

Wrong Way

by

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EXT.LAS VEGAS-NIGHT

The strip shows bright, it looms over the city yet fades as the sun rises. Soon the lights dim except the hotel marquis'.

The view gently lowers into a luxury neighborhood a couple miles away.

INT.STILTZ RESIDENCE-DAY

7:30AM Monday, July 3rd 2020

A busy morning in the house enter Bianca mid thirties, high maintenance, gorgeous readies herself to leave. Four children ready themselves, the oldest sister takes the lead directing the next oldest to set the bowls and silverware for breakfast.

BIANCA

Uh Hello, yes.

She stops at the counter, begins to remove her keys from the fancy key ring holder when she stops to talk.

BIANCA

I just wanted to make sure my reservation still stands.

Bianca is caught in a sour stare when she turns to the children with a smile and a wave.

BIANCA

(silently mouths)

Good morning.

she walks away.

BIANCA

Last time I had to wait almost 15 minutes when I had already set an appointment.

Mark strong and reserved circles the corner dressed in executive security attire, finds his CB Radio on the kitchen counter and attaches it to his belt. A call comes in as he raises his cell from his hip.

MARK

Hey Jordan, sup?

JORDAN V.O.

Yo.

MARK

Let me guess? You're at the office and no one is there.

JORDAN V.O.

You know it.

MARK

Tell you what, just proceed to your site for the day and I'll send someone over with a radio as soon as I can. You have your cell phone, right.

JORDAN V.O.

yup.

MARK

Great, thanks.

Mark hangs up and returns the phone to his hip. He turns to the kids with a smile.

MARK

How is everyone today?

KIDS

Good, fine.

He kisses each child on the head, the oldest gets a hug.

MARK

(mouth's)

Thank you.

Adelina 16, bright, enthusiastic yet shy smiles and continues to multi task. She pours the last bowl of cereal and milk for the youngest then turns to the middle two twins.

ADELINA

You finished your homework like I told you two right?

TWINS

Uh huh.

ADELINA

And did you land that homework in your backpack already?

KORA

Yes.

KYLE

Uh?

In an over dramatic display, Kyle slaps his face then runs off to grab his. Adelina and Kora laugh while the youngest Angel a chubby little girl of 2 and a half years old, that observes everything.

A knock is heard at the door when Adelina smiles and turns to get it.

KORA

Lupita!

ADELINA

Go ahead, you can answer it.

Kora hops down from her spot and skips over to the door to open it. In walks a humble, gentle Hispanic woman and caretaker Lupita who doesn't resist the incoming hug from Kora.

LUPITA

Oh, thank you sweetheart.

KORA

Anytime!

She pushes the door closed behind Lupita then bounds right back to her spot and finishes eating her cereal with a smile. Bianca reenters the room, grabs her keys off the wall and waves to the family.

BIANCA

Bye all, Love ya.

Mark approaches in attempt to lean in with a kiss when Bianca throws a quick air kiss then walks off when the garage door closes with a loud thud. Mark blinks twice, takes a breath then turns to the family.

MARK

It looks like I'm going to have to rush kiddos.

KORA

Awe, sorry dad.

MARK

Someone is not there as they're supposed to be, so I'll have to run. I love you all. Stay inside, out of trouble and mind your big sister, okay.

He starts to walk away then stops with a rugged smile.

MARK

Don't forget chores or anything else that needs to be done, okay.

KIDS

Yes dad.

Mark smiles, looks everyone over with an inaudible sigh, then reaches for his keys from the hook on the wall and heads off to the garage. The door closes (quietly this time). The kids laugh at the baby, Kyle reaches for the remote and turns it up.

EXT.EUREKA VIEW APARTMENTS-DAY

A foggy morning shrouds the sun as it starts to rise over the sleepy town of Eureka. The door of an apartment on the second floor opens when Autumn a pleasant, young woman steps outside with keys in hand, she swings the door shut and sets off and down the stairs.

SLOW DOWN

Care free she skips down the top half then just as suddenly slows nears the bottom as she does she draws in to a crouch and leans in to take in all the flowers in the bed. Autumn spots a butterfly bound and dip through the air towards her then in the next moment it comes to a rest on the purple salvia in front of her. She smiles and gently waves at it.

AUTUMN

Good morning.

The butterfly flutters its wings then with the breeze takes flight. A car engine starts in the distance, to which she turns and looks both ways. No one, so Autumn stands and suddenly starts into a skip through the parking lot towards her car, keys still in hand she opens the door, hops in and starts her Sea foam blue Volkswagen Bug. She backs out then takes off, a Gray Sedan follows not far behind.

## EXT.ACCURACY SECURITY-DAY

Jordan, black American, clean cut and in uniform complete with flak jacket and tattoos visible from neck to forearms stops at his patrol car and peers back at the building with audible agitation.

JORDAN

(Sighs)

You motha fuckaz' slacking! Y'all need to pull your shit together.

Jordan thumbs through his personal keychain and finds the one he seeks with a smile.

JORDAN

Hah. Lucky I need to swap for this patrol car.

He climbs into the vehicle and turns the key in the ignition.

JORDAN

And thats why, I keep the keys on me.

Joran pulls out of the company lot past 3 unused and parked company cars.

## INT.GRAY SEDAN-DAY

Shawn anxious and angry holds a steal gaze as he drives, cigarette in hand. He comes to a stop at a light. Shawn puts the cell phone to his head, the cigarette in his mouth.

SHAWN

Hey, it's me. We're gonna have to move this thing ahead of schedule.

The light changes, the sea foam blue Volkswagen bug in front of him is slow to move to which he honks the horn. Shawn realizes, quickly ducks while he flashes an innocent expression and instinctively raises one hand to shield his face. The young female driver accelerates while Shawn keeps pace with her as his eyes attend her every move.

SHAWN

Because they forced me out, thats why. Its obvious they're trying to cut the last ties to us. It's now or never, ya know.

The Blue Bug leads Shawn down a gentle hill and onto the

towns Main thorough street that descends further into the fog.

SHAWN

Because they're going to change everything, they only have three days to hire new security. Look, I'll be in LV by tonight, if you need this like I know you do then it's go time.

Shawn looks at the phone and shakes his head. He hangs up, moves for his blinker then merges into the turning lane in time for 101 North. The light turns green, Shawn stares at the young woman in the car beside him, before he speeds off onto the freeway.

INT.ACCURACY SECURITY-DAY

Mark unlocks the back door and enters into the plaza side offices that more resembles an old police station packed with administrative paperwork, desks and tall black metal file cabinets stacked on top are an endless supply of CB radios, chargers and batteries, old hard line phones, faxes, printers, scanners and copiers most outdated or obsolete. Once inside Mark closes and locks the door, takes a step further and pulls out his cell phone to see two missed calls both from the same number, he winces.

MARK

DAMN.

A loud knock sounds from the front door that startles Mark. He takes two cautious steps when he observes his assistant with one hand awkwardly clasps a small box the other cups the glass to peer thru. Mark sighs and crosses to the front door and opens the locks from inside.

MARK

Took you long enough, what was it today?

SABRINA

No, uh uh not today. You don't get to take out your unhappy marriage on me, remember we have a professional relationship. Besides you asked me to drop off the checks to the bank this morning and pick up the new CB radios you bid on.

Mark attempts to accept his failure with a nod.

MARK

Okay, you're right. I'm sorry. Let me see the radios!

He lifts them from under her arm and props them quickly on the counter beside him, with one swift move he reveals a knife and uses the blade to quickly dispatch with the tape. Mark quickly unpacks one of three and lifts into view a high end handheld encryption capable multi channel CB Radio.

MARK

Perfect.

Sabrina watches him with one brow raised.

SABRINA

I take it, you might be running out of town again this weekend.

Mark turns away and peers out the side of one eye at her.

MARK

Jordan is still gonna need a radio.  
I'll have to run one to his location,  
I'll be back a little later.

Mark returns the radio to the box, turns and reaches for a separate radio from the chargers and sets it in the box with as well. He starts to leave.

MARK

Alright you know how to reach me,  
thanks Sabrina.

SABRINA

Uh huh. Don't do nothing I wouldn't do.

EXT. ROYAL SUITES-DAY

Jordan early 30's, tattoos, former street hood, sits idle in a patrol car under a ridiculously tall fluorescent sign and medieval facade apartments. Mark arrives in his ford F150, rolls up beside Jordan when his window lowered, his hand appears and points towards the back.

JORDAN

Auight.

Jordan nods, starts his vehicle and follows Mark further into the complex until they reach a quiet area near the back of



the complex. They both turn off and exit their vehicles and approach each other.

JORDAN

Sup man?

MARK

Hey, sorry about that earlier. Thats my fault I forgot I asked Sabrina to pick up an order that came in.

JORDAN

(Sighs)

It's all good, what's up that riot helmet or those level-4 flak jackets arrive or something?

MARK

How'd you know about those?

JORDAN

That was my first day, you had the laptop open and I asked you about the helmet you had in the cart.

FLASHBACK

INT.ACCURACY SECURITY-DAY

Jordan fills out his employee paperwork via a desk top computer when next to it he notices the laptop semi folded yet on, an arms website, where in the purchase receipt page is left open for a complete ballistic helmet.

JORDAN

Damn boss, thats serious stuff right there. You bought that?

Mark sorts a stack of personal mail at his desk, bills and credit card envelopes that all state Past Due sit below. In his hand he holds an envelope marked Notice of Default, The paper inside reads Home Mortgage -30 Days to pay amount in full or quit/ foreclosure. 3 months at \$4,759.63.. total \$14,282.49.

MARK

God damn it.

JORDAN

You all right?

MARK

Oh yea. Whats up?

JORDAN

This purchase order left on the laptop, this you.

Mark opens a drawer in his desk and drops the envelopes and statements inside atop a pile of others and stands up.

MARK

Awe, I didn't know I left that open. I should probably finish and close that but yea sometime I swoop on stuff like that if it comes up on sale.

Jordan leans a bit to his side and peep the price, it shows full price with no discount or special offer listed.

JORDAN

Okay.

He nods but scans Mark one time.

MARK

Yea but check this out, I'll show you one better. I also swooped on this level 4 flak jacket!

Mark approaches the computer and flips to a separate tab also left open wherein various pricey kinds of body armor are listed.

JORDAN

Whoa, look at that price! Thats no joke stuff right there. I think that thing can stop Assault rifle rounds, maybe even armor piercing?

He proudly lifts his head then exits the site and closes the laptop.

MARK

Yup.

END FLASHBACK

EXT.ROYAL SUITES-DAY

JORDAN

I guess you got that radio for me now  
huh?

Mark shifts his posture.

MARK

Yea, here you go.

JORDAN

Thanks

MARK

Look I'll be headed out of town this  
coming weekend. Ehem, should be some  
good pay. You interested?

JORDAN

Um, I'll pass on this one. I have all  
3 my kids on the weekends, not just  
the one. So usually, Im stuck.

MARK

Okay, respect. Do you. Maybe some  
other time.

They exchange nods, Mark scans Jordan who asses Mark in  
return with his own calm gaze and smile.

JORDAN

Yea, Maybe. Thanks.

Mark turns to walk away when he slows.

MARK

Hey listen, since you cant go maybe  
you can pick up Joeys shift early  
tomorrow. I need him to roll with me.

JORDAN

Shit, I'm supposed to pick up my kids  
at eleven AM.That means I wouldn't get  
any sleep till way later.

MARK

I'll have him pay you as soon as we  
get back.

JORDAN

Have him or you pay me now and  
consider it done.

Mark slowly shows a smile.

MARK

I'll see you before your shift is over  
and drop it to you, cool?

JORDAN

Of course.

MARK

Cool. See you later then.

JORDAN

Yessir.

INT.EUREKA POT DISPENSARY-DAY

Autumn walks into her families dispensary light hearted and  
cheerful. Ben enters from the back a tool belt on and screw  
driver in hand.

AUTUMN

Hey all!

MICHAEL

Hey sis.

AUTUMN

How's everything?

MICHAEL

Fine. We uh, had to let Shawn go.

Michael fixes his shirt and rolls his eyes.

BEN

It didn't go as well as I'd of liked  
it too.

AUTUMN

No? Well, I'm sure it'll be okay.  
He'll get over it.

MICHAEL

I don't know. He stormed out of here  
pretty mad and made quite a scene,  
swearing we hadn't seen the last of

him.

Autumn crosses behind the counter, sets her sweater and purse on a chair behind the register.

AUTUMN

Oh, thats no good! I sure hope he finds something better that makes him happy.

Ben glances at Michael.

MICHAEL

I don't know if that man is capable of that, this was a pretty easy gig. All he had to do was show up and be here on time. He had a hard time doing that.

Ben heads to the back again.

AUTUMN

Huh, this is an easy gig.

MICHAEL

The easiest!

AUTUMN

Whats he up too?

MICHAEL

He's changing all the locks and vault codes. We'll have to make sure you get the ones you need.

AUTUMN

Okay.

MICHAEL

I set your register underneath.

AUTUMN

I see it, thanks.

The door opens from the back and Ben appears from behind it this time his belt removed and tools put away. Michael and Autumn both peer up at him.

BEN

What?

AUTUMN  
(loud)  
Ben!

BEN  
Uh, yeah?

Autumn steps across to him with a soft bounce and lands a rather warm hug.

AUTUMN  
Heh ha, Morning.

Ben looks to Michael who feigns a shrug and smiles big.

BEN  
Uh, Morning.

MICHAEL  
Heh ha.

BEN  
You two are a trip, Im just saying.

AUTUMN  
Heh ha.

She walks back to her register as Ben approaches the front door with keys, someone already waits outside to be let in.

INT.SALON-DAY

Glass and crystal rises or falls from the floor and ceiling when a fashionably dressed waitress appears with a champagne flute of mimosa thats sets beside Bianca. Bianca looks down at it starts to say something then refrains with a sour smile.

BIANCA  
Thank you.

STEWARDESS  
You're welcome.

Familiar with Bianca, the stewardess subtle rolls her eyes as she turns to walk away. A minute later she returns.

WAITRESS  
Would you like to charge your same

card.

BIANCA

Wow, your not even going to let me  
enjoy this lovely beverage you've only  
just brought me.

STEWARDESS

No, I just. I apologize, I'll come  
back.

BIANCA

You do that.

Bianca watches the stewardess takes two steps then speaks up.

BIANCA

On second thought, I do have somewhere  
to be after this.

STEWARDESS

Um, okay

BIANCA

Let me see that.

The stewardess hands the bill to Bianca, who peers down a  
long beat. The bill states \$229.03 with complimentary mimosa.  
Plus a mandatory 18%-25% Tip for all services over \$100.00  
With a cold glare Bianca peers up at her.

BIANCA

Go, run this and bring it right back!  
You all tend to forget my card, the  
next thing I know I'm out and about  
without it.

Bianca doesn't turn in her chair, her nails and feet freshly  
done, she lifts one hand from her purse with the card waiting  
in the air.

STEWARDESS

Yes Ma'am.

The stewardess takes the card, lifts her head and swiftly  
turns on her feet in the opposite direction.

BIANCA

(To herself)

Heh, good for you.

Bianca returns to her drink, lifts it and sips at it then finishes off the glass yet returns it with a sigh and a soft set on the table . She looks to the aesthetician tending her and forces a smile, the woman returns the same and continues with her foot. Another beat of lingering quiet when the stewardess reappears with the credit card and a worried look upon her face.

STEWARDESS

Um, I do apologize to bother you  
ma'am, it seems your card was  
declined.

BIANCA

What? Thats ridiculous, try it again  
please!

STEWARDESS

Thats thing I tried it 3 times.

BIANCA

Well thats probably why. You did it  
wrong and locked the card or  
something.

STEWARDESS

No ma'am. It's not that hard to do.

BIANCA

Exactly. Here, take this one.

Bianca shakes her head.

BIANCA

Is that gonna be okay, do you except  
debit cards?

STEWARDESS

Yes ma'am.

The stewardess retreats with the debit card in hand. When next Bianca peers down the aesthetician wraps, stands up with her tray and departs after a quick smile.

BIANCA

Oh, well isn't that convenient.

Another exhale later and Bianca looks to her empty drink then her purse, lifts it and peers into her wallet just as the stewardess returns still obviously worried.



STEWARDESS

Ma'am this card isn't working either.  
Perhaps if we try debit for the exact  
amount?

Bianca attempts a smile while she fidgets thru her wallet she  
makes a face as she counts the bills.

BIANCA

That won't be necessary, here.

She counts out two hundred and sixty dollars and a folded up  
dollar bill or two, not enough to cover the entire amount of  
the tip.

BIANCA

It's all there.

She stands up quickly, thrusts the handful of bills at the  
young woman and storms through the foyer and out of the  
building.

INT.MERCEDES AMG-DAY

Bianca gets into her vehicle and pulls the door hard  
humorously it closes almost silent. She peers out then down  
at her purse and quickly removes her phone. Mid-dial her lip  
quivers. After a small fit her head and hands shake  
furiously, she resumes dialing.

BIANCA

Mark.

On the other end the line picks up and there is a pause  
before a Hello is heard.

BIANCA

Mark!

MARK V.O.

(Preoccupied)

Hey babe, what's up?

BIANCA

Don't hey babe me. Do you have any  
idea what just happened to me? What  
you just put me through!

MARK V.O.

Slow down Bianca, what are you talking  
about?

BIANCA

Don't act like you don't know. I thought we had this talk already, that if you weren't going to tell me when things are bad- there would be consequences.

Silence.

BIANCA

Mark? I know you hear me talking to you.

MARK V.O.

I hear you talking at me.

BIANCA

What! If these bills were paid, we wouldn't even be having this discussion in the first place!

MARK V.O.

In the first place? Hah, you have some nerve. No one spends any of our money but **you**. No one works in the family but me and maybe Adelina. So, don't start blaming..

BIANCA

Oh, you mother fucker! No you aren't back to this same old shit.

Bianca transitions into full on water works, it takes a couple beats to work up too.

BIANCA

Everything I do is for the family. I decorate our house, if it wasn't for me we'd live in the plainest fucking house on the block. I bring class to our family, matter fact I am class!

MARK V.O.

Is that what you call it? Living beyond our means like that AMG you're driving, those clothes and the constant visits to salons and massages. Thats all for the family, huh?

BIANCA

How dare you hold that against me you cheap piece of work! Those visits keep me from kicking your ass for trying to have me looking like some common ass woman, I guess you want me to be.

MARK V.O.

Hah. I don't even know what to say to that right there.

BIANCA

Say you're going to fix it mother fucker, or else!

INT.F150 TRUCK-DAY

MARK

Or what Bianca, huh! Or what?

Mark looks at the phone and listens.

MARK

Hello.

Mark looks down again and the line has stopped counting the duration of the call. His truck idle, he blocks the outgoing lane when the vehicle behind him honks. Mark lifts his hand and angles the mirror to see the vehicle behind him and stares angrily at it. When the driver honks again his breathing rises audibly, Mark rolls his window down and hangs his head out menacingly.

EXT.F150 TRUCK-DAY

The driver blinks as he peers forward, from the window of the truck mark leans out.

MARK

Listen motherfucker, if you honk that horn one more time Im going to come back there and rip you out of your car!

The driver reels in his seat.

MARK

That's what I thought, asshole!

Mark rolls up the window, re adjusts his mirror, angrily peers up at himself then with a quick glance both ways he

pulls into traffic.

CUT TO

INT.GRAY SEDAN- DAY

The road is long in either direction, cigarette in hand Shawn fumes from behind the wheel.

SHAWN  
Fucking fire me, mother fuckers!

Shawn peers into the rear view mirror.

SHAWN  
You cant fire me! I'm there to watch  
our shit, you *stupid* motherfuckers.

He takes a drag from his cigarette in a mean scowl he exhales through his nose.

SHAWN  
Didn't know that did you, huh? Watch  
motherfuckers, just wait and see what  
happens next. Watch!

Mid drive Shawn stares up and into the rear view mirror a long beat.

SHAWN  
Watch, watch.

Shawn passes through Santa Rosa clicks the blinker. The vehicle merges left onto Interstate 12, overhead the freeway sign states Sonoma 21/ Vallejo 43.

INT.EUREKA POT DISPENSARY- DAY

Autumn mans the register, one person is in line mid purchase. Michael wraps up a customer and directs her towards the register.

BEN  
Psst.

MICHAEL  
What?

BEN  
Ehem, You didn't tell Autumn anything  
about Shawn did you?

MICHAEL

No, I mean other than we had to let him go.

Ben looks both ways and motions to Shawn to follow him, they step through the door.

BEN

I just don't want Autumn knowing too much.

MICHAEL

You know Autumn, she's caught up in her own thing. Besides she didn't seem overly concerned.

BEN

Okay, good.

MICHAEL

(Joking)

Besides none of that concerns her anyway, from the grow to the show. She don't know!

BEN

What the hell are you talking about?

MICHAEL

I'm just saying, we run this mother fucker like hell yea!

BEN

Man, shut the hell up Im not playing your silly little word games today.

MICHAEL

Calm down, always all serious and shit. Don't you know stress is bad for your health. Paper work pushing son of a bitch, go smoke a bowl or something, shoot.

Michael starts to walk away. Ben stares at Michael incredulous.

BEN

That just it, I'm doing all the boring administrative work and you sit in here joking all the damn time.

MICHAEL

Please, you're just mad cause I  
learned all the weed grow from pops,  
so him and I spend a little more time  
together.

BEN

What? Thats not true!

MICHAEL

Plus dad like my music and my dope  
references.

BEN

Yea, right. Now I know you're lying.

They both share a laugh, the mood lightens.

MICHAEL

Seriously, dude was pretty mad this  
morning. Yelling all kind of, "This  
ain't the last you'll see of me" and  
shit.

Michael has his hands raised in a Frankenstein gesture.

BEN

Heh ha, now that one's funny.

MICHAEL

I know it seems like we finally got  
rid of those two but do you really  
think it's that easy.

Ben tilts his head, blinks twice and swallows.

BEN

Look thats what dad said to do. Now  
it's over with and thats that.

MICHAEL

I'm just saying, it's not exactly  
done. Bianca's still married to Mark.

Calm, Michael lifts one hand in gesture of the connection.

BEN

Yea?

MICHAEL

They still feel "rightfully" entitled

to their shares of the business.

Ben chuckles and half roll his eyes

BEN

Look. It's done. The family business is legit, if they do something stupid, we can go to the police.

MICHAEL

Yea. Well, what if?

Ben shifts to annoyed.

BEN

What if, nothing! Mark shouldn't have questioned pops just 'cause it took a couple months longer to get the first big grows off, right.

MICHAEL)

I mean, he didn't know. Mark was just asking and Pops got mad. You know how short he can be.

Ben becomes silent, instinctively lowers his head, puts one hand to his mouth and nods his head.

BEN

(agrees)

Hmmph!

MICHAEL

It's not like pops helped the matter. I'm just saying, something tells me Mark wouldn't have asked if he didn't need the money.

Ben draws out of his posture and rolls his eyes towards Michael.

BEN

Mark doesn't have to pamper little Ms. Bianca either or whatever the hell they're up too in Vegas with that big old house.

Michael lifts his eyebrows and appears all too empathetic and neutral.

MICHAEL

All I know is he put up \$10k to help the expansion. I mean I know we do the work and run the business but its something.

BEN

And pops told him hell get his 10k back. Just as soon as we finish this crop he'll be paid in full, thats that and hes out.

Michael shakes his head.

MICHAEL

We're all family. I just don't know why we cant work it out, there's enough for everyone.

BEN

Maybe there would be enough but everyone wants a big old share when they haven't done nothing. Let alone we all gotta wait and let everything take its course.

MICHAEL

I know that, I just think it would be better for everybody.

BEN

I know, you're always thinking of everyone.

Ben reveals a container and with a smooth flick of his wrist he pops a joint from the canister into his mouth followed by a light from the zippo in his other hand.

BEN

Here. Hit this and relax.

Michael nods and takes a large drag from the joint.

BEN

Everything is gonna be just fine.

INT. STILTZ RESIDENCE- DAY

Adelina comes down from up stairs to find Lupita windex the windows the twins who run loudly threw the house.



ADELINA

Hey, hey! What do you two think your doing

TWINS

Playing.

ADELINA

Yea, I see that. Why are you both being so wild. Do I need to set you down in front of the television just to get some peace and quiet around here?

KORA

We tried already.

ADELINA

And?

KYLE

It didn't work.

ADELINA

What do you mean, it didn't? Oh, why am I asking you?

Adelina turns and takes a step towards Lupita at the couch straightening the cushions.

ADELINA

I am so sorry. You know if they don't listen, you can yell at them.

LUPITA

Ah yes, I know. It's okay.

Adelina looks sternly to the twins as she crosses to Angel who sits quietly in her chair.

ADELINA

Um, Lupita do you know if there is something wrong with the TV?

LUPITA

I don't know, it is not working.

Lupita barely takes a glance before she moves on to the next chore in the house. Adelina signs then starts again.

ADELINA

Hmm, Maybe I can put on a dvd or something.

She begins to move to the Dvd shelf.

KYLE

No, we've seen all those too many times.

KORA

Yea, If Kyle makes me watch Ninja Turtles again Im gonna Ninja kick his..

ADELINA

Hey, we're not even gonna finish that sentence! How about that?

KORA

Huh, Okay.

She smiles knowingly then starts to skip away.

ADELINA

I guess I can try it one time, see if I can figure anything out.

Adelina picks up the remote and presses buttons when the screen blinks back to the proper input. The screen states: Cable service interruption, payment required.

LUPITA

Hmm, maybe not a good sign. Last time this happened, I had to take a couple weeks off from working here.

ADELINA

No, I didn't. That's what happened last month or was that uh, may? I just thought you had to stay home for quarantine.

LUPITA

No, no.

ADELINA

Oh, okay.

Adelina turns smiles at the little one, when Kora skips back into the living room Adelina stands up with her hands raised.

ADELINA  
Okay, twins.

They both ignore her.

ADELINA  
Kora, Kyle!

They peer up mid action.

TWINS  
Huh?

ADELINA  
Hey you two, I know there is not much to do but please be good, let Lupita get done what she can. You know how mom gets, if it's messy around here.

KYLE  
No I don't.

ADELINA  
Well, I do. I promise if your nice ill make some lunch you both like soon as I call dad, see if he can pay the cable bill.

KORA  
Yea!

KYLA  
Can I have peanut butter and jelly?

ADELINA  
Again?

KYLE  
Yea!

ADELINA  
I mean yea, of course. Why not.

She rolls her eyes with a smile then looks to Kora.

ADELINA  
And Ill make you whatever you'd like too, alright.

KORA  
I know you will.

Adelina Laughs, crosses to the stair case and takes a few steps then takes a seat about the middle and removes her cell phone.

EXT.ACCURACY SECURITY- DAY

Mark steps out of his truck and slams the door shut when he hears his cell phone ring. He pulls it form his waist.

MARK  
Accuracy Security, this is Mark.

ADELINA V.O.  
Hey daddy.

Mark stops just shy of entering the front door and looks at the phone.

MARK  
Hey sweetie, what's up? Is everything okay?

ADELINA VO  
Yea, everything's fine. I just wanted to ask you If everything is okay?

MARK  
Yea sweet heart everything is good, why? What's going on?

ADELINA V.O.  
It's nothing daddy, its just the cable went off here at home thats all.

Marks neck stiffens, he cracks it and simultaneously yanks the door open and walks inside.

INT.ACCURACY SECURITY- DAY

MARK  
Damn it. I mean, okay.

Mark looks down, shakes his head then attempts to take a breath.

MARK  
Heh, you had me worried there for a moment.

He makes it to his space in the office.

MARK

Alright well I'll give them a call,  
pay it and tell them to have it on as  
soon as they can.

ADELINA V.O.

No worries, thanks daddy.

MARK

Thank you sweets, Love ya.

ADELINA

Love you too, bye

MARK

Bye.

Mark hangs up the phone and slides it back in his pocket.

MARK

God damn it!

One employee slows in the background, Mark shrinks and tries to calm himself. He clicks the mouse at his computer, it awakes and he types in the name of his bank. Mark signs into his bank and clicks on his accounts, one after the other they reflect inadequate funds. The first, his personal shows **\$43.01**, the next a joint account has a flag beside it and is **\$271.13 overdrawn**. He opens another tab, this time he types in MasterCard, once open he signs in and finds that the card is maxed out at \$2,991 and is over due for a minimal payment and set to default in just 6 days.

MARK

What the fuck?

Mark frustrated and angry begins to quick type a second American Express and password, by the time it refreshes it reveals further debt with a screen that states in Customer Default \_July 1, in the amount of \$1,989.49.

MARK

(Grief stricken)

Shit. Come on now!

Marks eyes fill gloss over before he takes a large sigh and plants his face in his right hand. A beat later he is at the keyboard this time the company accounts, a couple of clicks and Mark finds some emergency reserves in the business,

savings account - \$300.

MARK

Fuck Yes.

He immediately pulls out his wallet, thumbs through a number of cards when he finds and removes one, a small smile crosses his face. A final tab is opened to Cox Cable and upon signing in he finds the total of that bill, \$426.91, the minimal amount to be paid is \$200.11.

MARK

Fuck me.

The brief smile fades, replaced by a twitch that effects his left eye. A second longer sigh before Mark continues to pay the minimal amount, he types the numbers on the card and clicks enter. Alone at his corner desk mark resigns to himself, the sun peers through his window blinds in long horizontal lines that only illuminate his lower half.

INT.BUDGET APARTMENTS- DAY

A dark loft apartment, the shades are drawn, the sun still shines through, in the mid ground someone sleeps. In the foreground a bedside table with keys, a money clip with a couple small bills, pistol, a plugged in cell phone, pack of cigarettes with lighter crammed inside and a digital clock that reads 3:00PM.

The cell rings. A hand snatches the phone and drags it to the bed.

JOEY

Hello.

MARK V.O.

Hey, you still in?

Joey audibly sighs, takes his time.

MARK V.O.

I know it's short notice.

JOEY

Yea, I'm in.

Joey turns on the bedside lamp and reaches for a pack of cigarettes.

MARK V.O.

This is gonna be big. You're making it  
a sure thing.

He removes one, lights it then takes a long exhale.

JOEY

I hope so. Thats the only reason I'm  
even considering it.

MARK V.O.

I got you. Tonight at storage, 8PM.

JOEY

I'll be there. I'm supposed to work  
tonight, you know that right.

MARK V.O.

Already covered, got Jordan too. He  
wants to be paid upfront though.

He stares at his money clip and the few bills it holds

JOEY

Shit, I don't have that much on me.

MARK V.O.

Umm, I'll cover it, half anyway.  
That'll have to be enough till we get  
back and you get him the rest alright.

Joey lets slip a smirk of a smile.

JOEY

Yea, alright.

EXT.ROYAL SUITES-DAY

A large cloud of smoke emits from the lowered tinted windows  
of a unmarked sedan parked sideways aside the apartments. A  
cell phone rings once.

JORDAN

(Coughs)

Yo.

MARK V.O.

Hey, I'll have that for you. Breeze  
through the shop before you head home.

JORDAN

Auight. Ive got to drop the whip  
anyway.

MARK V.O.

Oh yea, perfect. See you then.

JORDAN

Where's Joeys detail tonight anyway?

MARK V.O.

Oh, it's easy. It's up at the Boutique  
Hotel on LV blvd south.

JORDAN

Okay, see thats what Im talking about!  
Good Pool, hot ladies.

MARK V.O.

Its Covid, there's no body really  
there. Pretty much like the rest of  
the Boulevard, it's dead.

JORDAN

Oh aight. Then I guess, I'll just  
catch up on some flicks either way its  
a breeze up there man.

MARK V.O.

Just keep your eyes open.

JORDAN

Oh, of course.

EXT.POT FARMS-DAY

A red Jeep arrives from a windy road out of the redwood  
forest and onto a neat rounded flat atop a hill. It parks  
beside a Ford F150 adjacent to 6 large white Quonset hut  
tents, out hops Michael with a broad smile.

MICHAEL

Hey pops. Hows it hanging?

POPS

Awe, don't start that shit with me  
again.

Michael smirks and begins to speak.



POPS

You got what I asked for you to pick up for me, right.

MICHAEL

Yea, of course. What ever was waiting at the post office for us is what I picked up anyway.

POPS

Alright then good, give me a hand then.

MICHAEL

You want it right now, already.

POPS

Yea what are we gonna stand around and chat or what. I got shit to do.

MICHAEL

Yea dad, I got it.

POPS

Good then grab it already so I can get this thing fixed and on to my next tasks for the day.

They both step to the back of the jeep as Michael pops the trunk and removes a box boasting a digital automated system.

MICHAEL

Ugh, where we going with this pops?

POPS

Hut 3

INT.GROW HUT 3-DAY

Michael enters through the door while Pops awkwardly holds it yet stands in the way. Eventually Michael makes his way inside, in flip flops and a button up he almost drops then finds the ground in time to set the box safely down.

POPS

(Shakes his head)

Got damn jeep, Hawaiian shirt and flip flops.

MICHAEL  
(Sighs)  
What's that?

Michael exhales, drops his head then after a stroke of his beard he slowly stands back up.

POPS  
Thats all, I'll ask Miguel to help me  
with the rest.

MICHAEL  
Where is Miguel now, why didn't he  
give me a hand or why haven't you  
sprung for a dolly yet with all this  
big heavy shit all the time.

POPS  
Thats why I have you and Miguel. And I  
haven't sprung for a dolly because all  
this shit costs, a lot.

Michael shakes his head.

MICHAEL  
Yea, I know dad its called expansion.

POPS  
Oh, you know do you.

MICHAEL  
Yea, remember? It was Me and Miguel  
helped you build this whole thing.

POPS  
Oh, that makes you the pro now does  
it.

Michael exhales and fights not to rolls eyes, h starts to  
walk away then stops.

MICHAEL  
Im just saying Ive been doing this  
with you a while now. Way back when  
you made your first strain, the  
research and development, the first  
major grow.

Pops smiles.

MICHAEL

I've also been here through all the growth, the success, the mishaps and failures.

POPS

Well now every business has its mishaps, mind you.

MICHAEL

I see that and your right. I thought thats why we brought in Mark for some extra cash and safety net. I still don't understand?

POPS

Awe, now your still stuck on that old thing! I thought I told you leave that alone already. I wish you both were more like Miguel, just take what I pay you and don't ask any questions.

Michael stops.

MICHAEL

Huh, okay.

Michael shakes his head and forces a dry smile.

POPS

We're about to crop the last batch now and we've cashed out on almost all the first two loads of the season already. He'll get his cash soon enough, he's out and thats that.

Michael stares at his father a beat then shakes his head and finally settles back with a hand across his face rubs then scratches at it.

MICHAEL

Alright then dad, you're right. Im gonna head back, alright. ill see you later.

POPS

Your not gonna stay and help?

MICHAEL

No, my hearts not really in it today.

Michael reaches for the door.

POPS

Hey, don't forget to grab the re-up on  
your way out.

MICHAEL

Yup, I'll do that.

The door is pulled at from the other side when Miguel  
appears.

MIGUEL

Hey Michael.

MICHAEL

Hey Miguel.

Michael puts on a smile reaches out and pats Miguel on the  
shoulder.

POPS

I might come by before the day is  
over, grab the deposit and get ready  
to take that to the IRS.

Michael pauses then shrugs.

MICHAEL

Whatever.

Michael pushes the door the rest of the way and exits.

EXT.EUREKA POT DISPENSARY-DAY

Michael arrives to the dispensary, turns off the jeep and  
circles to the trunk. The trunk opens to reveal a custom lock  
box, in two equal sections both locked inside of the larger.  
Michael pulls his keys from an extending keychain unlocks the  
larger then the left side before he lifts into view a large  
bag of marijuana, peers around then latches it all back  
closed and heads in. Michaels Hawaiian shirt blows in the  
breeze unbuttoned where a sub compact pistol rests in a hip  
holster.

INT.EUREKA POT DISPENSARY-DAY

BEN

There he is, Mr. Jokes and jokes and jokes.. Hey, what's wrong?

Michael beelines passed Ben without reply and to the rear of the shop.

BEN

Whats wrong, thats not funny?

Michael shakes his head, starts to speak, holds his breath then his words followed again by another shake of his head.

BEN

Whats wrong?

MICHAEL

Nothing.

BEN

Come on what? Pops would take you serious again? Or didn't laugh at your jokes, he was in one of his moods huh?

Michael stares at Ben, about to budge.

MICHAEL

(Sigh)

You wouldn't understand.

Michael sets out to separate the herbs in the bag he brought in.

BEN

You try the new stuff, come on tell me how was it?

MICHAEL

No.

BEN

What? Ya'll didn't even smoke. Did you even get the herb?

MICHAEL

Man I don't know. You know how dad is, we're lucky if he even put it in here.

BEN

You know we still have to finish merchandising the shelf space plus weigh and jar in every size.

Ben observes Michaels frustrated behavior with a raised brow.

MICHAEL

If he wasn't busy breaking shit up there, he'd probably be down here overseeing the whole thing by himself.

BEN

Now I know it was serious. You brought up Mark and Shawn again, huh?

Michael turns away, bites his tongue then sets the last of the weed into their respective drawers. He exhales and rubs the back of his head.

MICHAEL

You dont get it.

BEN

You did, huh.

MICHAEL

Look apparently it's whatever man.

BEN

You know it wouldn't go over well if you bring it up. What are you even thinking?

MICHAEL

What am I thinking? Thats the problem I seem to be the only one thinking. This shit isn't over. Didn't you hear Shawn this morning. That dude was fucking pissed.

BEN

So?

Michael squints as he takes in his brothers argument.

MICHAEL

Look, Im not trying to be racist here but that dude isn't just some punk. He has guns, he's from the streets. As far as he sees it we just cheated him

out of his share.

BEN

I don't see what your so afraid of?  
They have guns, you carry a gun. We  
all do, pops has hella guns and we  
grew up with guns. Hell we have an AK,  
AR and M4 at dads house.

MICHAEL

Thats just it, locked up at dads. That  
won't save us when we need it most!  
And you really want to get in a shoot  
out with what, side arms.

BEN

Man, you really give this dude too  
much credit.

MICHAEL

Credit. Its about hunger and  
resentment, couple that with  
desperation will corrupt any rational  
person!

BEN

Shoot money does all that on its own.  
Okay, I see where your coming from but  
I still don't see it happening though.

MICHAEL

Maybe not Shawn by himself but Mark  
that guy keeps swat gear, assault  
riffles, vests. You name it.

BEN

So what are you thinking?

MICHAEL

I wish I knew. I've tried everything I  
could think of.

That stare at each other a long beat.

BEN

The new stuff isn't in there is it?

Michael shakes his head.

MICHAEL  
(dry laugh)  
Hah ha, no. It's not.

INT. STILTZ RESIDENCE- DAY

The garage door opens when Bianca walks in.

ADELINA  
Hey mom.

Bianca crosses over to Adelina and kisses her on the forehead to which Adeline looks back at her confused.

BIANCA  
Hey Addy.

Bianca hovers then looks around and heads off towards the refrigerator and pulls a jug of water and pours a tall glass.

ADELINA  
You alright mom?

BIANCA  
Im alright, it's your father that better get his shit together.

Adelina rolls her eyes followed by a raise of her brows.

ADELINA  
Okay.

BIANCA  
Please don't sass me right now Addy, where are the twins?

ADELINA  
They were building a fort in their room, last time I saw them.

BIANCA  
Okay good and Lupita? Is she doing todays duties like I asked her to do?

ADELINA  
I don't know mom, she always doing something.

Bianca stares at her daughter quizzically then begins to speak when Lupita circles the corner with the baby in hand gently bouncing him.



BIANCA  
Que' pasa Lupita?

Lupita takes a breath and forces a smile, she hands over the baby.

LUPITA  
Hello Mrs. Stiltz. How are you today?

BIANCA  
Lupita I was wondering if you got around to the chores or uh, duties I asked of you.

The baby smiles at Bianca, she smiles back then hands her off to Adelina.

LUPITA  
Ah, yes. Uh, Mrs. Stiltz I didn't come here to work today. I am just waiting here for you.

BIANCA  
I don't understand. I have been asking for you to get around to this for weeks and you promised me this week you would.

LUPITA  
Uh, no. Mrs. Stiltz you misunderstand. See, your check bounced and you owe me money for the last two weeks.

Adelina slows to a stop by the kitchen counter and listens, she bounces the baby in her arms.

LUPITA  
I came here to request you cut me a check or do so in the next 76 hours. Ci', I cannot work until such time as you have paid me for this past pay period.

BIANCA  
Uh, wait what.

LUPITA  
Okay. You understand?

Adelina takes seat in the barstool at the kitchen counter.

Bianca starts to think and winces instead.

BIANCA  
Um, that cant be.

LUPITA  
Ci, it is. Can you cover me today or  
should I come back tomorrow.

BIANCA  
Yea. Uh, no. Um, I'm sorry Lupita Mark  
will have to take care of that with  
you.

Lupita appears concerned, nods her head and pats Bianca  
shoulder, lends a smile and reaches for her purse off the  
counter.

LUPITA  
I will come back tomorrow morning same  
time as always then and see if Mr.  
Mark can take care of that.

BIANCA  
Yes of course. Um, how much is it by  
the way?

LUPITA  
Its \$365.00 before taxes.

BIANCA  
Okay, Lupita I will be sure to pass  
that on to Mr. Stiltz.

LUPITA  
Ci, thank you. I will see you  
tomorrow.

Somber Lupita reaches out and rubs the little ones head and  
squeezes his cheek.

ADELINA  
Bye Lupita.

LUPITA  
Good bye, my sweet Adelina.

Lupita steps to her, gives a brief yet deep hug then puts  
space between her and the children as she finds the door,

opens it and finally closes it behind her.

ADELINA

Is everything alright mom?

Bianca removes a cigarette from her purse.

BIANCA

I honestly don't know Addy. But Im gonna get to the bottom of it, I promise you that.

She crosses to the back door opens it, lights her cigarette then quickly exhales as she nods.

CUT TO

EXT.ACCURACY SECURITY-DAY

A screech of wheels as Bianca's Black Mercedes AMG swerves into the lot, a second later the vehicle screams to a stop in front of the building parked beside Marks f150. The Sun a dusky gold approaches the western peaks of the city as Bianca steps from her Mercedes. She slams the driver side door takes a deep breath then strides to the door and enters.

INT.ACCURACY SECURITY-DAY

BIANCA

What the fuck is going on?

Mark spots Bianca at the same time as his employees, each reacts the same.

MARK

(Sigh)

Uh, hmm. Do we have to do this right here.

Mark puts a hand to his temple and begins to rub his head.

BIANCA

Oh no motherfucker. You don't get to dodge me now.

Mark shakes his head and slowly rolls his chair backwards at his desk.

MARK

No ones dodging you.

BIANCA

Your damn right, because you made me come down here and shit, just to get the truth out of you.

MARK

Where the hell do you get off talking about truth. What are you even talking about now!

BIANCA

The truth motherfucker, the truth.

Mark stands up, rubs his eyes and glances at the employees apologetic.

MARK

What, what?

BIANCA

How broke are we, really?

MARK

Oh don't be dramatic.

BIANCA

Dramatic, dramatic! Our housekeeper and Nanny of all the years we've had children together just quit today. She said her paycheck bounced.

One employee peers at another for a sign.

MARK

(Clicks)

Thats nothing they probably hit the wrong account or something, had to have been an old one to have nothing in it.

BIANCA

No, nope!

Bianca shakes her head now.

BIANCA

Don't even try it! I already checked the accounts.

MARK

How did you even?

BIANCA

Addy helped me, either way I did. I saw that all the accounts are empty, fucking empty Markus. Nothing.

MARK

Shh!

Mark peers over his shoulder, employees begin to look concerned.

BIANCA

What the fuck are we gonna do? Your just gonna leave us out here with nothing?

MARK

Stop that, we don't have nothing.

BIANCA

We don't have shit, Markus! I couldn't even pay for my appointment this morning, I had to use the last of the cash I had.

Markus fights it but lets slip a roll of his eyes as he clears his throat.

BIANCA

Don't you start with me motherfucker, this isn't my fault.

MARK

It ain't mine. Why do you think all the cards are maxed out? Your little visits to every salon in town aren't free, especially the \$250 champagne brunch especial.

BIANCA

I'm networking.

MARK

With who? You don't even have a job!

BIANCA

My future obviously cause your not looking out for it, now are you?

MARK

What the fuck is that supposed to

mean?

BIANCA  
Which part?

MARK  
All of it.

Bianca audibly sighs at him with no further word given.

BIANCA  
Look were broke, you're gambling like  
its gonna save something, every time I  
look up, another hundred is missing  
from our personal.

Mark slows, bites his lip then peers around and pulls Bianca  
by the arm only a foot before she breaks loose

MARK  
Enough already. Come on.

Bianca continues next to him, with a scowl she's determined  
to beat him out the door.

EXT.ACCURACY SECURITY-DAY

They step outside to a full on sunset, Bianca takes a foot or  
two towards their vehicles then turns on Mark fast.

BIANCA  
Look motherfucker, don't put your  
hands on me again. My daddy told me  
you were a no good piece of shit and  
if I ever had a problem with you to  
let him know.

MARK  
And what Bianca, really. Beat me up or  
have me killed, which is it? Cause Id  
like to know, huh. Im the father of  
your kids and a damn good one.

BIANCA )  
Damn good, hah! Thats funny, because I  
seem to remember a certain someone  
that cant even pay his bills.

BIANCA  
How about that? You broke good for  
nothing, son of a bitch.

Mark stares at Bianca a beat then turns around.

MARK

Im broke, its that Mercedes, those spa appointments, that ridiculous fucking house we live in, and that nanny.

He stops, bites his tongue and loosens his fists then starts back.

MARK

I mean Lupita, we haven't been able to afford her since she started. You have to pick one we cant afford it all.

BIANCA

Now its Lupita's fault, christ Mark. Take some fucking responsibility!

MARK

Me? Hah, You shallow bitch. Thats what Im saying.

he motions to her vehicle.

All this excessive living instead of appreciating what we do have. You dont always have to "impress the jones", who we don't even fucking give a shit or care they'll still judge us no matter what!

Bianca baulks, her lips pursed, her nostrils flair, she even cracks the knuckles on one hand.

BIANCA

Shallow, me? its always my fault, huh?I'm your little fucking fall bitch. okay, I see.

She takes a half step back and gives Mark the once over.

BIANCA

It's you thats the bitch, you're gonna see if my pops or my brothers get wind of how you've been talking to me. Believe, you-me about that shit.

MARK

Hah heh, your brothers and Pops.  
Whatever the fuck ever!

BIANCA

Yea motherfucker! You'll see keep  
talking that shit and see how that  
gets you fucked up.

MARK

Wow, B. Really?

BIANCA

Yea, really?

Mark takes a full couple steps away from her towards his  
truck and chuckles aloud.

MARK

Hah ha heh.

BIANCA

Whats so funny, you bitch ass punk.

MARK

Now Im a bitch ass punk.

BIANCA

You heard me.

MARK

Shit, you might want to call your  
father after all.

He stops at the back of his truck and looks back at her one  
eye bro raised.

BIANCA

Christ Mark, now what are you talking  
about.

MARK

This is all his fault. All of this  
right here, right now.

BIANCA

Here you go, another patsy huh?

MARK

Anyway. Your father that you hold so  
highly, apparently is dropping the



ball somewhere, cause he needed our help?

BIANCA

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

MARK

No, you don't. But when we visited your family last summer your pops asked me. No, offered me a percentage in his business if I leant him 15k "to expand". Thats his words.

BIANCA

Yea, so. I still don't see how any of this has to do with Pop's.

MARK

Look around. Do you see us taking in any residuals? Do you see any big paybacks happening around here, let alone 15k sitting in our accounts?

Bianca slows to think, when she does open her mouth.

MARK

No, you don't. Get this, just like you he all the sudden had the nerve say we're out.

Bianca listens then squints her eyes.

MARK

That and something about, hell pay us back whenever the fuck he wants too. Or whenever he's able to cash out this fall's crop or some shit.

BIANCA

Why?

Bianca takes a step closer to him.

BIANCA

He wouldn't do something like that.

MARK

Either way, we were supposed to start to see quarterly earnings this year, blah, blah, blah.

BIANCA

Your making this up. If my dad came to you it was too offer you something for our family. And **if**, he did take it away? Its probably because you fucked it up!

Mark licks his lip then lets another chuckle slip, this time on purpose.

MARK

Please. He's so full of himself, so much so he would cut the family off just to spite me.

Mark removes his keys and takes another step towards the door of his truck.

MARK

All just so I don't get too close to his little operation, like I even give a shit about all that growing shit.

Bianca scans Mark for tells, she becomes aware employees peer out from inside.

BIANCA

Thats not true, your paranoid.

MARK

Pops is Paranoid. I don't want it, that a whole other racket. Any common sense motherfucker would take the percentage and be just fine and happy with a growing legal cash crop.

BIANCA

So what did you do.

MARK

Thats what I'm telling you. I didn't do shit!

BIANCA

Bull shit. You pissed Pop's off somehow.

MARK

Any fucking way, asking when the quarterlies are going to begin to pay is not grounds for termination of

contractual obligations.

Bianca almost impressed, lets her ego gets the best of her.

BIANCA

Fucking incredible Mark, no wonder we're in this situation. You cant even let a good thing alone, huh?

MARK

Hah.

Mark stares at her a beat to give her a chance then shakes his head.

BIANCA

You know what! I don't care anymore,Im so over your bullshit.

MARK

My bullshit?

BIANCA

Yea, you low esteem, morose son of a bitch. All you want to do is order guns and play with big boy toys at the shooting range all day.

MARK

Uh, thats pretty much my work besides you stopped paying attention to me and the kids along time ago with all your booshie salon shit. Like all that is more important than your own family.

BIANCA

No you didn't you local bar lounging all day ass. And Don't bring the kids into this.

MARK

You did this shit to your family, with all your spending. You broke us B. You maxed out everything, the accounts, the cards. Everything all by your fucking self!

BIANCA

No, no you didn't. and No, I haven't. Not all by myself you don't get to put it all on me.

Mark turns away, faces her then turns away again.

BIANCA

I have my problems with spending sure  
I do. But you aren't helping matters.

MARK

Huh, now what?

BIANCA

Your gambling. Don't act like its  
okay. I knew you've been in deep for  
awhile now, you think I don't know.

MARK

Now what are you talking about, huh?

BIANCA

Yea, don't think I don't know. You  
used to walk around every weekend like  
you had every thing, every game  
figured out. Until you didn't anymore,  
I remember how you used to get  
afterwards. After losing, the yelling,  
the drinking.

Mark faces her, first with a subtle nod replaced by eyes that  
gloss over.

BIANCA

I knew when you dint even mention the  
sport books anymore. Thats when I  
first noticed you change and I noticed  
the accounts would dip.

MARK

Why, didn't you say anything?

BIANCA

For the same reason you didn't come to  
me, ever. Thats your job! You take  
care of us, your family. No matter  
what!

Mark lowers his head.

BIANCA

I don't care what it is, what you  
gotta do. You make it happen. You go  
out there and get it. Take it if you  
have too, I dont care just enough with

the fucking excuses all the time. That isn't taking care of your fucking family Mark.

Bianca observes that she has Marks attention, he grinds his jaw. Mark clears his throat but doesn't speak.

BIANCA

Im not fucking playing with you Mark. You better think long and hard about what your going to make all this right. Pay some fucking bills, get some cash in those accounts or don't fucking come home. You hear me!

Bianca begins to walk towards her vehicle, stops looks back then opens the door.

BIANCA

Im not playing anymore. Mark, don't test me.

She gets in her Mercedes, starts it up, throws it in gear and backs up so fast she almost hits Marks truck. He moves back a couple feet.

MARK

Hey, Hey! What the fuck?

The Mercedes screeches to a stop, shifts into gear then peels out of the plaza and onto the road. Mark watches her drive around the corner then swallows and pulls his cell phone into view.

INT.BARSTOW STATION-DAY

Shawn puts the top on a coffee when his cell rings. He dips a hand in his pocket.

SHAWN

Sup?

He leaves his mess of sugar packets, stir straw, puts the phone to his head and walks away. Shawn observes the clerk busy with a line of customers and beelines for the closest door.

EXT.ACCURACY SECURITY-DAY

Mark approaches his truck.

MARK  
What's your 10-20?

EXT.BARSTOW STATION-DAY

The sunsets on the towns busiest rest station and souvenir shop, Shawn emerges with coffee in hand.

SHAWN  
Barstow. 90 minutes, two hours tops!  
I'll be there in no time now.

Swiftly Shawn traverses the exterior of the building past 3 mid-century train cars turned dinner cars before he cuts across a large parking lot.

EXT.ACCURACY SECURITY-DAY

The night falls over Las Vegas, Nevada still dusk the neon lights, bright signs and strip begin to glow on the horizon. Mark climbs in and closes the door.

MARK  
Got ahold of Joey, he's in.

EXT.BARSTOW STATION-DAY

Shawn approaches his car opens the door, jumps in and pulls the door shut. The vehicle starts starts.

INT.GRAY SEDAN-DAY

The interior lights of the vehicle dim, Shawn puts the shifter in gear and glances in his rear view.

SHAWN  
Good. I think we're gonna need him on this one too.

MARK V.O.  
Yea, I wouldn't bring him in if I didn't think it was necessary. With him this should go with out a hitch.

SHAWN  
Aight. I'm jumping on the freeway now,  
I'll see you at the spot.

Shawn peers up to the sign above, Las Vegas 155 Miles.

## EXT.SHIPPING CONTAINER YARD-NIGHT

Two vehicles line the narrow space that surrounds a container at the end of a row, the door is closed shut.

## INT.SHIPPING CONTAINER-NIGHT

MARK

Alright then, every one has their job.  
Let's mount up and roll. We have a  
schedule to keep.

Huddled in the back, the three stand or lean against what little space remains inside the container. The front is crowded to capacity with file cabinets, desks and old electronics. Beyond that the top half of the walls hold assault rifles, tactical helmets and flak jackets with ammunition stacked in ammo cans in the waist high storage lockers that line the lower half of the rear space.

JOEY

what are we taking.

SHAWN

Whatever you like.

JOEY

I mean, since we hope to be in and out  
with out a sound.

MARK

Take a flack, behind you. For  
practical reasons, your sidearm will  
do.

Mark nods to Shawn who stands near a wall of assault rifles, he removes an M&P 15 and hands it to Joey.

SHAWN

For intimidation.

MARK

These guys open carry a sidearm too.  
We don't want to make any noise but we  
cant waste any time either.

For himself Shawn lifts a DDM4 Pistol from the wall.

SHAWN

I'll take this motherfucker, right here.

Joey nods, Mark turns to Shawn and glares. Shawn lifts his chin.

SHAWN

I got you.

MARK

You better.

He gestures to a map on the wall, Northern California. Highlighted is the PCH-101.

MARK

Remember there's only 1 way in and out. That means if we fuck up, the heat will be on our ass our fast. Chances are, won't be no escaping after that.

SHAWN

Hah, you can bet that.

Shawn nods to the rifle with a grim smile. Joey shakes his head and clears his throat when Shawn looks up. Mark again glares back at Shawn.

MARK

I mean it.

SHAWN

Alright.

Mark softens, turns to grab a FN SCAR 17S. Shawns settles into a smirk, he turns to Joey and nods to the Ammo cans on the floor. They reach down and lift it onto the makeshift table.

MONTAGE

Each readies their assault rifle, loads ammunitions in magazines, checks red and green dot sights and hands out tactical flak jackets.

MARK

Eh, here.



They fill duffel bags and a back pack with extra magazines, holstered pistols, zip ties, duck tape, maps, flashlights and tactical masks.

EXT.SHIPPING CONTAINER-NIGHT

MONTAGE CONTINUED:

They load half a dozen ammunition cans, two large packs of water, their assault rifle bags and a duffel bag to each vehicle and close the rear doors.

EXT.VEHICLES- NIGHT

MARK

You good?

JOEY

Yup.

Shawn sparks a cigarette from the passenger side, they idle with their windows down side by side. Joey leans out of his black dodge challenger, Shawn and Mark a black SUV.

SHAWN

Alright then.

Joey leans back in and rolls up his window, Shawn rolls his eyes until he stares at his brother smug and rolls the window up.

MARK

(Clears throat)

Ehem.

EXT.SHIPPING CONTAINER YARD-NIGHT

JIB UP:

The vehicles approach the ship yard and exit the gate together.

INT.EUREKA VIEW APARTMENTS-NIGHT

FADE IN

A modest party plays out, dense with people, smoke, beer, festive lighting and birthday decorum, on the kitchen table lays a cake with candles un lit on top.

BEN  
Nice turn out sis.

MICHAEL  
What about uh, Gabriel? Do you still  
expect him to turn up?

AUTUMN  
My own boyfriend couldn't make it. Can  
you believe it?

BEN  
What?

MICHAEL  
Oh no, you didn't tell us.

AUTUMN  
Well I mean its been a few great dates  
I didn't want to pressure him.

BEN  
Well, give the guy some time he might  
show up yet.

MICHAEL  
Yea, I have a feeling

Autumn squints at them both.

AUTUMN  
What do you two know that I dont?

MICHAEL  
(island accent)  
No 'ting.

BEN  
(matches accent)  
Im not telling, either.

A knock is heard at the door, a beat later it opens and Pops  
walks in.

POPS  
Hey, there she is!

AUTUMN  
Hey pops! Awe, thanks for coming.

POPS

Whew, its thick in here. What the hell are you all smoking?

A gentleman that passes a joint to Ben, perks up.

STONER

Shit Pops, its Kush Treats. This is your stuff!

POPS

Hell, It better be! Heh Ha!

STONER

Heh ha, heh.

Autumn smiles. She catches Michael and Ben roll their eyes, she loosens with an exhale then turns to walk away.

POPS

Hey sweetheart where you going? I wanted to give you your gift.

AUTUMN

I told you dad, I don't want anything other then spending the day with the the people I love. Besides you do enough.

POPS

Oh, nonsense. Look, dont tell your brothers I said this but you guys work about as hard as anyone would for any job out there. You all earn every penny, plus I work you three to the bone

AUTUMN

Yes, you do. Dad where's mom?

POPS

Oh, you know how she is with social functions.

Autumn appears saddened, mid pause Pops is slow yet recognizes.

POPS

She sends her love and said she hopes to see you at the house for dinner tomorrow and if so, shell be making

your favorite.

Autumn smiles.

POPS

Look, here.

Pops begins to reveal a small portfolio.

AUTUMN

Awe dad, no. I told you already.

POPS

I know, here. Please just, just open it already.

AUTUMN

Pops, you know there's nothing I need. You didn't have to really.

,Autumn begins to open the portfolio on top are plane tickets that she makes a curious frown too that quickly transitions into a tearful smile. She spots the itinerary and chuckles.

AUTUMN

Disney Land. Heh, What! Disney Land? Are you serious?

POPS

Yea. You'll have to spring for your stay and likely a rental car but I sprung for airfare and 2 tickets, good for any time.

AUTUMN

Awe, daddy! I cant believe you did this.

POPS

Awe, well I was always working. I promised you I would so.

Pops shrugs, though his expression reveals more.

POPS

Well, better late than never I hope.

Autumns eyes begin to drop tears when she reaches out and takes hold of Pops.

AUTUMN

This is so thoughtful dad. Now, whom am I going to take with me? Are you going to come after all?

POPS

Oh, no dear. I think I'm far too old to be standing in those lines. I figured you'd take Michael. Or maybe that new feller we met couple weeks back, he seemed like a nice guy.

AUTUMN

Yea, well he kind of stood me up tonight, so.

POPS

No, the fool!

AUTUMN

Heh ha, no. He just said he had to work and probably wouldn't make it

POPS

What, oh okay now better not be a single man on God's green earth that would stiff my sweetheart.

Pops gestures to his sidearm.

POPS

Sure you don't want me to shoot him for you?

AUTUMN

Heh, no daddy. Please don't do anything silly like that.

POPS

Alright well just remember you asked me not too, because I sure would!

AUTUMN

I know daddy.

POPS

Besides If that fool won't escort you to Disneyland, I know another one that surely would.

Pops gestures again, this time to Michal. They watch him

attempt an arrhythmic dance move in flip flops and a Hawaiian shirt with beer in hand.

AUTUMN

(Laughs)

Heh ha.

POPS

(Joins her)

Hah ha.

Autumn leans in for another hug. She turns around and takes in the party as well as the accumulating mess. Autumn grabs the trash bag full from the waste basket. She swoops cans and bottles as she beelines for the door.

BEN

Hey sis, I can get that for you.

AUTUMN

Thanks, I got it.

She reaches for the door, before anyone else can take notice she's out.

EXT.EUREKA VIEW APARTMENTS-NIGHT

A low fog gathers, autumns breath shows when she exhales as she reaches the bottom of the stairs trash bag in hand. Autumn bounds across the quiet lot, she slows near the trash cans peers over then tosses her bag. She turns to walk away when she stops and looks around. After a glance and a blink or two, Autumn shakes it off and starts towards her apartment when someone approaches.

GABRIEL

I see how it is.

Autumn turns toward the voice.

GABRIEL

You're just going to have a party with out me, huh?

Her expression warms into a smile.

AUTUMN

Awe, I thought you weren't going to make it.

GABRIEL

I had to make sure I didn't show up  
empty handed.

AUUTUMN

Oh my, I cant believe you.

GABRIEL

Believe it. What kind of a man would I  
be if I let my new sweetheart done on  
her birthday.

Gabriel removes a small gift from his inside pocket.

AUTUMN

For me?

GABRIEL

Yup, he sure is. I hope its okay. I  
know its a big commitment but Im  
hoping you will let me help you and if  
Im lucky maybe more.

Autumns eyes quickly fill with tears, she lets one loose as  
she shares a warm gaze with Gabriel before she pulls him into  
a big warm embrace.

EXT.STILTZ RESIDENCE-NIGHT

Two dark vehicles pull up and park in front of the large  
house. Michael emerges and steps to the front door, pulls out  
his keys and opens it.

INT.STILTZ RESIDENCE-NIGHT

Its dim when Michael first opens the door he's greeted by the  
dogs in the foyer, both greet him with happy faces and tails  
that wag.

MICHAEL

Hey there, my sweeties. You miss me? I  
miss you, yes. I love you too.

Mark stands up, sets his keys on the wall and crosses to the  
lit living room. The family sits watching television. Bianca  
doesn't look up or say word.

MICHAEL

Hey babies.

KIDS

Hey dad.

He crosses to the children.

MICHAEL

Daddy has to run for the night but  
I'll be back in a day or so, okay.

KORA

Where are you going?

Michael stops and peers down at Kora the longest.

MICHAEL

Im uh, just running an errand so I can  
try to stir up some extra cash, okay.

Adelina eyes seem to probe her fathers.

ADELINA

Okay.

Michael turns to each of the kids and kisses them each on the  
forehead.

MICHAEL

Daddy loves you.

Each responds in their own, Kora looks up but feigns a smile,  
withdrawn. Mark picks up the youngest and smiles at her as he  
bounces her on his hip.

KORA

I know.

MICHAEL

I love you

KYLE

I love you too daddy.

Michael kisses the youngest and returns Angel to her place  
beside Adelina stops and stares at Adelina, briefly glances  
at Bianca then peers at them all.

MICHAEL

Well, I love you kiddos. I'll be back  
as soon as I can alright and look out



for each other while Im gone okay.

KORA

Okay.

ADELINA

Will do daddy.

Bianca rolls her eyes. Michael makes it to the kitchen turns back and watches his family. He swallows, takes a breath and makes for the front door.

EXT.STILTZ RESIDENCE-NIGHT

Mark closes the door, returns to the driver side of the Black SUV, they pull off.

EXT.LAS VEGAS-NIGHT

Montage:

The two vehicles leave the gated community and join the streets. A moment later they approach the freeway, merge onto it, in no time the Las Vegas strip looms ahead.

INT.DARK SUV-NIGHT

The two brothers sit side by side. Mark stares forward, Shawn smokes a cigarette and observes him.

SHAWN

Yo, Whats up? You aight.

MARK

No, I ain't alright.

Mark bites his words, looks to his brother.

MARK

Shits all fucked up man. I wouldn't even be doing this, ehm!

Mark puts one hand to his mouth and rubs at his stubble.

SHAWN

Look, quit stressing alright. You're about to man up and handle all that shit, right now.

Shawn turns in his seat to face his brother and scowls.

SHAWN

Right?

Mark swallows, grits his teeth yet remains silent.

SHAWN

Right!

Mark sighs, nods

MARK

Yea, right.

Mark returns to his cold stare out the front windshield, Shawn eyeballs him then shakes his head and takes a drag from his cigarette.

TRANSITION

INT.GRAY SEDAN-NIGHT

Joey listens to music, between head nods he sparks a joint, exhales then cracks a window and taps the ashes out it.

TRANSITION

EXT.EUREKA VIEW APARTMENTS-NIGHT

POPS

Happy birthday again, baby

AUTUMN

Thanks dad, get home safe.

POPS

I will, I still have to swing by and drop off the new product first.

Autumn makes a quizzical glance to Gabriel then back to Pops.

AUTUMN

Huh, okay dad. See you tomorrow.

They hug briefly before Pops turns around merely inebriated.

POPS

Yup, sure will. Bye baby.

He dips down the stairs, his truck parked close he opens the door.

AUTUMN

Bye daddy.

Pops gets in and pulls away.

GABRIEL

Still doesn't trust you guys with the product does he?

AUTUMN

Still doesn't acknowledge you either, does he.

GABRIEL

Thing is, I'm used to it and I certainly don't mind my space. You?

AUTUMN

(clears throat)

Yea, it gets old.

They return to the door frame.

GABRIEL

Tell you what, how about we go inside. And I'll start with a birthday massage of those pretty feet of yours.

AUTUMN

Oh!

GABRIEL

After that we'll see what else you let me give a birthday massage too. If your lucky.

AUTUMN

(laughs)

Oh, is that right? If I'm lucky, huh?

GABRIEL

Heh ha. Thats right, now get in there and let me work my magic.

AUTUMN

Oh and where did you learn your magic?

Gabriel starts to pinch and tickle her as they move inside.

GABRIEL

I promise, it wasn't Hogwarts!

AUTUMN  
(giggles)  
oh! Heh ha!

INT.CLASSIC TRUCK-NIGHT

Pops takes the freeway, spins through the radio dial, after skips past classic rock, 80's and other popular music he turns it off with a sigh.

POPS  
Bunch of fucking hippie music.

Another long beat, Pops pulls off a dark highway and onto the small exit ramp that leads into a neighboring little town of Rio Dell. He parks, checks his revolver, reaches over the back seat and pulls out what looks to be a pound of marijuana in various bagged and jarred forms with fresh new labels and steps out the truck.

EXT.EUREKA POT DISPENSARY-NIGHT

Pops peers around keys in hand as he crosses to the rear door. He unlocks it, steps inside and inserts the code into the alarm key pad. One light is seen comes on as the door closes shut behind him.

INT.EUREKA POT DISPENSARY-NIGHT

Buzzed Pops walks out of the back office door into the front retail area and peers into the prepped and ready case, to the banners and decorations that help market the new strain. He does a one eighty with a smile.

POPS  
Good job kiddos

Pops does a one eighty on his heels and takes the large bag with him back to the rear office. He fiddles with his keys, unlocks and places the bag into the temporary storage locker marked Re-stock. Pops turns and gets ready to leave and about to turn out the lights when he stops short and turns to face a large double door storage cabinet.

Pops stares at it then nods and fiddles with the keys once more before he leans into unlock the double doors to reveal a large single door vaulted safe inside. He spins the dial 3 times lastly inserts another key, turns it then pulls the door open via a single handle.

POPS

Whew we!

Pops takes a large whiff then chuckles.

POPS

Smells like \$850 grand!

He laughs to himself. When he settles he begins to set decent sized pile of cash in a deposit bag.

POPS

You go the IRS. Good for nothing sons of bitches.

He then stuffs it in the middle pouch of a back pack. Next he removes each of the stacks of bundled cash and drops them into the largest sections of the backpack. Once full, he smiles and closes the vault.

TRANSITION

EXT.EUREKA POT DISPENSARY- NIGHT

The dispensary rear door opens then closes. Pops locks it behind him, approaches his truck, tosses the backpack casually into the passenger seat hops in, starts the engine and without another glance reverses and pulls off.

TRASITION

EXT.BOUTIQUE HOTEL-NIGHT

The Accuracy Security Patrol vehicle enters frame and slows when two women in swimsuits with towels cross the lot. The tinted windows roll down.

JORDAN

Hello, ladies.

The women give a courteous smile.

JORDAN

Was that ya'll that called and said you needed some protecting?

Both women blush and smile.

LADIES

(Laugh)

Hah heh ha.

JORDAN

Im just saying, I'm here if y'all need anything.

LADIES

Your so silly.

JORDAN

alright! Take care now.

Jordan rolls slowly toward the front of the Boutique Hotel until he spots Las Vegas Boulevard, backs into a spot under the glow of the hotel sign with a view of everything.

JORDAN

Yea, I could get use to this.

INT.STILTZ RESIDENCE- NIGHT

Bianca walks into the house form the garage with pizza in hand.

Slow mode:

She crosses to the living room where the kids watch a family movie. Each looks up with a smile. Adelina bounces Angel on her knee, Kora and Kyle jump about and reach for a slice straight right out the box. Bianca smiles, she sits and joins them at the couch.

TRANSITION

EXT.INTERSTATE 580, CASTRO VALLEY- NIGHT

The Sign above states Hayward/ Oakland I-580, Merge Right.

INT.DARK SUV-NIGHT

A cell phone rings when its picked up.

MARK

Yea?

JOEY V.O.

Whats the plan boss?

MARK

You're right, we only a ways away now.  
I was thinking maybe a quiet spot somewhere.

INT.GRAY SEDAN-NIGHT

Smoke fills the vehicle, a cherry glows from a joint that hangs onto Joeys mouth.

JOEY

I got the place, just a few minutes from here, follow me.

MARK V.O.

Will do.

EXT.SCENIC GRIZZLEY POINT VISTA-DAY

Berkley, California 5:30am

The skyline of the North Bay is dim yet bright from cars and street lights, to harbor lights and giant shipping vessels docked or passing through the bay below. Two dark vehicles pull up to a thin pebbled shoulder with the vantage and a small park. The doors open.

SHAWN

Damn rookie, what we going on a date or something?

Joey tosses his joint roach to the ground and exhales.

JOEY

Look, It's a quiet spot until sunset. Thats when you bring the date.

SHAWN

Aught, whatever.

The only cars on the shoulder, the three men converge at the front of the SUV.

MARK

Look, we got some time to kill.

They each lean against the vehicle.

JOEY

Yea, we dont want to be rolling into some small town early with no where to go.

Shawn puts his lighter to a cigarette.

SHAWN

No, really? Mr. Pro status over here.

JOEY

Look dick, its just common sense is all Im saying.

SHAWN

Dick? A, who you calling a dick!

Mark stands to move in between them.

JOEY

Shits pretty obvious who Im talking too. I don't know maybe your hard of hearing and dense too.

Mark puts one hand between them then pushes his brother back.

SHAWN

What the fuck did you just say?

Mark lets a smile slip.

MARK

(chuckles)

Enough.

Shawn smirks first at his brother then at Joey with more indignation.

MARK

The point is, let's be smart and get on one page. If we fuck this up ain't many options out of town. So, let's do this right, huh?

Joey nods as Shawn peers from one to the other.

JOEY

I could use a bite so maybe we find somewhere to eat. Just not in the town maybe the one over or something like that.

Shawn lets out an audible sigh.

MARK

Yea, we'll roll up to Eureka. It's just a couple minutes north of there.



The sun rises, the sky and few clouds above catch hints of warmth in orange and pink.

SHAWN

The joint closes at 7pm sharp. They're usually walking out of there between 7:45-8pm.

MARK

Then thats exactly when we'll hit them.

Joey and Shawn nod in agreement.

EXT.EUREKA POT DISPENSERY-DAY

Ben and Michael arrive to the storefront complete with the new marijuana strain and its various forms already in their displays, Autumn places the last touches on the merchandising and displays.

MICHAEL

Damn, sis you in here putting the stank on things aren't you!

Ben shakes his head with a chuckle.

AUTUMN

I do what I can.

BEN

Not bad, I like the little.. accents.

Ben gestures at the matching ribbons and balloons Autumn used around the store.

AUTUMN

Thanks.

BEN

How'd you throw all this together?

AUTUMN

Honestly I wanted to do more then just the basic merchandising. I remembered the colors dad chose for the packaging. Sprinkle it around and viola!

BEN

Thats awesome but what about the new product?

he cranes his neck as he approaches the front display.

BEN

I swore Pops would show up ten minutes before we're to open and we'd all have to scramble to place it, blah blah blah.

Ben appears upset just describing it, Ben seems to concur he both nods and gestures his assumed frustrations.

MICHAEL

Yea, that part.

AUTUMN

I did too. Daddy told me last night as he was leaving, he was going to stop by, drop the product off and grab the cash.

Ben and Michael peer at each other.

BEN

Oh.

MICHAEL

Yup.

AUTUMN

what?

MICHAEL

The real reason.

AUTUMN

You think?

BEN

Yea.

MICHAEL

Its all good, the product is here and on time for once!

He turns and high fives Autumn then looks to Ben who smirks. Michael feigns the high five then quickly smoothes his hair instead.

MICHAEL

Thank you Autumn for the hustle.  
Fucking eh, let's make it happen huh.

BEN

Would have been nice to have had the  
new security start today.

MICHAEL

Yea, Pops better have that in place by  
tomorrow or we could catch quite the  
fine. We have 3 business days to  
comply, by law.

Autumn shrugs it off.

AUTUMN

Alright then, here's to another green  
day with my brothers!

They each take up a position. Ben at the cash register,  
Autumn behind product for customers as Michael steps to the  
door and begins to unlock it.

INT. STILTZ RESIDENCE- DAY

Bianca tosses in her bed, her arm feels around and awakens to  
an empty opposite side. She pauses and rises when she hears  
voices downstairs.

INT.STILTZ RESIDENCE-DAY

Bianca descends the stairs to find all the children in a  
modest attempt to make breakfast. She stops and watches, as  
she leans against the stairwell a wry smile appears.

CUT TO

INT.JORDANS HOUSE-DAY

Jordan plays video games with two of his sons, there is a  
knock at the door. He smiles at the boys and gets up.

JORDAN

Alright you two you got to look out  
for me now, don't let me get killed.

JORDAN/ JUSTICE

Alright.

Jordan answers the door to find his youngest son Jacari and

ex-wife Samantha at the door.

JORDAN

Hey little dude, come on in. Take a seat.

The mini man enters, puts his bag down and sits next to his brothers.

SAMANTHA

I see ya'll sitting there playing games as always.

JORDAN

Thanks, now get out of here Samantha. I aint got time for these kinda games.

SAMANTHA

Plenty of time for shooting games though, huh?

JORDAN

Okay, sure you right.

Jordan takes a breath and turns to face the boys.

JORDAN

Boys. Hey boys, how about we change the game now, huh.

BOYS

Awe!

JORDAN

Please, I dont want to hear that noise either. Now, change it to the racing game or something or turn it off.

He naturally begins to close the door then catches him self and turns back to Samantha.

JORDAN

We 'bout to go to the park then to my brother house anyway.

SAMANTHA

Take care of him.

Jordan nods.

JORDAN

I will.

The door slowly shuts between them.

INT. SEASCAPE RESTAURANT-DAY

A waitress shows three strong men with tattoos and in all black attire to a small corner table. A baby lets out a shriek from around the corner, the locals observe the new comers.

They each take a seat, Joey nods to the waitress an item on the menu he grabbed when they walked in, cracks a half smile and a winks.

MARK

I'll have a coffee, please.

She tuns to Shawn.

WAITRESS

Okay. And you sir.

SHAWN

Just a water, thanks.

The waitress steps away. Shawn appears anxious, starts to fidget, before any time passes he removes a pack of cigarettes. Each peers around to notice at least one person watches them. Joey aloof drinks half his water in a single sip almost as soon as the waitress sets them down.

JOEY

I always get dehydrated at these altitudes.

Mark glances over past Joey to catch someone else stare back at him. He rubs his temples and half hides his face when a small hot breakfast skillet is brought out to Joey.

JOEY

Awe, hell yea. Quick, hot and fast.  
Who knows when we'll get to eat again.

The two brothers exchange glances. Mark barely makes his coffee and takes a sip when he notices joey down half of his food. He takes another sip and looks across from them to see an old man in overalls and a brown Carthart Jacket and glasses stare at him while he chews his meal.

Shawn holds an unlit cigarette in his hand watches the old man then peers to mark with a shrug and rolls his eyes. When he glances away he spots others who's eyes are on them.

SHAWN

Alright, finish your food. Let's roll.

Shawn take a long sip of his water then begins to casually stand.

JOEY

Um, Im not quite finished.

Shawn watches him and chuckles.

SHAWN

Another bite like that and you will be.

MARK

Lets just say, all eyes have been on us since we walked in this joint.

JOEY

Thats ridiculous

Joey finishes his bite, peers up and notices a substantial amount of the room and the next room over all seem to be in observation of their table.

Joey throws back the last bite, looks around then takes a final sip of his drink.

JOEY

Okay, Shit. Maybe you're right.

Mark takes a last sip of his coffee and with out a second glance they all get up. Mark drops a five and Joey a ten dollar bill on the table and they walk away.

EXT.POT FARMS-DAY

Pops stop in to see Miguel water the plants.

POPS

Just in here so far right?

MIGUEL

Ce'.

POPS

Okay. I'll start on the other side.

Miguel smiles and continues on. Pops heads towards the front door, stops and reaches out for a large cola of buds, takes a deep whiff then exhales and smiles. He lets go and continues on content and walks out the hut.

EXT. REDWOOD HIGHWAY-DAY

The three men are parked off the side of the road of the old highway in a shoulder hidden behind overgrown ferns and massive redwood trees.

MARK

Just a once over, make sure everything  
a go.

Mark and Shawn approach the rear of the SUV. Joey circles his vehicle as the trunk opens, reaches down and lifts into view an assault rifle.

JOEY

For sure.

He begins to check it over, ejects the magazine and inspects the slide and trigger then peers down the sights.

SHAWN

In and out their cowboy, remember  
that.

Joey shakes his head but doesn't look up. Mark organizes the back of the SUV, removes all the weapons and flak jackets and begins to hand one out to each of them.

MARK

Take a flak and cover your face.  
Remember, our side arms are our  
primary, the assault riffles are for  
back up.

Joey glances up at Mark.

JOEY

Got it.

Shawn nods as he slides his flak jacket over his shoulders.

EXT.REDWOOD HIGHWAY-DAY

The trees cast tall shadows, the two vehicles pull out from behind the overgrown terrain and back onto the highway. They follow each other a beat as they merge into traffic on the larger Highway 101.

INT.STILTZ RESIDENCE-DAY

Montage:

Adelina greets her music teacher, they enter her practice space, she smile and sits down. Adelina pulls out her instrument, lifts it, warms up with the stretch of her fingers. She nods to her instructor takes a breath then begins to play.

PRE CLIMAX SCORE BEGINS

EXT.EUREKA POT DISPENSARY- DAY

The sun sets over the mountains edge as the last customer pulls out of the parking lot. A local police cruiser drives past, from the opposite direction two dark vehicles pull in and drive to the furthest back side and park.

TRANSITION

INT.EUREKA POT DISPENSARY- DAY

The shadows grow tall outside as the siblings reset their areas in the store. Autumn tosses some falling decorations in the wastebasket, lifts the bag to carry out to the trash. Ben waits by the door with the keys while Michael tosses the days deposit into the vault and closes it.

TRANSITION

INT.STILTZ RESIDENCE-DAY

Adelina plays her instrument attentively, her teacher guides her in time with a conductors baton.

EXT.EUREKA POT DISPENSARY-DAY

The doors of the dispensary open, Autumn steps out followed by Michael then Ben. By the time they hear the car doors shut and peer up, it's too late.

Three men in all black tactical attire with masks and pistols raised rush their direction.



JOEY

Stop right where you are.

Joey raises his pistol at Autumn.

MARK

Back inside, now.

Michael, moves too late for his side arm. Autumn notices at the same time as Shawn.

SHAWN

Don't even think about it!

He reaches forward and smoothly removes the gun from Michaels holster.

MARK

Move, inside.

Autumn instinctively throws her hands up and backs into Ben, the keys still in the door.

JOEY

Let's go.

Joey guides Autumn in behind Ben, who's forced back inside first. Shawn nods to Michael with his head and his gun. Mark follows behind, removes the keys from the door then locks it behind him.

INT.EUREKA POT DISPENSARY- DAY

They all pivot into the store. The three siblings back into the middle of the shop, the three men in black with assault rifles drawn push forward.

Michael and Ben peer at each other in unison.

BEN

Shit.

Michael rolls his eyes and drops his head.

MICHAEL

(grumbles)

Fuck!

Autumn glances at the two when it hits her.

JOEY  
Let's go, show us where it is.

MICHAEL  
Thats just it.

He lifts his head in Mark's direction.

BEN  
(quickly and assertive)  
It's not here.

Mark sighs.

JOEY  
What?

SHAWN  
Thats not possible.

Michael takes a step forward.

BEN  
All you'll find in there is todays  
deposit.

Shawn lifts his gun further into the face of Autumn, Joey  
lifts his at Ben and Michael to show the same resolve.

SHAWN  
They're fucking lying.

Joey becomes anxious, shakes his head then looks to Mark. His  
head and assault rifle hung low, Mark takes a beat then faces  
them.

MARK  
Show them the vault.

Ben nods and moves towards the door into the back of the  
shop.

JOEY  
Slowly now.

Shawn follows close behind, Joey points his gun back and  
forth from Autumn to Michael.

SHAWN

You better be fucking joking, I'll tell you that right now.

Joey and Ben walk through the door and close in on the vault, Mark takes a step closer.

AUTUMN

It's not there.

Joey steps back as the door of the vault pops open to reveal its mostly empty contents, except for 1 fluffy bagged and ready deposit.

JOEY

You got to be kidding me, right!

Shawn steps closer in disbelief.

SHAWN

What the fuck!

Mark shakes his head before he looks to the ceiling.

AUTUMN

He picked it up last night.

JOEY

Come on now!

Shawn and Mark turn to face her when Ben speaks up.

BEN

We didn't even know. Here take this.

SHAWN

Ha, heh.

Shawn nods to Mark then turns to Ben.

SHAWN

You sure seem to know something. Maybe not everything but probably just enough.

JOEY

What are you thinking?

SHAWN

I say we take one, go to their property and make 'em give up the

cash.

JOEY

Okay, yea! Thats not a bad idea. Where do they stay?

Mark calmly steps forward.

MARK

Down the highway a few exits, through a maze of giant redwoods but we're still not completely sure the cash will be there.

JOEY

It's a long shot.

Joey turns and motions to everyone then turns back to Mark.

We're already exposed.

Shawn turns to Mark.

SHAWN

We're gonna need some insurance. Something the whole family cares about.

Shawn turns to Autumn.

SHAWN

Thats gonna be where you come in princess.

AUTUMN

You know me Shawn. I'm no princess, nor do I act like it.

Shawn shrugs.

SHAWN

The cards we're dealt.

AUTUMN

Really, you gonna play that one. We'll see how well that works out for you, huh?

Shawn sarcastic, baulks at her remarks

JOEY

Enough of the this tarot card  
bullshit, let's go already.

Shawn draws a large roll of duct tape from nowhere and begins to pull its length.

BEN

Please, Mark. Don't take my sister,  
Take me.

Everyone looks to Mark. He draws from his crew, both smirk at the idea.

CUT TO

EXT.EUREKA POT DISPENSARY-NIGHT

Mark peers back to Michael who remains behind, duct taped to a chair between the register and rear door.

MICHAEL

Come on guys. I don't think this is a  
good idea.

JOEY

For now it's all we got, so you're  
just going to have to sit there and  
roll with it.

MICHAEL

Awe man. Wait, I have to pee!

Joey closes and locks the door behind him.

Mark and Shawn load Autumn and Ben their hands taped in the black SUV, Shawn hops in first. Mark circles back to the driver side, Joey jumps in his vehicle. Both vehicles pull out from the parking lot, a little too hasty.

Left behind are three quite vehicles.

EXT.PCH 101-NIGHT

The two dark vehicles silhouettes glide down the quiet snaking highway further into the dank, sleepy forest.

INT.BLACK SUV-NIGHT

SHAWN

What do you think?

MARK

I don't know man, this shit just went  
from desperate to worse.

A soft pause is felt.

BEN

(interjects)

Whats worse then desperate.

Shawn looks across to Mark their masks rolled up.

MARK/ SHAWN

(in unison)

Fucked up.

Ben looks to Autumn, she returns the concern.

Mark stare at the road ahead, Shawn check his mirrors when  
Ben makes an audible signal, as if to clear his throat.

BEN

(guttural)

Ehem.

SHAWN

Oh, time to get off. Right here.

He points the way.

MARK

Oh yea, thats right.

EXT.HIGHWAY EXIT REDWOOD LONE ROAD-NIGHT

They pull off the exit and immediately descend into a quiet,  
old road. In the opposite direction a Highway Patrol car  
decelerates as it passes.

The two vehicles reach a corridor with options and slow, they  
choose the unpaved road. They continue a short distance when  
they pull over to the side of the road just after a **Wrong Way  
sign** followed by **Private Property**. Joey pulls in just behind.

EXT.EUREKA POT DISPENSARY-NIGHT

The local Police patrol car returns from its route and  
lingers as it comes upon the parking lot where three familiar  
cars remain after hours. His left signal flashes for a beat,  
he turns into the lot.

INT.BLACK SUV-NIGHT

Mark gets out of the vehicle, Shawn opens the door and stretches one leg out. Autumn watches him when she recognizes Bens stare at her.

AUTUMN

What?

BEN

Shh.

Ben nods at Shawn. Autumn rolls her eyes.

AUTUMN

What?

BEN

This is our road, if we get a chance!

Autumn raises her head too fast in contempt, Shawn takes notice peers back at them and shakes his head.

CUT TO

EXT.EUREKA POT DISPENSARY- NIGHT

The patrol car slows as it enters the lot where the cars are parked. It does a circle in the rear most lot then returns to the front.

OFFICER

Dispatch this is Unit #03.

DISPATCH V.O.

Unit #03 thats a go, over.

OFFCIER

11-54 at Eureka Dispensary after hours.

DISPATCH V.O.

Copy that Unit 03, standing by.

The brake lights stiffen, the patrol car pulls to a halt near the front doors and the officer steps out.

EXT.PRIVATE FOREST ROAD-NIGHT

Mark crosses the rear of the vehicles to post between Joey and Shawn.

MARK

Keep your eyes open. I doubt Pops keeps any heavy artillery up here, still. Be smart.

Shawn cracks his neck.

JOEY

Same plan? No noise, in and out if possible?

Shawn rolls his eyes.

MARK

Yea, just a quick calm exchange.

SHAWN

Yea, likely with a more than a few loud words in between.

INT.BLACK SUV-NIGHT

CUE: CLIMACTIC MUSIC- SLOW BUILD

Ben stares at Autumn, below with hands taped he leans down to remove a switch blade from inside his boot.

AUTUMN

No!

Autumn gently shakes her head, Ben firm nods once.

BEN

Yes.

Ben rolls his eyes at Autumn.

BEN

We're just off the highway here, they'd be stupid to use those guns.

BEN

Get ready.

Ben lifts the blade, stares forward and leans toward Shawn still half seated in the vehicle.



AUTUMN

(mutters)

Ben, No!

She looks to her door handle and lock then to Ben.

EXT.EUREKA POT DISPENSARY- NIGHT

The Officer approaches the front door, one hand on his holstered gun, a muffled voice is heard. Prudent, the Officer leans from a safe distance and peers in.

MICHAEL

I'm in here, help. I've been tied up  
and I have to piss, really bad!

The Trooper reels in disbelief a beat before he draws his side arm, cups one hand to the glass and quickly peers inside.

OFFICER

Is there anyone else inside?

MICHAEL

No, its just me.

OFFICER

Are you hurt?

MICHAEL

(sweats)

No but I need assistance immediately!

The officer eases up, stands erect and reaches for his shoulder radio.

OFFICER

Dispatch this is Unit 03, 2-11 in  
progress. Back up requested, possible  
207. Suspects still at large, likely  
armed and dangerous.

The Officer removes his baton, leans back with his arm bent then swings the baton at the glass door.

DISPATCH V.O.

Copy, that. All units, I repeat all  
units, 2-11 in progress.

EXT.BLACK SUV-NIGHT

Shawn leaps forward, drops his firearm to the ground and lets out a startled, painful shout and reaches at something, a knife that now extends from his back just under his shoulder blade.

SHAWN

Agh!

JOEY V.O.

Yo, what the fuck?

Joey take a step back when the rear passenger door of the SUV bursts open and Ben jumps out. Mark attempts a sidestep, caught by the door he stumbles toward Joey who lifts his weapon to shoot Ben mid run.

CUT TO

INT.BLACK SUV-NIGHT

Autumn stunned, watches her brother getaway when her peripheral catches a large assault rifle extend in his direction.

AUTUMN

Ben!

CUT TO

INT.EUREKA POT DISPENSARY-NIGHT

The front door glass pane lays in pieces on the ground as the officer unties Michael. The local police cruiser's lights bathe the scene in alternating blue and red light.

OFFICER

One male hostage, left behind states 2 others were kidnapped and taken as hostages.

Ancy and impatient Michael tries to help loosen the tape, stands up quickly and free's himself the rest of the way from the chair.

MICHAEL

I told you everything. Holy fuck, I have to pee!

OFFICER

Suspects are currently en route to the families business property, off the 101 at Old Mill Road.

DISPATCH V.O.

Copy that Unit-03. All units be advised.

EXT.101 HIGHWAY-NIGHT

The Highway Patrol car on Highway 101 hits his lights, accelerates down the next immediate exit and flips around.

TROOPER

I have possible suspects. Two vehicles in tandem, just exited Old Mill Road.

CUT TO

EXT.BLACK SUV-NIGHT

A hand raises the barrel.

MARK

Dont, someone might hear it.

Ben continues in a wide arch around the vehicle and to the right side of the road.

BEN

Run Autumn. Fucking Run!

INT.BLACK SUV-NIGHT

Autumn vision blurs as she scans back to her door reaches for the handle and leaps from the SUV.

EXT.BLACK SUV-NIGHT

Autumn nears the front bumper when she spots Ben run towards the edge of the road unscathed. They catch eyes and he waves for her to join him though doesn't stop.

BEN

Run!

Autumn races to the opposite side of the road, takes a final step for cover when a thunderous rapport cuts through the night.

AUTUMN

Agh.

She collapses to the ground.

BEN

Autumn!

Ben rushes across the road without a second glance and falls to her side.

Beside the SUV against a tree lays Shawn, angry he spits blood. One hand remains on the knife he's unable to remove, the other on his rifle that slowly lowers, he takes a seat on the ground under an extraordinarily large tree.

Mark and Joey stare at him in disbelief.

JOEY

What the fuck?

INT.HIGHWAY PATROL CAR-NIGHT

TROOPER 2

I have a shot fired in the vicinity of  
Old Mill Road.

The Highway Patrol Car slows as it descends the exit.

EXT.OLD MILL ROAD-NIGHT

BEN

Are you alright.

AUTUMN

Ugh, I think so.

BEN

Can you stand?

AUTUMN

um, I don't know, I think so.

BEN

I'm sorry, this is going to hurt.

AUTUMN

Huh?

Ben extends Autumns good arm over his shoulder, ducks under it and lifts her.

AUTUMN

Agh!

They stand, Ben hauls her down the road, they soon disappear around a mass of trees and ferns.

EXT.BLACK SUV-NIGHT

Mark takes a step toward his brother then stops and peers to Joey who reaches out and clinches his shoulder.

JOEY

Come on, we have to grab those two.

Mark stares down the road, to Joey, back to Shawn then shakes his head resigned.

MARK

Fuck.

Joey peers from Shawn to Mark, takes a deep breath turns and runs off in pursuit of the Autumn and Ben.

JOEY

Fuck!

Mark starts to follow after him.

SHAWN

(chokes)

Eheh, Mark.

Mark stops, peers down at his brother.

SHAWN

...

Shawn holds Marks gaze. Mark returns a blank stare that changes into animosity then turns to follow Joey when he hears a siren in the distance.

Mark caulk his head and an ear to the air then groans, glances back a second time at Shawn, chuckles once and shakes his head.

SHAWN

Mark, I?

Mark walks straight to the drivers side SUV, gets in and closes the door.

SHAWN

Mark?

Shawn stares down the road through the thick of trees, red and blue lights near.

EXT.OLD MILL ROAD-NIGHT

Joey follows up one side of the road and onto the opposite side as he spots the two limp off around another thick of trees.

JOEY

Hey now come out guys, we didn't mean for that to happen. That was the other guy.

Joey makes his way around a gigantic tree, he peers up as he does.

JOEY

I just want to make sure your okay.

Just on the other side Ben leads a barely conscious Autumn further around the tree. The two attempt to hide behind a giant fallen stump, various plants grow from its decayed shell.

EXT.BLACK SUV-NIGHT

Shawn peers at the SUV, puts his weapon to the ground to assist in his standing back up.

SHAWN

I'm sorry, Mark.

Mark sits inside the vehicle, doesn't move or say a word.

INT.BLACK SUV-NIGHT

Mark sits idle inside the vehicle a long beat. The Sirens closer, he lifts one arm to adjust the rear view mirror and spots the lights flash off the trees behind him.

MARK  
(clears throat)  
Ehem.

Mark Shakes his head then gives a retort.

MARK  
(chuckles)  
Hah, huh.

Mark removes his sidearm 1911 pistol from his chest holster, thumbs the hammer back and glances down at it-- his eyes red a tear looms heavy in each.

Time slows, the intensity of life's choices and mistakes hang heavy. A surge of numbness rushes over him as he stares out the window.

SHAWN  
Mark.

Mark smirks to him self, a tear streaks from one eye. He lifts his sidearm into view.

EXT.BLACK SUV-NIGHT

A loud single shot, the muzzle flashes from the inside of the black SUV.

SHAWN  
Mark!

EXT.OLD MILL ROAD-NIGHT

The single rapport cracks through the night when Joey stops mid pursuit, looks back and listens.

Ben and Autumn stop and duck when they hear the gun shot. They listen then watch as a Police siren and lights close in, they look to each other and hug.

EXT.BLACK SUV-NIGHT

A Highway Patrol Car arrives and stops in the road behind both vehicles.

The Trooper approaches with weapon at ready, he spots Shawn leaned against the vehicle, his weapon on the ground and a knife that protrudes from his back.

INT.BLACK SUV-NIGHT

The passenger side window of the SUV is covered in obvious blood splatter, the Trooper leans in for a closer look. A man lays hunched over the steering wheel in a dark, bloody, miss figured mess.

EXT.OLD MILL ROAD-NIGHT

Joey reappears from the tree line, rifle in hand to find Shawn in Handcuffs against the Highway Patrol Car. More arrive in a shroud of sirens, lights and dust.

TROOPER

Freeze! Put your hands up.

Joey glances behind him then to the Trooper, grits his jaw, slowly he raises his rifle above his head.

JOEY

(mutters)

Awe, fuck.

The Trooper approaches his weapon pointed at Joey.

Back up the road Ben holds onto his sister, slumped against him and barely conscious they approach as Joey is apprehended. Ben dryly smiles to his sister.

BEN

Autumn.

He brings them to a stop and pulls her into him.

AUTUMN

Awe, wtf man?

Ben readjusts his grip.

BEN

Hah, I thought you were fading there for a minute.

AUTUMN

Well, your not helping with all that yanking and pulling me everywhere.

BEN

Shut up. It's all over now.

He lifts a hand at the officers that arrive on the scene.



BEN

Just hang in there okay.

Autumn nods with a half smile then shifts some of her weight, she attempts to carry her self and leans in for a head hug. Autumn throws her arm around Ben and tugs him. Ben free's one hand and gestures again for assistance.

BEN

Uh, a little help here.

CRANE UP

EXT.HUMBOLDT REDWOOD FOREST-DAY

Drone slowly up ever higher, the scene unfolds below. The camera rises to a vantage of a foggy over grown forest as the sun rises to yet another day.

ROLL CREDITS