

DRIVER'S LICENSE

Written by

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Based on last weekend

INT. THE PATTERSON RESIDENCE - NIGHT

A young boy, MIKEY, 7, is lying asleep in his bed. There is muffled arguing happening outside his room. We can't hear exactly what's being said but the two men yelling are very angry.

Suddenly, six gun shots go off in rapid succession. Mikey wakes up. In a sleepy daze, he gets out of bed and opens his door.

MIKEY

Mom?

No answer.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Dad? I heard a noise.

A shadowy figure comes into frame. He's hiding the gun with a silencer behind his back. He crouches down to Mikey's height. It's DANNY, 36. He is in incredible shape and would be intimidating to almost anyone but his kind eyes force you to let your guard down.

MIKEY (CONT'D)

Uncle Danny?

DANNY

Hey, Mikey. Sorry I woke you up, buddy.

MIKEY

Where's my mom and dad? What was that noise?

DANNY

Oh, I just slammed this door by accident. But I, uh, I have some bad news for you, Mikey. Your mom and dad...uh...they...won a trip. But, um, only for the two of them so you'll get to spend the week with me!

Mikey is so tired, he accepts this obvious lie.

MIKEY

Oh...why is that bad?

DANNY

Eh, it's not *bad* I suppose...I just didn't want you to get upset.

MIKEY

No way, you're the best uncle ever.
Why would I be upset about getting
to stay with you?

Danny smiles a very guilty smile.

DANNY

Yeah, that's, uh... that's a good
point, bud. Here, let's pack you a
bag and we'll go.

As they walk back to Mikey's room, we see two pairs of feet
in the living room. One pair with black socks and the other
with purple painted toe nails.

MIKEY

How come they didn't say goodbye?

DANNY

Oh, they had to leave tonight. I
just got back from dropping them
off at the airport.

MIKEY

Okay, can I call them?

DANNY

Sure buddy, after they land.

INT. GIANT CEMENT ROOM

Title card: 10 YEARS LATER

A young girl, Lydia, 8, is brought into the room through a
large metal doorway by two large guards. She is kicking and
screaming, trying to do anything to get out of their grip.

The room is completely dark except for a beam of light in the
middle of the room.

LYDIA

LET ME GO YOU SHITHEADS!

They throw her on the ground. She hits the cement floor with
her hands. The guards turn back and lock the door. She
immediately gets up and tries to get out of the door but it
closes before she can. She starts pounding on the door.

LYDIA (CONT'D)

LET ME OUT! WHERE ARE MY MOM AND
DAD?!

Footsteps. She's not alone in here. She turns toward the light. A large figure walks into the beam: the boss.

BOSS

Your parents don't want you.

LYDIA

W-what?

BOSS

They sold you to me so they could pay off their debts.

LYDIA

D-debts? They don't have-

BOSS

Well of course they didn't tell you but yes, they had many debts to pay. They knew about my academy and decided it would be best for all of you for you to come here.

LYDIA

Academy? Like a school?

BOSS

Like a school, yes. But here, instead of learning useless bits of information, you'll become stronger than you ever thought possible.

Suddenly, all the lights turn on. She can now see the massive, circular room she's trapped in. Along the entire border are kids ranging from 8 to 13 years old.

BOSS (CONT'D)

Welcome to your new home, 127.

KIDS

WELCOME SISTER 127!

Lydia looks around, terrified and confused. She collapses to the floor and cries.

The camera tilts up toward the big light in the middle of the ceiling.

FADE TO

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Match cut from the light to the sun. The camera tilts down from the sun to reveal a beautiful, pristine, desert landscape.

Title card: SIX YEARS LATER

The camera continues to tilt down and reveals a dirt road; we are at the top of a hill. Suddenly a car flies over the camera. Five cop cars follow a moment later.

We cut to the inside of the car in front. Four men are in the car. Two have giant duffle bags with some bills sticking out. The DRIVER, 24, is purely focused on the road. He's going about 85 mph.

The driver, the man riding shotgun, and one of the guys in the back are all very calm, despite the fact the cops are right on their asses. The fourth man, LENNY, 45, is acting accordingly and freaking the fuck out.

LENNY
CAN'T THIS THING GO ANY FASTER?!

MAN IN THE BACK
Yeah.

LENNY
THEN LET'S GET THE FUCK AWAY FROM
THESE GUYS! SHOULDN'T WE BE GOING
AS FAST AS POSSIBLE?

MAN IN THE BACK
That's not the plan. This guy's
pulled dozens of jobs, never been
caught. Just be patient.

LENNY
PATIENT?! YEAH, THIS IS A REAL EASY
TIME TO BE FUCKING PATIENT!

Lenny keeps looking at the cops out the back window.

DRIVER
Would you shut up? I'm trying to
focus!

LENNY
FOCUS ON WHA-

He gets cut off by the driver making the hardest left turn possible. His head slams into the window. He's slightly dazed.

The cop car in front also makes the turn. Three of the cars after it crash into each other as they fail to make the turn. The last two brake so hard that they lose a lot of ground but they manage to follow the lead car. The lead car is reaching 100 mph trying to catch up to the driver and company.

LENNY (CONT'D)

OKAY, OKAY, THIS IS FAST ENOUGH!

DRIVER

No, no, you're right. Why shouldn't we go as *fast as possible*?

The driver says this calm and cool but also in an excited tone. He flips open a secret compartment behind the cigarette lighter, inside is a red button. He pushes it as he says "possible".

The nitrous has been ignited. Flames start shooting out of the tailpipe. The speedometer flips up to 150. Lenny gets pushed back into his seat. The other guy in the back sinks in but very casually, as he was expecting this.

The car hits a ramp and soars over a canyon. One of the cops flies off after them but isn't going nearly fast enough. The other cop car skids to a stop.

Lenny is shitting and crying as they fly over the canyon. The three other guys just roll their eyes. The driver turns around.

The cop car that followed them off the falls and explodes at the bottom of the canyon.

Lenny is wailing in fear.

LENNY

Holy fuck they just blew up! We're gonna die, we're gonna die-

DRIVER

Can you shut him the fuck up please?

The other guy in the back puts a gun to the Lenny's head. Lenny immediately shuts up.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Thank you. Fucking Christ.

They land perfectly on the other side of the canyon. There was a ramp ready for them.

The car drifts in the dirt to slow down. Lenny is thrown from the car as it drifts. He rolls in the dirt for a few seconds then comes to a stop.

The car pulls a U turn and comes right for Lenny. It stops just inches from his face.

The driver gets out and cocks his gun. Lenny tries to crawl away but the driver grabs him by the collar, throws him down and puts his gun in the Lenny's mouth.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON I SHOULDN'T
BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT RIGHT NOW AND
TAKE YOUR SHARE?

Lenny immediately tries to talk his way out of this but his mouth is full of gun.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
I'M. NOT. DONE. YOUR DUMBASS ALMOST
ROYALLY FUCKED US THREE TIMES!
FIRST YOUR GUN GOES OFF IN THE
BANK, THEN YOU WON'T STOP RUNNING
YOUR MOUTH, AND NOW YOU *SHIT* IN MY
CAR MID JUMP! SO PLEASE, *PLEASE*,
GIVE ME ONE MORE FUCKING REASON!

Lenny is completely frozen. He is sweating profusely. The driver calmly takes the gun out of his mouth. Lenny catches his breath for a second and cowers in fear. He explains.

LENNY
I-I-I-I'm just trying to keep my
family safe. I owed your boss a
favor and this was it for some
reason. He said if I did this, he'd
finally leave my family and me
alone, for good. I'm sorry, he knew
I've never done anything like this
before. Please, please don't kill
me.

The driver is much more calm. He is confused by this claim about his boss but the word "family" seems to have cooled his heart.

He nods to one of the other two men. The man takes out a plastic bag. Lenny gets more nervous. The driver keeps his gun on Lenny's head.

The man takes out four stacks of bills from the big bag and puts them in the plastic bag. He then hands it to the driver.

The driver looks at the cash, still debating if this is what he wants to do. He uncocks his gun and throws Lenny the four stacks: his share. Lenny looks up at him, paralyzed with fear. The driver turns around. He lights a cigarette.

DRIVER

Take it and get the fuck out of here. Say one more word and this turns into target practice.

One of the other guys aims his gun at Lenny. Lenny was about to say thank you but doesn't utter a sound. He slowly grabs the bag. Once he has it, he sprints away into the desert. The other two men watch him go for a while.

The driver uses a small drill to unscrew the license plates and screws on different plates.

The two other men continue to watch Lenny as he runs.

MAN IN THE BACK

Hope he's got GPS.

The man who was riding shotgun and hasn't spoken this whole time finally speaks.

MAN IN SHOTGUN

Hope Uber doesn't reject him because he's covered in shit.

MAN IN THE BACK

Yeah, that too.

The driver finishes switching the plates.

DRIVER

Let's just get this over with.

INT. BOSS' OFFICE - DAY

They slam the three bags of cash down on the boss' desk. The boss looks at it like it's boring paperwork. Just business as usual.

BOSS

Any problems?

DRIVER

Nope.

The boss looks up at him. The other two men give him the side eye too.

BOSS
Really?

DRIVER
Yep.

The boss looks back down and begins taking the stacks out of the bags.

BOSS
That's not what I heard. I heard a gun went off.

DRIVER
Yeah, but it wasn't a *problem*. If anything, it got more people in line.

The boss is not satisfied with this answer.

BOSS
Alright then. We'll count this up and you'll get your shares later tonight.

ALL THREE
Thanks, Boss.

They all turn to leave.

BOSS
Hey Mikey, hold on a second.

The driver turns back. The boss gestures to the chair in front of his desk. He turns to make himself a drink. The driver becomes much more nervous. He sits. The boss hands him a drink.

BOSS (CONT'D)
I'm just curious why you're brushing this off so quickly. You have been a driver of perfect planning, precision, and execution as long as you've been pulling jobs for me. So what's different this time?

DRIVER
Nothing, I just-

The driver chooses his next words very carefully. He knows losing the boss' trust never helped anyone. He decides to just tell the truth.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

I usually never talk to the patsy's you get for this exact reason. This guy you got, Lonny or something?

BOSS

Lenny, Lenny Blackford. He's a good man.

DRIVER

Yeah, well, I didn't exactly get that impression after his gun went off and then he shat all over the back of Bertha. By the way, I hope you'll include the price of refurbishing in my paycheck.

The boss nods.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Great. Anyways, after said incompetence, I was fucking pissed. Especially since this was the first real test for the ramp and I had no idea if we we're gonna make it at all, let alone with this asshole screaming and shitting the whole fucking time. So as soon as we landed, I wanted him to explain himself, which, again, I never do. He tells me he's just doing you a favor and wants to get home to his family. I got a soft spot for that sort of thing so, I let him off the hook.

The driver glosses over the fact that Lenny said the boss wouldn't leave his family alone.

The boss smiles.

BOSS

Ah kid, it's good to have a heart.

He slaps him on the shoulder affectionately.

BOSS (CONT'D)

Just don't let it get in the way of business.

DRIVER

Right, boss.

BOSS

Alright, now go celebrate a job well done.

DRIVER

Thanks, boss.

He gets up and leaves. The boss' smile fades. Will this soft spot become a problem for him?

INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The driver knocks in a pattern on the door. 1, 2, 3, pause, 1, 2, pause, 1.

DANNY

(From inside) GET IN HERE YA SON OF A BITCH!

The driver enters.

INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT - DAY

DANNY, now around 50, is sitting at his coffee table rolling a giant joint. Despite his age, he's still in very good shape. He's balding slightly but still looks intimidating enough that you'd never point it out.

The driver walks up to Danny and they do a semi complicated handshake. Danny sits back down and keeps rolling.

DANNY

So how'd the job go?

DRIVER

Eh it was alright. The rando boss got was off his shit. His fucking gun went off in the bank! And my backseat's a nice mahogany thanks to his bowels.

Danny howls.

DANNY

Ooooh, man. What a bitch. How'd you get away after all that?

DRIVER

Eh, you know. Just pulled a trick or two.

DANNY
Uh-huh, like...?

DRIVER
I hit the ramp.

Danny freezes.

DANNY
No.

The driver smiles a wide, proud, smile.

DRIVER
Yeah.

Danny shoots up from the couch.

DANNY
YOU CRAZY MOTHER FUCKER! God damn
it I'm so mad at you but so damn
proud...

He shakes his fists.

DANNY (CONT'D)
THE PRIDE WINS!

He grabs the driver and yanks him to his feet. He gives him a giant hug. The driver smiles and pats his back.

DRIVER
(Being squeezed tightly) It's not
that big of a deal.

Danny releases.

DANNY
HOW FUCKING FAST WERE YOU GOING?!

DRIVER
Hit that shit at 150.

Danny's jaw drops.

DANNY
How are you *ALIVE*?

The driver shrugs.

DRIVER
I know my car. Bertha can handle
it.

Danny looks at him like "come on, really?" The driver fesses up.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Alright, fine. It took us like two weeks to build the ramps and make sure they were big enough, strong enough, and at the right angle. The canyon's about 200 feet wide. Marty did the math and told me 150 was the magic number. Can't argue with the math man.

DANNY

Fuck man...you're something special. I always knew that but this is undeniable proof. So what happened to shit stain?

DRIVER

Eh, I let him go.

DANNY

What the fucking...what- w-why?

DRIVER

He said he was just doing boss a favor and he'd never done something like this before. Who am I to kill a fucking rookie? Plus I wanted to get to the wash ASAP. Wasn't fast enough though, I'm gonna have to reupholster. I think I got the smell out at least.

DANNY

I mean...aight. But what'd you make?

DRIVER

Dunno yet.

The driver then gets a text. "\$100,000 has been transferred into your bank account."

The driver's eyes get as big as they can. He can't speak. He passes the phone to Danny. Danny's eyes get as big as they can. He stands up again.

DANNY

YEEEE-A-A-HA-HA-HAAA! So you'll be buying tonight!

He slaps the driver on the back in celebration.

INT. BOSS' HEADQUARTERS - DAY

BACK WHEN THE DRIVER IS 8

Young Mikey is playing a racing video game on a giant television. Something like Forza Horizon. Danny and the boss are arguing in the next room over.

BOSS
And you didn't finish the job
because...?

DANNY
I don't kill kids. You fucking know
that, *Arnold*.

BOSS
Hey, watch that shit.

DANNY
This kid is like family to me. I'm
not going to end his very short
life because you or *anyone else*
tells me to.

BOSS
Well I could have Marv take care-

DANNY
You fucking dare and you've got me
on your ass the rest of your life.

BOSS
Okay, Jesus. So what the fuck are
we supposed to do with a kid?

From the other room, we hear Mikey yelling at the TV.

MIKEY
Thread the needleeeee, YES! SUCK IT
YOU CORVETTE BITCH!

The boss and Danny are intrigued. They walk over to Mikey.

DANNY
Hey bud, whatcha playing?

MIKEY
A racing game.

DANNY
First place, huh?

MIKEY

Pffft, yeah, for like the 10th time
in a row.

Danny has an idea.

DANNY

HEY MARTY!

MARTY, 30, the math/technology wizard pokes his head in the
door way.

MARTY

What's up, Danny?

DANNY

Set Mikey up here with GTA and a
racing wheel.

MARTY

Sure thing, give me five minutes.

Marty plugs the wheel into the console. Danny crouches next
to Mikey.

DANNY

Alright bud, can you do that same
kind of driving in this game?

MIKEY

I mean, yeah.

He floors it and zig zags around cars but then brakes.

DANNY

Awesome. Now, can you make it from
where you are to that building
without braking or crashing?

Mikey just gives him an "uh, are you kidding?" Look before
flooring it again. He gets to the building in a few seconds.

Danny looks at the boss.

DANNY (CONT'D)

We might have a potential driver,
boss.

Arnie mulls it over.

BOSS

You might be onto something...

INT. DIRTY RICK'S SLICK TRICK - EVENING

The driver and Danny suck down their 8th shot.

DIRECTOR
OooooOoof...

DANNY
WOOOO!

The driver is in a pretty drunken daze.

DIRECTOR
(Slurring) Feels so good to have
some cash man. I could buy, like, a
fucking condo if I wanted! Not,
like, a nice one but, you know.

Danny is staring at the fight on TV.

DANNY
Yeah, yeah. OH SHIT DID YOU SEE
THAT! I THINK HE KNOCKED HIS TOOTH
OUT!

The driver could not care less about the fight. He looks
across the bar. Almost everyone is drunk and dancing.

A couple are slobbering all over each other. The driver makes
a grossed out face and looks away. He does this at the same
time as a cute girl across the bar. They make eye contact
while making their grossed out faces.

The driver's eyebrows go up right after. The girl smiles as
he was not at all subtle. He realizes his mistake and
manually lowers his brows again.

Her and her friend are standing off to the side. They have a
few empty glasses on their table. Her friend is scoping out
the man material. She taps her friend because she sees a cute
guy. She stops looking at the driver.

The driver gets up and walks over to them.

Danny is still distracted by the fight on TV. After a few
seconds he notices the driver walking towards the girls.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Oh shit!

He's immediately flustered and pulls out a beanie to cover up
his bald spot and follows the driver.

DANNY (CONT'D)
A little heads up would be nice!

The driver steps in front of the girls.

LENA
...and this bitch said "Don't you care about the turtles?" And I'm like "I do bitch, but I'm a little more concerned about the world being on *fire*!"

DRIVER
HEY!

The girls turn, kinda startled.

LENA
GAH! WHAT?

DRIVER
Sorry! It's loud in here and I've had a few. But here's the thing, I have a proposition for you two.

They look weirded out but intrigued enough to ask.

ANGIE
Uh huh, what's that?

DRIVER
I'll bet you guys the next round you can't name all the main characters in the Godfather.

LENA
Screw that, I saw that once like 10 years ago.

ANGIE
Speak for yourself, I love that movie. You're on.

Danny walks over.

DANNY
What's going on?

DRIVER
Trivia. Alright, you got 30 seconds.

ANGIE
What? You didn't say that!

DIRECTOR
Well we gotta make it exciting!

ANGIE
Okay, fine.

The driver starts a timer on his phone.

DIRECTOR
Go!

ANGIE
So obviously, Michael Corleone. Don
Vito, Sonny, Fredo, Kay... Tom
Hagen...is that enough?

DIRECTOR
Eh...there's one more I'd put in
there.

ANGIE
Shit...give me a hint.

DIRECTOR
He's also in Part II but in the
flashbacks.

ANGIE
Fuck...FUCK...I don't know.

DIRECTOR
Time, I was thinking Clemenza.

ANGIE
Clemenza, damn it.

DIRECTOR
That was a valiant effort though so
next round's on me. What are you
drinking?

The driver points to Lena. She rolls her eyes. Angie thinks
he's cute so she gives him the "cut it out!" look.

LENA
(A little annoyed) Whiskey sour.

The driver points to Angie.

ANGIE
I'll have a scotch on the rocks.
You choose which shelf.

The driver winks at her.

DRIVER

Be back in a sec. Dan, show these girls your stuff.

The driver walks toward the bar that is swarmed with people.

Danny reaches into his shirt. His eyebrows dance while he does so. Angie and Lena are clearly weirded out. Danny pulls out a deck of cards.

DANNY

PICK A CARD! Any card!

Angie picks a card.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Remember that shit! Then put it back.

Angie is still weirded out but giggles and puts back her 4 of diamonds. She looks at Lena who's looking at the driver.

LENA

Look at him. Like he'll get our drinks before they close.

ANGIE

Oh, shut up.

The driver clearly agrees with Lena because he jumps up on a table and grabs one of the lights so he can swing over the crowd. He lands behind the bar. The two bartenders, who are twins, are shocked for a second but then recognize him and give him a friendly nod.

BARTENDERS

(Together) What's up, Mike?

DRIVER

Busy night, huh?

BARTENDER 1

You kidding? This is average, at best.

BARTENDER 2

Give it a couple hours and even you won't be able to jump it.

Lena is now impressed. Angie smirks, happy to be right.

The driver proceeds to make both their drinks as if a Harlem Globetrotter was also a professional bartender.

He jumps up and grabs the top shelf scotch and whiskey. He snags a glass and scoops up a spherical ice cube. He pours a triple shot into the glass and puts it on a tray.

He makes a whiskey sour. I don't know how, but he does. He puts it on the tray as well. He pulls two beers out of the fridge and puts them on the tray too.

DRIVER

See ya guys!

BARTENDERS

Later, Mike.

The driver turns and jumps to get up on the bar. One of the bartenders taps him on the shoulder. He turns back.

BARTENDER 1

I know you're boss' golden boy, but just shove your way through next time like a *normal* person. We'll get yours as soon as we see ya.

DRIVER

Like you'll be able to see me in this ocean of people.

BARTENDER 1

Just keep saying Rob's middle name. He'll stop you real quick.

He winks as he says this. The driver smiles.

He picks up the tray and jumps over the whole crowd, not spilling a drop.

DRIVER

Sorry that took so long. Hope the drinks are okay.

Lena's jaw is on the floor. Angie is playing it cool.

ANGIE

Interesting technique.

She takes her scotch and sips it.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

Oh my God, is this Lagavulin?

The driver nods.

DRIVER

Figured you wanted some decent
scotch.

ANGIE

It was my grandpa's favorite. He's
the only reason I can stomach the
stuff.

DRIVER

Sounds like a man of fine tastes.
And how's yours?

Lena is speechless. She mindlessly sips her drink as she
tries to figure out this strange character.

LENA

Mhm, yeah. It's, uh... it's good.

DRIVER

Alright, well they're on me tonight
so have as many as you like.

LENA

(Skeptical) How...generous.

ANGIE

Oh wait!

She turns to Danny.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, you didn't finish your
trick!

Danny acts overly confused.

DANNY

Oh, didn't I?

He gestures to her drink. Angie looks down, clearly more
worried than intrigued. There's something in the large ice
cube. It's the 4 of diamonds folded in a diamond shape. Now
Angie's jaw drops.

ANGIE

(confused rambling) H-how the,
what-how'd you do that?

DANNY

Come on. A magician never reveals
his secrets.

Danny tries to put the deck back in his shirt but drops it. About 15 cards spill onto the floor, all the 4 of diamonds.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Aw, shit.

Lena and Angie laugh hysterically.

LENA

Man, you guys are nuts. Round of shots please!

We hear the driver yell "OH CATHERINE!!" offscreen. One of the bartenders looks very annoyed. The other looks very pleased and snickers to himself.

SMASH CUT TO:

The four of them are all at the bar. They are downing their 5th shot of tequila. Shot glasses are everywhere.

Angie and the driver are flirting and Danny and Lena are drunkenly conversing/also flirting. Danny and the driver have their backs to each other.

Lena turns back to Danny as she sucks on her lime. They are both clearly quite intoxicated.

LENA (CONT'D)

And I love working with all the dogs and cats, ugh. I just love animals so much. Their little faces. So cute.

She spaces out for a while, clearly in animal bliss. Danny smiles. Then he becomes concerned. He waits another second then slowly waves his hand in front of her face. She snaps out of it but carries on like nothing happened.

LENA (CONT'D)

And what did you say you do?

Danny's eyes go wide. He can't exactly be transparent about his career. Plus he likes Lena and doesn't want to freak her out. He makes a desperate face at the driver. The driver just shrugs. He's got nothing. Danny thinks.

DANNY

Oh, uh...the kid...and I...work in...SALES!

The driver taps Danny's leg and gives him a thumbs up.

LENA

Oh yeah? So are a few of my friends! What do you sell?

Danny is thrown off. He wasn't expecting more questions. He looks back at the driver. He casually mimes a steering wheel.

DANNY

C-cars.

Danny sips his drink. Lena is clearly weirded out again.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Sorry, I, uh, don't like to talk about work because...I've been thinking about quitting.

LENA

Oh, no. Why's that? Want to change careers?

Danny actually considers this.

DANNY

Yeah, yeah maybe. It's just this job is so stressful and I worry about the kid.

Lena's confused.

LENA

Why do you worry? He can't sell cars?

Danny remembers that was the lie he told.

DANNY

N-nah, can't sell them for shit.

The driver elbows him in the back and gives him a look. Danny sips his drink again, trying to think of a different subject.

DANNY (CONT'D)

So...how long have you and Angie known each other?

The driver looks relieved. He looks back at Angie who is giving him a sassy look.

ANGIE

So you can't make a sale, huh?

DRIVER

What? OH! No, no I can I just have trouble *finalizing* the sale. I...feel like...I'm ripping people off sometimes.

ANGIE

Aw, can't seal the deal?

DRIVER

Wha-NO! That's not the issue. I just-

Suddenly the driver gets it.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

I mean, uh...you think you could *help me* with that?

Angie nods. He grabs her hand and they immediately leave the bar and Danny and Lena behind.

LENA

So anyways, are you a Libra?

DANNY

(Genuinely shocked)
How did you know?

EXT. DIRTY RICK'S SLICK TRICK - NIGHT

They run up to his car and get in.

ANGIE

Oh my God, it smells like *shit* in here...

The driver remembers the shit-cident from earlier.

DRIVER

(to himself)
Damn you Febreeze.

ANGIE

What?

DRIVER

Uh-I'm sure someone threw up outside the car or something. I'll open a window.

He starts the car and lowers the window.

ANGIE
Oh yeah, that's much-BETTER!

He peels away.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

They fly down the not so busy streets.

ANGIE
CAN YOU SLOW DOWN??

DRIVER
Oh don't worry, I'm a professional.

ANGIE
You said you *sell* cars! That
doesn't make you a-

He skids into a 270 degree turn to make a hard right and does so flawlessly. Angie's eyes bug out her head the whole time.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
Dear God, why do I ever trust men?

One of the cops who was chasing him after the bank heist is parked on the side of the road. He notices this ridiculous turn and starts to pursue them. He recognizes the car.

COP
No fucking way.

He gets out his radio.

COP (CONT'D)
Dispatch, I believe I have found
the getaway vehicle from the bank
robbery earlier today, I'm going to
need some back up.

The driver is picking up even more speed.

ANGIE
Okay, that was cool and all but
could you slow down a little?

The cop turns on his lights and sirens.

DRIVER
Ah, seriously? What'd I do?

Angie gives him a look. She can't tell if he's serious or not.

ANGIE

You're pulling over, right?

DRIVER

Of course...of course.

He pulls to the side of the road. The cop does the same. The cop looks up the license plate but there's no record of it. Suspicious, he gets out of the car, gun in hand.

The cop slowly approaches.

COP

Turn off the vehicle and stick your hands and keys out of the window.

DRIVER

Oh boy, look at this guy.

He turns off the car but leaves the keys in the ignition. He grabs a second set of keys from the middle compartment and sticks both hands out the window. The cop holsters his gun. He walks up to the car.

Angie is sweating bullets. She has no idea what the driver is going to pull next. The driver has a devious expression on his face.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Do you want me to throw the keys officer?

COP

What? No, DON'T throw the keys!

The driver throws the keys.

DRIVER

There you go, officer!

COP

Jesus Christ, fucking drunk jackass.

He walks over to retrieve the keys. As soon as he bends down, the driver turns on the car again and floors it.

DRIVER

See ya, pig boy!

He flies down the road.

COP

Mother fucker!

The cop sprints back to his car.

The driver makes a few hard turns and then finds a spot in the bushes to hide.

The cop car goes flying by.

DRIVER
Heh, fucking idiot.

He starts the car again.

ANGIE
Take me home.

DRIVER
What?

ANGIE
NOW!

The driver is legitimately confused.

DRIVER
Wait, because of that? That happens literally all the time.

ANGIE
What? You-wha- Maybe to you! I thought you were...well I don't really know what I thought but I would like to go home, now! I'll walk if you don't take me.

DRIVER
Wait, Angie-

Angie starts to open the door.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Hey, hey, stop. Okay, I'll take you home.

ANGIE
And stay under the speed limit.

DRIVER
The what?

ANGIE
If the needle hits 41, I'm calling the cops.

DRIVER
Mhm. Got it.

He pulls out of the spot.

EXT. ANGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

They stop in front of her building. Angie immediately gets out. She's about to slam the car door.

DRIVER
Angie, wait.

She stops.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Could we try this again sometime?
No cops included.

Angie doesn't even contemplate his offer.

ANGIE
Goodnight, Mike.

She shuts the door. She turns and walks inside. The driver watches her, hoping she'll look back. She doesn't.

The driver sighs and starts the car. He takes out his phone.

DRIVER
Hey Gary, get me home.

Gary, his phone's virtual assistant, finds directions for him to get home. It's 40 minutes away.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Oh Jesus, like tonight needed to
get any worse.

He opens a pint of cheap whiskey and takes a swig as he drives off.

EXT. DRIVER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

He rolls up. He can barely keep his eyes open. It's now very late, close to 5am. He's very tired, disappointed, and drunk. He takes the last few sips of whiskey.

He gets out of the car. He starts to stumble inside but then he remembers:

DRIVER

Oh, fuck me. Gotta change 'em
again.

He switches the license plates. He screws in the final screw and lets out a sigh of relief. The night is finally over. He throws the drill in the backseat. He wobbles for a second then falls back onto the grass. He's so tired he just lies back and passes out.

The cop from earlier finally finds him. He calls it in.

COP

Dispatch, I got him.

INT. GIANT CEMENT ROOM

Lydia, aka 127, is now 16. She is training along with all the other child soldiers. They are doing drill after drill, all brutally intense.

During a boxing exercise, Lydia falls to her knees, sweating profusely. Her instructor leans in.

INSTRUCTOR

THAT'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH 127! COME
ON!

She gets back up and punches the pad her instructor is holding but he quickly knocks her down again.

INSTRUCTOR (CONT'D)

Get out of my ring, you're done for
the day. NEXT!

Lydia unwraps her hands outside of the ring. Another child soldier, a couple years older, gets Lydia's attention. She and Lydia walk over to a secluded area.

LYDIA

Dude, what the fuck?

CHILD SOLDIER

Do you know why no one's seen 142
all week?

LYDIA

Uh...

CHILD SOLDIER

Because they deemed her too weak.
Now she's being shipped to god
knows where.

LYDIA

What? Shipped to do what?

CHILD SOLDIER

No one knows. So step it the fuck up or you and 142 are gonna find out.

She walks away from Lydia. Lydia silently cries for a moment, then she looks incredibly determined.

She gets back in the ring and fights so hard she knocks the instructor over.

INSTRUCTOR

Where'd that come from?

LYDIA

I just didn't want to hurt you before.

She leaves the ring again.

EXT. DRIVER'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The driver is completely unconscious as the sun starts to rise. A gun taps lightly on his cheek. The driver doesn't budge. The gun taps harder. The driver bats it away but doesn't wake up.

The cop from earlier is the one holding the gun. He's pretty pissed off at this point so he shoots into the ground.

The driver wakes up suddenly.

DRIVER

WHAT THE FU-

He sees the cop pointing his gun at his face. He looks around, there's seven other cops surrounding him and his car.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Fuck...what seems to be the problem off-

He puts his hands up but then realizes he is super hungover. He turns and pukes all over the yard. There is a group moan of disgust. He tries to repress his nausea as he raises his hands a second time.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Officer?

POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM 3 - DAY

The driver is laying face down on the table in the interrogation room. He slowly sits up. He doesn't seem worried at all but he's definitely hungover. A detective enters.

DETECTIVE 1

Good morning, Mr. Doe. Or do you have a real name?

The driver just sits there. He's not looking so good.

DRIVER

Can I get some coffee? Or water?

DETECTIVE 1

Sure, just answer my questions.

The driver throws up very casually all over the table.

DRIVER

Never mind, that helped.

DETECTIVE 1

Jesus Christ.

He hoists up the driver by his collar.

POLICE STATION, INTERROGATION ROOM 2 - DAY

The detective drops the driver in a chair in an interrogation room with a clean table. He places a bucket next to his chair. He places a cup of coffee and a glass of water on the table. The driver lifts the mug to his lips with his cuffed hands. He sips.

DRIVER

Your coffee is equivalent to horse piss but thank you for getting it.

DETECTIVE 1

Can't argue with you there. Now, got a name?

DRIVER

Did I have any ID?

DETECTIVE 1

Obviously not.

DRIVER

Then, obviously, I don't have a name.

The driver shrugs, playing dumb.

The detective is not amused. The driver sips his coffee again and lets out a satisfied sigh.

DETECTIVE 1

Okay, well here's what we do know about you. We know you drove drunk last night. We know you evaded an officer. We know you drove in the bank robbery yesterday. And we know you can take us to Arnie.

The driver just casually sips his coffee. He continues to act confused and dumb.

DRIVER

Arnie? From Sesame street? Pretty sure he's a muppet.

Suddenly a second detective burst through the door. He is livid. He rushes up to the driver and grabs him by the collar. He shakes him as he yells:

DETECTIVE 2

THAT'S ERNIE, YOU FUCK! NOW LISTEN HERE SHIT STAIN, YOU'RE GONNA TELL US WHERE YOUR BOSS IS OR YOUR SPENDING THE REST OF YOUR PATHETIC LIFE IN A CELL!

The driver looks nauseous.

DETECTIVE 2 (CONT'D)

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU?!

DRIVER

I'm gonna puke again.

The detective releases him and he immediately unloads into the bucket. He pukes for a few moments. When he's done, he sits back up.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Jesus. Okay. Now! You can talk out of your asses all you want but the fact is, you got nothing. I didn't get pulled over and I certainly didn't take a breathalyzer.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

The pig who cuffed me this morning must have mistaken my car for some one else's. And as for this "bank robbery"...I have no idea what the fuck you're talking about.

He smiles.

DETECTIVE 1

Well either way, we're charging you for driving without a license and have impounded your car.

The driver's smile fades.

DETECTIVE 1 (CONT'D)

Aw, why so glum?

The driver is clearly pissed but tries to keep his cool.

DRIVER

So, what? I'm being fined?

The detective writes on a pre-printed ticket as he talks.

DETECTIVE 1

Yup. And you can get your car back once you've paid the fee and completed driver's ed. You will need to tell them your name.

He hands the driver a ticket he already had printed out. It says "\$2,000: traffic infraction". Below that are a few driving schools the detective just wrote down.

DRIVER

Great. Can I go now?

The first detective gestures to the door. The driver gets up. He puts his cuffed hands in front of the detective's face, who proceeds to unlock them. The driver storms out of the room.

DETECTIVE 2

What the hell's the matter with you? We have enough to keep him here for hours!

DETECTIVE 1

It's a misdemeanor, Chuck. Besides, whether he cares or not, we know that dick works for Arnie.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE 1 (CONT'D)
I put a tracker on his phone and
he'll lead us right to him.

DETECTIVE 2
Two good cops are dead because of
him and that's the best you can do?

DETECTIVE 1
You think I don't know that? I
wanna get this guy as bad as you
but you gotta calm the fuck down,
man. We'll get him.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The driver exits the police station. He puts his phone to his ear and listens very closely. After a few moments, he hears a faint beep.

DRIVER
Think you can track me?

He breaks the phone and flips off the police station.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
FUCK OUTTA HERE PIG ONE AND PIG
TWO!

He walks away while still flipping them off. He tries to keep a straight face as he says:

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Fuck, now I need a new phone too.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The two detectives watch the driver as he walks away flipping them off. Chuck looks at his fellow detective like "hmm, what was that you said?"

DETECTIVE 1
He's smarter than I gave him credit
for.

Chuck just walks away.

INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Danny is nursing the joint he rolled the night before. The driver is sitting next to him holding the remote. He looks angry and mad and also angry.

DANNY

Dude, take a hit. It'll help you calm down. We don't need any more hot head moves right now.

DRIVER

I'm thinking... Could we break into the lot and just drive my car through the fence?

DANNY

A. No. B. I literally just said "no hot head moves". And C. There's no way you'd get enough speed to get through that fence anyways. Even with the nitrous.

DRIVER

Fuck man, I just don't want to go to driver's fucking ed.

DANNY

It's gonna be fine. Just sign up for one of the week long extensive courses, since you can't work right now anyways, give 'em a fake name and boom you're back in a week.

The driver grumbles to himself.

DRIVER

Stupid fucking pigs. I haven't had to take a class since I was eight, this is such bull.

He's pouting like a five year old. Danny rolls his eyes.

DANNY

Come on dude, this thing's so big I'll never finish it by myself.

The driver sighs deeply. He contemplates the offer.

DRIVER

Alright, fine.

He takes a big hit off the joint.

DANNY

Goddamn man, I said calm down, not
melt into the couch.

DRIVER

Oh, fuck off. My tolerance is way
up right now.

He takes another hit.

DANNY

Maybe but you've never smoked *this*
before. Shit's 36% THC-

DRIVER

Oooo, okay! So this'll be fun!

The driver takes another massive hit. As he does so, Danny
says:

DANNY

...and 52% CBD...

The driver quickly blows out the smoke.

DRIVER

W-w-w-WHAT?!

He coughs for a few seconds while he freaks out. He catches
his breath and swallows.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

(faintly)

Am I gonna die?!

Danny howls with laughter.

DANNY

You know no one has ever died from
smoking weed.

The driver visibly calms down a lot. Danny takes the joint
back from him.

DANNY (CONT'D)

But you could be the first!

The driver sits up and smacks Danny's shoulder hard because
he is worried about what he just smoked.

DANNY (CONT'D)

AYE! Jesus, I'm *kidding*! God.
You'll probably just get super
relaxed and fall asleep early.
Chill, man.

DRIVER

Okay, okay. Sorry.

DANNY

Here, let's put on something funny.

Danny turns the TV to a show called "Drunkest Cooks In America". The title sequence ends and it pans to the host who's with one of the contestants.

HOST

Alright Martha, you are today's
winner with your chili con carne.
How are you feeling?

Martha just stares blankly. She can't help but sway a little as she stands. The camera zooms in on her face.

MARTHA

I luff...cheely.

Danny chuckles. The driver is rocking back and forth slightly. He looks about as paranoid as Alex Jones.

Just then, the driver gets a call. He looks at his phone and freaks out. He shows Danny.

DRIVER

IT'S THE BOSS! WHAT DO I DO?

Danny looks at him like "bro, seriously?"

DANNY

Maybe...answer it?

DRIVER

He's gonna freak out on me for
getting arrested! And I'm stoned as
hell!

DANNY

You'll be *fine*. Just answer it.

The driver looks at his ringing phone, then to Danny, then to the TV, then to the phone, then to the TV, then to Danny, then back to the phone. He closes his eyes and takes a deep breath and answers.

DRIVER
(Way too high pitched) HellooOoo?

He knows he fucked up. He looks at Danny. Danny has a completely straight face and gives him the "perfection" symbol. The driver sarcastically mouths "OH THANK YOU!"

For this conversation, cut between the driver and the boss at a nice restaurant. The boss is a little confused by the driver's tone but he just says:

BOSS
Do we have a problem?

The driver closes his eyes and answers very hesitantly.

DRIVER
What ever could you mean?

BOSS
What the hell is wrong with you?
You get arrested less than a day
after the job is done?

DRIVER
It's no problem, boss. I changed
the plates twice, I just gotta get
a license so I can get the car
back.

BOSS
Oh yeah, I never got you one of
those huh?

DRIVER
Never needed one. Like I said, no
big deal.

The driver gets distracted by a moth flying around the room. It lands on the couch next to the driver. He stares at it like it's the most beautiful piece of art he's ever seen.

BOSS
Alright, the owner of 9-1-1 Driving
School owes me a favor. I'll get
you in the class starting 9am
Monday.

The moth suddenly flies at the driver. He screams way louder than he should.

The boss covers his phone. He looks around the restaurant and tries to look normal. He speaks very calmly but with intensity.

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

DRIVER
Sorry, I uh-stubbed my toe.

BOSS
Oh jeez, that's the worst. But
don't fuck up this driving school
bullshit. I want my number one
driver to get back to work, ASAP!

DRIVER
You got it, boss.

The boss hangs up.

The driver lets out the biggest sigh of relief. He collapses
back into the couch.

DANNY
Told you it'd be fine. So what's
the damage?

DRIVER
Nothing, nothing. Just gotta go to
driving school starting Monday.

DANNY
Alright, where at?

The driver realizes he was spacing out and didn't hear.

DRIVER
Oh Jesus...I wasn't listening.
Goddamn you for getting me this
high!

DANNY
I thought it would help! I wouldn't
have offered if I knew he'd be
calling!

DRIVER
Wait! Wait, wait, wait. He didn't
tell me what name I'd be using.
That's worth calling him back for!

The driver dials. The boss picks up after two rings.

BOSS (O.S.)
What?

DIVER

You didn't give me my name.

BOSS

Ah shit, uhhh...let's keep it simple: Mike...Smith. Just tell the clerk at 9-1-1 and you'll be set.

The driver makes a victory fist.

DIVER

Alright. I'll be there 9am.

He hangs up and looks at Danny.

DIVER (CONT'D)

It's at-

INT. 9-1-1 DRIVING SCHOOL - DAY

The instructor, Mr. Kressler, looks at his watch. The clock changes to 1:00 PM. He looks at the class. There is just one seat that's empty: the driver's. There are only 7 kids in the whole class but all of them look very annoyed.

STUDENT 1

Can we get the fuck on with it? I would *actually* like to learn to drive so I can joy ride my dad's Porsche.

Kressler looks so nervous that he doesn't even notice the profanity.

KRESSLER

Ye-yeah, sure. Let's review.

He clicks his presentation remote. The slide changes to a stop sign.

KRESSLER (CONT'D)

What's this?

ALL STUDENTS

Stop sign.

KRESSLER

What do you do when you see it?

ALL STUDENTS

Stop.

KRESSLER
(monotone)
Wow, you're all amazing.

Suddenly, the driver bursts through the door. He's using a pot of coffee as a mug. He takes off his shades revealing eyes so red you'd think he was a demon.

DRIVER
(Slurring) Sorry I'm late. Crazy night.

STUDENT 1
It's one in the afternoon.

DRIVER
And my night just ended. Again, sorry.

The driver goes to take a seat but Mr. Kressler stops him by putting his hand on his shoulder.

KRESSLER
You're Mike Smith?

DRIVER
Yeah...

KRESSLER
Tell Arnie you didn't miss anything. I've wasted four hours these kids lives waiting for you.

STUDENT 1
SERIOUSLY?

KRESSLER
Oh shut up, Billy! This is your third time here! You couldn't tell I was bullshitting?

BILLY
I honestly thought it was all new information.

Kressler looks at him dumbfounded. He's clearly dealt with this moron a lot.

KRESSLER
I-I just went over a stop sign, for the third time today.

BILLY
Yeah, my dad drives right through
'em. I figured they were a
suggestion.

KRESSLER
This is why you've failed six
times.

BILLY
Pffft, that doesn't prove anything.

KRESSLER
Six Bill, ya failed *SIX* times.

BILLY
Shit's rigged.

Kressler just rests his head in his palm.

KRESSLER
(Faintly) How is this my life?

The driver gives him a pat on the back. He pours some of his
coffee into Kressler's mug.

KRESSLER (CONT'D)
Oh, thanks but I've already had two
cups.

The driver leans in.

DRIVER
(Whispers, slurs) Is bourbon.

KRESSLER
BUT I CAN HAVE ONE MORE!

Kressler quickly takes a big swig. He coughs.

KRESSLER (CONT'D)
Hooo, that's good stuff. ALRIGHT!
Let's continue!

The driver snores loudly from his seat. All the students look
at him, then look to Mr. Kressler. He shrugs.

KRESSLER (CONT'D)
He's here, that's what matters.
Now! Four way stops! If two drivers
arrive at the same time, what
happens?

The kid sitting next to the driver nudges him awake.

DRIVER
(Snort, cough, clears throat) What
the fuck, man?

WESTON
Shouldn't you be...conscious for
this?

The driver looks at Weston like he just asked him to dance
the hokey pokey.

DRIVER
You don't know me, kid. I just need
to get through this.

The driver tries to go back to sleep.

WESTON
So you know how to drive?

Without opening his eyes, the driver answers.

DRIVER
Kid, I know more about driving now
than you ever will.

WESTON
Hmm, interesting. So what does this
sign mean?

Weston holds up his notebook. The driver cracks open one eye.
Weston drew a yield sign.

DRIVER
It means "triangles are the worst
shape."

He closes his eye again. Weston snickers.

WESTON
Uh, wrong. It means stop if you see
someone coming. *Otherwise*, go right
through.

DRIVER
That's not how I do it.

WESTON
What do you mean?

DRIVER
I've been driving since I was eight
and I never did it like that.

Weston snickers to himself. The driver opens one eye again.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

What the hell are you laughing at?

WESTON

That just sounds like half the things the jackasses at school say.

WESTON (CONT'D)

(Deep, dumb guy voice) "I've been driving since I was eight." "I fucked your mom." "I've got a 10 inch dick." "My parents still love each other." Give me a break, man.

The driver is impressed by this kid's moxie. But he's annoyed that he's getting shit from a 15 year old.

DRIVER

Look kid, I *have* been driving since I was eight. No bullshit. I got pulled over for the first time in my life yesterday so they're making me get a stupid fucking piece of plastic with my face and fucking birthday on it that says I can drive when my skills should be all the proof I need. So don't be quizzing me on fucking "yield" signs, kid.

He pronounces yield as "yi-eld". Despite this, Weston still looks a little taken aback. The driver closes his eyes again.

WESTON

Alright, sorry. I just thought you were messing with me. Like, I've been driving since I was eight too, if you count GTA.

The driver opens finally opens both eyes.

DRIVER

Which one?

WESTON

All of them. Five's my favorite, obviously.

DRIVER

Dude, yes. But III changed everything.

WESTON

Well, duh. But five is superior in every way.

The driver has a new respect for this kid.

DRIVER

We should kill some mother fuckers online sometime.

WESTON

Hell yeah, here's my username.

Weston quickly scribbles down his name. The driver tilts the coffee pot back and continues to drink until it's empty. Weston hands him the paper. The driver stuffs it in his pocket.

DRIVER

(Slurring) Sanks kid. Now pay attention, this shiz important.

And with that, he fully passes out. Weston looks at the coffee pot confused. How can a guy drink that much coffee and then pass out?

He reaches for the pot and takes a whiff. He gags and coughs. Kressler looks at him.

KRESSLER

You alright, Weston?

Weston gives him a thumbs up as he represses his coughing. He moves the coffee pot further away from him.

Timelapse through the rest of the class. Everyone takes lots of notes and Kressler goes through many a slide. The driver doesn't move the entire time.

He sleeps so long that it's night time now. The janitor is vacuuming outside the class the driver's sleeping in. He's wearing the headphones so he doesn't notice the driver.

He goes into the room and is super startled to see someone sleeping in a chair. He looks confused at first but then just annoyed.

JANITOR

Hey!

The driver doesn't move.

JANITOR (CONT'D)

HEY!

He wakes up very startled. He looks at the janitor. He rubs his eyes.

DIVER
Whassup, man?

The janitor smells the booze and looks at him like he's the biggest dumb ass he's ever seen.

JANITOR
Good God. Go home, kid.

The driver continues to rub his eyes. The janitor gets more annoyed because he's just trying to finish vacuuming.

JANITOR (CONT'D)
Get the fuck out of here!

The driver is startled again. He quickly grabs his coffee pot and stands up a little too fast. He stumbles and holds his head, then his stomach.

DIVER
Goddamn it.

He throws up into the coffee pot.

JANITOR
Jesus Christ!

DIVER
(Slurring) No, no. S'all good. I
jus' gotta-

The driver pulls out his phone. He has 15 missed calls from Danny.

DIVER (CONT'D)
Aw, shit.

He calls him back.

DIVER (CONT'D)
Hey, hey. Yeah, yeah, yeah, I know.
Where are you? Oh sick! I'm still
at...school. Come pick me up...come
onnnnn!

He walks out of the room carrying his pot of puke. The janitor watches him like he's some kind of bizarre enigma.

JANITOR
Fuckin' Millennials.

INT. DANNY'S CAR - NIGHT

The driver is nursing a joint in Danny's car. He takes two hits, then three, then four. He starts to hand it to Danny, who reaches for it, then he takes it back and hits it two more times. Danny is clearly peeved.

DANNY

Bitch, that is not even your weed!

DRIVER

Fine, fine.

He slowly hands the joint to Danny who snatches it.

DANNY

The audacity. Who in the fuck raised you?

DRIVER

Well, for the most part: your dumbass.

DANNY

Well I clearly forgot to give you the blunts and the bees talk. Puff puff pass, bitch ass.

DRIVER

Yeah, yeah, I know. I'm just ridiculously hungover.

DANNY

Hmm, maybe because you drank most of a fifth in about six hours *after* you finished your 7th margarita.

DRIVER

It was happy hour. And that was the point. I didn't want to be sober, let alone conscious for my 8 hours of goddamn "learning".

DANNY

Why the air quotes?

DRIVER

What do you mean?

Danny makes a face like "you're gonna make me say it?"

DANNY

Like...what do you know about driving?

The driver gets offended.

DRIVER
Oh, fuck you. I've been driving for
15 years. I know *plenty*.

Danny gets a cocky smirk on his face.

DANNY
Aight.

The driver looks at him, annoyed. Then he closes his eyes.
There's a long pause as Danny drives.

DANNY (CONT'D)
So...what's the rule with a yellow
light?

Without missing a beat or opening his eyes, the driver
answers.

DRIVER
Floor it and drive through that
shit.

DANNY
Mm, mhm...You might, maybe want to
pay attention next class.

DRIVER
(Sarcastically) Yeah, okay.

They pull up to the driver's apartment. He stumbles out.
Danny leans over.

DANNY
I'll see you tomorrow at 8 this
time. No more sleeping in.

DRIVER
Man, for real?! Why are you doing
this?

DANNY
Dude, you *clearly* don't know the
rules of the road. You want to get
pulled over again for something
stupid like running a red?

DRIVER
Wait, red means stop?

Danny looks away, feeling a mix of frustration and concern.

DANNY

You better be fucking kid-

He looks back at the driver who is smiling smugly. He walks away. Danny yells after him.

DANNY (CONT'D)

The fact that I *thought* you were serious is what you should be worried about.

DRIVER

Hey, I'm not stupid.

He slams the door.

INT. 9-1-1 DRIVING SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Mr. Kressler is sitting at his desk at the front of the class tapping a stack of paper.

KRESSLER

Good morning everyone. I blanked on telling you this yesterday but we have a quiz at the start of every class.

Kressler gets up and starts handing out the quizzes. The students murmur amongst themselves.

KRESSLER (CONT'D)

You can begin when you get your paper. Don't worry, this should be easy, even if you *weren't* conscious yesterday.

The whole class looks at the driver and smirk. He gives them all a look like "oh, meh meh meh."

Kressler holds the driver's test out in front of him. He reaches for it but Kressler pulls it back.

KRESSLER (CONT'D)

The deal is I teach when you're here. If you fail, it's on you.

DRIVER

Just give me the paper.

He snatches the quiz from Kressler and flips it over. Single sided, multiple choice, easy. He starts reading.

Question 1

What do you do when the speed limit decreases?

- A. Adjust speed accordingly.
- B. Continue at your current speed.
- C. Speed up.
- D. Park on the side of the road.

The driver scoffs slightly. His expression screams "I got this." He starts to go for C but stops.

DRIVER (V.O.)
(In his head) Wait, wait, wait.
What would a pig do? Hmmm...they'd
probably speed up too.

He looks at Weston's paper. He chose A and is already on question 5. The driver's eyes bug out of his head.

DRIVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Shit, he's almost done?! Fuck,
fuck, fuck, copy, copy, copy.

He copies all of Weston's answers really quickly. Weston circles his last answer and turns in his paper before the driver can finish. He's only got one question left.

Question 6

When you approach a roundabout at the same time as the driver to your right, you should _____.

- A. Go right through.
- B. Wait but be mad about it.
- C. Wait since they have the right of way.
- D. What's a roundabout?

DRIVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
SHIT! What is a roundabout? Fuck,
fuck, fuck. Okay. The first answer
was A so why wouldn't this one be
too?

The whole class has finished with their quizzes. The driver looks more and more anxious.

DRIVER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Fucking shit, is it A or C?! A or
C? A or C?

Kressler looks at him expectantly.

KRESSLER
Mr. Smith?

The driver continues to stare at his paper.

KRESSLER (CONT'D)
MR. SMITH?

DRIVER (V.O.)
That's you stupid!

The driver looks up.

DRIVER
Mhm, yeah, what's up?

KRESSLER
Almost finished?

DRIVER
Yeeeah, yeah, yeah.

He circles A. He turns in the quiz. He goes back to his seat and is super embarrassed. He's never felt this lack of confidence in his life.

Kressler turns on the projector.

KRESSLER
Alright! Let's continue with signs.
Anyone know what this is?

The picture onscreen is of a two way sign. Most of the students raise their hands. The driver looks incredibly confused. He puts his hand up after everyone else but to simply scratch his head.

KRESSLER (CONT'D)
Yes! Mr. Smith.

DRIVER
Huh? Oh, no, I wasn't-uh...

He squints at the screen.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Yeah, no idea.

Billy scoffs and raises his hand.

KRESSLER
Alright Billy, what is it?

BILLY
It's a two way sign. Means you
gotta make a turn, can't go through
the intersection.

Kressler is clearly taken aback.

KRESSLER
Bill, that-that's right!

BILLY
Hey, I *can* remember things.

KRESSLER
(Pleasantly surprised) I guess so!
Moving on! What's this mean?

The driver doesn't have a notebook or pencil. He turns to Weston. He and the rest of the class are all taking notes. The driver feels awkward having to ask for materials.

DRIVER
(Quietly) Hey man.

WESTON
What's up?

DRIVER
Can I get some paper?

Weston smiles. He rips out a piece from his notebook and slides it over.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Could I get a-

Weston cuts him off by placing a mechanical pencil on the desk. The driver smiles. He starts writing notes.

He's clearly never written notes before because he's writing everything Kressler says. Weston notices this.

WESTON
Hey, just write key words.

The driver looks at him. He was already overwhelmed. He has no idea what key words are. He looks down at his paper, then back at Weston. He looks like a lost puppy.

WESTON (CONT'D)
Like this.

He listens to Kressler who is pointing at another sign.

KRESSLER

This means there's a merging lane coming up. If you see that *when* you're in the merging lane, you should slow down a bit and keep an eye on the cars that are trying to merge.

Weston draws the sign and next to it writes "Merge lane: slow down, watch for cars merging." The driver reads. He tries to do it himself.

KRESSLER (CONT'D)

This means there's a sharp turn up ahead and you should slow down so you don't flip your car.

The driver writes and shows what he wrote to Weston. He reads "Sign: sharp, slow, flip car."

Weston looks at the driver who looks proud of his work. Weston gives him a sympathetic smile.

WESTON

Yeah, that, uh...That's good. You might want to use a couple more words though. Everyone takes notes differently, just do it in a way so you can remember what it means later.

DRIVER

Huh...what do you mean?

WESTON

Well, like you wrote "sign." If you were reading these later, you might have a hard time remembering which sign you mean.

The driver's eyes get wide. Now he gets it.

DRIVER

Ooooooh.

He writes "turn" in front of sign. He beams at Weston. Weston gives him another sympathetic, but concerned, look.

WESTON

Whatever works for you, man. Shouldn't you know this stuff already?

DRIVER

I never learned how to take notes.
I only made it to 2nd grade.

Weston is very intrigued by this.

WESTON

W-what?! Okay, uh, I have several questions. Did you say 2nd grade?! What happened after 2nd grade? Did you just drop out? Why would your parents let you do that?

The driver's smile fades.

DRIVER

Let's, uh, have a drink some time and I'll tell ya.

WESTON

I... can't drink. I'm 15.

DRIVER

Ah, yes. Well...I'll drink and you can listen.

WESTON

Sounds good.

KRESSLER

Alright guys, that's enough staring at a big screen. Let's drive a test course!

The entire second half of class is reserved for their first drive.

EXT. 9-1-1 DRIVING SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Kressler has set up a beginners driving course in the lot. It's about a track that consists of two four way stops, a crosswalk, a u-turn, and parallel parking spot to finish.

KRESSLER

Alright Bill, let's get this over with.

BILLY

Man, you have no faith. Prepare to be surprised.

He takes the U-turn too fast and hits a cone.

BILLY (CONT'D)

Fuck.

He reverses and finishes the course. He parks the car.

KRESSLER

Can you tell I'm surprised?

Kressler puts on a French-clown-like expression of amazement.

BILLY

(embarrassed)

You don't have to rub it in every time.

KRESSLER

Well Bill, I'm just not sure what to do with you at this point so maybe ridicule will embarrass you into improving!

Kressler gets out. Billy hangs his head.

BILLY

Yeah, that always helps.

KRESSLER

Alright, who's next?

Quick montage of all the students doing a mediocre job. Cut back and forth between them and the driver snickering at them. He taps Weston.

DRIVER

Why are they all driving like they're 95?

WESTON

Dude, it's a test. If you go fast you fail.

DRIVER

Pffft, doubt it.

Weston just rolls his eyes. Now it's his turn.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Let's see it, Grandma.

He goes through the course perfectly.

He parks the car and they both get out.

KRESSLER
Mr. Connolly with a beautiful
10/10! Well done. You're up, Smith.

WESTON
Let's see it, 2nd grade.

Weston was just trying to poke fun back at the driver but this comment gets under his skin.

He gets into the car with Kressler.

DRIVER
What's the course record?

KRESSLER
What? That's not a thing.

DRIVER
It's about to be.

The driver slams on the gas. He drifts through every turn. He makes it through the whole course in just a few seconds. Kressler is screaming his head off the whole time.

He finishes and gets out triumphantly. Kressler throws up. All the kids mouths are hanging open.

KRESSLER
Alright guys, it's 3 o'clock. Good
work today, now get on out of here.

The driver looks smugly at Weston.

DRIVER
How was that?

WESTON
Dude, what the hell is wrong with
you?

Weston goes and checks on Mr. Kressler. The driver understands how badly he just fucked up. He realizes he's got to get his shit together, now.

9-1-1 DRIVING SCHOOL CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

The kids walk back through the class to grab their backpacks before they leave. Kressler gargles some water in the bathroom, then comes out. He sits down at his desk to grade the quizzes.

The driver waits for a second then comes up to Kressler.
Kressler is looking down.

DRIVER
Hey, uh, Mr.-Mr. Kressler?

He doesn't look up but answers.

KRESSLER
Yes, Mr. Smith?

DRIVER
I was wondering if maybe you had
some time to answer a few
questions.

Kressler looks up.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Turns out actually *following* the
rules of the road can be confusing.

Kressler smirks. He looks at his watch.

KRESSLER
Yeah, I got some time. Pull up a
chair.

The driver does so and sits down.

KRESSLER (CONT'D)
What's been confusing for you?

DRIVER
Well...to start with, the speed
limit. Why is it there? Why can I
only go 30 when I could easily go
60?

Kressler's eyebrows go up. Of all things, he did not think
this would be the driver's question. He thinks about how to
make him understand.

KRESSLER
You ever hit a piece of fruit with
a baseball bat?

DRIVER
Um...Yeah.

KRESSLER
What happens?

DRIVER

It explodes and is awesome.

KRESSLER

Right. But what happens if you bunt the fruit?

DRIVER

It just hits the ground and is unsatisfying.

KRESSLER

Yes, very true. But picture the bat as your car and the fruit as a person. Would you rather bunt or explode a person?

DRIVER

Yeah, yeah, but that would never happen because my reflexes are too sharp. I've been driving since I was eight, I know my limits and my limit should be 60.

Kressler leans forward.

KRESSLER

You do realize none of these kids have driven before this class, right?

DRIVER

WHAT?!?! Oh, well, you didn't say that! Yeah, yeah, gotta have experience before you break the speed limit.

KRESSLER

Uh huh. And as far as the law is concerned, you have no experience until you get that little piece of plastic.

The driver looks displeased.

DRIVER

That's stupid.

Kressler gives him look that screams "tough titties, kid." He crosses his arms.

KRESSLER

That's the system.

Kressler reaches down into his bottom desk drawer and pulls out a bottle of bourbon and a glass.

He pours the driver a drink then takes a big swig from the bottle. The driver knocks back his drink. Kressler refills it as he talks.

KRESSLER (CONT'D)

So, how does one drive since they're eight without a license and not get caught for...?

DRIVER

16 years.

Kressler is quite impressed.

KRESSLER

Goddamn! Where the hell did Arnie find you?

DRIVER

My uncle works for him and he took me in after my parents died in a plane crash when I was eight.

Kressler tries to hide a look of terror. He's heard rumors of things like this happening around Arnie. Whole families going missing then you find out they died in some "accident". He tries to look concerned instead of freaked out.

KRESSLER

Aw, I'm sorry you had to go through that.

DRIVER

It's alright. I've had a pretty awesome life. My uncle taught me everything he knows about driving. We'd be at the race track every morning before they opened, 6-10. So I was basically a NAASCAR driver and stunt driver by the time I was 11. Arnie had me start doing jobs as soon as I could reach the pedals without lifts. I think I was 12. And everything was great until last week.

He finishes another drink. Kressler pours.

KRESSLER

And why would he want a 12 year old driving?

DRIVER

He said it was better if the cops never saw a driver at all so when we'd need to start the car, I'd just pop up and floor it. I think that's bull though, he saw how good I was and didn't want to waste a resource until I was 16. And since nothing ever went wrong, he never even thought about getting me a license.

KRESSLER

Damn kid, you must have some real skills.

DRIVER

I just gave you a taste earlier.

He knocks back his last drink.

KRESSLER

Jesus man, shouldn't you slow down?

The driver shrugs.

DRIVER

Hey, I'm not driving.

They laugh. The driver stands up and reaches out his hand.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Thanks for talking to me, Mr. Kressler.

KRESSLER

Since we've technically drank together twice now, just call me Jim.

They shake hands.

DRIVER

Well thanks, Jim.

KRESSLER

Call me Mr. Kressler during class though.

EXT. 9-1-1 DRIVING SCHOOL - EVENING

The driver steps outside. Danny's waiting in the running car, using a rag to clean some blood off his knuckles.

The driver opens the door and gets in. Danny tosses the rag in the backseat.

The driver notices Weston in shivering in the cold. His hood is pulled up and his backpack is on the ground next to him. He is looking around anxiously.

DANNY
(playfully)
So how was school?

DRIVER
It was...uh-hold on a second.

He steps out of the car and walks over to Weston. Danny looks a little nervous.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Hey man, who ya waiting on?

WESTON
Oh hey, yeah my dad was supposed to pick me up. I'm kind of worried, he's never late.

DRIVER
Hey no worries Wes, we'll give you a ride. Just text him and let him know you're alright.

WESTON
Really? Thanks, Mike!

They walk back over to the car.

DANNY
Oh shit, shit, shit.

The driver and Wes get in.

DRIVER
Danny, this is Weston. Weston, Danny.

WESTON
Nice to meet you!

Danny does his best to hide his face without looking suspicious.

DANNY
(mumbles)
Yeah, likewise.

DRIVER

So where we heading, dude?

They drive away as Weston gives them directions.

INT. DANNY'S CAR - NIGHT

Danny casually moves the rearview mirror so Weston can't see his face. Weston notices and leans forward to look at him. Danny's getting more nervous.

DRIVER

Hey Wes, sorry about earlier man. I had a talk with Kressler and I'm gonna get my shit together.

Weston sits back in his seat. Danny calms down.

WESTON

And slow down?

DRIVER

Yeah, yeah.

WESTON

Well, great. I hope to see your note taking improve too.

DRIVER

Hey now, what's wrong with my note taking?

WESTON

Uh, try *everything*.

DRIVER

Damn, harsh.

Weston notices the blood on the rag next to him. He looks a little concerned but brushes it off. Weston tries to look at Danny in the rearview mirror. They make eye contact for a moment but Danny quickly looks back to the road. Weston thinks he's seen him before.

WESTON

Um, excuse me, Danny?

DANNY

Mm?

WESTON

Have we...have I seen you before?

DANNY

Uh, I don't know. I walk around a lot, maybe we've passed each other on the sidewalk.

WESTON

Huh...maybe. Do you live close to here?

DANNY

Nope.

WESTON

Okay, sorry. I must be thinking of someone else.

They pull up to Weston's building.

WESTON (CONT'D)

Thanks for the ride!

DRIVER

Hang on, Wes!

He turns to Danny.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

I'm gonna make sure he can get in.

DANNY

Uh, I kinda have to be somewhere.

DRIVER

I'll just be a minute.

He exits the car. And walks inside with Wes. Danny looks more nervous than ever.

INT. WESTON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Weston unlocks the apartment door. They both enter.

WESTON

Hello, I'm home!

No answer.

WESTON (CONT'D)

Mom? Dad?

Some faint coughing emerges from Weston's parents room.

LENNY

Wes? That you?

WESTON

Yeah, Dad. My friend gave me a ride home. Where were you?

Lenny gets out of bed.

LENNY

I'm so sorry, I had an accident and I guess it made me more tired than I thought.

Lenny enters the living room. He looks like he fell down a flight of 200 stairs. He and the driver make eye contact and immediately recognize each other. They both try to play it cool.

Weston looks at the driver and doesn't notice his dad yet.

WESTON

Oh, sorry! Dad this is my friend Mike from driving school. This is my Dad, Len- HOLY SHIT DAD WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

LENNY

Just a little accident.

WESTON

WHAT HAPPENED?

LENNY

I slipped and fell down the stairs. I'm okay though, really. Just tired. Go get some dinner, your mom made it before she left.

WESTON

Jesus. Okay, let me know if you need anything. You gotta slow down too!

LENNY

Hehe, yeah I guess.

WESTON

Mike, you want some?

DRIVER

I'm all good bud, thanks.

Weston goes into the kitchen. Lenny walks up to the driver.

LENNY
(whispers)
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING HERE?

DRIVER
He's in my driver's ed class! You didn't pick him up so I gave him a ride.

LENNY
Driver's ed...you mean you don't have a license? You pulled off that stunt and you don't even have a learners permit?

DRIVER
Let's talk, huh?

LENNY
Okay, but not here. Meet me at the Soggy Boot, tomorrow at 8.

DRIVER
Alright.

LENNY
Now get the fuck out of here!

DRIVER
Yes, sorry. LATER WES, I'LL SEE YA IN CLASS!

WESTON
Oh, okay! Thanks again for the ride, Mike!

Lenny slams the door in the driver's face. The driver stands there for a moment, then walks away.

EXT. WESTON'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The driver walks out of the building looking almost ill. Danny notices since five minutes ago, he was quite happy.

DANNY
Oh shit, he knows. Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.

The driver opens his door and gets in.

DANNY (CONT'D)
So you got him in okay?

The driver doesn't respond.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Mikey?

DRIVER
Huh?

DANNY
Did-did he get in alright?

DRIVER
Oh, oh yeah. His dad was exhausted
and slept through his alarm.

DANNY
An alarm at 3PM?

DRIVER
(snaps)
Ever heard of a nap?

DANNY
Shit, alright. Fair enough.

DRIVER
He said his job is very demanding.
Can we just go?

DANNY
Yeah, yeah let's go.

Danny starts the car and pulls out of his spot.

DANNY (CONT'D)
You okay, Mike?

The driver is staring out the window.

DRIVER
Yeah, just...just thinking.

DANNY
(playfully)
Well, that's a fresh change of
pace.

The driver doesn't acknowledge the jab. Not even a nod or a murmur. Danny looks back to the road. He knows shit is going to hit the fan, soon.

INT. 9-1-1 DRIVING SCHOOL - DAY

The next morning in driving school, the driver is completely silent. He just keeps staring at the one sentence he wrote on the paper: WHO HAVE I BECOME?

Weston notices his gloominess.

WESTON

Mike?

He doesn't respond. All he can hear are his thoughts and a loud ringing that won't go away as Lenny's swollen face flashes through his mind.

WESTON (CONT'D)

Yo, Mike?

He gives him a nudge. The driver comes back to reality.

DRIVER

Huh?

WESTON

You okay, man?

DRIVER

Yeah, I uh...

The driver chooses his next words carefully.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Has something ever happened to you that could completely change your view about everything in your life?

WESTON

Sure, when I did mushrooms for the first time.

DRIVER

No, no, not like that. Like...you saw something and now everyone you know is...different?

WESTON

Different...how?

DRIVER

Like you don't know if you can trust them.

WESTON

Well shit man, that's high school
in a nut shell.

DRIVER

Jesus...glad I never went.

Kressler notices this discussion that's happening while he's
trying to teach.

KRESSLER

MR. SMITH!

The driver looks up.

KRESSLER (CONT'D)

Care to share whatever you and
Weston are discussing with the rest
of us?

DRIVER

Sorry Mr. Kressler. No, that's...

He thinks for a second.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Actually, yes!

He stands up. Kressler lets him have the floor.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

What would you all do if say you
saw you're...best friend committing
a crime?

All the students look up and pay attention for the first time
since the class started.

JANINE

What was the crime?

The driver thinks for a second.

DRIVER

Something unnecessarily cruel.
Like...stealing bikes...from
homeless children.

JANINE

Jesus, that's fucked up.

KRESSLER

Janine!

JANINE
What? It is!

DRIVER
So what would you guys do?

There's a long silence.

BILLY
I'd confront him. If he doesn't say
he's never going to do it again and
he regrets it, up the ante and
steal *his* car.

JANINE
Or tell him you won't be friends
with someone like that.

DRIVER
And what if that still didn't stop
him?

JANINE
Tell someone? I'd probably tell my
parents and they'd contact the
school or cops or something.

DRIVER
And what if you didn't have parents
and the cops were powerless?

Everyone exchanges looks like "what the fuck is he talking
about?"

KRESSLER
OKAY! Love the morality debate but
let's get back to work.

DRIVER
Yes, sir. Sorry.

The driver sits down and goes back to living in his head. Now
Kressler gives him a look. The driver has never called him
sir before.

KRESSLER
Smith.

DRIVER
Huh?

KRESSLER
You alright?

DRIVER
Oh yeah, peachy keen.

He forces a smile. Kressler is not convinced.

KRESSLER
Well, let me know if I can help.

DRIVER
Thanks. Thanks, sir.

Everyone is staring at the driver, confused and concerned.

He couldn't care less. He looks at his watch: 2:00. Six hours until he meets Lenny.

INT. THE SOGGY BOOT BAR - NIGHT

The driver walks in wearing a hoodie and a hat. He sees Lenny sitting at a booth close to the back door. He walks over and sits across from him.

DRIVER
Hey.

LENNY
Hey.

DRIVER
First of all, what's your name?

LENNY
Lenny, you?

DRIVER
Mike. Now what the fuck happened?

LENNY
Same thing that always happens,
your fucking boss.

DRIVER
He beat the shit out of you because
your gun went off?! I told him it
didn't affect the job at all.

LENNY
He said he had to send a message.

DRIVER
To who?

LENNY

Anyone else who does his "favors".

DRIVER

What do you mean?

Lenny finally understands the driver has no idea all the fucked up pots his boss has a hand in. He brings his volume way down.

LENNY

You really don't know...Kid, your boss is Satan himself.

DRIVER

I gotta say, until I saw your face yesterday, I thought he was a pretty standard crime boss, based off of movies and stuff.

LENNY

He is a crime lord. Slum lord. Your boss wants to be Lord of New York for chrissakes!

DRIVER

So you live in one of his buildings and if you didn't do the favor he'd, what, up your rent?

LENNY

Not just up it, double. And everyone who lives in his buildings has to do him favors at some point or another.

DRIVER

What other favors?

LENNY

Do I really gotta get into this?

DRIVER

Lenny, they haven't told me shit. Until this point, I thought we pulled bank jobs, dealt drugs and provided slightly janky housing. Now what fucking favors?

Lenny takes a breath.

LENNY

My wife is a very beautiful woman and he noticed her the day we moved in. I hated the way he looked at her, like she was his prize for the taking. Then one day, he asked for a favor. He forced her to sleep with him or triple our rent. He knew our situation. He knew we work paycheck to paycheck. My wife works nights at a diner and nanny's during the day. We couldn't afford double, certainly not triple.

He starts to cry quietly. He takes a minute to compose himself.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Everyday I feel like I betrayed her for letting him do that. For not saying fuck you and moving again. Or stabbed him in his fat, fucking neck. But we had nowhere to go. We spent all our savings getting out here and then the job I had lined up found someone more qualified so I had to take two lower paying jobs. And he knew *all of that*. God, I should've killed him right there. He's been doing this to dozens of families for years. I could've ended all of their suffering right there. But I was too afraid. He's always got at least two goons with him. I try and kill him, they kill me, and then what happens to my family? I can't do that to them. Gentrification would be bad enough but he keeps all of us as prisoners in our own homes as a bonus.

Lenny knocks back the last of his beer. He is still for a bit. The driver is dumbfounded.

DRIVER

Holy shit, Lenny. I had no idea. Like, all of us who work for him are criminals but that's...inhuman. I thought he was like Marlon Brando in *The Godfather*, but it turns out he's like Al Pacino in *Part II*.

LENNY

Even worse. How good are those movies though?

DRIVER

Oh ho ho-so good. And scarily accurate.

LENNY

And just like Al Pacino, he kills everyone. He leaves no trace so no cops, no reporters, no one can find shit. 15 people have gone missing from my building, I haven't seen a single article about any of them. He makes sure you have no close family or he kills your family too. And if you don't do what he wants, it will happen.

He starts to cry again.

LENNY (CONT'D)

I can't let my family keep living like this. I haven't had a good nights sleep since his number two threatened to kill us and take Wes. That was almost two years ago.

DRIVER

Wait, do you know his name?

LENNY

His number two? No, no idea.

The driver frantically gets out his phone and shows him his background which is him and Danny holding up the trophy from winning the annual mafia softball game. Lenny's expression changes to questioning the driver's integrity.

LENNY (CONT'D)

W-what the fuck are you doing with that piece of shit?

DRIVER

He's...he's like my dad. He took me in when my parents died in a plane crash. He's the reason I'm a driver.

He looks at the picture of happy, smiling Danny.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

He was gonna take Wes...

LENNY

Yeah, and kill my wife and me. He
did this to me for what happened at
the bank!

He points at his swollen, bruised face.

The driver looks around the bar. He is breathing heavily. He notices two of the boss' goons in a booth. They make eye contact and they give him the side eye. The driver quickly looks away.

DRIVER

(Whispers) Shit! We gotta go, now!

They both get up and try to act calm. They turn the corner then run out through the back door. The goons follow.

EXT. THE SOGGY BOOT BAR - NIGHT

They run out to Lenny's car: a beat up old Prius. The driver gets in shotgun. Lenny is about to get in the driver's seat but hesitates.

LENNY

Maybe you should drive.

The gangsters exit the restaurant. The driver floats to the driver's seat in one smooth motion. Lenny jumps in the back.

LENNY (CONT'D)

DRIVE!

The driver floors it. He turns onto the main road as the goons get in their car.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Easy man! This things 10 years old!

DRIVER

Alright, alright!

EXT. MAIN ROAD - NIGHT

The driver takes a super hard left turn onto a busy road and cuts off at least a couple cars.

LENNY

WHAT DID I JUST SAY?!

DIVER
I'M TRYING TO ESCAPE THE
MOTHERFUCKERS WITH GUNS, OKAY?!

The goons catch up and fire a couple shots at them. One bullet goes through both windshields, narrowly missing both of them.

LENNY
Yeah, that's fair.

Cut to the goons in their car.

GOON 1
EASY! BOSS SAID WING HIM AT MOST!
NOT BLOW HIS FUCKING HEAD OFF!

GOON 2
YOU TRY SHOOTING WITH YOU DRIVING!

GOON 1
FUCK YOU! I'M WEAVING SO WE DON'T
LOSE HIM! HE'S THE BEST DRIVER IN
THE STATE, EVEN IN THAT FUCKING
PRIUS!

Cut back to the driver and Lenny.

DIVER
WILL YOU GET UP HERE?! I HATE
FEELING LIKE A DAMN CHAUFFEUR!

LENNY
Okay. Jesus.

Lenny gets clumsily gets in the front seat. He kicks the driver as he does so. He swerves. The goons swerve too. They know he can do anything behind the wheel so they're trying to anticipate every move.

DIVER
Fuck!

LENNY
Sorry!

DIVER
Do you want to die or something!?

The driver notices the goons swerving too. He swerves again. They copy him. He gets an idea.

LENNY

I work at a nonprofit, I don't do
this shit!

Another bullet wizzes past Lenny's head.

LENNY (CONT'D)

But no, I don't want to die!

DRIVER

THEN HOLD ON!

He does a 270 degree turn. The goons think he's turning left so they do the same but when he starts drifting back to the right, they're forced to brake and turn around. Lenny shits his pants as they turn.

LENNY

Not again.

DRIVER

Hehe, Karma!

Lenny rolls down the window as they speed down the back road.

EXT. BACK ROAD - NIGHT

They keep driving until they're sure they lost the goons. The driver finds a secluded area. He parks and turns off all the lights.

LENNY

Alright, what the fuck do we do
now? Arnie knows we got away, he
knows where I live, he knows
everything about you and your
habits and holy shit we are so
fucking dead. My families gonna die
and it's all my fucking fault.

The driver grabs his shoulders and shakes him violently.

DRIVER

THAT'S NOT HELPING!

LENNY

Okay, okay.

DRIVER

We can die or we can fight.

LENNY

How the hell are we going to fight him? He's got a fucking army spread out over the entire city.

DRIVER

I'll think of something. In the meantime, call your wife, get her to pack a suitcase and get her and Weston the fuck out of there. Have them take the back staircase, leave out the back door, and walk up the alley to the hotel, it's one of the few Arnie doesn't own. Tell her to go to the fifth floor and wait for us.

Lenny takes out his phone.

INT. BOSS' OFFICE - NIGHT

The boss, Arnie, is looking down from his high office window onto the few people walking under the street lights. He looks as evil as ever while smoking a large cigar.

BOSS

Where are you, you little bastard?

There's a knock on the door.

BOSS (CONT'D)

GET IN HERE!

Danny enters.

BOSS (CONT'D)

WHAT THE FUCK HAVE YOU GOTTEN US INTO?

DANNY

Hey, I didn't do shit! You told me to beat Lenny for the bank fiasco. His kid is in the driving class with Mike and he offered to give him a ride home because Lenny wasn't there to get him. What was I gonna do? Tell Mike "No, the kid will be fine out in the cold?" That would've just made him more suspicious.

BOSS

Are you saying this is my fault?

DANNY

No. Absolutely not. I'm saying the events played out in a way that we never could have planned for. You were right to send me, he needed to know there are consequences but now, we gotta figure this out.

BOSS

Well, I've given the order for Lenny to be killed on sight. Some guys are going to watch his building and Mike's since they apparently got away.

Danny is very pleased by this news that Mike's okay but he tries not to show it.

DANNY

Anyone in Mike's place?

BOSS

No, just on the street.

DANNY

I'll go to his apartment. Maybe I can convince him to rethink things.

BOSS

Alright. But if he pulls anything funny, I want you to pop him right there.

Danny holds his tongue. He knows he won't do that but he doesn't want to show his love for Mike.

DANNY

Got it.

Danny turns to leave.

BOSS

Daniel.

He turns back.

BOSS (CONT'D)

No fucking liabilities.

Danny nods. He leaves the office. He walks down the hall, out of ear shot of the boss, and lays his head back against the wall.

DANNY

Jesus Mikey, what the fuck are you doing?

EXT. BACK ROAD - NIGHT

Lenny hangs up the phone.

LENNY

She's on it.

DRIVER

Good. We should also steal a faster car.

LENNY

Steal?? We're going to commit more crimes?

DRIVER

You got \$200 grand laying around to buy a fucking fast electric car?

LENNY

Electric?

DRIVER

They're silent. Also, we're killing the planet.

LENNY

Gotcha.

DRIVER

I'm gonna have to sneak back into my apartment and grab everything I need...

Lenny puts his head in his hands.

LENNY

We're so dead, man. This is impossible!

DRIVER

Hey, he may know everything about me but I also know a lot about him and how he runs things. When he's got to eliminate someone, he'll have everyone out looking for them but he'll station two cars by the guys apartment in case he's stupid enough to go back.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

There's no way he thinks I'm going back, so he just has guys watching the building. So if I can get to fire escape unseen, I'm good.

LENNY

Is this before or after we steal the car?

DRIVER

After.

He starts the car again.

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - NIGHT

The driver parks the Prius a block from the dealership. The driver turns off the car and the interior lights. They aggressively whisper the whole time.

DRIVER

Alright, lets go.

He gets out.

LENNY

What do you need me for??

DRIVER

You gotta find the fastest car on the lot while I grab all the keys.

LENNY

Oh, Jesus.

DRIVER

I've boosted like 6 cars from here, I can pick the lock in like 5 seconds. It's gonna be fine. Oh, and keep an eye out for cops.

LENNY

Yeah, yeah. Just like the bank.

DRIVER

It better not be, you better be fucking quiet.

LENNY

Wait, what about my car?

DRIVER

Are you really asking me about your
10 year old piece of now literal
shit?

LENNY

Alright, damn.

Lenny stays as low as he can as he assesses the cars. The driver starts picking the lock. He's having some trouble with it.

DRIVER

Oh, what the hell?

He keeps fiddling around with it. Lenny finds the fastest car on the lot, a Lotus Evija. He hurries over to the driver.

LENNY

(whispers)

Just grab the key that says "Lotus
Evija".

DRIVER

(whispers)

What? Keys don't just say the full
name of the car! What's the fucking
logo look like?

LENNY

Jesus, sorry! I'll check. And what
the fuck happened to five seconds?

DRIVER

They changed the lock. Looks like I
pissed 'em off.

The lock finally clicks.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Fuck yes.

He opens the door. An alarm starts blaring and lights start flashing.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

FUCK! GO TO THE CAR!

LENNY

NO! WE NEED THE KEY!

INT. CAR DEALERSHIP - NIGHT

They run in together. They run to the key display which is locked.

DRIVER
ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING?

He takes out his pistol and aims it at the key pad.

LENNY
WAIT! WAIT! WAIT!

Lenny types in 6969. It works.

DRIVER
Wow.

They start scrambling for all the keys.

LENNY
Car dealers aren't usually the most creative bunch.

DRIVER
I fucking guess so.

Lenny turns and sees in the locker room that there are pants not covered in shit. He puts the keys down and runs to them.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING?

Lenny puts on his new pants while the driver finishes grabbing all the keys. He leaves one behind on accident.

Lenny gets his shoes back on and runs after the driver. He notices the extra key and picks it up.

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - NIGHT

The driver has all the keys on the ground. He's frantically trying all of them. Lenny runs over.

DRIVER
IT'S NOT HERE!

He looks at Lenny who points the last key fob at the car. He presses the button. It doesn't work.

LENNY
Aw man, that would've been cool.

The driver sees one of the keys tucked under the back tire. He tries it and the car unlocks.

DRIVER
JESUS CHRIST, FINALLY! LET'S GO!

They peel out of the spot and get back on the road.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Alright, now for the hard part.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

The driver and Lenny pull up to the hotel.

DRIVER
You sure they're ready?

LENNY
She is in the lobby on the lookout
for this insane vehicle we've
procured.

Just then Lenny's wife and Weston casually walk out of the hotel. They both have two large suitcases.

LENNY (CONT'D)
What'd I tell ya?

They move casually but quickly to the car. The driver pops the trunk. They throw the bags in and jump in the car. They dropped the casualness as they are absolutely horrified that Arnie's men will see them.

The driver slowly pulls away. The doorman of the hotel watches them. He talks into his wrist.

DOORMAN
They're heading North, just like
you said.

INT. BOSS' OFFICE - NIGHT

The boss hears the doorman through his phone. He puts the clip in his gun and leaves the room.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

LENNY
Are you okay, Mari?

MARISSA

Well, absolutely petrified but now
I'm feeling a little more safe.

LENNY

Wes?

WESTON

Oh, I'm having a great time. This
is just like a movie!

DRIVER

You sure no one saw you?

MARISSA

No one came up to us. We were
mostly keeping our heads down and
avoiding eye contact.

DRIVER

Good call. Alright. We're going to
my log cabin. No one knows about it
so you'll be safe there.

WESTON

You have a cabin?

DRIVER

Built it myself. Chopping trees is
a great way to process anger caused
by dead parents.

Weston looks at his parents.

WESTON

I'll keep that in mind.

EXT. DRIVER'S CABIN - NIGHT

They pull up to the cabin. Everyone gets out. The driver
stops. He sees a light on in the cabin.

DRIVER

Hold on.

He walks up to the cabin while they wait by the car. He grabs
a shotgun he keeps stashed under the stairs before walking up
to the door. He unlocks the door.

INT. DRIVER'S CABIN - NIGHT

He kicks it open. He cocks the shotgun before screaming:

DRIVER
WHO THE FUCK IS IN HERE?

A homeless man is sitting by the fire.

HOMELESS MAN
HOLY SHIT!

He ducks down.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry! I found this place a few
weeks ago and I've been squatting.
I'm so, so sorry, I'll leave
immediately!

The driver thinks for a second. He puts down the gun.

DRIVER
Where have you been sleeping?

HOMELESS MAN
The couch, I didn't want to dirty
the nice sheets.

DRIVER
Alright, you can stay for now. On
one condition.

HOMELESS MAN
Anything.

DRIVER
You do everything you can to keep
this family safe.

He signals them to come in. Weston and his parents enter.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
We've got some bad people coming
after us but I'm going to take care
of it. In the mean time, these guys
need to hide and stay hidden.

HOMELESS MAN
These bad people, they wouldn't
happen to work for Arnie would
they?

DRIVER
Actually, yes.

HOMELESS MAN

They took my daughter and my home.
Then my wife...she...she couldn't
take it.

He looks at the shotgun, then back to the driver, who nods.
He picks up the shotgun.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

I'll blast any mother fucker that
steps on this property.

DRIVER

Good man. There's a chair in the
other room if you want to stand
guard.

HOMELESS MAN

Yes, sir.

DRIVER

I'm Mike by the way.

HOMELESS MAN

Harry.

WESTON

Weston.

MARISSA

Marissa.

LENNY

Lenny.

WESTON

Well, now that we're all best buds,
I'll be hitting the sack.

DRIVER

Good idea, you all get some rest.
If there's any trouble, call me.

He tosses Lenny a burner phone.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Number 1 on speed dial.

MARISSA

Thank you for helping us.

DRIVER

My pleasure. Alright, I gotta go.

Lenny grabs his arm and stops him.

LENNY
Take care of yourself.

He sticks out his hand. The driver shakes it, then brings him in for a hug.

DRIVER
You too. And don't worry, I'm gonna have help.

The driver leaves.

EXT. ANGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The driver goes to Angie's apartment to try to recruit her help. He stands at the door, very hesitant to knock. He lets out a deep breath. He knocks.

ANGIE
(through the door)
Who is it?

DRIVER
Hey Angie, it's uh...it's Mike.

She waits a moment to answer.

ANGIE
What the hell do you want?

DRIVER
Would you let me explain myself? I understand if you never want to see me again.

Angie thinks for a moment. She unlocks the door but leaves the chain on.

ANGIE
Okay.

DRIVER
Okay...

He thinks for a few moments.

ANGIE
Wow. You didn't think this through at all, huh?

DRIVER

Correct. I didn't think I'd get this far.

ANGIE

Yeah, how'd you get in anyways?

DRIVER

Someone was leaving and they let me in. You should tell your landlord to bump up security. But anyways, there's just... a lot to say but I don't want to waste your time on the details.

ANGIE

Mike, just say what you have to.

DRIVER

Alright. I'm an idiot.

ANGIE

That's a good start.

DRIVER

I'm an idiot who's been lied to by everyone I've known since I was eight. I don't know who I am anymore, I don't know who to trust and I don't know what to do. All I am is a broken man, a very flawed, possibly insane man. And I need your help.

ANGIE

Okay, come inside. Now I need the details.

She undoes the chain, revealing a pistol in her right hand.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

You better be convincing or this will be aimed at you the whole time.

DRIVER

Right.

INT. ANGIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Angie is leaning forward, fingers interlocked pressed against her lips, as her leg bobs restlessly. The pistol is on the side table next to her.

DIVER
Told you it was a lot.

ANGIE
Yeah, you definitely did not
exaggerate.

DIVER
So you gonna help me?

ANGIE
I mean...I don't think I'll be able
to sleep, like, ever again if I
don't. But this doesn't mean I like
you again.

DIVER
Awesome. Wait, you liked me?

She gives him the ultimate "really, now?" Look.

DIVER (CONT'D)
Right, sorry. Would you happen to
own any more guns?

ANGIE
Actually...

Cut to her opening her gun safe.

DIVER
Holy shit.

ANGIE
Yeah, my PooPa was a huge gun nut
and he left them all to me when he
died so I could protect myself.
Plus, I did three tours in Libya
and Somalia so some of these are
mine.

DIVER
Army?

ANGIE
Marine Corps.

DIVER
Oh shit. And they let you choose
where you were stationed?

ANGIE
(not so humbly)
Yeah, they wanted me.

DRIVER

Okay, so you're *really* good. Any other hidden talents?

ANGIE

Oh, I'm full of surprises. So where the hell are your guns?

DRIVER

In my apartment. I was going to get them after this.

ANGIE

And I'm your only help?

DRIVER

Yup.

ANGIE

Fuck, man.

DRIVER

Yeah...was Lena on a tour with you by chance?

Angie contemplates for a moment.

ANGIE

Alright, I'll call her.

INT. DRIVER'S CABIN - NIGHT

Weston peeks out of his room. He sees the homeless man, vigilantly keeping watch by the fire. He turns.

HOMELESS MAN

Aren't you supposed to be asleep?

WESTON

Kinda hard to do that at the moment.

HOMELESS MAN

Yeah, I get that. I haven't slept well in 6 years. Not since they killed my beloved and took Lydia.

WESTON

She was your daughter?

HOMELESS MAN

Don't say that.

WESTON

What?

HOMELESS MAN

She IS my daughter. I know she's still alive. She was the strongest woman I ever met, and she was only 8 the last time I saw her.

WESTON

What do you remember about her?

HOMELESS MAN

Everything. Every possible detail. And it hurts to remember but it would hurt so much more to forget. She had a little birthmark on her forehead and kids took that as an invitation to mess with her.

He laughs to himself.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

One of the best phone calls I ever got was her preschool teacher letting me know she got in a fight when she was 4. She beat up a 7 year old boy because he said her mark meant God had spat on her as a baby and she didn't like that one bit.

He and Weston laugh over the story for a moment, but it quickly fades away.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

I'd never been more proud. If I ever forget anything about that girl...I think that might be the end for me.

Weston looks at him, looks at the floor, then starts to look quite determined.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Lena is sitting in the back of the driver's car with a giant sniper rifle across her lap. She looks much more bored than she should. Angie, riding shotgun, turns to her.

ANGIE

So no more questions?

LENA

Hey, I'm just glad I'm doing something. Danny never called me back so I haven't been doing much.

DRIVER

Don't worry, you're not missing out on anything.

LENA

Ooo, okay Daddy Issues.

This comment gets under the driver's skin.

DRIVER

You must be a good fucking shot with that thing. If you weren't, you wouldn't talk so much shit.

LENA

Why do you think we're friends? Angie and I were the best shots in our unit, if not the whole corps.

DRIVER

Ooo, okay narcissist.

LENA

Oh, fuck off-

ANGIE

Will you both shut up? We're here.

EXT. BIG APPLE BAR - NIGHT

The three of them pull up in the electric car. They all get out.

ANGIE

Lena, stay here and watch our six.

LENA

Sure thing.

She cocks her sniper rifle.

The driver and Angie sneak around back.

DRIVER

Alright, Sloth's a big smoker so he'll be coming out anytime.

Sure enough, a moment later, a massive bald man comes out from the bar and immediately lights his cigarette. The driver jumps out and presses the silencer against his big bald head.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Say anything more than what I tell you and you hit the ground faster than the bullet leaves your brain.

SLOTH

What the fuck do you want, traitor?

The driver digs the silencer into Sloth's head, he winces.

DRIVER

Where does Arnie keep the kids?

SLOTH

Boss doesn't have any kids.

The driver knocks him over the head. Sloth yells and falls to the ground.

DRIVER

(angrily whispers)

The kids he takes after he fucking slaughters their families! Where are they?

SLOTH

I don't know what the fuck you're talking about.

Angie comes over and kicks him in the head.

ANGIE

How can you protect that fucking monster?

She puts her gun in his mouth.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

If you don't tell us, that makes you just as responsible. You're scum just like him. And scum needs to be washed away.

She pulls back the hammer. Sloth starts to freak out.

SLOTH

(Muffled) Alright! I'll talk!

She takes the gun out. The driver is very impressed.

SLOTH (CONT'D)
You're fucking crazy, bitch.

ANGIE
I'm sorry, did you want to taste
the barrel again?

Another goon comes out of the bar.

GOON 3
WHAT THE FUCK??

His head explodes.

Cut to Lena. She releases the empty shell casing and reloads.

LENA
This is so much easier than
Somalia.

Cut back to the driver, Angie, and Sloth.

DRIVER
Alright, she can shoot.

The body sways and hits the ground right in front of Sloth.

SLOTH
MOTHER FUCKER!

They both point their guns at him. He quiets down.

SLOTH (CONT'D)
Okay, okay. You know he's got his
warehouse over in Poughkeepsie?

DRIVER
Yeah.

SLOTH
Well he's got an even bigger one
right under it, about a quarter
mile down. There's an electrical
box out back, it's fake. You have
to pull the switches in the right
order to unlock it and get to the
key pad. Then enter a 25 digit
code.

DRIVER
Jesus Christ. I knew he was
paranoid, but fuck.

SLOTH

Why do you think I don't quit?
Anyone knows anything, they're a
liability. Liabilities get whacked.
Just enter the code and the
elevator door will open on your
right. Go down to the bottom level
and you'll find the kids.

DRIVER

What's the code?

SLOTH

It's 25 digits man, I don't
remember. I'll find it and text it
to you.

ANGIE

And the switch combination?

SLOTH

Yes.

The driver and Angie start to run off.

SLOTH (CONT'D)

Wait!

They turn back. Sloth slowly gets to his feet while he rubs
his head wound.

SLOTH (CONT'D)

If the boss finds out I told you,
I'm dead anyways. So make sure you
kill him. This city will be a lot
better without him.

The driver begrudgingly holds out his hand. Though he does
not respect this man, he does share that particular view.

DRIVER

Thanks, Sloth.

Angie gives him a nod of appreciation.

ANGIE

Yeah, thanks.

The driver and Sloth shake hands.

SLOTH

Call me Albert.

Angie and the driver run off. Sloth/Albert yells after them.

SLOTH (CONT'D)
AND BE CAREFUL!

As the driver and Angie run, they say:

DRIVER
You know, the gun in the mouth is
my move.

ANGIE
Oh please, that's in like a dozen
movies.

DRIVER
Yeah, but I do it in real life.

ANGIE
I see why, gets the point across
real fast.

DRIVER
It does! Alright, let's load up.

EXT. DRIVER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The driver peeks around a dark corner. He sees Arnie's men looking for him but they don't know where he is. The driver climbs up the fire escape. He's a little bit louder than he wanted to be but the goons don't notice.

Angie and Lena keep watch from the car.

INT. DRIVER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

He climbs in through the window. He creeps through the kitchen. Danny's gun is waiting for him around the next corner. He walks right into it.

DANNY
Hey.

The driver sighs.

DRIVER
So you gonna do it or what?

DANNY
What?

DRIVER

You gonna kill me, like you killed
my mom and dad? Like you killed
your *best friends*, UNCLE DANNY?

Danny loses focus and lowers his gun a bit. The driver whips
his out and points it back at him. They're both pointing
guns, ready to turn the other into Swiss cheese at any
moment.

The driver pauses. He lowers his gun.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

No. You know what?

He drops his gun to the floor.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna shoot you.

He gets in a fighting stance.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

But I am going to beat you to
death.

Danny puts his gun on the counter.

DANNY

Remember who taught you everything
you know, kid.

Danny gets in his fighting stance.

DRIVER

And remember who bested you when he
was 16.

DANNY

That was once.

DRIVER

But that's enough.

The driver throws the first punch. Danny dodges and gets a
shot to the driver's rib cage. The driver kicks him in the
chest, knocking him into the wall.

The driver comes at him full force and they both go through
the wall into the hallway.

He gets a few shots to Danny's face before Danny grabs his
wrist and flips him back into another wall. The driver lands
on his head and rolls over. Danny gets up.

DANNY
I DIDN'T COME HERE TO HURT YOU,
MIKEY!

DRIVER
Oh yeah? You just greet everyone
with a gun to their head?

DANNY
That was just so you wouldn't kill
me before I had a chance to
explain.

DRIVER
YOU'VE ALWAYS HAD THE CHANCE!

He comes at him again. He fakes a punch to the gut and instead knocks him in the jaw. Danny falls to one knee. His jaw is dislocated.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
AND NOW YOU FEEL LIKE SHARING?

Danny pops his jaw back in and spits out a tooth.

DANNY
It was for your own good!

DRIVER
Oh don't even try that bullshit.

DANNY
Please Mike, let me explain.

The driver doesn't listen. He has angry tears forming in his eyes.

DRIVER
FUCK YOUR EXPLANATION! YOU RUINED
MY FUCKING LIFE!

He lunges again. Danny grabs his wrist and flips him on his back. Danny gets him in a wrestling lock, trying to subdue him.

DANNY
WILL YOU JUST FUCKING LISTEN TO ME?

The driver writhes, trying to escape.

DRIVER
WHY THE FUCK WOULD I?

DANNY
BECAUSE I DIDN'T KILL YOUR PARENTS!

The driver stops writhing. Danny lets go of the driver. The driver scrambles to his feet. He punches Danny straight in the nose, breaking it. It starts bleeding profusely.

DANNY (CONT'D)
FUCK! Seriously?

DRIVER
You deserve a lot worse than that.
Now what the fuck are you talking
about?

As Danny explains, we see what really happened that night.

DANNY
They were my friends. My best
friends. Your dad was the only one
who could drink me under the table.
And your mom was an absolute saint.
Her and her bright purple toes.
God. She was a riot. Your dad hated
the nail polish, said it distracted
him from her natural beauty. But
she repainted them every morning
just to bug him. I loved them and I
loved you. But they wouldn't do
their favor for Arnie. He knew how
I felt so he sent someone else to
kill them when we were all hanging
out. I don't think he knew I was
here because he knew I was better
than the shit bag he sent. We were
all having a great night and I had
to take a piss at the worst fucking
moment. I heard them yelling
through the door. I ran out with my
gun and pointed it at Richie. Of
course he sent Richie, that sick
bastard would've cut them up if I
weren't there. We were all yelling.
Screaming. Begging for him not to
do it. He just turned and fired six
rounds in two seconds. All six.
Arnie told him to butcher them. I
shot him in the head four times and
that's when you woke up. I threw
Richie's body in the kitchen and
did my best to prevent you from
seeing your parents.

Danny starts to get choked up.

DRIVER

Yeah, I'm not sure what my tiny brain thought but I saw something.

DANNY

I'm sorry, Mike. I'm so fucking sorry.

DRIVER

Wait, so why we're you going to kill Lenny and take Weston?

DANNY

That's the deal we worked out. I kill the parents and kidnap the kids and Arnie's people take it from there.

DRIVER

Danny, what the fuck is wrong with you?

DANNY

The deal is I do that and you get to continue to live.

The driver pauses. Terrified and dumbfounded.

DRIVER

Oh.

DANNY

Yeah.

The driver thinks for a moment.

DRIVER

Well...in that case...wanna help take him down?

DANNY

Yes. Yes, I really fucking do.

They embrace.

Montage of them getting all the guns, explosives, and money from all over the driver's apartment. Hidden behind cabinets, paintings, pictures, furniture, you name it. Danny sticks a couple grenades in his coat pockets.

EXT. DRIVER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The driver and Danny sneak back to the car, carrying two giant, black duffle bags full of weaponry.

When Angie and Lena see Danny they become angry and confused.

ANGIE

What the fuck is he doing here?

DRIVER

Don't worry, he's here to help.

Danny sits in the back next to Lena.

DANNY

Oh...hey, Lena.

LENA

Did you forget my name and number, asshole?

DANNY

Yeah, I deserve that.

LENA

AND A LOT WORSE TOO!

She punches him in the nose too.

DANNY

FUCK! IT WAS ALREADY BROKEN!

The goons watching the apartment notice the commotion.

ANGIE

Can we give Danny shit later, please? We gotta save these kids!

DRIVER

And let's at least try to be sneaky. The only thing going for us is the element of surprise.

DANNY

Uh, maybe not even that.

He points to the goons car which is now driving towards them.

DRIVER

Ah shit.

He floors it and immediately skids into a 180 degree turn. The goons start shooting. They shoot out the right side mirror. Angie puts down her window and starts firing back.

GOON 3
CALL THE BOSS!

The goon in shotgun whips out his phone. He's about to call but one of Angie's shots gets him right between the eyes.

GOON 3 (CONT'D)
FUCK!

ANGIE
KEEP IT STEADY, THERE'S ONE MORE
GUY!

She keeps shooting but the driver has to make a hard turn so she knocks her head on the side of her gun.

ANGIE (CONT'D)
OW! WHAT'D I JUST SAY?

DRIVER
I'M SORRY! IT WAS A DEAD END!

DANNY
HOLD YOUR FIRE! I GOT THIS!

Danny lowers the window and sticks his whole upper body out so he can sit on the side. The goon watches him.

GOON 3
D-Danny?

He takes out one of the grenades and pulls the pin.

DANNY
Batter up.

He throws it at the goons car. It goes through the windshield. The goon sees what it is and his eyes bug out of his head.

GOON 3
Oh, come o-

The car explodes and crashes into a tree. Danny crawls back into the car.

LENA
Really? "Batter up"?

DANNY

Next time you think of something cool to say in the moment, let me know.

LENA

What about "Strike three, mother fucker"?

DANNY

Okay. So next time, you throw the grenade.

Lena cracks a smile. Danny smiles back.

DRIVER

No one else is following us, right?

Lena and Danny both check.

LENA

All clear.

DANNY

We're good.

DRIVER

Alright, Poughkeepsie, here we come.

He floors it again and they fly down the road.

He turns onto a main road, still going very fast.

ANGIE

Okay, you gotta slow the fuck down. We don't need any more attention.

DRIVER

Right, right.

He stops at a red light. A car rolls up next to them. The driver of the car rolls down their window. Angie turns as she sees this and tightens her grip on her weapon. She looks forward again.

ANGIE

Looks like we have more company. 3 o'clock.

Lena cocks her gun. The driver looks around, trying to find the best route to take. Danny turns. We can't see what he sees yet but he cracks a smile.

DANNY
(lightheartedly)
Uh, Mike. You should check this
out.

The driver turns to see Weston driving a car full of the driver's fellow students. They all wave at the driver. He is completely bewildered. He lowers Angie's window.

DRIVER
(to Weston)
WHAT THE FUCK ARE YOU DOING HERE?

WESTON
We want to help!

All the kids in the car yell in agreement.

DRIVER
Pull the fuck over!

BILLY
Aw man. I thought he'd be happy to
see us.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The driver and Weston are off to the side. Everyone else is in a group, trying to make conversation.

JANINE
So, uh...how do you guys know Mike?

Angie and Lena look at each other, unsure how to answer.

ANGIE
We're...friends.

JANINE
Girlfriend?

ANGIE
God, no.

JANINE
Okay, good.

She blushes. Lena gives her a skeptical look.

LENA
You know he's like 25, right?

JANINE
I like older men.

BILLY
Janine, shut up.

Billy looks at Danny.

BILLY (CONT'D)
What about you? How do you know
Mike?

DANNY
It's a...long story.

BILLY
Well, it looks like we've got time.

He gestures to the driver and Weston.

WESTON
I thought you could use some extra
help!

DRIVER
NOT FROM THE KID I'M TRYING TO
PREVENT FROM DYING! AND NOT MY SO-
CALLED CLASSMATES!

WESTON
We know the risks, we all want to
help!

The driver takes a deep breath.

DRIVER
I appreciate that bud, I really do
but people are going to die. If we
accomplish our goal, there's going
to be at least 20 guys dead. I
can't let you go into a situation
like that!

WESTON
I get that, but I was talking to
Harry-

DRIVER
The homeless guy?

WESTON
Yeah! I was talking to him about
his daughter, Lydia.

WESTON (CONT'D)

She was taken from him and his wife was killed but he barely managed to escape. He's been completely off the grid ever since so they can't find him. He is living in agony because of your boss-

DRIVER

Ex-boss.

WESTON

Ex-boss and so are hundreds of other people. My parents would be in the same situation as him if it weren't for you. I'd be gone, mom would probably die of heartbreak, and dad would be living in misery for the rest of his life, however long that might be. And that's best case scenario since it sounds like killing them would've been the easier option!

The driver looks away. Weston moves back in front of him.

WESTON (CONT'D)

I have to help. And I messaged all them and they want to help. We know the risks and this can't keep happening in our city. One dangerous act could lead to everyone's safety.

The driver thinks. He rubs his temples.

DRIVER

Jesus fucking Christ.

He walks over to the rest of the group. Weston follows. We hear the end of Danny's conversation.

JANINE

You raised him since then? Wow. You must really love him, huh?

DANNY

It's more than that. I-hey, what's up?

DRIVER

Alright you crazy fuckers. Here's the deal.

(MORE)

DRIVER (CONT'D)

The four of us are going to take
down Arnie and you're all going
back home.

All the kids groan.

JANINE

But why?

DRIVER

Because I won't be responsible for
all of your deaths!

BILLY

So we're just supposed to sit
around and hope four jackasses can
take down an army?

LENA

Hey, fuck you kid.

BILLY

I'm just saying, you need some
extra hands.

ANGIE

True, but how could you guys help
anyways?

All five kids whip out a weapon. Pistols, revolvers, an uzi
and one of the quiet kids has a katana.

Angie looks at the driver.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

It seems like they've made up their
minds, and you know how stubborn
teenagers are.

The driver thinks again.

DRIVER

Alright, fuck it.

The kids all cheer.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

SHHHHHHUT UP!

They stop. They all check their surroundings. They're still
alone.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Alright, here's the plan.

EXT. FOREST OUTSIDE OF POUGHKEEPSIE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The two cars roll up a couple hundred feet outside the warehouse. It is absolutely massive, like a Costco and a Home Depot had an even larger baby.

LENA

We're breaking into *that*?

DRIVER

Yup. And that's just what's visible from the surface.

He pulls out his phone.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Fucking hell.

ANGIE

Still nothing?

DRIVER

Maybe he got caught before he could send us the info.

A large hand comes into view but they are all staring at the massive warehouse. The hand taps against the window. They all point their guns at the hand, which is attached to Sloth/Albert. He smiles meekly.

SLOTH

Hey.

The driver gets out of the car.

DRIVER

What the hell are you doing here?

Everyone else gets out as Sloth explains. Lena aims her sniper right at his head.

SLOTH

Well, I was thinking since I'm dead if the boss finds out I helped you at all, I might as well go out helping you guys a lot.

ANGIE

Damn. I can respect that.

LENA

Who is this guy?

ANGIE
He works for Arnie too.

Lena takes her sniper off of Sloth.

LENA
Goddamn. Talk about a shitty boss.

DANNY
You have no idea.

SLOTH
Danny?

DANNY
What's up, Albert. Got any other friends who can help? All we got are some surprisingly convincing teenagers.

SLOTH
Let's find out.

EXT. POUGHKEEPSIE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

An armed guard is standing close to the fake electrical box. There's a security camera pointed right at the door as well. Sloth comes around from the side and stealthily puts a knife to his throat.

SLOTH
Drop it.

The guard drops his gun. Sloth emerges from the shadows. The guard looks up at the knife wielder.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

A security guard is playing Fruit Ninja instead of looking at the monitors.

GUARD 2
5 FRUIT COMBO! FUCK YEAH!

EXT. POUGHKEEPSIE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

GUARD
S-Sloth?

SLOTH
Hey, Tony.

GUARD

What the fuck are you doing?

SLOTH

Boss has gone too far, we're all
taking him down.

He nods to the rest of the group. The teenagers wave with their free hands. Tony gives them a "hey, how ya doing nod" before recognizing the driver and Danny.

GUARD

Danny? Mike?

BOTH

Hey, Tony.

They keep their guns on him as they exchange pleasantries.

GUARD

You're in on this too?

DRIVER

It was my idea.

DANNY

So you gonna help or be casualty
number one?

GUARD

I've been sick of this job for
months, I'm in.

They all lower their guns and walk up to the guard.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Oh, we doing this like right now?

DRIVER

(sarcastically)

No, we're waiting for Arnie to get
here. Enter the code, will ya?

GUARD

Yeah, yeah, no problem. Just didn't
think this was where my night was
headed.

He turns and flips the switches in the electrical box. A metal panel rises revealing a key pad. He types in the code.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

The security guard looks up from his phone. He sees everyone pile into the elevator and immediately activates the alarm.

GUARD 2
BOSS! THEY'RE HERE! THEY'RE FUCKING
HERE RIGHT NOW!

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

The driver, Angie, Lena, Danny, the kids, the guard and Sloth are all standing in the elevator as it heads to the lowest level.

GUARD
So...what's with the kids?

SLOTH
I was wondering the same thing.

DRIVER
It's a long story. For now, let's
just say they're my friends.

GUARD
That's pretty weird, Mike.

SLOTH
I'd have to agree.

DRIVER
Jesus Christ, can we make a plan?

Everyone readies their weapons.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
So what's the layout?

GUARD
Alright, so there's two guards
stationed by the elevator. It's 3AM
right now so the soldiers should
all be asleep.

ANGIE
I'm sorry, soldiers?

GUARD
Yeah, boss' child soldier army?
Isn't that why you're here?

Everyone looks much more worried now. Tony looks at Sloth.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Did you not tell them?

SLOTH

Boss didn't tell me shit about soldiers. I figured he was using the kids for free labor or something.

GUARD

Oh...yeah, no. All the kids he's taken have been training for eight hours every day since they got here in hand to hand combat, krav maga, weaponry, tae kwon doe, you name it.

DANNY

And how many kids is *all*?

GUARD

About 200.

LENA

Holy shit...

WESTON

Woah woah woah, I thought we were here to save them. How are we going to do that if the people we're supposed to save are trying to kill us?

Weston, Angie, Lena, and Danny all look at the driver.

DRIVER

I guess we're going to have to figure that out.

There is another camera in the elevator watching them.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Arnie is looking at them on the monitors over the security guard's shoulder. He smiles.

BOSS

Come and get 'em you cocky fucks.

He takes out a walkie talkie.

BOSS (CONT'D)

Get into position.

INT. POUGHKEEPSIE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

About 30 armed guards are positioned right outside the elevator. They all ready their weapons.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Danny notices the camera.

DANNY
He knows we're here.

They all look at the camera. The katana kid cuts it down. He puts it back in its sheath and gives the driver a nod.

BILLY
SHIT! S-so what do we do now?

DANNY
I got an idea.

He pulls out the other three grenades from his coat pocket.

INT. POUGHKEEPSIE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

All the armed guards are aiming right at the elevator doors. They open and they immediately open fire. When the dust clears, there is no one in the elevator. The guards exchange confused looks.

One guard signals to move in. Several guards slowly approach the elevator. Then two hands from both sides of the elevator quickly throw out grenades in opposite directions.

GUNMAN 1
GRENADE!

All the gunmen take cover. The grenades explode.

ANGIE
LET'S GO!

Everyone pours out of the elevator, shooting in all directions. They take out a few gunmen immediately before finding and taking cover.

Angie and the driver duck behind a large crate. Sloth and the guard duck behind another.

DRIVER
(to the guard)
WHERE ARE THE KIDS?

GUARD
THEIR QUARTERS ARE DOWN THAT
HALLWAY!

He gestures to the hallway at the back of the room. Most of the other guards are stationed right in front of it.

Angie peeks out. She takes a deep breath. She pops up and takes out two guards (both head shots) before the others see her and start shooting. She takes cover again.

The driver looks at her in amazement.

DRIVER
That might be the sexiest thing
I've ever seen.

ANGIE
Will you fucking focus?

DRIVER
I can't.

They lock eyes. Angie smiles and gives him a big kiss. The driver looks like he's on morphine. She pulls away and slaps him.

ANGIE
NOW GET YOUR SHIT TOGETHER, LOVER
BOY!

DRIVER
RIGHT!

The driver and Angie pop up again and continue shooting. They each take out a couple more guards.

Lena finds a spot in the back of the warehouse to set up her sniper. She pops guards heads like balloons in a carnival game. Danny is close to her.

DANNY
Remind me never to piss you off!

LENA
Too late for that, you ghosting
dick!

She continues firing, never losing focus.

DANNY
I'm sorry about that. As you can
see, I've had a lot of shit on my
plate.

He fires a few shots from his AK-47.

LENA

Well, that's why they say don't
shit where you eat.

She takes out the clip and starts to reload it.

DANNY

That's why I'm here, I'm sick of
eating shit. I want to be with you
Lena but I couldn't risk your
safety.

Lena softens up a little bit.

LENA

(playfully)

If you can't tell, I can hold my
own.

DANNY

I see that now, I'm sorry I
assumed.

They lock eyes.

LENA

Just don't do it again.

She puts the clip back in. She kisses him on the cheek. She's
about to continue shooting but Danny pulls her back and gives
her a deep, passionate kiss.

When they stop locking lips, Lena looks like she's walking on
air, as does Danny. They stare into each others eyes until a
couple bullets hit the box their hiding behind.

DANNY

Oh, right.

LENA

You distracting son of a bitch!

She smiles. He smiles back at her. They go back to killing
the guards.

INT. CHILD SOLDIER'S QUARTERS - NIGHT

All the soldiers are still asleep in their individual rooms.
Each room has a small television mounted to the top corner of
the room. One female soldier is watching a show because she
can't sleep.

Suddenly, Arnie's face comes on her screen. Then on all the screens, waking up every soldier.

BOSS
ATTENTION!

Every soldier immediately gets out of bed and stands at attention.

BOSS (CONT'D)
This is it, warriors. I was hoping we wouldn't have to do it this early but now is the time to act. Our home is being invaded by a group of mercenaries keen on killing us all. You are the most deadly group of soldiers on the planet, and now it's time to prove it. We take them down and then we will rule this city, together!
DISMISSED!

All the soldiers gear up. The one who couldn't sleep looks the most driven out of all of them. They open their doors and head down the hallway to fight.

INT. POUGHKEEPSIE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The driver and crew finish off the last of the adult guards. Danny caps the last one but because he knows the guy he says:

DANNY
Sorry, Greg.

ANGIE
That's all of 'em right?

DRIVER
For now. Let's find the kids.

They run out of the area they were in and head down a long hallway. It gets progressively darker.

LENA
Everyone, take out a light if you have one. Kids, stay in the back.

The crew does as she says. The beams of light from their phone flashlights can only light so much. The driver and Angie keep their eyes on their surroundings and their fingers on the the triggers.

After a few moments, someone's light lands on the child soldiers who have been patiently waiting for battle.

DANNY

Mike...

DRIVER

Holy shit, we found you!

He puts down his gun. All the child soldiers are still very ready to attack.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

It's okay! We're here to get you guys out of here!

The soldiers are not convinced.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Okay...I'm, I'm like you. All of your parents died right? In accidents? I was told mine died but they were actually killed by Arnie. Or...what do you guys call him?

The female soldier who wasn't sleeping whispers to another:

LYDIA

Is he talking about Uncle?

DRIVER

Unc-

He pauses for a second. He called Danny Uncle Danny. The boss stole that straight from him. He practically gave Arnie the blueprint for his awful plan. He gathers himself.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Well, to us, he's Arnie. And he's not your uncle. He kidnapped you like he did to me. He filled your head with lies so you'd fight for him and make him the most powerful man in the country. Please, let us take you away from all of this.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Arnie and the security guard watch this through the monitors. They can barely see what's happening since the only light is coming from flashlights.

BOSS
What the fuck is going on?

GUARD 2
I can't tell, sir. But they
definitely aren't fighting.

BOSS
You're goddamn right...

The child soldiers let their guards down a little.

SOLDIER 1
My dad died in a work accident.

SOLDIER 2
My parents died in a plane crash.

SOLDIER 1
Mine died in a plane crash too.

DRIVER
That's what they told me too.

Danny hangs his head.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
But it's not true. Uncle killed
your parents so he could turn you
into soldiers.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Suddenly, Arnie understands what's happening.

BOSS
He's... he's actually convincing
them...

He slams down on a button. An alarm starts the blare
throughout the whole warehouse and red lights illuminate
everything. Arnie hits the intercom button.

BOSS (CONT'D)
ATTACK!

INT. POUGHKEEPSIE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

All the child soldiers go into warrior mode. They scream and
charge the crew.

DRIVER
JUST DEFEND YOURSELVES!

They start hitting everyone. They have swords and guns and fists but all the crew can do is block so they can try to convince them they are here to help.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
PUSH THEM OFF IF YOU NEED TO BUT
DON'T HURT ANYONE! KIDS, GET THE
FUCK BACK!

The fighting continues. The guard they recruited at the security door gets knocked down and has his throat slit by a 14 year old with a machete.

Sloth is fighting off several kids while screaming:

SLOTH
WE'RE JUST TRYING TO HELP YOU!

They continue to pummel him. Angie runs over and tries to pull the kids off of him, only to get pummeled herself.

Lena is using her sniper to block all the blows coming her way. She gets a serious punch to the jaw which knocks her down. Danny rushes to help her and gets knocked down as well.

The driver and Angie are the only thing stopping the soldiers from getting to the kids. They are blocking everything coming their way but then the driver takes a bullet to his knee and collapses.

ANGIE
MIKE!

In the confusion, Lydia breaks past them and goes for the kids. They all panic except for the katana kid. He blocks everything she throws at him. This gives Weston time to look at her face.

He sees it, the birthmark the homeless man mentioned. He rushes up to her.

WESTON
I KNOW YOUR DAD!

She punches him in the face. He falls back, dazed. She gets on top of him. She's about to throw another punch when...

WESTON (CONT'D)
LYDIA!

She stops.

WESTON (CONT'D)
YOUR NAME IS LYDIA!

She is completely dumbfounded. She barely even remembers being called Lydia.

LYDIA
No, I'm...I'm a soldier. Soldier
127.

WESTON
Your father is alive.

LYDIA
I DON'T HAVE A FATHER! MY PARENTS
DIED IN A BOATING ACCIDENT BECAUSE
THEY CARED MORE ABOUT VACATION THAN
THEY DID ABOUT ME!

WESTON
That's not true. I know your dad.
His name is Harry and he misses you
more than you could ever imagine.

Lydia is malfunctioning. Her brain cannot process this information.

LYDIA
No, no, I-

WESTON
He told me about you. About how
strong you are. How you beat up
that kid for insulting your
birthmark.

Lydia takes a second. She takes a deep breath.

LYDIA
What did he say?

WESTON
He said God spat on you, and your
dad said you didn't like that one
bit.

Lydia smiles and starts to cry.

LYDIA
He loved that story...

She realizes what she has to do. She turns to her fellow soldiers.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
WARRIORS!

They all stop.

LYDIA (CONT'D)
WE ARE NOT FIGHTING THE ENEMY! THE
ENEMY HAS BEEN HERE ALL ALONG!

All the kids murmur between themselves. One older boy steps forward.

SOLDIER 2
So who is the enemy?

LYDIA
Follow me.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

Arnie is confused as to what is happening. He is strangling the guard as he screams:

ARNIE
WHY DID THEY STOP? WHERE ARE THEY?

Lydia kicks the door open. Arnie turns and releases the guard who immediately runs out the door.

GUARD 2
If you kill him, kick him really
hard in the balls for me.

He runs off. All the child soldiers smile maniacally. They all slowly approach Arnie.

BOSS
Oh, you're going to believe these
crazy assholes? I saved you all!
You'd all be orphans without me!

They get within 10 feet of Arnie. He knows this is it so he whips out his guns only to be immediately disarmed by Lydia and another soldier.

BOSS (CONT'D)
I knew little shits were a bad
investment.

Lydia knocks him straight in the jaw. He stumbles back.

BOSS (CONT'D)
Looks like the training paid off
though.

LYDIA
ATTACK!

30 soldiers instantly engulf Arnie and beat him to death with their bare hands.

A few moments later, they all emerge covered in blood. The driver and crew watch all of them exit. Though they are blood soaked, they seem perfectly content. The driver stops Lydia.

DRIVER
Are...you guys okay?

LYDIA
Oh yeah, why?

DRIVER
No reason.

She walks away. The driver turns to the crew.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
Those kids are gonna need some
serious therapy.

WESTON
I think we all are.

LENA
Facts.

ANGIE
Can we torch this place and get the
fuck out of here?

DRIVER
Absolutely.

EXT. POUGHKEEPSIE WAREHOUSE - SUNRISE

The whole crew walks away from the entire warehouse exploding. It is incredibly epic. No one is fazed. Danny is carrying the guards dead body.

They are all gathered by the cars they took to get here. All the kids are talking, child soldiers and driving students. They're all just happy to be out of there. Some are hugging, some are crying, some are just enjoying the feel of grass again.

DRIVER

How long were you guys down there?

They all point to the soldier that helped Lydia convince all the others.

SOLDIER 2

I was down there for 13 years. It's still 2023 right?

DRIVER

Yup.

SOLDIER 2

Devin, way to keep track of that shit!

He high fives another soldier who is around his age.

DEVIN

It's all about the tally marks, bro.

ANGIE

How did you survive without sunlight?

DEVIN

He gave us Vitamin D supplements. But we were too preoccupied with constant training that we didn't even have time to miss the sun.

The sun has been peaking over the horizon since they got out of the warehouse and now they all look at it. Soldier 2 starts to cry.

SOLDIER 2

Didn't think I missed it this much...I am going to get SO TAN THIS SUMMER!

All the child soldiers start screaming and celebrating. They are free! They had been tormented, brainwashed and pushed physically every day that they had been down there and now they are free. The crew joins in. Everyone is elated.

The driver and Angie kiss and hug, as do Danny and Lena.

DIVER

ALRIGHT! Now, we gotta get the hell out of here so here's what's gonna happen: Weston's gonna take all of you guys home and I am going to go rent a bus and drive it back here and we'll all figure out where you'll all be staying. Now that that shit sack is dead, we got a whole lot of resources at our disposal. And real quick, a lot of you probably remember this guy as the guy who kidnapped you but he is actually number two in charge so he controls all the assets now and he only did all that because if he didn't, they would have killed *me* and I'm like a son to *him*. Does that make sense? A lot has happened tonight, I just want to get everything out in the open.

All the child soldiers looks completely unfazed.

DEVIN

Given everything we just went through, do you really think that's a bombshell?

DIVER

Fair enough. Alright! Let's go before your parents wake up and murder me!

Weston gives the driver a hug.

WESTON

Thanks for listening.

DIVER

Thanks for saving the day.

Weston beams up at the driver. They stop hugging.

DIVER (CONT'D)

Alright kid, I'll see you soon. Get those guys home safe! And don't get pulled over!

WESTON

Yeah, you too!

The driver hops in the electric car. Angie gets in shotgun.

DRIVER

So where's the best place to rent a bus?

ANGIE

You mean two buses? Jesus, I don't know.

DRIVER

DANNY!

Danny runs over.

DANNY

What's up?

DRIVER

Give me your card connected to Arnie's account. We gotta go buy some buses from the city.

DANNY

Okay, calm down. That's insane. Just go to the airport and get two charter buses. Lena and I will chill with the kids.

He hands the driver the credit card.

DRIVER

Okay, yes. Sorry, I've been awake for like 36 hours.

DANNY

All good, Mikey. Stop and get some coffee.

DRIVER

Yeah, yeah. Thanks, Danny.

The driver starts the car. He turns to Angie. They kiss big time.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Oh, I just wanted to say sorry for the other night. I should've told you I'm a pro and you probably wouldn't have been scared.

ANGIE

Aw, I appreciate that. I still would've freaked though.

ANGIE (CONT'D)

But I trust you a little more now
so...(inaudible) you can do
whatever you want to me in this
car.

She leans in close to his ear. The drivers eyes get big and excited. He floors it so they can get to that activity faster. Angie laughs as they disappear into the morning light.

THE END