

CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, NORTHRIDGE

I DON'T

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements

For the degree of Master of Fine Arts in Screenwriting

By

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ABSTRACT

I DON'T

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When a bride's groom-to-be fakes his own kidnapping, she reveals her Israeli Special Forces past and vows to do everything in her power to hunt down his kidnappers and keep their wedding day on track.

I DON'T

FADE IN:

INT. SPCA - SAN DIEGO, CA - DAY

WE PAN ACROSS CAGES of barking dog after dog. Big. Playful. Scraggly. Mean.

TIM KNOBELSDORF (10) stares wide-eyed at the homeless canines as his father, LLOYD (30s), pulls him along.

LLOYD

We don't have all fucking day, Timothy. Pick one.

Fear consumes his face. His mother, DESI (30s), pulls him away.

DESI

Stop pulling him so damn fast, Lloyd. He's not a shopping cart.

Lloyd glares at his wife, Tim watching.

She kneels next to Tim. A PUG PUPPY with sad eyes stares out from a cage.

DESI (CONT'D)

What about this one? He looks sweet.

TIM

(sighs)

I don't know.

DESI

Spend a few minutes with him.

TIM

Alright.

INT. GREETING ROOM - SPCA - DAY

Tim sits on a bench, the puppy in his lap staring up at him. His mother and father sitting on either side.

DESI

Look at those eyes. You should get him.

TIM

He's so small. What if he gets stuck in a hole somewhere and we can't find him?

LLOYD

We'll put a bell around his neck.

TIM

Don't pugs have a lot of medical problems?

CUT TO:

PANNING ACROSS MORE BARKING DOGS IN CAGES.

Tim nervously eyes the dogs. Stops in front of a GOLDEN RETRIEVER PUPPY.

CUT TO:

INT. GREETING ROOM

Tim sits on the bench with the puppy, licking him.

DESI

Aww. He loves you.

LLOYD

And his head's too fuckin' big to get stuck in any holes.

Tim pets the puppy.

TIM

What if he starts to hate me after a while?

DESI

Dogs don't hate.

TIM

What if he chases a rabbit and I lose the leash?

LLOYD

We'll duct tape it to your hand.

The puppy licks him again.

DESI

Well? Do you want him?

TIM

He's playful.

LLOYD

Great. Let's bag 'em.

TIM

What if I throw the ball too far and he chases it into the street?

DESI

(annoyed)

He'll fetch it.

TIM

But, what if he gets runover like the Hamilton's dog. And we have to scoop him up with a shovel... and bury him in the back yard.

LLOYD

Jesus fucking Christ.

CUT TO:

INT. DOG CAGE

CLANK. Tim is locked in the cage, his parents leaving with the happy puppy. He grabs the bars, trapped with the other dogs.

TIM

Wait.

LLOYD

Bye son.

DESI

We'll come to visit every other weekend.

TIM

Wait. Wait...

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - CONDO - TUJUNGA, CA - MORNING

TIM KNOBELSDORF (now 30s) shoots up out of bed.

TIM

WAAAAIT!

Awakes. A thin man with a brown mop of hair. A bit bookish. A female hand touches his chest, pushing him back down.

STEFANIE

Wait for what, papa?

TIM

Nothing.

Stefanie grabs his cheeks, kisses his face. He smiles.

STEFANIE

You are sooo cute.

She rolls on top of him.

STEFANIE (CONT'D)

If I show you something, promise you won't get mad?

TIM

Alright.

STEFANIE

Promise.

TIM

I promise.

Stefanie pulls a miniature glass bottle of GREEN SAND from under her pillow, holding it in front of Tim.

TIM (CONT'D)

Green bath salt?

STEFANIE

Authentic green sand from Papakolea Beach off the southernmost tip of the island of Ka'u. There's only four beaches in the world with green sand.

TIM

Hmm. It's pretty.

STEFANIE

They call it the “Hawaiian Diamond.”

She hands it to Tim. He holds it up to the light.

STEFANIE (CONT'D)

And here’s the best part... each one of our wedding guests is going to get their own bottle. A one-of-a-kind wedding gift that goes perfectly with our theme.

TIM

Where’d you get the sand?

STEFANIE

(busting at the seams)

That’s just a sample. Erin is flying down to Ka’u as we speak. Tomorrow, she’s hiking out the three miles to Papakolea Beach where she’ll hand fill each bottle for the wedding. Isn’t she the most amazing wedding planner?

Stress face.

TIM

Who’s paying for her trip?

STEFANIE

Well, we hired her.

Tim tries to smile, rubbing his chest.

STEFANIE (CONT'D)

You said you liked it.

TIM

It’s nice. How much is this going to cost?

STEFANIE

Well, plane fare... hotel... meal stipend... labor --

TIM

Labor?

STEFANIE

It’s not even three thousand.

(eyes growing bigger)

I know this is over our budget, but I just got Discover Card with zero percent interest for the next six months.

Tim starts to WHEEZE.

STEFANIE (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

TIM

Just uh... asthma.

STEFANIE

When did you get asthma?

TIM

It'll go away.

Stefanie pulls herself closer.

STEFANIE

Okay... one last thing. Tell me what you think.

Tim braces for the next bomb.

STEFANIE (CONT'D)

I was going to ask your father tonight if he would walk me down the aisle.

TIM

(wheezing)

You don't want to do that.

STEFANIE

(smile fades)

I don't want to walk alone. My father would have wanted this.

Shot to the heart. Tim touches her cheek.

TIM

Well. You'll meet him tonight.

Her smile comes back.

STEFANIE

I love you.

TIM

I love,

(wheeze)

You.

INT. OLIVE GARDEN - NIGHT

LLOYD and DESI (now 60s) sit on either side of Tim, drunk. Across the table, Stefanie sits with her Grateful Dead worshipping mom, TONYA (60s).

Empty wine carafes about the table as they enjoy dessert.

STEFANIE

And I said, "Tim, if it bites, I'll suck it out...but if it scuttles away, you're taking me to dinner."

The parents bust out LAUGHING.

DESI

(slurring)

He has always been afraid of spiders. A Black Widow on his ding-a-ling, that is funny.

TIM

Luckily, it didn't bite.

LLOYD

Luckily?

MORE LAUGHTER as Lloyd finishes his wine, then grabs the carafe of Chianti. He pours himself more, ignoring his wife's extended glass.

DESI

Why yes, dear, I'd love another glass.

A look. He hits his wife with a stingy pour.

DESI (CONT'D)

Are you fucking kidding me?

LLOYD

Don't bring out the bitch.

Tim rubs his chest. Desi snatches the carafe and pours herself a full glass, spilling a bit.

TONYA

(Tim)

Stef tells me your into computers. You dig working in IT?

TIM

Yeah. It's a good atmosphere.

TONYA

That is so right on. You have got to work in a positive environment, otherwise it tears away your soul. I say do what you love...

(raising her glass)

And love the one you're with.

But Tim's parents don't notice the toast.

DESI

Your father's been doing quite a bit of IT lately.

(Lloyd)

Go ahead, Lloyd, tell him about your internet date on Swinging Seniors.

TIM

(wheezing)

You went on a date?

Lloyd grabs the Chianti, putting it on the far side of the table.

LLOYD

You're cut off, Des.

DESI

(to the table)

Lloyd's just testy because he set up a date with one of the women in my bridge club. Such a smooth operator.

LLOYD

Man's gotta do something. Her vagina dried up back in the Summer of oh-two.

TIM

Dad. Stop.

DESI

(scoffs)

You weren't saying that when I was sucking your ballsack in Lake Havasu.

Tim's wheezing grows heavy. He tries to smile at Stef.

STEFANIE

Lloyd, you're a contractor?

LLOYD

Electrician. Where do you think 'ol Timbo got his got skills.  
Certainly wasn't from the community college.

He chuckles. Desi guzzles her Chianti, then marches to the end of the table and snatches up the nearly empty carafe. She stops a passing WAITER.

DESI

Mama needs a double Dewars and another carafe,  
(eyeing his name tag)  
Stewart.

She SLIDES a \$20 into the front of his pants. The Waiter politely smiles and hightails it back to the bar.

As Desi passes Lloyd, she SLAPS him across the face.

Lloyd calmly finishes his wine. Desi sits back down. Tim's wheezing growing worse. Then...

LLOYD

Cunt!

SEVERAL HEADS turn in the restaurant.

Stefanie looks at Tim. He clenches his chest, unable to breath.

He tries to stand, but stumbles back across his chair. Hits the floor. Crawling on all fours, gasping for air.

TIM

Help. I'm having a heart attack.

LLOYD

Jesus. You're not having a fucking heart attack. Drink  
some wine.

One final wheeze. He collapses.

CUT TO:

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

A SCRUFFY EMT preps a syringe of Valium. Tim clutching his arm, wheezing heavy.

SCRUFFY EMT

Help's comin' pal.

A LATINO EMT monitors Tim's vitals, Stef next to him.

LATINO EMT

You say the wedding is two months away?

STEFANIE

About that.

LATINO EMT

(nods)

Panic attack. We get about one or two of these a month at  
The O.G. Surprised we don't get more. That parking lot is  
a nightmare.

Scruffy EMT stabs Tim in the arm, injecting the Valium.

SCRUFFY EMT

Here comes the happy juice, buddy. Just breath.

Tim breathes as his eyes go from panic to pleasure island. The wheezing subsides.

The EMT sets up the Valium IV drip.

SCRUFFY EMT (CONT'D)

How do you feel?

TIM

(stoned)

Like a gummy worm.

LATINO EMT

Heart rate is stable. I think we're good.

(smiles at Stef)

He's gonna live.

The Scruffy EMT climbs into the driver's seat. Stefanie turns to the Latino EMT.

STEFANIE

Could we have a minute?

LATINO EMT

You've got all the time you want. We gotta ride him on over  
to the Emergency Room for observation.

He climbs into the Passenger's Seat and closes the curtain. Stefanie holding Tim's hand, smiling down.

STEFANIE

Sweetie. How do you feel?

TIM

I love you so much. Do you know that?

STEFANIE

I do.

TIM

Know what I was thinking, babe? We should just become life partners, you know? Just go elope in the desert somewhere.

CLOSE ON TIM, barely conscious.

TIM (CONT'D)

Then we could have a party... and invite all our friends. Doesn't that sound great? A party to celebrate our love. A love party.

Tim's eyes almost closed. Stefanie SQUEEZES a little more Valium into Tim's vein from the IV. He passes out.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE - EMERGENCY ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Tim sits on the examination table in a gown, looking like he's been hit by a truck. Stefanie rubbing his back.

The towering, black ER DOCTOR sorts through a cabinet, extracting a bottle of Xanax.

ER DOCTOR

I'm going to give you this,  
(hands it to Tim)  
Take it only if you feel another one coming on.

TIM

This is a permanent condition?

ER DOCTOR

Doubt it.

(sits in his chair)

You have anything stressful going on right now?

TIM

We're getting married in two months.

Stefanie squeezes Tim's arm.

STEFANIE

Sweetie, I told you... I will take care of everything.

(chuckles to the Doctor)

I swear, he can overanalyze the menu at Fuddruckers. But not to worry, his bachelor party is this weekend,

(smiles at Tim)

so he can blow off all the stress he wants.

ER DOCTOR

Could I have a minute alone?

Stefanie's smile fades.

STEFANIE

Of course.

EXT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

Stefanie sits next to the door, straining to listen in.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE

The ER Doctor's large eyes are locked with Tim's.

ER DOCTOR

I've worked in this ER twenty-three years. I know the two-month stare when I see it.

TIM

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

ER DOCTOR

Oh, you know. Wedding is locked and loaded. Every time you turn around, your lovely bride is taking you over budget. That train is moving so goddamn fast that everything is a blur and you don't dare jump off, else you'll be splattered across five miles of scrub brush. Sound familiar?

TIM

(low)

Maybe the train thing.

ER DOCTOR

There's only one way this train arrives without casualties,  
(leans closer)  
Full disclosure. You need to be one-hundred-percent honest with that girl. Your concerns, your fears, your freaky kinks in bedroom, everything. You don't, a year from now, maybe three, she'll be fucking the mailman while her lawyer takes it to your ass. Hard. Believe that.

INT. STEF'S VW BUG - LATE NIGHT

Tim stares ahead, pretty zonked. Stef driving.

STEFANIE

You two were in there a while.

TIM

He was just going over the side effects... for the Xanax.

STEFANIE

Is everything okay?

TIM

I just need more sleep.

STEFANIE

I doubt you're going to get much this weekend, bachelor boy.

BAD HOUSE MUSIC KICKS IN...

EXT. MORONGO CASINO & HOTEL - CABAZON, CA - DUSK

A multicolored erection in the middle of the desert, two hours East of LA.

INT. CLUB - MORONGO CASINO & HOTEL

On the dance floor, a motley crew of elderly couples, young dudes, and divorcees getting down. It ain't Vegas, but it's the best you're getting out here.

In the corner, a bachelor party at the VIP booth, gearing up for the big night.

They are: Tim, way too stressed for his own b.p. FRED VASQUEZ, his Sasquatchian Best Man, and his two Groomsman, the Vietnamese and unhappily married, BIN, and the nearly-blind MAX. All 30ish.

FRED

Alright gentleman, this is how it's going down. We knock back about ten tequilas, scope out the dance square, and if this shit ain't poppin', we hit the party suite.

BIN

(very broken English)

Party suite. Yes.

FRED

We ain't playin', Bin. I got an 8-ball of Bazooka Joe, an ounce of Blue Cheese, edibles, and four desert foxes on speed dial.

MAX

So, are they strippers or prostitutes?

FRED

Don't you mind that, Maxy. I got it all sorted out.

TIM

We're not doing prostitutes.

Fred picks up a tequila shot, the others follow suit.

FRED

To my main man, the straight arrow, the IT wiz who could make a fortune if he went to the dark side --

TIM

-- And then get raped in a prison shower.

FRED  
(doing Russell Crowe in 'Gladiator')  
To Tim, getting hitched to one of the finest ladies our land  
has to offer. Let us send him off with a night of infamy!

Shot glasses CLANK. The tequila goes down.

CUT TO:

INT. STALL - MEN'S ROOM - LATER

The Four Musketeers are jammed into the stall, Fred cutting lines on a small mirror as Bin takes a hit on a joint. Tim stands on the other side, confiding in Max.

TIM  
And I'm talking like, straight up Jeckyl and Hyde. Split  
personality. That's fucked up, right?

MAX  
We all have different parts of our personality. It's just a  
coping mechanism in dealing with the insanity of our  
existence.

TIM  
Everyday, I've got a voice saying '*aw, a wedding. It'll be  
beautiful. Romantic. All my friends there... witnessing the  
consecration my love to Stef.*' Then I've got another voice  
screaming '*what the fuck is wrong with you? Blowing thirty  
grand on a wedding? Just elope and put a down payment  
on a house, you chump.*' Everyday.

MAX  
Have you told her this?

TIM  
No.

BIN  
You do, and she cut off your ball when you sleep.

MAX  
The only way to a happy relationship is through honesty.  
Why are you so afraid to tell her the truth?

TIM

I don't know.

FRED

(doing Sean Connery)

Alright, you tampons. I hear another word about marriage and I'm dunking heads in the loo. Bin, batter's up.

Bin takes the rolled up dollar bill, carefully maneuvering around Fred. He bends over, blasting up two lines.

FRED (CONT'D)

Excellent form, Bin. Timbo.

TIM

I don't want Charlie coming out.

FRED

This is your fucking bachelor party, dude. You're doing coke.

MAX

Who's Charlie?

TIM

The name Fred gave my other personality.

MAX

There's no such thing as a split personality. They just make up those disorders to sell drugs.

FRED

Oh, Charlie's real. And he's one a crazy SOB. Much cooler than Tim.

Tim hands Bin the joint, taking the rolled up dollar bill. Then snorts up a line, eyeballing Fred.

TIM

If he comes out, it's on you.

FRED

He ain't gonna come out. We're all gonna pace ourselves.  
(points to Max)

Maxy. Those twin towers are for you.

Max eyes the mirror, sitting on top of the toilet.

MAX

You didn't touch the toilet before you touched the mirror,  
right?

FRED

Don't start OCD-ing in here.

Max pulls out his own straw for the coke. Squeezes between Tim and Fred toward the coke, but loses his footing...

His arms flail, falling toward the toilet bowl. One arm HITS the coke, sending it flying into Tim's mouth, as the other arm submerges into the toilet.

MAX

Fuck!

FRED

Dammit, Max. Rookie move.

Max charges through them, bolting out the stall to the SINKS where he obsessively scrubs his infected arm. Then VOMITS into the sink.

CUT TO:

INT. DANCE FLOOR - CLUB - NIGHT

Fred's about five shots deep, getting down with a CHUNKY MEXICAN WOMAN in a neon blue dress. He dances like a linebacker at a Cure concert.

A few feet over, Max gyrates like a tone-deaf Elvis. A chunk of puke still in his hair.

VIP TABLE

Bin chain smokes as Tim drinks Champagne, fidgeting from the coke. Tim looking at a WALLET PHOTO of Stefanie.

TIM

She's beautiful, intelligent, funny... a little psychotic, but they all are, right?

BIN

Don't get married. Just drop everything, stay single. Use money for down payment on house.

TIM

It's that fucking wedding planner. Every half and hour she calls with a 'new' idea.

BIN

It's all bullshit.

TIM

I just don't get it, spending thirty thousand dollars for one day? The next day, you're already behind the 8-ball. What happened to love?

Bin pulls out a WALLET PHOTO of he, his beautiful wife LANA, and son AUSTIN.

BIN

No love, just misery. Don't get married.

Tim glances at the photo.

TIM

But you all look so happy.

BIN

I am dead inside. My first wife take everything, now Lana has everything else. I have no sex. No happiness. Just work.

INT. DANCE FLOOR - LATER

Max and Bin are getting funky with two DESERT DIVORCEES, both fake blondes with skin like tanned leather.

VIP BOOTH

Tim and Fred having a heart to heart, both drunk

FRED

You know I love you, bud. If yer really stressing about this wedding cash, I can help you out.

TIM

(grabbing his chest)

I shouldn't have done coke. My heart's like all... fluttery.

FRED

Don't fight the wave, man. Ride it.

Fred hands them both a shot. They down 'em.

FRED (CONT'D)

Here's the dealio. I will double your wedding budget with one phone call.

TIM

I'm not gambling.

FRED

I am on a ferocious hot streak right now and I've got prime inside info that AP's got a bum leg. We bet on Chicago, we cannot lose. This ain't gambling, son, this is stealing.

TIM

There's a fifty percent chance we lose.

FRED

Zero percent with my info. And then you've got sixty grand... 30 G's for the wedding and 30 G's for a down payment on a house.

Hands Tim another shot.

FRED (CONT'D)

Take a chance for once.

CUT TO:

INT. DANCE FLOOR - LATE NIGHT

The Four Musketeers are drunk out of their minds. They tear it up on the floor with a pack of CHUNKITAS in way-too-mini skirts.

The WRINKLED SHOOTER GIRL comes around and Fred grabs everyone a round.

FRED

To my man, Timbolina!

They down the shooters. Max loses his balance, taking out two of the women. Tim grinds against one of the other women, laughing insane... 'Charlie' alive and well.

As the Shooter Girl comes by again, he grabs her tray and downs five shooters at once, half missing his mouth.

SHOOTER GIRL

The hell you doin'--

Hands her a fifty. She smiles.

SHOOTER GIRL (CONT'D)

Sexy cowboy.

TIM

(slaps her Granny ass)

Cougar town!

Tim grabs Bin from behind, pretending to bang his ass. Fred loving it. Bin not so much.

FRED

Now, this is a bachelor party.

Tim stumbles over to Fred, a crazed look in his eye.

TIM

(slurring)

Dude. Do it. Pull the trigger.

FRED

We talkin' thirty large on Chicago?

TIM

Fuck yeah. Let your balls do the talking, right?

Fred fist pumps Tim.

FRED

Right on. It's done, son.

Fred pulls out his cell, making the call, as Tim stumbles over to their VIP TABLE, vomiting across it.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NEXT DAY

Tim, Max and Bin are passed out in various areas of the trashed room. Fred sits in front of the TV, watching the final play of the Minnesota/Chicago game.

ANGLE ON THE TV, the game tied 20-20 in overtime. The Vikings kick a field goal... it's good.

FRED

Fuck.

EXT. DESERT - AFTERNOON

Fred's beat-up WOODY DESOTO cruises across the desert.

INT. FRED'S WOODY

Tim stares hopelessly out the front window. Bin and Max in the back seat, hungover. A tense silence. Tim's phone rings. He answers.

TIM

Hey honey. Yeah, we're heading back. Great time. Can't wait to see you too. Love you. Bye.

Fred shoots a quick glance over at Tim. Tim leans out the window, VOMITING across the highway and the door panel, then sits back down.

Tim pulls his prescription BOTTLE OF XANAX out of his pocket, struggling to open the childproof top.

FRED

Dude, don't take those.

Fred pulls a joint from the ashtray.

FRED (CONT'D)

Just hit this. Nature's stress reliever.

TIM

Thirty thousand dollars?

FRED

You told me to make the bet.

TIM

Charlie told you to make the bet.

FRED  
You seemed pretty coherent --

TIM  
-- I was blackout drunk!

Max leans forward.

MAX  
Could I lend a theory?

TIM  
Sure, Max.

MAX  
I was just thinking... maybe this 'Charlie' persona purposely placed this bet to sabotage your wedding? And Charlie is actually a subconscious cry for help?

Turns to Max.

TIM  
I bet our entire wedding budget on a football game. Stefanie is going to murder me. Her relatives are going to curse me for all eternity. No Max, this is a subconscious cry for help.

Max stares at Tim with his magnified eyes, looking for the deeper answer.

TIM (CONT'D)  
What?

He doesn't respond, looking deeper.

TIM (CONT'D)  
There's no way I did this on purpose.

Fred's phone RINGS. He eyes the Caller ID, then answers.

INT. HOOKAH LOUNGE - GLENDALE - DAY

ARNAK (40s), a heavysset, bald Armenian sits at a table smoking a cigarette. His two cohorts--the hyperactive SAVO (30s) and the bearded VAHAN (30s) sit on either side of him. Savo obsessively cleaning his revolver at the table as Vahan sucks on a hookah. A FOOTBALL GAME on a large screen TV.

ARNAK  
(broken English)

Fred.

FRED  
Arnak. How you doing, buddy?

ARNAK  
Your friend just lost thirty on Bears.

FRED  
No worries. He's good for it. Hey, wanted to put 15 G's  
on the late game. Chargers

Arnak sips his espresso.

ARNAK  
Your tab is closed. No more bets until I get paid.

FRED  
C'mon. I've been a loyal customer for five years running.

ARNAK  
And I only break your arm once.

Savo points his revolver across the room. Arnak SLAPS it out of his hand.

ARNAK (CONT'D)  
(in Armenian)  
Moron! Don't point your fucking gun in here!

SAVO  
(in Armenian)  
It's not even loaded.

ARNAK  
(in Armenian)  
Your brain is not loaded! Go clean the toilet.  
(back to Fred)  
Tell your friend to have my money by Friday.

Fred hangs up.

FRED  
Hey Bin, pass me one of those brownies.

TIM

What did he say?

FRED

You got until Friday.

Tim blocks the brownie.

TIM

And what if I don't have it by Friday?

BIN

You get one way flight to Philippines. Disappear. Very cheap.

FRED

Now yer talkin'. I saw this ol' boy do it on one of those detective shows.

TIM

Go to the Philippines?

FRED

Nah, kidnap himself. Got out of his wedding and everything. Was livin' good for life ten years.

MAX

And what happened?

FRED

Got eaten by a pack of wolves. But, what are the odds of that happening, you know?

Panic rolls across Tim's face. He freaks out, ripping open his Xanax bottle. The blue pills flying everywhere, including out the window.

TIM

FUUUUUUUCK!

He grabs three off his lap and downs them. Frantically picking others up off the floor. In between the seats. Some with hairs on them, sand, etc.

FRED

That's just abusive.

TIM

I need these.  
(to Max and Bin)  
Pick up any around you.

Max picks up a couple up around him, then spots a PILL IN A PIECE CHEWED GUM. He almost vomits.

MAX

I can't.

TIM

Why?

BIN

Shit, man. Just piece of gum.

Bin pulls the pill out of the chewed gum, along with a bunch of others, all covered in something. He hands the dirty pills to Tim. Tim slides them into the bottle.

FRED

That's gnarly, dude. My dog's crapped that back seat like five times.

Max PROJECTILE VOMITS onto the floor.

INT. BEDROOM - TIM & STEFANIE'S CONDO - MORNING

Tim SNORES with his mouth open. Stefanie inches from his face. She pinches his nostrils together. Tim GASPS for air. He stops breathing, then awakes.

STEFANIE

You were screaming in your sleep again.

TIM

Anything in particular?

STEFANIE

Something about getting the hell off this train.

TIM

Weird.

Stefanie gives him a long, loving kiss.

STEFANIE  
(mischievous smile)  
How was your big bachelor's party?

TIM  
It was Morongo. Pretty lame.

STEFANIE  
You get lucky?

A nervous LAUGH. Looks over at his NIGHT STAND.

TIM  
Did you see my pills?

STEFANIE  
I put your little pills in the drawer.

Tim pulls them out. Opening the bottle, he extracts the pill with the least dirt on it. He pops it as Stefanie moves closer.

STEFANIE (CONT'D)  
Somebody's acting guilty.

TIM  
Oh yeah... I had a threesome with a retired couple from Pomona.

STEFANIE  
Ooo... tell me more.

Stefanie looks deeply into his eyes, trying to burrow in his psyche. Tim's poker face is shit.

TIM  
I think Fred's got a problem.

STEFANIE  
A problem?

TIM  
He made a bet when we were out there. A very large, stupid bet.

The house phone RINGS. Stef answers.

STEFANIE

Knobelsdorf residence.  
(smiles at Tim)  
Okay. He is. Hold on...

Cups the phone.

STEFANIE (CONT'D)

It's Arnak?

Tim takes the phone, walking out into the

HALLWAY

TIM

Hello.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. KITCHEN - ARNAK'S HOME - MORNING

Arnak sits at the kitchen table with his two KIDS, smoking while they eat breakfast.  
His wife washing dishes.

ARNAK

I just wanted to take opportunity to introduce me. I am  
Arnak. I will expect full payment from you no later than  
Friday. I take cash, money order, no check.

TIM

Do you do payment plans?

ARNAK

Of course. You want to do twenty four or thirty six month  
plan?

TIM

Oh great. The thirty-six month would be perfect.

ARNAK

It's joke. Thirty thousand by Friday, Tim.

Hangs up.

INT. SERVER ROOM - DIGITAL FUNHOUSE - MORNING

Tim sits at his cubical wearing a jacket, surrounded by walls with stacks upon stacks of servers, climate controlled at 65 degrees.

He's working on his computer, analyzing the workflow of the main server. His phone RINGS.

TIM

IT. Ok... yeah, I'd have to see it, Bin. Yeah. Be right up.

INT. BIN'S CUBICAL - OFFICE - MORNING

Bin's cubical is in the corner of a large office with fifty-some workstations.

Various happy pictures of Bin and his family pinned on the walls. DVD-authoring equipment and several computers cramped in his work area.

TIM

I just allotted you two terabytes.

BIN

Server too slow. You watch.

Bin hits the space bar as they watch the monitor. WE HEAR the sounds of gay sex. The video stops, then starts again, they stops.

BIN (CONT'D)

Can't even play Quicktime off server.

TIM

What title is that?

BIN

Drill My Hole Seven.

TIM

They give you a bump in pay for doing gay titles?

BIN

I don't care. It all go in one hole or another. Sex all the same.

Bin picks up his E-Cig, smoking vapor at his desk.

BIN (CONT'D)

I talk to my friend in Manila. You can still disappear.

TIM

I can't do that to Stefanie.

SEXY ASSISTANT (O.S.)

Tim?

Bin and Tim look up at the SEXY ASSISTANT.

SEXY ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

James needs to see you.

INT. JAMES' OFFICE - MORNING

Tim sits across from JAMES (40s), the French-Canadian Head of Production who's dressed like an Ed Hardy explosion, texting on his phone.

JAMES

(heavy accent)

So I need, eh, Schwartz, Vasquez, Tam, and Perez disconnected from the server and close all their permissions.

TIM

You're letting them go?

JAMES

End of the quarter... time to cut the fat, you know?

TIM

Bin's wife is pregnant. And Max has been here six years.

JAMES

I'm saving this company \$200,000 in salary, bro. We get these college grads in for a quarter of the pay, no benefits, and they'll work as freelancers. It's win win, you know?

TIM

You can't replace Bin and Max with college grads.

JAMES

(turns to Tim)

Ah, bullshit, man. Also, I need you to look at timecards. We want to fire people, not lay off. Don't wanna pay that bullshit unemployment, you know?

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)  
(picks up his office line)  
Gotta call Montreal. Make it happen.

James extends a fist to Tim. Tim reluctantly pumps it, then slumps out of the office.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Tim enters the concrete stairwell. Peers over the railing, making sure he's alone. Thinking. Then...

TIM  
(screams)  
FUCK!

His 'fuck' echoes down the seven story stairwell, a bit louder than anticipated. The stairwell door opens.

The large COSANDRA enters with her frappuccino, stunned.

COSANDRA  
Did you just scream you wanted to sex me?

TIM  
No.

COSANDRA  
You perverted little monkey.

She backs into the doorway, disappearing into the office. Tim GROANS.

INT. P.F. CHANG'S - DAY

Stefanie sits at a table with her Maid-of-Honor NYIA (black, 30s, hot), Bridesmaid PHYLISS (blond, 30s, chunky) and the attractive wedding planner, WENDY (30s).

Wendy shows off the PHOTOS of the beach front wedding venue over lunch.

NYIA  
(eyeing the photos)  
Are you kidding me? That is ridiculous.

STEFANIE  
And your dresses match the water.

WENDY  
Turquoise Mist... and in the sunlight, gorgeous.

PHYLISS

This is going to be most amazing wedding I've ever been a part of, Stef. Seriously.

STEFANIE

(getting a bit emotional)

We were on a waiting list for six months. I didn't think we ever get it.

Wendy lifts a large duffle bag onto the table.

WENDY

(to Stef)

Do you want me to show them or should I?

STEFANIE

I won't do it justice.

Wendy smiles, pulling out several miniature bottles of the green sand. Phyliss and Nyia pick them up in awe.

WENDY

Ladies, behold the Hawaiian Diamond. Two days ago, I hiked the three mile trail to Papakolea Beach on the island of Ka'u, one of only four beaches in the world made from green sand. The color derived from the olivine crystals inside each grain. I don't like going over budget, but this is something your guests will treasure for a lifetime.

NYIA

This... is stunning.

PHYLISS

Is Tim just totally flipping out over this location?

Stefanie tries to keep a smile, but she can't. She drops the photo.

NYIA

Sweetie? What is it?

STEFANIE

It's nothing.

PHYLISS

What did he do?

STEFANIE

I just have this feeling, like... he's not really into it. He's been acting distant. Some nights he screams in his sleep.

WENDY

All men think that weddings are waste of money. They just don't get it, until they show up and their minds are completely blown.

INT. STAIRWELL - DAY

Bin and Max stand four steps up from one of the landings, watching as Tim pours a small amount of WD40 on the stair.

MAX

This isn't gonna work.

TIM

You either hurt yourself and get disability, or James fires you and you get shit.

BIN

Maybe I go first?

TIM

You gotta go tomorrow. Trust me.

CUT TO:

INT. BREAK ROOM

Tim scans the hallway, then sends a TEXT to Max.

INT. HALLWAY

Max gets the text: **Go time.** Pockets his phone, then prepares himself as...

A DOOR OPENS BELOW, startling Max. His ankle jerks on the oil, sending him head first into the railing. CLANK. He flies backwards, tumbling like a ping-pong ball.

COSANDRA (O.S.)

Oh my God.

Cosandra hurries up from the lower landing to find Max old cold. She kneels down, leaning close.

COSANDRA (CONT'D)

Don't you fret, handsome. Mama ain't gonna let you die.

She begins giving him mouth-to-mouth, then thrusting down on his chest.

Tim enters from the top landing. Cosandra looking back.

COSANDRA (CONT'D)

Pervert! Call 911!

INT. BIN'S CUBICAL - OFFICE

Bin plugs a frayed power chord into an outlet, then touches the two exposed wires. POP. Sending him flying into across the office into another cubicle.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A frantic scene as Bin is wheeled out on a gurney by two EMTs, Tim running alongside.

TIM

I said tomorrow.

BIN

No. Must be today.

EMT

Out of the way, son.

Tim hustles back to Max, also being wheeled out on a gurney. He's awake, head bandaged with Cosandra's lipstick all over his face.

TIM

You alright, man?

Max gives a thumbs up.

INT. JAMES' OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Tim sits in a chair across from James, pacing.

JAMES  
You think I'm an idiot, bro?

TIM  
No.

JAMES  
Your two boys get injured in the same hour. That's a coincidence, no?

TIM  
Yes.

JAMES  
Oh, yeah? I have another coincidence for you.

SLAMS a sheet of paper down in front of Tim.

JAMES (CONT'D)  
Looks like someone took too many long lunches, you know?  
(pointing them out)  
You lie on your hours, you're fired, bro.

EXT/INT. TIM & STEFANIE'S CONDO - MORNING

Both cars in the driveway.

SUPER TITLE: **FRIDAY**

The FRONT DOOR OPENS. Tim and Stef stepping out. Stef dressed for work, Tim still in his bathrobe.

STEFANIE  
You sure you're alright?

TIM  
I'm just gonna go in a few hours late.

STEFANIE  
Don't forget. Tuxedo fitting tomorrow.

Tim kisses Stefanie and watches her drive away, waving. His phone BEEPS. On screen, a graphic PHOTO of two legs broken straight through, hanging by skin. From Arnak.

INT. BEDROOM - FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER

Fred stares down at the broken leg picture on Tim's phone, smoking a joint.

FRED

That's a bit dramatic.

TIM

Ya think? We need a plan.

FRED

(hands it back)

Yer telling me you can't hack into some jackoff corporate account and fleece a little undetected change?

TIM

Did you not see Office Space?

FRED

(doing 'Bill Lumbergh')

Ummm, I'm gonna need you to go ahead come in tomorrow. So if you could be here around 9 that would be great, mmmk...

TIM

That's great, Fred. Now what?

FRED

I played Lotto all week, dude.

(hits the joint)

Look, if you ain't willing to do a little Jesse James on the triple-W, we might as well just call it a day.

TIM

Fuck.

Sits down in front of his computer.

FRED

Giddy up, outlaw.

INT. BEDROOM

Fred smokes a joint as he sorts through Tim's closet.

Tim cranks away on his laptop, breaking firewalls like nobody's business. His hacking tools on the table, which include a RFID Credit Card Reader and an iPhone Square attachment.

FRED

You busting into the Koch Brothers off-shore account?

TIM

I did all the purchase orders at my job. I still have remote access.

FRED

How you gonna purchase order 30 G's?

TIM

Just let me worry about that.

Fred pulls a black hoodie off a hanger, throwing it at Tim.

TIM (CONT'D)

What is this?

FRED

If we have to make a break for it, we need to incognito. You mind if I borrow this red one?

TIM

You'll never fit in that.

FRED

Oh, I'll fit.

Fred's cell RINGS. It's Arnak.

FRED (CONT'D)

Shit. Don't say anything.

(answers with an Armenian accent)

Hello.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ARNAK'S ESCALADE - MORNING

Arnak sits in the passenger's seat, smoking. Vahan at the wheel and Savo in the back with his pistol.

ARNAK

Your Armenian sound like Turkish pinhead, Fred.

FRED

No Fred. You have wrong number.

Fred hangs up. A moment later, Tim's house phone RINGS. Tim reaches for it.

FRED (CONT'D)

Don't --

TIM

Hello.

Arnak smiles.

ARNAK

Tim. The time has come.

Fred looks out the window. Hits Tim, eyeing...

ARNAK'S ESCALADE parked in front of the house.

TIM

We need twenty-four more hours. We'll have your money.

Arnak and the boys EXIT, walking toward the house. Arnak spots them in the window, waves.

ARNAK

Oh, sorry to hear that. But I don't work on weekends.

EXT. TIM & STEFANIE'S CONDO

Arnak turns the doorknob. Locked. He KNOCKS.

ARNAK

Just open door and we figure everything out. Tim?

Arnak KNOCKS again.

Tim rubs his forehead, looking crazed. He's losing it.

TIM

You took a bet that I didn't even place and now you want thirty grand in five days? That's fucking bullshit. You have five seconds to get off my doorstep or I'm calling the police.

FRED

Bad time to let Charlie out.

SMASH!

ARNAK (O.S.)

Timbo. We are here.

Tim drops the phone. Fred scans the room, eyeing a large WINDOW, leading to the roof and back yard. He jams the sweatshirt into Tim's hands.

FRED

Put it on.

Fred jams the red sweatshirt over his gut and Tim slides his own. FOOTSTEPS coming up the stairs. Tim snatches up his hacking tools, trying to jam his laptop in a carrier. Fred grabs a pillow, holding like a football.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. STAIRWELL

Savo leads the way, pistol cocked. Arnak and Vahan behind him. Savo gets to the door, pauses, then...

The door SWINGS open, but Tim BODY SLAMS into it...

Knocking Savo's gun down. BANG. Blood shoots out of Arnak's foot.

ARNAK

Ahhhhh!

Arnak TUMBLES down the stairwell, his head SMASHING through the drywall, body limp on the landing.

SAVO

Boss?

VAHAN

Idiot! Get them!

Savo runs into the room. Fred SMASHES through the window like a tail back, stumbling and falling off the roof. Tim runs behind, stops at the edge. Looks back. Savo's pistol comes up. He jumps.

EXT. BACKYARD

THUD. Tim hits the ground hard, Fred passed out. He SLAPS him. Fred jumps awake, slightly concussed.

TIM

C'mon!

He pulls Fred up. They disappear into the WOODED FOOTHILLS.

EXT/INT. TIM & STEFANIE'S CONDO - DAY

Stef pulls up in her new VW BEETLE, eyeing Tim's car parked across the driveway. She pulls along the curb. Exits with bag from Carl's Jr, annoyed.

The front door busted and ajar, Stefanie cautiously approaches it. Opens it.

STEFANIE

Tim?

She drops the food. Eyes the blood across the carpet. The hole in the drywall. Follows the blood up the stairs.

STEFANIE (CONT'D)

Tim?

Gets to the top of the stairs. Eyes the BULLET HOLE in the floor. Kneels down, inspecting it. A calm comes over her. Looks up with a steely gaze.

She hits doorway like a seasoned cop, peeking in. Spots the broken window.

She opens her CLOSET. Moves a shoe rack. Pulls open a crawl space in the floor, extracting a BLACK BRIEF CASE.

The brief case opens on Tim's desk. Inside, a laptop, recording devices, and the tools of an assassin. We're not in Kansas anymore.

Stef coolly flips open the laptop. Plugs her cell into the recording device and daisy chains it into the computer.

She then grabs a Crimson Trace Sig Sauer P226 Pistol from the case. Checks the cylinder. Aims. Its red laser sight shoots across the room.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

Stef moves in, gun drawn. Nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM

Door opens. Laser sight hits the sink. It's covered in blood.

EXT. TUJUNGA FOOTHILLS - DAY

Tim and Fred take a rest, deep in the brush. Both with their hoods pulled up over their head.

FRED

Head's ringing like a church bell.

TIM

You probably have a concussion.

Fred pulls out a joint, lighting it.

FRED

What's the plan now, Charlie?

TIM

It wasn't Charlie. I just snapped.

Tim's cell RINGS. Eyes the Caller ID.

TIM (CONT'D)

Ah, great. Stef.

FRED

Just act normal. Buy yourself some time.

TIM

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BEDROOM - TIM & STEFANIE'S CONDO - DAY

Stef sits in front of the laptop, recording the conversation as the software starts to calculate his coordinates.

STEFANIE

Tim, answer only the questions I ask you, nothing else.  
Respond with a yes or no.

TIM

What?

STEFANIE

Yes or no. Are you hurt?

TIM

No. Wait, you're at home? Stef, you need to leave.

STEFANIE

Have you been kidnapped?

Tim cups the phone, dazed.

FRED

What? She a man?

TIM

She thinks I've been kidnapped.

Fred's eyebrow lifts. Maybe not the worst idea. Tim brings the phone back up.

TIM (CONT'D)

Yes.

Stefanie looks up, eyes turn to stone.

STEFANIE

I need you to put your captor on the phone.

A long pause, then...

FRED (V.O.)  
(Arnak voice)

Hello.

STEFANIE  
If you let my fiance go right now, that will be the end of it.  
But if you don't...

Tim and Fred head to head, both listening to the conversation.

STEFANIE (V.O.)  
I will look for you, I will find you, and I will kill you. No  
one is going to ruin my wedding.

Tim and Fred turn to one another, thunderstruck.

STEFANIE (V.O.)  
Do you understand?  
(beat)  
DO YOU?

FRED  
Why don't you relax, young lady. You will get back your  
fiance, but you get him back when I say so.

STEFANIE  
I served three years in Shayetet-13. Do you have any idea  
what that is, Arnak?

Fred looks at Tim.

FRED  
No.

STEFANIE (V.O.)  
An elite squad in the Israeli Special Forces, trained in  
counter-terrorism and hostage rescue. You are exactly 1.3  
miles North West of where I am standing.  
(both looking around)  
I am coming to get you. You touch one hair on my fiance's  
beautiful head, and I will kill you in a way no man has --

Tim grabs the phone, SMASHING it under his foot.

FRED  
Dude.

TIM

She's tracking us.

Stefanie downloads their coordinates onto her phone, then pulls the pieces of a HIGH-POWERED RIFLE out of the case, quickly assembling them.

EXT. FOOTHILLS - DAY

Winded and sweating, Tim and Fred schlep through the bushes and dry brush. Fred tokes his joint.

TIM

She told me about a Kibbutz she joined the Summer out of high school. Nothing about any... Shayetet-13.

FRED

I think it's kinda hot. Like having your own Nikita.

TIM

No, it's not. I've gotta tell her the truth.

FRED

You might want to role play that one before you pull the trigger.

Tim GRABS his arm.

FRED (CONT'D)

Jesus, relax --

TIM

-- Don't move. Rattlesnake. Three feet ahead.

Fred looks down at the large RATTLESNAKE, coiled up in attack mode.

FRED

Step back slow, man. I got this.

TIM

How about you leave it alone.

Fred slowly crouches down, bringing his hand forward as if to hypnotize to snake.

FRED

I watch Animal Planet all the time. Once you clamp down on the head, they're powerless.

(MORE)

FRED (CONT'D)  
(to the Snake)  
That's it, girl. Uncle Fred ain't gonna--

The Rattlesnake snaps forward, BITING Fred in the thigh. He pulls it off and tosses the snake into the bushes.

FRED (CONT'D)  
Ah, dammit... I'm hit.

TIM  
Shit. We need to get you antivenin.

FRED  
Gonna be a hour before we can get to a hospital. Gotta act now, partner.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOOTHILLS - MOMENTS LATER

Fred sits on a rock, pants off, legs open. Tim kneeling in front of him, staring at the snake bite just below his boxer shorts.

FRED  
Just suck and spit. Don't swallow.

TIM  
This story doesn't leave this rock.

FRED  
Yeah, yeah. Just suck hard.

Tim grabs either side of Fred thigh, closes his eyes, then SUCKS the poison out of the bite.

FRED (CONT'D)  
You got some soft lips, man.

TIM  
(spits)  
Don't talk.

Tim gathers himself, then sucks on Fred's thigh again.

FRED  
If something moves down there, it's totally involuntary.

EXT. FOOTHILLS - DAY

Dressed in military fatigues, Stefanie locates Tim's BROKEN IPHONE on the ground, pocketing it.

She scans the area, spotting DROPS OF BLOOD in the dirt. Two sets of footprints. She scoops up one of the blood drops into a small plastic baggy, then pulls out her cell phone. Dials.

STEFANIE

(sweet as ever)

Hi Beth. This is Stefanie, Tim Knobelsdorf's fiancée. Yes. Why thank you. Unfortunately, Tim's appendix burst this morning, so he's having surgery right now... yeah. Could you forward that information to his supervisor?

(smile disappears)

Excuse me? Fired?

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - TUJUNGA FOOTHILLS - AFTERNOON

Tim carries Fred like a sack of potatoes down the hill, struggling. Both looking a bit delirious.

FRED

Ring. Ring.

TIM

Hello, Stef. Can we talk?

FRED

(doing a hoarse Stef)

Oh hi, babe. Just greasing up the Uzi. What's up?

TIM

I lied to you. I wasn't kidnapped. I lost our wedding budget on a bet in Morongo. And now the bookie wants me to pay up, or else.

FRED

Oh, honey. Tell you what... how about we get some take out from that new Thai place, watch a movie, and then I massage your balls into the juicer. Kay?

TIM

She wouldn't say that.

Fred taps Tim on the back.

FRED

Dude, we gotta stop. I think I'm gonna have to drink my own urine.

TIM

There's a house at the bottom of the hill.

INT. KITCHEN - TIM & STEFANIE'S CONDO - AFTERNOON

Phyliss and Nyia sit at the table with Stef over an emergency lunch. Stef still dresses in her fatigues, eyeing her day-planner.

STEFANIE

I need you to go to the shop tomorrow--they open at nine-- and they make absolutely certain the tea cups are azul turquesa before the put in the order

(hands her a color swatch)

If they're any other, it'll ruin the table Feng shui.

PHYLISS

Of course.

Turns to Nyia.

STEFANIE

Ny, if you could run over to Hansen Cakes on Fairfax and taste the teal icing. If it doesn't taste exactly like red velvet, run over to Sweet E's and try theirs.

NYIA

What ever you need, Stef, we'll cover it.

STEFANIE

I don't think this will take more than a day, but if does, here's the itinerary for the week.

(handing one to each)

And absolutely, positively, no --

NYIA & PHYLISS

-- Police or family involved.  
(just Nyia)

We got it.

STEFANIE

I love you guys.

The door bell RINGS.

STEFANIE (CONT'D)

Be right back.

INT. FOYER

Stefanie opens the door, revealing EZRA (30s). He's an intense Israeli with dark features. Not someone you'd want to fuck with.

EZRA

Stefanie.

STEFANIE

Ezra.

He gives her a kiss on either cheek, then hugs her deeply.

EZRA

(Hebrew)

I am so sorry to hear about Tim.

STEFANIE

(Hebrew)

Thank you.

(tearing up)

You don't know how much this means.

EZRA

(Hebrew)

Of course. Anything for you.

(rubs a tear away)

No more tears.

INT. BLACK ESCALADE - AFTERNOON

Vahan drives as Arnak pops a handful of painkillers, his bandaged foot propped up on the dash. Savo sitting in the back seat, looking like a scorned puppy.

ARNAK

Turn here.

SAVO

(offers a JOINT)

It mixes well with Vicodin.

Arnak SLAPS the joint, flying out the window. He glares back at Savo. Savo cowers back into the seat.

A few houses up, TIM carries Fred across the street.

VAHAN

Boss. Look at this.

(turns to Arnak)

You want me to run them over?

ARNAK

No.

(to Savo)

Give me your gun.

Savo hands it over.

ARNAK (CONT'D)

Pull up.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - SAME

Tim has out Fred's cell phone, finally with a signal. Calls Stef.

TIM

Stef. Yeah, it's me. I'm fine. I love you, too. Look, we have to talk.

Tim cups the phone, spotting the Escalade speeding toward them.

TIM (CONT'D)

(Fred)

Does Arnak drive a black Escalade?

FRED

Yes indeedy.

TIM

Hang on.

Tim runs toward the HOUSE, but loses his balance after two steps, sending them both face first into the lawn. Fred's CELL PHONE hits the lawn, still on.

Arnak's ESCALADE pulls up. Arnak aiming the pistol at the two.

ARNAK

Fred. I need you and your friend Cowboy Tim to take a ride. Let's not make a scene.

FRED

How 'bout you fuck off.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. KITCHEN - TIM & STEFANIE'S CONDO

Stefanie plugs her phone into the laptop, the conversation coming over the speakers as Ezra works on the coordinates. Nyia and Phyliss in awe.

VAHAN (V.O.)

Let's go.

TIM (V.O.)

He needs antivenin. We need to get him to a hospital.

WE HEAR Vahan kicking Tim in the ribs. GROANS.

STEFANIE

Tim. Can you hear me?

VAHAN (V.O.)

Get in car or you both need hospital.

TIM (V.O.)

Get off!

SAVO (V.O.)

Hey, their phone.

The phone CUTS OFF.

STEFANIE

TIM!

EZRA

We lost the signal.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM

Stef marches in, staring down at the HOUSE PHONE, still off the cradle where Tim left it.

INT. BLACK ESCALADE - AFTERNOON

In the back seat, Fred sits between Tim and Savo.

TIM

We've got to get him to a hospital.

ARNAK

(snaps)

I am shot in foot! If I can wait, he can wait.

Arnak's phone RINGS.

ARNAK (CONT'D)

Hello.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Stefanie paces about the kitchen as Ezra works a completes a patch into this line.

STEFANIE

Arnak, this is Tim's fiancée. We spoke earlier.

Arnak thinks for a moment.

ARNAK

We never speak.

STEFANIE

You wanna play, fine, we've never spoke. I'm going give one last opportunity. If you let my Tim go in the next four hours,

(eyeing her watch)

Which would be 7:32 P.M., I won't kill you.

Arnak LAUGHS. Turning to Tim.

ARNAK

Your woman is crazy bitch.

Tim kicks the back of Arnak's seat, jarring it forward. His bandaged foot hits the window. BARKS in pain.

ARNAK (CONT'D)

(in Armenian)

Punish him!

Savo elbows Tim in the balls. He doubles over.

STEFANIE

(dead serious)

You leave him alone.

ARNAK

Hey, crazy bitch. Your Tim shot me in foot, so now he owe sixty thousand. Why don't you just call rich daddy, get my money, and I let them go.

Stefanie SLAMS her fist into the drywall, breaking through it.

Ezra points to the TRACKING MONITOR, signals her to give him five more seconds and chill out.

ARNAK (CONT'D)

So... you going to pay, or what?

STEFANIE

I don't negotiate with terrorists.

ARNAK

I am not terrorist, sweet tits. I am businessman.

The tracking monitor BEEPS. Ezra has his location.

STEFANIE

You have four hours to drop my fiancée off on our doorstep. If you don't, I will hunt you down and I will kill you. But before I do, I'm going to cut off your balls.

Stef hangs up. Picks up a high-powered rifle

ARNAK

CUT OFF MY BALLS?

A DIAL TONE. Arnak stares ahead, raging.

ARNAK (CONT'D)

(Armenian)

Take us to the desert.

INT. BACK ROOM - HOOKAH LOUNGE - EVENING

Tim and Fred are both bound to chairs; Fred sweating and peaked while Tim looks like he's seconds away from a panic attack.

TIM

Dude. I'm gonna lose it.

FRED

Just breath, man. Focus on a nice big set of titties... always calms me down.

Across the room, a MOB DOCTOR prepares to extract the bullet from Arnak's foot. Behind them, Vahan smokes his hookah. Arnak takes a large slug of vodka.

MOB DOCTOR

You're ready?

ARNAK

(drunk)

Just do it.

The doctor jams the tweezers into the bullet hole, digging out the slug.

ARNAK (CONT'D)

FUCK!

The Doctor keeps digging, finally getting hold of the slug, pulling it out. Arnak clenches the table as the Doctor pours alcohol over the hole to sterilize it.

ARNAK (CONT'D)

Vahan!

VAHAN

Yes, boss.

ARNAK

Put them in pain.

Vahan gets up, making his way over to Tim and Fred.

VAHAN

I need you to slide forward, little bit.

TIM

No.

VAHAN

Savo.

Savo hops over, pulling Tim's legs down. Vahan PUNCHES Tim square in the balls. He doubles over in pain.

They do the same to Fred, but he VOMITS on Vahan's shoes. Vahan SLAPS Fred across the face. Arnak's cell phone RINGS. He answers.

ARNAK

Hello.

CUT TO:

EXT. HILL OUTSIDE HOOKAH LOUNGE - SAME

Stefanie lays on the ground, aiming a rifle with night-vision through a window. Vahan in her crosshairs.

Ezra lies next to her, listening to what's going inside with a parabolic microphone aimed at the building.

STEFANIE

Arnak, this is Stefanie. You have exactly four minutes to let me fiancée go. And if your little friend hits him in the testicles one more time, I'm going to put a bullet in his head.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOOKAH LOUNGE - SAME

Arnak LAUGHS. Looking up at the windows.

ARNAK

You spying in my windows? You are one crazy bitch.

BLAM! A window EXPLODES, glass flying across the room as the bullet SMASHING a mirror on the far wall.

TIM

Jesus Christ.

Arnak jumps off the table, onto the floor. SCREAMS in pain.

ARNAK

(screaming in Armenian)

Get down! Away from the windows!

They both squat down as Arnak frantically scans the windows.

Ezra turns to Stefanie, shaking his head. He covers her phone with his hand.

EZRA

Why do you let your anger get to you? You just lost our advantage.

STEFANIE

I will not be called a crazy bitch by some idiot thug.

EZRA

You have become soft. That temper is going to be the undoing of you.

She pulls the phone back.

STEFANIE

Arnak? Do I have your attention now?

Arnak fumes on the floor. He signals Savo to make his way to the back door and open fire.

ARNAK

Okay, Rambitch. You shoot one more time and your little Tim is DEAD MAN.

STEFANIE

He has a tuxedo fitting tomorrow which he is not going to miss on your account. You have three minutes to let my fiancée walk out that front door, or you and your two friends are dead.

ARNAK

You don't even care about his friend?

STEFANIE

Fred got himself into this mess, he can get himself out of it.

ARNAK

You are one hard bitch.

BLAM! Another bullet EXPLODES a mirror on the wall.

ARNAK (CONT'D)

(Vahan)

Pull them to the floor.

Vahan does, Tim and Fred now both laying on their side.

FRED

Ah, man, I am definitely gonna puke.

Ezra glares at Stefanie, shaking his head.

EZRA

This city has ruined you. Where is your patience?

STEFANIE

I will not... be called... a bitch.

EZRA

It's just a word.

The BACK DOOR rips open, Savo FIRING off a clip into the hillside.

The bullets RICOCHETS dirt all around Stef and Ezra, but one hits the parabolic microphone dead on. It shatters to pieces.

Stef slaps her laptop closed and both take covert action, quickly crawling backwards and out of the shot zone.

EZRA (CONT'D)

Nice. Very nice. \$2000 parabolic microphone.

STEFANIE

My fiancée's life is in jeopardy and you're worried about a stupid microphone?

EZRA

You have lost your balance, Stefanie. I need to help you find it.

EXT/INT. HOOKAH LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER

Vahan and Savo have guns to Tim and Fred's head as they slowly move toward the Escalade. Arnak limping behind them, scanning the area with his pistol.

They all quickly get into the Escalade and pull off.

INT. ESCALADE - EVENING

Speeding away from the scene, Arnak turns around and SLAPS Tim hard across the face.

ARNAK

Your friend Fred here, he is deadbeat. But you and that crazy bitch fiancée, you have money.

TIM

Don't call my fiancée a bitch.

ARNAK

What you do about it, Cowboy? You rough me up? Or maybe you get your woman to fight for y--

Tim PUNCHES Arnak square in the nose, surprising everyone. Arnak grabs his nose, blood running from it.

ARNAK (CONT'D)

Savo!

Savo PUNCHES Tim in the balls. He keels over, trying to catch his breath.

FRED

C'mon man. What if he wants to kids down the road?

Vahan eyes STEFANIE'S VW BEETLE in the rearview mirror.

VAHAN

Boss. I think we have tail. Yellow Volkswagon.

ARNAK

Your sweet honey cake drive yellow Bug?

TIM

No.

ARNAK

You are bad liar.

(Armenian, to Vahan)

Drive us to the Desert House.

Vahan guns the engine and makes a sharp right onto another STREET.

FRED

(delirious)

Hey man. I need someone to get this lizard of my knee. It's giving me the eyeball.

Tim looks down at his knee, but nothing is there. The snakebite effects getting worse.

CUT TO:

INT. STEFANIE'S VW BEETLE - SAME

Stefanie accelerate, making a hard right. Trying to keep up with the Escalade as Ezra tracks Arnak's cell phone signal on the laptop.

EZRA

We should have taken my truck. You little car is never going to keep up.

STEFANIE

Why don't you worry about tracking them and I'll worry about the driving.

Stefanie dials Arnak's number. The phone RINGS over the car stereo.

ARNAK (V.O.)

Yes.

STEFANIE

Arnak, this is Stefanie. I want to work out a deal with you, but I need to speak with Tim. I need to know he's ok.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ESCALADE - EVENING

Arnak cups the phone.

ARNAK

Your psycho bitch. You tell her, \$60,000 and I let you and Fred go. If she shoot at us again, I will cut off your manhood and have Vahan run them over. Do you understand?

TIM

Yes.

Arnak hands him the phone.

TIM (CONT'D)

Stef, it's me. I just want you know I'm fine and I love you.

Ezra forced to listen to the sappy conversation.

STEFANIE

Oh, baby. I love you so much, too. I don't want you to get worked up. We are going to get you back.

TIM

Who's we?

STEFANIE

My friend... Ezra.

TIM

Yeah, we gotta talk about that.

STEFANIE

I'll explain everything once we get you back.

TIM

No, I mean, you really need to stop shooting at us. It's pissing off Arnak and it's not going to make negotiating any easier. Not to mention, I almost got blinded by a piece of glass.

EZRA

(to himself)

Weak.

Stefanie glares at Ezra. Arnak staring at Tim.

TIM

He wants \$60,000 and he'll let Fred and I go. That will be the end of it.

STEFANIE

And where am I going to get \$60,000?

TIM

Stef, c'mon. You know where.

STEFANIE

I am not giving that piece of slime our wedding savings.

ARNAK

Tell her to stop following and get money. We call later with drop off site.

TIM

Alright sweetie, I need you to stop following us and get the money. Arnak will call you with the --

STEFANIE

-- I heard. You remind him, he hurts you in any way, I will bury him alive.

TIM

Jesus, Stef.

Arnak snatches the phone.

ARNAK

\$60,000. Stop following now. We call you soon.

Hangs up. They make another hard right turn onto another road, speckled with houses.

Stef glares ahead, fuming. She slams the gas, taking a hard right.

STEFANIE

I... hate... that... man.

EZRA

Slow down.

STEFANIE

Take the wheel.

EZRA

What are you doing?

Stefanie lunges into the back seat. Ezra jumps into the driver's seat, regaining control.

EZRA (CONT'D)

(fuming)

Have you forgotten everything you learned? Running around for this soft little man. You need a real man.

STEFANIE

A real man? Tim is an intelligent, sensitive, loving man. That sounds pretty 'real' to me.

EZRA

Unless maybe you are mugged one night and he runs off like a little girl.

STEFANIE

We had our time together and it didn't work out.

EZRA

We were fighting a conflict.

STEFANIE

You backed out of our engagement!

Stefanie grabs an infrared assault rifle, then climbs into the passenger's seat.

EZRA

The time was not right. My allegiance to Israel was paramount.

STEFANIE

And my feelings weren't? Do you know how stupid I felt to have to call every single wedding guest and tell them the ceremony was off?

Ezra glance over as Stefanie puts down the window.

STEFANIE (CONT'D)

Pull up.

EZRA

I still love you, Stefanie.

STEFANIE

Faster!

He guns it. The Turbo kicks in as he pulls alongside the Escalade.

She sees the five in the infrared scope. It's pretty obvious which ones Tim and Fred are.

CUT TO:

INT. ESCALADE

Vahan looking in his side mirror.

VAHAN

They are pulling up.

ARNAK

Take them out.

CUT TO:

INT. STEFANIE'S VW BEETLE

Vahan and Arnak come into her sights.

A PORCUPINE scurries across the road. Ezra cuts the wheel, but its too late. They run over it, blowing out a tire just as Stefanie FIRES.

Bullets blast into the engine block and take out the front tire. The Escalade flips, rolling across the asphalt as the Beetle 360's off the road and smashes into a Joshua Tree.

EXT. ROADSIDE - NIGHT

The passenger door opens. Stefanie climbs out with the assault rifle, head bleeding. She trots across the highway to the flipped Escalade.

She rushes up to the doors, rifle aimed. Everyone is gone.

EXT. DESERT NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Tim and Fred trot in between two houses, hands zip tied and mouths duck taped. Savo and Vahan behind them, guns pushed into their backs. Arnak limping. A large German Sheppard BARKS as...

A spot light blasts on, illuminating the group and

CHARLES

An Aryan-looking fella with skin like tanned leather. Shotgun aimed at Arnak. A White Power/Aryan Nation flag hanging from the porch.

CHARLES

The hell you A-rabs doing with those boys?

ARNAK

Go back inside, cowboy.

CHARLES

Fuck you inside. You don't let them boys go right this instant, Abdul, I'll sendin' you straight back to Mohammed.

ARNAK

I am Armenian, you idiot.

CHARLES

The hell's the difference.

Vahan spins, firing at Charles. Misses. Charles returns fire, nearly clipping Arnak. Vahan and Savo blast back, forcing Charles to retreat into his house.

INT. DESERT HOUSE - NIGHT

A house with white walls and very minimal decor. Some of the walls pink with blood stains. Tim and Fred bound and gagged, sitting on chairs.

Arnak slaps Tim across the face, knocking him to the floor. Vahan kicks him in the ribs numerous times.

He MOANS as they pull him back into his chair. Arnak rips the duck tape off his mouth.

ARNAK

(dialing a number)

You tell that crazy bitch of yours she pull another stunt like that, you are dead man. No marriage. No shit.

TIM

Fuck you.

Arnak BELTS him in the face. Tim flies back in his chair, hitting the floor hard. Fred's SCREAMS muffled under the tape.

Arnak puts the phone up to Tim's bloody face.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Stefanie and Ezra scanning the bullet shells outside Charles' house. Her phone RINGS, she answers.

STEFANIE

Hello.

TIM

Stefanie. You need to listen to me. Just go home now and I'll --

WHAP. Arnak pistol whipping him. Blood runs down his face.

STEFANIE

Baby. Where are you?

TIM

Where did you get a machine gun?

STEFANIE

I'll explain later.

TIM

We're in a house --

Arnak rips back the phone.

ARNAK

Sweet tits. You now owe me \$80,000 since you smash my Cadillac. Once you get it, I will tell you where to drop it.

STEFANIE

(running with Ezra)

How about this. You let my Tim out the front door right now and I won't slaughter the three of you.

ARNAK

I don't get my money, your Tim is dead. You try to rescue him, he is dead again.

He hangs up.

Stefanie clicks a military intelligence app on her phone, the location of Arnak's cell phone blinking on the map.

EZRA

You need to come clean with him.

STEFANIE

I will do no such thing. You are my Special Forces friend that I met while working on the Kibbutz and you're helping me save him.

INT. CHARLES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Charles loads ammunition into an impressive arsenal of guns, drinking a Pabst Blue Ribbon. He cocks the gun, aiming it at a bulls eye of Osama Bin Laden.

CHARLES

Three Afghanies going down.

BLAM! The bullets BLASTS through the target and door, dead center.

INT. KITCHEN - DESERT HOUSE - NIGHT

Arnak and Vahan sit at the kitchen table, smoking. Savo making espressos in the opulent kitchen, the only nice room in the house.

Tim is bound and gagged, arms tied by a rope descending from the ceiling, leaving him pressed up against the front window in between the curtains.

EXT. DESERT HOUSE

Stefanie stares at her Tim from a distance, seething. Looks over at Ezra, both carrying hi-tech assault rifles and backpacks full of gear.

INT. KITCHEN - DESERT HOUSE

SMASH! BANG! A TEAR GAS canister goes off, Savo SCREAMING as the room is overcome with smoke.

A FLASH BOMB flies through the window, landing by Arnak and Vahan. WHAM! A BLAST of light, blinding both, then... the wall implodes, creating a large hole.

Ezra flies through, rifle-butts Savo to the head. Stefanie follows behind with her night vision goggles, assault rifle in hand. Aims at Arnak and Savo.

STEFANIE

Don't fucking move.

ARNAK

Great. Psycho bitch come get her man. You bring my money, too?

Stefanie rifle butts Arnak in the face, knocking him out.

STEFANIE

(Hebrew)

Cover this one.

EZRA

(Hebrew)

Covered. Go.

She drops the assault rifle, pulling out a compact as she touches up her face and hair. She pulls a machete out of her backpack, running over to Tim.

She touches his face, kissing him. Tries to wipe off his blood, then gently pulling off the duck tape.

STEFANIE

My sweet baby. Look what they did you.

TIM

What is going on?

STEFANIE

(cutting the rope)

My friend Ezra is in the Special Forces. I called in a favor.

TIM

But I saw you shooting that assault rifle.

She cuts through the ropes. Tim is freed, but can barely stand. She braces him up.

TIM (CONT'D)

Did you bring the antivenin?

She sits him in a chair, pulling a syringe out of her pocket. Marches over to Fred, injecting the antivenin. Fred GRUMBLES something.

EZRA

(Hebrew)

Let's go!

STEFANIE

(Hebrew)

Clear.

Helps Tim into the kitchen.

TIM

What about Fred?

STEFANIE

We'll come back.

TIM

No you won't.

Ezra rifle butts Vahan out cold. The three escape out the hole.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - LATE NIGHT

A foreclosed house somewhere in Joshua Tree. Ezra listens to the police scanner as Stefanie tends to Tim's wounds.

TIM

How could you just leave him there?

STEFANIE

(scoffs)

This entire situation is because of Fred. And the fact that he brought you into it... is disgusting.

TIM

They're going to kill him.

STEFANIE

I gave him the antivenin.

EZRA

He'll be fine.

TIM

Gee, thanks, Ezra.

EZRA

Watch your tone.

STEFANIE

Stop.

Tim starts to hyperventilate, leaning forward.

EZRA

What is wrong with him?

STEFANIE

He's having a panic attack.

Tim falls to his hands and knees, still hyperventilating, Stephanie rubbing his head. Pathetic.

TIM

I think I can ride it out.

EZRA

This is the man you're going to marry?

STEFANIE

Yes, it is.

Ezra pulls two pills from a vial, comes around Tim and jams them down his throat, making him swallow them, like you would a dog. Tim fighting.

TIM

The hell was that?

EZRA

We don't have the time for a panic attack if we are going to save your friend.

TIM

I'm not usually like this.

EZRA

Yeah.

STEFANIE

Ezra, leave us.

He does, slamming the door. Tim kneels back up to Stefanie, fighting the panic as she rubs his head.

STEFANIE (CONT'D)

You'll be okay, babe. You've been through a lot.

TIM

Stefanie, I love you. I want to be with you for the rest of my life, but not like this.

STEFANIE

Not like what?

TIM

With all these lies.

A long silence. Nervous, Stefanie has to come clean.

STEFANIE

Tim, I couldn't --

TIM

-- I wasn't kidnapped. I faked it.

STEFANIE

No, you were kidnapped.

TIM

I bet our entire wedding budget on a football game and lost it. Fred tried to help me out and it went south.

(MORE)

TIM (CONT'D)

Then I lost my job, the money was due from the bookies, so I faked my own kidnapping.

Tim looks up into Stef's big brown eyes.

STEFANIE

And why would you do that?

TIM

We saved money, made a budget, but the wedding just kept growing and growing and I just didn't want to be in a huge hole on our first day as newlyweds.

EXT. DESERT - PRE-DAWN

A stretch of mountain, sand, and Morongo. A FORD EXPLORER flies by on the highway.

INT. FORD EXPLORER

Max squints, reads the Map Quest on his laptop as bin drives, smoking.

MAX

Fifteen miles, then north on Sixty-Two to Joshua Tree.  
(looking up)  
You think they're still alive?

BIN

If Tim lucky, he dead. No marriage. Reincarnated as Oil Tycoon and then have as many woman as he want.

MAX

That's your concept of Buddhism?

BIN

Bin Buddhism.

Max pulls out a SAMURAI SWORD from his duffle bad.

MAX

Well, I believe in instant karma.

BIN

Ahh, that bullshit. You won't use it.

MAX

We shall see, Bin, we shall see.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAWN

Tim is bound to a chair in straps. Stefanie sitting next to him at an angle, measuring his pulse with her hand.

TIM

I have what?

Ezra shaking his head behind her.

STEFANIE

Stockholm Syndrome. It's very common for captives who've been put under a great amount of stress. You're siding with Fred and your captors. You're not thinking clearly.

TIM

I think I am.

STEFANIE

Do you remember what time your tuxedo fitting is for today?

TIM

Two o'clock.

STEFANIE

So they used physical torture.

TIM

Why does he keep shaking his head?

STEFANIE

Because Ezra needs to leave the room. NOW!

EZRA

We are wasting time.

STEFANIE

We are not leaving here until he's been fully deprogrammed.

EZRA

He has not been brainwashed, Stefanie. He is telling you the truth. You just refuse to accept it.

Turns back to Tim.

STEFANIE

Is that right, Tim? You just think our wedding is one big, costly mistake?

TIM

Not really a mistake. Just an idea that's gone very, very off-track.

STEFANIE

Yes, or no!

TIM

Yes.

Stefanie gets up, walking over to a wall. She SCREAMS, punching her hand through it.

Ezra begins untying Tim.

EZRA

She acted the same way when we were engaged. Total tunnel vision, like I wasn't even there.

TIM

What?

Ezra finishes pulling off the straps.

TIM (CONT'D)

(Stefanie)

You were engaged before?

EZRA

You never told him?

Stefanie HEAVES a throwing star at Ezra, nearly taking off his ear.

EZRA (CONT'D)

Hey! Control your anger!

Stefanie turns to Tim.

STEFANIE

Tim. We need to talk.

TIM

No, I need to save Fred. We can talk later.

Picks up an assault rifle.

TIM (CONT'D)

Can I borrow this?

EZRA

Go ahead.

STEFANIE

Timothy Knobelsdorf, do not leave this safe house until this argument is finished.

TIM

This isn't an argument. This is my Best Friend's life.

STEFANIE

If you leave here, we're through.

TIM

Ezra's right. You do have tunnel vision.

Tim exits.

STEFANIE

Tim!

Silence. Stef's eyes of rage lock on Ezra. She lunges at him, breaking into a nasty bout of Krav Maga (Israeli Martial Arts). She sends him into a wall...

Uppercut. Wrist block, lock, spins her about and into the wall. THUD. She back kicks him, breaking free as he falls to his knees. A barrage of blows. Just as she goes for a drop kick, he locks her leg and flips her. Climbs on top, clamping her to the ground in a hold.

EZRA

Stop.

STEFANIE

(upset)

I don't want to lose him.

EZRA

Stefanie. You need to disclose everything, full honesty. If he cannot handle it, then you need to be with a stronger man.

STEFANIE

Like you?

EZRA

You know we were meant to be.

STEFANIE

You had your chance.

EZRA

And now you have yours. Don't let America make you any softer than it has.

She HEADBUTTS Ezra in the face. He collapses as she gets up, grabbing a bunch of gear, and exiting.

STEFANIE

I love my thoughtful, introspective, and soft Tim. And I'm getting him and his stupid friend back.

EXT/INT. DESERT HOUSE - MORNING

Several POLICE and FIRE PERSONNEL check out the smoking house.

TIM

Watches from behind a rock across the street, camouflage paint smeared across his face. No signs of Fred or Arnak's boys. He scrambles off.

EXT. FALAFEL SHOP - JOSHUA TREE - MORNING

The SOUNDS OF WET BOWELS.

INT. BACK ROOM

Fred is ducked taped to a chair, looking a bit healthier, besides the fact that he just crapped himself.

Arnak KICKS him in the shin, holding his nose. Fred GROANS.

ARNAK

You crap yourself again, I have Savo put you in diapers.

FRED

Look man, I need some fucking Gatorade to get my electrolytes up some high grade weed to quell my rumbling gut. This antivenin takes a minute to kick in.

ARNAK

Some friend, huh?

He throws a bucket of water on Fred. Savo throws another.

ARNAK (CONT'D)

Leave you high and dry.

FRED

He's dealing with relationship shit. Tim's the truest friend I got. Mark my words, the boy'll come through.

ARNAK

I am very tired of all this. Either I get my money, or I bury you out here with the snakes.

Vahan enters.

VAHAN

(Armenian)

Serj's men are here.

ARNAK

Excellent.

(to Tim)

Now you will know pain.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - DAY

A red FIAT races past Morongo Casino into the desert.

NYIA (V.O.)

I am so sorry, girl, but we tried seven bakeries and all their aqua icing tasted like strawberry.

INT. RED FIAT - DAY

The car packed with wedding samples, phone on speaker.

PHYLISS

And I couldn't pull the trigger on the succulent tea cups.  
They were lime at best. Good news is that there's a tuxedo  
store right next to you in Yucca Valley. If you can save Tim  
by five, he could still get fitted.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Ezra preps for their next assault as Stefanie Googles motels in the area.

STEFANIE

Okay, so I found this Joshua Tree Inn, right off of 62. It's  
totally rustic, cute, they have a pool surrounded by Joshua  
Trees. Stunning views. You guys get the nicest room there  
and I'll reimburse. This will be our home base.

NYIA

Roger that, girl. This shit's gonna happen come hell our  
high water.

EXT/INT. FORD EXPLORER - DAY

Bin and Max eat Del Taco, parked in the lot a just a few miles out of Joshua Tree.  
The phone RINGS. Max answers.

MAX

(chewing)

Hey dude.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. JOSHUA TREE SALOON - DAY

Tim stands at a pay phone in front of the rustic saloon.

TIM

Where you at?

MAX

Del Taco. We needed something before the mission. You want us to get you a few tacos?

TIM

No. You guys find the coordinates of that G-5 tracker?

MAX

Yep. Looks like they've found a new location. Falafel Shop, just on the edge of Joshua Tree and Yucca Valley.

TIM

When will you be there?

MAX

Give us ten.

TIM

Meet me at the South West corner.

MAX

Roger, that.

EXT. DESERT NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Tim cuts in between fenced-in ranchers, dressed in a black hoodie, black pants, sunglasses and camo paint on his face. Not too conspicuous. Several large dogs BARKING as he passes by.

He spots a LIQUOR STORE. Pulls out his RFID Credit Card Reader from his fanny pack of hacking tools, then heads over.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Plugged into a power outlet on the side of the building, Tim creates a clone credit card from the one that he scanned of Arnak's.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

A BLACK CASHIER looks up from his magazine, watching Tim at the ATM.

BLACK CASHIER

Help you with something?

TIM

I'm good, thanks.

Using the clone credit card, Tim withdrawals \$5000 from Arnak's account. The cash dispenses without incident. He tries again, but he's reached the card's daily limit.

He then inserts a faux card wired to his iPad, quickly writing code to reset the machine's limits.

BLACK CASHIER (O.S.)

You having a problem back there?

TIM

Nah, just, wrong card.

Tim slides the clone card back in and inputs a withdrawal for \$50,000. The screen goes off-line a minute, then comes back. 50 thousand dollars bills dispense from the machine.

Tim pockets the money, resetting the ATM once more.

The Black Cashier appears with a baseball bat, eyeing Tim and his set-up.

BLACK CASHIER

You motherfuckin' tweakers. Do about anything for that crystal.

Tim quickly packs his equip.

TIM

No. I don't even like, weed.

BLACK CASHIER

(moving closer)

You like that easy money.

Tim backing toward the front door.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIQUOR STORE

A white pick-up truck with White Power decals pulls up. Charles exits the truck. Eyes locked on the Cashier.

INT/EXT. LIQUOR STORE

Tim makes it to the exit.

BLACK CASHIER

Last chance before a lay a triple on your skull.

CLICK. CLICK. The Cashier halts.

Charles' shotgun aimed at him.

CHARLES

I'm officially standing my ground here, Harold. Back away from the white man.

BLACK CASHIER

Charles, this little fuck was robbing the joint.

CHARLES

Not from my vantage. You look to be the aggressor here.

Charles lays a 5 dollar bill on the counter.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Just grabbing a pack of Pall Mall's while I'm here.

BLACK CASHIER

This ain't a damn 'stand your ground' case, Charles.

Charles backs away, opening the trunk door.

CHARLES

(Tim)

Slide in.

He does. Charles gets in the driver's seat.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

We'll let the courts decide that.

HAROLD

You're a real asshole, Charles.

INT. CHARLES' HOME - DAY

Old maps of Germany and antique Lugers cover the walls as Charles' monster German Sheppard, Toten, watches Tim closely.

Charles stares into the life-size eye of a video game PRINCESS on his large flat-screen.

CHARLES

You telling me that ain't real?

TIM

It's a video game.

CHARLES

It's artificial life beyond our scope, and I'm pretty sure I'm falling in love with this one.

TIM

I appreciate you helping me out Charles, but I really gotta save my friend.

CHARLES

The one being held by them Arabs?

TIM

Yeah.

Charles unlocks a combination lock on a large closet.

CHARLES

I'm here to help, but first you gotta be straight with me.

TIM

With what?

CHARLES

Origin. Surname.

TIM

Knobelsdorf.

CHARLES

(smirks)

I had a feeling, I did. Knobelsdorf.

(in German)

We are brothers. Charles Von Lubrich.

Charles hugs Tim, very awkward.

TIM

I don't speak German.

Charles opens up a closet full of guns. Pulls out a bottle of JAGERMEISTER.

CHARLES

We'll get you caught up. But before we hunt,  
(in German)  
we drink the drink of the hunter.

TIM

I'm not too good with hard liquor.

EXT. JOSHUA TREE INN - DAY

Nyia's Fiat parked out front.

INT. POOLSIDE - JOSHUA TREE INN

The back of the hotel in a desert oasis. A crystal blue stone pool surrounded by Joshua Tree, flowering cactus, and incredible desert vistas.

WIND, a large spiritual woman (60s) leads Nyia and Phyliss on the tour.

PHYLISS

This is incredible.

WIND

We've had a lot of amazing ceremonies here. You'd never know from the road.

NYIA

Total oasis.

WIND

And each room is unique, decorated by its own desert artist.

Stefanie marches from the other direction, still in fatigues.

NYIA

Well, if it isn't our bride to be.

WIND

Welcome. Are you stationed at 29 Palms?

STEFANIE

Sure.

WIND

Well we give a big discount to our military personnel, especially on wedding ceremonies.

PHYLISS

Good to know.

STEFANIE

And you are?

WIND

Wind.

STEFANIE

Wind, is there a place where I could meet with my bridesmaids in private?

WIND

I'll show you to the cactus room.

She leads the way.

EXT. FALAFEL SHOP - AFTERNOON

The Falafel shop is in a secluded strip mall off the beaten path. Two new ARMENIANS are sitting outside, smoking, on watch.

INT. FORD EXPLORER

Bin and Max watch the two from across the street with binoculars. Max eyes his watch.

MAX

Tim should have been here an hour ago.

BIN

Maybe he smart, go to Brazil and never come back.

MAX

Why are you so full of shit, Bin. Every picture you own you're in smiling from ear to ear. You're wife's beautiful. You have a beautiful child. You've got 20/20 vision. What's your problem?

Bin brings down the binoculars.

BIN

When I came from Vietnam, my father tell me always to smile. He want me to be accepted. I always want to be American Football player. Then high school come and my father never let me play. He say “Bin, Academics, A’s, and Smiles, you practice those and you will make it.” So I get job, get married, smile, make everyone happy while I die inside. My only true love is Fantasy Football.

MAX

Jesus, Bin. Until you walk into work one day with a machine gun.

BIN

It don’t matter! We need find Tim. He get us disability. We owe him.

MAX

Maybe they got to him. We have to at least wait until it gets dark.

BIN

We could order food. Check it out.

INT. CACTUS ROOM - JOSHUA TREE INN - AFTERNOON

Stefanie paces the beautiful room. On the table, the fucked-up cake frosting, party favors, coasters, etc. Nyia and Phyliss trying their best to smile

PHYLISS

Is it... too late to change the theme?

STEFANIE

Phyliss, it’s a fucking beach wedding. If the cake is gonna be orange and the tableclothes yellow, we might as well have it in the desert.

Phyliss and Nyia eye one another.

NYIA

There are a lot beautiful spots out here. And its only two hours from LA.

PHYLISS

Waaaay cheaper rates, too.

STEFANIE

I want a beach wedding!

Phyliss picks up a desert sunset cupcake.

PHYLISS

Taste that.

Stefanie grabs it, taking a bite. Then a larger one.

PHYLISS (CONT'D)

The place across the street makes them.

NYIA

Sunset Velvet cakes.

Stefanie rams the rest of the cupcake into her gullet, eyeing the Cactus Room for the first time.

NYIA (CONT'D)

You've always told us, no matter what, to have a contingency plan. Just saying.

EXT. DESERT

The sun sets.

INT. BACK ROOM - FALAFEL SHOP - EVENING

Fred still tied to the chair. He's obviously crapped himself numerous times. Incense sticks burning all around him.

Arnak continues to pop pain pills, playing dominos with Vahan. He notices the time, goes ballistic.

ARNAK

That's it. Get me that bitch on the phone.

INT. CHARLES' HOME - EVENING

Tim eyes a trade route on one of Charles' classic maps of the world, half the bottle of Jagermeister gone.

CHARLES (O.S.)

Now, I am not a racist, Tim. But who you think it was that bought boatloads of cheap, athletic labor to the States in order to make a huge profit.

Tim SIGHS, not wanting to answer. Suddenly, a metal loop drops over Tim's head, locking around his neck.

Charles pulls up on the device, like one you would use to catch a rapid dog.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

The Jew Slavetraders. Just plucked them right outta Africa.

TIM

Get this off!

Charles lets him down, Tim pulls it off, furious.

TIM (CONT'D)

The Jews couldn't have done everything, Charles. Maybe it was Nazi slave traders? You ever though about that?

CHARLES

Let's get back on topic.

TIM

Those Arm--Arabs are gonna kill Fred if I don't find another twenty G's fast.

CHARLES

Why these A-rabs want your friend so bad?

TIM

He... deflowered two of their daughters.

Charles slaps his knee, going into a coughing fit.

CHARLES

Damn straight. Taking it to the heart of the enemy. Yer Fred sounds like a red white and blue eagle of freedom.

TIM

Can you help me out?

CHARLES

You take back that Nazi slavetrader quip.

TIM

I take it back.

Charles pulls out some blue prints of the Falafel Place.

CHARLES

Shit, I built the whole north side of that joint. I know all the weaknesses.

EXT/INT. FALAFEL SHOP - NIGHT

Bin and Max exit their SUV from ACROSS THE STREET. Max's cane in one hand and Samurai sword in a sheath on his back. Bin is dressed like a Monk. A syringe of antivenin in his belt.

The road is clear.

BIN

Go.

Both quickly move across the street. Max doesn't see the telephone pole wire which he HITS at full speed, flipping him in a 360, but he continues on through the darkness he takes a tree branch to the head... THUMP! Hits the ground hard.

BIN (CONT'D)

Max? You okay?

MAX

Yeah, man.

Bin helps him up.

BIN

Go slow. You follow me.

Monk Bin leading the way, Max feels the route with his cane, checking his sword every so often. Once they are in view, they slow it to a walk, heading up to the entrance, now eyed to the two front GUARDS.

Tom approaches as gentle as a breeze, Max much less smooth. The two ARMENIAN GUNMAN approach the front door, opening it.

TALLER GUNMAN

We are closed.

BIN

Very sorry to disturb you, sir, but my disciple and I have been through the desert all day. We seek two glasses of water. We can pay.

SHORTER GUNMAN

He's bleeding.

BIN

Yes.

TALLER GUNMAN

You hit him?

BIN

No. Dehydration.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK - FALAFEL SHOP - NIGHT

Stef and Ezra, all in black, gear up behind an old car. Ezra scopes the building with infrared goggles.

They climb a ladder onto the roof at the end of the building, speaking low.

EZRA

We have one target, six gunmen. We scale the roof, tear gas through the two skylights...

Stefanie is crying.

EZRA (CONT'D)

What is this?

STEFANIE

I was too hard on him. That's a lot for anyone to take it, especially a civilian. And never telling him I was engaged before... that was wrong.

EZRA

You need to quit this crap and get your head clear.

They reach the roof. Ezra takes out the Guard on the roof with a tranquilizer rifle. The Guard silently collapses.

STEFANIE

(flips up her goggles)

Oh, I'm sorry, Mr. Concrete. I must have missed that 'kill your emotions' training.

EZRA

You're losing your edge. Quit it.

STEFANIE

This is why you and I would have never worked. Your heart... is inflexible.

EZRA

My heart is for country and no one else. I am sorry I cannot be 'soft.'

He flips his goggles back down and crawls toward the skylight.

STEFANIE

You're going to die a lonely man.

EZRA

Shush.

STEFANIE

But I won't. I'm going to change. I'm going to get my Tim back.

He rolls back, cupping Stef's mouth.

EZRA

Be quiet or we both die. I'm going in with two flash grenades. You rescue the target, take him out the back door, and I will cover you.

STEFANIE

I don't care if my Tim is soft.

EZRA

Good for you. Let's get his fat friend.

They peak into the SKYLIGHT.

BELOW: Fred, Savo, and Vahan are in the BACK ROOM. Arnak and the two Gunman are in the FRONT ROOM.

STEFANIE

Oh, goddamnit!

EZRA

Who are they?

STEFANIE

Tim's coworkers. What are they doing?

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT - FALAFEL SHOP - NIGHT

The two gunman stand guard by the window as Arnak eyes them up, guzzling the water.

MAX

Do you have a restroom I could use?

ARNAK

No.

MAX

I'll go later.

ARNAK

What you are on spiritual quest for?

BIN

Forgiveness.

ARNAK

Is that why you beat your blind friend, here?

BIN

That is the universe, reminding him.

Arnak pulls out his pistol, aiming it at Max.

ARNAK

Tell me, blind man. What is the universe telling you now?

EXT. PARKING LOT - FALAFEL SHOP - NIGHT

Tim and Charles sit in a beat-up Ford F-250 across the lot, aimed directly at the front of the shop. Charles watching the action through binoculars. Tim looking aggressive.

CHARLES

One of them camel jockeys just pulled a heater on your blind, Jewish friend.

TIM

He's not Jewish.

CHARLES

Looks it. 'Stun and gun' ain't gonna work unless your friends are least ten feet away from the front of the structure.

TIM

So how do we get them away?

CHARLES

Decoy.

Tim grabs the binoculars, looking in. Takes a large swig of Jagermeister.

CUT TO:

INT. FALAFEL SHOP

Bin stares at the pistol.

BIN

Gun is weapon of the weak man.

ARNAK

Who the fuck are you two?

ALL GOES BLACK.

WE HEAR grunts, punches, and kicks. A GUNSHOT, then a SCREAM. A WINDOW SMASHES.

The backup generator kicks on with the emergency lights, revealing Arnak's on the floor, the upper flesh of both his thighs cut open.

ARNAK (CONT'D)

FUCK!!! Kill them!

Tear gas fills the air as Stefanie takes out Savo and Vahan with her tranquilizer gun.

Ezra moves toward Fred with a knife, face still covered.

FRED

Oh, Christ. This is how I'm going out, huh? Gut like a pig.

Ezra cuts his ropes.

EZRA

Quiet.

CUT TO:

EXT. FALAFEL SHOP

The two other GUNMAN stand on the outside of the shop, trying to find a shot through the tear gan.

TIM

This is it! Go time. Stun and gun!

CHARLES

I can't say I like our chances. We don't hit that storefront at 50mph, we could get wedged in like sardines and then they take target practice on us.

Tim swigs the Jagermeister again, handing it to Charles. He declines. Tim's got the 'Charlie' look in his eye.

TIM

You chickenshit Nazi.

CHARLES

Who's gonna take after my dogs?

TIM

Mister fucking Aryan big talk. Get out.

CHARLES

It's my truck.

Tim points the shotgun at him.

TIM

Get out!

Tim SLAMS on the gas, barrelling toward the store front. The two GUNMEN open fire on him as he ducks as low as possible, firing his pistol back.

With his friends too close to the door, he hits the brakes and cuts the wheel, sliding into the storefront sideways. But just before he hits, the tires hit the walkway, flipping the truck in 180 upward, sending the gunman flying into the wall, knocking them out.

Tim climbs out of the pick-up and crawls under it the pick-up with his shotgun. Crawling through the smoke, Tim comes face to face with Arnak. He points his shotgun into Arnak's grill.

TIM (CONT'D)

Stefanie? Fred? Max?

Through the tear gas, then all come out, bleeding and bruised, but alive.

TIM (CONT'D)

Police will be here any minute. Let's clean up and go.

Stef turns to Ezra, smug. Tim drags Arnak at gunpoint from the chaos.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Bin drives them North on a desolate DESERT ROAD. Arnak blindfolded, sitting in the back with Tim, Stefanie, and Ezra.

ARNAK

If you let me go right now, I will not have you all killed.

Tim cold cocks him in the jaw. His head bouncing against the wall. Stefanie touches Tim's arm.

STEFANIE

You are such a badass, babe.

TIM

You think?

EZRA  
(Hebrew)  
Oh, Christ.

EXT. DESERT - DAWN

The group surrounds Arnak as he digs his own grave in the sand, looking frightened for the first time. Tim and Ezra pointing assault rifles his way.

TIM  
Climb in it.

ARNAK  
I have waved your debt. You owe nothing.

Tim presses the muzzle against Arnak's head.

TIM  
Get in.

Arnak climbs down into the grave.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Lay down.

ARNAK  
I have money. I could pay you.

TIM  
(barks)  
Lay down!

Arnak does. Tim throws him the blindfold.

ARNAK  
Please. I hate snakes.

TIM  
Put in on.

Arnak does. Tim cocks the rifle. Starts to weep.

ARNAK  
I have children. A wife.

A long silence. The wind blowing.

ANRAK

Please. Have mercy, Timbo.

Tim drops hundred dollar bills into the grave. One hits Arnak's face. He SCREAMS. Tim drops the rest of the \$30,000.

TIM

That's \$30,000. What I owe and not a penny more.

EZRA

You ever chase Stefanie or Tim again, I will hunt you down like a dog and put you into the ground.

ARNAK

I swear to you all. His debt is paid. We are good.

Tim drops a shovel full of dirt into the hole, hitting Arnak in the head.

ARNAK (CONT'D)

Please! No!

Drops another. Arnak is weeping, pleading for his life. Tim drops a bottle of water into the grave as the group walks back to the SUV and drive off.

EXT. JOSHUA TREE INN - DAY

A beautiful blue sky, the sun shining down. The pool area is decorated beautifully in teal and ocean colors. Each table with a bottle of green sand, but the theme has more of a desert vibe.

Wind plays wedding music on a funky organ. Fred and Nyia stand under a beautiful altar in front of a MINISTER, dressed in a blue tux and dress.

Next to them, Phyliss, Bin and Max, all dressed in the same colors. Tim appears, walking his sober mother down the aisle. Tim walks under the alter, joining the group. Wendy hands his a small bottle of white desert sand.

Wind kicks into 'Hear Comes The Bride.' The rest of the small wedding party look back as Stefanie is walked down the aisle by a sober Lloyd, she looks lovely. Tim smiles as Tonya starts to weep.

Lloyd delivers the bride to his son. Tim pats his dad on the back. Wendy hands a bottle of green sand to Stefanie.

MINISTER

Dearly beloved, we are gathered here in the sight of God to join together Tim and Stefanie in holy Matrimony, which is an honourable estate, instituted of God in Paradise, and into which holy estate these two persons present come now to be joined. Therefore if anyone can show any just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let them now speak, or else hereafter forever hold their peace.

Silence. Smiles about.

MINISTER (CONT'D)

Tim. Stefanie. Please pour the sands of your spirit into this plate, representing a life of happiness and prosperity.

Tim and Stefanie pour their sand onto the clear crystal plate, mixing together.

MINISTER (CONT'D)

Timothy, do you take Stefanie as you wife to argue, hold grudges, and make each other miserable?

TIM

I don't.

MINISTER

Stefanie, do you take Tim as your husband to cheat on, drive insane, and harass about financial matters for the rest of your days?

STEFANIE

I don't.

TIM

(sliding a ring on his finger)

Stefanie, I accept you exactly the way you are, for you beauty, your faults, your kindness, and your strength.

STEFANIE

(sliding on his ring)

Timothy, I accept you exactly the way you are, for your sensitivity, your heart, your faults, and your machismo.

MINISTER

By the power invested in me, I now pronounce you man and wife. You may now kiss the bride.

Tim does, big time. Leaning her back and he plants a big one on her. The wedding party CHEERS.

EXT. JOSHUA TREE INN - DAY

The party throws green sand at them as they climb into a teal jeep, driving off to their Honeymoon.

THE END.