

MAKING IT RAIN  
EPISODE 101: PILOT

Written by

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EXT. GEORGIA WOODS - NIGHT

A storm is passing through, lightning occasionally illuminating this otherwise dark patch of woods in Georgia. It's raining and thunder rumbles ominously.

Suddenly a MAN bursts through the dense brush into a small clearing. He is in his 40s, a tough-guy type but here quite obviously frightened. He takes a moment to touch the wound on his head - we can see some blood but the rain is washing it away as quickly as it comes out.

The man looks back over his shoulder... there's a threat back there, but he's not sure how close it is. Almost reluctantly, he starts to run again.

EXT. GEORGIA WOODS - RAVINE - NIGHT

The man runs through the woods and loses his footing in the muddy ground. He slips off the side of a ravine and plummets down it, head over heels, landing in a face down heap at the bottom.

He is still for a moment, but then stirs and rolls over, the rain washing the mud and blood off of his face. He sits up and is about to try standing, but a shadow falls over him.

He looks up, knowing what he's going to see, but unable to not look.

The person standing over him is wearing a hoodie and gloves, and with the darkness of the woods and the storm it is impossible to tell who this is or any other details. It could be a man or a woman, of any race or age.

The one thing we do see is the gun the person in the hoodie is holding. They raise the gun and point it at the man on the ground.

The man on the ground holds up his hands beseechingly.

MAN

Please... Please don't do this.

The person with the gun hesitates... their finger tensed on the trigger.

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: 10 MONTHS EARLIER

EXT. ATLANTA - DAY

As the OPENING CREDITS roll, we see establishing shots of Atlanta, Georgia, with its metropolitan, high-rise downtown and midtown and its tree-lined suburbs. It's all very shiny and glossy, a portrait of new southern decorum that feels contemporary and yet old-world genteel.

If there is an underbelly - and there is - we don't see it here. What we see is the "safe" version of Atlanta, bright and sunny and completely opposite of the opening scene.

EXT. MAGNOLIA HILLS ESTATES - DAY

This housing development outside of Atlanta follows the same pattern as we have just seen - a perfectly scrubbed façade with beautiful and large homes, lovely lawns and lots of trees, and a luxury SUV in every driveway.

EXT. HYDE RESIDENCE - DAY

Sarah and Danny Hyde's house could very well be a model for the housing development, all graceful lines, modern yet familiar, and with a shaded front porch complete with a swing.

Working in the garden in front of the house is SARAH HYDE, a year or two this side of 40, pretty in a suburban mom kind of way, and smartly observant. Nearby, sitting on the porch and sipping on a glass of sweet tea, is HEATHER GILLIAM, early 30s, a southern belle who will cut you to the quick but smile while doing it.

Near Sarah is a little boy, PARKER (18 months, cute), who is happily playing in the dirt, some of which he puts into his mouth.

SARAH

Are you really okay with your son eating dirt?

HEATHER

Oh, Sarah, honey, he comes from a long line of dirt eaters. He's gonna wind up just like his grandpa, toothless in a double wide with a confederate flag over the windows instead of drapes. Isn't that right, Parker? Who's gonna be mommy's little redneck?

SARAH

Heather, people from the south  
don't eat dirt.

HEATHER

How would you know? You're from  
the suburbs.

SARAH

I watched "Designing Women." Julia  
Sugarbaker had a whole rant about  
it.

HEATHER

It was the eighties. She couldn't  
think straight with those shoulder  
pads.

SARAH

I have lived in Georgia all my life  
and I have never met anyone who  
eats dirt.

HEATHER

Oh, sweetheart, this ain't the  
south. You live in the rarified  
air of moneyed Atlanta, all proper  
and upright, with its three-car  
garages filled with luxury SUVs.  
But I'll tell you what, you drive  
one of them fancy cars about an  
hour in any direction from here and  
you're gonna be up to your eyeballs  
in four wheel drive pickups driven  
by dirt eaters.

SARAH

My SUV has four wheel drive. Of  
course, the farthest off-road it  
goes is the Target parking lot...

HEATHER

I think you just made my point.

SARAH

My point is that I'm not some  
privileged white woman who lives in  
a little suburbia bubble and  
doesn't know about the way the  
world works. I went to college. I  
have teenage children. I watch  
Netflix. I'm "woke."

HEATHER

Please don't say that.

SARAH

The words "I'd like to speak to your manager" have never crossed my lips.

HEATHER

Except for that one time at that store where you got the dress for that thing... the one with the flowers?

SARAH

Oh, right. Yeah, okay, fine but that sales girl was just downright hostile. I don't need that.

HEATHER

Face it, sugar, you are an upper middle class, stay at home, soccer mom who puts on hundred dollar gardening gloves so she can dig in the dirt, not eat it.

Sarah doesn't seem pleased with this description of herself but she isn't sure how she can argue against it.

A woman walks along the sidewalk toward them. This is VIRGINIA TAYLOR (40s, wants to look 30s, doesn't) and she is power walking while drinking from a sports bottle like it's a sippy cup.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

(quietly to Sarah)

Oh, Lord, here she comes...

(big smile to Virginia)

Hey, Virginia, how you doin'?

Virginia smiles and waves from the sidewalk and continues on.

HEATHER (CONT'D)

Twenty dollars says she's got vodka in that sports bottle.

SARAH

No way. At two o'clock in the afternoon? It's gin.

HEATHER

Bless her heart.

The two of them laugh.

EXT. HYDE RESIDENCE - FRONT PORCH - DAY

As Sarah and Heather laugh in the front yard, a shirtless man comes out of the house and immediately draws everyone's attention, including Virginia who turns back to look. This is ZACH WOODWARD, mid-thirties, with a model-worthy face and body. He has lots of tattoos, a devilish grin, a down-home country accent, and an aura that practically screams trouble.

ZACH

What are you two ladies laughin' about?

HEATHER

(practically drooling)  
Oh, hey, Zach. How're you today?

ZACH

(sly smile)  
I'm just fine, darlin'. Yourself?

HEATHER

I'm wonderful, thank you. You gettin' settled in?

Sarah gets up from the garden, climbs the stairs, and passes by Zach as she goes inside the house.

SARAH

No, he is not getting settled in. He's not staying.

ZACH

(to Heather)  
Apparently I'm not stayin'.

HEATHER

You've been here for almost two weeks. I thought you were gonna stick around awhile.

ZACH

It seems my big sister is not amused by my rapier wit nor my skills as a raconteur.

Sarah comes out of the house with a glass of sweet tea, which she hand to Zach as she passes him and goes back to the flower beds in front of the house.

SARAH

I'm not amused by the fact that you've been here for two weeks and you still haven't told me why.

ZACH

Can't seeing you be reason enough?

SARAH

It hasn't been before. The only time you ever visit is when you're broke and the landlord kicked you out, when you've broken up with someone and they kicked you out, or when you pissed off someone and you need a place to hide.

ZACH

That is an unfair exaggeration and you know it. I was here last July and not because of any of those reasons.

SARAH

There was a warrant out for your arrest and you didn't want the cops to find you.

ZACH

Okay, well, you know if you're just gonna pick at every last little detail of my life...

HEATHER

Can I ask a question? Why does he sound like a backwoods Georgia hillbilly and you don't?

SARAH

When our parents got divorced I lived with my mom...

ZACH

In a nice house in the suburbs with our stepdad and half sister...

SARAH

And he lived with our dad...

ZACH

In a leaky shack out in the country.

SARAH

It wasn't a leaky shack.

ZACH

It wasn't much better than that either.

SARAH  
You had a pool!

ZACH  
Above ground!

HEATHER  
Well, I think it's sweet the way  
you two are together. I mean, you  
don't look alike and you sure don't  
sound alike but you can definitely  
tell you're brother and sister.

SARAH  
Really? Because I'm still holding  
out hope one of us was adopted.

Sarah's phone rings and she answers.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Hey, honey. Hold on.

Sarah starts to go inside. As she passes.

ZACH  
Tell your husband I said hi.

SARAH  
He's probably calling to find out  
why you're still here.

Zach pretends to try to grab the phone.

ZACH  
Danny, tell the truth. You love me  
more than you love her.

Sarah punches him in the arm and goes inside.

INT. HYDE RESIDENCE - FAMILY ROOM - DAY

The large and sunny family room is open to the adjacent  
kitchen and there are large windows and glass doors in the  
back with a view of the deck, the *in ground* pool, and dense  
woods beyond that.

SARAH  
Is that true? Do you love my  
brother more than you love me?

EXT. UNIVERSITY - DAY

Walking across a crowded university campus we meet DANNY HYDE (late 30s, seems like a stand-up guy), who is talking to Sarah.

DANNY

It depends on if there's a game on.

We begin INTERCUTTING between the two of them on the phone.

SARAH

You men and your sports ball.

DANNY

It's nice having a guy around to watch football with and drink beer with and scratch my balls with.

SARAH

You let him scratch your balls?

DANNY

Only if the game goes into overtime.

SARAH

You should be doing all that with Connor.

DANNY

You want me to scratch my balls in front of our fifteen-year-old son? I think I could go to jail for that.

SARAH

The guidance counselor said we need to get him interested in things like sports or the arts or something. Extracurriculars. All he does is read and study.

DANNY

He's the son of an economics professor and an English lit major. You were expecting Tom Brady?

SARAH

Who?

DANNY

Gisele Bündchen's husband.

SARAH

Why didn't you just say that?  
Alexis is a great student, she's on  
the soccer team, student council,  
she's in the choir... She might be  
spreading herself too thin.

DANNY

Sweetheart, Connor is fine. Alexis  
is fine. Our children are not  
going to grow up to be murderers.

SARAH

I think we should start a legal  
defense fund just in case.

DANNY

(laughs)  
I love you.

SARAH

I love you, too. Are you home for  
dinner?

DANNY

Yes, ma'am. Do you need me to get  
anything on the way?

SARAH

I used the last coffee filter about  
an hour ago.

DANNY

I want a divorce.

SARAH

I'll have the papers drawn up by  
the time you get home.

Sarah kisses the phone loudly and disconnects the call. She takes a moment and looks fondly at the family photograph on the mantelpiece above the fireplace - her, Danny, and their two kids, the pretty 16-year-old Alexis with the 1,000 watt smile and the handsome 15-year-old Connor with barely a smile. Sarah straightens the picture on the mantelpiece we stay focused on it as she leaves the room.

EXT. ATLANTA HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Outside a very nice, suburban high school in Atlanta, we meet ALEXIS HYDE (16, smart, pretty, leader) who is with three other girls, THEA, VIOLET, and IVY (all 16, all pretty, all followers).

Together they are a fearsome clique of high school popularity and they all know it. As the rest of the students stream out of school, they stand in the main walk checking phones and makeup, directly in the way but everyone goes around them.

Thea is jostled by a passing student and in turn bumps into Alexis.

ALEXIS

Thea, fuck! Get your leg out of my snatch or I'm going snap it off.

THEA

Yours could do that?

VIOLET

Hers has teeth.

ALEXIS

That's not what your boyfriend said last night.

Ivy, who we should mention is any other race than black, steps in with a ghetto fabulous accent.

IVY

Ooo, Violet. Is you gonna let her talk that way about yo man?

ALEXIS

Ivy, what did we say about appropriating other people's cultural patois?

IVY

Sorry.

Alexis gets bumped by a VSCO girl (oversized t-shirt, scrunchies on her wrist, etc.).

ALEXIS

Fuck me, Claudia! What the fuck you VSCO freak. Sk-sk-sk your fucking croc wearing smelly scrunchie bullshit the fuck out of here before I "and I oop" your ass into the ground. Sk-sk-sk...sk-sk-sk...

Claudia scurries away just as a teacher passes by.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

(all smiles, polite)

Hi, Mrs. Henderson.

(MORE)

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

Thanks for the extra credit on that math test. I really appreciate it. Have a good day.

Mrs. Henderson smiles and continues on. Alexis sees something that displeases her.

ALEXIS (CONT'D)

Fuck. I gotta go.  
(to the other girls)  
You're now free to have independent thoughts. Bye, girls.

Alexis walks away and the other girls look as if they aren't quite sure how to do that.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

On the track around the football field, several older boys are harassing CONNOR HYDE (15, too smart for his own good).

CONNOR

You really don't want to hit me.

NIALL, the monolith of a leader of the group, begs to differ.

NIALL

I really kind of do.

CONNOR

No, see, that's just your misplaced aggression over your parents' divorce. You're not angry at me, you're angry at them.

NIALL

Yeah, but I can't hit them.

Alexis comes walk up.

ALEXIS

Niall, what the fuck?

NIALL

This is none of your business, Alex.

ALEXIS

He's my brother, you stupid ape. That makes it my business.

NIALL

He owes me twenty dollars.

CONNOR

I do not!

NIALL

You lost the bet fair and square.

CONNOR

I never took the bet!

ALEXIS

What was the bet?

NIALL

I bet him twenty dollars that I  
could push him down with two  
fingers.

Niall pushes Connor with two fingers - Connor falls down.

CONNOR

Stop doing that!

NIALL

Now you owe me forty.

ALEXIS

Niall, if Thea gives you a handy  
behind the bleachers at the game  
Friday night can we call this even?

NIALL

(considers)  
Sure.

Niall and the others walk away.

CONNOR

Did you really just pimp out your  
friend to help me?

ALEXIS

Thea likes giving handies. She  
thinks it helps her grip the tennis  
racket better.

CONNOR

She's really good at tennis.

ALEXIS

Now you know why.

The two of them head back toward the school.

INT. SARAH'S SUV - DAY

Sarah is the driver's seat of her luxury SUV as Alexis and Connor get in - her in the front, him in the back. As they maneuver their way out of the parking lot...

SARAH

Hi, guys. How was school?

ALEXIS

(perfect daughter)

It was great. I got an A on a math test.

SARAH

Your father will be very pleased.

ALEXIS

You're not pleased?

SARAH

He's the economics professor. I'll let him have this one. What about you Connie?

CONNOR

Please don't call me that within earshot of other kids.

SARAH

Sorry. Connor. How was your day?

CONNOR

It was fine.

Sarah sees Claudia, the VSCO girl we just saw.

SARAH

Oh, look. There's Claudia.

(to Alexis)

You two used to be such good friends. Why don't we see her anymore?

ALEXIS

(innocent)

We're still friends. We just have different schedules now, so it's hard to keep up.

SARAH

You should invite her over sometime.

ALEXIS  
I will do that.

SARAH  
And you know, Connor, you could  
invite friends over, too.

ALEXIS  
Yeah, Con. For instance, Niall  
would probably love to hang  
sometime... I bet.

Connor gives her the stink eye.

SARAH  
Why is it that every time I pick  
you two up from school I feel like  
there's this whole other  
conversation going on between you  
that I don't understand?

Alexis and Connor avoid that question as Sarah drives.

EXT. HYDE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the Hyde house.

INT. HYDE RESIDENCE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Alexis and Connor are seated at the dining room table as  
Sarah brings in the food.

SARAH  
I don't know where your father is.

Zach comes into the room.

ZACH  
Where's Danny?

SARAH  
I just said I don't know.

ZACH  
More for us, right y'all?

ALEXIS  
Hey, Uncle Zach, do you think you  
could take me to the mall on  
Saturday?

SARAH  
I can take you.

ALEXIS  
No, that's okay. Uncle Zach was  
going anyway, weren't you?

Alexis looks at him imploringly.

ZACH  
I... yes, I was.

SARAH  
Are you taking her to get a tattoo?

ALEXIS  
Mom!

ZACH  
If I was, I wouldn't take her to  
the mall. The guy out there does  
shitty work.

SARAH  
(admonishing)  
Zach...

ZACH  
Sorry. His work sucks ass.

CONNOR  
You know, Mom, people have been  
getting tattoos for thousands of  
years. They found mummies with  
them.

SARAH  
Well, if my sixteen-year-old  
daughter comes home with one, they  
won't be the only mummies with  
tattoos.

From off we hear a phone ring. Sarah points at Zach and  
Alexis.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
We're not finished.

Sarah exits the room.

INT. HYDE RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sarah finds her cell phone on the counter and she answers it.

SARAH

Hello? This is Sarah Hyde... He...  
he what?

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE OF SCENES

A jumbled up mish-mash of scenes floats by - the dissonance of tragedy where everything feels untethered and disjointed.

We see Zach rushing to her side as she looks for something to hold onto.

Alexis and Connor, scared, wanting to know what's happening.

Zach driving, fast.

The four of them coming into the hospital and looking for answers.

A doctor - another. A waiting room.

EXT. HOSPITAL - MORNING

The sun is coming up over a suburban Atlanta hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL - DANNY'S ROOM - MORNING

Sarah enters Danny's room carefully, as if moving too fast or making too much noise might somehow injure him further.

Danny is in the bed, looking normal and healthy except for all the machines and tubes and wires keeping him alive. He is on a ventilator, supplying him oxygen.

She walks to him, her face blank and stoic but with tears filling her eyes. Sarah puts her hand out to touch him, but can't... she straightens a ruffle in the bed sheet instead.

Doctor GALLAGHER (50s, calming presence) enters and joins Sarah beside Danny.

GALLGHER

An aneurysm like this... there's no way anyone could have seen it coming. There are no symptoms. No warning signs...

SARAH

He's never going to wake up, is he?

GALLGHER

There is still brain activity...  
The human body has a tendency to  
resist absolutes, so I wouldn't use  
the word never but... I think the  
chances are very, very slim.

Dr. Gallagher puts a hand on her shoulder in comfort.

GALLGHER (CONT'D)

I'll be back in a bit.

The doctor leaves and Sarah stands there, unable to move or speak. She is barely able to breathe. She sits down in a chair a few feet from Danny, never taking her eyes off of him. Sarah's face is still stoic - almost blank - but the tears start to fall.

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: 4 MONTHS LATER

FADE IN:

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Re-establishing the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL - DANNY'S ROOM - DAY

The same room but much more lived in - there are personal touches and photos all over. Danny is still in the bed but is hooked up to fewer machines - there is no ventilator. Sarah is moving around the room, cleaning up as she chats. She seems tired; holding on by a thread, but keeps up the smile and cheery demeanor at first.

SARAH

Connor is trying out for a play.  
Auditioning. I'm not sure this is  
the right thing for him, but he  
says he wants to do it and it's  
better than him sitting in his room  
all day after school reading. I  
mean, I know being in a play is  
just reading out loud in front of  
people, but I'm going to mark it in  
the progress column. We need all  
the wins we can get, right?

She begins reorganizing flowers in a vase.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Alexis says she wants to go to Sarah Lawrence. I told her she doesn't understand the concept of a New York winter and that come February she'll be begging to come home. She insists she'll look cute in sweaters and heavy coats. I know I should probably be concerned about the criteria she's using to choose schools but we'll cross that bridge when we get to it. If we get to it.

She pauses and goes to the bed and straightens his hair, adjusts his pajamas, and so on.

SARAH (CONT'D)

It's tough, Danny. I gotta tell you. I don't know... I mean, it's going to be fine. We're fine. You just need to worry about getting better. We need you back. Okay?

She leans down and gives him a peck on the cheek.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I have to go. I'm meeting Justin. He says hi, by the way. He's been a big help with all the legal... stuff. So...

She tries to put on a sunny smile; only partially succeeds.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I'll see you tomorrow. Bye.

Sarah goes to the door and starts to exit. She stops but doesn't look back.

SARAH (CONT'D)

You know... every time I leave, I stop at the door and look at you one more time, hoping that in those few seconds since I had my back turned, you opened your eyes.

She looks back. He hasn't. She takes a moment and then exits.

EXT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

Establishing shot of a suburban law office in Atlanta.

INT. LAW OFFICE - JUSTIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Justin Yi's office is a pristinely organized space, with a place for everything and everything in its place. This seems to give Sarah some measure of comfort as she waits for him.

JUSTIN YI (late 30s, on the bookish side, funny) enters, wearing a nice suit and what appears to be a fresh black eye.

JUSTIN  
I'm sorry, Sarah. I had to drop  
off some papers at the court and...

SARAH  
Justin! What happened to your eye?

She goes to try to touch it in a comforting gesture, but he pulls away.

JUSTIN  
Oh, you know me. Got into another  
bar fight.  
(off her skepticism)  
Shark attack?  
(ditto)  
Saving a busload of nuns and  
orphans?  
(one more time)  
I opened a cabinet and it...

He mimes being hit in the head by a cabinet door.

SARAH  
That's the one. I'm sorry.

JUSTIN  
No, it was my own stupidity. It  
keeps surprising me that I'm still  
alive. Like, how did I not get  
Darwined off the planet by now?

SARAH  
Darwined?

JUSTIN  
The Darwin Awards? Given to people  
who die doing incredibly stupid  
things.

SARAH  
I doubt even you could have gotten  
killed by a cabinet door.

JUSTIN

If anyone could, it's me, but I appreciate the sentiment. Okay... what are talking about today?

Sarah pulls a folder out of her bag and hands it to him with a little trepidation. He opens it and looks through - there are a lot of red notices in there.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Shit.

SARAH

Is that your professional legal opinion?

JUSTIN

Pretty much. How's the job hunt coming?

SARAH

What job hunt? I have a twenty year old English Literature degree and absolutely no work experience. I can't even get a job waitressing because even though I've delivered thousands of meals from a kitchen to a table in my life, I've never done it in an actual restaurant.

JUSTIN

I'm sorry.

SARAH

Any progress with the school?

JUSTIN

Not yet. I'm not giving up, but they're sticking to the policy... six months and then they cut off benefits.

SARAH

Justin... it's been four months and I've already burned through most of our savings and that's *with* insurance. If they take it away...

JUSTIN

I know. I'm going to keep trying.

SARAH

They're going to take the house.

Sarah tries not to cry but isn't successful. Justin comes around from behind his desk to sit next to her - his arm around her.

JUSTIN

We're not there yet. We're going to figure it out. I'll help you figure it out.

SARAH

One of those bills in there is from you!

JUSTIN

Don't worry about that. I'm not going to let anything bad happen to you.

We get the sense here that maybe Justin might have some unresolved feelings toward Sarah. She knows this and pulls away, but not in an ungrateful way.

He gets the message and goes back behind his desk.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Listen, I... I wasn't going to tell you about this until I knew more but... there's something you need to know about.

He opens a desk drawer and pulls out a file, then hands it to Sarah.

SARAH

What is this?

JUSTIN

I found it last week going through Justin's papers. It's a company. ALCO? Does that mean anything to you?

SARAH

No.

JUSTIN

It's an LLC he formed a couple of years ago.

SARAH

For what?

JUSTIN

I don't know. I tracked down an address out by the airport but other than that and the bank account...

SARAH

What bank account?

JUSTIN

It's in there...

Sarah looks at the papers and picks up a bank statement. It says there is over \$1 million in the ALCO LLC account.

SARAH

There's over a million dollars in this account. That can't be right.

JUSTIN

It is. I verified it.

SARAH

Danny did not have a million dollars sitting in a secret bank account that he never told me about.

JUSTIN

Sarah... he did.

SARAH

From what? Where did the money come from? What does this ALCO LLC do?

JUSTIN

I don't know. I was... I was afraid to poke around too much.

SARAH

Afraid of what?

JUSTIN

That it might be something... illegal.

SARAH

Justin...

JUSTIN

I know. I know.

SARAH  
Danny would never...

JUSTIN  
Sarah, I know! And yet... there's what seems like some sort of a shell company and a bank account and a lot of money... that neither one of us knew about. You're his wife. I'm your lawyer. I was Danny's best man at your wedding, for Christ's sake. If he was hiding this from both of us...

Sarah thinks about it for a moment.

SARAH  
Can I access the money?

JUSTIN  
No. It's in his name and he's still alive. We'd have to go back to the judge and have everything added to your power of attorney and until we know what this is all about, I don't think that's a good idea.

SARAH  
(beat)  
Then I guess I need to find out what this is all about.

Sarah looks at the papers, determined to find answers.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Sarah's SUV heads down a mostly rural highway outside of Atlanta, populated with a few industrial warehouse type of buildings.

INT. SARAH'S SUV - DAY

Sarah is driving the SUV, listening to the directions from the navigation system. We see the file with the papers from Justin's office on the passenger seat, including an address on Old Mill Road.

NAVIGATION (V.O.)  
In 1,000 feet, turn right onto Old Mill Road.

Sarah signals and turns.

NAVIGATION (V.O.)  
Continue on Old Mill Road for three  
quarters of a mile and your  
destination will be on the right.

Sarah drives for a moment, looking for the address. She sees something, signals, turns, and pulls to a stop, looking out the windshield at something that confuses her.

She puts the SUV into park and gets out.

EXT. SARAH'S SUV - DAY

Sarah steps out of the SUV but doesn't go far... she's still confused by what she is seeing; almost as if she is hypnotized by it.

We PAN around and finally see what is in front of her.

The POLECAT LOUNGE is a strip club set back from the road by a few hundred feet. It's a dingy looking building in the daylight, big but not huge, and was probably a restaurant or a honky tonk bar at one point in its life. There's a big parking lot with only a few cars in it at this time of day.

We PAN around back to Sarah who doesn't know what to do with this information.

EXT. POLECAT LOUNGE - DAY

Sarah walks up to the door and opens it just as a very large, musclebound man is walking out. This is LOGAN DECKER (20s, tough on the outside, not stupid but not a brain surgeon either). As he comes out, bass-heavy music spills out with him but is muted when the door shuts behind him.

SARAH  
Oh, shit. Sorry. You scared me.

LOGAN  
(bored already)  
Okay...

SARAH  
You're a big guy. I mean, not in a bad way. Not like, fat, but like big. You know? Like... I bet you spend a lot of time in the gym.

LOGAN

Can I help you with something?

SARAH

Uh... I don't know. I... is the...  
"club" open?

LOGAN

Twenty-fours a day.

SARAH

Is there are cover charge?

LOGAN

Not right now, but there's no  
unaccompanied females allowed.

SARAH

What does that mean?

LOGAN

It means you have to have a guy  
with you to go in.

SARAH

Why?

LOGAN

Because that's the rule.

SARAH

Okay, but why is there a rule? I  
mean, is it about not wanting  
competition?

LOGAN

(tries not to laugh)  
No.

SARAH

You don't think I could be  
competition for a stripper?  
(beat)  
I'm not sure if I should be  
offended by that or not...

LOGAN

(rolls his eyes)  
Girlfriends, wives, hookers. All  
of them looking for men in here and  
it usually ends up with someone in  
jail or in the hospital. We don't  
tolerate that kind of shit, here.

SARAH

Okay, I get it, but I'm just trying to find out information about my husband...

Logan starts to go inside, opening the door and letting the music spill outside again.

SARAH (CONT'D)

No, no, no. Not that way. ALCO LLC. Have you ever heard of it?

LOGAN

No.

SARAH

What about Danny Hyde? Have you ever heard that name?

Logan pauses. He has a great poker face but it's not hard to tell that the name means something to him.

LOGAN

Who are you?

SARAH

I'm Sarah Hyde. I'm his wife.

Logan appraises her for a moment.

LOGAN

No unaccompanied females.

He goes back inside and the door shuts, the music now muted again. Sarah, entirely out of her element here, decides to walk away.

EXT. HYDE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Establishing shot of the Hyde house.

INT. HYDE RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sarah is in the kitchen surrounded by the makings of a meal but not actually making a meal. Instead she is going through the ALCO LLC file as Alexis and Connor come into the room. She shuts the file quickly and tosses a dishtowel over it.

ALEXIS

What's for dinner?

SARAH  
What? Oh, uh... chicken.

Alexis and Connor look at the raw chicken on the counter.

CONNOR  
You were planning on cooking that before you served it to us, weren't you?

SARAH  
Yes. I was. I just... I got distracted.

ALEXIS  
By?

SARAH  
Nothing you need to worry about.

Alexis and Connor exchange a glance then sit down on stools at the breakfast bar facing Sarah.

ALEXIS  
Mom... we need you to stop doing that.

SARAH  
Doing what?

ALEXIS  
Telling us there's nothing to worry about. We're not stupid. We know there's a lot to worry about.

CONNOR  
We want to help.

SARAH  
And I appreciate that, but the best way you can help is to not worry about it. Go to school, get good grades, don't burn anything down...

CONNOR  
That's the bar? Don't burn anything down?

SARAH  
For now, yes.

ALEXIS  
Mom, we're not little kids anymore. We can handle it.

Sarah goes around to their side of the breakfast bar and puts her arm around both.

SARAH  
Did anybody ever tell you that  
you're both pretty great?

They smile, a bit embarrassed.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Your parents must be amazing.

CONNOR  
(shrugs)  
Eh... they're okay.

ALEXIS  
Yeah, they managed to keep us alive  
for this long, so I guess they're  
doing something right.

Sarah laughs and kisses both of them.

CONNOR  
Although dinner tonight might be a  
notable exception.

SARAH  
Yeah. Oh, there's a way you can  
help. Order pizza.

ALEXIS  
On it.

Alexis and Connor rush out of the room. Sarah takes a moment, smiling after them... but the smile fades as soon as she sees the file, partially hidden on the kitchen counter.

Sarah looks outside and sees Zach sitting with his legs dangling into the pool.

EXT. HYDE RESIDENCE - POOL - NIGHT

Zach is sitting at the pool, smoking a cigarette, as Sarah approaches, kicks off her shoes, and joins him.

SARAH  
When did you start smoking again?

ZACH  
You're not my mom.

SARAH

Idiot.

They sit there in companionable silence for a moment.

SARAH (CONT'D)

If I asked you for a favor but  
needed it to be with no questions  
asked, would you do it?

ZACH

(shrugs)  
Sure. What's the favor?

SARAH

I need you get me into a strip  
club.

Zach looks at her, the question implied.

SARAH (CONT'D)

They don't let women in by  
themselves. I can only go in if I  
have a man with me.

ZACH

What type of strip club?

SARAH

I said, no questions asked.

ZACH

I'm not askin' why you want to go  
into a strip club, I'm just askin'  
what kind of strip club it is.

SARAH

It's the kind where women take off  
their clothes while men watch.

ZACH

Okay, but you know I'm not the  
target demo for that particular  
type of establishment.

SARAH

They're not going to ask you what  
you do with your penis, they just  
want you to have one.

ZACH

Sounds like one of my boyfriends.

SARAH

Oh, see, I knew it. You were dating someone, you cheated, and he kicked you out.

ZACH

No, no. No, we are not playin' the what fucked up shit did Zach do game. We're playin' the what fucked up shit is Sarah about to do, game.

SARAH

There's no fucked up shit. I just need to get into that club.

ZACH

But...

SARAH

No questions asked! You never told me why you came to stay with us five months ago.

ZACH

Yeah, but you asked.

SARAH

I never asked! Not once.

ZACH

You did it with your eyes.

SARAH

But you never told, and I'm still allowing you to stay here.

Zach is quiet for a moment.

ZACH

(gently)

You know the reason I'm still here doesn't have anything to do with my fucked up shit, right?

Sarah can't look at him - she might cry.

SARAH

(quietly)

I know.

She leans against him a little. He sighs and stands up, holding out his hand to her.

ZACH  
Let's go see us some titties!

She looks at him skeptically, then takes his hand to stand up.

ZACH (CONT'D)  
Boobies? Jugs? Cans? What are straight guys calling 'em these days?

SARAH  
How would I know?

As they head toward the house.

ZACH  
What does Danny call them?

SARAH  
Heckle and Jeckle.

ZACH  
Can I ask questions about that?

They go into the house. As bass-heavy dance music starts to play we...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLECAT LOUNGE - ONETTA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

We start TIGHT on a video monitor showing surveillance footage of the parking lot of the Polecat Lounge - black and white, low fidelity. There are a lot of cars in the parking lot now but it's still easy to spot Sarah's luxury SUV as it pulls in a parks. Sarah and Zach get out and start walking toward the club.

A man's hand - with an easily recognizable pinky ring firmly in place - reaches out and a finger taps the screen.

We PULL BACK to reveal two people watching the video. Seated at the desk is ONETTA BARLETT (50s, African American, too classy for this joint) and the other, doing the tapping, is MIKE (MIKHAEL) ZHERDEV (40s, Russian, totally the type you'd seen in this kind of joint).

Mike looks at Onetta with a smile. He speaks with a Russian accent.

MIKE  
I told you she'd come back.

Onetta doesn't look pleased as she watches Sarah and Zach approach the front door and go inside.

INT. POLECAT LOUNGE - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The inside of the club is about what you'd expect from the outside. It's not a showplace but it's not a rat trap either. There is a main stage plus two smaller stages off to the side, seating all around, a big bar, and lots of smoky mirrors and theatrical lighting. Off to the side is a hallway leading to the VIP area, which we can't see right now, and near the bar is a doorway to the office.

The place is about half-full with guys watching the topless dancers on stage or getting lap dances in their seats.

Sarah and Zach come into the club and soak up the ambience for a moment.

SARAH

I'm going to need a shower after this.

ZACH

This is actually not too bad for a strip club.

SARAH

Based on what metric?

ZACH

The dancers don't have cellulite.

The muscle-bound bouncer Logan approaches them.

SARAH

(points at Zach)  
I'm with him.

Zach is practically drooling over Logan.

ZACH

I've never seen her before in my life.

SARAH

Kidding. He's kidding.  
(socks him in the arm)  
Tell him you're kidding.

ZACH

I'm kiddin'.

Logan nods and walks away. Zach turns to watch.

ZACH (CONT'D)  
Fuck my life.

SARAH  
What?

ZACH  
If the bouncers look like that, I'm gonna to have to start hangin' out in straight strip clubs.

They are approached by a dancer wearing next to nothing. This is RACHEL SANTIAGO (20s, doesn't take shit, trouble) and she walks up to Zach.

RACHEL  
Hey, cutie. My name's Rachel.  
What's yours?

ZACH  
Zach.

RACHEL  
You want a lap dance, Zach? Your girlfriend can watch.

ZACH  
Girl... oh, god, no. She's my sister.

RACHEL  
(shrugs)  
Whatever works for you, sweetie. I can offer a family plan if...

SARAH  
No! No, thank you. But can I ask you a question?

RACHEL  
Questions cost the same as a lap dance.

Sarah reaches into her pocket and pulls out a twenty; hands it to Rachel.

SARAH  
Do you know a man named Danny Hyde?

That gets Zach's attention. Rachel would not be a good poker player - her reaction to the name gives it away, despite what she says.

RACHEL  
Nah. Never heard of him.

SARAH  
Yes, you have. I can tell...

RACHEL  
I gotta get back to work.

Sarah reaches out and grabs her arm.

SARAH  
Please...

Rachel wrenches free and gets up close to Sarah.

RACHEL  
Touch me again and I'll fucking  
kill you, you got it? You  
understand?

Sarah backs down and Rachel puts on her best "come hither" smile and saunters away toward a gaggle of businessmen near the main stage.

Zach turns to Sarah.

ZACH  
You know the whole no questions  
asked thing? Fuck that. I mean,  
seriously, what the fuck, Sarah?

SARAH  
I need a drink.

She heads for the bar and Zach follows.

INT. POLECAT LOUNGE - BAR - NIGHT

Sarah approaches the bar. Several staff members are behind it serving drinks or cleaning up but the one that approaches Sarah is EVAN ATKINSON (30s, quick to smile, witty).

EVAN  
Hey. What can I get you?

SARAH  
What kind of beer do you have?

EVAN  
We've got a whole line of craft  
IPAs, a stout... we actually brew  
our own stuff here on property.

SARAH

Really?

EVAN

(shakes his head, laughs)  
No. Look around, lady. A place like this, your choice of beer is either watered down piss on tap or watered down piss in a bottle.

SARAH

So, I'm guessing an oaky merlot is probably out of the question?

EVAN

It's so far out of the question, it's not even in the same zip code.

SARAH

Bottle. Two of them.

Zach walks up to join her as she passes some money to Evan.

ZACH

Sarah...

She holds up a "wait a minute" finger as Evan hands over the beers. She hands one to Zach then drinks greedily from hers. She turns to lean against the bar, facing out toward the main part of the club, and Zach does the same.

SARAH

I think... I think Danny owns this place.

ZACH

He... Danny owns a strip club?

SARAH

I think so. Justin found some papers. A shell company. Hidden bank account. I didn't believe it but that girl, Rachel, she was lying when she said she didn't know him.

ZACH

You don't know that.

Sarah looks at Zach.

ZACH (CONT'D)  
 Yeah, okay. She's a shitty liar.  
 But just because a stripper knows  
 Danny...

Evan overhears this.

SARAH  
 Is there any way that sentence is  
 going to end that's not going to  
 make me order fifteen more of  
 these?

ZACH  
 (beat)  
 Probably not. Jesus, Sarah, he's  
 your husband and you didn't  
 anything about this?

Evan interrupts. Sarah and Zach turn back to him.

EVAN  
 Excuse me. Did he say you're Danny  
 Hyde's wife?

SARAH  
 Yes. Did you know him?

Evan leans across the bar to her. He speaks sincerely, as if  
 genuinely concerned.

EVAN  
 Leave. Get out of her as fast as  
 you can and don't look back.  
 Forget this place ever existed.

SARAH  
 (beat)  
 I can't.

EVAN  
 Then I'm sorry...

ONETTA (O.S.)  
 Mrs. Hyde?

Sarah and Zach turn to face the club once again and find  
 Onetta standing before them. She speaks with a working class  
 British accent.

SARAH  
 Yes?

ONETTA

My name is Onetta Bartlett. I'm the manager here. I was hoping I might have a conversation with you in my office?

SARAH

Yes. Absolutely. Of course.

Onetta starts to walk toward the office door and Sarah and Zach follow. Onetta sees this and stops, holding up a finely manicured finger.

ONETTA

A private conversation.

Sarah looks at Zach.

ZACH

Huh-uh. Fuck no. I'm not lettin' you out of my sight in here.

ONETTA

I promise she'll be safe, Mr. Woodward.

ZACH

I don't care what you prom... how do you my name?

Onetta looks at Zach for a moment, a barely contained smile, then turns to Sarah, an eyebrow arching up as if to say, "Well?" Sarah nods then turns to Zach.

SARAH

It's okay. I'll be okay.

Sarah goes with Onetta, leaving Zach standing by helplessly.

INT. POLECAT LOUNGE - ONETTA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sarah and Onetta come into the manager's office, which is actually nicer than you'd expect it to be considering what kind of place this is. Although there are no windows, it has soft lighting, comfortably nice furnishings, and tasteful art on the walls. If it weren't for the constant "thump-thump-thump" of the music and the occasional hoot from one of the drunk customers, you'd never know there was a strip club on the other side of the wall.

Onetta goes to sit behind the desk and motions for Sarah to have a seat in one of the plush guest chairs facing it. Sarah does.

ONETTA

I'm terribly sorry for the confusion earlier today. The members of our security staff are sticklers for the club rules.

SARAH

Probably a good thing in a place like this.

ONETTA

(a slight smile)

Yes. It is a pleasure to meet you, Sarah. May, I call you Sarah?

SARAH

Uh... Sure. Do you know my husband?

ONETTA

Oh, yes. We were all quite saddened to hear about what happened. How are you doing?

SARAH

I'm...  
(shakes her head)  
Did he own this place?

ONETTA

(beat)  
I'm not sure how to answer that.

SARAH

It's a pretty simple question.

ONETTA

But one with a pretty complicated answer.

SARAH

I've got time.

Onetta considers for a moment then turns to one of the monitors in the bank behind the desk. She points at one where Mike, the man we saw earlier with her, is sitting in a booth near the stage enjoying the show.

ONETTA

Do you see that man? In the booth there?

SARAH

Yes.

ONETTA  
He a... businessman. From Russia.

SARAH  
Christ.

ONETTA  
What?

SARAH  
I have HBO. I know what a "Russian  
businessman" in a strip club is  
code for. He's mafia, right?

ONETTA  
(that slight smile again)  
Well, again... it's a little more  
complicated than that but it's good  
enough for now.

SARAH  
Was Danny... involved with him?

ONETTA  
As you can imagine, the various...  
businesses that my Russian friend  
out there is involved with, are not  
exactly the kinds of things you  
want to put on a profit and loss  
statement, if you get my drift.

SARAH  
Okay...

ONETTA  
And so we needed a more friendly  
face for our establishment. One  
that wouldn't draw the interest of  
agencies that might want to take a  
peek behind the curtain. Someone  
like a fine, upstanding man who  
lives in the suburbs with his  
beautiful wife and two kids and has  
no criminal record.

Sarah closes her eyes and shakes her head. She takes a deep  
breath and lets it out, then looks at Onetta.

SARAH  
He was your front man. You and  
this Russian mobster do all sorts  
of illegal shit here but having  
Danny listed as the owner gave you  
cover.

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

If the police ever looked into it all they'd see is a boring college professor.

ONETTA

And for that he was rewarded quite handsomely. My friend out there is willing to offer you the same arrangement.

SARAH

Why isn't your friend in here talking to me?

ONETTA

Because I'll ask you nicely.

The implied threat in that statement is chilling. Sarah stands up.

SARAH

Fuck you.

ONETTA

Sarah...

SARAH

Fuck you and fuck him and fuck this place. I'm going to the cops.

ONETTA

So, when Danny wakes up he can go to jail?

SARAH

(loses it)

He's never waking up. It's me. Just me. I'm the one who has to take care of the kids and the house and the cars and the 401K that doesn't fucking exist anymore because we burned through all that money keeping him alive. I'm the one who finally had to make the decision to pull the plug. Me! I did that! I turned off the machines! I said goodbye to the man that I have loved for twenty years and watched my kids say goodbye to their father and we held his hand and we waited for him to die but he didn't die. He lived but he's never going to wake up. Never!

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

And now I find out that he had this whole secret life and he's not around to tell me what to do about it, so it's not him, it's me! I'm the one who will go to jail, do you fucking understand?!

Sarah manages to get herself under control, reaching out to the wall to steady herself as if she might fall over just from the sheer exhaustion of having carried that around for the last four months. Onetta sits there implacably.

ONETTA

It must feel good to finally be able to say all that.

Sarah's reaction betrays the fact that she doesn't want to admit that's true. She starts for the door.

SARAH

I'm going to the police.

ONETTA

Sarah...

Sarah stops.

ONETTA (CONT'D)

Before you do that, just think about a couple of things. First, my Russian friend and his associates are not known for their restraint. I've managed to keep them from doing anything too drastic but they're losing their patience.

SARAH

What does that mean?

ONETTA

The black eye on your lawyer friend's face is not the only bruise he has.

That's like a gut punch to Sarah.

ONETTA (CONT'D)

And secondly... do you really think the police are going to believe that you didn't know anything about all this?

And that's like a slap in the face. Sarah opens the door and rushes out, slamming it behind her. Onetta sits for a moment, then turns to look at the bank of monitors. We see Sarah and Zach rushing out of the club, get into her car, and drive away quickly. Onetta has a great poker face - it's impossible to tell what she's thinking, but whatever it is, it can't be good for Sarah.

EXT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

Establishing shot of Justin's law office.

INT. LAW OFFICE - JUSTIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Justin is pacing, freaked out, while Sarah sits in one of the guest chairs. Zach is leaning against the wall by the door.

JUSTIN

Fuck. Jesus, fuck. Sarah, I'm so sorry.

ZACH

Can I beat the shit out him now?

SARAH

Zach, shut the fuck up.

ZACH

Are you fucking kiddin' me? He gets you involved with the Russian mafia and you're tellin' me to shut the fuck up?

SARAH

Zach!

JUSTIN

I didn't have a choice. I held them off for months but they were going to kill me.

ZACH

You should've let them.

SARAH

Zach, go wait in the car.

ZACH

No. You can play the older sister card all you want when it's bullshit like who's turn it is to call Mom but when it comes to secret strip clubs and international crime syndicates, I'm stayin' put.

Zach sits down in the other guest chair. They are all quiet for a moment.

SARAH

What happens if I go to the police?

JUSTIN

I don't know.

ZACH

You're a fuckin' lawyer! How do you not know?

JUSTIN

I do family law. I create trusts and write people's wills and set up LLCs for their vacation rentals in Boca. I don't know anything about what happens if you rat out the Russian mob.

SARAH

How long have you known about this?

JUSTIN

(beat)  
What?

SARAH

You're our family lawyer, Justin. You did our trust. You did our wills. Did you do Danny's LLC?

JUSTIN

(beat)  
I didn't know what it was for.

ZACH

Bullshit.

JUSTIN

I didn't! I swear.

ZACH  
But you knew it was for something  
illegal.

JUSTIN  
No, I didn't.

ZACH  
Sarah, I have been involved in  
enough shady shit in my life to  
know he's lying through his teeth.

SARAH  
Justin, just tell me... can the  
police come after me for any of  
this?

JUSTIN  
(deep breath)  
Probably not.

SARAH  
*Probably not?*

JUSTIN  
It was all in Danny's name. You're  
nowhere on any of it.

SARAH  
But...

JUSTIN  
But... you're his wife. I don't  
know if they're going to believe  
that you didn't know how he could  
afford that big house and those  
nice cars on a college professor's  
salary.

Sarah leans her head back and takes a deep breath. She gets  
up and starts to leave. Zach follows her.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)  
Sarah...

SARAH  
I can't...

JUSTIN  
Sarah!

Sarah stops.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)  
 I honestly don't know if the police  
 will try to blame you... but I  
 don't think they're the ones you  
 need to worry about.

Sarah absorbs that.

SARAH  
 ALCO?

JUSTIN  
 (beat)  
 A-L... C-O. Alexis and Connor.

Sarah can only shake her head. She walks out the door. Zach gives Justin a look that could melt steel and then follows Sarah.

EXT. HYDE RESIDENCE - DAY

From outside the house, we see Zach peeking through the window at something while he talks on the phone.

INT. HYDE RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Through the window we see that Zach is looking at an expensive black SUV parked across the street with two men inside of it.

ZACH  
 (into phone)  
 They're still there.

He looks again.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Sarah is outside the hospital talking on the phone.

SARAH  
 What are they doing?

We begin INTERCUTTING between the two of them.

ZACH  
 Sitting there, watching the house.

SARAH  
 Do they look like cops?

ZACH  
 Not unless they seized a drug  
 dealer's car.

Sarah runs her hand through her hair and turns around just in time to see a similar black SUV pull into the parking lot. Two more men are inside and they look at her as they drive past her slowly.

SARAH  
 Shit.

Sarah watches the car pull into a parking space.

EXT. GILLIAM RESIDENCE - DAY

Heather's house is across the street from Sarah's, equally as nice although a little more down home with country touches like a rooster shaped mailbox.

The SUV is parked in front of her house.

INT. GILLIAM RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Heather, with Parker on her hip, walks into the country-chic living room signing along to a country-western song that is way too grown-up to be singing in front of a child, even if he doesn't actually understand it. She looks out the window at the SUV.

HEATHER  
 They've been out there for almost  
 an hour. What do you think,  
 Parker? Should mommy call the cops  
 or should I just go see what the  
 hell they're doing?

Parker doesn't seem to have a strong opinion on the subject. Heather thinks about it for a moment, goes to a desk in the corner, opens the center drawer, and pulls out a gun.

She tucks the gun into the back of her jeans and pulls the shirt over it, then heads toward the door.

EXT. GILLIAM RESIDENCE - DAY

Heather comes out of the house and sashay's out into the street then to the SUV. She taps on the driver's side window and he powers it down. The two men inside are large, stone-faced, and speak with Russian accents.

HEATHER  
Howdy. Whatch'y'all doin out here?

RUSSIAN #1  
That is none of your concern.

HEATHER  
Well, now see, you're parked in front of my house so it kinda is.

RUSSIAN #1  
Go away.

HEATHER  
I'm not going anywhere. Y'all are the ones who need to go somewhere.

The guys in the car appear to be tiring of this quickly.

INT. HYDE RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Back in the living room in Sarah's house, Zach looks out the window again and sees Heather talking to the guys in the SUV.

ZACH  
Oh, fuck. Fuck!

SARAH (O.S.)  
What is it? What's going on?

ZACH  
I gotta go. I gotta... shit!

He disconnects the call and runs for the door.

EXT. GILLIAM RESIDENCE - DAY

Things at the SUV are starting to escalate.

RUSSIAN #1  
If you do not leave now, you will force me to do something I do not want to do.

HEATHER  
Are you threatening me? Baby, you do not want to threaten me.

She starts to reach into the waistband of her jeans just as Zach runs up.

ZACH

Hi, hi, hi, Heather. Hey, how are you? Good? Is everything good?

He stops her from pulling the gun.

HEATHER

Well, I don't know. I got these two funny talking guys out here actin' all suspicious.

ZACH

No, they're not. They're just... old friends of Sarah's.

HEATHER

They are?

ZACH

Yes! They go way back. This one here is... Tom and, and, and the one over there is... Jerry.

HEATHER

Like the cartoon?

ZACH

Yes. We laugh about that all the time, don't we guys?

The two men appear unamused.

HEATHER

Well, what are they doing sittin' out here for the last hour?

ZACH

Waitin' for Sarah. But guys, she's at the hospital and I don't know when she's gonna be back, so maybe you should head on home?

RUSSIAN #1

We are not going anywhere.

ZACH

Okay... all right. Except that the police patrol this neighborhood all the time and I wouldn't want them to cause you any trouble. I mean they'd probably wanna see IDs and your registration and all sorts of other stuff...

The two Russian men look at one another, then the driver looks at Zach.

RUSSIAN #1

Tell your sister we will see her another time.

ZACH

I will do that. I most certainly will.

The driver powers up the window and the SUV drives off. A relieved Zach and a still suspicious Heather watch.

HEATHER

They talked weird. Where did you say they're from?

ZACH

New Jersey.

HEATHER

(nods)

Oh... yeah, that explains it.

Heather saunters back toward her house and Zach finally looks like he can breathe.

EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Establishing shot of the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL - DANNY'S ROOM - DAY

Sarah is sitting beside Danny's bed.

SARAH

What the fuck, Danny? I honestly don't know what else to say to you other than what the actual fuck. I mean, I know you weren't planning to have an aneurysm but did you stop to think, for even one second, what this might do to your kids? To me? You were working for the fucking mob, Danny.

(she laughs)

Do you know how ridiculous that sounds? You're a fucking economics professor. You wear tweed jackets.

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)  
 If this was the 1970s you'd probably smoke a pipe. Danny, come on...

The laughter starts to turn to tears.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
 What am I going to do?

Alexis and Connor enter the room carefully, as if they are worried about disturbing the occupant. They are surprised to see Sarah there?

ALEXIS  
 Mom?

Sarah tries to quickly wipe away the tears and put on an "everything is fine" face.

SARAH  
 Hey! Hi guys. What are you doing here?

CONNOR  
 It's Thursday. We always come on Tuesday and Thursday after school.

SARAH  
 Right. Of course. Right. Sorry. I got my days mixed up.  
 (to Danny)  
 Hey, honey. The kids are here.

She steps out of the way so Alexis and Connor can come greet their father.

ALEXIS  
 Hi, Daddy.

She kisses him on the cheek.

CONNOR  
 Hey, Dad.

Connor sort of awkwardly pats his shoulder.

ALEXIS  
 So, it's been a busy couple of days. Connor got a role in the school play.

CONNOR  
 It's a small role.

ALEXIS  
Very small.

CONNOR  
Shut up.

ALEXIS  
Like blink and you'll miss it  
small.

CONNOR  
It's got ten lines. It would be a  
long blink.

As the kids update their dad on their lives, Sarah watches, trying to hold back the tears.

EXT. HYDE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Outside Sarah's house, her SUV pulls into the driveway and Sarah, Alexis, and Connor get out. Alexis and Connor are too engrossed in their phones to notice the shiny black SUV that cruises by slowly but Sarah does. They all go into the house.

INT. HYDE RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Zach is sitting at the kitchen island as we hear the front door open and Sarah, Connor, and Alexis come inside.

SARAH  
Go upstairs and get washed up.  
I'll figure out dinner.

We hear the pounding of adolescent feet as they go up the stairs. A moment later Sarah enters the kitchen. She goes to the refrigerator, opens it, and pulls out a bottle of wine. She grabs a glass, pulls the cork out of the wine bottle, and pours... a lot. She looks up at Zach who has remained quiet and motionless throughout this.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
What?

Zach hesitates for a moment and then shifts in his seat so he can pull out the manila envelope he was sitting on. He pushes it across the counter top toward her.

SARAH (CONT'D)  
Do I want to know?

ZACH

(beat)

They're giving you thirty days or they're going to foreclose on the house.

Sarah looks at the envelope.

SARAH

Well, sure.

She takes a big drink of the wine.

EXT. HYDE RESIDENCE - NIGHT

The house is quiet and dark.

INT. HYDE RESIDENCE - ZACH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Zach is asleep in his bed and we hold on him for a moment until he stirs, rolls over and opens his eyes a little to see Sarah sitting in a chair next to his bed watching him. He jumps, startled.

ZACH

Fuck! Sarah!

SARAH

Shhh! You're going to wake the kids.

ZACH

What about wakin' me? What are you doin'?

SARAH

Why are you here?

ZACH

Well, I was sleepin'...

SARAH

No, why are you here in my house? Why did you come here?

Zach doesn't say anything.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I never asked. I knew you'd tell me when you were ready.

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

But then everything with Danny and now all of this... insanity... I need to know.

ZACH

Why?

SARAH

Because your life is usually more fucked up than mine is and I need to feel like north is still north, you know?

Zach thinks about it, sighs, and moves over in the bed so she can climb in next to him. They lay there staring at the ceiling for a moment.

ZACH

There was a guy...

SARAH

There's always a guy.

ZACH

Not that kind of guy... I mean, not the usual kind of guy. He was... nice... and stable... and he had a job that didn't involve selling things out of the back of a van.

SARAH

Oh, God. Carl. I'd forgotten about him. You know, every time I watch that TV in the den, I wonder if there's, like, a kid somewhere who can't watch "Sesame Street" because of me.

ZACH

Yeah, well, this guy was not a Carl. He was... good. Real. I actually started having these twisted domestic fantasies that someday we'd buy a house in the suburbs like this one and adopt little gaybies and wear polo shirts and have friends named Chad and Michael.

SARAH

Wow.

ZACH

I know.

SARAH  
Okay. So, what happened to him?

ZACH  
(beat)  
He met me.  
(beat)  
And it got him killed.

SARAH  
Oh, Zach...

ZACH  
It's... Um.... Can that be enough  
north for now?

SARAH  
Yes.

They stare at the ceiling in silence for a moment.

ZACH  
I can help you get money.

SARAH  
Not without being a Carl, I'm  
guessing.

More silence.

ZACH  
There is another option.

Sarah looks at him and he looks at her.

SARAH  
I said I'd only do that as a last  
resort.

ZACH  
Is there some other resort you  
haven't been to yet? Because it  
sort of seems like you might be  
there already.

They go back to looking at the ceiling.

SARAH  
I wonder where the phrase last  
resort came from?

ZACH  
It's French. It's about a court  
that had no more appeals.

SARAH  
How do you know that?

ZACH  
I read.

SARAH  
You do not.

ZACH  
I... have sex with people who read.

SARAH  
Carl never read.

ZACH  
You need to call her.

That shuts Sarah up. She sighs.

SARAH  
Yeah. Fuck.

The two of them stare at the ceiling some more, each hoping they might find some answer that isn't really there.

EXT. HYDE RESIDENCE - POOL - DAY

Sarah is sitting by the pool, her legs dangling in the water. Her phone is sitting on the concrete next to her. She looks at it, picks it up, sets it back down again. She does this again and then a third time she actually dials and reluctantly puts the phone to her ear. We don't hear the other side of the conversation but we don't really need to.

SARAH  
Hi, Mom. Nothing's wrong. I mean, nothing more is wrong. Can't I just call to say hi? Well, just because I don't very often doesn't mean I can't. I'm fine. The kids are fine. Zach is fine. Danny is... the same. No, you don't need to come back out again. I know you're busy. Because that's what you said when you went home a week after Danny... Listen, Mom... I do need a favor. Yes... a monetary one. Probably, like... twenty. Yes, thousand. I know... Mom, I know. Maybe a month or two. I said or two! It will get us through two months.

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

What do you mean, then what? I don't know, Mom, I need to worry about these two months before I worry about the next two months.

There is a pause. A single tear rolls down her cheek.

SARAH (CONT'D)

You're not saying anything.  
Right... No, yeah, I understand.  
I'll put together a plan on how to repay you. Interest?  
(a small laugh)  
Yeah. Of course. Okay... I'll work on it. Yeah... Yes, I will tell the kids you said hi. Okay...  
bye, Mom.

Sarah disconnects the call and puts the phone down next to her again. After a moment, she slowly works her way into the pool, fully clothed, and pushes away from the side. She floats on her back into the middle of the pool, her face placid as she considers her options, knowing that there really aren't any.

EXT. POLECAT LOUNGE - DAY

Establishing shot of the strip club. There are only a few cars in the parking lot.

INT. POLECAT LOUNGE - ONETTA'S OFFICE - DAY

Onetta is at her desk going through payroll when there is a knock at the door.

ONETTA

It's open.

The door opens and Logan steps in. He escorts Sarah in.

ONETTA (CONT'D)

Thank you, Logan. Close the door on your way out, please?

Logan exits, closing the door behind him. Onetta sits back in her chair, waiting. Sarah walks over and sits in one of the guest chairs.

SARAH

Six months. I'll have everything transferred to my name.

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

I have power of attorney over all of his other assets so it won't raise any eyebrows. Then you have six months to find someone else to be your front man. I'll walk away. I don't get directly involved in anything illegal. I won't call the cops, your friend won't send anymore goons to follow me and my family. Six months, and we'll just go our separate ways.

ONETTA

What about the money?

SARAH

Oh, I get to keep that. We'll call it hazard pay.

ONETTA

(small smile again)

I think we can find a way to make that work.

Onetta stands and offers her hand. Sarah stands and they shake on it.

EXT. HYDE RESIDENCE - DAY

Sarah is back in the flower garden we saw her working on at the beginning. She uses her gloved hands to dig a hole for a new plant but then she stops halfway through, considering. She takes the gloves off, sets them aside, and then continues digging with her bare hands. She smiles a little.

Someone walks up to her - a man we'll come to know as Ben.

BEN

Excuse me?

Sarah looks up, shading her eyes from the sun. It is in a position that means she can't see who is talking to her at first.

SARAH

Hi. Can I help you?

BEN

I hope so. My name is Ben Buckley...

Sarah stands and we get our first look at the man. It is the same guy we saw in the very beginning being chased through the woods and threatened with a gun. Here, he looks much more self-possessed, handsome, and in control.

BEN (CONT'D)  
I'm with the FBI.

Sarah has a brief moment where her smile falters, but then she puts it back on.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GEORGIA WOODS - RAVINE - NIGHT

We are back where we started, with Ben on the ground his hands up as the person in the hoodie aims the gun.

MAN  
Please... Please don't do this.

The person with the gun hesitates... their finger tensed on the trigger.

We don't see what happens but we see a flash from a gun and hear the shot echoing through the dark woods.

The person in the hoodie takes a moment then reaches up and pulls down the hood.

It is Sarah.

FADE TO BLACK.