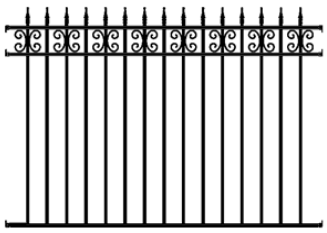
HEROES AND VILLAINS
ENTERTAINMENT



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WROUGHT IRON

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Heroes & Villains Entertainment

FADE IN:

Twisted, rusty pieces of metal lie in A SCRAP HEAP.

INT. SCRAP SHED -- DAY

A rickety garage door GRINDS on its hinges as it rises, spilling sunlight onto a scrap heap to the heavens.

Heat ripples obscure THREE MEN, revealed as the door continues to rise. When it stops its SCREECHING, the one in the middle wearing overalls crosses his arms.

SCRAP FOREMAN
Have at ‘er, boys.

The men flanking him are dressed in jeans and tank tops. One’s BALD, the other’s got A MOP TOP of hair. They march toward the scrap pile like two climbers surveying Everest.

EXT. SCRAP SHED -- DAY

From a distance, THE TWO MEN shake hands with THE SCRAP FOREMAN and climb into a white truck hitched to A BULKY TRAILER. A metal smokestack juts from the trailer.

The truck starts up. As it pulls away, catch: “**DOVER IRONWORKS**” written in hand-painted letters across the side. Pieces of BLACK GATE are welded to the truck.

EXT. COUNTY ROAD -- DAY

The truck rumbles down a weedy country road. As it passes A LARGE HOUSE the brake lights pump, and the truck slows. The truck backs up and pulls into the driveway of the house.

EXT. LARGE HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

MOP TOP dangles a cigarette out the passenger’s window, as THE BALD ONE approaches the front door with a folder under his arm. He rings the doorbell and waits.

He rings it once more. Then the screen door opens, and a man stands there wiping his hands with a towel.

We’re too far from the house to hear anything that’s said, but after a moment, the door closes, and the bald man walks back toward the truck with his head down. The one smoking tosses his butt.

EXT. ANOTHER LARGE HOUSE -- LATER

Now it's Mop Top's turn at the front door. The bald one paces in the shade of a nearby tree, on his cell phone.

Mop Top rings the doorbell once, twice, three times. Nobody answers. He shrugs from across the lawn, nods toward a couple of BMWs parked in the driveway.

The bald one hangs up, hikes his thumb back toward the truck.

EXT. LAST LARGE HOUSE -- EVEN LATER

The two men stand at the front door together -- as it goes *SLAM* right in their faces. A majestic angel figurine hanging over the knocker rocks back and forth...

The bald man, named BOBBY GRIGGS (late 30s), angrily snatches the angel from the door. He tosses it into the bushes beside the house and stomps through them. Bobby's pure bred male.

The one with the full head of hair, named MIKE KILGORE (early 30s), tries to stop him, traipses after... Mike is square-jawed, with big, strong hands. A body toned from years of working outdoors. Looking out for everyone but himself.

Mike slicks back his hair with the sweat pouring off of him. He plucks the angel from the pachysandras and dusts it off, just as the front door flies open again--

HOMEOWNER
Hey! The fuck're you two doing!?

Mike and Bobby about face -- Bobby raises his fists, but Mike steps in front of him.

MIKE
We're real sorry, sir.

HOMEOWNER
You want me to call the cops!?

MIKE
No need at all. We was just leaving, okay?

Mike raises the angel like a peace offering and sets it down on the front stoop.

The owner of the house takes one step outside, and the two guys dash back to the truck.

EXT. FAST FOOD PARKING LOT -- LATER

Bobby takes a bag of food from the drive-thru window and pulls the truck into a parking spot.

INT. TRUCK -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike and Bobby sit eating with the A/C on high.

BOBBY
Okay, okay, okay -- It's Atlantic City. Always takes place in AC, the land of sin...
(Mike chuckles)
I go down to the craps table with a couple hundee, nothing too hot. But I look up. And *she* walks out of the crowd. Just a perfect ten -- no, a *fifteen*. And she grabs those dice right outta my hand, and when she blows on 'em... the world just stops. We win big, I mean, we clean the place out good, and then we go on up--

MIKE
--and you fuck her brains out? Yeah, it always ends with you fucking her brains out.

BOBBY
Like you can do any better...

MIKE
(clears his throat)
There's a little boat shop down in Key West, called Harrison Marina. They get Boston Whalers, you know, fishing boats, but for a price. I seen it on eBay. I head on down there, pick me out the best hull they got, along with a Fenwick Eagle spinning rod... cooler of bait, cooler of Bud... I'm all set.

BOBBY
Fishing, really? *That's* your best?

MIKE
Hey, you get a boner just going over the county line. Yours is fuckin'. Mine? It's fishing.

Bobby taps the temperature read-out on the dash: **101º**

BOBBY
Going on three weeks of this shit now. Nobody wants what we got when the world's on fire.

MIKE
It'll turn. Wait and see.
(off Bobby)
Ron's been giving us a good deal on that scrap. It's all we got, man.

Bobby munches a french fry and CHUCKLES.

BOBBY
Tell you what. As your supervisor, no, as your *brother-in-law*, I vote we take the rest of the day off. Dad's not gonna find out. You go take a nap in the air conditioning and come back with a better plan of escape. Ya ain't getting outta here that easy, especially not to go *fishing*.

Mike washes it all down with a big gulp of Dr. Pepper.

EXT. TRAILER PARK -- LATER

Bobby drops Mike off outside his dilapidated double-wide. A GREEN IMPALA BEATER out front, and a window A/C unit that makes a terrible HIGH-PITCHED SQUEALING as Mike enters...

INT. MIKE'S TRAILER -- SAME

The TV is on loud in the bedroom. That, coupled with the racket from the A/C, fills the trailer with WHITE NOISE.

The place is a wreck. Fast-food wrappers litter the couch, there's a bong on the table, and a pile of unfolded laundry sits heaped in the corner.

The only clean spot in the whole place is a 70 gallon fish tank which glows with blue light. Inside, there are two fish -- giant Oscars that lazily float in place.

Mike taps the glass. He picks up a shaker of fish food, stops, and looks toward the bedroom door, barely ajar.

MIKE
Candi! You feed my fish? Candi?

Mike pauses, sees light spilling out from the bedroom. Muffled NOISES under the blaring television.

He crosses the trailer, gripping the fish food with him, and pushes the bedroom door open just enough to see--

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM -- SAME

CANDI (30), Mike's wife, gets fucked by DEAN (30s), a hairy guy in nothing but a baseball cap. Her MOANS are lost over the TV, but the DULL SLAPPING of wet skin is audible.

A SLIVER of Mike in the doorway. He slowly backs away.

INT. MIKE'S TRAILER -- SAME

Mike grimaces in physical pain, his back against the wall. He trembles with fury, eyes darting around...

A METAL BASEBALL BAT leans against the wall.

INT. MIKE'S BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

The door --*KRAM!*-- bashes open. Mike storms in, bat raised. No time for either of them to react. He swings, and connects right with the back of Dean's head. *KLONG.*

Dean slides from the bed, twitching, eyes rolled back, as Candi starts HOWLING AT MIKE--

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S TRAILER -- SAME

Mike snaps out of his DAY DREAM, still standing in the sliver of the doorway, watching Candi and Dean.

Mike's face goes slack as Candi whips her hair back in ecstasy -- and notices him standing there.

Candi shoves Dean away from her, mumbles something unintelligible. Mike slowly pushes the door further open.

She reaches for a towel and throws it to Dean who covers himself up with it. Candi scrambles to switch off the TV--

CANDI
Christ, Mike, I thought you were out till six.

Dean sniffles, adjusts himself beneath the towel.

CANDI
(long beat)
You know Dean, from three-oh-four?

MIKE
What... *the FUCK!?*

Mike promptly fastballs the fish food shaker at Dean. The canister explodes against his cheek, showering the bedroom in fish pellets. Dean drops his towel, momentarily dazed...

Mike raises his fists, nails him one right in the eye. *WHAP!* Then another, then -- Dean knocks Mike's punch away.

The naked giant that he is, Dean overpowers Mike with a KICK in the stomach. He throws Mike down onto the carpet and straddles him. Mike struggles, but Dean pins his arms.

MIKE
Get your dick the hell *off-a-me!*
This is *my* house!

Candi huddles in the comforter as Dean spits in Mike's face:

DEAN
You don't get it? Your little missy is all mine now! So you just run along, do whatever it is you do, and know that I'm teaching her carnal sins you'd never even dream of. Sorry. Your cock's no good around here anymore.

Dean RAISES HIS FIST, and just as he leans into the punch--

INT. MIKE'S CAR -- LATER

Mike smokes, cooling off. He's got a swollen cheek, a split lip, and a look of rage plastered across his face. Like a pot about to boil over.

He looks to an issue of SPORT FISHING open in his lap. He flips to all the color photos of men fishing, wind in their hair, having the time of their lives.

Mike, frustrated, tosses the magazine on the floor. He takes one last drag and starts the car up.

INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE -- DAY

Guns. A whole wall lined with shotguns, machine guns, compound bows. The handguns in a display case. Mike peers inside. He looks grim, lit from below by fluorescents.

A SALESMAN walks over.

SALESMAN
Can I help you find something, sir?

MIKE
Nah. Just... pokin' around.

Salesman turns and reveals a big poster on the wall: A MAN, about Mike's build, pilots a fishing boat through the waves. A BUXOM BLONDE sits on his lap, wind whipping her hair...

Mike stands there and looks at it for a long beat. Before the salesman is out of earshot...

MIKE
Hey, y'all get any new Fenwicks in?

MOMENTS LATER

Mike runs his hands along rows of fishing poles like he's playing a harp. The look on his face says that the touch of them under his fingers doesn't quite satisfy.

INT. CONVALESCENT HOME -- LATER

Mike walks down a sterile hallway, carrying a pack of adult diapers under his arm -- past rooms with hospital beds in them. He stops at the room at the end of the hall.

INT. MOM'S ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

MIKE'S MOM (late 80s) lies prone in a stuffy room, which she shares. A wooden cross hung over her bed. From behind the curtain partition comes a wet-sounding continuous WHOOPING COUGH from her roommate. The TV plays HEADLINE NEWS.

Mike brushes what few strands of hair his mother's got left out of her face. She smiles when she sees him, then her eyes drift toward the television, where something is on fire.

MIKE
Hey, Ma. How you feeling?

Mom turns and sees Mike's battered face. She reaches up and touches it.

MOM
Something happened.

MIKE
It sure did, Ma. How are you?

MOM
Something happened.

Mike just takes her hand and sits quietly with her.

INT. SHOWER -- LATER

Mike's mom sits on a plastic seat as he gives her a gentle sponge bath. Near catatonic, she rocks slowly with the motion of his scrubbing, but says nothing.

Mike cups his hands and rinses the soap from her back...

INT. MOM'S ROOM -- LATER

Mike tucks his mother into bed and clicks off the television. She absentmindedly takes his hand, smiling.

MOM
(rambling)
...Marriage means to always honor your vows, believe in the best, and try to make the people you love better. It's a divine commitment. Like with me and your father.
(beat, smiles)
I love him with all my heart.

Mike looks away for a beat. Maybe his mother catches it, maybe she doesn't. Mike's Mom closes her eyes. Mike bows his head and begins to QUIETLY PRAY with her.

EXT. PET STORE -- LATER

The day grows late as Mike walks through the front doors of the pet supply store.

INT. PET STORE -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike places another shaker of fish food on the checkout belt. THE CHECKOUT GIRL (20s) snags it, scans it, and bags it. She looks Mike up and down, checking out his defined muscles...

CHECKOUT GIRL
That's seven-twenty-nine.
(snaps her gum)
'Kinda fish you got?

Mike sifts through his wallet...

MIKE
Oscars. Big ones. You like fish?

CHECKOUT GIRL
Can't cuddle with fish, but they're nice to look at. I got a dog.

MIKE
'Kinda dog you got?

CHECKOUT GIRL
I knew you were gonna ask that! After you tell people you got a dog, the first thing they ask is "what kinda dog ya got?" She's a mutt or something. And I bet she'd take to *you* in an instant, mister.
(bats her eyelashes)
How about I ditch this apron they got me in, and we get dinner?

Mike smiles, looks around cautiously...

MIKE
Yeah? What if... what if *all you wear* is that little apron, huh?

CHECKOUT GIRL
(bites her lip)
You sure are good-looking.

Mike leans in -- and she notices the ring on his hand. Mike clocks her body language and lowers his hand...

CHECKOUT GIRL
Hey, I don't mess around like *that*, Mister. Sorry...

Mike smirks. "Come on." Checkout Girl shakes her head firmly, "no." Another man gets in line behind Mike. Mike purses his lips, snags the plastic bag, and walks out.

INT. BAR -- LATER

Mike sits in front of an empty plate, steak knife covered in blood, nursing a Budweiser. The plastic bag with the fish food sits on the stool next to him.

INT. MIKE'S TRAILER -- NIGHT

Mike peeks into the bedroom, sees Candi passed out alone in bed. She soundlessly rolls over, a pillow between her legs.

Mike crosses to the fish tank and sprinkles some flakes into the water. He plops down on the couch and lights a cigarette. As the two fish begin to feed, he's just a glowing ember in the darkness.

EXT. DOVER IRONWORKS -- DAY

Mike pulls into a remote industrial complex overlooking a self-storage center. There's a prefab trailer at the rear with a banner on it for DOVER IRONWORKS.

INT. DOVER IRONWORKS -- DAY

Mike enters the bare-bones trailer. There are lockers to the left, and a receptionist to the right, who punches numbers into an adding machine. She looks up when she sees Mike.

MIKE
Afternoon, Pat. You do 'em?

The receptionist nods her head to a bin on her desk, "OUTGOING MAIL." Mike sifts through a couple of envelopes, finds one with his name on it, and undoes the flap with his thumb. He frowns, then looks up to A CLOSED DOOR.

INT. BILL'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

BILL GRIGGS (60s) looks up from his cluttered desk as there's A KNOCK on the door. He's a big, fat man with rosacea on his cheeks and nose, dressed in a denim work shirt. Bill looks grumpy, crammed into this tiny excuse for an office.

BILL
Come on in.

Mike sheepishly enters with the paystub envelope in his hand.

BILL
Mike. Can I do for ya?
(beat)
Bobby tells me you're pounding the pavement. The lord smiles favorably upon hard working men.

MIKE
Yes, sir. We're trying.

Mike moves a chair to sit in, but it's covered in a pile of mail. Mike decides that standing will suffice.

MIKE
Bill, I don't wanna disturb you none, but I just noticed my paycheck is four-hundred short...

BILL
Huh? Oh, I cut it to Candice. You know, I try not to get into the... particulars, when it comes to a woman's issues. Plus, she said she already ran it by you. Well, how's it going? The baby? 'Cause you know her mother had a terrible time getting pregnant.

Mike nods, rocks on his heels for a moment.

MIKE
Yuh. We're still trying, sir. But. How's it that you took the money for *her...* from *my* paystub?

BILL
Well, you know how she gets. I said I'd work something out... and what's yours is hers, ain't it?
(chuckles)
You remember what I told you the day you married her: bless the man who takes her in, Satan scorn him if it don't work out. We good?

Mike opens his mouth to say something else, thinks twice, turns and walks out.

EXT. ROAD -- DAY

The Dover Ironworks truck drives away from a sign that reads:

DOVER, PENNSYLVANIA. Pop: 2,007

EXT. INTERSTATE -- MOMENTS LATER

The truck rumbles past a sign for Rt. 30 East.

INT. TRUCK -- MOMENTS LATER

Bobby drives down the highway, and Mike looks glum. He sees a sign out the window and frowns.

MIKE
Why the hell are we driving toward Jersey? The work's *that* way.

BOBBY
You and me, we's making the effort. But last night I took a look at Dad's bid ledger. We've pretty much exhausted southern PA. The problem is he's getting outbid on his own turf. He even lost a couple a big-ass houses *just* over the river... But what if you and me, we take our own game out there?

MIKE
I don't know, man. I don't think we should piss your dad off.

BOBBY
He doesn't have to find out, *okay?* We chalk it up to one of Randy's jobs, and the money goes right into our pockets -- not Dad's.
(beat)
Hey, what's wrong with you today? I thought you'd like this idea.

Mike bites his lip.

MIKE
Your sister, man. She's fucking around. Half of Dover probably knows about it, too.

BOBBY
Can I be honest, Mike? And this is nothing against you -- but my sister? She's *always* been a bitch. I woulda warned ya years ago, but you two seemed pretty happy. Take it from me, you deserve better...

Mike crosses his arms.

BOBBY
If there's one thing Candice taught me, it's to stay the hell away from women like *her.* I guess you could learn a lot of useful shit just from having a sister.

MIKE
Yeah, my deadbeat brother didn't teach me nothing about women... 'cept for where to put it.

BOBBY
She makes ya feel neutered, huh?

MIKE
Hey, I *got* a dick, man. Sometimes it's just nice to know it works.

BOBBY
So let's go and get a job, that way you can at least *pay* for the poon.

Mike cracks a smile.

MIKE
I guess a trip over the river couldn't hurt none.
(beat)
But you better keep your dick in your pants 'till we get back home. Ya don't get to call it a sick day if ya catch crabs over in Jersey.

BOBBY
Eyyy! There he is!

Bobby playfully smacks Mike in the stomach and he smiles.

Bobby hits the indicator and takes the exit toward **CHERRY HILL, NJ.**

EXT. FARMLAND -- DAY

The truck rumbles over a ridge, windows down because Mike's smoking a cigarette. He strains to see through the thick pine trees dotting the road... but there's A HOUSE there.

Mike bangs on the side of the door with his fist--

MIKE
Now that looks like a house't could use a damn fence!

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- MOMENTS LATER

The mansion is revealed as the truck rumbles down the gravel driveway, tires CRUNCHING.

It's big, ostentatious, gaudy, impressive. Roman columns, with a marble fountain at the center of the turn-around... Four swans spitting streams of water. A swimming pool to the right, with two Mercedes and a BMW parked out front.

Mike steps out of the truck with a laminated folder under his arm. He rings the doorbell, brushes his hair straight in the reflection of the glass.

A short, Ecuadorian woman answers the door, dressed in an ill-fitting blouse. YESINIA CRUZ (40s), the housekeeper.

When she opens it, a distinct CHIME echoes throughout the house (this occurs every time someone opens the door.)

YESINIA
Yes?

MIKE
Hi there. Are the owners home?

YESINIA
Okay. I get Mister Younger.

Yesinia closes the door, and Mike throws a thumbs up to Bobby back in the truck. After a moment, FOOTSTEPS approach, and A LARGE MAN fills the doorway.

RAY JUNGER (40s) answers. A linebacker with a Rolex on. He wipes at a mustard stain on his shirt, looks to Mike, and extends a hand the size and shape of a baseball glove.

RAY
Ray Junger. What can I do for you?

MIKE
Vinegar.

RAY
Sorry?

MIKE
That's mustard on your shirt. Vinegar'll get it out. My Ma always uses it. It's her secret.

RAY
Hmm. Thanks...

MIKE
Sir, my name's Mike, and I'm with Dover Ironworks in Dover, Pennsylvania. Maybe you've seen our ad at the Time To Eat Diner, out on twenty-two?

Mike holds up his laminated folder, which is actually a "look book" with a spiral back. A menu of services. Ray tracks it, frowns...

MIKE
We specialize in custom-built wrought-iron gates, fences, railings -- really anything you could imagine... we even did a headboard for this nice couple...

Mike wets his thumb, flips through the look book to a beautiful, ornate headboard. Ray leans against the door frame and crosses his arms. Mike flips through more examples, all hand-crafted and impressive.

MIKE
My partner Bobby and me, we don't usually drop in on people in the middle of the morning, but times are tough, and I hope you can see that we do good work.

RAY
No, listen, you don't have to tell me. I respect the craftsmanship, and your gumption coming all the way out here... tell you the truth, we *have* been looking to do a fence.

MIKE
Is that so?

RAY
Yeah, but the quotes I've gotten are exorbitant as all hell. About fifty a square foot. You gotta be kidding me. Times are tough, huh?

Mike shades his eyes and surveys the property.

MIKE
What're we on here? 'Bout four... four-point-five acres?
(off Ray)
We could do twenty-five a foot, no problem. Now, how's that sound?

RAY
Too good to be true, Mike.

MIKE
Those other guys, they're gonna upcharge you because they use a modern process. At Dover, we scrap it, we smelt it, we wrought it *on-site* in our custom smelter, see?

Mike directs Ray's attention to the trailer hitch with the smoke-stack jutting out of it. A PORTABLE SMELTER.

RAY
This scrap, it's of lower quality?

MIKE
A common misconception, sir. Wrought iron's just a fancy way of saying a bunch of different kinds of metal melted together, and then wrung out by hand. And it comes with a fifty-year guarantee. Me and Bobby, we learnt it from our daddies, so it's in our blood, see?

RAY
It's just the two of you? How long would a project like this take?

MIKE
Three months, give-or-take. We'll have it up by Halloween. We got a few samples welded to the truck, if you wanna take a look?

A PAIR OF LEGS

Smooth as silk, prop up a paperback, pool side, with a view of the driveway.

A BIG, FLOPPY HAT turns to follow Mike and Ray across the gravel. Bobby hops out of the driver's seat, and Ray shakes his hand as well.

Ray runs his hand over some of the samples welded onto the truck, then grips one like prison bars and tugs. He nods, satisfied. All three of the men get a kick out of it.

Fingers with the nails painted pink turn a page in the book.

INT. BAR -- LATER

MUSIC BLARES in here, and the place is packed. Bobby sits at a table with A PRETTY WOMAN, arm draped around her like he means to take her home. Mike spies him from the bar, where TWO FRESH BOTTLES are set down.

As Mike crosses the crowded bar, he sees TWO MEN approach Bobby and the woman -- THE MEN say something to Bobby who just waves them off. One of them shouts something back at him, then grabs HIS WOMAN--

Bobby drunkenly stands, fists raised, and Mike rushes in before A FIGHT breaks out. He tugs on Bobby's arm, shouts something over the music. As the two exit, Mike drunkenly plucks his pack of cigarettes from his pocket.

EXT. BAR -- PARKING LOT -- MOMENTS LATER

Smoking section out by the cars. Mike and Bobby in a corner.

MIKE
...Those two woulda kicked the crap outta you!

BOBBY
Me? I'da drug you into it, too.

MIKE
I already got in *one* fight this week. Have a smoke and chill.

Mike shoves a cigarette between Bobby's lips, pats himself down for a lighter... he turns to a couple of COLLEGE DUDES and makes a lighter with his thumb. One of them lights Mike. Bobby touches his smoke to the end of Mike's, puffs...

BOBBY
You're my boy, Mike. We gotta make a better fighter outta you.

Bobby mocks punching Mike across the jaw. They laugh.

DISSOLVE TO:

WHITE PLASTIC WHEELS

Attached to a wheelie beverage cooler CRUNCH over the gravel driveway dragged by a pair of HIGH HEEL PUMPS.

CRUNCH-A-CRUNCH-A-CRUNCH...

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- DAY

The sun is harsh today as Mike and Bobby use a winch system to hoist a 200 pound ANVIL out of the truck bed and onto the gravel driveway. *CRUNCH-A-CRUNCH-A-CRUNCH...*

They both turn to see TRACY JUNGER (early 30s) marching across the driveway toward them, dragging the cooler.

Tracy is an absolute knockout: perfect skin, perky breasts, that little keyhole between her thighs. In the heat, she practically crackles like two crossed wires. Tracy's got a fierce gaze; she's figured you out the moment she lays eyes on you. Just oozing strawberry blonde desire.

She flops her hand in the air in a lazy "hello" and stops a few feet from Mike and Bobby. They practically have to pick their jaws up from off the ground.

TRACY
Ray told me all about your little project. I'm Tracy...
(gestures)
Queen of this little palace!

MIKE/BOBBY
(wow...)
Nice to meet you./Hey, how are ya?

TRACY
Well, since it's so damn hot out here, I thought you guys'd need some cooling off--

Tracy pops the cooler open. It's filled with half-melted ice and bottles of water. She reaches in...

MIKE

Hones in on a trickle of water as Tracy lifts the bottle out. The droplet runs down her forearm in SLOW-MO, collects in a bead at her elbow, where it sparkles in the sunlight...

PLINK! The droplet cascades down through the air.

TRACY

Lobs the bottle at Mike. Distracted, he catches it in his stomach, *ooof!*

TRACY
Regular Micky Mantle over here!

Bobby marches over to the cooler and plucks a bottle for himself. Tracy smiles, turns on her heels, and struts away back toward the house.

TRACY
(over her shoulder)
You just come ring my doorbell if you boys need anything else!

Mike and Bobby just stand there, watching her go. Mike takes a slug from his bottle of water, wipes his mouth with the back of his hand... and Bobby grabs his crotch.

BOBBY
I'll ring it all night long, baby.

ANOTHER TRUCK rumbles onto the property behind the guys, this one carrying on its bed a big, green Port-O-John that reads: "Johnny On The Spot." The driver waves to them.

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- DAY

Bobby and Mike work together to spool out white string, marking the outline where the fence will stand.

Mike holds the string, while Bobby inserts metal hooks into the grass every few yards to hold it down.

As they come around the side of the house, Mike pauses with a vantage point of the pool -- where Tracy lies propped up on her elbows, reading.

She stands, removes her sunglasses, and dives right into the clear water.

BOBBY
Yo, Mike?

Mike watches... waiting for Tracy to come back up... but the surface of the pool remains calm. Bobby kneels beside him.

Mike shades his eyes now. Tracy still hasn't come up for air. He takes one hurried step toward the pool--

BOBBY
Mike!

--just as Tracy breaks through the surface of the pool, GASPING for air as she rests against the deck.

Tracy LOOKS RIGHT AT MIKE, chest heaving, intense. He locks eyes, then turns back to spooling out the string.

EXT. DRIVEWAY -- DAY

Ray exits the mansion, gets into his SL 55, and speeds off. Mike and Bobby wave to him as he goes. He waves back.

Mike screws in A GENERATOR connected by a hose to the base of the smelter. Then depresses an electric starter over and over -- until it RUMBLES TO LIFE.

The two move to the bed of the truck, where the scrap they picked up earlier lies beneath a tarp. They feed pieces of the iron to the smelter, heat coming off the thing in waves.

LATER

With gloved hands Mike releases a lever, which pours some of the molten metal out of the smelter and into a rod-shaped mold about seven feet in length.

Together the two move the steaming mold to the anvil nearby. Bobby holds his end, while Mike takes to the thing with a hammer, sending hot sparks flying across the driveway. Both men sweat profusely.

EVEN LATER

Mike uses a trowel to dig a hole at the front of the property. Bobby fills the hole with wet cement, and the two plant the seven-foot tall wrought iron rod into the ground.

A cornerstone for the rest of the fence.

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- DAY

Mike packs up a few tools inside the bed of the truck. He walks toward the Port-O-John and yanks open the door--

To find Bobby standing there, pants around his ankles, covered in sweat, jacking off. His smartphone plays porn sounds: A WOMAN MOANS and A GRUFF VOICE shouts OBSCENITIES.

BOBBY
Jesus, Mike, gimme a sec!

Mike, disgusted, slams the door closed and marches away.

EXT. MIKE'S TRAILER -- SUNSET

Bobby drops Mike off outside his trailer as the sun sets. Mike lights a cigarette and stands outside watching the sky turn brilliant colors.

INT. MIKE'S TRAILER -- NIGHT

Candi takes a massive hit from the bong. She exhales, and Mike walks through the cloud of smoke toward the bedroom.

CANDI
Where you off to?

MIKE
...sleep.

Candi smirks and hits the bong again.

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- BACK YARD -- DAY

Bobby sweats rivers as he uses an axe to chop down a tree that stands in the path of the fence. He stops, shakily wipes the sweat from his face, and looks toward the house.

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- DAY

Mike pours a fresh tank of gasoline into the generator, attached to the custom-built smelter. He looks around.

MIKE
Yo, Bobby! Bobby?

Mike throws up his hands and sternly marches around the side of the house, past a big PICTURE WINDOW...

Mike casually glances inside the house and stops dead in his tracks -- he instinctually dives down into the hedge, steels himself, then peeks his head up just enough to see...

THROUGH THE WINDOW

Tracy showers inside a pink marble bathroom. Mike grips the edge of the window till his knuckles go white. IN SLOW MO, the soap suds waterfall between her breasts and down her legs. Mike can't take his eyes off her. He looks up--

Tracy LOCKS EYES with him through the glassed-in shower.

MIKE

Quickly ducks down below the window, mouths "*fuck*" to himself... and by the time he gets the gumption to peek back up, the glass has FOGGED OVER, completely obscuring his view.

Mike turns and heads toward the back yard... but stops when he sees:

BOBBY HAS COLLAPSED in the sun at the base of the tree he was chopping down, the axe lies askew. Mike sprints toward him--

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- MOMENTS LATER

Bobby leans on Mike, as he furiously rings the doorbell.

Bobby mutters something unintelligible. Yesinia answers, takes one look at Bobby, and practically yanks him inside. Mike follows.

INT. JUNGER MANSION -- SAME

Yesinia soothes Bobby and sits him down on the bottom step of a massive set of stairs leading to the upper floors.

Bobby's eyes roll back into his head, he goes in and out. Mike kneels down beside him...

MIKE
Stay with me, you're gonna be okay.

The whole place is gaudy as hell. A massive drawing room is across from the foyer, and a hallway splits left and right to the separate wings of the house. Mike could floss his teeth in the reflection of the marble floor.

Tracy enters from the left, hair still wet from the shower.

MIKE
It's heat stroke, he's had it before. I'll call nine-one-one, you get him some ice, please?

Wide-eyed, she and Yesinia RAPID-FIRE IN SPANISH to one another, and together they help Bobby up and across the foyer to a florid fainting couch.

Yesinia rushes out to the right. Tracy looks to Mike, nods, and follows Yesinia down the hallway, speaking more Spanish, as Mike whips out his cell phone...

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- DAY

A PARAMEDIC works Bobby over. He lies on a gurney with his forearm over his face.

BOBBY
(laughs)
You think our shit-ball insurance is gonna cover this, Mike...?

MIKE
Don't worry, buddy. They gonna get you right, okay? I'll take the truck home.

ANOTHER PARAMEDIC slams the doors closed on Bobby. He hops in the driver's seat, and the ambulance rumbles off... Mike crosses his arms as Tracy appears beside him.

MIKE
I'm gonna call it a day.

TRACY
(hikes her thumb)
I'm sorry to bother, but could I trouble you to... take a look at something for me?

MIKE
Well, I'm gonna see if I can't get to the hospital--

TRACY
It'll only take a second, I swear. I know you want to get going, okay?

Mike glares at her, suspicious. He runs his hands through his sweaty hair, looks back inside the cool house.

He silently acquiesces.

INT. JUNGER MANSION -- DAY

Tracy leads Mike further down that marbled hallway, past A LAVISH LIBRARY and TWO VIP BEDROOM SUITES. Mike catches his reflection in a gigantic mirror...

TRACY
Would you mind *not* mentioning anything to Ray? I just know he'd freak. You guys aren't gonna sue or anything, right?

TRACY (CONT'D)
Because he’s always afraid of people suing him... I’d really appreciate it.
(off Mike’s nod)
It’s just in here...

THE MASTER SITTING ROOM

Carpeted and inviting. Mike spies pictures of Tracy and Ray, done up fancy and smiling. Always in each other’s arms.

A bead of sweat runs down Mike’s neck as he follows her.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

A 1,000 square foot throne room. A big bed, framed by plush, tapestried walls. A massive flat screen TV hung on the far wall. The bed is noticeably unmade.

Mike stops dead in his tracks, while Tracy crosses to the fireplace -- turns and playfully beckons Mike:

TRACY
You’re not in any trouble, mister. Come closer...

Mike approaches and sees that a decorative iron ornament, A QUADRUPLE HELIX, hangs lopsided above the fireplace. Tracy lifts it back up into place, but it falls askew again.

TRACY
I don’t know what happened, but I’d love to get it repaired for Ray. As a surprise.

MIKE
(squints)
Piece of slag cracked. I can fix it, just need to grab a screwdriver from the truck Mrs. *Jung-er*.

TRACY
It’s pronounced *Younger*.
(giggles)
And, please, call me Tracy.

Mike turns to her, smiles, and silently nods.

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- LATER

Mike gets into the driver's side of the truck and drops the iron helix into the passenger's seat. He starts her up and pulls around the driveway.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

The truck zips past a speed limit sign that reads: **65 MPH.** Mike clearly drives in excess of that.

INT. MIKE'S TRAILER -- NIGHT

Mike eats fast food alone on the couch, watching his fish. A car pulls up outside, a door slams, and Candi enters.

She ignores Mike and crosses to their bedroom, where she rummages through some things.

MIKE
Your brother got heat stroke today! He's gonna be out for a few days.

CANDI
My daddy already told me. He's a fucking idiot!

Candi enters, dressed in a different halter top.

CANDI
Have you seen my...

Candi snags a pair of wedge sandals, slips them on, and hurries toward the door.

MIKE
Where you going now--?

But the door slams closed, another car door *THUNKS*, and the car outside RUMBLES away into the distance.

Mike brushes off his lap, reaches forward, and removes the iron helix from the coffee table. He turns it over and over in his hands...

INT. CHURCH -- DAY

Mike sits between Candi and Bill as THE PASTOR sermonizes from the pulpit. A collection plate goes by. Bill places a check onto the plate, then Mike follows suit.

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- DAY

Mike pulls a chain and opens a flue at the base of the smelter, letting out a burst a red-hot fire. He lets it clear, and then uses a pair of tongs to insert the helix.

MOMENTS LATER

Mike removes the helix, which glows red now. He sets it down onto the anvil and bangs away with his hammer... He drops it into a metal pale of water with a *FISSSHHHH!*

EVEN LATER

Mike sits in the shade finishing a sandwich.

Ray exits the house, briefcase in hand. Yesinia on his tail, dragging TWO BIG SUITCASES. They load everything into the trunk of his car. Ray gets in and pulls past Mike who stands, casually waves goodbye to Ray.

He crosses the lawn to the smelter and reaches into the bucket of water where the quadruple helix sits. When he removes it, he can see that three of the helixes have melted together at one end. The whole thing is ruined.

Mike casually tosses the entire ornament into the furnace, and he begins to WHISTLE...

INT. CONVALESCENT HOME -- LATER

Mike enters his mother’s room. She frowns when she sees him, and he presents a bouquet of flowers from behind his back with the flair of a magician.

Mom’s face lights up when she sees the flowers. She excitedly points to a vase where a dead bunch already sits.

Mike dumps the dead flowers into the trash, replaces them with the blooming ones, and sits down next to Ma.

INT. MIKE’S TRAILER -- DAY

Candi enters with a shopping bag and finds Mike on the couch, sketching. He uses a magazine for a desk on his lap. Pieces of half-worked iron are scattered across the coffee table with a couple of beers.

Candi tries to get a look at what he’s working on, but Mike turns his drawing away from her, and she pouts.

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- DAY

Mike, shirtless, uses a ball-peen hammer to delicately mold a particularly thin piece of iron...

Into the water it goes --*HISSSHHH*-- and Mike quickly inserts it back into the smelter. He takes a moment to wipe sweat from his brow and looks longingly toward the house...

He leaves the iron to smolder and, as if in a daze, marches toward the mansion.

INT. JUNGER MANSION -- DAY

Mike lets himself in through the front door, which CHIMES. He sheepishly looks around. Nobody's here.

INT. HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike checks his look in the mirror. He fusses with his hair until he gets it just right. There's A NOISE from further down the hall. Mike turns and looks in that direction.

INT. MASTER SITTING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike runs a finger along the bookshelves, past all the photos of Ray and Tracy happy together. Mike stops in the doorway to the bedroom, which is dark.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike enters the dim room, with the curtains drawn. The light by the side of the bed flicks on. Tracy sits up, startled.

She smiles at Mike and pulls the covers open revealing her naked form beneath. Mike goes to her--

CUT TO:

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- SAME

Mike snaps out of it again, shakes off THE DAYDREAM, and removes the piece of iron from the smelter. It sprays sparks when he hits it with the hammer over, and over, and over...

LATER

Mike holds aloft a brand new, fully assembled from scratch HELIX ORNAMENT. It looks better than the original.

He sets it down on some newspaper, spread out in the bed of the truck, and shakes up a can of rust resistant primer, *CHOCK-A-CHOCK-CHOCK.* Mike coats the piece with the stuff.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

Mike sits in the truck, pulled over to the side of the road.

A STATE TROOPER'S CRUISER parked behind him, lights going. A SKINNY STATE TROOPER gets out of the car, marches over to Mike's window, and hands him a speeding ticket.

Mike reluctantly takes the slip of paper from the cop.

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- DAY

The garage door opens, and out walks Yesinia, carrying a plastic grocery bag on one arm. She punches in a code, and the garage door closes as she walks to her beat-up Civic.

Yesinia drives away... right past Mike, sitting in the driver's seat of the truck, smoking.

PLING-DONG!

Mike rings the doorbell. He hides the finished ornament behind his back. Under his arm is a painter's tarp, and he's got a battery powered screw-driver in the other hand.

Mike waits several beats, shifts his weight, and rings the doorbell again. Inside, he sees Tracy shuffling toward him.

She opens the door, and that DISTINCT TONE echoes. Tracy's got her head down. When she looks up, her face is totally limp, stoned, devoid of life. She's dressed in loose-fitting sweats, wearing slippers. A case of bed-head.

This catches Mike off guard, and he stammers.

MIKE
T-Tracy--? I can come back...

Mike absentmindedly reveals the helix from behind his back, and Tracy notices.

TRACY
Oh. You finished it.

MIKE
Is now a good time?
(shrugs)
I just... figured I'd get it hung before the weekend.

Tracy silently steps aside. Mike enters, and she closes the door behind him.

INT. HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Tracy shuffles across the marble floor, her posture slack and near-lifeless. Mike stares at the back of her head, a few paces behind. He nervously swallows.

INT. BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike sets the painter's tarp down on the hearth of the fireplace, where he'll be drilling.

MIKE
You had one-and-a-quarters on here before, but I'm gonna go with the two-inchers, so I'll have to re-drill the holes.

TRACY
Whatever works.

MIKE
I'll be outta here in no time.
(winks)
Don't want Mister Junger walking in on us, do we now?

TRACY
That would not be good.

Tracy sits down on the corner of the bed.

Mike turns and looks at Tracy. Tracy blows a tuft of hair out of her face, she rolls her head around in lazy circles.

Mike spools up the drill --*ZIP-ZIP*-- and sets to pre-drilling the new holes through the old ones. Bits of sheet-rock crackle down onto the tarp. Otherwise it's silent.

Tracy looks down at her fuzzy slippers and tick-tocks them left-right-left.

TRACY
You're a young guy. How long you been doing this, Mike?

MIKE
My daddy started me in on the soldering when I was near eleven.

TRACY
So, you've actually been doing this for a while.

MIKE
Yes, ma'am. Tracy.
(off her look)
I've been at it, professionally speaking, since I's sixteen. Worked with my Pa, till a heart attack took him. We was bought out by Dover's crew back in oh-three. For the best.

TRACY
You didn't finish high school? Good for you, Mike.

Mike mounts the quadruple helix and expertly drills the four screws into the wall to fasten it --*ZIPZIPZIPZIP.* He uses a level to double check his work... Mugs for the line:

MIKE
I, uh, might not have finished high school, but I do know a pretty woman... when I see one.

TRACY
Aww. You're sweet.

Tracy just looks down into her lap. Mikes takes this cue. He holds up his hands, which are dirty.

MIKE
I just need to wash up, then I'm all done here.

Tracy points behind Mike.

TRACY
Bathroom's through there.

He turns and walks out of the bedroom and through to...

INT. TRACY'S BATHROOM -- SAME

Mike enters the PINK TILED BATHROOM. The sun refracts in the big picture window, through which he spied Tracy showering.

Mike approaches the vanity, where bottles of perfume are arranged like a tiny city-scape along with half-a-dozen prescription bottles. He absentmindedly eyes the labels.

Mike turns on the faucet, and the sink makes a *HISSHHHH* as Mike plucks a piece of soap from the dish and furiously scrubs his hands.

With his head down, he doesn't see Tracy slowly approaching in the mirror. She pads softly, inaudible over the noisy faucet. Mike continues scrubbing...

When he goes to run his lathered hands under the faucet, Tracy reaches in from behind and switches it off prematurely. Mike's hands drip thick lather. A long, drawn-out beat...

TRACY
I saw you watching me.

MIKE
That was an... an accident.

TRACY
No, it wasn't.
(teases)
You're in trouble now, Mike. But what you don't know... is that I've been watching you, too. Hammering, twisting, sweating.

Tracy leans in and whispers this in his ear:

TRACY
(slow, deliberate)
I want you to do to me... what you do to that metal.

Tracy grabs Mike's fly and whips open the buttons. She reaches into his pants--

But Mike grabs Tracy's wrists with his soapy hands and shoves her away from him. She looks up, hurt.

MIKE
(blurts)
Wait -- what if *he*...

Mike realizes he's completely ruined the moment. He wipes his soapy hands on his jeans and hastily exits the bathroom.

INT. TRUCK -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike hops into the truck and slams the door. He sits there for a moment and glares into the rear view, where he can see the front door of the mansion.

He watches for a long beat... But the door doesn't open.

EXT. MIKE'S TRAILER -- NIGHT

Mike pulls up outside his trailer in the Dover Ironworks truck. In the reflection of the windshield he can see Candi and Dean PARTYING inside to LOUD MUSIC.

Mike wrings his hands on the steering wheel, trembling.

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- LATE NIGHT

Mike pulls around the driveway and gets out of the truck.

With the crickets CHIRPING all around him, Mike stalks toward the front door but--

He stops when Tracy opens it, standing there, a silhouette.

INT. TRACY'S BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Tracy leads Mike inside the bathroom by the hand. She stops, clicks on a light on the vanity, and approaches the counter, where they were before. She turns to Mike... waiting...

He crosses to her... then plants a passionate, open-mouthed kiss right on hers.

Instantly, they move like hungry animals. Tracy goes for Mike's button-fly and whips it open. She digs her sweatpants down to the floor. Mike slaps his hands on Tracy's ass and hoists her up onto the counter.

He spits into his hand, lubes up. As he enters her, Tracy braces herself against the mirror. Mike pumps in and out, releasing all sorts of tension.

Mike breaks a sweat as he continues. Tracy moans and whimpers, gripping Mike by the hair, in full-on ecstasy. Tracy lets out a HIGH-PITCHED SQUEAL of shock!

TRACY
Do it...doitdoit. Harder. Harder!
Fuck me HARDER!
(MOANS)

TRACY (CONT'D)
I'm gonna come! I'm coming!
(SCREAMS)
I'm coming, I'm coming, *I'M COMING!*

Tracy's eyes roll in her head, and she leaves this plane of reality for a moment. But when she returns, she locks eyes with Mike as he continues to thrust.

MIKE
I'm coming, too!

TRACY
Not in me, not in me...

MIKE
Huh?

Tracy just stares deep into his eyes and shakes her head firmly "no." Mike, trembling, pulls out and comes into the sink, his free palm pressed against the pink marble...

As he quivers with the release, his sweaty hand juts across the counter and knocks one of the bottles of perfume off the edge, where it smashes--

MATCH CUT TO:

UNDERWATER -- NIGHT

Where Mike's naked body plunges into the deep, blue depths of the swimming pool. He breast-strokes toward a light at the far end, bubbles trailing, then he kicks up to the surface.

EXT. POOL -- SAME

Mike emerges and sucks in a deep breath of air. On the patio right in front of him are a pair of bare feet. Mike looks up at Tracy, in a robe, staring at his remarkable body slicked with water.

She's got two beers in her hands and a cigarette dangling from her lips.

TRACY
(through the cigarette)
I found them in your pants. It's been *ages* since I smoked.

Mike hops out of the pool and dries himself off with a towel. He grabs his jeans and steps into one leg--

Tracy presses herself against Mike and hands him a beer. He drops his pants, takes the bottle...

TRACY
You in a rush or something?

MIKE
I'll just finish this one beer...

TRACY
Come on, scaredy-cat. Stay the weekend. It's supposed to be a beautiful one.

MIKE
And you're *sure* Ray won't be home?

TRACY
I already said, not until Friday.

Tracy raises her bottle for a toast. He *CLINKS* with her... then stretches nervously.

MIKE
Well. You better light me one a them smokes, too, honey.

Tracy shoves a smoke between Mike's lips and lights him up. Off Mike's big, fat, grin...

INT. JUNGER MANSION -- DINING ROOM -- LATER

Mike sits at a corner of the gigantic dining room table.

One of the more formal rooms in the house, he looks completely out of his element in a tank-top and jeans.

Tracy enters, takes one look at Mike, and vehemently shakes her head "no," hands on her hips.

INT. JUNGER MANSION -- RAY'S WALK-IN CLOSET -- MOMENTS LATER

Fluorescent lights flicker on as Tracy shows Mike inside.

He runs his hands along Ray's $500 dress shirts, his suit jackets, shelves of leather shoes like a candy shop.

Mike slips out of his dirty jeans. Bare-assed, he tries on a pair of shoes two sizes too big for him.

INT. JUNGER MANSION -- DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Mike shuffles in, wearing dress clothes from Ray's closet. Tracy sits in front of two sizzling plates of Cabernet steak with mushrooms, candles lit. She takes one look at Mike and just starts laughing...

MOMENTS LATER

Half-eaten steaks on plates. Ray's tie hangs in a knot on Mike's chair. His dress shirt, pants, and ill-fitting shoes all lead a trail to the floor... where Mike's got Tracy on her back. He pulls down her panties and climbs on top of her--

Tracy presses her hands against Mike's chest to stop him. He frowns and grunts as he tries again to enter her.

Tracy shakes her head "no," and intertwines her fingers in Mike's. He tries yet again to mount her, but she stops him, her gaze firm. She slowly guides his hands... up to her neck. She plants them there firmly, her jugular straining.

Tracy rocks her pelvis against his as she shows Mike what she likes. Mike, appalled, quickly removes his hands from her neck, and pulls out.

TRACY
Don't be afraid. I've seen what you can do with your hands. Here. Like this.

Tracy again guides Mike's hands to her neck. They tremble there for a moment, and Tracy pulls Mike back inside her.

She rocks back and forth, and Mike gulps with his hands around her neck. Mike tightens his grip as Tracy lets out A DEEP, GUTTERAL, MOAN, all the veins on her neck standing out.

EVEN LATER

Glistening with sweat, his hands still wrapped around her neck, Tracy tilts her head back and rakes her fingers across Mike's spine lustfully... Mouth agape, she doesn't breathe--

Until she climaxes, and Mike releases her. Tracy gasps for air. Eyes full of desire, she watches Mike pull out and finish himself off.

He kneels there, trembling, panting... completely turned on by this experience. He collapses into her arms.

INT. HALLWAY -- NIGHT

A thick-looking closed door with a little light next to it that blinks on GREEN -- “Car Here.” Then it blinks off.

INT. ELEVATOR -- SAME

Tracy and Mike passionately make out inside a wood-paneled elevator, descending to the next floor. Mike reaches out, pulls a red STOP button, and the thing JOLTS. Tracy laughs, but Mike just keeps kissing her.

INT. JUNGER MANSION -- MOVIE THEATER -- LATER

Mike and Tracy sit together in the plush home theater, watching A HORROR MOVIE. Tracy cuddles close to Mike. He gladly drapes his arms around her.

INT. JUNGER MANSION -- KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike enters with a case of bed-head, as Tracy cracks some eggs into a bowl. He raises his nose, sniffs.

MIKE
That bacon? Damn, girl. I’ve just about died and gone to heaven.

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- POOL SIDE -- DAY

Mike slathers suntan lotion onto Tracy’s legs. She wears a bright red one-piece bathing suit, which covers her back. In her big, floppy hat -- she looks like a classic beauty.

Tracy props a gossip magazine up on her legs, flips through the pages, as Mike sits down beside her.

MIKE
Watcha reading?

TRACY
I’m just finishing this.

MIKE
I don’t think I can wait that long.

She laughs and undoes his towel.

TRACY
I’ll blow you, if you read me the piece on Jessica Simpson... aloud.

Tracy hands Mike the magazine, and kneels down in front of him. She looks up, smiling, waiting... Mike blanches.

MIKE
Juh-Jessica Simpson... she's on tour this summer, and... uh... her husband, he don't like the way--

TRACY
That's not what it says!

MIKE
(squints)
I... I forgot my glasses.

TRACY
You don't wear glasses, mister. Come on, read to me.

MIKE
I do, too. I left 'em at home.

He wraps himself up with the towel and hands the magazine back to Tracy like it bit him.

Tracy senses something's wrong, closes the magazine, and takes Mike by the hand.

INT. JUNGER MANSION -- DRAWING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike fucks Tracy on the sofa, missionary style. She wears his T-shirt.

TRACY
Do it. Like I showed you...

Mike slowly reaches for her neck, but then he grunts and slows for a moment.

TRACY
Don't stop...

MIKE
I'm tired of this missionary bullshit. Here--

Mike tries to flip Tracy over, she shakes her head "no." Mike tries again, but Tracy grips the edge of the couch. Mike wraps her up in his arms, doesn't notice her wince...

...As he flips her over and does her doggy style. Mike reaches and grabs her neck from behind, animalistic.

With each thrust of his hips, Tracy's T-shirt slides up her back toward her head. Mike presses her face down into the couch--

But Mike stops when he sees BRUISES -- the size of fists -- all up and down her ribs. Tracy twists her head into the cushion as Mike pulls out.

MIKE
Jesus.

TRACY
I said. Don't. *Stop*--

Tracy reaches back and pulls Mike deeper inside of her. Mike runs his hands all over Tracy's bruises, and she winces... he moves his hand to her neck, but instead of grasping it, he caresses her flesh gently.

Tracy turns her cheek into his palm, begins suckling on Mike's fingers. Fingers wet, he slides them down between her legs and pleasures her...

Continuing rhythmically with his hand, Mike tenderly kisses her bruises, one by one. Tracy MOANS as each kiss brings with it a tinge of pleasure and pain.

INT. TRACY'S BATHROOM -- LATER

Mike and Tracy take a bubble bath together, beer cans and bottles scattered around the tub.

MIKE
...Can't we just sit quiet?

TRACY
You been in my house all weekend, traipsing around, wearing my husband's clothes, and you haven't said two words about your life.

MIKE
Cuz it's not worth two words...
(off Tracy)
When you asked me how I got to doing what I do, I gave you the short answer.

TRACY
Gimme the long one then.

Tracy offers Mike her foot as she sips from her beer. He takes it and massages it gently. Mike grimaces as the memories come flooding back.

MIKE
How I come to be with Dover Iron? My daddy had a shop, called Liberty Iron. And, like all things, he ran it into the ground. He left me with a debt that woulda swallowed us whole... Then comes Bill Griggs, our top competitor, and his *offer*. You wanna even call it that... He always had it out for my daddy. Dover gobbled us up, dissolved what my daddy built, and Bill took me into the business. And here I am.

TRACY
I'll thank him for the foot massage, then.

MIKE
Well, there was a catch.... In exchange, he offered his only daughter to me... like some kinda arranged marriage. I was young and stupid, and she was my first time with a woman... She's a wild one, see, and if I don't hold up my end of the bargain, Bill'll--

TRACY
He'd what, fire you? No way.

MIKE
I seen him do worse than that. I'm no son to him. I'm his daughter's keeper. It's all fucked.

TRACY
Everybody's stuck in something, somewhere. Look at me.

MIKE
Oh sure, it's real terrible here.

TRACY
I met Ray when I was young, too. He practically swooped me off to heaven here on earth.
(beat)
But he won't let me go. I can barely leave. I have no friends.

Tracy reaches for her beer, and Mike sees those bruises across her back again... She catches him watching her.

Tracy's face goes slack and solemn like Mike's seen before. Mike sits up, rubs her leg, and brings her back to him. He looks deep into her eyes.

MIKE
It's okay. My daddy used to beat on my Ma. I know what it looks like, and it pisses me off plenty.

TRACY
Sometimes... I wonder if he'll just kill me one day. Just get bored and do it--

MIKE
No, Trace, no... I'd kill *him* before he could.

Tracy shakily wipes a tear, waves it off.

TRACY
Tell me about your mom. You get a face just mentioning her.

MIKE
She been sick for a while now. Hardly knows who I am. She's over at Pine Manor.
(beat)
'Swhy I can't lose this job. If I wasn't there for her, she'd have nobody to rely on. She'd... She's just about the only woman who ever treated me right...

TRACY
'Course she is.

Mike looks away. Tracy smiles and crawls through the water toward him. Mike wraps her up in his big, strong arms, and kisses her neck, totally smitten.

INT. JUNGER MANSION -- KITCHEN -- DAY

Tracy picks up beer cans and dumps them into an open garbage bag with that sad, blank expression on her face.

Mike wraps Tracy up in his arms from behind, but she breaks his embrace and turns--

TRACY
He can never find out, Mike.
Promise he'll never find out.

MIKE
I promise.

Mike tosses a bottle into the garbage bag.

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- MOMENTS LATER

WHOOSH! Mike raises the chain on the smelter, and it belches sparks and smoke. He swings the garbage bag underhand into the smelter.

He and Tracy stand there watching the bag melt, the contents of which are INCINERATED... Tracy smiles at Mike.

INT. MIKE'S TRAILER -- LATER

Candi sits on the couch, eyes stoned heavy. Mike enters...

CANDI
The *fuck* you been all weekend, huh?

MIKE
...you're not the only one gettin'
some around here, missy.

Candi glares at him, pissed off. She takes another bong rip.

INT. TRUCK -- DAY

Bobby rides shotgun, Mike drives through the back roads. Bobby finishes a text message and leans back, satisfied.

BOBBY
How was your weekend?

MIKE
Just bummed around. This and that.

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- DAY

Mike snaps a welder's mask down over his face and ignites an acetylene torch. *FISSHHHHH...*

He and Bobby have assembled a ten foot section of the wrought iron fence in the driveway. Mike sets to welding the pieces together, while Bobby holds it in place. Sparks fly...

LATER

Mike and Bobby raise the section of fence up together, and it locks into place. The fence stretches a good fifty feet from the start of the driveway -- a dozen sections welded in place. They'll continue like this all around the property.

EVEN LATER

Mike bangs away at the anvil and looks up. He sees Yesinia pull out from behind the garage and drive off.

EXT. PORT-O-JOHN -- LATER

Mike raps his knuckles on the door. Bobby's MUFFLED inside.

BOBBY (O.S.)
Yo...

MIKE
Gonna give Mrs. Junger the invoice.

BOBBY (O.S.)
I'm gonna finish takin' this shit.

Mike walks toward the house with his head up.

INT. KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike's eyes roll back in pleasure as he comes into the kitchen sink. Tracy shimmy's her pants up and buttons them.

TRACY
I told her we needed more dish soap. I dumped it down the drain, I couldn't wait any longer.

MIKE
Christ, one of these days, I'ma come inside you...

TRACY
Really know how to romance a woman, don't you?

MIKE
Ma'am, if you'd be so kind as to give this to the master of the house, we'd be much obliged.

Mike laughs, hands her the envelope.

INT. PHARMACY -- DAY

Mike slides a couple of tabloid magazines across the counter to a pimply-faced cashier.

He thinks twice about something, grabs a couple more magazines as the cashier rings him up. He smiles to himself, lost in thought.

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- DAY

Bobby storms out of the Port-O-John, covering his mouth.

BOBBY
Fuckin' God-awful! Did *you* put something in there?

MIKE
Naw, man.

Bobby exhales deeply, and Mike looks toward the house.

INT. JUNGER MANSION -- MOMENTS LATER

Tracy opens the door, and Bobby and Mike enter. Bobby practically clenches his ass cheeks...

TRACY
It's no problem at all, guys. Powder room's right down the hall.

Bobby sweats, nods, and waddles out of the foyer. Mike and Tracy lock eyes... She shakes her head: "not now."

INT. HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

A toilet FLUSHES from behind a closed door. Bobby exits, hears laughter. He walks in the direction of it, enters...

THE KITCHEN

Where Mike spins an apple on the counter like a toy top. He snatches it mid-spin and takes a big bite.

Tracy's got those tabloid magazines that Mike bought in her arms. She smiles at him naughtily...

TRACY
...you'll know when I *tell* you--

Tracy sees Bobby and shuts up. Mike follows her gaze.

MIKE
Want something for the road? Mrs. Junger was kind enough...

Bobby pats his stomach emphatically and shakes his head “no.” As Mike walks past him to leave, Bobby frowns.

INT. TRUCK -- LATER

Bobby speeds down the interstate. There’s an awkward silence between him and Mike. After a beat...

BOBBY
You know I’m ya boy, right, Mike? And ya know you can tell me anything. Anything at all.
(beat)
Did I miss something, or are you... are you and Junger’s wife...?

MIKE
What? No way! That’d be nuts.

BOBBY
That’d be... fuckin’ *awesome* is what it’d be.

Mike cracks a wide grin. Bobby slams his fist on the steering wheel and rocks back and forth in the seat.

BOBBY
Holy fuckin’ shit balls! You’re givin’ it to her!?

MIKE
I don’t even know how it happened.

BOBBY
Who gives a fuck?! Dude. *Duuuude*. You gotta tell me what that piece of snatch feels like.

MIKE
Honestly, she’s incredible. It’s the best I’ve ever had, man.

BOBBY
I bet it is. Oh my gawd! I didn’t think you had the brass balls, but I was way wrong.

MIKE
Hey. You can't say nothing to *nobody* about this, alright?

BOBBY
Secret's safe with me, pal. You know I gotch'er back on this. I'll be your god-damn *lookout*, you need me to. But I'm gonna want details, just so you know...

Bobby cranks the radio ALL THE WAY UP and rolls down both windows in the truck. Bobby *HOWLS* like a wolf...

EXT. GAS PUMP -- DAY

Mike watches the pump rack up a hefty bill and shakes his head in disgust.

ANOTHER TRUCK pulls up beside Mike -- DEAN hops out. He turns and sees Mike. Dean smiles a devilish grin at Mike, throws him a casual wave as he heads into the store.

Mike thinks long and hard about something. He marches around the bed of the truck and grabs a STEEL PIPE from the bed.

He conspicuously darts his eyes around -- and then SMASHES Dean's rear tail light. Glass tinkers on the cement...

Mike stashes the pipe back in the bed of the truck as the gas pump goes *CLICK!*

INT. TRACY'S BATHROOM -- DAY

Tracy brushes her hair in the mirror and suddenly GASPS. Mike stands in the picture window, waving.

Tracy moves to it, points to a smaller window by the tub. She slides it open, and he climbs inside, shirtless, drenched in sweat.

TRACY
What the hell are you doing!?

Mike turns on the sink and splashes water on his face, his hair, the back of his neck. Catches himself in the mirror.

MIKE
I had to see you. Today's the day, right? He's coming home.

TRACY
I wish he'd never come back.
(long beat)
Sometimes I wish he'd... just die.

MIKE
Don't say that! Then where'd all the fun go?

TRACY
Ugh, I want you so bad...

As Tracy gets down on her knees, and Mike closes his eyes with pleasure -- YESINIA is revealed in the doorway carrying a stack of towels.

She stares, wide-eyed, then quietly backs away from the scene into the dark hallway...

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- DAY

Mike and Bobby have reached the corner post at the front of the property. Together, they pour cement from a standing mixer into a foundation hole in the ground.

Bobby nods behind Mike, and they both watch Ray's Mercedes pull down the driveway. When he gets out, the front door opens, and Tracy stands in the doorway, vigilant. Ray pecks her on the cheek. She barely moves.

Mike raises his eyebrows, and the two get back to work.

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- DAY

Mike and Bobby sweat some more in the heat. They're at the fence with a view of the pool, now conspicuously COVERED.

Tracy exits the back door in her red one-piece, and Mike perks up -- but then she sees that green POOL COVER. Tracy stands at the edge, then marches back inside.

Mike watches her go. He tracks her through one of THE KITCHEN WINDOWS -- where she approaches Ray, watching TV.

The two begin to argue. Tracy jabs her finger outside where the pool is. Ray stands up, and grabs her wrist.

Ray tosses Tracy aside like she's a rag doll. She falls out of Mike's view as Ray swipes his arm across the kitchen counter. Plates SHATTER from inside--

Mike takes one step in the direction of the house, but Bobby grabs his arm to stop him. Shakes his head “no.”

INT. SPORTS BAR -- NIGHT

Mike, Bobby, and a bunch of AMPED-UP DUDES yell as they watch The Philadelphia Eagles play Monday Night Football.

Mike takes a shot of Jack and shivers as it goes down hard.

EXT. SPORTS BAR -- NIGHT

Bobby drunkenly pats Mike on the back in the smoking section with a bunch of other guys.

Mike digs in his pocket for a lighter, comes back empty. He turns to a couple of BIKER DUDES, makes a lighter thumb.

One of them plucks a Bic and lights Mike.

BOBBY
I love this guy, here! You just lit his *sss*igarette, and I could just ki*sss* him I love him so much!

Bobby grabs Mike’s head, and he kisses it loud and wet.

BIKER DUDE
You guys aren’t from around here, are you?

BOBBY
No, we ain’t, we *Pennsyltucky* -- born and raised, and we damn proud of it. *Yo, fuck Jersey*. Except... we been spending a whole hell of a lot of time here...!

Bobby starts giggling. Mike tries to cover for his buddy.

MIKE
We been on a three-month contract over round Cherry Hill. Big old white house.

BOBBY
Like the one Obama lives in! Yeah... fuck *him*, too.

BIKER DUDE
Some nice rides up there.

BOBBY
Oh yeah, you boys should swing by sometime and wave hello, cause I got the signature of one Raymond Junger on a piece of paper back in my truck, says we gonna be there at least a few more weeks.

BIKER DUDE
Junger? Shit.

MIKE
You know him?

BIKER DUDE
Know him? Yo, Grizz, show 'em your mouth. Yeah, yeah, these guys.

Biker Dude motions to HIS BUDDY who smirks devilishly, then curls back his lip, reaches into his mouth, and removes A SECTION OF FIVE FALSE TEETH, revealing a gaping hole. Both Mike and Bobby recoil at it...

BOBBY
Fuck me! He did that to -- *you?*

BIKER DUDE #2
(through the gap)
I was into Junger five large. Took a tooth for each K.

Biker Dude throws a look toward his buddy, then eyes Mike and Bobby like a hawk.

BIKER DUDE
Junger was a made man. They *say* he copped some kind of plea deal when the FBI swooped in. They *say* he got out. Does imports, or I don't know. He went legit... they say.

MIKE
What do you mean, "got out?"

Bobby leans back, reverent, and claps his hands.

BOBBY
Welp, we already took his checks and cashed 'em, fellas.

BIKER DUDE #2
Lucky you.

Biker Dude #2 fixes his teeth...

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- DAY

Mike and Bobby finish their lunch.

Ray exits the house, gets into his car, and drives off. When the boys wave, he ignores them.

BOBBY
Take ‘er easy, brother. And if she’s easy... take ‘er twice...

Bobby holds up his phone. “I’m on lookout.”

INT. JUNGER MANSION -- MASTER BEDROOM -- DAY

Mike tosses Tracy onto the bed and kisses her neck.

MIKE
I just... can’t... get you... out... of my damn head...

Mike undoes her jeans and pulls them off. Tracy glares at the ceiling as MORE BRUISES are revealed on the inside of her thighs. Mike looks to Tracy with shocked eyes...

...Tracy goes for Mike’s belt and slides it out of the loops.

A KNOT

Gets tied tight...

INT. TRACY’S BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike tightly fastens Tracy’s wrists behind her back with one of Ray’s neckties.

She straddles him atop her vanity chair. Mike raises his leather belt, which has been fashioned into a makeshift collar, and slips it over Tracy’s head...

Mike pulls the belt tight. The more Tracy resists, the tighter it gets against her straining neck. Tracy grinds up and down on Mike’s lap... He looks up at her with longing as she tilts her head back, lost in *erotic asphyxiation...*

A TRAIL OF CLOTHES

Leads from the bathroom back into the master bedroom, where Mike’s VIBRATING flip phone lights up in his pants pocket.

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- SAME

Bobby hangs up his smartphone as RAY'S MERCEDES pulls into the driveway -- followed by A BLACK SUV.

They park, and FIVE BULKY-LOOKING GUYS get out. Ray presents the property like he's giving a tour. They look impressed.

Bobby cringes, dials Mike's phone again...

BOBBY
Pick up, ya fucking idiot...

INT. TRACY'S BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Tracy's gyrations and MOANING says she's close to orgasm--

The DOOR CHIME echoes through the house! Mike releases his hold on the belt and Tracy GASPS. Wide-eyed, she leaps off of him, face contorted in terror.

Mike kneels down, begins fiddling with the tight knot he tied around Tracy's wrist... but the necktie won't give.

Sweat beads on his forehead as he glares at the strewn clothing back into the bedroom. He can see he phone lit up and ringing in his pants pocket.

RAY (O.S.)
Tracy! You still back there?

Mike shakily picks at the knot.

INT. SITTING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Ray strides into the sitting room, past the photos of he and Tracy smiling together...

RAY
Tracy?

INT. MASTER BEDROOM -- SAME

Tracy sits at a vanity, blow drying her hair. Ray enters, and as she turns to see him, she notices MIKE'S WALLET on the carpet beside her foot.

She spins in her chair, draping her bath robe over the wallet with a flourish. She shuts off the blow-dryer.

TRACY
Hey. You're back quick.

RAY
They got lost on Fox Chase Road. Why aren't you ready yet? Scotty's dying to see you.
(off Tracy)
It's my brother, Tracy. He doesn't care if you're buck ass naked...

TRACY
Just give me a sec, okay?

Ray grabs Tracy by the arm and STANDS HER UP.

RAY
The fuck you think you are, huh?

Ray stares down at Tracy with a fiery intensity. Then he releases his grip, which leaves a red palm-print. Ray turns -- and Tracy deftly kicks Mike's wallet under the bed.

Mike's hand pulls it further under, as Tracy and Ray exit.

INT. SITTING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike creeps through the menagerie of smiling photos of Ray and Tracy and can hear VOICES from in the hallway.

He peeks his head out, just long enough to see one of the burly guys, SCOTTY (50s), Ray's Brother, grab Tracy up in a bear hug. She squeals with delight when he does, and everyone wanders toward the other end of the house.

Mike sees his window and quickly tip-toes down the hallway. He makes it to the foyer, the front door right in front of him -- when TWO GUYS come stomping down the main stairs.

Mike backs away, eyes desperate.

As they draw near -- he sees the elevator door. The "Car Here" light dim. Mike thumbs the CALL BUTTON... and the elevator WHIRS behind the door. But the men CLOMP directly toward him, chatting...

The WHIR of the elevator continues, Mike tugs on the door, but it won't open until the car arrives--

COUSIN #1
Which way'd they go?

COUSIN #2
Shit, I don't know -- *this* way?

The two guys turn the opposite direction Mike's standing in. One of them confusedly stops--

And turns to Mike -- but he's gone. They continue on as the green "Car Here" light blinks off beside the elevator door...

INT. BASEMENT -- SAME

Mike exits the elevator, puffs his cheeks out, relieved.

Finds himself in the dim basement, home to a gym and the wine cellar. He quietly shuts the door behind him and crosses to a large set of double doors, which lead into the backyard--

Laughter ERUPTS as Tracy, Ray, Scotty, and TWO OTHER GUYS enter from an adjoining room. Mike freezes, Ray frowns.

TRACY
Oh, my god, I totally gave you the wrong directions. Mike, right? I meant the hall on the *left*.

RAY
The hell, Trace? How long's he been in here?

TRACY
Something's wrong with the, uh, port-o-potty. I said he could use the powder room.
(off Mike)
Well, Mike, follow us. We'll show you out the front.

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- DAY

Bobby taps his foot anxiously, as the front door opens. Ray, Scotty, and Tracy show Mike out.

Ray gazes at the back of Mike's head as he walks away... then he looks to Tracy who watches Mike a beat too long.

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- DAY

Mike finishes a cigarette and tosses the butt into the open flame of the smelter.

Bobby beckons him over to help hoist a fresh section of the fence up into place.

As he crosses the lawn, Mike and Bobby MOVE IN TIME LAPSE...

The fence's progress juts further around the property like ants marching...

Vast clouds rapidly pass overhead, and the leaves on the trees begin to change to the brilliant colors of AUTUMN.

INT. JUNGER MANSION -- MASTER BEDROOM -- DAY

Tracy and Mike spoon in bed. Daylight peeks from behind the drawn curtains. He drapes his arm over her body and clenches his hand in hers. That slack, dull look on her face.

MIKE
Where is he today?

TRACY
I told you. He's in New York.

MIKE
Then we've got the whole day to ourselves. What kinda trouble you wanna get into?

Mike slides his hand beneath Tracy's robe, moving it back and forth rhythmically...

But Tracy grabs Mike's wrist and makes him stop. She climbs out of bed, much to his confusion.

TRACY
I think I'll just... I'm gonna take a shower. I'm tired.

INT. TRACY'S BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike follows her inside. Tracy winces as she brushes some of the knots out of her hair with a 50,000 yard stare.

Tracy barely smiles, looking only at herself in the mirror.

She bites her lip as her brush snags on a thick knot, her head jerks to the side repeatedly.

She sets the brush down... sobbing. Mike kneels down to her level, but she still won't look him in the eye.

MIKE
Hey... Tell me what's up.

TRACY
I've been trying not to think about it, but... you're almost done out there.

MIKE
Yeah? And.

TRACY
And? When you're done, *we're* done.

MIKE
Nah, we can figure something out.

TRACY
Like what?

Still no eye contact.

MIKE
I don't know... I mean, we could find another place--

TRACY
He won't let me *leave!*
(beat)
You'll be gone, and one day... one day he'll just... I'll burn his toast or something, and he'll snap my neck -- just because.

MIKE
I said I'd kill him before he laid a hand on you.

Tracy finally looks at Mike, her eyes filled with tears. In the space between her gaze and his... one very specific thing passes completely unsaid.

Mike looks down. Tracy buries her face in her hands.

MIKE
How do you think I feel? If he's beating up on you, then he's got to answer for it. No question about that... But, Trace...

TRACY
But I'd rather *die* than be kept here a day longer.

MIKE
Tracy!

Tracy angrily grabs Mike's hand and flashes the inside of her thigh, riddled with FRESH BLACK AND BLUE WELTS. She forces him to touch her. She opens her robe, her rib-cage similarly marked, and Mike recoils his hand.

TRACY
In summer, he sticks close to the ribs. When it gets cold, he moves to my arms, my legs. He knows the clothes will cover them! I've wallowed in it for long *enough!!*

MIKE
Jesus. This ain't the right--

TRACY
This *is* it! *This is it!* He doesn't love me like you do. To him, I'm just a piece of meat! That's all I am--!

Tracy angrily grabs the flesh of her thighs. She kneads her thigh, continuously slaps herself on the leg until a bright, red hand print appears.

She sobs uncontrollably, screaming in pain, eyes red. In her robe, hair half-crazed... Mike slowly backs away.

TRACY
--that's all I am to him! Just a hunk of flesh. A piece of ass!
(LOCKS EYES with Mike)
Is that all I am... *to you, Mike!?*

Mike, shocked into silence, turns -- leaves Tracy sobbing.

INT. JUNGER MANSION -- HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike walks toward the front door. The house echoes with Tracy's cries, her sobbing just killing him.

Mike pauses, listens, but eventually lets himself out.

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Mike flips through the channels, alone in bed -- A woman CRIES. CLICK. Sirens BLARE. CLICK. Gunshots RING OUT.

Mike turns the set off and rolls over.

INT. CHURCH -- DAY

Mike, Bill, Bobby, and Candi all sit in a pew, singing *Holy, Holy, Holy*:

CONGREGATION
Holy, holy, holy! Though the darkness hide Thee, though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see; only Thou art holy;

Bill winks at Mike who looks down at his bible.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE -- NIGHT

Post game, Mike and some of the other guys search for munchies inside the convenience store, a bit drunk.

Mike flips through the bargain DVD bin as he waits in line with Bobby. Bobby looks over Mike's shoulder...

BOBBY
Oh, killer flick.
(Mike doesn't like it)
A dude's *head* explodes in that one.

Mike, frustrated, gives up his search, drunkenly shouts to the entire store:

MIKE
S'matter? Y'all got no comedies?

A couple of the guys chuckle at Mike.

INT. MIKE'S TRAILER -- NIGHT

Mike sits on the couch and gets BERATED by Candi.

She marches back and forth in front of him, SCREAMING HER HEAD OFF. But all Mike hears is the WHITE NOISE hiss of the television in the other room...

INT. BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Mike tosses and turns in bed with the covers askew. Off his sweat-soaked brow...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- NIGHT

Mike walks through the back yard, grass damp with dew, dressed in a black hoodie and pants.

INT. TRACY'S BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike climbs in through the side window, his wet boots leave black streaks on the pink marble. He quietly shuts the window behind him and steels himself.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike enters the dim room with the curtains drawn. The light by the side of the bed flicks on. Tracy sits up, startled.

Ray sleeps soundly beside her. Mike draws A SILVER REVOLVER from inside his sweatshirt. Tracy LOCKS EYES with him... and nods her head "yes."

Mike stomps over to Ray and puts the gun against his head. But he can't seem to bring himself to pull the trigger...

TRACY
(whispered)
Do it, Mike. Kill him...

Mike bites his lip... just as RAY'S EYES SNAP OPEN.

BANG! Ray's head explodes across the sheets, spraying Tracy with a mist of blood and bone. She smiles through the gore as Mike angrily grabs her throat with his hand--

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

CRACK! Bobby lowers his .22 rifle... He and Mike stand in a thicket, their breath a vapor. Mike's got a pair of binoculars, through which he tracks something.

MIKE
Shit, we got a runner.

EXT. CLEARING -- MOMENTS LATER

Bobby touches some blood splatter in the grass, looks into the distance. Mike bites off a hunk of jerky.

BOBBY
You're awful quiet today.
(Mike chews)
Hey, how's your Ma doing?

MIKE
She's the same.

BOBBY
The same, good?

MIKE
I don't know, man. It's not worse.

BOBBY
You thinking about what's gonna happen when we finish that fence?

Mike doesn't answer. He sees something in a clearing ahead. He walks away from Bobby who follows.

The two come upon A DOE, kneeling in her own blood, panting and snorting, unable to stand. When she sees them, she makes MEWLING SOUNDS.

Bobby immediately undoes a bowie knife from his belt, kneels down and stabs her between the neck and shoulder. She struggles for a moment, goes silent, then rolls over dead. Bobby begins to gut the kill. Mike turns away, contemplates.

MIKE
We haven't really talked about it. I been puttin' it outta my mind.

BOBBY
Yeah, you should probably have that conversation, my man. 'Cuz I don't think we can do much more stalling. It's already the twenty-fifth.

Bobby splits open the deer's belly, and four MALFORMED SHAPES roll out, steaming. Bobby covers his mouth, then stabs one of them with his knife. He lifts it up, blood dripping, and offers it to Mike with a devious giggle--

BOBBY
Deer-sicle?

MIKE
Fuckin' gross, Bobby.

BOBBY
They's all inbred around here.

Mike sighs, tense.

MIKE
Actually, could I ask you something?

BOBBY
Shoot, man, you know I'm good.

MIKE
(long beat)
You ever get the idea to do a deed you know is the right thing... but it's also wrong at the same time?

BOBBY
Every damn day, man. You know it!

MIKE
That's not what I mean... I...

BOBBY
Come on. Out with it already.

MIKE
I'm talking about *killing*, Bobby.

BOBBY
Huh? Killin' who?

MIKE
Ray Junger.
(off Bobby)
You have no idea what's going on inside that house. And he practically hired us to... build her a damn cage.

BOBBY
Hey, it's called *divorce*.

MIKE
She thinks he'll snap. And, from the looks of what he does to her day in-and-out... I believe her.

BOBBY
Course you do, she's blowin' you!
(off Mike)
Then what happens? You two run off together like Bunny and Clive? Jesus, man. You got it bad, but you ain't got it *that* bad.

MIKE
This ain't about *me!*

Bobby thinks about something long and hard...

BOBBY
He sure is sitting pretty up in that mansion, isn't he?

MIKE
What're you saying?

Bobby nods to Mike slowly...

BOBBY
I'm saying, what you're talking about... you better make sure it's worth your while, Mike. Daddy, he got a real nice payout from when Mom croaked. You need to find something in the cards like that... Then you come back to me, and we'll talk shop.
(off Mike)
You're right, man. It's time you catch a break, man. Why not wet my beak while we're at it, too?

Mike mulls this over. He tongues the inside of his mouth. Bobby wipes his knife on the dead deer's hindquarters, and Mike eyes the kill.

MIKE
You just gonna leave it?

BOBBY
Meat's no good, man. Pancakes?

Bobby sheathes his knife.

INT. RAY'S CLOSET -- DAY

Tracy turns on the fluorescent lights in Ray's closet. Mike fills the doorway, silent yet inquisitive.

Tracy moves to the dozens of hanging sport coats. She parts them with her arm, revealing a A WALL SAFE. Tracy spins in the combination and pops the safe open.

A few rubber-banded rolls of money stacked like bales of hay. Tracy reaches past A SILVER REVOLVER, snags a paper-clipped DOCUMENT... She hands Mike the letterhead.

The small type and legal-eze on the paper obscure Mike's face. He squints, frowns, then looks to Tracy.

She immediately registers his confusion, but directs his attention to the last page, the bottom line: **Five Million Dollars ($5,000,000)**.

MIKE
My Lord, that's a lot of zeroes.

TRACY
You were so right, Mikey. You did so damn good! It's five million. We'd get *five million!!*

MIKE
Let's just slow it down for a second here. How *exactly,* I mean--

TRACY
It doesn't matter, Mikey! Oh, baby, it doesn't *fucking* matter--!

Tracy jumps into Mike's arms and squeals with delight. Mike wraps his arms around her.

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike smiles to himself as he exits the house. There's a BUZZING. He pauses, digs in his pocket for his phone--

Mike looks up -- as Ray Junger's Mercedes pulls past the front of the house. Ray's HARSH GAZE tracks Mike as he drives over the gravel... *KARUUUUUNCH.*

Mike stops in his tracks as Ray passes. Jaw firm, he closes the front door behind him and sees Bobby across the lawn, waving his arms like an air traffic controller.

LATER

Mike marches toward the truck from behind with the ball-peen hammer swinging by his side. When he opens the cab, he sees Bobby sitting there, eyes closed -- jacking off.

On the seat next to him is his smartphone... that same WOMAN MOANS and the GRUFF VOICE BELLOWS.

MIKE
Aw, control yourself, man!

Bobby's eyes snap open, he swipes his phone and quickly zips up his pants. Mike, disgusted, turns away--

Comes face-to-face with Ray. He's got Scotty, his brother, with him.

RAY
Eh! Didn't mean to startle you! My brother Scotty wanted to take a look at your fine craftsmanship.
(smiles)
You two done for the day? Let's take a walk.

Mike coyly slides the hammer into his back pocket.

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- MOMENTS LATER

The fence is fifty yards from completion at the spot where the driveway begins.

Ray marches up to the wrought iron and grips it like prison bars. He tugs and tugs, but the fence barely wobbles. Bobby and Mike, arms crossed, wait for his approval.

RAY
It's good work, gentlemen. Damn good work.

BOBBY
Why thank you, sir.

Mike shoots Bobby a death stare.

RAY
Now, you promised me you'd have it up by Halloween. You gonna make that deadline?

MIKE
It's going to be close. But we're starting on the main gate ay-sap.

SCOTTY
You did all this by hand?

RAY
Wrought iron's just a fancy way of saying a bunch of different kinds of metal... wrung out by hand... Isn't that right?

Ray leers at Mike while Scotty listens intently.

SCOTTY
Huh, I guess I never knew that.

RAY
The property... how'd Tracy put it? Wasn't "aesthetically pleasing" before you two came a'knocking.

Ray and Scotty share a laugh, a private joke. Mike adjusts his stance, with the weight of the hammer in his pocket.

MIKE
Tray... Mrs. Junger was the one who wanted the fence?

RAY
You betcha. And what she wants, she gets, believe me. Why? She say otherwise? To you?

MIKE
No, sir, she didn't.

RAY
I'm the luckiest guy on the planet, isn't that right, Scotty?

SCOTTY
Just about.

RAY
So if Tracy wants a fence, I'm gonna give her *the best* fence.
(directly to Mike)
I know what you're up to, here.

Ray grips Mike on the shoulder... Mike casually plants his palm on the butt of the hammer.

RAY
Dover Ironworks... sounded too familiar to me. Then I remembered a... Bill Griggs who cold-called me months ago. He was one of those astronomical bids I mentioned when you first came up here.

Mike, relieved, releases his grip.

MIKE
Ah. Shit. You got me. You won't tell him, will you?

RAY
Hey, I used to be just like you in my younger days. Going behind the boss' back to make some extra green. I respect that. Just tell me one thing -- this Bill guy? Does he deserve it?

Mike shoots Bobby a knowing look. He smiles at Ray.

MIKE
Well, he's my father-in-law.

RAY
Hoh! Say no more!

Ray lets out a maniacal chuckle. Everyone gets a kick out of this, especially Scotty.

SCOTTY
I like these guys, Ray.
(to Mike)
Hey, you got a card or something? I just bought a place in Franklin.

MIKE
Nice. Bobby? You got a card? Sorry, I'm fresh out.

Bobby fishes in his pockets, hands Scotty a business card.

As Ray and Scotty head back toward the house, Bobby claps Mike on the back, releases some of the tension.

INT. MIKE'S TRAILER -- NIGHT

Mike, back on the couch, sketching something out. Bobby sits beside him, drinking, pointing, smiling.

BOBBY
That's fucking brilliant. That's gonna seal the whole deal--

The door flies open, and Candi enters, stumbling drunk.

She takes one look at them on the couch and walks toward the bedroom, shaking her head. They return to their planning.

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- DAY

A Fed-Ex truck pulls down the driveway and stops at the front door. Mike flips up his welder's mask. He watches the driver ring the doorbell, a package tucked under his arm...

After a long beat, Tracy appears in the door, wearing big sun glasses. The driver holds his tablet for her signature, but she has to remove the sunglasses to do so...

Mike sees she's sporting A BLACK EYE. She quickly scribbles, and the driver hops back into the truck.

Mike stands there, waiting... but Tracy just puts her glasses back on and closes the door without looking at him.

Mike stares hard at Ray's Mercedes, parked vigilantly out front of the mansion. He flips down his welder's mask.

INT. MOM'S ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike sits with his mother who's neatly tucked into bed. The room is decorated for Halloween with orange pumpkin cut-outs. A YOUNG DOCTOR raps his knuckles on the door. Mike looks up.

DOCTOR
Are you Michael Kilgore?
(Mike stands)
Doctor Papish is out today, but I'd like a word with you.

Mike stands. The doctor begins gesticulating, out of ear-shot. Mike's face gradually grows more and more solemn.

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- DAY

Bobby slops some cement into a corner joist. He and Mike raise THE LAST SECTION OF FENCE into place.

Beside them, there's A TEN FOOT GAP in the fence where the driveway is, like a missing tooth. A space between it is outlined with a rectangle of white string.

LATER

Mike and Bobby raise half of AN ORNATE GATE against the side of the smelter. It's THE CENTERPIECE of the whole wrought iron fence, over ten feet tall. The finishing touch.

Mike fits several curly-cue decorative pieces into place and begins welding.

INT. JUNGER MANSION -- DAY

Ray stands in the kitchen eating a sandwich and watching football on a small flat screen. The phone rings, he frowns and snatches it from the set on the wall.

RAY
Yeah.

EXT. TIME 2 EAT DINER -- SAME

Mike talks at a pay phone outside a diner with his hand cupped over the handset. A car starts up in the parking lot, and Mike turns away from the noise as best he can.

INTERCUT BETWEEN AS NECESSARY.

MIKE
Hello, this is... Bruce calling from CVS. Is Missus... Jung-er there?

RAY
No, she's not. I'm her husband, though. Can I help you?

MIKE
Uh, we've got her prescription down here, but we just need to verify her insurance.

Tracy sheepishly pokes her head into the kitchen, dressed in her sweats, hair matted. Her face is still bruised.

RAY
Nah, I don't have any of that.

MIKE
--Sir, the RX is for... It's Prozac, sir, and she shouldn't really miss a dose. If we wait...

RAY
Alright, alright. Hold the phone.

Ray hands the receiver to Tracy who sheepishly approaches. She takes the phone, but Ray stays close.

TRACY
Hello?

MIKE
It's me, Mike.

TRACY
(plays it cool)
Yes, this is she.

MIKE
I need to talk to you. Tell him you've got to give the CVS your insurance card. It happens all the time, trust me.

TRACY
Yes, I have it here.

MIKE
Meet me at the Time-To-Eat on twenty-two. If he says he's gonna come with you, tell him... uh...

TRACY
No, I think I can be there. Right. Thanks. I'll see you soon.

She hangs up, reaches for her purse on the kitchen counter.

TRACY
They need a copy of my card.

RAY
Go then.

TRACY
You... Don't wanna come with?

RAY
I'm watching the game.
(beat, stern)
You better be back in thirty minutes, though. Okay?

Tracy purses her lips, and nods "yes."

INT. TIME 2 EAT DINER -- LATER

Mike sits alone at a booth, his leg jiggling, with two cups of coffee in front of him. He tears at the corner of his paper place mat. It's got an advertisement for "DOVER IRONWORKS" -- with an insignia of a wrought iron gate.

Suddenly, Tracy sits down across from him. She slowly removes her sunglasses... revealing her black eye.

Tracy reaches for his hand, but he takes it away as THE WAITRESS approaches the booth.

WAITRESS
Can I get you something?

Tracy doesn't respond.

MIKE
Fresh coffee, please.
(waitress leaves)
Yours's cold already.

TRACY
He said I have to be back before three, or...

MIKE
It's good to see you. I'm sorry if I caused you... the last time...

TRACY
He saw you walking out.
(off Mike)
Why'd you call the house, Mike?

MIKE
Because we're about two days away from finishing up, and I had to see you before... I needed to look into your eyes and *make sure* that this is what you want.

Tracy looks long and hard at Mike, a smile spreading.

TRACY
Oh, Mike. I could just kiss you.

MIKE
Well, don't. We're just two people having coffee, and I'd like it to stay that way for now.
(lower)
Because there's no going back.

TRACY
I know there isn't.

MIKE
...and because I needed to talk particulars with you.
(off Tracy)
I'll hold up my end, but I wanna know... How are we gonna...?

TRACY
Well, he's going to be presumed missing, right--

Tracy quiets when the waitress brings her a coffee.

WAITRESS
Milk?

Tracy shakes her head, "no." The Waitress leaves...

TRACY
It's going to take some time to get the money, Mike.

MIKE
I know that.

TRACY
And I'm going to have to mourn him, like I'm expected to. People will be all around me... You'll have to play it cool. You'll wait by the phone, and we'll have a code...

Tracy leans in close...

TRACY
I'll say -- "I'm selling the house, and the fence needs a repair." Like that, you'll know that I've got the money. And if it works, you and I will be free to go anywhere in the world we want. Where would you like to go, Mike?

MIKE
You ever been down in the keys? Great fishing down there.

TRACY
Come on. Fishing is so...

Mike looks down at his torn place mat, which has a picture of A GIRAFFE on it. Mike looks up.

MIKE
How 'bout... Africa? You been?

TRACY
An African Safari. Now that sounds like the perfect place to get lost.

Mike reaches UNDER THE TABLE and clasps Tracy's hand in his.

ACROSS THE DINER

Bobby sits alone in a booth, watching. After a moment, Tracy looks at her watch. She gets up, eyes on Mike, and briskly walks out. Mike turns to Bobby and gives him a thumbs up.

EXT. DOVER IRONWORKS -- DAY

Mike, Bill, and Bobby watch a delivery man unload a bulky box from the back of his truck.

INT. DOVER IRONWORKS -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike's on the floor with the box open like a kid with an erector set. He plugs something in and nods to Bobby...

Bobby waves his hand in front of A SENSOR, and A BUZZING WHIR fills the trailer. A MECHANICAL ARM flops over on the linoleum, alerts Bill, sorting mail across the office.

BOBBY
S-700, baby. Best on the market.

BILL
We upcharge them for this?

BOBBY
Pa, you can't do that shit anymore. People research, with the internet.

Mike unplugs the mechanical gate arm, begins packing it up.

BILL
We do the *labor*, Bobby.

BOBBY
And he's payin' for the labor.

BILL
(dismissive)
Christ, when we had the yard in Manalapan, we charged people... whatever we *wanted!*

BOBBY
You gotta get over Manalapan, dad. Why the hell do you think we're backed into this shit hole anyway?

Bill stomps his foot.

BILL
Junior! This place is my lifeblood.
Ah, I got some *real* work to do...

Bobby shakes his head as Bill slams his office door closed. After he leaves, Mike cracks a smile.

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- DAY

Mike and Bobby watch A TRUCK DRIVER unchain the treads of a small BACKHOE atop a flatbed parked in the driveway.

LATER

Mike signals to Bobby as he drives the backhoe up to the gap between the fence, where the rectangle is marked with string.

Bobby stops, yanks on a lever inside the cab, and begins digging a hole inside the twine.

EVEN LATER

Mike stands in the bottom of a four-foot by seven-foot hole installing the mechanical arm apparatus. Bobby comes to the edge of it with an armful of re-bar. He sets them down and nods to Mike knowingly.

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- LATER

The sky's gone grey.

Bobby gives a thumbs-up to the same driver of the flatbed, with the backhoe secured atop it again. He rumbles up the driveway and over a PIECE OF PLYWOOD that now covers the hole Mike and Bobby dug.

EXT. ROAD -- NIGHT

The headlights on Ray's Mercedes illuminate banks of fog as he cruises through the back roads.

He drives past the wrought iron fence that marks the beginning of his property, then makes a left over the plywood board, which WOBBLES loudly.

As he continues down the driveway, headlights fading, Mike emerges from a crouch behind A STANDING CEMENT MIXER...

INT. JUNGER MANSION -- MOMENTS LATER

All the lights are off. Tracy, breathless, fingers one of the curtains in the billiard room open... she sees Ray's Mercedes pull up to the house.

The ignition cuts out, and Tracy backs away from the window.

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- SAME

Ray steps out into the silence, rubbing his hands together as he walks to the front door through the fog... dress shoes crunching on the gravel.

When he gets to the front door, it's locked. Ray rings the doorbell to his own house, but just shakes his head after a few tries.

INT. JUNGER MANSION -- SAME

Tracy paces through the darkened hallway, massaging her own neck as the doorbell stops chiming through the house...

She can hear Ray's keys JANGLING from outside.

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- SAME

Ray points his house key toward the lock on the front door.

But the key won't fit into the lock. Ray jabs at it a couple times, dumbfounded. He angrily rings the doorbell, chuckling to himself. He bangs his fist on the glass--

RAY
Tracy! Tracy! You let me in this house right now, Tracy!

Ray steps away from the door, sifting through his keys--

He's suddenly ILLUMINATED by a pair of headlights you'd swear float there in the white vapor. AN ENGINE ROARS to life, Ray shades his eyes from the glare.

INT. TRUCK -- SAME

Mike rides shotgun, and Bobby grips the steering wheel, hand on the gearshift all white-knuckled. Bobby shifts hard and STOMPS on the gas--

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- SAME

The truck's tires spew dirt as they find purchase in the muddy soil -- and the truck lurches right toward Ray.

Ray takes one look at those oncoming headlights, and he hightails it back toward his Mercedes. His breath fogs--

INT. TRUCK -- SAME

Bobby swerves across the driveway, tracking Ray. Mike braces himself against the dash.

BOBBY
Oh, no, you don't!

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- SAME

Ray SCREAMS as Bobby forces him away from his car door, he trips and falls, nailing his knee on the gravel.

Sweat pours off him, despite the cold. He winces, but it's fight-or-flight, so he gets right back up.

INT. JUNGER MANSION -- SAME

Tracy is illuminated in a swath of the truck's headlights. She's drawn toward the window as Ray's SCREAMS continue from outside. With THE REVVING of the truck's engine...

Tracy takes a deep inhale, like she forgot to breathe.

INT. TRUCK -- SAME

Bobby HOWLS like a maniac as the truck bares down on Ray.

BOBBY
Ah-woooooo! Ahhh-woo-woo-woooo--!

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- SAME

Ray sprints into the fog -- past several trees on the property, illuminated from behind by the high beams. The house looms behind like a jagged shape as Ray digs his heels in and comes to an abrupt stop--

Hands wrapped around the wrought iron fence like prison bars. He looks left, then right -- but all he sees is black fence.

Those headlights screech to A HALT, engine idling. Ray quickly runs parallel to the all-encompassing fence, and the truck has to shift into reverse in order to follow.

The headlights splash over the ten-foot wide gap at the front of the driveway. Ray's eyes flit, he cuts right.

INT. TRUCK -- SAME

Mike points as Bobby turns to correct for Ray's trajectory.

MIKE
Right, right, right--

BOBBY
I fuckin' see him...

INT. JUNGER MANSION -- SAME

Tracy's rapid breath fogs against the window as she watches the truck careen further up the driveway...

She presses her hand against the glass, GASPING.

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- SAME

Ray huffs and puffs from the incline leading up the driveway, and soon his breath becomes a high-pitched WHEEZE.

He bares down on the gap between the fence at the top of the hill, an open-mouthed grin across his face, his salvation a yard ahead of him...

But the headlights SNAP OFF behind him. In the sudden pitch-darkness: hear the sound of SHOES CRUNCHING on gravel, then they suddenly stop, there's A THUMP, and Ray SCREAMS--

The headlights SNAP BACK ON at the gap in the fence... and Ray is gone. Mike and Bobby exit the cab of the truck. They approach the edge of the hole they dug...

INSIDE THE HOLE

Ray lies in the position of a chalk outline, several re-bar spikes at the bottom of the pit puncture through his leg, torso, and one arm. With his free hand, he attempts to pull one of them out of his leg.

Ray senses that someone is there, but he can't turn his head.

RAY
Fuck you! I'll... *fucking* kill you!

Bobby powers up the cement mixer, which spins round in its chassis noisily and drowns out Ray's cries.

After a few moments, Bobby throws a lever, and the mixer tilts down toward the hole...

Ray screams his head off, eyes wild as some of the cement splatters into his field of view and matts his hair down.

His face is quickly submerged.

MIKE

Turns and looks away. He covers his mouth with his sleeve.

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- LATER

In the silhouette of the truck's headlights, ONE HALF of the ten-foot gate is in place. Mike and Bobby raise THE SECOND PIECE, joining the two ends of the wrought iron fence. Sparks fly as they quickly begin welding.

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- NIGHT

Mike shakes Bobby's hand through the window of the truck and approaches the front door of the house. He fishes in his pocket for something, removes A KEY in the headlights.

He slides it into the lock -- perfect fit. Mike takes one look back at Bobby and enters the house.

INT. FOYER -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike closes the door behind him -- as the massive chandelier in the foyer suddenly turns on. Tracy is revealed, sheepishly standing by the light switch. She looks a wreck.

Mike crosses in front of the stairs, and goes to her...

MIKE
We did it, Trace. It's done.

TRACY
He's... really gone?

MIKE
Really.

Mike reaches for her embrace, but she backs away from him against the wall. Her eyes flit to the front door.

TRACY
What if -- what if it wasn't the right thing, Mike? What if we screwed it up?

Mike presses himself against her--

MIKE
--it wasn't, it was so right. You said so yourself--

--but when he leans in to kiss her, Tracy ducks from underneath him.

She deftly heads toward the front door, but Mike wraps her up in his arms in front of the banister. Together they tumble and land mid-staircase, he on top of her.

Tracy softly swats at Mike, face anguished--

TRACY
No, no, no--

MIKE
It's done, Tracy. I did it for you! It's done--!

TRACY
--no, no, no--!

Mike raises his hands. They find their way against the skin of Tracy's neck--

TRACY
No!

--Tracy's eyes go sharp as knives. She shoves Mike's hands down from around her throat with great force.

Tracy grips Mike between her thighs and shifts her weight. She climbs on top of him, their bodies pressed firmly against the jagged stairs.

Mike, a bit shocked at first, relents as Tracy straddles him. Then she moves in for a passionate, open-mouthed kiss.

Like an animal, she undoes Mike's belt and slides it out from the loops. He lustily tries to take her top off...

...but she grips both of his wrists with one hand, the leather belt still dangling from her other. She positions Mike's hands between the wooden posts on the stairs.

He tries to resist at first, but then relents as she fastens his hands there with the belt. The leather CREAKS against his skin. Mike glares from his tied hands to Tracy as she pulls down her panties...

And straddles him forcefully. Mike's breathing becomes more and more rapid as Tracy grinds up and down...

...then she presses her hands to Mike's neck. She squeezes.

Mike's jugular bulges, his eyes begin to flutter, and Tracy hooks her thumbs into his Adams apple. Mike lets out a THIN WHEEZE. Tracy MOANS LOUDLY. Mike tugs against the belt.

Her thrusting becomes rapid, her eyes roll in her head, and Mike's lips turn a shade of white. He desperately needs a breath. Tracy glares down at him, his eyes becoming dim. Fading fast, Mike barely registers Tracy's convulsing ORGASM.

Then she releases --*HEWWWWW*-- Mike finally fills his screaming lungs with air. The color returns to his face as Tracy keeps the momentum going.

Tracy runs her hands through Mike's hair as he gasps for air... She lifts his head by the hair, WHISPERS SOMETHING into his ear... Mike pants:

MIKE
Are you... sure?

Tracy lustfully nods "yes" to him. Mike tilts his head back as gooseflesh breaks out over his arms and chest.

Tracy pulls him deeper inside as he climaxes. She collapses onto his heaving chest, both of them spent.

INT. JUNGER MANSION -- DAY

Mike and Tracy are illuminated by blinding morning light through the beveled glass of the front door. They embrace as Bobby pulls up outside.

MIKE
I love you so much, Trace.

Tracy smiles at Mike as he opens the door.

INT. PORT-O-JOHN -- DAY

Mike zips up his pants as he walks out...

EXT. SCOTTY'S MANSION -- DAY

Mike exits a Port-O-John in front of a similarly gaudy mansion to Ray and Tracy's house. Scotty walks out, waving. HIS WIFE (50s) is an overweight woman who carries two cups of coffee to the boys. They shake Scotty's hand heartily.

INT. MIKE'S TRAILER -- NIGHT

Mike sips a beer, watching his fish. He lights a smoke.

Beside him on the couch is his cell phone. Mike turns and looks at it with a longing gaze. Almost willing it to ring.

EXT. FOOTBALL STADIUM -- DAY

A charcoal grill belches fire as Bobby, in an Eagles jersey, watches A FIGHT in the middle of the parking lot with some of his buddies outside Lincoln Financial Field. Everyone in hats and gloves.

The crowd parts for a moment -- revealing MIKE, gloves off, wailing away at A NEW YORK GIANTS FAN, knuckles bloody.

He bumps into Bobby who shoves him back into the fray...

INT. DOVER IRONWORKS -- DAY

Mike slams his locker closed as his phone buzzes in his pocket. He excitedly fishes it out -- sees the caller ID, frowns, and takes the call as he exits.

Bobby stashes his work clothes in his locker. All of a sudden, AN ANGUISHED CRY from Mike echoes from outside.

The receptionist stands up at her desk, puzzled.

EXT. DOVER IRONWORKS -- MOMENTS LATER

Bobby comes dashing outside. He sees Mike, palms planted on the hood of the truck, just crying his damn eyes out.

EXT. GRAVE SIDE -- DAY

A blisteringly cold day. Mike, unshaven, in an outdated suit, sits alone in a folding chair, face blank.

People touch him on the shoulder, offer regards, but all he can do is look at the black casket in the hole in the ground. The casket has a wooden cross affixed to it.

LATER

Mike stands alone now at the edge of the grave, watching three men fill in the hole with dirt. He winces with each clump of sod.

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

Bobby drinks with Mike who looks God-awful. When the bartender comes around for a refill, Bobby shoos him away and makes the universal sign for “check please.”

MIKE
She was just... the only woman who ever cared for me, Bobby.

BOBBY
She was a saint, she was. But she’s not sufferin’ no more.

MIKE
I’s sitting there, taking all this shit from Candi... because Ma thought it was the right thing. She’s gone now. It’s a mindfuck!

BOBBY
But you got biger things coming your way, man. Very big.

Bobby winks at Mike who smiles, head bobbing.

MIKE
Did I tell ya about my *fuckin'* brother, Arnie?
(Bobby nods)
Goddamn liar and a thief, he was! Stole 10K right out from under her. That was Ma’s *savings,* man! He didn’t even have *the balls* to show today. I’da beat him to a pulp right there at the grave...

BOBBY
Nah, you wouldn't have. That's not like you, Mike.

MIKE
(beat)
I gotta puke, man.

Bobby slaps a couple of twenties down on the bar as Mike shuffles off to the men's room.

INT. TRUCK -- NIGHT

It snows as Bobby pulls up outside Mike's trailer, wipers going. Mike's dull-eyed in the passenger's seat.

BOBBY
You need help in?

Mike just waves him off as he drunkenly opens the door, lets some light flurries into the cab.

INT. MIKE'S TRAILER -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike strips out of his suit as he crosses to the fish tank and taps the glass. The TV is on in the bedroom, but he ignores it, for now. Instead, Mike feeds his fish.

After watching them eat, he crosses to the bedroom, absolutely exhausted.

He pushes open the door, and sees Dean sleeping shirtless, his arm draped across Candi's breasts. Candi rolls over in bed...

Mike just stands there for a moment, gnashing his teeth.

He turns on his heels, marches back across the living room, and grabs A METAL BASEBALL BAT from against the wall.

Mike wrings his trembling hands around the neck of the bat.

INT. BEDROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike enters the bedroom and turns on the light. Candi rolls over, groggy. She sees Mike with the bat and sits up.

CANDI
It's three in the morning.

MIKE
Where were you today?

CANDI
Who gives a shit where I was?

Beside her, Dean sits up in bed.

MIKE
You missed my mother's funeral!

CANDI
Shit, Mike. Can we talk about this in the morning?

Mike jabs the baseball bat into the floor like a cane.

MIKE
Get out of my bed!

CANDI
Are you drunk?

MIKE
If you're not gonna respect me, you... you take your nasty shit, and get the fuck out.

DEAN
You can't talk to her like that.

MIKE
You. Shut your mouth before I break it in.
(back to Candi)
You. Out. I'm serious. Both of y'all. I just wanna sleep!

Candi turns to Dean, her jaw wide open. She doesn't move. After a moment, Mike violently slams the baseball bat down on the edge of the mattress with a *SMACK*.

MIKE
OUT! NOW!

Dean lunges out of bed in his boxers, but Mike smacks him in the ribs, and he falls back for a moment, mouth agape...

Mike winds up, and swings the bat right into Dean's teeth, which shatter all over his mouth. He HOWLS and spits blood onto the sheets.

MIKE
What'd I say, Dean? I warned ya!

Dean, in a pain-fueled rage, leaps up and tackles Mike -- the two men tumble backward into...

THE LIVING ROOM

...where Dean rolls with the momentum off of Mike. Candi SCREAMS from inside the bedroom but doesn't follow.

Mike jumps up and sees that Dean is still down -- he raises his bat to strike. Dean rolls left just as Mike swings and misses, giving Dean a chance to get on his feet.

Mike wildly resets for another backhanded blow -- but Dean doesn't have to dodge this one.

Mike -- still drunk after all -- swings wide, and the bat connects with the 70 gallon fish tank... The blow sprays glass and water all over the living room!

One of his fish flops in the rocks at the bottom of the empty tank, the other on the carpet, mouth sucking air. Mike is shocked into sobriety.

Dean uses this window to land a hammerhead uppercut, knocking Mike back against the wall. Dean wipes his bloody mouth.

DEAN
I'm calling *thuh poleeth*--

Mike watches Candi, IN DOUBLE VISION, strut herself out of the bedroom...

CANDI
Naw, ain't no cops gonna teach him a lesson. I can do one better. You really done it now, Mike. Practically dug your own grave.
(long beat)
And you know what else? I'm pregnant. How's *that?*

Mike, chin split, turns back to Dean -- who lands a punch to Mike's gut and mumbles something unintelligible through his broken teeth.

Mike falls -- and his face meets Dean's knee on the way down. He instantly goes LIGHTS OUT.

INT. MIKE'S TRAILER -- DAY

Mike wakes up, eyes bloodshot and averse to light. He sees the dead fish on the carpet beside him, chunks of glass stuck to his cheek. Split lip, bruised jaw.

His phone buzzes inside his pant suit pocket. He looks at the caller ID -- "Bill."

INT. DOVER IRONWORKS -- DAY

Mike walks into the empty office. Bill stands there, arms folded, waiting for him. He takes one look at Mike:

BILL
Sweet Lord, you look like you been through hell and back.

MIKE
Why'd you wanna see me, Bill?

BILL
Candice came to me, crying, this morning. She said you been out all hours of the night, even weekends.

MIKE
Well, she's lying to you then.

BILL
You missed a real nice sermon this morning, Mike. He quoted Proverbs. "A husband of noble character is his wife's crown, but a disgraceful husband is like decay in her bones." Which I find quite appropriate.

MIKE
Yeah, I'm not reading you.

BILL
She's begging you for a child, Mike, and you're stepping out behind her back?

MIKE
I sure as hell ain't!

Mike takes a moment to think about this. Bill sees it.

BILL
Come on, now. We both know men tend to think with the head between their legs instead of the one atop their shoulders. She's my baby girl, Mike--

Mike snorts laughter at Bill, makes fists at his side.

MIKE
That four hundred you *stole* from me? That wasn't for no baby. That was so she could sit at home and get stoned and be worthless!

BILL
(firm)
Your time with Dover Iron is done.

MIKE
Christ! You're blind!

BILL
You're unfit for my daughter, and you're unfit for my business.

MIKE
My Pa always said you were a big, fat, shit-kicker, Bill. And for all the wrong he done -- he sure was right about that.

BILL
Well, if you feel that way, Mike, you should have just turned me down all those years ago.

MIKE
This is fuckin' bullshit. You think I've been out with Randy these past few months? Nah, Bill. I went and got myself a *real* job, one you won't *ever* see a cut of.

BILL
Excuse me!? How dare you--?

MIKE
And you know what? I got bigger, better things coming my way, too. I'd say good luck to you, but then I'd be lying.

Mike storms out of the trailer as Bill FUMES.

INT. TIME 2 EAT DINER -- DAY

Mike sits with Bobby in a booth inside the diner. They sip from steaming cups of coffee.

MIKE
So, she didn't call you?

BOBBY
Man, Candi and me? We don't talk unless it's birthdays or Christmas. She thinks I'm dumber'n you are. If that makes you feel any better.

Mike chuckles, but it hurts to laugh, so he stops.

MIKE
I can always count on you to cheer me up, man.

BOBBY
I hope you got in a few hits.

MIKE
Shit. Prick's gonna need the world's best dentist, after what I done to him.
(licks his teeth)
Least I got *my* chompers still. You knock a man's teeth out, nobody's liable to take him serious anymore.

Bobby raises his coffee to that pearl of wisdom.

The waitress brings two short stacks of pancakes, and the guys' faces light up. Mike unwraps his silverware from his napkin and drenches his plate in syrup. He takes a big, satisfying bite, favoring the side of his jaw he got hit in.

MIKE
(mouth full)
This always hits the spot.

Bobby nods, eyes rolled back in pleasure.

Suddenly, Mike sets his fork down and quietly SOBS.

MIKE
Ah, Christ, I can't take this. Tracy's gonna call, right? I need her more than ever, Bobby.

BOBBY
She'll call any day now... we just gotta hold out until then. You're gonna be okay, man.
(looks around)
Gonna miss you out there. You know how much Randy fucking sucks...

Mike, smiles, wipes his eyes, nods, and continues eating.

EXT. PARKING LOT -- DAY

Mike finishes his cigarette in the parking lot beside the truck. Bobby sits inside, talking on the phone, oblivious to Mike. Mike tosses his smoke.

INT. TRUCK -- SAME

Mike pops open the door and gets in--

BOBBY
(into phone)
...you'll know when I *tell* you--

Bobby, suddenly coy around Mike, hangs up the phone.

MIKE
Who was that?

Bobby smiles at Mike and slips his phone into his jacket. As he does, the phone BUZZES again. Bobby ignores the ringing phone, and Mike looks at him funny.

BOBBY
So. Where to?

EXT. WOODS -- DAY

Mike and Bobby walk through the woods together, dressed in camouflage. Bobby's got a rifle over his shoulder, typing a text message on his phone. Sent.

Bobby, CRUNCH, absentmindedly steps on a branch -- A WHOLE FLOCK of birds erupts out of the brush before them! Bobby, startled, drops his phone in a pile of leaves...

Mike laughs at Bobby, catching his breath. Something BUZZES in the leaves. Bobby looks as Mike bends down and picks up his smartphone... Mike pauses. The screen reads:

FROM - t. MESSAGE - ;)

MIKE

Frowns and slowly hands the phone back to Bobby. The two continue on in silence. Mike's mind running.

INT. BAR -- NIGHT

Mike crosses from the bar with four shot glasses full of Jaeger. He hands three to Bobby and keeps one for himself. Bobby smiles as he lifts his shot and CLINKS with Mike.

Bobby quickly does another shot, then holds the third aloft.

BOBBY
Ohh, it's gonna get shitty in here *tonight*! Cheers, brutha...

...Bobby slams the third shot back. Mike watches him quiver with delight as he slowly sips his own shot, eyes narrow.

LATER

Bobby's got his arms around a couple of girls in a booth. Everyone drinks a shot.

Bobby says something INSULTING to one of the girls. Disgusted, she drags her friend away from him.

Bobby sits back in the booth, waves them off, just as Mike comes back with two beers. Bobby CHUGS his gluttonously...

INT. MIKE'S TRAILER -- BEDROOM -- LATE NIGHT

Mike sits on the edge of his bed, reveals BOBBY'S SMARTPHONE in his hand. Mike accesses the home screen, tries to figure out how it works, pressing random icons--

Mike's face goes slack as the phone's speakers BLARE. That WOMAN MOANS and that GRUFF VOICE shouts obscenities...

ON SCREEN

A home made video of BOBBY FUCKING, shaky and of poor quality. THE WOMAN moans off screen, gives Mike pause.

His thumb hovers over the image as Bobby pans across the woman's naked body... up to... her neck, which he grips with one of his massive hands... up to *TRACY'S FACE*.

MIKE

Sits on the corner of the bed, head in hands, tears streaming down his face, as Tracy continues to MOAN on the phone. Mike's arms tremble with anger.

He looks up and sees Bobby's shoe dangling off the side of the couch, where he's passed out.

Mike sits there for a very long time looking at Bobby's shoe. Thinking. Just thinking. He waits a long beat, then EXHALES and pinches the bridge of his nose.

Bobby rolls over and cuddles with one of the pillows.

INT. MIKE'S CAR -- NIGHT

Mike sits in his car outside SCOTTY'S HOUSE on a busy street. He can see Bobby working on Scotty's fence, but Mike's tucked away enough so he's out of Bobby's eyeline.

His phone rings in the seat next to him. Mike answers.

MIKE
This is Mike.

TRACY (V.O.)
Mike, hey, this is Tracy Junger.

MIKE
Hi there, Tracy. How ya been?

TRACY (V.O.)
I'm OK. But I'm selling the house, Mike, and I think the fence you put up could use a repair. Think you could stop by and take a look?

MIKE
I sure could.

TRACY (V.O.)
How about ten-AM tomorrow?

MIKE
Yuh. I'll see you then, Misses Junger. Lookin' forward to it.

Mike hangs up and mutters something to himself. After a beat, Mike can see Bobby answer his own phone as well.

LATER

Mike drives, following Bobby on the highway. He smokes.

EVEN LATER

Up ahead, Bobby turns onto a familiar street. Up the hill, towards the Junger mansion. Mike hangs back and parks.

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- NIGHT

Mike approaches the mansion on foot.

INT. FOYER -- MOMENTS LATER

The chandelier ILLUMINATES the grand foyer...

Mike enters through the front door, and THE CHIME ECHOES throughout the house. Mike glares around, but nobody's home.

He hears NOISES coming from the master wing...

INT. TRACY'S BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike enters. The place is totally barren and dark. He walks past the place they first fucked... where her collection of perfume bottles once stood... memories flooding back to him. A FLICKERING LIGHT draws him further...

INT. RAY'S CLOSET -- MOMENTS LATER

Bobby kneels, hunkered down beside Ray's OPEN SAFE, filling A GARBAGE BAG with its contents. He's got a flashlight and senses someone in the doorway.

BOBBY
I told you, I can *handle* this, T...

CLICK go the lights. Bobby sees Mike standing there, and he drops his flashlight, one arm still inside the safe.

BOBBY
Mike? The hell?

MIKE
I'm having a little bit of *deja vu* here, Bobby.
(beat)
I know you've been fucking her.

BOBBY
I kinda thought you'd have a hard time with this.

MIKE
Christ, you fucking met her before we even *got* the job. Led me to the house, the... the, the, the -- goddamn *heat* stroke!? You thought of every-fucking-thing. And here I am, gonna take it up the ass, while you two run off just like... Bunny and Clive.

BOBBY
Look, she got her claws into me. What can I say? Alright, Mike? What do you want to do about it?

MIKE
We killed a man.

BOBBY
And let's not make it any worse.

Bobby eyes his arm, still in the darkness of the open safe.

MIKE
We're like brothers, right, Bobby? You said so yourself. So, really, what we should be thinking about is us. You and me. I'd rather it be you and me instead of you and her. I can forgive you. But she fucked us both over, see?
(beat)
She's just tits to me now. I ain't gonna wave my flag just for tits. You said it best. Make sure it's worth your while.

BOBBY
You sayin' we should talk.

MIKE
(nods his head)
How could she do this to us, Bobby? I... thought she was my ticket.

Bobby removes his arm from the safe and aims THE SILVER REVOLVER at Mike. Mike blanches. Bobby stands, threatening.

BOBBY
The problem with you, Mikey, is that you keep waiting around for someone to take your hand and lead you outta here. But you know something? Life don't work like that. You wanna make a change? You gotta do it yourself. Daddy always says, if you don't stand for something, you'll fall for anything.
(beat)
She may just be tits to you, but me and her are gonna see this through.

MIKE
I got nothing to go back to, Bobby. This was all I had going. And it was a sham.

BOBBY
You ain't gonna go *back* -- when you see the kinda shit *we* got on you! You think I liked the thought of you givin' it to her over and over?

Bobby takes a step toward Mike, gun to his chest.

MIKE
It doesn't have to be like this--

Bobby raises the gun and smashes Mike in the lip with the butt! Mike goes down onto the carpet... Bobby squints.

BOBBY
Don't "brother" me, we ain't brothers, ya ball-less fuck...

Bobby turns and grabs the garbage bag from beside the safe.

Mike spits HIS TOOTH into his hand, looks across to A MIRROR -- he flicks his tongue in and out of A BLOODY HOLE, roots still dangling from his gums.

Looking at his own toothless reflection, Mike's arms tremble with anger, his breath harsh, blood flecking from his lips...

MIKE
Knocked ny goddamn toof outh--

Mike jumps up, eyes crazed, and sacks Bobby in the stomach. He's knocked back, and the gun goes off --*BLANG!*-- sending sparks shooting from the light fixture overhead...

Bobby drops the gun, and it THUMPS onto the carpet.

Mike scrambles over Bobby who reaches desperately... fingers grappling... Bobby's hand falls JUST SHORT of the revolver...

Mike grips him around the neck, his hands trembling with anger and rage. The veins stand out in Bobby's neck. Mike presses his thumbs into Bobby's Adam's apple.

Mike INHALES SHARPLY...

Bobby's eyelids flutter, his eyes rolling back... A CLICKING SOUND from his throat as he tries to breathe.

The two struggle in silence -- GRUNTING, GROANING. It's excruciating to watch Mike's rage and anger boil over.

Bobby's foot relaxes, Mike EXHALES and rolls off of him.

Mike stands, looking down at his claw-like hands.

Something BUZZES in Bobby's pocket.

Mike slips out Bobby's phone. The screen reads:

FROM - t. MESSAGE - cape may ferry 345PM. XoX

Mike frantically pockets the phone, turns to leave -- then sees the silver gun on the carpet.

EXT. JUNGER MANSION -- LATER

Mike exits the mansion with the garbage bag from the safe in one hand, the revolver in the other. The smelter is running, heat coming off of it in waves.

Mike pulls the chain, and it belches fire. He tosses the garbage bag inside... and then the gun.

INT. MIKE'S TRAILER -- DAWN

Mike storms in, heads toward the bedroom -- and quickly shoves clothing into a duffel bag.

Dawn light peeks through the curtains. Mike zips up his bag and surveys his trailer like it's the last time he'll see it. With finality, he exits.

The door slams shut behind him.

EXT. HIGHWAY -- DAY

Sunrise. Mike's car ZOOMS PAST a speed limit sign that reads: **65 MPH.** Clearly in excess.

A STATE TROOPER blows past Mike... then the cruiser pulls a swift U-turn. The cruiser's cherry-top lights up, the siren WOOOP-WOOP's!

MOMENTS LATER

The truck is parked on the side of the road and has attracted the attention of THREE STATE TROOPER CRUISERS, all with their lights flashing. Mike stands to the side, tapping his foot, as the troopers search his car.

THE SKINNY TROOPER who pulled Mike over earlier gets a MUFFLED CALL on his radio. He looks to his fellow officers.

Several cars slow to a stop as Mike is pressed against the hood of one of the cruisers and HANDCUFFED.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- DAY

Mike sits cuffed to a stainless steel table in a tiny room. After a long beat the door opens, and A LAB TECH enters with A BLACK CASE.

He opens the case and removes an individually wrapped Q-tip.

LAB TECH
Open, please.

Mike opens his mouth, and the tech swabs his cheek. The tech leaves, and Mike tongues the inside of his mouth.

INT. LINE-UP ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike and FIVE OTHER MEN are led into a white cinder block room. On one wall are evenly-spaced black measurement lines, and numbers 1-6. On the other side is a one-way mirror.

Each of these five men bears somewhat of a resemblance to Mike -- height, facial hair, skin color, age. Mike stands at the end of the row, below #6.

The door closes, and Mike is left staring at himself and his doppelgängers in the mirror...

INT. SIDE ROOM -- SAME

A DETECTIVE (40s) enters the room on the other side of the one-way mirror...

Already standing in the dim room is Yesinia, clutching her purse tight to her chest, holding her breath. The detective touches her on the shoulder.

DETECTIVE
Take your time, Miss Cruz.

INT. LINE-UP ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

A VOICE comes on the loudspeaker:

GRUFF VOICE
Number six, step forward and turn around slowly.

Mike does as he's told.

INT. SIDE ROOM -- SAME

Yesinia looks at Mike -- and nods her head "yes" to the detective. She finally lets out that breath of air.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- LATER

Detective enters. He sits down across from Mike, cuffed again, and opens A TABLET COMPUTER. Mike leans back...

DETECTIVE
I'm Detective Douglas, Mister Kilgore. Hello.

MIKE
Hey, man. Could I get some water?

Mike looks pleadingly at the Detective. After a beat, he stands and pokes his head out into the hall--

DETECTIVE
Jim! C'we get a cup of water?

He closes the door again.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
Mister Kilgore--

MIKE
You can call me Mike, man.

DETECTIVE
Mike... You've recently been working at two-two-two Fox Hollow Road, according to Tracy *Jung-er.*

Mike half-heartedly smiles to himself. He mumbles something.

DETECTIVE
What was that?

MIKE
(repeats)
It's pronounced... Younger.

DETECTIVE
Okay, Mike. Two bodies were discovered there this morning. You know anything about this?

The detective shows Mike TWO PHOTOGRAPHS on the tablet:

The first one is of THE EXHUMED BLOCK OF CEMENT, hanging from a crane. Ray Junger's fingers and one of his shoes jut out from the thing like a grotesque sculpture.

The second is a CRIME-SCENE PHOTO of Bobby, lying on the carpet in Ray's closet, his face turned blue.

MIKE
Jesus, man.

DETECTIVE
Where were you last night, Mike?

MIKE
I was home. Sleeping.

DETECTIVE
Can anybody corroborate that? A witness? Your wife wasn't home last night. I got an earful from her. Anybody else?

Mike thinks long and hard, but just shakes his head "no."

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
What happened to your tooth there?

MIKE
You put me in front of a lawyer, now, man. I know my rights!

The Detective makes a chipmunk face. Mike looks away.

DETECTIVE
Robert Griggs. Your brother-in-law. Your partner in crime, right?
(off Mike's look)
Junger's body was buried beneath the damn fence that *you two* built. I think you and Bobby caught wind of some serious dough up in that mansion. I think you killed Ray Junger, and when it went sour -- you killed Bobby.

MIKE
Nah, man. Listen--

DETECTIVE
About a month ago, we got a call from Missus Junger herself. She wants to talk to the police... she says that her husband didn't come home the night before. She says that she's worried. I want to talk about the time between then and today. Where were you headed so early this morning?

MIKE
I said I don't know nothing about Bobby, or Ray...

DETECTIVE
You always call him Ray?

MIKE
Yeah, he pays his bills on time, and that's saying a lot these days.

The door pops open. ANOTHER DETECTIVE hands this one a plastic cup of water and shuts the door again.

The detective sets the cup down on the table, but when Mike goes to reach for it, the cuffs cut him short... *just* enough. The Detective ignores this.

DETECTIVE
Tell me why you killed them, Mike.

MIKE
That's not fucking true! Listen to me, alright?

Mike composes himself, thinks long and hard about what he's about to say next:

MIKE (CONT'D)
Me and Bobby -- we was pretty close, like we was raised together. Even though we weren't. So I knew when something was up with him. But he was a hot-head, yeah? Had a temper. Hell, you probably know about that bar fight last Saint Patty's day. There were others.

The Detective sits back in his chair. Mike continues.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Now, we was on that job for a good while. And I could tell he'd been up to something. So, a couple of weeks ago, right around the time we were finishing up, I confronted Bobby. I asked him to be straight with me. But he wouldn't tell me nothing, even though I knew he was lying. Knowing how he gets sometimes, I let it go.

DETECTIVE
You're saying he acted alone.

MIKE
Hand to God, sir.

Mike raises his hand like he's on the stand. The detective tracks it, narrows his eyes suspiciously.

DETECTIVE
Do you know much about Ray Junger? You know what he does for a living?

MIKE
No, Sir. All I know is what I see. He's got a nice home.

The Detective accesses A DOCUMENT on the tablet. Mike lays eyes on THE SAME PAPERS Tracy showed him from the safe...

The Detective frowns and turns the tablet, so we can see the header clearly now: "BANK OF THE CAYMAN ISLANDS."

DETECTIVE
This is a bank statement, okay?

MIKE
(confused)
Okay...

DETECTIVE
Can you read what this says?

MIKE
Not too well, to be honest...

The Detective points his finger at the bottom line -- and we can now see it's for SEVERAL C.I. BONDS worth a total of **Five Million Dollars ($5,000,000)**.

DETECTIVE
Come on, now. That says five *million* dollars, okay?
(long beat)
This is mob money we're talking about. The account was pooled from several sources, as far as we can tell. But if you don't tell me where the money is, I'm sure as hell gonna be the least of your worries. They'll kill you in prison. There'll be nowhere to hide, Mike.

Mike looks away from the document, his mind turning. He tries to grab the cup of water again, but fails.

DETECTIVE
(beat)
You want my take? You and your buddy Bobby smelled the green--

MIKE
That's a lie!

DETECTIVE
--yeah. And you two came up with a little plan to off Ray Junger, just a normal-looking rich dude. But you were dumb, and it went to shit.

MIKE
No. You listen to me. The reason Bobby wouldn't say nothing to me wasn't because of no money. Nuh-uh. He and the Missus... was having an affair.

The detective raises his eyebrow.

MIKE
Yeah. You ever think maybe *she* took it? She and Bobby? If they was boning the whole time, it'd make perfect sense! *She* told Bobby about that pile of money! Hell, he showed me a porno, for God's sake! You take a look at his phone?

DETECTIVE
We did.

MIKE
Well, there it is, then. Video evidence, man.

DETECTIVE
Yeah, we found some pretty weird shit on that phone, Mike.

Mike blanches as the detective swipes the tablet screen and places it in front of Mike. A VIDEO is paused. The Detective taps the screen and it begins to play:

VIDEO FOOTAGE

Summer time. Footage shakily pans across the Junger's property and settles on THE BEDROOM WINDOW.

The light adjusts and Mike and Tracy are revealed. She sits in his lap, hands tied, mid-coitus.

In the video, Mike slowly reaches up and wraps his hands around Tracy's neck. He chokes her out. Just when it starts to get hard to watch... The footage CUTS OUT--

MIKE

Eyes wide, doesn't know what to say.

DETECTIVE
You know, the night Missus Junger came in here, saying her husband was missing, she told us something else, as well.

Mike gulps, sits back in his chair, ready to hear it...

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
She told us she was *raped*, Mike.

Mike just shakes his head in disbelief.

DETECTIVE
She says that she was in the garage, and someone came and grabbed her, and *raped* her. She had the bruises to show us, too.
(beat)
We did a rape kit. That's where they swab the inside of her, and they put it in a little tube for DNA testing. You think you'll match that DNA? Shit, if she'd been letting you give it to her like *that*... I think you will.

Mike looks up to the detective. He knows the jig is up.

DETECTIVE
(beat)
She played you. She let you in, she got you to do her dirty work, and now she's out there, and you're in here... Enough with the lies. We know everything. You're *going* to prison...
(off Mike)
But it's up to you to decide where and for how long. We can help you, Mike. If you help us. That money is evidence we need in a larger investigation. Think about it. There's a lot at stake here.

Mike is silent for a very long time. He closes his eyes--

CUT TO:

FLASHES--

TRACY dives into the pool in THE BACK YARD. Mike watches the surface of the water... waiting for Tracy to come back up. Mike shades his eyes to see better--

--Bobby's SEX TAPE pans across A WOMAN'S NAKED BODY...

Tracy still hasn't come up for air. Mike takes one hurried step toward the pool... Just as Tracy breaks through the surface, chest heaving. Tracy LOOKS RIGHT AT MIKE--

--Bobby's hands around THE WOMAN'S neck -- THE SEX TAPE pans up to TRACY'S FACE. She looks right into the camera--

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM -- SAME

Mike opens his eyes, something turns over in his mind and his face shows resolve...

MIKE
I'll get you the money. I'll get you Tracy and Scotty. I'll get you the whole damn thing.

The Detective smiles, and nudges the cup of water closer to Mike. He shakily grips it, and gulps it down.

The detective leans in and begins to plot with Mike...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOLDING CELL -- LATER

Mike's look-alikes have each found a different corner in the holding cell. Mike sits alone on a bench, staring up at the clock**: 1:25 PM.**

After a long beat, the door to the holding cell opens up, and the Detective enters with A PUDGY LAWYER (50s) in a double-breasted suit, swinging a briefcase.

DETECTIVE
Kilgore?
(Mike stands)
Lucky man today.

The cops unlock the cell, and the Lawyer smiles at Mike. The Detective hands Mike A PLASTIC BAG with his belongings.

LAWYER
Hi, Mike. Joel Harris, esquire.
You're in good hands now.

Mike exits the cell and walks away with the lawyer.

INT. LOBBY -- MOMENTS LATER

The lawyer leads Mike out of the lobby. Mike turns and sees THE SKINNY STATE TROOPER who arrested him and THE DETECTIVE who interrogated him watching him go. Mike nods to them.

The trooper and the detective share a knowing look, as Mike walks through the doors of the station.

EXT. POLICE STATION -- NIGHT

Mike exits the front of the station with the lawyer who shakes his hand and points. Mike scans the parking lot...

And sees Scotty's BLACK SUV, tailpipe smoking.

He immediately turns, walks the other way. The SUV follows across the parking lot as Mike b-lines it...

Mike, shivering in the cold, opens the bag of his belongings -- and finds Bobby's phone.

Mike powers on the phone as the SUV pulls up in front of him. The passenger's side window rolls down, revealing Scotty.

SCOTTY
Hey there, Mike. Need a lift?

INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER -- LATER

Mike sits tied to a chair, panting loudly. His face is beaten to a bloody pulp, illuminated by a fluorescent.

SCOTTY
I bail your ass out, and you still want to lie to me? My fuckin' brother is in *cement!*

MIKE
...I swear, it wasn't me.

Scotty smokes a cigarette and leans against the metal wall of the container. He exhales, crosses, and jams what's left of the butt into Mike's mouth...

SCOTTY
Enjoy it while it lasts.

Mike inhales, but coughs blood. He spits the cigarette into a stringy puddle at his feet, and it HISSES OUT.

SCOTTY
Shit. That was my last one. No more fucking around, I guess.

Mike says nothing. Scotty motions behind him, and THE TWO COUSINS from the house step into the light. One of them wears latex gloves with A PISTOL in his hand.

Scotty kneels down so he's on Mike's level.

SCOTTY
I'll ask one more time. Where's our money?

Cousin #1 raises the pistol to Mike's temple and thumbs the hammer back.

Mike INHALES SHARPLY--

Cousin #1 pulls the trigger. *CLICK*.

Mike EXHALES, shuddering with adrenaline. Scotty kneels.

SCOTTY
The next one's gonna have your name on it, Mike.

MIKE
Sh-she-sh-she's gotta pay.
Let me take care of it. Let me.
B-b-but we gotta h-h-hurry.

Cousin #1 re-sights his pistol at Mike's head, but Scotty motions for him to hold off... Mike pants, totally spent.

Scotty tosses a towel in Mike's lap, frees his hands.

SCOTTY
Wipe yourself off. Quick.

INT. MIKE'S CAR -- DAY

The digital clock reads: **3:08 PM.**

Mike's lip is split, his eye black. Otherwise, he's clean. He holds Bobby's smartphone in his hand. Screen reads:

FROM - t. MESSAGE - cape may ferry 345PM. XoX

Mike hits reply, and types:

FROM - Bobby Griggs MESSAGE - c u soon.

Scotty leans in the open window, sees Mike send the text.

SCOTTY
She gets on that ferry, and you're a dead man.

Mike starts up the car and nods to Scotty who turns and jogs toward his waiting SUV.

EXT. GARDEN STATE PARKWAY -- DAY

A two-lane lined with thick PINE TREES on either side.

Mike's car ZOOMS past.

Wait a beat, and Scotty's SUV RUMBLES after Mike's car.

After another long beat, A NAVY BLUE SEDAN with a conspicuous ANTENNA rocking back and forth follows after them.

EXT. CAPE MAY FERRY PARKING LOT -- DAY

Seagulls hover over trash bins as Mike parks his car in a lot overlooking the icy Atlantic. A sign hangs over a dock: "CAPE MAY -- LEWES FERRY."

Mike gets out to the dull bass of the FERRY'S HORN as it slowly approaches from Delaware. He looks behind him and sees Scotty's SUV, idling across the lot. Waiting.

He pulls his coat collar up tight around his neck and jogs toward the entrance to the terminal...

INT. FERRY TERMINAL -- MOMENTS LATER

It's crowded in here. A MOTHER pushes HER CHILD in a stroller toward the plate glass windows, the kid pointing excitedly at THE INCOMING FERRY.

As she walks past, she reveals TRACY who wears a fur coat and sunglasses. She clutches the straps on a BULKY DESIGNER LEATHER BAG.

She gets A TEXT, checks her phone:

FROM - Bobby Griggs MESSAGE - b hind you

Tracy spins to look behind, but there's nobody there.

Suddenly, Mike grabs her arm. She looks at him, shocked. Tracy opens her mouth to speak--

MIKE
Not here.

Mike forcefully moves Tracy toward A FAMILY REST ROOM. He opens the door and shoves her inside. The door closes and the latch CLICKS over to "OCCUPIED."

INT. REST ROOM -- SAME

Tracy drops the leather bag and backs herself up against the mirror, still shocked to see Mike.

TRACY
Mike, uh--

MIKE
You don't speak. No.
(beat)
Bobby's dead, Trace. Scotty found out and fucking killed him.

Tracy covers her mouth. Mike stares at her.

MIKE
"Africa." I must've sounded like a complete fool.

TRACY
No, Mike, it was real--

MIKE
Well, now Scotty's about to end everything like he ended Bobby. He found *out* Tracy! And we're next. We're fucking next.

TRACY
Mike, just listen.
(beat)
Bobby, he was like an animal. I couldn't do anything about him. Using you -- that was his idea. But once I met you... once I started to get to know you... you were the one I fell for. Oh, Mike... you're kind, and you mean well. And Ray was... who knows? Maybe he was gonna kill me one day. You saved me, Mike. And I love you for it. So, I'm glad Bobby's dead. Come on. I know you love me, too.

Mike runs his hands through his hair.

MIKE
Ah, Jesus, I don't know what to believe anymore!

Tracy approaches Mike at the door, gently takes his hand.

TRACY
Believe *me*, Mike.

MIKE
Okay, okay. You've still got the money. We can do this. Maybe not Africa, but...

TRACY
...are you sure?

MIKE
(nods)
We have to.

Tracy runs her hands along his face, and Mike winces in pain as she caresses his swollen cheek. Tracy notes this and pulls her hand back. She frowns and backs away from Mike.

TRACY
No. You're lying.
(recoils)
Jesus. You led Scotty right to me, didn't you?

MIKE
No--!

TRACY
As soon as I go back into that parking lot with you, they're gonna kill me. Jesus, don't feed me to the wolves.

Mike hangs his head. He lifts it when THE DULL BASS of the incoming ferry alerts them both. Tracy goes to grab her leather bag... but Mike spins her round.

MIKE
Don't get on the ferry. They're waiting for us on the other side. That was the deal. I bring you across, and they let me live.

Tracy manages a thin smile.

TRACY
How can I believe you, Mike?

MIKE
I went through hell for you. Now, let me give you a kiss.

Mike leans in and passionately kisses Tracy. It lasts for just the perfect amount of time to convince her. As he breaks from the kiss, Tracy looks deep into his eyes.

TRACY
(long beat)
We're the same. Two people looking for a way out of a mess they didn't sign up for.

Mike smiles at her, goes in for another kiss--

But there's a knock on the door.

INT. FERRY TERMINAL -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike and Tracy exit the restroom, where the woman with her kid in a stroller waits to use it. She glares them.

Through the plate glass window, Mike can see that the ferry has docked.

He leads Tracy by the hand through a whole mess of passengers disembarking. She swings the leather bag at her side and looks over her shoulder suspiciously as they go.

EXT. LEWES FERRY PARKING LOT -- LATER

Mike and Tracy exit the terminal and walk with the other passengers toward their cars.

Mike BEEPS his key, and his Impala's lights flash, parked at the end of a nearby row.

INT. MIKE'S CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Mike gets into the driver's seat, and Tracy clutches the leather bag in her lap. She slams her door.

As Mike starts the car up, Tracy UNZIPS the leather bag--

TRACY'S HAND

Slides down into the bag and comes back with A SMALL PISTOL.

MIKE

Suddenly sees the gun pointed at him.

MIKE
Trace?

TRACY
Goddamnit, Mike. Do you have to make it so fucking easy? Drive.

Mike just stares long and hard at that gun.

Outside her window, Mike sees SCOTTY'S BLACK SUV pull up beside the car. Tracy keeps her eyes on Mike--

CHINK-CHINK... Two bullet holes appear in Tracy's window, fired from A SILENCED PISTOL by A MAN in a BLACK SKI MASK.

Tracy looks down -- her hand against her stomach, covered in blood. She MOANS... looks to Mike. Who ducks--

CHINK-- a bullet SHREDS his headrest! Tracy, skin pallid, turns her the gun on SKI MASK!

Tracy FIRES, shattering her window, blowing Ski Mask back against the SUV, where he slides down, dead.

TRACY
(cries out)
Ohhh, gawwddd!

Tracy, bleeding all over her fur coat, shakily crawls out of the car, leaving Mike alone.

A door on the SUV pops open, and Scotty leaps out... sees Tracy stumbling away... He looks at Mike, then gives chase.

Mike shoves his door open as well--

EXT. LEWES FERRY PARKING LOT -- SAME

--and runs right into the arms of THE SKINNY TROOPER.

HALF A DOZEN NJ STATE POLICE stream through the parking lot past Mike, guns drawn.

Mike silently points toward Scotty and Tracy...

EXT. LEWES FERRY PARKING LOT -- MOMENTS LATER

Tracy falls down between two cars, clutching her belly, and her gun skitters from her hand.

Scotty appears over her, and the pistol stops at his foot. He bends down and picks it up. Points it at Tracy--

STATE TROOPER (O.S.)
Drop the weapon! Now!

Scotty is surrounded by the police, his gun still aimed at Tracy. Scotty slowly looks down...

MIKE

Is led away by the Skinny Trooper through the parking lot, against the flow of people disembarking from the ferry.

Several of the passengers see the commotion...

As Mike makes his way further across the parking lot, Scotty's arm recoils and TWO LOUD GUNSHOTS ring out as he kills Tracy. The police OPEN FIRE--

--and Scotty is riddled with bullets. He falls to the ground next to Tracy's body. Passengers duck their heads, SCREAM.

Not Mike. He keeps his head held high as the Skinny Trooper snaps handcuffs around his wrists.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRISON -- VISITATION ROOM -- DAY

Sunlight streams through windows with bars on them.

The room is stark white with a blue stripe painted along the walls. A BUZZER sounds, and Mike enters through a metal door, PRISON GUARDS stationed nearby. He wears a bright yellow jumpsuit, with stubble on his chin.

Mike scans the room. Tables and chairs, some are occupied by FAMILIES, COUPLES. A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN sits at one all alone. She looks up. When she sees Mike, she stands, smiling.

Mike crosses the room and embraces her. He holds the embrace, and they sit down, her hand in his. Mike is smitten.

MIKE
You look more and more gorgeous.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Thanks, baby. How are you?

MIKE
You'll be proud of me. I, uh... I finished reading the book.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Didn't you love it?

MIKE
It was really good. Kinda long for my taste. But I made it through. I don't know what I'd do without books in here. Or your letters. Now those I can read over and over... *especially* the long ones. I do believe I'm in love...

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
In your last letter, you asked me... what my perfect day was like? I had to think about that, you know. But I have an answer...
(off Mike)
You and me, we leave here. You're free to go. We drive as far away as possible. We eat a big steak dinner, and we have apple pie with ice cream for dessert. You take me to a hotel on the ocean, and we...
(looks around)
...we make love... forever. Sounds good, right?

MIKE
Sounds too *good* to be true.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
One day we're going to do that.
(off Mike)
Now you. I want to hear yours.

Mike looks away remembering something from before.

He looks up at the beautiful woman.

MIKE
My best day? Is being right here with you, love. And that's the honest truth.

Mike places his hands over hers and smiles at her. Just happier than ever.

FINAL FADE OUT:

THE END