DEATH PACT

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FADE IN:

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Vast arena. Filled with chanting, devoted followers. Think Billy Graham, Tony Robbins... Hitler. On stage is DYLAN JAROCEK, early-40's. Handsome, rugged. Earpiece microphone. All-American in a cowboy, aw-shucks kind of way. He gestures to silence the crowd.

DYLAN
A year ago, Eddie came to me and said, 'Coach, my business has failed. I'm on the verge of bankruptcy. I'm losing my house.' I said to him, 'Eddie... what do you *want*?' He replied, 'I want to go to the bathroom'.

The audience laughs.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
So I let him go. When he got *back* from the bathroom, I said, 'Eddie, tell me what do you *want* to achieve in the next year that will turn your life around? What you <u>want</u> to make it all worth while?' He told me he needed to book eight and a half million. 'But,' he said, 'but in this economy, that's *impossible*'.

The audience boos.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Eight and a half million. So, Eddie. How did you do?

Points to EDDIE, an affluent-looking audience member.

EDDIE
(very upbeat)
Coach J., with your help, I've taken the company out of insolvency, I expanded our operations and I gave bonuses to the entire staff for the first time in six years.

DYLAN
Did you book the eight and a half?

EDDIE
(deadly serious)
No. I did not. Only eight point four. And I'm sorry I let you down, Coach. I know what I have to do.

Eddie pulls out a PISTOL. Inserts the muzzle in his mouth. As his finger tightens on the trigger we --

CUT TO:

SFX: SNORTING SOUND

INT. CAR - SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

A man snorts himself awake. He was napping in the driver's seat. All in black. It's COACH DYLAN from the previous scene. He shakes off his dream.

He looks at his watch. 2am.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Dylan silently gets out of the car. Runs to a specific house. Jimmies a door open. He's cased the place.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He tiptoes past silver candlesticks, car keys, cash. Doesn't even look at that stuff. Hears a noise. Ducks in...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

An attractive WOMAN, 30, enters. Opens the fridge, pours herself a glass of juice. Closes the fridge to reveal --

Dylan. Standing absolutely still. She <u>doesn't</u> see him. He doesn't move. This is one cool bastard.

She leans against the island. Finishes her juice. Leaves. Dylan, who hasn't moved, relaxes. He tiptoes upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - NEW JERSEY OFFICE PARK - MORNING

TED DUNBAR, 30, walks through a maze of cubicles in a large, grey, corporate office. Men's Warehouse suit and tie, averagely handsome. Think JASON SEGEL.

Passes ROSIE, 25, super-cute.

TED
Hey, Rosie.

She smiles at him. Waves sweetly. Ted half-melts.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ted enters. Takes a piss at the urinal. The door opens. GAVIN, his boss, 45, enters.

TED
Morning, Gavin.

Gavin enters a stall. Ted hears him unbuckle and push down his pants. Usual noises.

GAVIN (O.S.)
We're scheduled for an 11am, right? Let's just do it now.

TED
Here?

GAVIN (O.S.)
Seize the moment, Ted.

TED
Um. OK. Well, three months ago we said we'd talk about my raise in three months...

GAVIN (O.S.)
Save your breath. There's a company-wide pay freeze.

TED
... I know Vivian got a raise.

GAVIN (O.S.)
(shouts)
ANYONE ELSE IN HERE?!
(beat, no answer)
Two words for you. Minority. Female. Upset that apple cart and we're all out of a job.

TED
My last raise was three years ago.

GAVIN (O.S.)
I'm just being honest with you. And I feel I can because you're one of my inner circle.

TED
I am?

GAVIN (O.S.)
Oh yeah. Just keep doing what you're doing, Ted. You're on the radar. The fast track for sure.

Beat. Ted smiles. This is good.

GAVIN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You still out there? 'Cause it's kind of creepy now.

CUT TO:

INT. MULTI-PLEX MOVIE THEATRE - EVENING

JEFF, 30, is OBESE. Manager of the multiplex. In shirt, clip-on tie and name badge. Leaning on the counter, he dips a hotdog into a nachos tub full of melted cheese and eats it.

TYLER, 18, Justin Bieber hair and pizza complexion, in multiplex bow tie/vest combo, searches for something.

TYLER
Hey Jabba, you seen my cash register key?

JEFF
I'll issue you another, but it has to come out of your salary.

TYLER
C'mon, Jeff. Can't you just slip me a new one?

JEFF
Jeff would love to. But Jabba has to follow the rules.

As Jeff walks away, Tyler points to the back of Jeff's arm.

TYLER
Duuuuude. Oh my God. You didn't even *feel* it.

THE MISSING KEY IS EMBOSSED INTO HIS FAT.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Home of a successful doctor, his wife and young family. Nicely furnished. These people are doing very well.

GOMEZ, 30, looks older. Worn down by his wife and kids. Think ED HELMS. Trying to watch a game on TV. His daughter, GEORGIA, 7, repetitively plays "Chopsticks" on the harp.

GOMEZ
Georgia, honey, do you have to do that now?

His wife yells from off screen --

MICHELLE (O.S.)
Don't listen to your father! Keep practising!!

GEORGIA
Tough noogies, Gomez.

GOMEZ
I've asked you not to call me Gomez. I'm your Dad.

GEORGIA
Sure thing, Gomez.

He goes upstairs --

INT. HIS SON'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Walls painted black. Morrissey, The Cure, anarchist posters. Large TV. MARTIN, 12, goth, sits at a table applying black nail polish.

GOMEZ
Hey Martin, I thought we could watch the game together in here like we used to.

Martin, mid-stroke, coldly stares at his father. That's his answer. Gomez leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. TGI FRIDAY - NIGHT

Crowded. Ted, Gomez and Jeff approach the hostess desk manned by STACY, 25.

TED
Hello Stacy. Table for three.

STACY
Name?

TED
...Ted. We're here *every* Thursday.

She doesn't care. Hands him a pager thingy.

STACY
About thirty minutes.

TED
Thirty minutes?

He makes a Puss-in-Boots-adorable-sad face. Stacy stares.

TED (CONT'D)
... Thirty minutes it is.

As the guys walk away --

GOMEZ
What the hell was that face?

TED
I was trying to get a table.

JEFF
What? Retards get seated first?

Ted heads to the bar. A woman waves at Gomez.

GOMEZ
The mom of one of my patients.

JEFF
She's hot.

GOMEZ
They're all hot. And I'm the guy who's going to heal their child. Gets them crazy wet.

JEFF
Have you ever...?

GOMEZ
Christ no.

Angle Ted at the bar. Picks up three full glasses. Turns. Bumps into an IMPOSING MAN in MILITARY UNIFORM reading The Seven Habits of Highly Effective People. The man looks like he could tear the head off a cow. We now see it's DYLAN, the guy breaking into that house earlier.

DYLAN
What the hell...!!

TED
I'm sorry. I...

DYLAN
'I'm sorry'? What does that mean?

TED
It means... I... I... I...

DYLAN
'I, I, I'. What are you Mexican?

TED
No. I... Let me buy you a beer.

DYLAN
I don't want your goddam beer.

TED
Sorry. I'm sorry. Sorry... Sorry.

Ted hurries away to his pals.

TED (CONT'D)
You see that? The guy's a psycho.

GOMEZ
And he's coming this way.

TED
He is?

He is. Pointing at Ted. Ted swallows. Waits for it...

DYLAN
... Ted, right?
(beat)
Ted... And Jeff... And Gomez!?

OFF THEIR FACES: How *the fuck* does he know our names?

DYLAN (CONT'D)
(breaking into big smile)
Dylan... Mr. Jarocek... From Montrose High?... "Coach J". You were clients of my 'side business'.

He makes a joint-smoking gesture. The guys recognize him.

GOMEZ
My God. Look at you.

JEFF
You're in the army?

DYLAN
Was. Ten years. Just got out.

GOMEZ
Is that the Bronze Star?

DYLAN
You kill enough Iraqis, they give you a medal. Just kidding... although I did kill a lot of them.

TED
But you were such a...

DYLAN
Screw up?

JEFF / GOMEZ
No... No way... That's not...

DYLAN
Yeah. I was. But how have you guys been? What have you been up to in the last *ten years?* Hell, you guys eaten? We should get a table.

TED
There's a 30 minute wait.

DYLAN
I'll get us one. Hold this.

Hands Ted a $100 BILL. Heads for Stacy.

JEFF
That's Coach J?

TED
Why am I holding a hundred bucks?

JEFF
We bought weed from him, right? Do you think he can still get weed?

GOMEZ
Jeff, I'm a doctor. I can get anything. You want something?

JEFF
... No.

BUUUUZZZZ - the pager is ringing and flashing. The guys look over. Dylan waves from a corner booth.

TED
Son of a bitch.

INT. TGI FRIDAY - BOOTH - A MOMENT LATER

The guys sit. Dylan, relieved, takes his money back.

GOMEZ
What is that? With the money.

DYLAN
It's a system I have. I set myself a goal and if I don't achieve it, I pay a price. If I hadn't got a table, I'd have torn up that bill.

JEFF
You can afford to rip up C-notes?

DYLAN
No. It hurts. That was my incentive.

They look at him blankly.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Look, I was a screw up all my life, right? Dealing drugs from the locker room to high school kids. But then I joined the army. Got promotions, medals, all that shit.
(MORE)

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Why? Because in the army, it's binary. You accomplish the mission or you die. Those were the stakes I needed to turn my life around. With the right stakes, nothing is beyond your control.

TED
Nothing?

DYLAN
In the heat of battle, I saw a man with a broken femur run a hundred meters like Usain Bolt.

TED
Nothing though? So I can... grow wings and fly to the moon?

DYLAN
If you want to fly to the moon, Ted, you can fly to the moon.

TED
Might work in the army. But in the real world, there are limitations.

DYLAN
The army's pretty real, Ted. At least the bullets are. But I take your point. If you have a bad day at work, you go home, drink a beer, order a pizza, masturbate. You're <u>rewarding</u> yourself for failure. You'll achieve a hell of a lot more if you <u>punish</u> yourself for failure. Ted, what do you really want in your life?

TED
Nothing. I'm fine.

GOMEZ
Bullshit. You've been bitching about that raise for three years.

DYLAN
You could get that raise right now.

TED
Factually impossible. There's a company-wide pay freeze.

Like lightening, Dylan pins Ted's hand to the table. Palm up. Holds a hunting knife over the pinky tip.

TED (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing?!

DYLAN
Jeff, grab his phone, call his boss.

TED
NO! He's at home!

DYLAN
(to Jeff)
DO IT!!

TED
Gomez, call the police!

DYLAN
Trust me. Everything will be fine. Now get your raise or I will cut your frickin' finger off.

He's DEADLY SERIOUS. The knife blade is digging in.

JEFF
It's ringing.

DYLAN
Deep breath. Focus.

TED
Please... No...
(into phone)
Hello Gavin... It's Ted... Dunbar... I know... Sorry... It's about that pay raise...
(listens)
... I know, but I've exceeded my sales targets for eight quarters. I brought in the Levenson account which is our group's biggest...
(listens)
... We'll <u>definitely</u> discuss it tomorrow? OK...

Dylan shakes his head. The knife cuts the flesh.

TED (CONT'D)
(into phone)
AAHHhhh. No!
(MORE)

TED (CONT'D)
If you don't give it to me right now, I walk. And I take Levenson with me.

Dylan mouths: *speakerphone*. Ted presses a button --

GAVIN
(through phone)
... don't ever threaten me again. But I can swing you 10%.

TED
Really?! Great. Thank you, Gavin.
(hangs up, grinning)
Dylan, I owe you an...

SLICE - The fleshy tip of Ted's pinky sits an inch away from the rest of his finger. Ted's eyes go wide.

TED (CONT'D)
BUT I GOT THE RAISE!!

DYLAN
I said 15%.

TED
NO, YOU DIDN'T!!

DYLAN
(to Jeff and Gomez)
I didn't?

Jeff and Gomez, unable to speak, shake their heads in horror.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Really? I could've sworn I did.

Ted faints. Hard on the table.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
... My bad.

CUT TO:

INT. GOMEZ'S CLINIC -- NIGHT

Typical doctor's office. As Gomez sews up Ted's finger, Dylan looks around. Ted grimaces from the pain. Jeff looks on.

DYLAN
(looks at family photo)
... Is that Michelle Zbornak?! You married Michelle Zbornak?

GOMEZ
(eyes down, sewing)
I did.

DYLAN
You are a lucky man. Still a knockout. These are your kids?

GOMEZ
Georgia... Ansel... and Martin.

DYLAN
How old is Martin?

GOMEZ
Twelve.

DYLAN
Twelve? Wow. So you were...

GOMEZ
Two things happened prom night. I lost my virginity and I knocked up my date. That was the most expensive eleven seconds in the history of time.

DYLAN
Prom night? Jesus.

JEFF
At least you got laid. My prom night ended with my grandmother walking in on me jerking off over the yearbook.

TED
Um. *Hello?*

DYLAN
I feel really bad about this, Ted. I could've sworn I said 15%. You know what? Let's all have dinner.

TED
No. No. That's OK...

DYLAN
Seriously. In all the excitement, we didn't even get to order. I insist. On me.

CUT TO:

INT. JAPANESE RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Tiny, secret place. The Japanese equivalent of a speakeasy. Nobody but our four guys and the chef behind a counter. Think Kill Bill. Lots of food on the table.

DYLAN
Isn't this place amazing? It reminds me of that 17th century haiku by Matsuo Basho: *Even in Kyoto, hearing the Cuckoo's cry, I long for Kyoto*...

The guys look at each other.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Does that Jap bastard hit the nail on the head or what?

GOMEZ
Certainly is delicious. What is this?

DYLAN
That? Octopus taint.

Jeff and Gomez stop mid-chew. Dylan laughs.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
I'm kidding. I have no idea. But whatever it is, I can assure you it is the best version of it.

Ted, pinky heavily bandaged, struggles with his chopsticks.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Want me to ask Yusuke for a fork?

TED
I can manage.

JEFF
Come on, Ted, don't be like that.

DYLAN
It's OK. I understand. Maybe another glass of pain killer.

Waves for the waitress to come over. She pours saki for everyone. Dylan puts a hand over his cup.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Wait. How many have I had? Three or four? Three? OK. Good. I can have one more. I gotta be careful.

JEFF
Why?

DYLAN
Because I'm an alcoholic.

GOMEZ
You probably shouldn't drink at all then.

DYLAN
But I like the taste of alcohol. And I like the way it makes me feel. So I give myself a strict limit.

TED
Can you do that?

DYLAN
It ain't easy. I've slipped off the wagon...

Rolls up his sleeve. 'FAILURE' is tattooed several times up his bicep. He counts them...

DYLAN (CONT'D)
... three, four, five times. Last one, over a year ago. So not bad.

He holds up his cup of saki...

DYLAN (CONT'D)
I'm so glad I bumped into you guys tonight. It's been great to hang out with some old, familiar faces. But more than that, it has given me the opportunity to thank you. So, thank you.

GOMEZ
For what?

DYLAN
You don't remember? Well, why should you? I think it was your senior year. After our big game against Hamilton. Anyway, you guys were on your bikes by the gym. I ran past and hid in the dumpster?

The guys ad lib "yeah / I remember / what about it..."

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Then a guy drove up and asked if you'd seen me. You could've given me up. But you didn't. You all said no and he drove off. That guy? He was a Narc. I had 250 hits of E on me. And a shitload of coke. And a bunch of steroids. And Ritalin, you know, for the Asian kids. If he'd caught me, it would've been definite jail time. I'd never have gotten in to the army. And the army turned my life around. So I really owe it all to you guys. As they say in Iraq... Shucram!

He drinks. They follow suit. Dylan gets up.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
I got to hit the head.

Leaves them. The guys look at each other --

TED
We agree this guy is nuts, right?

JEFF
I don't know. I think he's funny.

TED
He cut my finger off.

GOMEZ
He didn't even touch the bone. Personally, I find him refreshing.

JEFF
And he got you your raise. Small price to pay.

TED
(holds up his pinky)
'Small price'?

GOMEZ
For Christ's sake, you still have nine fingers to shove up your ass.

Music plays. They look around. Dylan is playing a Shamisen, the Japanese three-stringed guitar. A duet with the chef. Ted looks at the guys: *this is normal?*

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

They leave the restaurant. Walk down the street. A terrible part of town. It's late. Deserted. They see a POSTER for Porsche Carrera.

GOMEZ
I nearly bought one of those.

TED
They're like *ninety* grand.

GOMEZ
Lot of sick kids out there.

They get to Gomez's Prius.

DYLAN
How come you ended up with this?

GOMEZ
How did I end up with a Prius? Because Michelle volunteered to come to the Porsche dealer with me to "help choose the right color". I should've known. As soon as we got there, I *felt* her disapproval. Everyone did. I don't know how she does it. She never said anything overt. But by the time she was done, even the Porsche salesman was like, 'brother, get yourself out of here and go buy a Prius.'

DYLAN
You're not a fan of the electric car?

JEFF
Is any guy?

GOMEZ
Might as well cut off my balls and hang them from the rear view.

DYLAN
Then get rid of it.

GOMEZ
I can't. I just bought it.

DYLAN
Get it stolen.

JEFF
You know of a gang of lesbian car thieves operating in New Jersey?

Dylan goes into the trunk. Holds out a tire iron.

DYLAN
At least smash a window. Insurance will pay.

TED
That's insurance fraud.

DYLAN
Who cares?

TED
I do. I'm in insurance.

JEFF
Guys, maybe we should...

DYLAN
Here's some incentive. Gomez, smash the window or I will punch Jeff in the face.

TED
Here we go again.

JEFF
What did *I* do?

DYLAN
Doesn't matter. Gomez?

GOMEZ
I'm not going to damage my own car.

Dylan pops Jeff in the face.

JEFF
OW! What the *hell*.

DYLAN
Do it.

Gomez won't. Punches Jeff again.

JEFF
OW! For Christ's sake, smash it!

DYLAN
I'm gonna break his nose this time.

TED
Don't let him tell you what to do.

DYLAN
OK. But this is your fault...

Dylan winds up. Jeff is petrified...

SMASH - Gomez did it. Shattered a window. Can't believe he did it. SMASH! SMASH. Takes out the wing mirror and windscreen. Gomez beams. God, that feels good. Liberating.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Think that feels good? Try this.

Dylan pulls out a GUN.

TED
Whoa. What the hell.

DYLAN
Kill the car. Go on. Kill it.

Gomez takes the gun. Heart pounding. Looks at Dylan: *Really?* Dylan: *For sure.*

BANG! BANG BANG BANG! <u>PEPPERS THE PRIUS</u>. He looks exhilarated. Looks at the others.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Here... You do it.

Pulls out ANOTHER GUN. Gives it to Jeff.

QUICK CUTS - <u>All</u> of them - even Ted - taking turns to shoot this fucking awful car. This SYMBOL OF ALL THINGS BAD IN THE WORLD. Until --

POLICE SIREN. A COP CAR skids to a halt. Two COPS jump out. Guns drawn. Everyone panics, freezes. Except Dylan.

COP 1
Put the gun down! Down!

Gomez goes to put it down.

DYLAN
(in total command)
Don't put it down, Gomez.

COP 1
I said put the gun down.

DYLAN
(quietly)
Gomez. No.

Gomez doesn't know what to do. Dylan sounds so sure.

COP 2
Down! All of you!

Gomez, Jeff and Ted start to lower themselves.

DYLAN
(cool)
Stand your ground, gentlemen.

The guys slowly get back up. The cops are confused. This isn't in the training manual.

COP 2
What the hell is your problem?

DYLAN
(super calm, focused)
The problem is not mine. The problem is yours. The problem is you don't know who I am. You don't know what I've done. You don't know that I have nothing to lose.

The cops shift uneasily. Dart looks at each other.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Your problem is there are four of us and only two of you. You may kill a couple of us. But at least one of you is coming too. Which one? You with the wedding ring?

The cops are breathing heavier. Sweating despite the cool night air. Dylan is super rational, charming even.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
So the best thing for you to do is to get back in your car and drive away. That's the only way for both of you to see the glory of dawn breaking in the morning.

The cops look at each other: *what do we do? I don't know.*

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Hey, it's OK. I know what your asking yourselves: Is there a body in the car? Are there drugs in the car? I can assure you there is not a body in the car, there are no drugs in the car. OK?

COP 1
... You promise?

COP 2
What?!

CUT TO:

INT. GOMEZ'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - THE FOLLOWING MORNING

Gomez makes coffee. Talks to his wife just off screen.

MICHELLE (O.S.)
Stolen?

GOMEZ
Yeah, we came out of the restaurant and it was gone.

MICHELLE, 30, enters. In lycra, looking amazing. Efficient, controlling, she's devoted to the very latest child-rearing philosophy that guarantees high-achieving progeny.

We now see this is the woman who came into the kitchen of the house Dylan broke into. This is that house.

MICHELLE
What were you doing in that part of town?

GOMEZ
Dylan took us for sushi.

MICHELLE
Dylan who?

GOMEZ
Dylan Jarocek.

MICHELLE
... *Coach J*? From high school?

GOMEZ
Yeah. We bumped into him at Fridays. He's back in town.

MICHELLE
From jail?

GOMEZ
From the army.

MICHELLE
They gave that sleazeball a gun?

GOMEZ
He's totally turned himself around. He has a Bronze Star.

MICHELLE
I don't care if he got a platinum rainbow. Coach J. dealt drugs. To children. Stay away from him.

ANSEL, 4, enters.

ANSEL
Mommy milk. Mommy milk.

Michelle unleashes a bosom. He latches on. Gomez, uncomfortable, makes a noise.

MICHELLE
... *What*?

GOMEZ
He's four and a half.

MICHELLE
It boosts his immune system. And you call yourself a pediatrician.

She carries Ansel out. Martin comes in.

GOMEZ
Hey Martin.

MARTIN
I need a new retainer.

GOMEZ
Why? Did you lose it again?

MARTIN
I just do! OK?

CUT TO:

INT. JEFF'S GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Faded floral curtains. Old stained carpets. Medication bottles crowd every surface. Oxygen tanks. Adult diapers.

TOILET FLUSH - From the bathroom, Jeff helps his grandmother to bed. Paper thin skin. Emaciated. Confused eyes.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Hey.

Jeff jumps. *Who the fuck...* Dylan sits in a chair. Waves. He looks a lot less menacing in his civilian clothes.

JEFF
How did you know where...

DYLAN
I made a few deliveries here, remember? Hey, Mrs. Muller... She hear us?

JEFF
Sometimes.

CUT TO:

INT. SUPERMARKET - LATER

Jeff pushes a cart. Loads it with frozen pizzas, ice cream, sugar cereals, etc. Dylan walks alongside.

DYLAN
You look after your Gaga full time or what?

JEFF
She has a nurse when I'm at work. But most of the time, it's just me.

DYLAN
You do everything?
(Jeff nods modestly)
I mean, like, you wipe her ass?

Jeff nods.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Once, outside Kandahar, my patrol came under fire. We were pinned behind a burned-out building. The others wanted to hunker down, wait for help. But I knew it wouldn't get there in time. Just too much fire. I was the only one who realized the situation was terminal. They wouldn't listen. I did what I had to do. I picked up the dead body of my sergeant and used it as a shield as I ran to the Humvee. I got away. The other fourteen didn't. My life - and the way I think about life - changed that day.

JEFF
Wow.

DYLAN
But I still don't think I could wipe my grandmother's ass... You are the one who deserves a medal.

Jeff sees TYLER, from the multiplex. As he passes --

TYLER
Hey Jabba.

DYLAN
(to Jeff)
Jabba? As in 'the Hut'? The fat, disgusting bad guy in Star Wars?

JEFF
What can you do?

DYLAN
Let's see...
(approaching Tyler)
HEY!... Excuse me...!

Tyler turns. In one swift movement, Dylan has PEELED THE LID off a can of corn, shoved it up the leg of Tyler's shorts and - judging by his expression - has the jagged edge on Tyler's scrotum.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
His name is 'Jeff'. And I think you should apologize.

TYLER
... Sorry I called you Jabba.

DYLAN
And...?

TYLER
... it'll never happen again?

Dylan smiles, releases Tyler, who stumbles away.

DYLAN
And now we're all friends.

JEFF
Dude! That was amazing!

DYLAN
Yeah, well, he wouldn't talk to you like that if you weren't so disgustingly fat. You're huge, man.

JEFF
I've tried to lose weight. I can't.

DYLAN
Don't say can't.

JEFF
It's impossible.

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S OFFICE - DAY

Ted watches ROSIE. The MAIL ROOM GUY drops some mail on Ted's desk. Looks up.

TED
Hey. Can you do me a favor?

Ted hands him $100.

TED (CONT'D)
Hold this. I'm going to go ask Rosie Jenks out for a date. If she turns me down, I want you to rip that up.

MAIL ROOM GUY
... Can't I just keep it?

TED
No. You have to rip it up.

MAIL ROOM GUY
Seems sort of wasteful. I mean, what's the difference?

TED
I don't know. Just is. Wait here.

We watch Ted go up to Rosie. She smiles at him. They talk. She nods. He thanks her. Comes back. Takes the $100 back from the Mail Room Guy.

MAIL ROOM GUY
She said yes?

TED
(mutters)
I didn't ask. She has a boyfriend.

MAIL ROOM GUY
So shouldn't I rip that up?

TED
I changed my mind.

Ted crosses away.

MAIL ROOM GUY
Douche.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Jeff drives his grandmother's '81 Chevrolet Monte Carlo. It's late. A neon sign ahead: DUNKIN' DONUTS. He knows he shouldn't, but pulls in...

EXT. DUNKIN' DONUTS - A MOMENT LATER

Jeff comes out with a dozen box. Suddenly --

PING... PING PING PING.

Sparks on the asphalt. A hole appears in a sign. BULLETS!?

He dives for cover. The box of doughnuts spills across the parking lot. Glaze and sprinkles fly into the air.

PING PING... Bullet holes in his car door. Inches either side of him. The bullets stop. Jeff sweats, looks at the surrounding roof tops. *What the fuck?*

A jelly doughnut sits on the ground. Jeff slowly reaches, picks it up. PING. It's shot OUT OF HIS HAND. Jeff scrambles into his car. Drives away.

CUT TO:

INT. TGI FRIDAY'S - EVENING

TED
Holy shit. *That's* your new car?

Ted is looking out of the window, at a shiny, new Tesla. Sleek and cool. Gomez beams. So does Dylan.

GOMEZ
Yesterday afternoon, I just thought, 'to hell with it' and went out and bought it. And it's electric. Michelle can't say shit.

STACY, the cute, yet pissed off waitress arrives.

STACY
What do you guys want?

DYLAN
Stacy, what do *you* want? Out of life.

STACY
Let's see. I work at TGI Fridays, live in a rat-infested shit pile, I'm pretty sure my land lord watches me in the bathroom through a peep hole and, at my current rate, I'll be 41 when I finally pay off my student loans. I have everything I want.

DYLAN
We should talk.

STACY
I'd like that. Let's start with your drink order.

Jeff, agitated, runs up to Dylan.

JEFF
You shot at me?

STACY
I'll give you guys a minute.

She leaves.

DYLAN
You said you wanted to lose weight.

JEFF
You almost killed me.

DYLAN
How bad of a shot do you think I am? In Iraq, I never missed and those guys are much smaller targets.

TED
You shot at him?

DYLAN
He was at Dunkin' Donuts.

JEFF
He shot a doughnut *from my hand*.

DYLAN
You were afraid of that bullet? You should be afraid of that *doughnut*. In your mind, 'doughnut' should equal 'bullet'. Because that's what it is. Every time you put a doughnut in your mouth, it's like Bang!

TED
Can we now please finally call the police?

DYLAN
Before you do that, let me ask Jeff: How many doughnuts did you eat today?

JEFF
... None.

Dylan makes a hand gesture: *Et voila.* Beat.

DYLAN
I'll be honest, though. When I saw the jelly explode, I did think: 'goddam, I *hit* the fat bastard!'

Dylan and Gomez laugh. Jeff can't help but chuckle too.

TED
You're laughing? He shot at you.

JEFF
Yeah, but, y'know... Today is the first day I can remember that I haven't stopped for fast food.

GOMEZ
And I drive a Tesla.

TED
You guys are crazy.

DYLAN
There's nothing crazy about getting what you want. Let's stop messing around. Let's get specific. Jeff, how much weight do you want to lose?

JEFF
Me? I don't know... 75 pounds?

DYLAN
Done.

JEFF
What?

DYLAN
Yeah. You're going to lose 75 pounds. Gomez, what do <u>you</u> want?

GOMEZ
No. I'm OK. I got my car.

DYLAN
I know there's something.

GOMEZ
No. Really. I'm...

DYLAN
(slams the table)
Tell me!

GOMEZ
I want to leave my wife and kids.

They look at him. Stunned. It all comes tumbling out...

GOMEZ (CONT'D)
... I hate my wife. *Hate* her. And do you know what's worse? I'm starting to hate my kids. Ansel is almost five and still breast feeding. Martin, quite frankly, *scares* me. And Georgia? Georgia is becoming such a little...

Cups his hands around his mouth. Mouths a word.

TED
Whoa! Did you just call your seven year old daughter the C-word?

GOMEZ
Am I the worst father ever?

DYLAN
Ever hit them over the head with a beer bottle and lock them in the basement?

GOMEZ
No.

DYLAN
Then my dad still wins that award.

JEFF
Why don't you leave them?

GOMEZ
I just can't. I'm weak.

DYLAN
With the right stakes you can. You just need to follow the 'Coach J Way'.

TED
The Coach J Way? It's a "way" now?

DYLAN
I'm still working on the name.

JEFF
I like 'Coach J Way'.

DYLAN
Come on, Ted. What's your goal?

TED
My goal is to get away from you.

JEFF
Ted, you read a shit-load of Tony Robbins. This guy is like Tony Robbins. With a gun.

TED
He's a former drug dealer who cut my finger off. And who shoots at people. We know nothing about this guy. There is no Coach J Way. I'm telling you this does not end happily.

He leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Ted walks along with his Starbucks cappuccino and scone in a bag. Dylan approaches. Walks alongside. Ted ignores him.

DYLAN
Back in high school I admired the shit out of you. You were so together, so most-likely-to-succeed. Young, focused, whip smart. Kids looked up to you. I saw it. I hate seeing you not living up to your potential.

TED
I'm doing fine.

DYLAN
'*Fine*' is what you're after in life?... OK, whatever. Regardless, I brought you this.

Holds out a bar napkin. Written on it: 'CALL ME. ROSIE'. With a phone number. Ted stops. *What?*

DYLAN (CONT'D)
It's from Rosie Jenks. She works in your office.

TED
I know who Rosie Jenks is. How do you know her?

DYLAN
I met her last night.

TED
Are you stalking her? Are you stalking *me?*

DYLAN
I happen to know she likes you.

TED
(interested, wary)
She has a boyfriend.

DYLAN
She's not serious about him.

TED
Really?

DYLAN
If she was serious, she wouldn't have blown me last night.

Dylan pulls out his phone. Shows a photo of --

TED
(recoiling)
Oh, shit. Jesus, man.

DYLAN
My cock. Her mouth. I put yesterday's paper in the background so you could verify...

TED
Now you're giving me her number?

DYLAN
I'm not *giving* it to you. I'm <u>showing</u> it to you. I'm showing you the consequences of your inaction. That could've been your cock. And she deserves a nice guy like you.

TED
You think hooking up with a girl I like is going to make me *more* inclined to sign up to your stupid Coach J Way? You're delusional.

DYLAN
I'm delusional? Me? For ten years, Ted, the world has been spoon-feeding you shit and you've convinced yourself it's peanut butter. Stand back, get some perspective and take stock of your life. It's pathetic. But it's not too late to turn things around. I can help you. God knows nobody else is going to. But you have to want me to.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - TED'S CUBICLE - NIGHT

Ted works late. A co-worker, VIVIAN, African-American, late 20's, approaches.

VIVIAN
You have the Levenson file?

Ted pulls out a heavy file. Hands it to her.

TED
Yeah, sure, why?

VIVIAN
(apologetic)
Gavin's giving the account to me.

Ted tries to pull the file back. Tug-o-war for a moment.

TED
I brought in Levenson.

VIVIAN
I know. I'm sorry. He just gave it to me. I didn't ask for this. What was I supposed to do?

She leaves with the file. Ted looks out the window. Into Gavin's office. Two floors up. On a corner. Gavin stands in the window. Looks down on Ted. Their eyes lock. Gavin makes a baby-crying-waaaaa-rubbing-his-eyes face.

CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

THE END OF THE OPENING SCENE DREAM SEQUENCE. Dylan still on stage. Two security guards drag Eddie's body out.

DYLAN
What is impossible?

CROWD
(in unison)
NOTHING!

DYLAN
What can you get?

CROWD
(in unison)
ANYTHING!

DYLAN
All you need is the right incentive! Thank you very much, my friends! Good night!

The crowd goes nuts. Cheering, chanting, applauding. As we pan around the auditorium, we notice something: that ALL OF THEM HAVE PAID A PRICE FOR PAST FAILURES - missing limbs, mechanical claws, eye patches, etc.

SFX: SNORTING SOUND

INT. DYLAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dylan snorts himself awake. Gets up. Goes to his desk. Swabs the inside of his cheek with a Q-tip. Seals it in a ziploc bag. Opens a drawer. Pulls out another ziploc bag. In it: a retainer.

Places both in a manila envelope. Seals it. It's addressed to a testing laboratory.

CUT TO BLACK