OZARK

- The Pilot -

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Distant THUNDER booms, fades.

FADE IN:

EXT. LAKE - DUSK

An insolated cove. Water still, smooth. Fireflies blink in thick woods crowding the shore.

MARTY (V.O.)

Scratch.

A 16-foot aluminum flat boat run ashore, a sun-faded outboard motor. A fishing pole, cheap flashlight. 2 party-size bags of melting ICE. 3 large dead CATFISH. A grinning catfish logo on a small plastic tub: “Catfish Dan’s Blood Bait.”

MARTY (V.O.)

Wampum, dough, sugar, clams, loot, Dead Presidents -- though technically incorrect as neither Hamilton nor Franklin were ever president -- bills, bones, bread, bucks. Money. That which separates the “haves”--

A MAN SNEEZES o.s, faint. From the woods. A second sneeze.

EXT. OZARK FOREST - DUSK

A pair of heavy WHEELED COLEMAN COOLERS roll through flattened weeds. Pulling the coolers-- a MAN’S chigger-bitten legs trudge, flip-flops muddy.

MARTY (V.O.)

--from the “have-nots.” But what is money, really? Everything if you don’t have it, right?

MARTIN “MARTY” BIRD, 40s, halts his cooler-pulling. Unshaven, hair matted with sweat, a week old bruise colors a puffy eye. He blows snot into weeds, wipes his face with the bottom of his sweat-soaked Dale Earnhardt #3 t-shirt.

MARTY (V.O.)

Half of all American adults have more credit card debt than savings. Twenty-five percent have no savings at all. And only 15 percent of the population is on track to fund even 1 year of retirement.
Thunder cracks several miles away. Prompted, he picks up the telescoping handles on his coolers, drags.

EXT. LAKE—MARTY’S BOAT - NIGHT

Marty quick-flips a large folding knife open, slices a bag of ice, empties half into a cooler, ice spilling, tops it with two catfish from the floor of the boat. Shuts the lid.

MARTY (V.O.)
Which means the other 85 percent can continue to live in the style to which they’ve become accustomed only if they’re lucky enough to die within a year of retiring.

EXT. LAKE—MARTY’S BOAT (MOVING) - NIGHT

Marty’s boat rises, falls in rough chop. He hand-twists the outboard’s throttle, squints. Lightning flashes right, he looks, catches a glimpse of a huge lake, rock cliffs.

MARTY (V.O.)
Suggesting what? The Middle Class is evaporating? The American Dream is dead? Yes and no.

Thunder rolls, on his left now. He notices a pair of lights, blinking, rising, falling... but not in tandem. What the...?

MARTY (V.O.)
You wouldn’t be here if the latter were true. See, I think most people just have a fundamentally flawed view of money. What it is. What it can and cannot do.

He twists the throttle hard. The outboard whines, the thunder louder. He abandons the throttle, the boat slows as he searches the floor.

MARTY (V.O.)
Is it simply an agreed upon unit of exchange for goods and services?

A DEAFENING ROAR. Marty finds the flashlight, clicks it on, light pointed at the roar, clicking it on, off, giving up, throwing himself across the two coolers, bracing as--

MARTY (V.O.)
Three-seventy for a gallon of milk? Thirty bucks to cut your grass?
Two 40-foot CIGARETTE BOATS materialize, a thousand horses each. They sandwich Marty, scream by.

    MARTY (V.O.)
    Or is it an intangible? Security.
    Happiness. Peace of mind.

The tiny boat bucks on massive swells, water sprays. Marty shuts his eyes, hugs the shifting coolers, waits to capsize.

EXT. LAKE-COVERED DOCK - NIGHT

Rain hammers a sheet metal roof. Beneath it, Marty hunkers in his boat, waits out the storm, sheltered, drenched.

    MARTY (V.O.)
    Let me propose a third option:
    money as a measuring device, not
    unlike a yardstick or barometer.

Behind him, up the slope, a ramshackle structure on stilts, more fishing cabin than house. Marty watches the rain divot the surface of the Lake, lost in thought. Numb.

    MARTY (V.O.)
    Let me explain... The author Jack Kerouac once said ‘you won’t remember the time you spent working in your office or mowing your lawn.
    Climb that Goddamn mountain.’ Good advice. For a bum.

EXT. LAKE-MARTY’S BOAT (MOVING) - NIGHT

Rain over. Hugging the shoreline, Marty motors past the base of a rock bluff, looks up at the light spilling from a multi-million dollar mansion perched high above.

    MARTY (V.O.)
    The hard reality is, how much or how little money we accumulate in life isn’t a function of who’s president, the economy, bubbles bursting, bad breaks and bosses...

EXT. MARINA-MARTY’S BOAT - NIGHT

Marty’s boat tied-off, parked. Bass boats, pontoon boats, family craft, occupy the neighboring slips. Marty stands in his boat, balances, hoists a cooler onto the dock.
MARTY (V.O.)
It’s about the American work ethic.
The one that made us the greatest
country on Earth.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Marty muscles the second cooler into the open tail-gate of a
mini-van, next to the first. He slams the hatch closed, four
smiling stick figures stuck to the back window-- DAD, MOM,
DAUGHTER and SON.

MARTY (V.O.)
It’s about bucking the media’s
opinion as to what constitutes a
good parent. Deciding instead to
miss the ball game, play, concert
because you’ve resolved to work and
invest in your family’s future.

INT. MARTY’S MINI-VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

Marty at the wheel, headlights on an unmarked blacktop,
forest close on both sides. He checks his rearview, anxious.
HITS THE BRAKES as a plump possum waddles onto the road. The
animal glares at him, hisses.

MARTY (V.O.)
It’s about ignoring the clarion
call of the indolent to ‘work
smarter not harder’ and doing both.
Taking responsibility for the
consequences of our actions.

Marty white-knuckles the wheel, frustration, anger, regret
spilling, he SCREAMS, guns it. The mini-van KA-BUMPS twice.

EXT. METAL SHED - NIGHT

3 dead catfish mixed with melting ice lay in a gravel lot in
front of a large windowless metal shed.

MARTY (V.O.)
Patience. Frugality. Sacrifice.

INT. METAL SHED - NIGHT

Dim. One ceiling-mounted light bulb, on. A derelict PONTOON
BOAT rests on a rusty boat trailer, tires deflated, rotten.
MARTY (V.O.)
And when you boil it down to its least common denominator what do all those things have in common?

A Coleman cooler, lid up, empty.

MARTY (V.O.)
They’re choices.

Marty lifts a shrink-wrapped block from the second cooler, hauls it to one end of a steel pontoon, the end of the pontoon sawed off.

MARTY (V.O.)
Good ones, bad ones, for better or worse. Money’s not peace of mind.

The shrink-wrapped block beneath the light-- cash visible through the plastic. Hundreds of thousands. He squats, squints into the hollow pontoon--

MARTY (V.O.)
Money’s not happiness. It’s not even a unit of exchange.

Filled with cash. MILLIONS.

Marty levers the pontoon shut, stands, checks his space. Satisfied. He pulls the light chain. Dark.

INT. LIDDELL & BIRD FINANCIAL ADVISORS-LOBBY - DAY

“LIDDELL AND BIRD, FINANCIAL ADVISORS” stenciled on a storefront window. Naperville, IL in the b.g., pedestrians, cars passing. A RECEPTIONIST at a tidy desk. Moving into...

MARTY (PRE-LAP V.O.)
Money is, at its essence...

INT. MARTY’S OFFICE - DAY

Marty -- clean shaven, shirt/tie -- behind his desk, SNAPS a dollar bill, concludes his presentation--

MARTY
The measure of a man’s choices.

A YOUNG HUSBAND & WIFE sit facing him, unsure how to proceed.
YOUNG HUSBAND
We’re really just getting started
looking at... interviewing, I guess
you’d say, financial advisors.

MARTY
Understood. You’re doing your due
diligence.

YOUNG WIFE
Mr. Bird--

MARTY
Marty.

YOUNG WIFE
Marty, we don’t really know that
much about stocks, investing.

YOUNG HUSBAND
Well, I kind of do.
(off Wife’s look)
I do. I just don’t have time to do
the research.

YOUNG WIFE
We just want to be comfortable with
who we trust our money to.

Marty’s desktop monitor signals an incoming e-mail. He cuts
his eyes to his inbox. Subject: DON’T OPEN AT WORK.

YOUNG HUSBAND
The point is I don’t have time.

MARTY
Of course you don’t. It’s not what
you do. It’s what I do. Tell me,
what are your financial goals? Do
you have a five year plan?

Careful not to offend, Marty clicks on the e-mail. Eyes dart
from the couple to the paperclip symbol for ATTACHMENT.

YOUNG WIFE
We want to finish the basement.
Ideally. And we’d like a pool.

Marty nods, opens the attachment, angles his monitor away
from the couple. Presses the volume key... down. ONSCREEN:
an amateur but stable feed, the camera fixed. A motel room,
a MAN, 50, a pretty WOMAN, strawberry blonde, late 30s,
kissing, groping, clothes coming off, fast.
YOUNG HUSBAND
We don’t need a pool.
(to Marty)
We’re not getting a pool.

Marty torn between the couple, his monitor.

MARTY
Pools are tricky. You don’t recoup your money when it’s time to sell--

The onscreen couple naked. Man’s back to the camera, Strawberry Blonde kneels, hands cup his ass, fellating him.

MARTY
As an investment, they’re poor.

Young Wife pouts. Marty tries to focus--

MARTY
You have two children?

Marty fails. The Man jerks Strawberry to her feet, pushes her on the bed, mounts her from behind. SLAPS her ass.

YOUNG WIFE (O.S.)
A boy and a girl, three and five.

Marty flinches. Stares. Strawberry looks over her shoulder, distinctive dark eyes. She licks her lips, turns her face from the camera. Man readies another ass-slap--

BRUCE (O.S.)
How we doin’ folks?

Marty fumble clicks the screen blank as BRUCE LIDDELL whirlwinds in. If Bruce caught a glimpse of ass he doesn’t let it show.

MARTY
Mr. and Mrs. Hunkins, the Liddell in Liddell and Bird, Bruce Liddell.

Bruce, late 40s, a beefy build trimmed by Brioni, shakes hands with the couple. He taps his watch at Marty.

BRUCE
Gotta be in the city at four.
Leave in ten?
(to the couple)
New customers?
MARTY
They’re in the process of interviewing financial advisors.

BRUCE
You didn’t tell them?

Marty, Husband, Wife exchange confused smiles.

BRUCE
We handle the financial planning for seventy-three percent of all of Northwestern’s surgical staff.

YOUNG HUSBAND
Wow.

BRUCE
Wow. That’s our appointment. We’re about to stop taking on new clients. There’s an Edward Jones office on Whacker I hear does a halfway decent job--

Bruce glances at Marty, taps his watch. Husband motions to Wife’s purse, prompts her with a look. Bruce sees it.

BRUCE
Or... five thousand opens an account. Would you rather use a check or a credit card?

YOUNG HUSBAND
Check.

EXT. CHICAGO SKYLINE - DAY (ESTABLISHING)
The sun sparkles off countless windows.

INT. HIGH RISE (UNDER CONSTRUCTION)-50TH FLOOR - DAY
Roughed out, exposed studs, wiring. LIZ, 30, a realtor and Bruce’s fiancee, shows the space. Marty, Bruce trail.

LIZ
Views of the Chicago River, room for expansion--

Liz hugs her iPad, a lunge-toned butt under a carefully chosen skirt not tight so much as clingy.
BRUCE
It’s perfect, baby.

He kisses her, she mock protests.

LIZ
Not while I’m working. Marty, what do you think? Don’t you love it?

MARTY
It’s very nice, Liz.

BRUCE
Nice? C’mon, you’ve got no imagination.

(gestures; grand)
You get that corner, I’m in that corner. Twenty people working for us, two receptionists.

Marty wanders, inspects, points to unframed window openings.

MARTY
What kind of windows?

Liz looks to Bruce, puzzled.

LIZ
I don’t--

BRUCE
The kind you see thru.

MARTY
Southern exposure... depending on their performance rating the cooling bill will be 15, 20 percent higher in the summer.

LIZ
Heating bill 15 to 20 percent lower in the winter.

MARTY
Doesn’t work that way I’m afraid.

BRUCE
Liz, go call some clients will ya? Bird and I want to talk amongst ourselves.

Liz smiles, gives the men their space.

BRUCE
Okay, what, what, what? You’re in a mood. What’s the problem?
MARTY
I’m not in a mood--

BRUCE
You’ve been in a mood for months.

MARTY
I just don’t think we need this.

BRUCE
The couple back at the shop.
You’re mad at me.

MARTY
No, it wasn’t--

BRUCE
Sorry, all right?

BRUCE
What then? A place like this validates us. We’re making money hand over fist. Tell me we don’t need the higher rent on our books.

Marty squares up to the skyline, Bruce behind him.

MARTY
Seventy percent of the surgeons at Northwestern?

BRUCE
(chuckling)
I fucking knew it.

MARTY
Not Naperville General but Northwestern.

BRUCE
Seventy-three. A good lie’s all confidence and detail.

MARTY
You didn’t have to lie, they were almost there.

BRUCE
Did I hear “patience, frugality, sacrifice”?

MARTY
You did.

BRUCE
Then they weren’t almost there.
(Marty pissed)
(MORE)
BRUCE (CONT'D)
Nobody wants to kneel at Marty Bird’s economic stations of the cross. This is America. The sell-by date on that Pilgrim’s Progress--

MARTY
Delayed gratification.       BRUCE
Financial blue balls--

BRUCE
--shit expired fifty years ago.
You gotta dangle the dream, baby--
    (snaps his fingers)
--then snatch it away. The dream’s the hook. Fear of loss. Regret.
That’s the close.

MARTY
You broke the law--
    (Bruce eye-rolls)
A thousand dollars opens an I.R.A.

BRUCE
When you’re selling dreams people don’t want a bargain.
    (shoulder squeeze)
That’s why I’m the salesman and you’re the numbers guy.

MARTY
    (wistful)
Yeah, I’m the numbers guy.

BRUCE
Best I’ve ever seen. Why are you wasting time with walk-ins? That simpleton’ll be calling next week telling you his wife just got five new Friend requests and something must be “going on” over at Facebook, buy, buy, buy.
    (beat)
They’re small fish. Throw ‘em back in, they’re not what we do. Those days are over.

MARTY
Small fish protect big fish.

Marty takes a long beat, staring at the Chicago canyons.

MARTY
When you think back about who you are, what you wanted to do? This it, Bruce?
BRUCE
You serious?

Bruce sees Marty struggle, empathizes. A long beat.

BRUCE
(thoughtful beat)
Had the name all picked out.
(glances at Marty)
This isn’t about business is it? I saw your screen when I walked in.

Marty squirms, a dodge forms on his lips--

BRUCE
Wendy catches you rubbing one out to that amateur back-door action, she’ll crap a toaster.
(Marty embarrassed)
Hey, you know I get it. Semen’s like snake venom, it’s gotta come out. Preferably under suction. Plus you and Wendy’ve been together how long? Twenty years?

MARTY
Twenty-two.

BRUCE
Christ. Those threads are stripped. Don’t get me wrong, Wendy’s a great gal, I love her to death but she’s from a different generation; to her a facial comes with a pedicure and a glass of Two-Buck Chuck. What’s her concession to spicing things up? Shaving her cooter? Bet she bitched about the razor burn for two weeks.
(checks for Liz)
Liz is my fiancee and I love her dearly... but a girl her age? Nothing’s off-menu. Same night; vaginal, oral, anal. Girl’s got a wink like a bear-trap. We were dating six months before I caved and told her why she kept getting bladder infections.
Marty can’t help it, chuckles. Bruce digs in, pleased to see his friend laugh. Cares about him.

MARTY
I don’t want to hear it--

BRUCE
Bullshit. Granted she’s only thirty but you see any wrinkles on her? No, you do not. You think Mary Kay makes what’s going on her face? Baby, that’s Bruce-Juice a teaspoon at a time.

MARTY
Okay, that’s enough. She’s your future wife.

Their chuckling ebbs. Bruce turns serious, picks a scab.

BRUCE
Birdy, you can turn one dollar into two better than anyone I’ve ever seen, you’re my best friend and I love you. I do. I love you. But you’re living a subdued life. We make the same bank--

(points at the skyline)
How is it I can see my place in Trump Tower from here and you’re driving a 10-year-old Camry? With cloth fucking seats?

MARTY
There’s nothing wrong with my Camry. And I do fine... sex-wise.

BRUCE
Says the man watching D.I.Y. porn in his office. It’s not just sex, it’s what sex represents: life. I’ve cracked the code, baby, the secret’s having fun. Can you even remember the last time you were really truly happy? That perfect selfish melt-in-your-mouth moment that’s just Marty’s? Ya got me--financial advisor’s not my dream job. But I’m taking a bite outta the apple. The high point of my year won’t be a birthday blow job and a shirt from Banana Republic.

Bruce searches a pocket.
BRUCE
Look. Liz and I went here this past weekend.

He pulls a slim glossy tri-fold, hands it to Marty.

MARTY
(opening; reading)
Lake of the Ozarks?

BRUCE
Southern Missouri, baby; the Redneck Riviera.

MARTY
Thought you were going to Lake Geneva.

BRUCE
Liz saw it on one of those white-trash reality shows; some wing-nut jerkin’ a catfish out of a log with his bare hands. Thought I’d hate the place... Got there, almost pissed myself. This bad boy has more shoreline than the coast of California. Every summer, five million cash-rich tourists. Five million. It’s got everything; rich, poor, bass boats, yachts, condos, campsites, mansions and mullets. You can buy land right down to the waterline. We invest, use it as an excuse for you and I to get out of the city, you let some corn-fed fly-over ginch drain the snake, your mood improves, probably your marriage. Unless of course Wendy’s going to arch her back and let you drill for oil like that little hottie this afternoon.

Liz steps in.

LIZ
Decision boys?

BRUCE
We’ll take it.

MARTY
No. We won’t.
(pockets the glossy)
We’ll consider it.
BRUCE
My two favorite people in the world. Come here--

Bruce pulls them in for a group hug.

BRUCE
Here’s to the bold! The gamblers!
Taking a bite outta the apple!

INT. MARTY’S CAMRY (MOVING SLOW)– DAY

A faded tennis ball kisses the windshield. Marty parks in his garage, looks left-- a second tennis ball suspended from the ceiling by string hangs over an empty space.

INT. MARTY’S HOME–CHARLOTTE’S ROOM – DAY

Marty knock–enters, the room strewn with name-brand clothes. 2 obese guinea pigs in a large cage. CHARLOTTE, 15, pretty, lounges on her bed, occupied with her iPhone. Her T-shirt reads PINK, her shorts too tight.

MARTY
Hey, Char.

CHARLOTTE
Internet’s down again.

Marty moves clothes with his feet. Charlotte ignores him. He squints at the guinea pig cage.

MARTY
When’s the last time you cleaned Iggy and Cheez’s cage?

CHARLOTTE
I don’t smell anything.

MARTY
They need water.

CHARLOTTE
I just filled it.

MARTY
How was the first day of finals?

CHARLOTTE
Okay, I guess.

Marty picks up a shirt, sighs a useless sigh.
CHARLOTTE
Dad, why do you come in here if you’re just going to criticize?

MARTY
Why should I continue to buy you nice things if you’re not going to treat them responsibly?

CHARLOTTE
I don’t know, why should you?

MARTY
That’s it? That’s all you got?

Charlotte’s turn to sigh, they’ve done this before. A beat.

CHARLOTTE
Why did you have children if you wanted them to act like adults?

MARTY
Much better. Where’s your mother?

She shrugs, returns to her phone, texting. He starts out, reluctant to leave.

MARTY
Given any thought to what you want to do with your summer break?

Charlottethumbs her phone, doesn’t look up.

CHARLOTTE
Little as possible.

INT. MARTY’S HOME-BASEMENT - DAY

Unfinished. Assassins Creed on a TV screen. JONAH BIRD, 13, handsome, thin, sits on a tired couch, sharpens a long stick with a steak knife. Marty ambles over--

MARTY
Hey, buddy. How are you?

JONAH
Hey, dad.

MARTY
Ace your finals?

JONAH
You know it.
MARTY
You’re gonna dull that knife.

JONAH
I’m making a spear.

MARTY
I see that. May I ask why?

JONAH
So I can spear something.

Marty nods at the screen.

MARTY
Sink the El whatever yet?

JONAH
Impoluto. Three weeks ago.

MARTY
Wanna go for a ride?

JONAH
Nah, not really. Look...

Jonah pulls his mobile, thumbs through photos.

JONAH
There’s this lunch lady at school.
She’s super short, kinda plump.
She’s got a hunchback and an extra
finger on her right hand.

He hands Marty the phone: a selfie; Jonah and the Lunch Lady.

MARTY
Huh.

Marty considers his odd son for a beat, returns the phone.

JONAH
Out getting supper I think. She
says she doesn’t cook on Wednesday.

EXT. MARTY’S HOME-BACKYARD - DAY

Just so. Grass cut, fence-line weed-whacked.
Marty leans over a short picket fence more decorative than defensive, inspects ripening tomatoes in a tidy garden.

EXT. MARTY’S HOME-BACKYARD - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Marty cradles tomatoes, stomps a mole tunnel flat. He follows the swell of the tunnel, flattening. Stops. He reaches a large ring of semi-bare Earth; a faded outline some fifteen feet in diameter. Marty lost in thought.

EXT. MARTY’S HOME-DRIVEWAY - DAY (LATER)

Garage door closes. Marty -- bike shorts, lycra shirt, helmet -- rolls down the driveway on a high-end Trek. He snugs ear-buds, the historian Shelby Foote’s rich voice reads from his book *The Beleaguered City: the Vicksburg Campaign*.

**SHELBY FOOTE (V.O.)**

(reading)

Haste made waste and Ulysses S.
Grant knew it, but in this case
haste was unavoidable--

EXT. MARTY’S NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Marty pedals past edged lawns, sprinklers, mini-vans.

EXT. SURFACE STREET - DAY

Mood darkening, he weaves out of slower traffic, hops the curb with ease, rocketing down the sidewalk. Biking angry.

EXT. PRIVATE STREET - DAY

Marty no-hands glides down a high-end street. Calming. Surveying MANSIONS, one after another. Soaking it in.

He dismounts, taps Foote off, stopped in front of the grandest of the homes. Marty pulls his cell, dials, wipes sweat from his face. Stares at the house.

**BRUCE’S VOICE MAIL (V.O.)**

(over phone)

This is Bruce Liddell, leave me a message, I’ll call you back!

Beep.
MARTY
(onto phone)
Hey-- let’s pull the trigger. On
that office, let’s lock it in.
It’d be great if Liz could get some
utility comps we could review but I
think we should do it.

Marty tears his eyes from the house, turns in small circles.

MARTY
Parking, though. That’s something
we didn’t talk about. I doubt it’s
included, let’s find out what that
costs. And I’m sure the city’ll
want their one percent.

He begins to ramble, conscious of his weakening position.

MARTY
Anyway, I think we should think
hard about it. Let’s review the
lease agreement, do another walk
through... you know there is the
possibility there’s another space
we’d like even more. So-- don’t
tell Liz we’ll take it, but...
we’ll hash it out on Monday.

He disconnects. God dammit.

EXT. SURFACE STREET – DAY

Marty pedals home, coasts to a stops at a red light. The
BEEP-BEEP of a horn-- the mini-van next to him. He pulls his
ear-buds, the passenger window lowers--

Behind the wheel, the strawberry blonde from the amateur porn
smiles, holds up a Chipotle bag, shouts--

WENDY
Good timing! I’ve got your naked
burrito! Half spicy, half mild.
I’ll see you at home!

Marty nods at his wife, WENDY. The light turns green, she
gives a little wave, drives away. 4 SMILING STICK FIGURES on
her rear window; Dad, Mom, 2 kids: the Bird Family.
WENDY (PRE-LAP V.O.)
Sometimes you think you’re not
going to like something -- might be
painful even -- but you suck it up,
try it and all of a sudden...

INT. MARTY’S HOUSE-KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Birds around the table, dinner in progress. MSNBC
financial segment plays on a kitchen TV. Marty simmers.

WENDY
...you realize you’re having fun.

JONAH
I don’t want to dance and I’m not
going to have fun.

CHARLOTTE
If he’s just going to stand around,
why make him go?

Charlotte looks for, finds the TV remote.

WENDY
It’s a high school dance, everybody
stands around.

JONAH
(to Charlotte)
You just don’t want me there.

CHARLOTTE
I’m trying to help you, retard.

JONAH
You’re the retard.

CHARLOTTE
Fine, go. Oh, wear your Minecraft
t-shirt and take your spear.

JONAH                     WENDY
Screw you, Charlotte--     You two, stop--

MARTY
(to Jonah; re: language)
Hey--
     (to Charlotte; re: remote)
Leave it.

WENDY                     CHARLOTTE
Your brother’s very handsome-- You’re not even watching it.
MARTY
Leave it.

Charlotte stage sighs, slaps down the remote.

WENDY
He just needs to put himself out there more. I’d be interested.

CHARLOTTE
Ugh. All my eggs just spoiled at once.

MARTY
(to Charlotte)
Clever. Not at the table.

CHARLOTTE
Why do you always take his side? You never say anything to him.

MARTY
I don’t take his side.

WENDY
Can you make pork chops some time?

JONAH
Yeah.

WENDY
(to Charlotte)
Can you make pork chops some time?

JONAH
Yeah.

JONAH
Want it dad?
Marty shakes no, back to Wendy.

MARTY
I thought you got groceries Monday.

CHARLOTTE
(to Wendy)
I need ten dollars.

Jonah throws his plate away, beelines for the basement.

WENDY
What for?

CHARLOTTE
Fund raiser for Hannah. Lawson.

MARTY
Which one is she?

WENDY
Tall, really fair--

CHARLOTTE
She’s slept over--

MARTY
What’s her problem?

WENDY
She has psoriasis.

Marty shakes his head, what next?

CHARLOTTE
It’s a disease, dad. Like cancer.

MARTY
She’s got itchy skin.

CHARLOTTE
There’s no cure.

MARTY
Then why waste the money? If you tell me they’re on the verge of curing flaky skin and your contribution puts a crack team of dermatologists over the top, then, sure, pony up. Otherwise...

Charlotte stands, plate in hand, offended.

CHARLOTTE
I’m not calling you one... but why are you being so dick-ish?
WENDY
(puzzled; soft)
It’s only 10 dollars.

MARTY
(ignoring Wendy)
When you work for a living, Charlotte, you get tired of everyone’s hand in your pocket.

WENDY
(to Charlotte; calming)
Stop. Get it out of my purse.

CHARLOTTE
Forget it. Let her face fall off.

She stalks out, the room quiet save for MSNBC. Beat.

WENDY
You got a new Consumer Reports today. The cover’s torn again.

MARTY
Thanks for getting dinner.

WENDY
(grins)
I worked hard at it.

Polite smiles, slippery eye contact. Finally--

WENDY
Julie and Lisa want me to go out to dinner with them tomorrow night, you have anything going on?

Marty moves his food around. You cheating bitch.

MARTY
Nope. Whatever you want, Wendy.

She finishes, stands, starts loading the dishwasher. He eats, watches the markets on TV.

INT. MARTY’S HOME-LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

News on TV. Marty mans an easy chair, reads Consumer Reports. The cover torn. Wendy on the couch, surfing her iPad. She flips the cover closed, steals a look--

WENDY
Want the History Channel?
MARTY
You don’t want to see the weather?

WENDY
I’m tired.
(beat)
You seem awfully quiet.

MARTY
Just a lot on my mind, I guess.

WENDY
Remote?

MARTY
Sure.

She stands, hands him the remote, edges to the stairs.

WENDY
Care if I go to bed?

MARTY
(reading)
Why would I care?

WENDY
I don’t know why I say it.

MARTY
I don’t either.

WENDY
(smiles)
Good night.

MARTY
Night.

She heads upstairs. He waits till she can’t see him looking, then watches her disappear. Torso, legs, feet. Cunt.

He pops up, snags her iPad from the couch, opens it, sits. His eyes dart to the stairs, opens the Facebook tab, scrolls thumbnails of Friends. Scrolls. Stop. Got him.

MARTY
Gary Silverberg.

Page opened-- Wendy’s unsuspecting partner in porn poses in front of his Cessna Skyhawk. At a black tie dinner. Waders on, fly fishing against a mountainous b.g.
MARTY
(squints; reads)
Fucking New Zealand?

Marty clicks on 89 Likes. COMMENTS. Scrolls, stops. Wendy Davis Bird-- Marty holds his breath -- opens.

"Jealous..."


EXT. MARTY’S HOME-BACKYARD - NIGHT

A light shines on a mole-tunnel. The beam coming from a flashlight duct-taped to the pitch-fork Marty holds poised over the tunnel. Marty growls, strikes. He jerks the tool loose, checks its tines for blood. Nothing.

He flips the light off, looks around. A dog barks in the distance. Lights in neighboring homes. Marty hurts.

INT. MARTY’S HOME-KITCHEN - NIGHT

Marty in boxers/t-shirt, sets the home security alarm.

INT. MARTY’S HOME-JONAH’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark. A sleeping Jonah curled on the edge of his bed. Marty grabs him under the armpits, hauls his son to the bed’s center, covers him, pats a shoulder. Jonah doesn’t stir.

INT. MARTY’S HOME-KID’S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Marty at the sink, fills a guinea pig bottle with water.

INT. MARTY’S HOME-CHARLOTTE’S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark. Marty attaches the bottle to the Guinea pig cage. He navigates to a sleeping Charlotte, kicks something hard, bites off a curse. He kisses her forehead, she stirs.

MARTY
(whispers)
Who loves his little girl?

CHARLOTTE
(automatic; faint)
You do, daddy.
INT. MARTY’S HOUSE—MARTY’S BEDROOM — NIGHT

Wendy sleeps. Marty eases into bed, sheet up. He stares at the ceiling, then at Wendy. He studies the back of her head, bare shoulders, the swell of her hips beneath the sheet. Her hips. Her back-arching cat-in-heat-hips.

He glares at the ceiling, radiates anger. She snores.

MARTY
(soft)
Alright then.

He whips the sheet off, swings his legs over the side.

INT. MARTY’S HOME—KITCHEN — NIGHT

Marty, dressed in same-day clothes, sans tie, punches buttons on the home security keypad.

INT. MARTY’S CAMRY (MOVING) — NIGHT (LATER)

Marty slows, flings a fistful of coins into a toll basket, accelerates toward the Chicago skyline.

INT./EXT. MARTY’S CAMRY — NIGHT

Marty slow-rolls to the curb, stops. Locks the doors. His POV: a trio of Howard Avenue HOOKERS, 20s, in thigh-highs and fuck-me pumps work the corner. He stares at the BLONDE HOOKER, her come-ons to passing cars. She glances his way--

INT. MARTY’S CAMRY — NIGHT (MOMENTS LATER)

Street lamp lit. Marty nervous, on the lookout for cops. Blonde Hooker nuzzles his neck. Supermodel-hot; lustrous hair, full lips, flawless skin.

BLONDE HOOKER
You haven’t done this before, have you?

MARTY
Why?

BLONDE HOOKER
Handsome, clean, fit--
BLONDE HOOKER
Let me guess, your wife won’t do...
what you want her to do.


BLONDE HOOKER
If you were my man? Working all
day so I could stay-at-home...

She unbuckles his pants. Marty’s breath hitches.

BLONDE HOOKER
Which, let’s face it, was a bitch
when they were little but now
they’re both teens and in school
all day -- a private school too,
fifteen grand a pop, even though
you pay a shit-pot full of state
taxes and live in a top-rated
public school district.

His zipper comes down. Slow. Marty braces. She purrs...

BLONDE HOOKER
Who’s never missed a mortgage
payment? Marty Bird. Nice home on
a quarter-acre squared-off lot in a
suburb with just enough ethnics to
make Chicago Magazine’s Best
Neighborhoods list but not enough
to drop the property values.
Thanks Marty. Food on tables,
shoes on feet, braces on teeth.
Marty fuckin’ Bird, putting
presents under the tree since 1999.
Not only would I not cheat on you--

She tongues his top lip, locks eyes with him.

BLONDE HOOKER
I’d let you do... Anything. You.
Wanted. Do me a favor--

Her head starts its descent.

BLONDE HOOKER
Don’t cum too fast.

He shakes ‘no’, she pauses, looks up.

BLONDE HOOKER
Nice shirt.
Her head disappears into his lap, he gasps, closes his eyes.
RING! RING! RING!

INT. MARTY’S CAMRY – NIGHT

Reality. Phone ringing. Blonde Hooker closing fast outside his window -- tweeker-teeth, dark roots and a cold sore.

BLONDE HOOKER
Hey! You can’t be beatin’ off in your car, baby. This ain’t a pettin’ zoo.

Marty fumbles the car into drive, squeals off. He fumbles for his phone, answers it. Over Bluetooth--

MARTY
(into phone; breathless)
Yeah...

BRUCE (V.O.)
(over phone)
Bird, it’s Bruce... I’m at Hansons.

MARTY
Trucking? Why?

BRUCE (V.O.)
I’m with Senior and Junior. I need you here, Marty. Now.

MARTY
Tonight? No... Bruce what’s the--

BRUCE (V.O.)
Del’s here.

Marty sobers. Silence for a beat.

MARTY
Okay.

EXT. CHICAGO INDUSTRIAL PARK – NIGHT

Large low slung buildings, loading docks, scattered cars in mostly empty parking lots.
INT. MARTY’S CAMRY (MOVING) - NIGHT

Marty parks, headlights shining on BRUCE vanity plates attached to a Maserati flanked by 3 white Suburbans.

INT. HANSON AND SON TRUCKING-SERVICE BAY - NIGHT

Dim. Fluorescent safety lights. Dark around the edges, the outlines of half a dozen men. Marty walks past a smattering of tool chests, parked trucks. Knows the layout.

He mounts steel tread-plate steps.

INT. HANSON TRUCKING-OFFICE - NIGHT

Marty enters, 3 sets of anxious eyes turn to him. Crammed shoulder to shoulder on a sagging couch-- HANSON SR., 60s, HANSON JR. 30s, Liz, her face flush with fear. The last to look up-- Bruce.

The space small; built to fire drivers, screw secretaries, take a dump in peace. An empty chair behind a steel desk. A .44 PISTOL on top.

MARTY
Bruce? Mr. Hanson, what...?

A toilet FLUSHES behind the john door. Water runs, paper tears. The door opens, ARTURO “DEL” DEL RIO emerges.

Mexican, 40s, lean, handsome, stylish Del lays eyes on Marty, laugh lines crinkling, he towels his hands dry.

DEL
There he is--

Del grips Marty’s hand; a two-handed, old friends shake.

MARTY
Del, I didn’t know you were in town. What’s going on?

DEL
You look good, Marty. Where’s my five million dollars?

Marty half-smiles. A joke? Serious? He glances at Bruce, back to Del. His stomach falls. Del sees it.

DEL
Oh, shit. The Mexican’s serious.
HANSON JR.
Whatever’s between you boys is your
business, it’s got nothing to do
with me and my dad.

HANSON SR. HANSON JR.
Shut up, son-- We run a clean shop.

Del gestures Marty to Hanson Sr.’s empty chair, Del perches
on the edge of the desk, angled to the couch, amused.

DEL
Clean? Other than the hundred
million in drug money you and your
father collect and transport to
these two men to launder.

Marty sits, Bruce won’t meet his eyes.

HANSON JR.
Clean to you.

Del chuckles.

MARTY
Whoa, whoa, whoa... Del, this money
you’re missing, however much--

DEL
The Federation produces a billion
dollars a year. I don’t know I’d
use any version of “miss.”
“Stolen.” That’s my word.

HANSON SR.
Mr. Del Rio, I swear we’re not
stealing from you. We log all our
weights -- check ‘em -- numbers
don’t lie.

Del smiles, spins the .44 on the desk... nods at Marty.

DEL
Don’t tell him that. Not to
diminish your contribution, Bruce;
the ability to charm the Hansons of
the world, to recognize weakness
equal to your own -- seduce and
corrupt them -- is a talent in and
of itself. But Martin Bird...
there’s your artist. A conjurer.
A master of the dark arts of black
money. Placement, layering,
invention;

(MORE)
Chicago to Panama, Moscow to Tel Aviv, this man can make one-hundred million dollars of dirty money disappear like spit on a hot skillet.

Liz muffles a sob, Bruce takes her hand, she pulls away.

LIZ

Mr. Rio?

DEL


LIZ

I have to pee?

DEL

Of course.

Del helps Liz off the low couch. Wiping tears, she scuttles into the john, bolts herself in. Del sits to the muted sound of Liz retching.

DEL (CONT'D)

When I was nine, I started working in my parents’ grocery store. Stocking shelves, unloading produce. It’s tough, grocery. Low margins, spoilage, shrinkage, competition. But, people gotta eat. My father loved working the floor, the public. My mother, not the warmest of women, took care of the books, rarely left the back office. Wasn’t a big store, but it fed six kids. We had four cashiers that weren’t blood. Our best -- Carlotta -- thirty maybe, started there when she was fifteen. Loyal, worked holidays, inventory, somebody’d quit, call in sick, you knew she’d cover. The kinda person you call “aunt” when you’re nine because her kids come to your birthday parties. Always around, always a smile.

(beat; reminiscing)

Then one day my father’s closing up and he sees Aunt Carlotta slip five dollars worth of pesos outta the till, into her pocket. He could not believe it. “Why Carlotta?

(MORE)
If you needed the money why didn’t you come to me?” Carlotta was a proud woman. Not too proud to steal, but proud. She had four kids, no husband. Her youngest had asthma, said she needed the money for medicine. So her boy could breathe. Cried like a baby, swore she’d never do it again. Begged my father not to fire her. Begged.

Del nods at Hanson Sr.

DEL
What to do with Aunt Carlotta... Mr. Hanson?

HANSON SR.
Five bucks? Tell her if it happens again, she’s gone. Put her on probation.

The younger Hanson nods his agreement.

DEL
“Probation.” I love America. Bruce?

BRUCE
One mistake against fifteen years. Training cashiers is a bitch... Give her a second chance, Del.

DEL
Marty? What should my father do?

MARTY
I know what you’re doing, Del. And I’ve had enough. Bruce and I have cleaned money for Mr. Beltran and the Federation for fifteen years. This is an intimidation audit, nothing more. You think if you blow in here, unannounced, rattle some cages, someone might admit to skimming money. You’re fishing. I get it. People steal. When your supply chain downstream is run by drug dealers and meth-heads I imagine you’ll find a lot of Aunt Carlottas. But not in this room.

Marty points to the bathroom, Liz.
MARTY
All you’ve done with this stunt is involve a civilian. And for the record? This... Dale Carnegie meets Pablo Escobar ruse? It’s beneath you.

DEL
Ruse. Good word.

Del lifts his gun, FIRES FOUR TIMES into the bathroom door, the cheap laminate splinters. The men recoil, horrified.

Bruce lunges, howling, jerks the bathroom door open... blood, brain, Liz spattered. Slumped between toilet and wall, legs askew, dead. Bruce kneels, cradling her, crying.

HANSON JR.
It was Bruce’s idea! I’m sorry! Let my dad go, please! Just kill me! He had nothing to do with it! It was Bruce! It was their idea!

Marty standing, back against the wall, shocked. Hanson Jr.’s screamed confession fades to a rush of white noise.

INT. HANSON & SON TRUCKING-SERVICE BAY - (MOMENTS LATER)


A gun to a kneeling, weeping Hanson Jr.’s head. A numb Bruce sits on the floor, stares at nothing. Hanson Sr. stands, imploring Del. Del ignores Hanson, looking at Marty, mouth moving, no sound...

Sound, reality return full throttle, Hansons begging, crying.

HANSON SR.
He made a terrible mistake... Mr. Del Rio, I’m sorry, sir, please, we’ll work for free-- it wasn’t my dad--

DEL
Know what I like about Chicago? Other than its central location, convenient interstate highways, modern rail system, anonymous warehouses, and not one but two international airports? All the Mexicans. Culture, language, food. The women. I feel at home.

(MORE)
Know what I dislike about Chicago?
All the fucking Mexicans.

Hanson Jr. rages at Bruce, spittle flying--

HANSON JR.
It was that piece of shit! It was his idea!

DEL
May as well put up a sign: “Welcome to Chicago, drug hub of the United States.” FinCen, DEA, ATF, FBI...
All circling like buzzards. And where does the drama come from? 4 sticky-fingered white men.

Hanson Sr. edges closer to Del, nearly undone.

HANSON SR.
Please. He’s my son. He made a mistake. I’ll make it right.

DEL
A father shouldn’t have to see his child die.

Del gestures, ENFORCER 1, a non-smiling, rail-thin killer, slithers up, shoots Hanson Sr. in the head, dropping him.

HANSON JR.
Daddy--!

Del shoots Jr. Marty’s breath catches, he struggles to control his breathing. He backs up, ENFORCER 2 stops him. Del squats in front of Bruce, soft.

DEL
Bruce. How’d you do it? Hey--
(Bruce tries to focus)
Hanson’s men pick up the shipment of cash along with whatever legitimate load; air conditioners--

BRUCE
(disoriented)
Dog food...

DEL
Dog food... sure.

BRUCE
Auto parts...
DEL
Subtract the weight of the cash
from the weight of the trucks and
the auto parts...

BRUCE
Dog food. Furniture, carpets...

DEL
What’d you do, Bruce?

BRUCE
We rigged the gas gauges.

The scheme washes over Del, he smiles.

BRUCE
They’d read full when they were
five gallons light.

DEL
The load would count lighter, you’d
take the weight of five gallons of
gas.

(doing the math)
Forty pounds?

BRUCE
Give or take.

DEL
I love it. How much, Bruce?

BRUCE
Eight million. Over three years.

DEL
Okay. I’m sorry about Liz. You
know that, right?

BRUCE
She was a good person.

DEL
I’m sure she was.

BRUCE
Del...? Del, Marty had nothing to
do with this. It was all me.

DEL
Okay. You ready?

BRUCE
“Carolyn’s Place.” After my mom.
We were gonna have pie--

BAM! Del shoots Bruce in the head. A sob rips from Marty, he sinks to his knees, roots in his pockets with trembling hands. Del strides to him.

MARTY
Please... just let me say goodbye--

Enforcer 2 grins. Del catches the grin, takes offense.

DEL
(to Enforcer 2)
This man made me millions. It’s over. You’re amused? How much have you made me?

Enforcer 2’s grin dissolves, eyes dart. Behind them, Marty fumbles car keys to the cement, quarters bounce, a folded glossy piece of paper slides across the floor.

DEL
That’s right-- not millions.

Marty’s hands refuse to work; he finally locates his phone, fat fingers the buttons. Starts over.

MARTY
They’re asleep, Del. I’ll just leave my kids a message. Please... they can’t think I just disappeared. That I left...

Del picks the glossy paper off the floor, unfolds, scans the brochure. Lake of the Ozarks. Discards.

MARTY
I have to tell them I love them.

Del hunkers in front of Marty, gently takes the phone from shaky hands.

DEL
They know, Marty. They know.

A faint RING, Del hits END CALL.

DEL
Your kids still in school?
(Marty confused)
Summer break. I don’t want to do Wendy in front of the kids.
MARTY
(panicked)
No, Del... Wendy doesn’t know anything about what I do! I never told her... Never, not once!
Please, don’t hurt her--

DEL
We ready?

Del levels his gun at Marty’s head.

MARTY
Just gimme a second! Please!

Del lowers his gun, indulgent. Marty on his hands and knees. Despairs. Breath labored, he half cries, half laughs, spent.

His breathing slows. On the floor... the brochure.

MARTY
More shoreline than the coast of California.

DEL
Excuse me?

MARTY
The Ozarks. That-- (gestures to brochure)
The Lake. Southern Missouri.

Del picks up the brochure, reads.

MARTY
It has more shoreline than the coast of California.

DEL
Missouri. Right below Illinois? Maybe I’ll visit one day. Probably not. I gotta go, Marty--

MARTY
Every summer the population explodes. Tourists; white collar, blue. Midwesterners. People with jobs and money to spend. Coming and going. All summer.

Almost imperceptible... Del’s patience begins to thin.
MARTY
Restaurants, bars, night clubs, liquor stores... all cash businesses... Impossible to track.

(beat)
Bruce was down there last week... scouting businesses. I was going to put my house on the market -- after talking to you first obviously -- and move down with my family.

Del sees the dodge, sighs. Marty reads it, stands--

MARTY
You’re right about Chicago. 100 percent. FBI, ATF, well you said it. The CIA even, all of them, circling Chicago, tapping phones, monitoring bank accounts... You need a new hub. One that’s off the radar of every law enforcement agency in the U.S. Virgin territory. Cash rich.

Del’s interest registers.

MARTY
Right now I launder maybe ten percent of the money the Federation makes in the U.S. Even if another five percent is piece-mealed out to somebody else like me -- which I doubt -- that leaves at least eighty-five if not the entire ninety percent to be shipped into Mexico. How much of that is seized at the border? How much money siphoned off to bribe border agents? Customs? Police, judges, politicians...? I don’t want to launder ten percent, Del. I want it all.

Del warming. Marty knows it, edges closer to him.

MARTY
Bruce and the Hanson kid stole from you... eight million? I don’t know, that’s what he said right? Eight? You tell me. But I’ll make you whole. I’ll return what he stole. Call it earnest money.

(MORE)
MARTY (CONT'D)
My family and I will move to the Ozarks, like we planned, get set up, and I’ll start cleaning. Money, Del… money’s all that matters. Give me five years -- three -- give me three years, I can be cleaning twice the money we are now. Five years, five hundred million. It’s got more shoreline--

DEL
You said that.

Del in decision mode. Thinking. He levels his gun at Marty.

DEL
Here we go--

Marty’s legs fail, he feels himself sinking. His POV: Liz, Hanson Sr. being loaded into barrels. He closes his eyes.

FLASH TO:

EXT. MARTY’S HOME-BACKYARD - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Sounds of a distant lawn mower, children LAUGHING. Summer.

A wet YOUNG CHARLOTTE, 5, and YOUNG JONAH, 3, bounce in a trampoline, shriek with delight. Wendy laughs, her cut-offs and t-shirt wet, circling the trampoline, spraying her kids with water from a garden hose.

Charlotte squeals as Jonah falls. Jonah hauls himself up by the protective netting, soaked pull-up sagging.

YOUNG CHARLOTTE
Me mommy, spray me!

Marty, 10 years younger, lounges in a lawn chair, watching his family. Toes scrunch a perfect blend of rye and fescue. A breeze ruffles the un-torn Consumer Reports open on his lap. He smiles. The moment, the day, his life…

Perfect.

The sound of FINGERS SNAPPING.

DEL (V.O.)
Hey-- Marty--

RETURN TO:
INT. HANSON & SON TRUCKING-SERVICE BAY - NIGHT

Marty opens his eyes, Del leans over, snaps his fingers.

DEl
500 million. In five years?

Marty looks, sees Bruce being barreled. Remembers...

MARTY
Five-hundred fifteen. No question.

Del considers.

DEL
You have forty-eight hours to get my money. Cash. No negotiable instruments, no cashiers checks, no wire transfers. Cash. All of it.

Del wags his gun at Marty-- leave. Marty staggers to his feet, takes a dozen unsteady steps.

DEL
Marty...

Marty turns, relief pivoting to fear, eyes darting.

DEL
When I drive by? I better see a 'For Sale' sign on your lawn.

Marty nods, a weak smile. He shuffles into the shadows.

EXT. MARTY’S HOME - NIGHT

A single light spills from the second floor master bedroom.

INT. MARTY’S HOME-BEDROOM - NIGHT

Marty kneels in the closet, clothes parted, opens a small safe bolted to the floor. Wendy hovers, on the edge of panic, voice lowered to keep the children from waking.

WENDY
No! There’s no choice here... Jesus, Marty, stop! They killed Bruce. We’ve got to go to the police!

Marty pulls out two neat stacks of cash; ten-thousand, bankwrapped. He stands, kicks the safe shut.
SUPER: $10,000.     TOTAL: $10,000.

MARTY
Really, Wendy? Let’s role play that--

He hustles out of the closet, Wendy on his heels.

MARTY
I’m Detective Whoever The Fuck. And you, you’re the wife of the top money-launderer for the second largest drug cartel in Mexico. Go!

Wendy cuts nervous eyes toward their closed door.

MARTY
Police mean witness protection at best. Prison time. If we get that far.

WENDY
“We?” We? What are you telling me, our family, our kids are in danger? “We” don’t launder money for the second largest drug cartel in Mexico, you do. How are “we” in danger, Marty?

MARTY
What do you want to hear, Wendy? A million dollars in hundreds weighs about 22 pounds. People who drive trucks loaded with cash onto scales and weigh it because there’s too much to count don’t have some code of ethics they adhere to. What’s your solution? Hmm? Tell me.

WENDY
I don’t know... send Liz to the police. Bruce didn’t come home. He’s missing. They’ll find out he’s dead. Lay the blame on--

MARTY
Liz is dead, Wendy. She’s dissolving in a plastic barrel next to the one they stuffed Bruce in--

She slumps onto the bed, terrified. Marty calms.
MARTY
What we’re not going to do? Panic. We’re going to prioritize. Compartmentalize. Time management. First thing tomorrow, after we tell the kids, call your friend Laura--
(Wendy blanks)
The realtor? List the house. Then call a moving company. Box only what we can put in the van. Help the kids pack, do it for them, I don’t care. Come Friday after school-- we’re on the road.

He starts out, an afterthought stops him, he turns.

MARTY
The movers... get three bids. Money’s gonna be tight.

INT. MARTY’S HOME-KITCHEN – MORNING


CHARLOTTE
No fucking way am I going.

MARTY
Stop with the language. You’re going. We’re all going.

CHARLOTTE
Not me. I’ll live with Caitlin.

JONAH
The Ozarks. That’s like, woods and stuff?

CHARLOTTE
(to Wendy)

WENDY
(to Jonah)

Mom, what the fuck--?
I think so, honey.

Wendy at a loss, defers to Marty.

MARTY
Husbands, fathers--

A politically correct gesture to Wendy, Charlotte--

MARTY
Wives--
(as Charlotte eye-rolls)

(MORE)
--take new jobs and relocate with their families all the time. This country was built by Americans pursuing opportunity-- Pioneers!

CHARLOTTE
You’re a financial advisor! A self-employed financial advisor! You decide where the “opportunity” is!

Marty SLAPS the table, Charlotte, the room flinch.

MARTY
That’s right! And I’ve decided the opportunity is in Missouri!

His family taken aback, Marty tamps down his frustration.

MARTY
You’re upset. You’re leaving your friends, your school... what you’re feeling is normal. I understand. But we are a family and we’re making this move as a family.
(beat)
Now I would prefer... that you view this as an adventure--

Charlotte bolts up, tears flowing, charges out.

CHARLOTTE
Waffles and a shit sandwich--


JONAH
I think it sounds like fun.

Marty’s throat lumps at the small kindness. Jonah rises, starts to go. Marty stops him, pulls him in for a hug.

JONAH
You okay, dad?

Marty releases him, laughs it off, swats his butt. Jonah exits. Marty alone at the table, not okay.

INT. LIDDEL AND BIRD - MORNING
Ransacked. Papers strewn, desk drawers torn out, wires with no computers attached. Marty stands, frozen, stares at the wreckage. A GASP behind him. He half-turns--
RECEPTIONIST
Oh my God... you called the police?

MARTY
Yes.

RECEPTIONIST
They took my computer...

She rummages in her purse, retrieves her phone, dials.

RECEPTIONIST
I’ll call the insurance company.

MARTY
Brenda?

She covers the mouthpiece with a hand, waiting for Marty--

MARTY
You’re fired. I’m sorry.

Brenda lowers her phone.

INT. MARTY’S OFFICE – MORNING

Wreckage. Desk overturned, drawers emptied onto the floor. Marty in his chair, receiver on his lap, phone to an ear.

MARTY
(into phone; forced upbeat)
No, not some, all. Everything.
Liquidated, cash.

INTERCUT MARTY WITH BROKERS 1, 2, & 3 / BANK MANAGERS

INT. BROKER 1’S OFFICE – MORNING

Corner office just off a boiler room of phone jockeys. BROKER 1 on his headset, nearly speechless.

BROKER 1
I...? All of it?

INT. BANK OF CHICAGO–MANAGER’S OFFICE – MORNING

Wood veneers, framed motivational posters. BANK MANAGER on his phone, TELLERS, CUSTOMERS through his open door.
MARTY (V.O.)
$7,945,400.

BANK MANAGER
Sir, again, we don’t keep that kind of cash on site. You can’t just have it wired here then come by and withdraw it. Not in cash.

INT. BROKER 2’S OFFICE – MORNING

BROKER 2 paces a partner’s office, phone to ear.

BROKER 2
Whoa, whoa, whoa... Marty stop. If the markets are spooking you, hell, let’s slide it into mutual funds--

MARTY
No, I’ll be back in six months with twice the money--

INT. BANK OF CHICAGO–MANAGER’S OFFICE – MORNING

BANK MANAGER
I’m not explaining myself correctly; because it says the money’s in your account, doesn’t mean it’s really there. Physically.

MARTY
I know how the banking system works. That’s why I’m calling you in advance so you can get it.

INT. BROKER 3’S OFFICE – MORNING

Empire State Building through his window. BROKER 3 bullies--

BROKER 3
Your entire portfolio. Forget it. Ten percent penalty for early withdrawal plus at least thirty-two percent in taxes. No--

MARTY
I’ll worry about taxes next April. Sell it. Now.
INT. BANK OF CHICAGO-VP’S OFFICE - MORNING

Real wood. Real paintings. Bank Manager hovers, the BANK VP, 50s, solid, mans a large desk, phone on speaker.

BANK VEEP
Mr. Bird, there seems to be a disconnect vis-a-vis large wire transfers and your expectations about withdrawing it. In cash.

MARTY
(rope’s end)
By end of business today there will be close to 8 million dollars in 4 separate accounts at your bank. I suspect that puts you in a woefully undercapitalized position relative to your obligations with the FDIC. So unless you’re the Vice President of the one institution exempt from the liquidity ratio laws governing every other bank in the Western hemisphere, I suggest you call the Federal Reserve at 230 South LaSalle and order up a shitpot full of cash.

EXT. AQUA TOWER (DOWNTOWN CHICAGO) - DAY

82 stories of rippling mixed-use luxury.

INT. GARY SILVERBERG’S APARTMENT - DAY


GARY SILVERBERG, 50, Wendy’s Facebook Friend and lover, gapes, dumbfounded... cracks a grin--

GARY
Get the fuck outta here--

Wendy exhales from the couch, exasperated, rubs puffy eyes.

GARY
Your husband, the financial advisor, Mr. Consumer Reports, is laundering money for the Federation cartel, that’s what you’re telling me?
She glares. The look sobers him, he tries to process--

GARY
They kill his partner, partner’s
wife--

WENDY
Fiancee.

GARY
And two others-- and let him live?

WENDY
He cleans their money, Gary. He, he... mixes drug money with company
pension plans, 401Ks... He moves it
all over the world--

WENDY
Invests it, makes money on
GARY
Yeah, I get that but--
top of money!

GARY
No offense, Wendy, I’ve seen your
house. How much are we talking
about?

WENDY
I don’t know... millions, tens of
millions, hundreds-- I don’t know!

She trembles. He moves to her, wraps an arm around her.

GARY
Shh. It’s okay. We’re in Chicago,
not some beaner border town. I’ll
take care of it.

WENDY
How?

GARY
How? Really?

He gives her a squeeze, his tone upbeat, consoling.

GARY
Do you love me?
(she nods)
Because this lawyer loves you. And
this particular lawyer is a partner
with arguably the most powerful law
firm in town.
WENDY
You’re an environmental lawyer.

GARY
I’m a partner. With other partners who are the top criminal lawyers in Chicago. Lawyers who know every judge, D.A. and States Attorney with lead in their pencil. Come Monday, you and I will be sixty stories up and your money-laundering husband will either be in jail or in federal protection. His choice.

WENDY
You, me and my kids will be sixty stories up. That’s what you meant right? My kids?

GARY
I thought it was inferred.
(beat)
We need to work on articulating your story.
(Wendy puzzled)
I assume Marty’s hidden profession came as a shock, right?

WENDY
(guilty beat)
Let’s assume that it did, yes.

Gary unsettled by the tacit admission of guilt, recovers.

GARY
Cross that bridge when we come to it. What you need to know is you’re good. Your kids are good.

She nods, comforted. He kisses her.

GARY
I’m never letting you go. And certainly not to the Ozarks. Good Lord, what’s that even like? Camouflage as a primary color? Pickup trucks with those... those big rubber testicles they hang from trailer hitches.

She smiles, a laugh spills out. He wipes her eyes, tender.
GARY
I only want you thinking of average sized Jewish testicles.

WENDY
What do I do now? I can’t just... wait.

GARY
What’s he doing now-- Marty?

WENDY
Paying back the money his partner stole. How much I don’t know.

Gary’s wheels spin.

GARY
The government will try to attach as much of that money as possible-- freeze your assets to force his cooperation. You need to get as much as you can as fast as you can-- (off her look) That money’s either going to you, the feds or a drug cartel. Time to put your cards on the table.

INT. TOYOTA DEALERSHIP-LOBBY - DAY

Marty’s Camry through the window-wall, new cars in the b.g.

A SALES MANAGER at a small table, counts from a stack of hundreds. Marty across from him, watches the money.

SALES MANAGER
I know you know this, Marty, but I’m going to say it anyway. I’ve got to report this. You’ll get a tax bill at the end of the year. (finishes counting) Eight thousand dollars.

SUPER; $8,000. TOTAL: $18,000.

Marty slides Camry keys across the table.

MARTY
Can I get a loaner, Ray? Twenty four hours. Tops. Please. I’ll take the shittiest car on the lot.

Sales Manager pauses, pushes the keys back across the table.
EXT. EVANS INVESTIGATION AND SURVEILLANCE - DAY

Strip mall: Title loans. Tanning salon. Subway.

Camry parked in a “Reserved for Evans Investigation” spot.

BOB EVANS (PRE-LAP V.O.)
Gary Silverberg...

INT. EVANS INVESTIGATION - DAY


BOB EVANS (V.O.)
He’s a partner with McNeil-Roberts downtown. Know him?


BOB EVANS
On the board of half a dozen non-profits; Academy of the Arts, Goodman Theater, Joffrey... one of those. They see each other at least twice a week. Sometimes more. Either his place or halfway between here and the city; an H.I. Express, Fairfield Inn... the Doubletree in Alsip’s where I tagged ‘em.
(off Marty’s look)
Guy makes four-hundred grand, he can afford better, I’m guessing it’s convenience.

MARTY
How long?

BOB EVANS
Hard to say.

Marty closes the file, rocked. The word “SUGARWOOD” scrawled in Sharpie across the file’s tab.

MARTY
“Sugarwood.” What is that?
BOB EVANS
(slight wince)
You jumped the gun coming here
today. Normally I transfer
everything from a working file to a
folio binder. Table of contents,
intro, summary. Suitable for
presentation, arbitration.

MARTY
What?

BOB EVANS
Sugarwood’s her pet name for him.
As in... y’know... Gimme some--

MARTY
I got it. --a that sugarwood.

Christ. Marty wonders at his life, the file.

MARTY
Hypothetically... scale of one to
ten, how difficult would it be for
a person to disappear?

BOB EVANS
You or him?

Marty takes a beat, choosing his words, starts--

BOB EVANS
Careful.

MARTY
Me. A family of four.

BOB EVANS
New I.D.’s, social security
numbers, credit cards. You could
do it, for a while anyway. Then
your money’d run out. You couldn’t
do what you do now, too many forms
to fill out, somebody gets audited,
cat’s outta the bag. But you’ll
get caught long before that. One
of your kids’ll get online sloppy;
Twitter, Instagram... your wife has
one lemon-drop too many with her
new best friend, wants to share. A
secret’s a powerful thing, ask
Whitey Bulger.

(MORE)
BOB EVANS (CONT'D)
If you have a legal problem I’m not aware of -- don’t tell me if you do -- you could keep your identity, leave the country, go somewhere with no extradition to the U.S. Really depends on who’s looking for you and how much money they have.

Marty’s laugh straight from the gallows.

MARTY
The computers in my office were stolen last night. All of them.

BOB EVANS
You download the footage I sent?

Marty meets his eyes, he did. Evans sighs.

BOB EVANS
Tit, meet ringer. Let’s hope your wife and Mr. Silverberg don’t wind up splattered all over the internet.

Marty’s phone signals a text. He checks it-- incredulous.

MARTY
It’s the bank. My wife just emptied our checking and savings.

BOB EVANS
You got a gun?

Marty shakes his head.

BOB EVANS

MARTY
What makes you think she’s there?

BOB EVANS
It’s Thursday.

INT. MARTY’S CAMRY (MOVING) - DAY
Marty accelerates, mobile to an ear-- Wendy’s voice mail:

WENDY (V.O.)
(over phone; voice mail)
Hi this is Wendy, leave me a--
Marty throws his phone into the passenger seat, grips the wheel in a black fidget.

MARTY
You bitch. You thankless bitch.
(detonates)
Fuck you Wendy! FUCK YOU!

INT. GARY SILVERBERG’S APARTMENT – DAY
A knock on the front door. A beat. The lock clicks, the door opens, Wendy eases in, slips the key card in her purse.

WENDY
Gary...?

A breeze carries her through the apartment. She nears a corner, sees Gary, seated at the table near the balcony, sliding door open. He stares at her through a swollen eye, cut lip, frightened.

She rounds the corner, freezes-- Enforcer 1 sits at the table, points a Glock at her.

EXT. AQUA TOWER – DAY
Marty’s Camry wheels to the curb, a handicapped spot. He boils out of the car, slams the door.

MARTY
Twenty-two years...

Marty stalks past head-turning pedestrians.

MARTY
Never cheated on you. Not once. Had the chance. And not just a few times. Worked, came home, got up did it all over again. Not good enough for you.

In front of Aqua, shouldering by pedestrians.

MARTY
You want to try and take my money? You want a divorce? I’ll show you the meaning of ugly. You have no idea wh--

A body-sized blur falls from the sky-- SMACKS the sidewalk, the world turns red, wet.
Blood-misted PEDESTRIANS scream, retreat. Marty wipes a veil of gore from his face, stares down at the pulverized remains of...?

INT. MARTY’S CAMRY (PARKED) – DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

Marty shuts his door, panting, mind racing. A RING and he scrabbles for his phone, answering--

MARTY
(into phone; frantic)
Wendy?

DEL (V.O.)
(over phone)
Sixty floors. Sixty.

INT. KFC – DAY

Del sits alone, enjoys a plate of chicken and biscuits. Using a napkin, he holds his phone to an ear. 5 Enforcers occupy adjacent tables, don’t eat.

DEL
(into phone)
You think a person blacks out around thirty or so? Or you think they’re conscious all the way to the pavement?

INTERCUT MARTY / WENDY / DEL

Marty reels, stifles a sob.

DEL (V.O.)
I got Wendy, you got my money?

Relief, fear, uncertainty... all compete within Marty.

MARTY
You’ll have it tomorrow. Forty-eight hours, as promised.

Wendy sits across from Enforcer 1, tears stream. On the table, contents of a dumped purse; wallet, a single tampon, iPhone, coupons, keys. A cashiers check. And the Enforcer’s disposable mobile, on speaker.

DEL (V.O.)
Why does Wendy have a cashiers check for $29,650?
Marty’s mind races, what’s the lie? He opens his mouth--

DEL (V.O.)
You lied to me, Marty. I think she knows about our business.

MARTY
What kind of man isn’t willing to lie to save his wife’s life?

DEL (V.O.)
Was that before or after you found out she was fucking the stain?

Wendy trembles, meets Enforcer 1’s stone-gaze, can’t hold it.

MARTY (V.O.)
After.

DEL (V.O.)
Ouch. The man with Wendy is important to me, so we’re on the clock. I bet you haven’t confronted her yet. Am I right?

Marty takes a beat to process.

MARTY
You’re right.

DEL (V.O.)
You’re calculating the smart move. Weighing options. Measure twice cut once. You divorce her, things turn ugly. She holds what you’ve done over your head. You live with the cheating and whatever man you think you are is eaten away day by day. Or -- hear me out -- we kill both those birds with one stone. Or in Wendy-Bird’s case, a sudden stop after a sixty story drop. Double suicide, no muss no fuss.

Urine trickles from Wendy’s chair onto hand-scraped walnut.

DEL (V.O.)
This has to be your call, Marty. If I make the decision to kill the mother of your children, wife of sixteen years -- time turns a cheating whore into a misunderstood Madonna. Someday, eventually, you’ll hold it against me.
Marty wipes blood, sweat from darting eyes. Through his windshield, police/ambulance lights, sirens heard.

DEL (V.O.)
Hello?

MARTY
Yes--

Wendy starts, eyes wild, a death sentence--

MARTY (V.O.)
I mean what-- not yes, what?! What is it, Del?

Del grins, wipes greasy hands on a napkin. Lunch over.

DEL
What should my father do?

MARTY (V.O.)
Your father?

DEL
About Aunt Carlotta. You didn’t answer my question. What should my father do about a woman who steals from him? A loyal woman. A mother. With him fifteen years. What does my mother make him do?

Marty rocks slowly in his seat, resigned to the answer.

MARTY
Fire her.

DEL (V.O.)
Why?

MARTY
It wasn’t the first time she stole from you.

DEL (V.O.)
What was it?

Marty straightens in his seat, takes a moment.

MARTY
The first time you caught her.
DEL (V.O.)
One last question -- not to
influence your Wendy decision, tick-tock -- but does “sugarwood” mean
what I think it does?

INT. MARTY’S HOME-DINING ROOM - DAY


On the wall, a larger frame holds a black and white photo—Wendy in her wedding dress, smushing cake into a tuxedo-ed Marty’s face. Both laughing. In love.

INT. MARTY’S HOME-BEDROOM - DAY

Marty on the edge of his bed, stares at nothing. His lip starts to tremble, the day catching up. Regains control.

Sound of footfalls on the steps. In walks...

Wendy. She sits next to him, drawn, purse in her lap. After a beat she dips into it, pulls out the cashiers check, hands it to him. They slump in shell-shocked silence.

SUPER: $29,650. TOTAL: $47,650.

From downstairs, the sound of the kids returning from school; muffled voices, backpacks dumped.

JONAH (O.S.)
Mom! I need my gym clothes washed!

Sound of the kitchen TV turning on.

MARTY
(soft)
You’re welcome.

Wendy slow-turns... disbelief. His eyes meet hers.

MARTY
Seriously?

EXT. BANK OF CHICAGO - MORNING

INT. BANK OF CHICAGO-LOBBY - MORNING

Marty follows an ASSISTANT MANAGER past dozens of customers, empty duffel slung over a shoulder, large American Tourister in one hand, pink suitcase in the other, a faded My Little Pony sticker still attached.

INT. BANK OF CHICAGO-CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Marty and his suitcases enter, Bank Manager greets him, two SUITS, 30s, converge, one puts a finger to his lips.

BANK MANAGER
(loud, enunciating)
Mr. Bird, good to see you sir.


BANK MANAGER
Can I get you a cup of coffee?

Suit 2 holds up a sign: ARE YOU UNDER DURESS?

MARTY
What...? No, no.

A second sign: HAS THERE BEEN A KIDNAPPING? Marty shoves the wand away.

MARTY
No, stop. Look, I appreciate your concern. There’s no wires on me. Nobody’s kidnapped anybody. I just... I have a business opportunity that requires cash.

FBI AGENT 1
There are no business opportunities that require cash. Not legal ones.

MARTY
Agree to disagree. Where’s my money?

BANK MANAGER
As I told you, we can’t cover that amount within twenty-four hours.

Marty’s gut churns, world unraveling. Steels himself.
MARTY
There are two federal agents here. Which means you wouldn’t take the chance there was a kidnapping and you didn’t have my money. So if you don’t produce it, immediately, I’m walking into that lobby and letting everyone know that I can’t get my money out. Let’s see how long that takes to go viral and you have a good old-fashioned run on your bank. And then you--

—in Bank Manager’s face
--can play George Bailey in my version of It’s A Wonderful Goddamn Life. What do you say? Do you think the good people of Chicago resemble Bedford Falls folk? My money says ‘no!’ Now, if I want to put all seven-million nine-hundred forty-five thousand, four hundred dollars into a hot tub, get buck naked and play Scrooge McDuck that’s none of your business. Where’s my money?

INT. CHICAGO BANK-LOBBY — MORNING

Marty lugs the wheeled Tourister behind him, strains against the 40 pounds loaded in the pink one, another 40 in the duffel over a shoulder.

SUPER: $7,945,400. TOTAL: $7,993,050.

INT. BIKE SHOP — MORNING

Marty’s Trek on a bike stand, BIKE SHOP OWNER turns the pedals, watches the gears engage. Smooth. Marty observes.

BIKE SHOP OWNER
Fifteen hundred. Cash.

Marty rocked, sputters.

MARTY
That’s a twelve thousand dollar Trek Madone. This is carbon! You can sell it for nine, easy.

BIKE SHOP OWNER
Let’s hope so.
MARTY
Seven thousand.

BIKE SHOP OWNER
Take seven grand worth of risk to make two? See ya.

Marty near the end of his rope, glances at the cash register. Owner reads the look, hand closing around a gear wrench. Marty abandons the thought, points to a used 12-speed.

MARTY
Three grand and throw in that bike.

BIKE SHOP OWNER
Two. And I’ll sell you--

He gestures to a sun-bleached beater apologizing in a corner.

BIKE SHOP OWNER
That bike. For a hundred.

MARTY
Fifty.

EXT. CHICAGO POLICE H.Q. - DAY

The Camry creeps into a no-parking zone, metal letters on the building declare CHICAGO POLICE HEADQUARTERS. Stop. The trunk lid bounces once on the $50 bike hanging out.

SUPER: $1,950.     TOTAL: $7,995,000.

INT. MARTY’S CAMRY - DAY

Marty’s Gethsemane. Agony in the Toyota. Short $5,000. Witness protection, ruination. Death. Sweat rolls, breath heavy. He keys the car off, cracks the door... hesitates.

DEL (PRE-LAP V.O.)
The Great Depression.

EXT. NAPERVILLE PARK-PAVILION - DAY

Camry parked, back door open. Enforcer 1 inside, counts cash in the open pink suitcase. 3 white Suburbans flank.

DEL (PRE-LAP V.O.)
That’s when the Lake of the Ozarks was built. 1929.

(MORE)
At the time it was the largest man-made lake in the world.

INT. PAVILION - DAY

Marty and a sunglasses wearing Del sit across from each other at a picnic table.

DEL
Today it’s the third deadliest body of water in the U.S. Behind only the Pacific Ocean and the Colorado River. The Pacific Ocean. But you know all that. You’re Marty Bird and Marty Bird’s been planning this a long time. How long again?

MARTY
Long time.

Del grins. Both turn to the sound of the Camry door shutting. Enforcer 1 looks at Del, shakes his head.

DEL
Say it ain’t so.

MARTY
I’m short five-thousand. What’d I tell you?

MARTY
It’s not a problem. I have a mini-van; a Honda. Odyssey. The Blue Book on it’s $27,000. It’s the number one ranked mini-van in the U.S. I’ll sell it tomorrow--

Del holds up a hand, stops him.

DEL
What do you have left? You. Another car, rainy day money?

MARTY
Nothing.

DEL
I’ll buy the “Odyssey” from you for twenty-five. So, I owe you twenty, take it outta the cash.

Marty relieved, nods in agreement.
DEL
I’ll lease it back to you for say,
a thousand a month?

Marty wants to argue, the amount steep.

DEL
Top ranked mini-van in the U.S.
(Marty nods agreement)
Good. Now take my seven million.
Nine hundred and seventy-five thousand. And clean it.

Marty more appalled than shocked.

MARTY
Clean it-- it was clean. You lose
at least fifteen percent cleaning
it again, another twenty-five
percent in taxes. Minimum. I
could’ve wired the money into an
account and saved us both--

DEL
That’s not the point is it?

Marty knows to keep his mouth shut. He nods, no choice. Del
turns contemplative.

DEL
Marty, the thing I liked most about
our relationship, you, me, Bruce...
is that it lacked drama. See I’m
not a micro-manager. I gave you
dirty cash, you gave me clean. I
came to town twice a year, dinner
at Mortons, Bruce pays, I leave.
Simple. The rest of my life?
Drama. So even though I’m torn
between intrigue and thinking this
Ozark thing is complete and utter
straw-grasping horseshit, I’m
willing to roll the dice. Because
I meant what I said. You are
special. You’ve got a gift. But
if there’s drama, excuses... you
stop answering your phone, if I
have to spend time in Missouri or
if I think you’re about to fuck me
in any way-- I’ll kill you, Wendy
and both your children. Not in
that order.

Del rises, extends a hand. He and Marty shake. Del walks.
DEL
Drive safely.

MARTY
The other night... you said, ‘where’s my five million’, Bruce and the Hanson kid took eight.

Del grins, stops. He chuckles, holds up a hand, index and thumb half an inch apart.

DEL
I was this close. Almost gone. My Steve McQueen intact.
(shades off)
I figured 5 was the floor. Any less and it wouldn’t be worth it.
(Marty confused)
You were right. I was fishing. I didn’t know they stole a thing.

Marty absorbs the shot, deflating.

MARTY
You killed Liz on a hunch?

DEL
A tell. I’ve worked with you and Bruce how long? You ever know him not to constantly run his mouth?

Del slips his shades on, turns, walks.

DEL
Take good care of my money, Marty.

Marty stares at the top of the bench, listens to kids play.

EXT. MARTY’S HOME-GARAGE - DAY

A “FOR SALE” sign in the front yard. Feet away...

Marty stands at the back of the mini-van, suitcases of cash at his feet. The van’s tail gate open, he stares inside--

Crammed. Every available square inch taken with suitcases, clothes, boxes, plastic bins, a cage holding 2 Guinea pigs.

Charlotte slides next to Marty, surveys the contents. Neither look at the other.

CHARLOTTE
What’s really going on, dad?
MARTY
I’ve had a hard three days, Charlotte. So if there’s anything in here you can combine into one suitcase, anything you’ve outgrown, don’t wear or don’t need...

He can’t finish. Charlotte SIGHS.

INT. HIGH RISE (UNDER CONSTRUCTION)-50TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Four TREASURY AGENTS, 2 in suits, 2 in windbreakers marked “Treasury” comb the site Liz showed Bruce and Marty. The Windbreakers detach bugs from overhead canned lighting.

DUNCAN PETTY, 40s, suit, Sr. Agent in Charge -- Eliot Ness gone to seed -- stands still, watches the Chicago skyline. AGENT 1 approaches, removes his phone from an ear.

AGENT 1
Straight to voice mail. Want me to keep trying, sir?


AGENT 1
Possible he ran. Changed his mind, took his chippie and left the country.

WINDBREAKER
Agent Petty, think we got ‘em all.

PETTY
Eight bugs went in, I want eight out. My name’s on the req.

Windbreaker nods, exits.

AGENT 1
You don’t seem too upset.

PETTY
Que sera sera.

AGENT 1
Liddell was our in. You heard him, he would have been a fantastic government witness.
PETTY
Mexicans, Mafia, Muslims. We all want these people to be more than they are. They’re not. They’re just a product of their options. If they weren’t dealing drugs, extorting businesses or flying planes into buildings they’d be cleaning toilets. These aren’t criminal geniuses, agent. They’re pathological liars on a path of least resistance. Liddell was no different. Entertaining though.

AGENT 1
I’m confused. Del Rio, Beltran, the Federation. Why’d we do all this if Bruce was just... entertaining?

PETTY
Where is Martin Bird?

EXT. MARTY’S HOME-BACKYARD - NIGHT

Marty’s garden. Tomatoes ripen. A chirp. On the ground, beneath the vines, two fat guinea pigs.

INT. MARTY’S MINI-VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT


Marty spots the Arch in the distance, St. Louis’ skyline. He turns to wake the kids.

WENDY
Don’t.
(off his look)
‘Look kids, the Arch. Adventure. Pioneers. Gateway to the West, jumping off point for... Lewis and... and Davy fucking Crockett.’
Let them sleep.

They drive in sullen silence.

WENDY
Remind me. What was it about laundering money for a drug cartel that struck you as a good idea?
Long beat.

MARTY
Half of all American adults have more credit card debt than savings. 25 percent have no savings at all. Only 15 percent of the population can fund one year of retirement.

(beat)
You were eight months pregnant. I was a 28-year-old financial planner in a country where half the population sees Powerball as a viable retirement plan. Last year we W-2’d four-hundred eighty-two thousand dollars. Remember now?

Wendy with nothing to say.

EXT. MARTY’S MINI-VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

Heading south, St. Louis recedes, $50 bike lashed to the top.

INT. MARTY’S MINI-VAN (MOVING) - MORNING

10 hours in. Static. Marty searches stations, snippets of gospel, Hank Williams, Sr., a Bible sermon. Off.


Jonah stirs, sits up, belches. Charlotte wakes--

CHARLOTTE
You disgust me.

Wendy opens her eyes, sits up. A trio of turkey buzzards rise from the shoulder, a dead armadillo in their wake.

JONAH
An armadillo’s the only animal that carries leprosy.

They start down a slope, a teaser glimpse of an enormous lake. They roll over Bagnell Dam, onto “The Strip.”

Early a.m. empty. Bumper cars, tattoo parlors, t-shirt shops, skee-ball, quarter arcades, a derelict wooden roller coaster. Boarded up shops. A relic of the 70s, 80s.

Wendy, the kids, soak it in. Marty shrinks, gooses the van past the tourist trap. Stops behind a pickup at a red light.
CHARLOTTE
Oh. My. God.

Dangling beneath the pickup’s trailer hitch: a pair of huge pink rubber testicles. Red to green and the truck moves, testicles swaying.

Wendy laughs, glances at Marty, he chuckles. Her laughter grows, his fades, puzzled now. She stops, tears forming, a hand clasped over her mouth. Marty gets it.

He drives for a beat, pulls onto the shoulder, parks, pops his door.

JONAH
Where you going, dad?

MARTY
To take a leak.

He slams the door shut.

EXT. OZARK FOREST - MORNING

Marty moves branches from his face, the road disappears. He stops, turns in a circle, alone. He chokes back a sob, gives in, the last 72 hours washing over him. He kneels in leaves, pine needles, crying, face in his hands.

MARTY
I’m sorry... I’m sorry. I’m so, so sorry.

His crying ebbs, he collects himself, crawls to his feet, wiping his face, pinching off snot. Something catches his eye... he continues on, deeper into the forest... the woods thin, seem to fall away--

Marty stands at the edge of a towering bluff. Far beneath, miles of glorious sun-sparkled water. He stares.

A rustle, Jonah steps next to him, looks. Charlotte joins, then Wendy. The Birds gaze at the vista, transfixed.

JONAH
(cool) Alright, dad.

CUT TO BLACK:

END OF PILOT