANTOINE

What?

DIRECTOR

...please

Looks straight the Director with this fake million dollar smile

ANTOINE

No problem. I'm just very passionate about them, that's all.

DIRECTOR

(relieved)
As I would be.

With an odd ferocity

ANTOINE

What do you know about passion?

The Director is changing from scared to, like "what the fuck is this guys deal?"

DIRECTOR

Um, nothing, I guess.

ANTOINE

Exactly!

Being led from the house is JOHN MONTGOMERY 70s, looks like he sleeps in sculpted Armani suit. Next to him is BRIAN BECKER 70's. Looks like he's being interrupted from his drunken 36 holes at TPC Sawgrass.

They make their way to Gladys first, to pay respects, plus, well, to get as close as they can to this fine looking woman.

Montgomery is first, goes in to give her at least a hug, hopefully a kiss. She stops them and holds her hand out to only kiss it.

MONTGOMERY

Gladys, ravishing as always

Becker follows

BECKER

If you ever want to leave him, I'd divorce my wife in a second.

GLADYS

And I doubt she would mind.

The men just looks at themselves and go over to Antoine, they notice the camera crew

BECKER

Oh I'm sorry fellas, off the record.

DIRECTOR

I'm sorry, I was under the impression that all--

ANTOINE

Check the contract kids. Piss off.

DIRECTOR

I'm calling my attorney to do just that.

MONTGOMERY

What? Piss off? He can too.

The men all just laugh like three douchebag rich men can only do.

Meanwhile, the Director is on her cell pissing off

BECKER

(quietly)

Really Antoine?

ANTOINE

They're paying me to make a movie. Think about this, I can't buy that type of marketing.

MONTGOMERY

Actually--

ANTOINE

Okay, in Mexico, but in the states, this shit's priceless!

BECKER

Well, if Mrs. Spielberg thinks they're putting my image--

ANTOINE

Right now, she's finding out that I get final cut. You'll be fine.

MONTGOMERY

Well played

ANTOINE

I try. Speaking of trying so did you come here to try to kiss my wife or my ass?

MONTGOMERY

(amused)

Really?

BECKER

Did we forget who fucking found you?

ANTOINE

No, I just know the real reason you're here. So, don't you forget who is going to provide you with more money than life should ever permit two men to have.

(beat)

Anything else?

MONTGOMERY

(shaking his hand)

Antoine, we've made millions together, and we're about to make billions. But fuck this up, and what they did to your father will be nothing compared to what we will do to that high society slut of a wife.

BECKER

Now go make your movie.

They start to walk away all pompous and as they are about to get to the gate

Montgomery is turned around and grabbed by the throat with Antoin's left hand and Becker is by his right. They are puny to this mass of a man. He strangles, he strangles, holy shit! The rage in his eyes.

GLADYS (O.S.)

Let go sweetie.

Gladys walks in front of him and lightly touches both of Antoin's hands, he lets go violently.

She tamed her beast.

The handprints around their necks look like they'll never leave.

ANTOINE

Fellas, I wouldn't talk about doing anything to her ever again.

(MORE)

ANTOINE (CONT'D)

She's the only reason I didn't
squeeze your tiny fucking heads
until your greedy fucking eyeballs
popped out.

GLADYS

Like one of those cute, little,
stress toys.

ANTOINE

Precisely

Antoine turns around and walks back, composes himself.

Grabs Gladys's hand and walks back to the camera crew

ANTOINE (CONT'D)

Mr. Director! Come, let me tell you
about this fountain that I got from
the Sultan of Oman

Becker and Montgomery just look at themselves, they may have
finally lost control of Kong.

INT. COACH PETE IT UP-WAITING ROOM-DAY

Coming out of his office with a more colorful, proud version
of Richard is Coach.

COACH

Shirley, take care of my sexy
friend here.

BRADLEY

Coach--

SHIRLEY

I would love to

BRADLEY

Coach--

COACH

Richard, you better ask for her
phone number

BRADLEY

Coach--

(CONT'D)

COACH
 Goddamn it Bradley can't you see
 I'm enjoy a moment over...
 (notices Darlene)
 Sodomize me with a fucking turkey
 baster.

They lock eyes. We stay with them.

RICHARD (O.S.)
 So...

SHIRLEY (O.S.)
 345-6737

BRADLEY
 Do you--

COACH
 (still looking at Darlene)
 Richard, she loves lilies.

SHIRLEY
 Oh you don't need to get me flowers

RICHARD
 Tiger lilies?

Coach turns around and gets in between this love fest

COACH
 Okay, I can't. This is why you got
 her number. Richard, you take care
 my brother

Equally firm handshake is shared Coach notices and smile

RICHARD
 I owe you

COACH
 No, all customers pre-pay so

RICHARD
 That's not-

COACH
 I know. You just do me two favors,
 one, stick to the plan.

RICHARD
 And two?

COACH
To be determined.

Richard smirks he's intrigued.

Coach walks over to Bradley and Richard leaves

BRADLEY
Should I-

COACH
Send her in

Coach waves her in with his finger, he's not happy.

But Darlene is. And she smirks as she follows Bradley

INT. COACH'S OFFICE-DAY

Coach goes over to a mini bar he has, pours himself a small drink.

Darlene comes in and Bradley shuts the door behind her.

DARLENE
So--

COACH
So what exactly do you think
happened last night?

DARLENE
I--

COACH
Are you like some weird Harry
Potter meets Voodoo where by me
sticking my dick in you on a
janitors closet bench means we're
married or some shit?

DARLENE
Okay asshole. I was going to simply
try to persuade you a little more
eloquently, but fuck that and fuck
you. You're going to help me kill
Antoine Collins.

(CONT'D)

COACH

What the fuck is wrong with you lunatic lady? Why the fuck should, no, why the fuck would I help you kill the most popular self help fuck in the history of fucking self help?

INT. STILLWELL LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

COACH

Yeah, I have to help her kill Antoine Collins.

SYDNEY

(dumbfounded)
Help who?

COACH

The girl.

SYDNEY

What girl?

COACH

You know, the girl.

SYDNEY

No, so for now the third time, who? What girl?

COACH

The girl from the other night.

SYDNEY

But I though she was nobody.

COACH

Well...

INT. COACH'S OFFICE-DAY

DARLENE

I'm thinking of calling it "The Coach". Yeah, I'm going to call it "The Coach" with a pic of that pretty face of yours right smack dab at the top of it.

COACH

How many people read

DARLENE
Subscribe

COACH
Subscribe to your blog?

INT. STILLWELL LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

SYDNEY
1.2 Million! Oh for fucks--

INT. COACH'S OFFICE-DAY

COACH
Sake! Who the fuck are you, Arianna
Huffington?

INT. STILLWELL LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

SYDNEY
Who did you fuck, Arianna
Huffington?

COACH
Funny I literally asked the same
question.

Sydney cuffs him across the face! He looks at her, she cuffs
him even harder!

He doesn't yell, he doesn't get angry, he simply looks at her
like a child that is being smacked by his mother. Sad.

SYDNEY
Did you not know--

COACH
I knew she was some sort of a
reporter, just--

SYDNEY
Just what? You...had...sex, with
a goddamn reporter Peter! And you
knew she was a reporter! What the
fuck is wrong with you?

COACH
Syd--

SYDNEY
What the fuck is wrong with you?

Coach can't say anything. And if he could, he wouldn't, or shouldn't and he knows that.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

(starts to cry)

Why can't I be enough for you?

He looks at her like she's never said that to him, but he knows, it was only a matter of time before this ended.

COACH

You are

SYDNEY

(and she's pissed)

Don't you fucking patronize me!
Goddamn you Peter! You're the
smartest fucking imbecile on Earth.
This is why you're not ready. But
now we have to be.

(beat)

Leave, go, fuck another one of your
unstable clients, because god knows
that's not volatile. Or better yet,
go have some apple crisp.

She walks away, we have no idea what that means. We will.

Coach, a man who gives advice for a living, does the one thing he shouldn't. Leave.

She pulls out a bottle of wine, fills the glass half way, slugs it down. Pours in some more. She looks up and catches her reflection. She looks beaten down, tired, nothing like the woman we've met so far.

Then, she pulls herself up, spine straight, like she's being tested in charm school. Her eyes change to intensity, staring herself down.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

No one can hurt you. I won't let
them.

FLASHBACK

INT. PETE'S CAR-PAST

A hysterically sobbing Sydney, this is years ago, is in Pete's arms as he's trying to calm down an infant having a meltdown.

COACH

No one can hurt you...No one can
hurt you...No one can hurt you...I
won't let them.

BACK TO PRESENT

Sydney takes a sip of her wine and disappears from the reflection.

INT. DARLENE'S HOTEL-NIGHT

Something like Dave Matthews plays as she sits cross-legged on the bed typing away taking the occasional sip of beer.

CELL PHONE RINGS

She looks real quick and answers, like she's expecting the call

DARLENE

Hey Jen

(beat)

Yeah, organizing my notes, playing
with openings, thinking of an
Italian Proverb.

BEEP IN HER EAR

DARLENE (CONT'D)

Hold on

She looks and sees that it says UNAVAILABLE

DARLENE (CONT'D)

Jen, it's private...Oh I know.

(beat)

Yeah, I'll call back. Thanks

She switches calls

DARLENE (CONT'D)

I'm on the National
do not call list asshole.

INT. STILLWELL HOUSE-NIGHT

The only thing we see is the back of Sydney's head

SYDNEY

He's not ready

INTERCUT

She just got Darlene's full attention. Quickly being the confused damsel

DARLENE

I'm sorry, who is this?

SYDNEY

I don't know why you want Antoine Collins dead, are truthfully, I'm indifferent. That's for Peter to find out. I just want to know how?

DARLENE

Oh the pragmatist of family.

SYDNEY

He's not a killer, and he's not ready.

DARLENE

I don't need him to be ready, I don't need him to be a killer, I just need him to be perfect.

SYDNEY

You didn't answer my question

DARLENE

Which is?

SYDNEY

How?

Darlene drinks her beer and Sydney drinks her wine

INT. DINER-NIGHT

Old fashioned diner that looks like shit, but has amazing food and you know it.

Coach looks like he just left the gym. He's sitting there playing with one of those games where you can only leave one peg in the hole by jumping other pegs.

A plate of apple crisp and a vanilla milkshake are put in front of him.

He looks up and we see TONI, early 30's, you can tell she used to be a breathtaking girl, but years of cigarettes, alcohol, bad relationships, long nights, and three kids took their toll. But those eyes.

TONI

Your apple crisp and shake. Let me know if you want anything else or maybe something from our dessert menu.

Coach, with a creased look in his eyes, he's been drinking.

COACH

I may look at the menu.

ORDER UP is screamed by the cook.

TONI

Don't get too full now, okay?

He winks, she leaves, bell at the door, in comes someone, sits down, it's Bradley. He's tired.

BRADLEY

Sorry, the hot blogger is staying at the Travel Lodge on seven.

Coach, goes reaching into his gym bag and pulls out a flask, offers some to Bradley, he declines. Pours some into milkshake. Swirls, takes a massive few hauls off of it to lessen the amount of shake so he can refill it with more whiskey, and stirs

COACH

Hot blogger?

BRADLEY

Yeah, because you know because she's

COACH

Whatever happened to good names like Deep Throat?

BRADLEY

I blame porn. Unless you want to call her the Dark Boner or it's sequel, the Dark Boner Rises.

COACH

Is that--

BRADLEY

Yes, a porn with a black Batman.

COACH

No, is that all about the hot blogger?

BRADLEY

What's the play here?

COACH

Find out as much as you can about her. But first, find out as much as you can about Antoine Collins. I don't know what this little shit has planned for me, but it better be good.

Coach looks over and sees Toni, she smiles.

He smiles. And we...

FADE OUT.

INSERT TELEVISION

A TV goes on. A commercial for a pharmaceutical drug concludes. Then--"MARLA LIVE". An audience cheers.

MARLA, black, late 50's, the Oprah type talk show host we saw earlier. Hugging weeping girls, jumps and down with her audience, high-five and jumping up and down with a-list celebrities...

INT. MARLA STUDIOS-DAY

Marla's studio is an extravagant hall with a huge "MARLA" in feminine script along the back. Filled with a capacity audience of about five hundred. The mass majority are women with a few gay men sprinkled throughout.

Marla and Antoine sit on stage in front of cameras, each with their own love seat. Glass coffee table between them. Two mugs bearing Marla's logo sit on the table. Next to them, Antoine's book--"UNCHAINED: THE KEYS TO PERSONAL FREEDOM".

MARLA

And we're back with my dear friend
and own personal health and
wellness coach, Antoine Collins.

The crowd goes nuts. Well, they scream, not so much losing their shit, but you know, it's daytime tv.

MARLA (CONT'D)

Okay Antoine, we all know the story, and if you don't please come out from under the rock you've been living under and realize yes, we've landed on the moon.

Her and Antoine laugh, almost like they're trying to out-do who thought it was funnier.

MARLA (CONT'D)

Yes, so Antoine, you are the son of an Mexican Immigrant from, am I pronouncing this right, Ox uh can uh?

ANTOINE

Ox eh con ah.

MARLA

Oxacana, got it. And mom was a hippie from New Hampshire that worked in a Texan hospital.

Off in the crowd, we see someone get up and leave their seat, not clearly, but we see them leave the auditorium.

ANTOINE

Yes, dad came here for a better life, by the grace of God he met my mother because he almost died from heat exhaustion and dysentery.

MARLA

(very engaged)
Yes, yes.

ANTOINE

We lost papa due to complications from that experience years later.

MARLA

And mom took you to New Hampshire afterwards where she met Keith Collins years later and that is where you not only got your name, but your love for--

ANTOINE

Life, my love for life came from Keith, that's why I took his last name when he married mama.

MARLA
Who you lost...

ANTOINE
Just over two years ago.

MARLA
I'm so sorry

She puts her hand on his and his goes on hers. They both start to tear up. Some in the crowd even. They applaud the deceased.

MARLA (CONT'D)
Yes, let's hear it for the beautiful woman that brought this man into all of our lives.

They start to cheer even louder.

The person that we saw leave the auditorium is now back in their seat.

MARLA (CONT'D)
Lets pick our spirits up, shall we?

ANTOINE
By all means

MARLA
Do you know what separates my show from all the others?

ANTOINE
You

MARLA
Aw, of course. Other than that.

ANTOINE
I'm dying to hear

MARLA
It's the raw organic nature of live tv. And this is where I ask my wonderful audience, yes, give yourself a hand.

Everyone, Marla, Antoine, camera crew, gaffers, lights, they all applaud. It's weird

MARLA (CONT'D)
This is where I ask my wonderful audience to participate.

A P.A.#1 wearing a MARLA t-shirt comes onto the stage and hands a stack of cards to Marla

MARLA (CONT'D)

Thank you Michelle. The first question is...from Dotty. Dotty from Des Moines. You came all the way from Iowa Dotty?

DOTTY, 70's, dressed like she's going to church, is handed a microphone by P.A.#2, this one is wearing a headset.

DOTTY

Uh, hi, yes. Oh my god I can't believe I'm talking to you two!

MARLA

Breathe Dotty

She takes that literally and takes a huge deep breath.

DOTTY

Mr. Collins, my husband and I love you so much

ANTOINE

I love you too Dotty, but please, Antoine

He flashes his million-dollar smile.

She squeals

DOTTY

Yes, Antoine, who are your heroes in life?

ANTOINE

All of you!

The crowd applauds this horseshit of an answer.

MARLA

I want to follow up on that, you're the hero to so many, but who is the heroes hero?

ANTOINE

Oh, I've been blessed to have so many, my mom and dad of course, you, John Montgomery and Brian Becker

MARLA

Montgomery and Becker productions,
who gave you your start.

ANTOINE

Without them, none of this is
possible. Oh and I almost forgot
someone, my perfect wife Gladys

Crowd applauds.

MARLA

Okay, one more question, Betty from
Saratoga Springs, NY. Oh I love
Saratoga this time of year,
gorgeous. Where's Betty?

FREEZE ON MARLA AND ANTOINE

DARLENE (V.O.)

How many of you are expecting to
read "this plan was so simple"?
Well, not so much here really.
One, because everything had to be
done right, and two...

COACH (O.S.)

One more time

FLASHBACK INT. COACH'S OFFICE-NIGHT

Sydney, Coach, and Darlene are in the office while Coach is
getting himself a drink from his mini bar.

SYDNEY

I swear to God Peter if you ask her
one more fucking time so you can
feel like Don Draper walking in his
office with one woman and one slut
you slept with while sipping
scotch...

DARLENE

I prefer lady

SYDNEY

Whore-faced twat

COACH

Or maybe I want to make absolutely
goddamn sure that when she says my
name on live TV she doesn't fuck it
up!

INT. MARLA STUDIOS-DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

The P.A.#2 hands off the mike to Darlene. Both Antoine and Marla are smitten with her. Until

DARLENE

Yes, Mr.--

ANTOINE

Oh come on now, what did I say?

DARLENE

(blushing)

Yes, Antoine

(changes demeanor)

Peter Stillwell believes we all are our own hero, unlike you, who feels you are. I know I'm supposed to ask a question so, your thoughts?

ANTOINE

I'm sorry, who?

FREEZE ON DARLENE

DARLENE (V.O.)

I won't fuck it up. Except, well, I almost fucked it up.

FLASHBACK

INT. MARLA STUDIOS LOBBY-MOMENTS EARLIER

Darlene is line with a slew of OTHER LADIES discussing what questions to ask, how much they love Antoine, how much they love Marla, how Marla should run for President, how Antoine should run for President.

Darlene finishes her perfectly crafted question. Walks up to the MARLA PRODUCER goofy looking guy that just knows how to talk to older ladies, but when Darlene walks over

DARLENE

(flirtatiously)

Hi

He may have just came in his pants

MARLA PRODUCER

Hey...hi...hello

DARLENE

I hope you like my question, I
worked hard on it, so hard.

She tongues her pen.

He gulps.

MARLA PRODUCER

I wouldn't be surprised to hear
your name, Betty.

He smiles

She blinks and smiles.

INT. MARLA STUDIOS-DAY

She comes in as Marla is introducing him again

MARLA (O.S.)

And were back with my dear
friend...

It's the scene from earlier and when she says

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

...Antoine Collins!

Crowd goes nuts and Darlene freezes, she stares at him, it's
the first time she's ever seen him in person and you can just
tell. The people jumping all around her, waving, gyrating.

She can't look at him.

She forces her way to her seat and everyone sits down right
as she gets there. As Marla is conducting the interview, her
eyes can't focus. The person on the left bumps her arm, the
person on the right brushes up against her. She checks her
palms, sweaty.

She's having a panic attack.

She gets up abruptly and to the dismay of the loyal in
attendance, she gets to the aisle, breaks out of the studios,
and

INT. BATHROOM-NIGHT

Darlene rushes in, she thinks she's having a heart attack.
Splashes water on her face

QUICK FLASHBACK

We see the phone ring from the beginning, it's Darlene who ignores the call.

BACK TO BATHROOM

Using her hand as a cup she tries to drink some water from the tap. She's calming down. She looks in the mirror. And like Sydney, she stares herself down, pulls herself upright, grabs a paper towel, dries herself.

One last look.

DARLENE

Fuck him.

BACK TO MARLA Q&A

DARLENE (CONT'D)

Peter Stillwell, Health and Wellness Coach and author of "Life-Pro, The Playbook on How to Dominate your life". He states--

The mike goes dead. P.A.#2 runs up to grab it out of her hand. They tussle. A murmur runs through the uncomfortable audience.

Antoine shoots Marla a displeased look.

INT. SYDNEY'S OFFICE-DAY

Sydney leans back smiling--it's her television that went on a moment ago.

ANTOINE (V.O.)

I think everyone is different. I know for me, as described in any of my books, including the one I brought with me today, "Unchained", that people need people. And it's my mission to be there for all of you. And I will show you that anything is possible.

There is an awkward applause

MARLA (V.O.)

Anything is possible, even little girls writing down one question and asking another.

(MORE)

MARLA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Let's take a break shall we? Live
TV Folks. Please don't leave.

She flashes the camera huge smile.

INT. MARLA STUDIOS-DAY

Stage lights down, off air. Antoine and Marla take off their microphones and walk backstage.

MARLA
That little whore faced twat.

ANTOINE
So when did we stop vetting these
people Marla? Or am I special?

INT. MARLA STUDIOS-BACKSTAGE-CONTINUOUS

MARLA
Vetting? Do you really think I have
to worry about a girl named Betty
from--

Antoine gets in her face, only a YOUNG LADY, who we'll meet
in a moment sees.

ANTOINE
I'm humiliated Marla

MARLA
I thought people like you don't get
humiliated Antoine

ANTOINE
No, you have that confused with
intimidated

Cue STEPHANIE, Antoine's assistant, early 30's sharp-dressed
in her ladies dress suit.

She grabs his arm

He looks

She smiles and leads Kong to his cage, aka: dressing room.

ANTOINE (CONT'D)
Who is Peter... what the fuck is
his name?

She pulls out her phone and stylus and goes to work.

STEPHANIE
Stillwell, from Saratoga Springs I
surmise.

ANTOINE
That was an awful lot of words that
began with s.

STEPHANIE
You're distracting me.

FREEZE FRAME

DARLENE (V.O.)
Stephanie Manning. Personal
assistant extraordinaire to the
Guru. She also may be the hot
assassin that some villains in
movies have.

BACK TO SCENE

ANTOINE
Stillwell why does that name--

His cell phone rings, Stephanie, without breaking stride or
focus pull it out and scans it real quick

STEPHANIE
The Mrs.

He nods and answers

ANTOINE
Good thing Youtube doesn't exist.

INT. HOTEL SUITE-DAY

Gladys getting a pedicure watching the T.V

GLADYS
Or fucking social media! Jesus
Christ Antoine, Peter Stillwell is--

She gets poked by PEDICURIST

GLADYS (CONT'D)
Goddamn it!

PEDICURIST
(startled but continues to
work)
I'm so sorry

INT. MARLA STUDIOS DRESSING ROOM-DAY

Antoine is standing in the doorway. Stephanie is reading.

ANTOINE
Fucking Stillwater! Son of a--

He slams the door with his name and star right on it as we hear a NUCLEAR MELTDOWN.

Stephanie stands in front of the door, blocking his name.

INT. MARLA STUDIOS-HALLWAY-DAY

Darlene is being escorted out by a well dressed, well bearded, bald mountain named BILLY RAY. She feels a vibration in her pant leg and goes to pull out her phone.

BILLY RAY
Think that's a good idea?

Darlene catches the view of two words-GOOD JOB

DARLENE
I think bathing is a good idea.

INT. COACH'S OFFICE-DAY

Coach is with a new client, ANDI, late 30's--her blue eyes are what makes her cute.

COACH
Andi, with a i?

ANDI
Yup.

PHONE VIBRATES

COACH
Cute.

Reads the message--ITS STARTED

INT. SYDNEY'S OFFICE-DAY

Sydney puts down her phone, she's the one sending the messages. Suddenly an overeager SALESWOMAN, older, way too much makeup, hair spray, and professionally attired barrels in.

SALESWOMAN

Sydney, I'm ninety percent sure I just closed--

SYDNEY

Get the fuck out! If the only difference between ninety and one hundred is them saying yes, then get the fuck out!

Saleswoman not so much runs but sprints out of her office

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

(yelling)

And aqua net, when it's a hundred you'll be compensated with a goddamn paycheck!

Sydney soaks in the sun coming through her office window. She's enjoying this.

INT. COACH'S OFFICE-DAY

Coach puts down his phone as Andi is almost pleading her case

ANDI

It was embarrassing

COACH

What he did?

ANDI

Yes

COACH

Because you cheated?

ANDI

Yes

COACH

And you feel embarrassed over the fact he called you out on it?

ANDI

Yes

COACH

And now you want to kill him?

ANDI

Yes

He gets up, makes his way to grab a drink, looks over to her, she nods yes. He pours two glasses of scotch, walks it over to her

COACH

I get it. But I think we can find other ways for you to release your hostility.

They cheers and flirtatiously smile as they both take a sip.

INT. MARLA STUDIOS-HALLWAY-DAY

BILLY RAY is right at the end of hallway and about to throw Darlene out the door.

BILLY RAY

I should use your head to open this thing.

DARLENE

Oh real tough hotdog neck.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

Billy Ray, hold on.

Stephanie makes her way to them

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Give me a second with our friend Billy

They pass and Stephanie slips him a piece of paper. Billy Ray touches the back of his neck as he makes his way back down the hall. Yes, they look like hot dogs too.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Well, aren't we trying to take the easy way to the majors?

DARLENE

You may think this was easy--

STEPHANIE

Cute. Listen, if you and your back alley bible thumper of--

DARLENE

You clearly haven't had enough time to research.

She has.

STEPHANIE

You're right. How about this, grab the Stillwells, and let them know our annual Charity Ball is happening at the The Grand in two nights. You can come but your Phish concert outfit can't. Black tie. I hope you understand.

DARLENE

I'll let them know.

Stephanie waits a second, holds out her hand, Darlene shakes. They part ways. Stephanie stops and looks back

STEPHANIE

Oh and Darlene, you should bring Peters assistant Bradley, he's cute.

Darlene freezes.

Stephanie turns right around and Billy Ray nods to her as he points to the door. Darlene finally snaps out of it and leaves.

EXT. CITY STREETS-DAY

Darlene is out there, alone, confused. She pulls out her phone and starts to text.

INT. SYDNEY'S OFFICE-DAY

Sydney, still basking in the sun hears her phone chime, sees it-CHARITY BALL SATURDAY NIGHT

Sydney laughs. And all excited, with pure joy, into her intercom

SYDNEY

Leslie, get my dress ready, I have a date Saturday!

EXT. CITY STREETS-DAY

Darlene puts her phone away and shivers a bit from the briskness of the day, or maybe a shiver up her spine.

INT. HOTEL SUITE-NIGHT

Booming through the door irate is Antoine. Trailing is Stephanie and Gladys is pacing with a glass of wine.

GLADYS

What the--

Antoine storming past her puts his hand up

ANTOINE

Don't

She puts her hand up, understanding.

STEPHANIE

If you would slow down for one goddamn second I would tell you how it's being handled.

GLADYS

How?

ANTOINE

Who the fuck cares how? You know what? I take that back, Saturday night, invite them--

GLADYS

--Antoine--

STEPHANIE

--They are--

ANTOINE

I'm going to personally look him and that dirty cunt of a wife...he married?

STEPHANIE

He is--

ANTOINE

Both of them right in their eyes before...

(closes his eyes and deep breath)

Namaste

He awkwardly calm walks his way into the master bedroom, grabs the door, looks back.

He closes the door quietly and then proceeds to LOSE HIS SHIT and we continue to hear it all throughout.

Gladys is staring at Stephanie, Stephanie is staring at the doors

STEPHANIE

He preaches meditation

GLADYS

You need to make this go away

STEPHANIE

Do it this way, it gives me more time.

GLADYS

And involves us, or should I say me?

STEPHANIE

You should be involved. He was just humiliated on live television. What's to stop another one, then another? He handles this in a manner only in which he can ,with you there, nobody will ever fuck with you like this again.

Gladys gets up, finishes her glass of wine and starts to walk towards Stephanie. Gets close to her, is there sexual tension or does Gladys just do this with everyone?

GLADYS

I know you want me gone, but honey, I can't go anywhere. I won't go anywhere. And I'll die before I let anyone tell me otherwise.

She kisses her on the cheek and hands her the empty glass as she makes her way out.

Stephanie seethes.

INT. STILLWELL HOUSE-NIGHT

Sydney is more relaxed with her glass of white. But you can see a genuine excitement on her face. She's reading something on her tablet. We catch a glimpse, Antoine and Gladys on the red carpet. She clicks on the hyperlink to a story about Gladys.

She studies, searching through and seeing her, like her husband, with the affluent, the political powers that be, a-list celebs.

WE HEAR THE DOOR OPEN

COACH (O.S.)
Marco?

SYDNEY
Polo

Coach comes in, looking like he may or may not be drunk or high or both. The goofy grin indicates--

SMASH! Sydney throws her glass of wine at him!

COACH
What the--

SYDNEY
You're a goddamn pig! A simple minded pig!

Coach grabs a pillow and cowardly tries to protect himself from nothing, nothing at all. She had one glass of wine and now its a Pollack painting on the wall behind him.

COACH
What's wrong you psycho?

SYDNEY
Psycho?

She gets up and gets in his face driving him back and back until he's to the wall. They are nose to nose.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
What needs to happen before you finally get it? Do I have to leave you? Or how about I call Bradley and let him fuck me in ways I would never, ever would let you? Would you like that?

DOORBELL RINGS.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
You should get that, I don't want to be shot by one of your "clients" in what the courts would deem a moment of passion.

Coach, again, mistakenly leaves her.

He opens the door and sees no one is there. He looks down and sees a BOWED CAKE BOX.

He doesn't know how to take it. He leans in to pick it up, sees that is leaking something. He looks at his hand and it's blood.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
 You don't have to keep her outside
 Peter, by all means, bring her in.

She finishes her wine and goes to pour herself another. She looks over towards the door.

He doesn't reply, which makes her even more curious. She walks up to the door way, and as she gets closer and closer she gets more and more cautious.

She finally makes it up to him and she gets a glimpse of the BLOODIED SEVERED HEAD in the box.

She GASPS

He turns and grabs her trying to hide this from her.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
 (frantic)
 What is that?

COACH
 It's Bradley.

She looks at him as if shock is inevitable. Instead, she has to see, she makes her way and we see the bloodied head of Bradley.

Her eyes turn so sad as she sees something.

SYDNEY
 (starting to cry)
 They beat him...

Coach is gone, he is looking around, frightened, angered, confused.

COACH
 Yeah.

SYDNEY
 Peter, my god, what did we get
 into?

Coach looks at her with no answer. He grabs his keys, a small garbage bag out of the little trash can in the hall, and heads back towards the door.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
Are you leaving?!?

COACH
Call Shirley, tell her, tell her to
call Richard and tell him I need to
cash in that favor. Tell her that
she needs to get over to his place
and stay there until they hear from
us again. I, call Darlene...

Coach tries to give her a look but can't. He leans over, puts
the head in the box, then in the bag.

COACH (CONT'D)
...You should clean this up.

Coach leaves.

Sydney is standing in a doorway with a puddle of blood in
front of her. Then it dawns on her that she is not safe, she
looks around, closes and locks the door behind her.

She walks away from the door staring at it. Horrified.

INT. COACH'S CAR-NIGHT

He's driving down the road, no music, nothing. He takes a
slug off of his flask and keeps driving as he looks on the
floor of his passenger seat and we see the bag.

INT. STILLWELL HOUSE-NIGHT

Lights are off all throughout the house. You can hear the
electricity humming from the appliances and that is it.

Every room is empty and there isn't a soul to be seen. Until
we see Sydney sitting on the floor.

FLASHBACK

INT. BEDROOM-PAST

We see a TEENAGE SYDNEY balled up on a floor, then a door way
opens and a the light from it illuminates this terrified girl

DOOR BELL RINGS

BACK TO PRESENT

She's jarred by it. Doesn't dare to move.

It RINGS again. No movement.

KNOCKING

Nothing

DOOR BELL AGAIN

If this is someone coming to kill her, well, they need to work on their skills. Suddenly

CELL PHONE RINGS

She screams. She looks and she recognizes the number, it's Darlene.

DARLENE (O.S.)
Are you home?

EXT. STILLWELL HOUSE-NIGHT

Darlene is out on the front porch looking down at the puddle of blood but can't see that it's blood.

DARLENE
Did Pete spill his booze or some
shit because--

Door opens and Darlene is pulled in, door is quickly shut and locked.

INT. STILLWELL HOUSE-NIGHT

Sydney puts her hand over Darlene's mouth and shushes her.

Darlene resists

DARLENE
What the hell?

SYDNEY
It's blood.

DARLENE
Blood? Whose?

SYDNEY
Bradley.

DARLENE
Bradley? Is he okay?

SYDNEY

He's dead.

Darlene is shocked. She gives a quick look outside and realizes that shit just got real. She takes Sydney and tries to calm her down.

DARLENE

Come on, lets sit you down.

INT. DINER-NIGHT

Coach is sitting in his diner, nothing in front of him and no expression on his face. He looks to the seat across from him, last time he was there, Bradley was seated there telling him about the Dark Boner Rises.

Suddenly

TONI

There he is.

No response.

TONI (CONT'D)

Hey, what are you doing, dreaming about what you want to do to me?

COACH

I'm sorry, what?

She leans in, and whispers

TONI

I've been touching myself every night thinking about doing to you what your wife could never or would never do to you.

COACH

There are a lot of things my wife would never do to me.

TONI

Care to share, because sharing
(she licks his ear lobe)
Is caring.

He smirks because it does feel good. And then looks at her, they are nose to nose

INT. STILLWELL HOUSE-NIGHT

Darlene comes out with two cups of tea. She places one in front of Sydney who seems to be pulling herself together, but she looks like holy hell.

SYDNEY

Thank you.

DARLENE

They're not coming back. This was meant to scare you guys into disappearing on your own. I've had my fair share of death threats.

SYDNEY

Lotta severed heads at your doorstep because of a blog you wrote?

DARLENE

Touche

Sydney smirks and then takes a sip. Looking out the window.

SYDNEY

What did you get us into?

DARLENE

I told you what he was, is. I just never--

SYDNEY

Never thought it would go this far? I'm sorry, your tits and ass don't get you out of it that easy with me.

Checkmate.

DARLENE

Where's Peter?

SYDNEY

I don't know if you genuinely give a shit or if you know I'm right.

DARLENE

Both.

Sydney is shaking still. Darlene grabs a blanket and brings it over to her.

SYDNEY
Thanks...You know I hate you right?

DARLENE
Of course.

They smile for a moment.

DARLENE (CONT'D)
I have to ask you, and by all means
tell me to go fuck myself if you
want to.

SYDNEY
Love questions that start like
that.

DARLENE
Yeah, here's the thing, why--

SYDNEY
Why stay with a guy that is
sleeping with girls like you?

DARLENE
Yeah.

Sydney takes another sip, turns to engage Darlene, as if
she's finally willing to open up to someone.

SYDNEY
You've published thirty seven blogs
about your disdain of the life
coaching profession, and probably
written a few dozen more.

DARLENE
(impressed)
Someone did their homework.

SYDNEY
What is the one thing that all of
them have in common?

DARLENE
That they all suck at life. That
they're trying to fill some empty
void in the their own life by
telling some clueless individual
how to live theirs.

SYDNEY
Peter's parents took me after Peter
and I met in high school.
(MORE)

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

He was the guy that could drink beer with the jocks while smoke weed with the hippies.

DARLENE

Like the hot guy in Dazed in Confused.

SYDNEY

Exactly. Well, I got transferred in, and he went after me like a starved dog seeing a t-bone. But, I was, lets say broken. I just got released from a family that adopted me when I was 2. About 10 years later the guy I called dad wanted me to lick his cock. And would beat me if I didn't.

DARLENE

Jesus.

SYDNEY

(snickers)

At least he waited until I was 12. Needless to say I wanted to stab the son of a bitch, and that's what I did on my 16th birthday. I went to juvie for 30 days, and he went with the wife to Florida missing a nipple.

(sips her tea)

We're not from around here, did you know that?

DARLENE

I didn't.

SYDNEY

Chico, California. Rained like a bitch up there. But I tell you, I liked not having winter like we do here.

DARLENE

I bet. What brought you here?

SYDNEY

Getting to that.

DARLENE

Sorry.

SYDNEY

Pete meets me, and boy did he try and try and try to get into my pants. But I was just done with men and sex was the last thing on my mind. Which is great for a 16 year old girl. Finally I told Pete why. I don't why I did, but he's different

DARLENE

He is

SYDNEY

(looking off)

First thing he did was say you're staying with me.

She's remembering why she loves him.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

I saw all the girls, he was bringing in and out. He told me, Syd, this is my drug. Well, other than drugs. And he would sell me on the fact monogamy was society telling us how we should live. No one was going to tell me how to live my life.

DARLENE

That's why you let him cheat?

SYDNEY

Then his dad tried to make a move on me. First I thought it was me, but then, well, it got pretty obvious. I slapped him and he punched me. Almost knocked me out.

DARLENE

Where was his mom, where was Pete?

SYDNEY

Pete was with his friends, as for his mom, well, where do you think Pete gets his tolerance from?

DARLENE

Oh Jesus.

SYDNEY

So, Pete comes home, tries to be all suave with me because he's had a few. I'm trembling. Then he see's his dad has a bruise from where I hit him. And lets say his dad has a history of this sorta shit. And lets say Pete has a temper. And lets say this was the first and only time I've ever seen Peter almost kill someone. Needless to say, he grabbed me, packed our shit and moved to Saratoga in hopes of hitting it big playing the horses. We were stupid. But Pete, is a persuasive guy if you haven't noticed. And he, well, he and I got into radio sales. I enjoyed it, he loathed it, then branched off once he found out you could make money telling people how to live their lives.

DARLENE

That's an amazing story, but it still doesn't answer my question.

SYDNEY

Hoping you weren't going to notice.

DARLENE

Kinda got this writing thing. It's my job to.

SYDNEY

His heart. When he's not thinking, when it's instinct, his heart is the most beautiful thing I've ever seen.

(beat)

And lately, it's been scared. Scared of disappointing everyone. As if it's written that he's going to be an alcoholic like his mother and a...his father.

DARLENE

Well, I think you are one of the most beautiful things I've seen and it too is because of your heart.

There is a nice pause and they cheers. They sip and look at each other then

COACH (O.S.)

Kiss

They both jump.

Coach is standing there, looking sober, which is shocking because he has been drinking. But you know, he does have a tolerance.

DARLENE

Of all the times to sneak up. How long have you been there?

Sydney can't look at him. He notices. But smiles instead of answering the question because he knows something, but first

COACH

Am I the only one that is going to acknowledge this is all within the world of self-help, right?

Darlene laughs, Sydney stays cold and rightfully so.

COACH (CONT'D)

Hero in latin is Servo. Which means to serve, to protect. I tell all these fucking people that they need to be their own hero. But, well, I think it's time I started taking my own medicine.

SYDNEY

(cynically)
What does that mean?

They engage, he gives a look like "I love you so much and I'm sorry". Then he snaps a look over to Darlene

COACH

Death is not the worst thing that could happen to him.
(to Sydney)
Now if you don't mind, I'd like a moment with my wife

She looks back and

INT. STILLWELL HOUSE-MASTER BEDROOM-NIGHT

Coach and Sydney smash into the wall, Coach throws her on to the bed and he leans in, she cuff's him across the face with a slap. He smiles.

He leans in for a kiss and she bites his lip. He opens her robe to reveal her bra and panties. God she is just delicious.

She rips his close off. It's hard to figure out if one is in control, or if this is what it looks like when primates fuck. He strips her down, and she returns the favor.

He's inside her and they both let out the joy of that sensation.

SYDNEY

Harder

The Coach Locomotive is starting

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

(louder)

Harder

DARLENE

She's down stairs and can hear all of this

DARLENE

Yeah, I'm going to go.

SYDNEY (O.S.)

Harder!

DARLENE

Talk tomorrow

COACH

Is going as hard as he can and

BAM! Sydney punches him, he's dazed but keeps going. She grabs his throat and squeezes fucking hard! She gets him on his back and begins to ride.

He's clutching for her wrist and she's grabbing his hands. She ride harder and now he's getting into it. But his face is beet fucking red. She rides harder, harder and finally climaxes.

She lets go of his throat and lies beside him.

He GASPS for air.

SYDNEY

Now you're ready

She looks over and laughs, he somehow forms a smile, leans kisses her. And laughs.

Humor me: OM NAMAH SHIVAYA by Krishna Das plays

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THE GRAND-BALLROOM-NIGHT

We're finally here and is it magnificent. There are a a few dozen millionaires and billionaires applauding our hosts for the evening, Antoine, Gladys and with Stephanie following. All of them are of course dressed elegantly for their little party.

INT. STILLWELL HOUSE-BEDROOM-NIGHT

Sydney just finishes putting on her skintight, knee high dress stunning. Coach, with a nice little black eye, helps zip it up. She turns and fixes his bow tie. Their eyes smirk at one another.

INT. DARLENE'S HOTEL-NIGHT

Darlene is sitting at a table dressed nicer than she has in her life and it's killing her. She is doing a quick proofread of her blog, we see the opening lines from the beginning

"There's an old Italian proverb: Tra il dire e il fare, c'è di mezzo il mare"

She raises the cursor and hits the PUBLISH button.

She proudly gets up, closes her laptop and hugs it. Then gives a kiss. It may be the last time. She grabs her bag, phone, notices something, reads, and replies. Kills the light.

EXT. STILLWELL HOUSE-NIGHT

Coach holds the passenger door open to his SUV and Sydney steps up holding his hand

STREET POV

Coach gets in, starts it up and takes off. A few moments later a CAR follows.

INT. THE GRAND-ENTRANCE-NIGHT

Holy shit! It's Oscar Flores, the fighter from the beginning and yes, he still has bruises as reminder of the ass kicking he took. He's smiling ear to ear and can't believe he's at an event like this.

EXT. THE GRAND-NIGHT

Pulling up to valet is a limo where a group of pretentious rich folk hop out wearing scarfs in the summer.

Next comes a 2008 Nissan Altima. Darlene gets out and hands her key to the valet.

INT. THE GRAND-BALLROOM-NIGHT

Everyone and anyone in the room is waiting for the moment where Antoine and Gladys allow you to shake their hand or kiss their cheek.

They are pulled in by FRED, 70's as white of hair anyone could possibly have, but you know this man has money. And his southern accent would make you suspect it to be of the tobacco variety.

They play with each other

FRED

It was a suckers bet!

ANTOINE

Regardless, you need to pay up.

FRED

They knelt on the extra point.

ANTOINE

Pay up

Fred starts patting himself down

FRED

Looks like I forgot my check book.

ANTOINE

If I believed that, you wouldn't be here

They share an obnoxious laugh

ANTOINE (CONT'D)
Plus you and your lovely wife

EMMA 70's same white as white hair can be. Little portly, but she's 70. So what the fuck. Think Paula Dean.

ANTOINE (CONT'D)
Are guests at my table tonight.

EMMA
(to Gladys)
Really?

GLADYS
(fake enthusiasm)
Yes, yes.

EMMA
My god Gladys, God broke out the special mold when he made you.

GLADYS
Oh you're too kind. But all the credit goes to the dress.

EMMA
That dress didn't give you those tits and that ass sweetie. What's your secret, you throw up? I don't think there was a day in my 40's when I didn't.

GLADYS
Um, no, I have a trainer and personal chef.

EMMA
(touching her own throat)
It still burns when I burp, you know that? From puking.

Gladys gives Antoine "What the fuck"? look.

INT. THE GRAND-ENTRANCE-NIGHT

Standing there alone is Darlene, she sees Coach and Sydney.

Sydney is absolutely enamoured by the architecture. This is the "princess" moment this sexually abused orphan has always dreamt of. Coach notices and smiles. Darlene notices and looks saddened.

Sydney catches Coach looking. She smirks and he won't stop looking.

SYDNEY

What?

COACH

If God herself came down from heaven and said I would give you one thing to make this moment more exceptional; I would tell her I'm all set. You're breathtaking Syd. Absolutely breathtaking.

SYDNEY

Suckass

But she loves it, he's different. She knows it.

She looks around and looks back at our awkward Darlene.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Jesus kid, enjoy this.

DARLENE

I despise this absurd, narcissistic, pretentious, circle jerk of each others egos bullshit of a reason to wear your stupid tuxedo

COACH

Ya, I need you to stop talking.

He turns and there is a mini huddle

COACH (CONT'D)

Listen, I drove around for two hours the other night with the decapitated head of my best and only assistant because of you. So, I think I speak for my wife when I say, either be mute or contribute.

SYDNEY

I like that.

COACH

The fact I rhymed it or--

SYDNEY

No, the whole thing did it for me.

DARLENE

Oh sweet Jesus yes. I'll
contribute. I can't wait to be
done with you two.

SYDNEY

And I thought we looked like such a
nice family

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

Peter and Sydney Stillwell

They break the huddle and now the three of them have
Stephanie standing behind them. How long was she listening?

Stephanie and Darlene exchange quick looks.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

I'm Stephanie Manning, Antoine's
personal assistant. It's nice to
put a faces to the names.

DARLENE

As if this is the first time you've
seen them Number two.

STEPHANIE

Good to see you again. Flying solo?
Where's your plus one?

Sydney and Coach seethe. Game fucking on. Darlene notices.

DARLENE

He couldn't make it, why are you
asking me out? Was pretty sure you
checked out my ass at Marla, just
saying.

Stephanie smirks.

STEPHANIE

Follow me please.

They make their way to the ballroom

INT. THE GRAND-HALLWAY-NIGHT

Sydney is enamoured. Coach is focused on Stephanie and
Darlene is focused on Coach.

SYDNEY

This is what you get.

COACH

What?

SYDNEY

Money. People always say what does money get you? This, this is what it gets you.

DARLENE

Do you think any of these "people" are actually happy? I mean it's a charity ball for a self help guru.

SYDNEY

I don't know, but I'd like to find the fuck out.

Darlene has been odd, and we see her looking at the Stillwells.

INT. THE GRAND-BALLROOM-NIGHT

Stephanie has led the herd to potential slaughter, but instead they stare in amazement of this beautiful, majestic room.

The room is massive and breathtaking. There is a vast dance floor, surrounded by white top tables. A band sets up on a stage in the corner.

Waitstaff is all over. For every two people there is someone waiting to serve them. Sydney is captivated by the gargantuan chandelier. Coach is smiling from ear to ear and Darlene looks anxiously uncomfortable.

STEPHANIE

Antoine and Gladys will be with you two momentarily.

She strides off.

Darlene turns them around and huddles them up.

DARLENE

Listen, lets go.

COACH

What?

SYDNEY

Jesus Darlene nobody is going to notice how fat your ass looks in the dress.

DARLENE
It's, wait, what?

COACH
What's going on here kiddo?

DARLENE
It's... I just think we should--

ANTOINE (O.S.)
You should have the most
exceptional time of you lives!

COACH
Okay, no more goddamn huddles

They turn and there they are, Antoine, Gladys with Stephanie.
Directly across from them, their opponents. Antoine facing
Coach facing, Sydney facing Gladys, and Stephanie facing
Darlene.

Ladies and Gentlemen, your Main Event.

ANTOINE
I guess it's up to me whether this
becomes awkward to start.

SYDNEY
Says you.

Boom she's ready.

STEPHANIE
(to Darlene)
How long did it take you to squeeze
your ass into that dress?

DARLENE
Did you used to be Bruce Jenner? Is
your name Caitlyn? And does my ass
really look that big?

GLADYS
Can we all take a breath please?

COACH
(to Antoine)
I'm breathing just fine

Game on.

ANTOINE
Regardless, Peter, Antoine Collins.

Antoine reaches out his massive mitt, and Coach goes after it. The two men take a moment to size each other up. The women watch, intrigued. Neither man says a word. Antoine, much larger, looks down at Coach with a benignant smile. Coach looks up, grins. Still shaking hands.

Clearly Coach has a good handshake--Antoine's hand is being crushed, just a little. Essentially a stalemate.

DARLENE

Awkward.

They break hands and Antoine presents Gladys

ANTOINE

Peter, this ravishing woman next to me, for reasons I'm still a loss about, is my wife Gladys.

Coach takes her hand and kisses it.

COACH

Clearly you out kicked your coverage.

Sydney smirks

ANTOINE

(Acknowledging Sydney)
I don't know Peter, I may have competition

Coach laughs and proudly presents Sydney

SYDNEY

Sydney Stillwell

Antoine kisses her hand

ANTOINE

Exquisite. Vera Wang?

SYDNEY

Look at you, all this and a Project Runway fan taboot.

ANTOINE

(laughs)
Guilty! Actually, I think Heidi and Tim are here somewhere

SYDNEY

(to Gladys)

I have to tell you, I was reading all about you two a couple nights ago, well before this package arrived.

Pregnant pause. No one does anything.

GLADYS

That's great...I would say I was reading about you too, but no one seemed to care enough to write anything.

ANTOINE

And we're off. You've met Stephanie.

(to Darlene)

And Betty, right?

Antoine sticks out his hand to Darlene, Darlene looks at it, looks at him. It's awkward how she doesn't extend hers, but she also looks like she could throw up on his.

COACH

Forgive her she has--

DARLENE

(softly)

A cold

ANTOINE

Pardon?

DARLENE

I have a cold. I'm sorry.

Antoine shakes his own hand.

ANTOINE

I appreciate the consideration. Now, without further ado.

He holds his arm out for everyone to enter the ballroom.

Gladys takes Coach's arm, Antoine takes Sydney, and Darlene flips off Stephanie. The sextet enters and every one wonders who are these beautiful people with our host?

DARLENE (V.O.)

They're going to try to seduce you

FLASHBACK - INT. COACH'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Coach, Darlene and Sydney, mapping things out.

SYDNEY

Or fuck us.

COACH

Or both.

INT. THE GRAND-BALLROOM-NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Our gang, plus Fred and Emma from earlier are seated at beautiful round table. From left to right: Darlene, Stephanie, Emma, Fred, Antoine, Gladys, Sydney, Coach.

Behind them LADY SOMMELIER holds a bottle of Chateaux Margaux 2009. Meanwhile a MALE SOMMELIER holds a bottle of Meursault Premier Cru 2005.

We catch them after dinner, mid-conversation and a couple glasses of wine deep. Sydney holds her glass up and the waiter makes his way with the Cru.

FRED

So are you originally from Saratoga Peter?

Coach holds his empty glass for the lady sommelier to pour.

ANTOINE

Enjoying the Margaux Peter?

COACH

I am not

Winks at her.

COACH (CONT'D)

From Saratoga. And I am enjoying every drop of this wine. Thank you for caring.

Long silence at the table.

GLADYS

Well, don't leave us in suspense

Coach is clueless

COACH

I didn't know it was that suspenseful

GLADYS

Peter, if you haven't noticed, you
and your lovely wife

UNDER TABLE

Gladys puts her hand on Sydneys knee and Sydney quickly
crosses her legs.

GLADYS (CONT'D)

Are the story of the night.

COACH

Well, maybe it's a mystery.

GLADYS

Ooo. I like mysteries.

UNDER THE TABLE

Gladys caresses Sydney's leg...inching her fingers up her
thigh...

BACK TO SCENE

...all while looking right past Sydney at Coach. Sydney can
only sip her wine.

COACH

I'm more intrigued by all of you,
you know, for naming dropping at my
seminars.

Light laughter at the table, except for Sydney.

EMMA

What do one of your seminars
consist of?

FRED

Why, you wanna go?

EMMA

Oh stop.

Antoine isn't saying shit, but his look sure as shit is. He
wants to murder Coach.

Coach notices and kills his wine.

COACH

They vary, for example, at My Entrepreneurial Seminar, the crowd ranges from the aspiring to the suffering. And you know who I tell them they need to be like?

FRED

Warren Buffet?

EMMA

Jesus?

ANTOINE

You?

Coach smirks as he holds out his glass for a refill. It is.

COACH

I'm flattered with the company of Buffet and Christ, but no

Takes a long sip

COACH (CONT'D)

Drug dealers.

Antoine nearly spits out his wine as Darlene almost chokes on her food.

FRED

Really?

COACH

Most fearless entrepreneurs there are

(to Antoine)

Wouldn't you say?

Antoine stares, Gladys looks at Antoine, Sydney drinks her wine, Coach stares back at Antoine.

There is silence

UNDER THE TABLE

Gladys's hand goes further the Sydney uncrosses her legs and opens up her thighs. She's opened the gates.

The hand starts to make it's way further, further, we lose sight if it.

BAND STARTS TO PLAY A LATIN COVER SONG

ANTOINE
They're playing my song.

He stands

Gladys's hand comes up, Sydney is quivering.

COACH
Don't go, I wanted to get to know
more about you

GLADYS
Oh, there isn't anything about us
Google can't find.

SYDNEY
I doubt that.

She finishes her wine.

Antoine goes over to Sydney

ANTOINE
May I?

Gladys and Sydney lock nasty looks, Sydney looks up and
smiles taking Antoine's hand.

Coach gets up and makes his way to Gladys, holds out his hand

COACH
(mocking Antoine)
May I?

Antoine laughs as he leads Sydney to the floor.

Gladys accepts. They make their way.

Fred gets up and moves over to Darlene

FRED
May I have the honor?

Darlene is flattered and smiles at Stephanie as she too
accepts. They make their way.

All that is left is Stephanie and Emma. It's awkward.

EMMA
Do you eat the pussy?

STEPHANIE
What?

EMMA

You do don't you? I can tell. I don't think there was a day in my 30's when I didn't think about eating pussy.

DANCE FLOOR

Our three couples are on the floor and they all look at each other as they pass, and then engage with their partner. Darlene and Sydney are next to each other

SYDNEY (V.O.)

Why?

FLASHBACK - STILLWELL HOUSE-LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

We're back shortly after Bradley's head was found on the porch. When it was Darlene and Sydney sitting there.

DARLENE

I'm sorry

SYDNEY

Don't be sorry, just be honest, why are you here? Why is my life coach of a husband losing his shit over trying to kill this demi-god? Why the fuck am I seeing my friends head on my porch? Why did you fuck my husband? Why?

DARLENE

Because Antoine Collins is selling bottles of holy water filled with piss. Because a man that was my brother drank himself broke by buying into this shit only to end up suffering from a self inflicted nine millimeter hallow point through the back of his skull. Because it took me years to find the only people that have a chance of taking down this repugnant pig. And Sydney, you and Peter are those people.

Darlene takes a long sip of her tea sits, lets Sydney soak that in for a minute before

DARLENE (CONT'D)

Oh and there is one more thing.

INT. THE GRAND-BALLROOM-NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Coach and Gladys are in the middle of their little dance and

So?

COACH

So?

GLADYS

They laugh.

GLADYS (CONT'D)
Please

COACH
No, you first

Gladys smiles, it's a little flirty, and a little dirty

GLADYS
Well, you are very handsome and
(changing demeanor)
What do you think is going to
happen to you?

Coach looks, like he doesn't know whether this is sexual or
if she just threatened him

COACH
It depends

She strokes his hair

GLADYS
No, you've gone too far Peter. I'm
sorry.

Coach looks at her, and we actually see concern in his eyes.
Suddenly

ANTOINE (O.S.)
Times up

Antoine is looming from above and Sydney is in the back.

Darlene breaks her dance off with Fred.

Stephanie gets up from the table.

All of them are standing across from each other. It looks
like they are about to have a dance off. Nothing is being
said until

ANTOINE (CONT'D)
Peter, follow me, I want to show
you something?

Coach takes pause with that.

COACH
Ya, sure Antoine, that doesn't
sound creepy as fucking hell.

GLADYS
Oh will you relax

SYDNEY
I don't believe he was asking you a
goddamn thing

STEPHANIE
Show some respect

DARLENE
Or else?

Stephanie snaps and Antoine grabs her by the scalp.

He leans down like a K-9 officer talking to his trained
killer of a partner.

ANTOINE
(to Stephanie)
It's coming

That just scared the shit out of Darlene. Sydney and Coach
stand firm though.

ANTOINE (CONT'D)
Okay, this has been fun and cute,
but, Stillwater, follow me.

Antoine starts to walk off, and Coach grabs his arm to stop
him

COACH
I would tell you you're wrong, but
you know that. Instead, lets just
say, by the end of this night my
name will be synonymous with yours.

Now, it's Stephanie and Gladys that flinch. Antoine just gets
angry. Sydney fucking loves it.

COACH (CONT'D)
Sydney, why don't you take the
ladies to the bar.

Antoine looks at Stephanie, Stephanie sees and leaves without excusing herself. Darlene sees all of this.

SYDNEY

Let me buy you a drink and you can tell me all about your husbands diabolical plan.

Sydney walks towards the bar and gives Gladys a nice little goose on the ass.

Gladys jumps and blushes as she follows. Coach nods yes to Darlene who awaits his approval.

Coach and Antoine stand waiting for the other to go first, Antoine pauses

ANTOINE

You're not gonna goose me are you?

COACH

Not yet

Stephanie runs over to Billy Ray in the entrance of the ballroom. She says something, he nods and responds. She continues off.

Coach and Antoine make their way to the to the entrance and Billy Ray follows as they make their way.

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

Should I stand or should I sit?

FLASHBACK INT. COACH'S OFFICE-PAST

Coach is pacing as Darlene is sitting on his couch with a bunch of paperwork sprawled out in front of her. We'll find out about what those paper says in a moment, but there is a more pressing issue

DARLENE

What?

COACH

When I tell him what you just told me, should I pace with a drink like I'm Dean Martin or sit like I'm Tony Soprano?

She just looks at him with a look that is somewhat disgusted.

COACH (CONT'D)

So stand?

She continues to look.

COACH (CONT'D)

Sit?

INT. GENTLEMAN'S LOUNGE-NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

An old wooden door opens and it's Antoine presenting the lounge and all it's historical glory to Coach.

Coach is impressed, walks in and makes his way to the gorgeous, fully stocked bar.

In the doorway, Antoine checks on Billy Ray

ANTOINE

We all set Billy Ray?

BILLY RAY

Shortly.

Antoine shuts the door.

The room is filled with a beautiful billiards table, poker table, leather seating around a fireplace with a stuffed moose head above it.

Coach found the bottle of Johnny Walker Blue and is pouring a couple drinks

COACH

His name would be Billy Ray.

ANTOINE

By all means, make yourself at home-

COACH

You know what the difference between a \$150 bottle of scotch and a \$20 bottle of scotch is after two glasses?

Coach walks over with the drinks and hands one to Antoine.

ANTOINE

Hundred and thirty bucks

Coach offers cheers to Antoine who accepts. Both men lock eyes as they slug down their drinks

INT. THE GRAND-BAR-NIGHT

The ravishing threesome of Sydney, Gladys, and Darlene all sit at tabletop next to the bar. Sydney is at home, Gladys is intrigued, and Darlene is already nervous wondering about Stephanie.

A BAR WAITRESS makes her way over to take their order

BAR WAITRESS

Hello ladies, what can I get for you?

GLADYS

I'll have--

SYDNEY

Three red headed sluts please

Bar waitress looks at the ladies, lastly Gladys, Gladys nods. She heads towards the bar.

GLADYS

Interesting choice in drink

Sydney just smirks and watches the BARTENDER make their drinks. There is absolute silence at the table. Not a word. And it's quite odd. Finally, relieving the stress is the bar waitress with their drinks.

BAR WAITRESS

Here you go, if you need anything just give a hoot.

SYDNEY

Thank you

DARLENE

Ya, thanks

Gladys raises her glass offering a cheers

GLADYS

To the men of self help--

SYDNEY

Bitch please. They're more fucked up than their clients. To strong women since the dawn of human kind. Eve questioned God and was punished with eternal damnation as the temptress. Fuck that, she was the matriarch to strong women everywhere.

DARLENE
Fuckin Aye!

GLADYS
Amen!

The ladies cheers and drink their drinks. Darlene scans the area

DARLENE
Where' the ladies room?

GLADYS
(wiping her lips)
That's not happening

DARLENE
Excuse me?

SYDNEY
Ya, what?

GLADYS
Do you see the very large men in
every corner of here

Well, now that you mention it, there are LARGE MEN all around. All of them are looking around then back at the ladies.

GLADYS (CONT'D)
One of their duties, to make sure
you two stay put unless

SYDNEY
Unless?

GLADYS
They're told differently

DARLENE
But I have to pee

GLADYS
Funny how distracted we are from
everything when we are focused on
having to go to the bathroom. If I
were you--

DARLENE
You would have to piss

GLADYS
I would focus on something else,
like why you can't leave.

She smiles and sips her drink

Darlene and Sydney look at each other.

INT. GENTLEMAN'S LOUNGE-NIGHT

Coach walks around the room and looks at all the nostalgia.
He stops at a baseball bat. He looks down and squints.

COACH
Is that?

ANTOINE
Joe Dimaggios baseball bat game 57.

COACH
The game he didn't get a hit to
extend his steak

Antoine looks at him and nods. Coach is fascinated by it.

ANTOINE
Funny thing happens to all good
things.

COACH
What's that?

ANTOINE
They end and everyone just keeps
moving along. And there you are,
thinking about what if?

Coach gives him a momentary glance and smile and walks over
to the bar to pour another.

ANTOINE (CONT'D)
Do you remember Mike Thomas

COACH
Why does that name sound familiar?

ANTOINE
He created Co-Eds Are Crazy

COACH

Oh that amateur porn shit you that was...That's right those commercials aired right around yours didn't they?

ANTOINE

One night, a guy breaks into his house, ties him up, and forces him at gun point to say he hates black women while being video taped. The robber takes a few things and leaves. Next day, Mike is called by the robber and tells him to pay him a million dollars or he will release the video. This went back and forth until Mike finally found out who the guy was, found him and had him arrested.

Antoine takes a sip.

ANTOINE (CONT'D)

But not before he and three of his biggest, baddest, and blackest friends beat that man one breath from death.

Coach sips his drink smirking.

INT. THE GRAND-BAR-NIGHT

Darlene is pacing back and forth having to pee. Sydney and Gladys sit at the table, like two people playing heads up poker. Sydney still is enamoured by the room, Gladys notices

GLADYS

You want this so bad don't you?

SYDNEY

I've never wanted anything more. Ever. And inviting me to events like this only confirms one thing.

GLADYS

Which is?

SYDNEY

I'll do anything to get it.

Gladys takes a sip of her drink. Peers at Sydney.

GLADYS
Like earlier.

SYDNEY
What, at the table?

Gladys smirks.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
We played chicken. And you lost.
While you were seeing how desperate
I was, I was seeing how afraid of
us you are.
(leans in)
And you're terrified.

Gladys knows at that moment she may have met her match. She
nods in admiration.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)
Ladies.

They all turn, Stephanie is standing there.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)
Antoine would like for all of us to
meet in the atrium for a nightcap.

DARLENE
Does it have a bathroom?

STEPHANIE
Oh I think you'll be quite taken by
it.

Gladys takes her drink and follows, Sydney trails behind for
a moment looks as if she's grabbing something from her purse.
She's praying. She blesses herself, and turns around with her
lipstick out and putting it on her lips. Concealing how
scared she truly is. They leave.

INT. GENTLEMAN'S LOUNGE-NIGHT

Antoine and Coach continue to drink

ANTOINE
Are you familiar with the election
of 1824?

COACH
Presidential?

ANTOINE

(smirks)

No, student body.

COACH

No and you don't have to be a dick about it.

ANTOINE

It was between John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson. Adams was a huge favorite because he was Secretary of State which was the line of succession back then, plus his old man was President. But Jackson was a war hero from the War of 1812 and you know what? He pulled off a monumental upset. However, he didn't win by an overwhelming majority, so they demanded a recount. It was 1824 so recounts took months. Instead it went to Congress, and Adams made a deal with the speaker of the house, Henry Clay, that if he wins, he'll make Clay Secretary of State. Clay would be Adams Kingmaker.

COACH

Did they make you learn that because your Mexican?

ANTOINE

How would you like me to be your Kingmaker?

COACH

Really?

Antoine smirks, then instantly rushes over grabs Coach by the throat and pins him up against the wall.

ANTOINE

You would like it that way wouldn't you, you lazy little prick? I busted my ass for decades listening to all these fucking whiners bitch about how dad didn't go to their baseball games and mom would call them fat, just to get to where I'm at. And you--

Coach grabs Antoine by the thumb and breaks his strangle

COACH

And where in this story is how the
Guru to God is also the Godfather
of Mexico?

Antoine walks back and sits down stunned... He puts his face
in his hands. Then creepily starts to laugh.

ANTOINE

Is this where you tell me that you
found out what my, "night job" is?

COACH

I guess I'm standing because I
didn't know being the son of a rat
and silently heading a drug cartel
is a night job but--

Antoine jumps up and charges Coach with ferocity

FREEZE FRAME

DARLENE (V.O.)

Montego Diaz

FLASHBACK - EXT. MEXICO - DAY (SEPIA)

A hand opens a car door -- MONTEGO DIAZ, 40's, steps out of
the vehicle. Enters a warehouse.

DARLENE (V.O.)

Montego Diaz was a cocaine
trafficker in San Pedro back in the
70's, with the Oxacana Cartel.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Montego walks in. Cocaine is being processed and packaged
here. In b.g., HECTOR HERNANDEZ, early 20's, handsome, sweats
as he unloads a truck.

DARLENE (V.O.)

Diaz was arrested for trying to
bribe the wrong cop. But not before
he employed a man by the name of
Hector Hernandez as a mule. And
Hernandez became the Secretariat of
Mules. He brought in some guys he
met along the border in Matamoros,
including one Brian Becker.

EXT. TEXAS - DAY

A younger Becker, with a 70's pornstache, shakes hands and exchanges a briefcase with Hector.

FREEZE FRAME

COACH (V.O.)

Wait of

DARLENE

Of Montgomery Becker

EXT. MEXICO - NIGHT

A string of "drug mules" goes down -- shot in the back by a laughing CARTEL BIGSHOT with a machine gun.

The machine gun is pressed against Hector's head.

DARLENE (V.O.)

Hector knew that he had to be indispensable. Which he was, because of Becker and his American friends.

Hector smiles back at the Cartel Bigshot. Not scared. The Cartel Bigshot lowers the machine gun. It was all a demonstration, to keep him in line.

INT. JOE BOB'S BARBECUE AND BEER - NIGHT

In a bar full of 70's fashion and signage, Becker introduces Hector to --

DARLENE (V.O.)

Becker introduces him to Marjorie Beckwith.

MARJORIE, early 20's, redhead, hippie nurse from the Northeast. The two shake hands. Sparks fly.

Hector waves the bartender down. He delivers her a drink. Hector pays.

The two toast. Exchange a smile.

DARLENE (V.O.)

Next thing, she's selling coke to people at her hospital. Every month he would bring her a new shipment.

COACH (V.O.)

So both of his parents were drug
dealers, big deal! We need
something dirty, like he dresses up
in a giraffe outfit and fucks cats!

DARLENE (V.O.)

If I may...

EXT. MEXICO - DAY

Hector picks up a backpack containing a shipment.

EXT. MEXICO TUNNEL - DAY

Hector heads into a tunnel.

EXT. TEXAS - NIGHT

Hector warily exits the tunnel and sets out across the Texas
desert.

INT. JOE BOB'S BARBECUE AND BEER - NIGHT

Hector tongue-kisses Marjorie and slings the backpack over to
her.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Marjorie makes quick handoffs to some nurses and a doctor,
trying to be all cool.

DARLENE (V.O.)

Hector and Marjorie were crushing
it... until one night...

INT. JOE BOB'S BARBECUE AND BEER - NIGHT

A big COWBOY hits on Marjorie at the bar. Hector comes out of
the bathroom, drunk. Spotting the incursion, he stalks over.

DARLENE (V.O.)

Hector was tough, but he sucked at
fighting

Hector takes a swing at the COWBOY, misses badly -- then
proceeds to get the living shit kicked out of him.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

As Marjorie tries to get the battered and bleeding Hector admitted -- they are collared by some BORDER PATROLMEN.

One of the patrolmen opens their backpack -- it's filled with banded stacks of hundred dollar bills.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT

Hector, bandaged, grudgingly signs a form presented by a DEA AGENT and MEXICAN and US BORDER PATROL.

Then he turns to Marjorie. And a PRIEST. Wedding vows begin. The agents remain as witnesses.

DARLENE (V.O.)

He didn't want to be deported,
so...

COACH (V.O.)

He became a rat.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Hector points out Montego. Who stares back at him with dead eyes and a dangerous grin on his face.

DARLENE (V.O.)

Diaz, who just got out of jail six months earlier, is sentenced thirty-three years to life in a Mexican shithole. Done, right? Wrong.

INT. HECTOR & MARJORIE'S HOME - DAY

In walks Marjorie with a baby girl in her arms, trailed by a little boy -- YOUNG ANTOINE

Young Antoine turns the corner -- finds Hector hanging mutilated from the ceiling, a rat stuffed in his mouth.

DARLENE (V.O.)

Fast forward eight years and two kids later, there's Hector slit from neck to nuts, hanging from the ceiling.

(beat)

Diaz escaped. Killed the judge who sentenced him... then tied up loose ends...

Marjorie screams. She covers Young Antoine's eyes and hustles the children out of the house.

DARLENE (V.O.)
 Marjorie packs up, heads to New
 Hampshire and meets Keith Collins.
 And then...

INT. GENTLEMAN'S LOUNGE-NIGHT (BACK TO PRESENT)

Coach is standing behind the bar, Antoine right there in his face, fuming.

COACH
 And that's when you go down to
 Mexico with Becker, make a deal
 with the Oxacana Cartel that you
 and your family are off their list,
 and you're going to make them rich.
 White American rich. Meanwhile that
 was complete horse shit, because
 Becker brings in Montgomery and
 they buy a TV Station down there
 and blast all these infomercials of
 yours. Bought using your drug money
 which is perfectly laundered
 through their tv station. And now
 with the hospital this Charity Ball
 is "building just south of the
 border, and all the different ways
 that can be marketed, plus, god
 knows how much of your drugs will
 cross the border and well...

Antoine stands up, walks over to the baseball bat, takes it out of the case.

ANTOINE
 What did you mean by "I guess I'm
 standing?"

COACH
 Huh?

Walks over to Coach with the bat. Pokes him in the chest with it.

ANTOINE
 You know this place has a batting
 cage?

COACH
 What?

ANTOINE

It does. Come on, I'll show you.

Antoine goes to the door and opens it, waiting for Coach. Coach hesitatingly makes his way out and we see the two Sommeliers from earlier in the hall as Billy Ray, Coach and Antoine go to the elevator.

INT. THE GRAND-BASEMENT-NIGHT

The doors open and we see a look on Coach's face of, well, you know when you just know something is going to go wrong and it does? Well, here we are.

No batting cage in sight, just typical hotel/restaurant supplies: Chairs, tables, cases of beer, soda and water, etc.

COACH

I don't see a batting cage.

Antoine takes the baseball bat and nudges Coach out of the elevator. They walk around, and Coach is checking out the surroundings.

Out from the shadows come Darlene, still having to pee, Sydney, Gladys sipping her drink and Stephanie standing behind Darlene and Sydney with a gun.

COACH (CONT'D)

(to Darlene)

You tell her?

DARLENE

Couple nights ago. I have to pee.

ANTOINE

Billy Ray, go get our surprise guest of the evening.

Billy Ray disappears.

Coach stands next to Sydney and Darlene, Stephanie gives him a look of "Don't even fucking think about it."

Coach gives Sydney a look of "fuck". Sydney does the same.

SYDNEY

I was told I was going to see an atrium.

COACH

Batting Cage

SYDNEY

In a hotel?

He shrugs.

There is a sound of water dripping. It's not water, it's Darlene pissing herself. Why?

Billy Ray is walking out with a beaten, tied up and mouth duct taped Oscar.

Antoine walks over and starts rubbing his head and has his arm around him.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)

Who's this?

ANTOINE

Oh you don't know. Well, I would ask Lady Gaga over here.

Sydney and Coach all look at him.

GLADYS

She pissed herself on stage once. He's trying to be clever.

DARLENE

Oscar Flores.

Darlene and Oscar lock eyes quickly and hers water. Oh she didn't want this to happen.

ANTOINE

You see Peter, that little story you told, well, the judge that sentenced Montego, was Paco Flores. This little fucks father.

(beat)

You know, you do all you can to let them know that they better not say anything down there. You put your face on TV, radio, billboards, posters and coasters. Fucking name it. You let them know, subtly of course, they say anything, every generation of their family will suffer a pain God didn't even know existed. But here we are, why?

Antoine rips the tape of Oscars lips, pulling some of his moustache and goatee.

Oscar smiles

OSCAR
 (struggling)
 You know what the call you there?
 El Mito
 (laughs)
 The myth

Antoine takes the baseball bat and crushes the back of Oscars skull, which is immediately followed by his face smashing against the pavement so hard that every bone in it surely breaks.

Antoine goes to hit his carcass--

GLADY (O.S.)
 Antoine

He pauses mid swing

GLADYS
 Your tux.

He takes pause with that, she's got a point. Instead he spits on him.

ANTOINE
 (in Spanish; subtitled)
 Rest in hell mother fucker

Antoine then walks over to Sydney and grabs her. Coach goes to grab her but the cocking of the gun to the back of his head by Stephanie stops him. If he's dead, it's over.

GLADYS
 Antoine?

She puts down her empty glass and walks over stroking the baseball bat.

GLADYS (CONT'D)
 Give me the first swing please.

Antoine presents the handle to her and she takes it like woman that has done this before.

Gladys walks around her prey, stroking, touching, caressing.

Whispers into her ear.

GLADYS (CONT'D)
 Shame

At that moment she stands behind, starts her swing, and

DING.

The elevator opens and it's the two SOMMELIERS.

They all look at each other.

MALE SOMMELIER

Oh I'm sorry, we just needed--

LADY SOMMELIER

FBI drop the gun

She goes to pull out her gun and at that moment the male sommelier is shot in the head by Stephanie. The lady shoots her back in the throat.

Billy Ray is struggling to get his gun and the lady takes him down with one shot.

Stephanie tries to cover the hole with the left, it's pointless, but she does get a shot off and kills the lady sommelier.

Both of them are now on the floor of the elevator and the doors shut.

Stephanie falls and gurgles her last breaths.

At that instant Sydney turns and crushes Gladys with a right hand knocking her cold.

Antoine turns and returns the favor and smashes Sydney's face with his fist.

There it is, the switch goes off and now we see the sadistic Coach we heard about earlier.

Coach takes Antoine out with a spearing tackle and proceeds to ferociously elbow Antoine in the face, destroying his nose. Keeps elbowing--

COACH

You...ever...touch...my...wife...
ag--

Somehow, Antoine grabs Coach by the ears with his massive mitts and HEADBUTTS him--breaking his nose and sending blood spraying.

Coach stumbles away and falls at the feet of Darlene. She grabs him and helps him up.

DARLENE
You're losing!

COACH
I'm aware...

Darlene gets wide-eyed when she sees his face. He turns to reveal his eyes are completely swollen like Rocky.

Antoine gets up. And his face is Apollo's.

COACH'S POV-Blurred

ANTOINE'S POV-Blurred

They struggle to find each other. They start circling, tripping over the carnage. Antoine kicks Stephanie's gun. They both scream towards the sound.

They're wrestling on the floor. Darlene grabs the baseball bat. She goes to swing, Antoine finds the gun, hears her coming and without looking shoots. She slams to the ground. The creepy sound of the baseball bat is all we hear.

Coach looks to the right and see's Sydney laying motionless. Darlene may be dead. And he can't do anything as Antoine now has a gun to his forehead.

ANTOINE
Someone once asked me, why do we
only think of the bad while
present, and only remember the good
when absent? I had no fucking clue
but--

COACH
Our heart you dumb fuck. Your mind
feels the present while the heart
yearns for the absent. Jesus Christ
you suck as a life coach

ANTOINE
You know, this moment calls for a
dramatic pause. Whatever, goodbye
Coach Pete it up.

DING.

Elevator opens again and this time it's an elevator full of
FBI AGENTS

FBI AGENT #1
Don't fucking do it Collins!

FBI AGENT #2
Drop the gun dickhead.

Antoine and Coach somehow look into each others puffed eyes. Antoine presses the gun to his head. Antoine knows he can't go to prison.

Then a hand touches his shoulder, it's Gladys. She calms his beast again.

GLADYS
Give me the gun Antoine

He does. She takes it. Suddenly she points it at the FBI Agents and BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM! She's taken out in a fury of gunfire.

Antoine SCREAMS! He gets up and BOOM! He's shot right in the knee cap which slams him to the ground.

Agent scramble to the scene. One cuffs Antoine. Others check on the deceased. One wakes Sydney. One standing over Darlene.

FBI AGENT #1
You okay miss?

DARLENE
Yeah, it just grazed me.

COACH
What?

Coach gets up and looks at her.

DARLENE
What do you think I'm stupid, he had a gun.

She smiles and then looks around.

DARLENE (CONT'D)
Oh my God.

She sees Antoine having his knee worked on by PARAMEDICS. The room is chaos.

DARLENE (CONT'D)
You called them didn't you?

Coach doesn't do anything but smirk.

DARLENE (CONT'D)
Why?

COACH
To accept my penance.

FBI Agent #2 walks over and cuffs Coach while reading him his rights.

Sydney sees this and starts to lose it!

SYDNEY
No! No! No! No!

The agents and paramedics have to restrain her.

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
(hysterically)
No! Peter, no!

Coach looks back at the agent.

COACH
Please?

The agent brings him closer.

They press their heads together.

COACH (CONT'D)
Now you're ready.

She smiles at him and gives him one last kiss before he is taken away.

Coach stops at Darlene

DARLENE
Thank you.

COACH
Buddha said holding onto anger or resentment is like drinking poison and hoping the other person dies. I always like'd that.

DARLENE
Me too Coach.

COACH
See ya around Betty.

Coach is taken to the elevator and the last thing he sees before the doors shut are the two ladies that saved his life.

Doors shut.

We hear applause.

INT. MARLA STUDIOS-DAY

Marla is interviewing someone

MARLA

But how long did it take?

It's Darlene and we're positioned on her profile as she looks over to Marla and then back at the studio audience.

DARLENE

Oh a few years.

MARLA

A few years huh?

DARLENE

Ya.

MARLA

Well, people have been hammering me wondering what my thoughts are about my friend, or who I thought was my friend, being, well, Pablo Escobar. I can't believe this. And all because you wanted revenge and to prove that self help is a sham?

DARLENE

Self help isn't a sham. We all need a little something dont' we?

The studio audience nods in approval.

DARLENE (CONT'D)

Some more than others, but we all just need a little kick in the ass once in a while. And the boot that does it, well it comes a variety of sizes and styles. Peter Stillwell taught me something, there are no limitations on what we can do, and if there are, it's because we put them there. We all can be our own hero. But first, we must forgive the past.

MARLA

Okay, but the revenge part?

DARLENE
Oh ya, totally!

They laugh. Then Marla peeks around Darlene

MARLA
Feel free to chime in anytime over
there, I mean it was your brothers
unfortunate suicide that started
all of this.

Okay, you've made it this far, I plead with you to stick with
me.

THE MUSTAPHA DANCE VERSION OF ROCK THE CASBAH PLAYS

And who sits up? Bradley and he's blonde!

All of what follows are FLASHBACKS-

INT. BEDROOM-NIGHT

Darlene sees her phone, notices, ignores lies back in bed and
spoons a younger Bradley

DARLENE
It's your brother.

BRADLEY
Of course it is.

INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

Bradley is flipping through a book by Antoine Collins. He
stops on the cover which has a huge shot of his huge fucking
head.

DARLENE
(crying)
May god have mercy on him because
we... will... not

Bradley looks up with tears streaming down his face, and in a
moment of rage he throws the book and...

INT. DARLENE AND BRADLEY'S LIVING ROOM-DAY

...Darlene catches a phone book. She quickly thumbs through,
picks up the phone dials

DARLENE

(into phone)

Two tickets to Oxacana. You only fly into Vera Cruz? Well, fly us there and rent two fucking donkeys, I don't care. Wait, I'm sorry, make it three, I pack heavy.

AIRPLANE TAKING OFF AND LANDING

INT. OXACANA-BOXING RING-DAY

Our couple watches two MMA FIGHTERS fight, and one is a young, boyishly clean shaven Oscar Flores.

Bradley is talking to his trainer, Chad from the beginning, looks exactly the same as the fight. Which is about less than ten but more than five years earlier.

CHAD

His dream is to fight in the states.

BRADLEY

Is he any good?

BOOM! Oscar gets smoked by a right and is done HARD!

DARLENE

There's time.

BRADLEY

Ya, there's time.

AIRPLANE TAKING OFF AND LANDING

INT. DARLENE AND BRADLEY'S LIVING ROOM-DAY

Bradley comes running in with his tablet and shows a picture of a Coach to Darlene.

BRADLEY

I think I found him!

Darlene likes.

DARLENE

Dye your hair red.

BRADLEY

Why?

DARLENE

He may need motivation and I have a friend.

INT. COACH'S OFFICE-DAY

Sydney and Coach are sitting there looking like, which they are, conducting an interview. Sydney likes him, Coach, not so much.

COACH

I can't really pay you...

Coach looks at Sydney who with gritted teeth says

SYDNEY

Yes

COACH

Much.

SYDNEY

But we can take care of you in other ways.

She uncrosses and recrosses her legs just to make Coach jealous. It works.

Bradley smiles

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE-NIGHT

Bradley is on his cell shivering

BRADLEY

You may have to sleep with him, it's his Achilles heel.

INT. DARLENE AND BRADLEY'S LIVING ROOM-NIGHT

Darlene is looking at pics of him.

DARLENE

Ya, no problem.

Darlene hangs up her phone.

Then it rings.

INT. DARLENE'S AND BRADLEY'S LIVING ROOM-DAY

Darlene answers

INT. COUNTY MORGUE-DAY

An portly girl, MONICA 30's. Ya, she works in the morgue.

MONICA
Got one. Pointy right?

INT. COUNTY MORGUE-LATER

Bradley, Darlene, and Monica are looking down at us.

DARLENE
Just dye the hair red and we're
good.

BRADLEY
You think?

MONICA
If you want, I can inject some fat
from his ass into his cheeks to
make him look like he was beaten.

BRADLEY
You can do that?

MONICA
Sure.

Ya, they're looking at a dead body that isn't necessarily a
dead (you're welcome) ringer. But he'll do.

INT. BRADLEY'S CAR- DAY

He's on the phone with her.

DARLENE (O.S.)
(through the phone)
Yes?

BRADLEY
What are you doing?

We can see that he's looking at her in her car.

DARLENE (O.S.)
(through the phone)
What do you think I'm doing? I'm
here now

BRADLEY
What are you waiting for?

DARLENE (O.S.)
(through the phone)
If I didn't have to waste time on
the phone...

INT. COACH PETE IT UP-WAITING ROOM-DAY

Exact scene earlier except from DARLENE'S POV

SYDNEY
Tell him I'll call him then, tell
him not to fuck anyone, and tell
him Bradley has a friend who works
in the morgue so making him
disappear--

Darlene coughs, grabbing everyone's attentions

Bradley looks at her wide-eyed, Sydney looks at her
suspiciously.

BRADLEY
May we help you--

He mouths the word "Sorry"

EXT. DINER-NIGHT

Bradley walking out from his meeting with Coach. He's on his
cell

BRADLEY
I'm gone

He hangs up...

INT. HOTEL ROOM-DAY

He dials...

INT. FBI OFFICES-DAY

Remember the Sommeliers? Well, there they are. Two desks next to each other in what we have seen for years in every film or tv show as a police station "pit" area.

MALE SOMMELIER

We just got another phone call about Antoine Collins and this Charity event. Seriously? Fucking self help "gurus" are crime bosses?

Lady Sommelier isn't even paying attention

LADY SOMMELIER

Well, you're pretty fucked up, so you know. Maybe it's not the worst idea.

He laughs it off and then drifts in thought.

MALE SOMMELIER

I'm taking it to the director

He leaves

EXT. CEMETARY-DAY

Bradley is standing there looking at the grave of his brother. Darlene comes in and joins him. She looks weathered.

MARLA (V.O.)

So who's next on your hit list

INT. MARLA STUDIOS-DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Darlene and Bradley sit there, smirking looking at each other and then simultaneously give a look to Marla saying "maybe you?"

Marla picks up on this, little panic in her eyes, looks right at us.

MARLA

We'll be back after this

TV TURNS OFF

INT. SYDNEY'S OFFICE-DAY

Sydney is sitting at her office desk, she looks absolutely gorgeous. On her desk is a framed 8x10 of Coach smiling ear to ear with his puffed eyes in his mug shot.

Sydney is still letting what she just watched sink in.

SYDNEY
Mother...fucker...

THE END

FADE TO BLACK