

THE GOOD TWIN

PUSHED IN: **DESPERATELY HOPEFUL EYEBALLS**. SLOWLY PAN BACK.

A MAN (30's), average build, wearing a "POLICE ACADEMY" cut-off tee, shakes and sweats, pointing a gun in his left hand.

A GLIMPSE of what looks like a homemade BRANDING on his left shoulder.

FADE TO BLACK - GUNSHOT... GUNSHOT... then FOUR RAPID SHOTS.

A BEAT on the BLACK SCREEN, then words appear...

"FOR WHAT IS EVIL BUT GOOD TORTURED BY ITS OWN HUNGER AND THIRST"

KHALIL GIBRAN - "THE PROPHET"

INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - SILENT - MONTHS EARLIER

SIERRA (16), pretty and skinny, is throwing her guts up.

The door's open as GRAYSON (16), athletic, leans against the doorway looking at her with care. This isn't his first rodeo, and he knows there's nothing he can do.

Grayson's mom hurries in and out to refill a cup of water and bring a new towel, trying her best to help.

EXT. SIGN - "THE NICK WHITE REHABILITATION CLINIC" - DAY

MATT WILLIS (30's), same guy from the beginning, sits on a nearby bench looking rough, smoking a cigarette, talking calmly on the phone.

A travel bag is next to him, box of cookies in-hand.

MATT (ON PHONE)

I'm not a waste. I could help.

(he stands- optimistic)

No, I'm gonna be a counselor. I already helped the one kid, and with his parents recommending me, I'll get paid. It's very doable.

FAINT FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Is that what you want?

MATT (ON PHONE)

Just until I finish the academy. Be a great start to my new portfolio, and with a specialty in youth?

FAINT FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)  
 We all know you're very capable.  
 You're sure this is what you want?

                  MATT (ON PHONE)  
 What do we all want, happiness,  
 what are we here for? Human life on  
 this planet, no? A pressure, and  
 this search for *some sorta relief!*

He takes a deep drag, turns the phone mic down to hide the sound of his exhale.

                  MATT (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)  
 No. No pills. I swear! I haven't  
 even had a smoke in almost...  
                   (he listens, impatient)  
 I am clean. It does. I feel good.

He takes another drag. His pseudo jubulance suddenly turns sour from what he hears.

                  MATT (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)  
 Uhh, thanks. Yeah well, he's not  
 here anymore, that's for sure.

His jaws clench as he listens, getting teary-eyed, covers the mic to drag hard on his cigarette.

                  MATT (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)  
 I didn't go to his funeral.  
                   (he swallows, suddenly  
                   defensive)  
 I am. I'm very grateful. I mean, he  
*is* my brother. I'd hope he would.  
                   (he listens, quickly  
                   changing the subject)  
 Yeayea, so, anyways, what's the  
 latest on Sierra getting a service  
 dog? Well, it'd change her life.  
 Yeah!? She is getting one? That's  
 GREAT! Ow, good for Sierra.  
                   (pensive beat)  
 Hey Mom, I really want you to...

A car turns into the Rehabilitation parking lot.

                  MATT (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)  
 Sarah's here. And Mom I want you to  
 know how much I, Mom? Mom? Hello?

He blinks angrily at the cell- dropped call? He hangs up, *softly* bellows a deep primal GROWL as he gathers his things.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Matt opens the door, tosses his bag in the back, gets in with the box of cookies in his lap, turns to the driver, SARAH (29)- pudgy, pretty face, she smiles.

They bust up laughing, hug, good friends. They drive off.

SARAH

Happy birthday dude! How are you? I can't believe it's been a year.

He tries to smile, shakes his head, hurting.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry to hear about Frankie. Was it oxycontin? Do you know?

Matt swallows, painful to think about this.

MATT

Probably. That's what gets everyone.

She doesn't know what to say.

SARAH

You been keeping up with Sierra?

His heart drops. She's disappointed that he obviously hasn't.

MATT

I know she's finally getting a dog.

SARAH

She gets glutened every week...and she'll throw up for like five hours each time. She's not good.

He swallows, eyes down.

SARAH (CONT'D)

She's getting in trouble at school. She's drinking now. They're starting to compare her to you.

Matt raises his hand.

MATT

Okay okay.

SARAH

Not to bring this up. It's been so long, but, did you and Renee ever-

MATT

-I'm not the father. The dates don't even match up. Also, Renee-

SARAH

-The dates definitely do... Wait a minute. So, Clay still doesn't even know that you and Renee...

Matt looks at her- the answer is obvious- Clay doesn't know.

SARAH (CONT'D)

She sounds like you too.

A silent beat. She looks over at him. He looks back.

SARAH (CONT'D)

When she lashes out at people, and she does, a lot, like you. She-

MATT

-Can you blame her? Nobody knows what Celiac is, and it fucking dominates her life. Not-

SARAH

-Well, she makes it a lot harder.

Matt- offended, looks at Sarah- raises her hand in defense.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Don't get me wrong. I know. But, I'm sorry, even an extreme food allergy doesn't give anyone the right to react like she does and...  
(she trails off)

MATT

I disagree. You can't blame Sierra. She's just trying to eat! These "school officials" get downright arrogant, because they're ignorant, and they'll even condescend Sierra like that? Ugh! How is passion not the right response?

(a quick beat)

It's the only response.

(a beat)

And, Celiac's not an allergy. It's a genetic disease.

EXT. COVERED BACK DECK - WILLIS HOME - CONTINUOUS

JIM (60's)- tall, thin, authoritarian, sits next to Clay's wife RENEE (30's)- pretty, at a wood dinner table.

MARTA (50's) steps out, somber, cell phone in her hand.

Sierra, Clay and Renee's daughter, sits on the wood bench with her arms crossed. She's angry and in trouble, as usual.

MARTA

Ok, they're en route. Maybe you're right Clay. Maybe he has turned the corner this time, finally.

She chuckles wryly, thinking of Matt's many troubles.

CLAY, Matt's IDENTICAL TWIN BROTHER, buzz hair cut, wearing the same "POLICE ACADEMY" cut-off tee from the first scene. There is a perfect "B" branded in his upper left arm.

A subtle, involuntary FACIAL TIC occurs semi-regularly on the corner of the left side of Clay's mouth. Clay shrugs in agreement, looks at Jim, who looks back with a calming hand.

JIM

Let's just focus on the positive.  
Matt needs family. Family first.

Sierra loudly scoffs, very upset, glares at her dad.

INT. CAR - SAME - CONTINUOUS

SARAH

So, you still flying out west?

He doesn't respond. She's confused. He breathes deeply.

MATT

The whole point of Hollywood...  
(he trails off)  
When I think of my success in life-

SARAH

-High school-

MATT

-Yea. I was focused. I knew what...  
(very pensive)  
I'm thinking my original career plan is where it's at.

SARAH  
 (dubious)  
 You mean, detective then politics?

MATT  
 I'm like twenty credits shy of a criminal justice degree. And I told you I counseled that one kid, well, really I just gave him advice, but it *helped*, and they recommended me to some rich lady who has a fuck-up son. And, I'll have dual income with a job on Neirling's farm till I pass the academy. I'm back baby!

SARAH  
 (widened eyes)  
 What about acting? And, wait, you and *Neirling* working together?

MATT  
 We're all good now. Trust me.

They lock eyes- he's sincere, determined.

MATT (CONT'D)  
 I love acting. But I want a life, simplicity, a family. Me being on the force would be the first step. I have this daydream of me like owning this restaurant that has a-

SARAH  
 -Ok, so, your dad and brother are on-board with this?

MATT  
 I mean, how could they not be?

Her eyes widen, starts to respond but Matt interrupts.

MATT (CONT'D)  
 Ya know what, don't answer that.

EXT. WILLIS HOME - OPEN GARAGE - LATER

Matt nervously knocks on the garage door. A BEAT.

DOOR OPENS. It's Clay eating an apple. They both stare into the mirror. SLIGHT TENSION.

CLAY  
 Where's Sarah?

MATT  
She walked around back.

CLAY  
Why the hell'd you knock?

Matt follows him inside.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Clay stops, turns to face his brother.

CLAY  
I'm only looking forward, ok? Fuck  
the past. Fuck being right...  
(a quick beat)  
I'd rather have my brother back.

Matt stares intensely back into his brother's eyes, **hurt,**  
**resentment,** quickly nods back appreciatively, they hug.

Clay gestures he's grabbing something from the next room.  
Matt cautiously moves to the counter, opens a cabinet, finds  
a whiskey bottle, pours a glass.

Clay, carrying a cooler, approaches from behind, shocked.

MATT  
I haven't had a drink in two  
months. I had a problem with pain  
pills, ok. Fuck off, ok. Please.

CLAY  
Mom's not gonna like it.

MATT  
Mom's an alcoholic.

Clay seriousness becomes a smirk. He reaches for the bottle.

CLAY  
Well don't be a l'il bitch about  
it.

He splashes a tiny bit more in the glass. Matt downs it.

Clay exits, Matt follows, nervous about what he wants to ask.

MATT  
Ok. Hey uh, Clay...

EXT. COVERED BACK DECK - SAME

Marta, holier-than-thou, sits between Jim and Sarah, whiskey glass in her hand. She's intently listening to Renee.

RENEE

PF Changs, Chick fil a, and yeah they're great, but living gluten-free is just so dang expensive!

MARTA

Better have some money saved up if you plan on being born with Celiac.  
(a quick beat)  
So, this dog, smells Sierra's food?

Sierra comes out, annoyed at the topic being discussed.

RENEE

Yes, his name's Hiccup, and hopefully he puts an end to these cross-contamination episodes.

MARTA

Gosh, poor thing. I remember her throwing her guts up, four or five hours all because the "GLUTEN FREE" egg roll was made in a place that also made gluten.

Renee lovingly looks at her daughter, Sierra- still defensive.

RENEE

That was before we knew the term, cross contamination. We do now.  
(nods to Sarah)  
One reason I love Sarah's food health presentation she does for my class is that it spreads awareness.

MARTA

But the dog's still an animal. How-

SIERRA

(rudely interrupting)  
-They're trained to detect gluten at five parts per million!

EXT. BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

Matt and Clay carry a heavy grill around the house.

CLAY

No! It's too soon, Matt. You JUST got out of rehab. Do you know what all I had to do to... We don't need another Gadget Grave incident.

MATT

(hurt, defensive)  
Wha? Hey...don't forget who-

CLAY

-I know. You always have been smarter Matt, so why don't you start fucking acting like it!  
(a quick remorseful beat)  
Look, jus'...talk to dad.

MATT

Ok. I will.

EXT. BACK DECK - CONTINUOUS

The brothers come around the corner, set the grill in place. Jim stands to embrace Matt tightly, pats his son's head.

Sierra lights up, stands. Her and Matt have a special bond.

Marta stays seated, swirls her glass, tight-lip grin, knowing. She nods. Matt nods back vulnerably.

Renee smiles wholesomely, her pity visible. He smiles back. He's always been attracted to her. Sarah- nearby, is aware.

RENEE

Hey Matt, you look really good.

MATT

Thanks. So do you.

He finally gets to a waiting Sierra- they hug and laugh.

MATT (CONT'D)

Ay Kiddo! I've needed this hug!  
(looks down seriously)  
I wanna talk to you later.

SIERRA

Yeah, I need to talk to you

Matt sits next to Clay. Jim lights the grill.

JIM

So Clay, have you told Matt the birthday plan for next week?

Matt realizes what they're discussing, doesn't seem enthused.

MATT

Fishing? I never catch anything on that damn lake.

MARTA

You never caught anything anywhere.

CLAY

What? What about that smallmouth you hooked in the eye!

Everybody laughs.

JIM

(to everyone)

Well, I'm not even sure Matt knows where we've been fishing, but...

(to Matt)

These last few years we've been on the north end of the lake and...

He grins, shares a look with Clay.

JIM (CONT'D)

It's been more than we can handle.

CLAY

(excitedly to Matt)

We had to dump an entire cooler of fish because we'd caught our limit, and as we were-

MATT

-Wait, y'all caught your limit?

CLAY

Oh, like two years running.

JIM

Three.

CLAY

Yeah, three years running.

Matt's jaw is dropped in disbelief, he nods, very impressed.

Marta takes a long drink, zeroing in on Matt.

MARTA

So, Matthew. I see you're drinking.

MATT

As are you, Mother.

They lock eyes. Marta looks at Jim- looks away. Back to Matt.

MARTA

But I don't need a job. You know  
you'll need a career to ever get  
any respectable woman's attention.

Matt smiles anxiously, avoids his mother, eyeing Clay- seated next to Sierra, now juggling three balls in front of his awe-struck daughter. She hits at one, knocking them all down.

MARTA (CONT'D)

Being an actor isn't exactly-

CLAY

-Oh no! Matt's over the acting bug.  
He wants to be a lowly cop now. And  
a counselor! Which, by the way, who  
the hell is this family willing to  
pay you to counsel their son, ha!

MARTA

(pointing)

You know who it is!? Sierra's new  
boyfriend!

Sierra reddens, withdrawing even further away into her chair. Renee shakes her finger 'No.' Sierra turns, catches her, furiously gets up to stomp inside.

SIERRA

Why are you so against me being  
normal! I finally feel a connection  
with someone!

RENEE

Because you get sick every time  
you're with him and I'd rather have  
you alive, sweetie.

Sierra slams the door behind her.

An awkward BEAT before continuing the conversation.

CLAY

See, Matt was a standout in acting  
class cause he's full of shit.

Matt's jaw clenches, pissed at Clay- chuckling. Jim looks down, away- doesn't want to be involved. Sarah looks down sorrowfully, glances up at Matt.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Really, he'd be a damn-good cop too, to be honest, but he can't take direction, and that's why-

MATT

-Ok I'm right here! Oh I can act...  
(impersonating Clay)  
Oh no! Matt's over being a movie star, now he just wants to be a lowly cop. And a counselor!

Matt's impersonation, facial tic included, is spot-on and chilling. A sly grin begins to form on his face.

MARTA

Oo please stop. That gives me the creeps when you do that. And, *that's not acting.*

JIM

Actually I do think that if Matt...

MARTA

(interrupting)  
So hold on! You're not going to LA?

Matt locks eyes with her, then away.

MATT

I have my plane ticket, but, I mean, this is the direction I was always headed before college.

An uncomfortable quiet settles over the table for a moment.

JIM

Too aimless Matt. You were just dead-set on acting and now, fresh outta rehab, you wanna be a cop?

MATT

LA's not going anywhere, and I know the job! I mean, Jesus Christ, what-

MARTA

-I wish you wouldn't say that.

MATT

I never got why just saying his name was bad. If anything, I'm drawing more attention to Jesus.

CLAY

That's just stupid.

Sarah looks sadly at Matt, who glances at her and gives a brittle half-shrug. Renee indifferently studies Matt.

EXT. KIRK MORELY AVE - EARLY MORNING

The beginning of a bustling day. Businesses are ready.

EXT. GENERAL KIOSK

Clay, coffee in-hand, ducks in, nods to REUBEN (80)- worn, sitting behind the register.

CLAY

Reuben, what's going down brother?  
You're still my eyes and ears, no?

REUBEN

I'm just tryna figure it all out.

CLAY

Well, let me know when you do.

REUBEN

I will if I remember to.

EXT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Clay chuckling as he jogs up the steps to enter.

EXT. BIG BLUE HOUSE - LAWN - MORNING

FOREGROUND- A WOMAN (40's) stands in her yard looking at her SON (16) who sits at a picnic table in the BACKGROUND.

Matt approaches, shakes her hand.

MATT

Hi, Mrs. Lavie?

MRS. LAVIE

Hi Matt, I assume.  
(turning back to her son)  
(MORE)

MRS. LAVIE (CONT'D)

Grayson's much calmer outside. He's been doing his homework out here.

(a quick beat)

And, look, like I said on the phone, I don't care if you've got a certification yet or not. Debbie is a good friend, and she told me you've been around the block and you've got your head on straight. And frankly, that's what Grayson needs is a male friend who's been there and can just talk to him. And, well, Sierra, as you know. We are so excited about this service dog Sierra's getting, especially if it can check for peanuts too.

ANGLE. Grayson sits doing homework. Matt slowly approaches.

GRAYSON

(not looking up, dour)

So you're the flavor of this week, huh? ... And Sierra's uncle. Wow.

MATT

Damn. I was hoping we'd be boys.

Matt sits, fittingly laughs, cool.

MATT (CONT'D)

Look, I'm not pushing anything. I just wanna make a few bucks and help you with your algebra. And, hey, I'm like good at math. Cool?

Matt's earnest. The kid looks up, disarmed.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

Clay routinely enters, smiles and says hi to a few coworkers en route to his DESK. FAMILY PICTURES.

TORREY (25)- buff, is busy at his nearby desk. DON (55)- husky, stands at the nearby FRONT COUNTER.

TORREY

Clay, you talk to your dad? We got lucky this weekend on your big, buff, bank-robbin' sweet heart.

CLAY

On Burrow? Really? Where at?

TORREY

Someone called in a sighting. Looks like it checks out too.

Don waves a REPORT and Clay goes to him, quickly scans it over as he moves to his desk, sits down. Don reads it aloud.

DON

Red truck, cracked rear window. We got the image from a traffic cam. No banks have been hit, so-

CLAY

-Probably layin' low. Smartest thing he can do right now.

DON

We know he's working on something. Just look at this guy's rap sheet. This, Machiavelli, hasn't not been investigated, prosecuted, or been serving time for something in the last two decades.

TORREY

(teasingly to Clay)  
Speaking of your brother, I heard Matt's back in town.

Don chuckles, quickly stops. Clay's in deep thought.

CLAY

Yea, Matt, uh...  
(sadly chuckles)  
He wants to enroll in the academy.

Don and Torrey glance at each other: not good news.

DON

Right outta rehab?

CLAY

That's what I said.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Clay drives. Torrey smirks holding his hand up in defense.

TORREY

I'm just sayin' I'm just sayin'.

CLAY

You forget how capable Matt was. All he's done for Sierra after she got diagnosed and started getting really sick. The service dog we're about to get?! None of that woulda happened without Matt.

TORREY

I'm not saying he-

CLAY

-Think of how supportive he was when you came out of the closet.

(a quick beat)

I mean, he was almost our fuckin' valedictorian! Remember? I know you do!

TORREY

Yea but Clay, wake up. He "acted" supportive on social media but he didn't come to our wedding, no gift. And he knows us well. And, I told you about when I told him me and Jason were adopting. He literally scoffed and just looked back at me like a eunuch.

(a quick beat)

I'm not saying he's not capable, but damnit Clay, Matt was...

RADIO

Unit twenty one come in twenty one.

Clay grabs the radio.

CLAY

This is twenty one, over.

RADIO

Two eleven in progress at J.T. Harper Bank and Trust. Two suspects in a Red truck going west on Kirk Morely. Young female hostage. I repeat, hostage situation.

As Clay flips their siren on, and they speed down the road, a RED TRUCK speeds towards them going the opposite way. Clay slams the brakes, pulls a dangerous U turn in pursuit.

SLO MO: A LITTLE GIRL (5) hopelessly looks out of the back window. Clay speeds up.

The truck swerves through traffic. Clay speeds to catch up. Suddenly, the truck crashes into a pole. Clay slams his brake but still SMASHES into the truck. Torrey is knocked out.

Clay- blood on his face, staggers out, gun drawn. TREY BURROW (30's), broad shoulders, carries the little girl into a nearby alley. Clay runs to an alley, one building over.

EXT. ALLEY

Clay runs as fast as he can down the alley, slyly cuts down a connecting passageway perpendicular to the alley that Burrow is in. Clay jumps out right in Burrow's path, tackling him.

Burrow drops the girl, quickly gets up to point his gun directly at Clay's head - SHOT - Clay jerks his head back falling backward, nearly shot in the face. Burrow rushes to the end of the alley that leads out onto a busy street.

Clay gathers himself, hurries over to check on the girl, rushes after Burrow, only to come out from the alley looking all-around, frustrated.

EXT. BIG HEMP FIELD OPERATION - SMALL OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

INT. SMALL OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Two women work busily at their desks. Matt enters, shyly hands a file to WOMAN 1 (50's)- hangs up her phone. The wall behind her is mostly glass, displaying the hemp manufacture process from their elevated position.

WOMAN 1  
(looking at the file)  
Ah yes, Matt Willis. Alex said we'd  
have to promote ya to keep ya.

She smiles warmly, hands the file back. He smiles back with confidence, then hopefully gazes out into the fields.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Torrey waits for Clay gathering things off his desk. They walk towards the front, exiting, accosted by a REPORTER (30), pretty blonde, and her CAMERA MAN. Two other MEN nearby set up equipment. Jim and Don watch from across the room.

REPORTER  
Hi Officer Willis, Brittany Boyett,  
five news. I was hoping to get...

CLAY  
 (apologetic, hand up)  
 I'm sorry I really haven't got  
 time. We're leaving right now.

BRITTANY  
 The young girl, who was taken  
 hostage that you rescued during...

They continue past her towards the front, leaving Brittany  
 unsatisfied. Don and Jim behind a counter near the front.

DON  
 (friendly teasing, softly)  
 Uh oh everybody, hero cop walking.  
 Make way. Hero cop walking.

Jim and Don lightly laugh. Clay darts a look at them.

INT. POLICE CAR

Clay and Torrey cruise a sketchy neighborhood.

CLAY  
 If he's still in town. He's been  
 back here for her, I know it.

TORREY  
 Where did you put the camera?

CLAY  
 Blow Job Park. That's where she  
 said he took her.

EXT. STREET CORNER - MANY HOOKERS STAND - CONTINUOUS

VICTORIA (late 20's), bombshell, eyes the cop car slowing  
 down, getting closer. The girls cat walk to the cop car.

ANGLE: Clay's POV- he rolls his window down. Hookers  
 approaching.

HOOKER1  
 Hey Sugar, you want a date?

HOOKER2  
 Hey baby.

Clay- uninterested, displays his wedding ring.

Offended, the other girls walk away. Victoria gets closer.

VICTORIA

I knew you'd come back to see me.

She strokes his hair. He clenches his jaws, curtly nods away.

CLAY

You know why I'm here, Victoria.  
Has our guy been back? Seriously.

VICTORIA

Naw, it was just that one time.

CLAY

Aw come on. He's been back. We know  
he has. Don't lie to me.

VICTORIA

You know I can't lie to you Daddy.

A BEAT. He studies her, nods approvingly. They drive off.

ANGLE: Victoria eyes them down, lights a smoke. One of the  
girls "Ooo"s her teasingly. Victoria has a thing for Clay.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

TORREY

Ya know, I take back what I said  
earlier. I never *really* knew Matt.

Clay nods understanding, restless about it all too, doesn't  
really wanna 'go there.'

EXT. BAIL BONDS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

They pull in to pick up Don- waiting, climbs into the back.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Don sits back as Torrey continues his thought.

TORREY

It was just discouraging to see him  
start hanging out with a guy like  
Alex Nierling, and the young girls,  
and they were always at a casino...  
(he trails off)

CLAY

Very costly, that's for sure.

TORREY

But really, even in high school, he did stuff like that one time at Tom's house when he basically...

CLAY

Yea, Tom's house was too far. That's actually been a hot topic for me and Renee. Matt has no idea.

DON

Ok who are we talking about? Where is Tom's place and what happened?

CLAY

My brother. We were at a pool party right after high school graduation and I'd taken my shirt off...

FLASHBACK:

EXT. POOL HOUSE BEHIND BIG HOUSE - EVENING

A rocking pool party. Renee (18) is near the pool talking to friends.

Matt (18), wearing hat backwards, RED SHIRT, stumbling drunk, approaches masquerading as Clay, puts his arm around Renee; it's clear she and Clay are a couple.

MATT (AS CLAY)

Anyone seen Matt? He's always been the better-looking one, I thought.

He droops his head down, looking into Renee's eyes. He drunkenly, aggressively French kisses her.

A nearby group of GUYS are dying laughing.

Renee suddenly stops, startled, realizing it's Matt, looking into his eyes... interested?

GUY IN POOL

(still laughing)

That's so fucked up.

PUSH IN ON MATT'S EYES- cunning.

END OF FLASHBACK.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

DON  
(wide eyes)  
Oh.

Don and Torrey exchange glances. Clay nods his head.

EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT

Clay parks, they all get out.

INT. COLLEGE COUNSELOR OFFICE - DAY

A COUNSELOR (30'S) sits at her desk, kindly looks across at Matt who sits, angrily protests, points at a paper in-hand.

MATT  
Literally makes zero sense! I've  
already earned these credits! Look  
it! I can graduate next year!

She calmly explains from behind her desk.

COUNSELOR  
I understand that you're angry, but  
there's nothing I can do. These  
credits will not transfer to your  
new major. My hands are tied.

EXT. BIG BLUE HOUSE - LAWN - DAY

Matt and Grayson sit at the picnic table - DEEP CONVERSATION.  
Grayson is growing agitated.

MATT  
That's what I'm saying though. It's  
not what happens, but it's how we  
react. If you continue to react  
like that, then he wins! See?

GRAYSON  
Yea, but dude, I found out you  
don't really know shit. My mom told  
me you didn't even graduate. I've  
literally been taking advice about  
my future from a fucking college  
drop out whose niece can't even  
keep my dick hard!

Matt leans back peering down at him, twisting his lips to the side. A BEAT. Is he about to snap?

INT. POLICE STATION - MAIN CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Torrey, Clay, and other cops sit, awaiting a presentation.

ANGLE. Near the front, Don sets up slides near a projector. Jim is nearby. Professional WOMAN (50), two MEN (40) nearby.

Jim walks over to Clay and Torrey, leans in.

JIM

Just a heads up, Matt may come in to clean squad cars soon. We really had it out again last night.

CLAY

Well we gotta give him a shot.

JIM

Ya know, he's got this grandiose idea that he can just go from rehab to being a police officer, and then make detective? I think Matt needs to adjust to real life a bit first.

EXT. BIG BLUE HOUSE - LAWN - SAME SEATING AND CONVERSATION.

MATT

You play your part and I'll play mine, ok? We both win here! Besides I can help if you listen! I've been there! ... Ok, I'll leave you with one last saying, last one.

He grins at Grayson, who grins back.

MATT (CONT'D)

"A man convinced against his will, is a man unconvinced still." Just remember that. And remember who you are, deep down, cause you're better than that shit, ok?

Grayson somberly looks up, nods in agreement. Success!

INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME

Don stands at the podium.

DON

We are joined today by FBI special agent Julia Udouj and her associates. They've been on the Burrow case since Florida, and due to a recent sighting, they've come to keep us up-to-date.

Don steps aside. Special Agent Udouj steps up.

UDOIJ

The first robbery was a First National bank in Ft Smith Arkansas.

ON PROJECTOR SCREEN - Mug shot of Burrow, RED TRUCK.

UDOIJ (CONT'D)

Six months later, they hit two more in Florida. This is after escaping with over two hundred thousand dollars, as well as leaving two employees dead. The only MO we can come up with, unfortunately, is that they hit quick and leave nothing.

(she flips a slide)

Now, we don't know much about Trey Burrow, or if that's even his real name, but we know he's six foot two, dark hair, and he has a razorback tattoo on his back.

Tone is serious. Clay pensively jots a note.

EXT. HEMP FIELD - DAY

ALEX NEIRLING (30)- a "spoon," proudly rides his horse, animated as he talks to his TWO FRIENDS (30), girl and guy-hippyish, riding alongside, also on horses.

They all have drinks in-hand. a GROUP of field workers ahead.

ANGLE. The SUN beats down on this group of FIELD WORKERS (Matt is in the back) who are clipping the hemp buds.

ALEX

Big fuckin' industrial-size dryer getting flown in from Denmark! I'm having it installed next month.

(to nearby worker)

Rodrigo my man! What's our output gonna be this week?

RODRIGO (50)- exhausted, looks up.

RODRIGO  
 Señor, should be same if not more.

ALEX  
 Calling me boss now, remember?

RODRIGO  
 Oh, siento señor jefe, JEFE ALEX.

Another WORKER nods to Alex, addressing him "Jefe Alex." Alex giggles to his friends, notices Matt, rides towards him.

ANGLE- Matt's POV. Alex covers his mouth talking quietly to his friends as they trot over to Matt. Matt's incensed at seeing Alex and his friends.

ALEX  
 Yo yo Matt! My man. We get you all set up out here?

MATT  
 Yea. I thought you said I wouldn't be working in the field. I never-

ALEX  
 -Just a few weeks, Mmk?

A quick silent BEAT. The female friend giggles, immediately quiets sensing TENSION. Matt stares with *FURY* in his eyes.

As they begin to go at it, we move to a LOW AERIAL VIEW, slowly pushing in and circling, as their argument heats up.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
 Don't glare at me. You and Frankie getting all fucked up on roxies was-

ALEX (CONT'D)  
 (laughing to his friends)  
 This kid locked himself outta our hotel suite one morning in Vegas and was literally calling me nonstop when I was at like, literally, the most important meeting of my life. Then he causes this huge scene when we got back and about gets everyone we were with arrested because he couldn't keep his mouth shut.

MATT  
 -You got us into that shit! Just like that hotel bill! Just like that hotel shit you still owe me money for! ... No! There's more to that story you piece of shit!  
 (to Alex's friends)  
 Hey, careful if you're ever going through his things. You may come across his FAKE PUSSY! No shit! A FAKE, PLASTIC PUSSY that he fucks when he gets lonely at night! True story! Sad but true.

PUSH IN ON BOTH, SEPARATELY: They really hate each other.

<p>ALEX (embarrassed, laughing) Yea yea just get back to work you little employee piece of shit. Fuck you!</p>	<p>MATT (CONT'D) (pointing at Alex) Ballad of a thin man! TELL THE NEIGHBORHOOD! <u>BALLAD OF A THIN MAN!</u></p>
--	---

END LOW AERIAL VIEW.

Alex's friends- wide-eyed. Matt's jaws clench hard as he glares at Alex and friends riding away, now laughing.

Matt looks at a COWORKER (16), pudgy- looking back at him.

MATT (CONT'D)  
What the fuck are you looking at?

The kid looks down, back to clipping.

INT. HERO'S BAR - NIGHT

Matt- depressed, sits at the busy Locals' Favourite. BARKEEP (30) listening to Matt's story.

BARKEEP  
Damn, so the "career" is out, huh?  
That sucks. What are you gonna do?

He refills Matt's shot glass with whiskey.

BARKEEP (CONT'D)  
Gotta be strong. Gotta *acclimate* to  
each and every moment. Here, this  
one's on me. Happy early birthday.  
(a quick beat)  
Your boy Nierling was here earlier.

Matt shoots it, eyes down, licking his lips, pensive.

MATT  
He's not my boy.

Matt glances around, now sees GABBY (25)- pretty brunette.

INT. POOL TABLE AREA - CONTINUOUS

Gabby sits with a drink in her hand. Matt approaches. She lights up seeing Matt, stands to hug him.

GABBY  
Matt Willis! Oh my gosh!

He touches her face. They sit, flirtatious and affectionate.

LATER

Same seats. Her feet now in his lap. They're vibing.

MATT

I mentioned this guy was a head  
hunter for WalMart and he looked at  
me like I was the idiot! He said,  
*Don't you mean Bounty Hunter?*

They both laugh hard at this story.

She looks devilishly drunk. Matt stands, takes her glass.

GABBY

Will you get me another?

MATT

I'll get you a water.

GABBY

Aw, are you gonna take care of me?

As he smiles back at her vulnerably, Alex slides into his seat, totally ignoring Matt, who is immediately infuriated.

ALEX

Gabby! Baby. Oh my God you so fine!

MATT

Hey Alex! Hey, you have any of that  
money you still owe me after I...

ALEX

(interrupting, to Matt)  
Yea hey Nick. Vodka tonic, thanks.

Matt's eyes are coming out of his head, he walks away.

INT. BAR - CONTINUOUS

Matt stands at the bar, anxiously turning back to see Gabby, who is happily chatting with Alex.

INT. POOL TABLE AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Alex and Gabby make out. Matt sets the water beside her. They notice his presence and stop. AWKWARD BEAT.

GABBY

Thank you.

ALEX

So Matt, you're gonna be at work on-time tomorrow morning, right?

(to Gabby)

We've been having some punctuality issues with our head guy here.

Funny, Matt used to be the guy growing up. Now it's his brother Clay who's getting all that good pussy. Ain't that right, Mattie?

Matt goes to respond but quickly quiets, defeated.

Alex is kissing Gabby- leaned back, allowing. She finally nudges him off, giggling with him.

GABBY

(to Matt)

So you are gonna finish school?

Alex leans his head back, out of Gabby's view, widens his eyes, and obnoxiously wags his tongue, taunting Matt.

GABBY (CONT'D)

I liked what you said earlier about the need for action outweighing the need for awareness. Action is...

Alex- uppity, leans into Gabby's face.

ALEX

Action? You want some action?

Gabby laughs as Alex aggressively leans in to make out. Matt has seen enough. He stands, frustrated.

ANGLE. Behind the bar, the barkeep and another EMPLOYEE (30's) watch solemnly as Matt makes his humiliating exit.

EXT. HERO'S BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Matt stands smoking a cigarette. A GUY (24) approaches.

GUY

Matt! Whoa! How the hell are ya?

Matt looks back jaded and angry, doesn't respond. The Guy is miffed, continues into the bar.

Alex exits, stands feet away from Matt, pulls out a smoke.

ALEX  
Hey, you got a light?

MATT  
Shut the fuck up! You still owe...

Alex lunges at Matt, slams his head into a brick wall, twice, then holds Matt in place gripping his adam's apple. Matt is off-balance and powerless, foaming with fury.

ALEX  
Oh yea? What the fuck do I owe you?

MATT  
I am gonna kill you mother fucker.

A new-model TRUCK pulls up. Alex pushes him down a 3-step staircase. Matt falls hard. Alex laughs getting in the truck.

EXT. CASINO - HOURS LATER

Matt exits- the wind knocked out of him. He slings his drink at the wall, teary eyed. He sees someone, hides, embarrassed.

EXT. STREET- IN FRONT OF CLAY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Cab drives away. Matt stares up at the two-story nest in awe.

INT. OPEN GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Slowly walking through the garage, shocked at how good Clay has it, Matt looks over a collection of photos, police awards and little league trophies that represent the 'good' in life that Clay has captured. Matt feels **inadequate, very jealous**.

Matt nervously knocks on the door.

Renee opens the door, disappointed. Paradoxically, Matt is immediately intoxicated with her aroma and presence.

RENEE  
Oh, hey Matt. Why didn't you use the front? Here, come in.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Upon entering, he passes by a dish of chips and salsa set out. He reaches for a chip but Renee blocks his hand.

RENEE

No. Matt. Cross contamination.  
 (shouting)  
 Clay! Your brother's here!

Matt darts a resentful look at Renee as she exits.

Sierra enters- excited, nervous about what she wants to ask.

SIERRA

Uncle Matt! Can you get me a bottle  
 of vodka if I give you money?

Matt- amused, shakes his head no. She's instantly upset.

SIERRA (CONT'D)

Wha? Why!? You did before!?

MATT

You're growing up so fast.

Matt gazes into Sierra's eyes. A grin barely breaks on his face. She smiles, frustratingly rolls her eyes. She exits.

He turns his focus to a picture on the fridge.

IN PICTURE- Clay nibbles on Renee's ear from behind.

Suddenly, Clay stands behind Matt.

CLAY

Yea, I caught her by surprise on  
 that one. I was gonna come get you.

MATT

Yea no I wanted to see the house. I  
 love it! Renee, I like your taste.

She smiles thinly.

INT. WILLIS HOME - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Marta sits, looks up as Matt and Clay enter the front door.

CLAY

Hey mom, I gotta get the boat key.

He exits into hallway. Matt steps forward. Slightly awkward.

MARTA

Hello Matthew. Happy birthday!

Marta's sincere attempt is painfully vapid. An awkward beat.

MARTA (CONT'D)

Ya know, I know you've always been resistant to this idea, but I just read that even just a few years of military experience...

MATT

(interrupting)  
Why would I wanna do that? What have I ever done to make you...

MARTA

(interrupting)  
Because you need structure!

Matt steps forward aggressively. Marta leans back, fearfully unsure of how far her son will go. He's slowly moving to her.

MATT

What I need is a supportive fucking family who helps me to succeed! I have trouble understanding why it is that you, MY MOTHER, are always the one making me feel alone and uninvited. It's like you just want me to go away. How am I supposed to react? I CAN'T BE CLAY!

Still moving towards her, Matt primitively growls low and angry- involuntary? Matt certainly has a dark side. Marta looks up, fearfully holds her hand up.

MARTA

Matt. I am your mother. Nobody wants more for you than I do. But, these last few years have been a struggle. You do know Mrs. Lavie called Dad last week, right? Yeah, we know how that ended.

EXT. BIG BLUE HOUSE - LAWN - DAY - FLASH IMAGE

Matt, in a rage, throws Grayson from the picnic table. Grayson, mid-air, is UPSIDE DOWN.

INT. WILLIS HOME - LIVING ROOM - SAME

MARTA

We've been fully supportive of your choice to move to California. We said it was a bad idea from the start, but we supported it.

(MORE)

MARTA (CONT'D)

We didn't say anything when you sold the car that we bought to help fund it, but Matt, dangit, now all-of-a-sudden, you want to ditch it all and you want Dad and Clay to put their reputations on the line to get you a job. And let's just think about your history here, Matt. Remember Gadget Grave? Yeah. Cole sold his business after that, and he still won't even talk to your dad because of all that shit.

(a beat)

And if not California, where are you gonna live? You're not welcome here forever, waking us up at four a.m. when you come home. No sir. We have a life too, ya know.

EXT. OLD WAREHOUSE - DAY

They park, get out. Matt sees Clay get a key from under a rock, open a side door, walk around to open the garage door.

CLAY

Be sure this door's cracked. Only way it opens is from the outside.

EXT. WOODS - SHORT WHILE LATER

They walk. Clay carries empty beer bottles, already buzzing.

CLAY

Yeah, no she is. She's the Mona Lisa of all hookers. I literally hold up my ring finger. She's even said, "freebie."

(looks at Matt)

Go get it daddio!

Matt giggles- embarrassed. He feels outdone by Clay.

EXT. OPEN FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Matt- impatient, stands with a gun in his hand as Clay, twenty feet ahead, sets three empty beer bottles on a rock.

MATT

Clay, I can shoot. This is stupid.

CLAY

If you're serious about Detective  
and all that, you have to be a dead  
shot.

Matt aims. We hear a *QUIET CLICK*- the safety's still on.

Clay walks over to turn the safety off for him. Matt fires  
two misses. He calmly collects himself to focus on his  
third shot- *BULLSEYE!* Matt's capable when he tries.

He hands the gun back to Clay.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Okay, always ensure the safety's on  
before you hand it back. They'll  
fuckin' ride your ass about that.

A long, strong *GUST OF WIND*. They wait for the wind to calm.

Clay shoots- hits a bottle, flips the safety, hands it back.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Here, try to hit it in one shot.

Matt carefully aims - *A BEAT* - He squeezes the trigger to  
shoot, but again, we hear a *QUIET CLICK*. Clay notices.

EXT. BOAT, LAKE - LATER

The sun beats down on the brothers in the boat, shirtless,  
drinking beer, fishing poles in-hand. The discussion is deep.  
They're both becoming drunk.

CLAY

The dog arrives next week. And,  
maybe he will be this game changer.  
I'm praying, but, Sierra's just...  
she has to grow up. She's not  
special, ya know? None of us are.  
She thinks the rules don't apply to  
her. That's the real problem.

Matt's eyeballs point directly at Clay. Clay looks back.

CLAY (CONT'D)

She thinks that just because she-

MATT

-Yeah but dude, hold on. I'm sorry.  
(a quick beat)  
Fuck that Clay. Fuck that.

CLAY

She needs more structure! She needs-

MATT

-Maybe she needs some support!  
Sierra has a debilitating disease  
that mak-

Clay begins to levitate, pointing at Matt, getting louder.

CLAY

-SEE THAT'S THE STUFF SHE DOESN'T  
NEED TO BE HEARING! If she really  
wants a normal life she has to try!

MATT

Fuck that! I'm not saying she  
doesn't have to try. You know I'm  
right!

CLAY

It's not about being right, Matt!

MATT

Yes it fucking is!

An awkward silence falls over the boat. Matt growls loudly.

After a very long beat, Clay seeks peace.

CLAY

She's missed you. I know you're  
aware... I've always been envious  
of your bond with Sierra. I just...  
(a quick beat)

MATT

She's trying to be an adult, let  
her! Let her know she's respected.  
Perception is reality.

CLAY

Yeah. Good point.

For a moment in time, Matt is respected like an adult.

CLAY (CONT'D)

God, I dunno, I just feel like my  
daughter and wife both fucking hate  
me. And Renee. There's just always  
tension. No matter what.

MATT

A sexless marriage will do that.  
Hey, what'd Uncle Sully used to  
say? ... "A man's gotta be a man  
when it's time to be a man."

Matt laughs. Clay gets pensive.

CLAY

We were eighteen when Sierra was  
born!

MATT

And you really didn't cheat on her?

CLAY

I've never cheated on Renee.

A BEAT. Matt breathes in deeply, seeks to lighten the mood.

MATT

So, Big Daddy Bill's still just  
guiding you into his fortune, huh?

Clay cackles a laugh, analyzing his fortunate life position.

CLAY

He told me, on our wedding night,  
he was all drunk, that he has a  
half million dollars tucked away  
that he'd forgotten about, and he  
offered to just give it to me. It  
was an old hedge fund, like six  
hundred thousand. Just forgot.

MATT

Goah, Big Daddy Bill... I bet your  
dumb ass turned it down.

Clay takes a big swig of beer.

CLAY

Yeah, you'd love Renee's dad. He  
likes whiskey just like you.

(a quick beat)

When I said no he said, "That's why  
the offer's always gonna be there."

Suddenly Matt's pole bends down. He stands to shakily reel  
the fish into the boat. He struggles pulling the hook out of  
the fish's mouth, stabilizing his balance.

He stares ahead CONFIDENTLY, gripping the fish.

EXT. BOAT, LAKE - LATER

Empty beer cans. The brothers are drunk. Clay is emotional.

CLAY

Torrey! The model officer, and he gets me involved in this fucked up situation! I'm at risk by knowing! And I was such an integral part to he and Jason adopting Paul, and I'm so close to them, it's just...

(a quick beat)

And even still today, if someone were to match up those reports...

He shakes his head bitterly, then notices Matt- pensive.

CLAY (CONT'D)

What are you thinking?

A beat. Matt begins to boil.

MATT

I'm thinking, what the fuck... what is your problem, man? Torrey's got a family. He's just trying to make it. It's drug money!

(a quick beat)

Same with me and same with Sierra. It's why your daughter hates you. Who are you to judge others for how they get by and survive in this fucked up world? Who the fuck are you?!

A long Beat. Clay- drunk, stares back, mean.

CLAY

I know you've been with Renee.

(a quick beat)

And look who she ended up with. Who's she married to.

(a beat)

I know you love my daughter. I know you think you could be a better dad but look who her father is...

Clay aggressively leans forward to drive home the point.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Not who looks like her dad but who her real dad is, huh? Yeah.

(a beat)

(MORE)

CLAY (CONT'D)

Okay let's get the fuck outta here.  
I regret doing this with you.

A BEAT. Matt's hurt, ashamed, now has **boiling anger**.

Clay tries to start the engine, but it won't turn over. He tries the key again and again to no avail. Matt hasn't moved, staring daggers into Clay's back.

CLAY (CONT'D)

Agh! That goddamn propeller!

MATT

You still haven't fixed that?

Clay routinely grabs a wrench, puts goggles on, jumps in the water. They've done this before. Matt tries to pocket his anger to help deal with the situation.

CLAY

Alright, ten full seconds.

MATT

Ten full seconds.

Clay goes underwater.

Matt counts softly out loud, at first, "one Mississippi two Mississippi," then in his head till ten. He turns the key, it still doesn't start. Clay comes back up.

CLAY

Ok, I've got it. Five full seconds.

Matt nods. Clay goes under. Matt impatiently bobs his head as he counts quietly, out-loud at first. His eyes are fixated.

MATT

One... two...

We suddenly PUSH IN CLOSER TO MATT'S FACE- his expression is CONTEMPLATING. He turns the key on the FOURTH count. The motor sounds slow at first but eventually kicks in.

A strong GUST OF WIND moves the boat forward.

The dreaded sound of something caught in the propeller shakes Matt to the core as blood fills the water around the boat.

Matt turns the engine off. Clay comes up thrashing in the water. He has a grotesque wound to his head.

Matt rushes to the back to pull a gasping Clay up and into his lap. Clay gargles blood in his hysteric state.

MATT (CONT'D)

OH NO! NO. NO! OH NO! NOOO! I'm so  
sorry. God what have I done. NOOOO!

Clay looks up, **DESPERATE PLEADING EYES**, clinging to his life.

Matt's traumatized. He stares at his phone: "911" is dialed.

His thumb rests on the "call" button. He's suddenly in a deep, dark contemplation. His wheels are turning.

Matt looks down away from his brother. His jaws clench.

A long, tense BEAT.

His hands suddenly shoot over to pinch Clay's nose and cover his mouth.

Clay fights but Matt keeps his leverage and squeezes with his might until his brother is dead. Matt keeps his head turned, lips pursed shut. He swallows hard, squeezes his eyes shut.

LATER

Matt still in the same position with Clay's body in his lap, head still down. He finally looks up with one last sniffle. He looks like a psychopath. He feels bad, but has no regrets.

EXT. WOODS - EVENING

The sun is going down as Matt digs a grave for his brother, whose body lies nearby next to a small fire. Matt's upper arm is bleeding and he uses a pair of tongs to pull a small pair of scissors from the fire.

Matt carefully and very painfully uses the tongs to press the hot scissors into his arm, trying to brand a 'B' onto his arm. He scoffs at how much messier his 'B' is.

The circular shapes of the scissor handles do form a "B" on his skin, but it's not working out like he planned.

He frantically studies the perfect "B" on Clay's arm, then touches his own. The two "B"s are different and he knows it.

Matt is a bloody mess.

LATER

Matt, sweaty and shirtless, climbs out of the deep hole he just dug, holding the zip-lock baggie full of ice to his arm.

He opens Clay's wallet, pulls out an OLD, TORN PHOTO of Clay and Renee lifting an EXUBERANT TODDLER SIERRA by each arm.

He then pulls out and stares at the police badge.

His face is stone as he pulls out a picture of himself, Clay, Mom, and Dad that Clay carefully kept in his wallet. He flips through Clay's cell phone, puts it in his pocket, then pulls off Clay's wedding ring and sits there holding it.

He puts the ring on his finger. It fits perfectly.

EXT. CLAY AND RENEE'S HOUSE - LATER

Matt's hair is now BUZZ CUT. He stands at the front door. He has the key in the lock, but he can hardly breathe.

He finally calms himself, turns the key, does the facial tic, and slowly enters.

INT. CLAY AND RENEE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Matt nervously moves forward and stops when he sees Renee lying in bed, asleep. Sweating copiously, he slowly moves towards her.

His eyes widen as he leans in, as if in a trance. He reaches for her face, almost touching her.

HIS FACE IS FROZEN IN HORROR- suddenly he pulls back, exits.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Matt nervously finds a couch to lay on, awake, terrified.

INT. CLAY AND RENEE'S HOUSE - MORNING

Matt awakes as Sierra brushes by on her way to the kitchen, half-dressed. Matt sits up, acutely aware, speechless.

SIERRA

Why'd you sleep on the couch, dad?  
Piss Mom off again?

MATT (AS CLAY)

Hey Sierra, oh, I didn't make it  
back till almost sunrise.

Sierra immediately stops, glares at Matt- looks away, doing his best to act like he doesn't feel the heat. He stands.

Renee, dressed, speedily walks past him towards the kitchen.

RENEE

Why'd you sleep on the couch Hun?

MATT (AS CLAY)

Oh uhh, I didn't wanna wake you.

RENEE

Um, ok? That's not weird. You okay?  
You sound like you have a cold.

MATT (AS CLAY)

Cold? Oh, no I was sucking in fumes  
from the boat all day yesterday.

Matt moves quickly into the master bedroom.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

He goes to the dresser, examining his face in the mirror. He spots Renee's sexy thong on the bureau, freezes.

RENEE (O.S.)

Clay you need to hurry. If Sierra's  
late again she gets a day of SDC!

Oh shit.

MATT (AS CLAY)

Oh uhm, I forgot, I can't take  
Sierra to school today. We've...

He is interrupted when Renee angrily enters the room.

RENEE

Clay, I'm late! Chic Fi Le's on the  
other side of town and they're the  
only place that makes a certified  
gluten free lunch that she can eat!

MATT (AS CLAY)

You're right, Honey. I'm sorry. I-

RENEE

-Just, fine, what's that street you  
like to take, to Sierra's school?

Matt's frozen for a LONG BEAT: he's a deer in headlights.

RENEE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna be late anyway. Fine,  
I'll just take her to Chic Fi Le.

Renee leaves in a huff with Sierra. Matt's relieved.  
He guiltily looks in the mirror- no turning back now.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Matt, dressed in Clay's police uniform, steps up to a mirror to look at himself. It's apparent how scared and unprepared he feels, but he sure looks the part.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM

Matt hides his trepidation well, enters and nods to Don, who sits behind the front counter and nods back.

Awkwardly looking around for Clay's desk, he spots a picture of Clay's family. He sits, searches through scattered papers on the desk, trying to figure out what he needs to know.

Suddenly, Jim is standing there. Matt feels the pressure and can hardly breathe, but the facial tic is on-point.

JIM

So how'd it go with Matt yesterday?

It's show time. This is the part Matt was born to play.

MATT (AS CLAY)

Hey Dad, oh you know Matt. I don't think he knows what his next move is. He called me at the airport so I know he made his flight, but he was also talking about some opportunity to go live in Asia or something, I dunno. You know Matt.

Jim looks down at his son with a stern face.

A long BEAT. Matt's eyes stay glued to the computer screen.

JIM

You alright?

A beat. Jim's expression grows suspicious.

Matt looks up and directly into his father's eyes.

MATT (AS CLAY)

Yeah, why?

JIM

All right, the JT Harper bank manager's on his way down here now. You and Torrey have a game plan?

Matt has no clue, but plays the part well.

MATT (AS CLAY)

Of course.

JIM

Good, remember, Burrow had to have contact with somebody inside. Don't give away what we know, but-

MATT (AS CLAY)

-Of course, of course.

Jim nods and walks away. Just as Matt feels relief, he hears Torrey nearby talking to another officer. Torrey appears.

TORREY

You ready? Interrogation time. How you wanna start this out?

Torrey stops for a beat and stares at Matt. Matt clenches his jaws in terror, doing his best to play Clay. Can Torrey tell?

OFFICER ANN WATERS (60's), grouchy, on the other side of the room, yells at Torrey impatiently, holding up a form.

OFFICER WATERS

Torrey! No! Sorry, come back. You have to sign this top part too.

Torrey impatiently flips around.

Matt feels immense pressure, hurries to a nearby bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

He rushes in, vomits in the sink. Leaned over in front of the mirror looking into his own eyes.

He pulls up his sleeve to look at the "B" on his arm. It doesn't pass the test and he knows it. He's in over his head.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He exits the bathroom, looking around. He sees a COP (40's) walking out of the conference room. Matt pulls out Clay's phone to act like he was just talking on it.

MATT (AS CLAY)  
 Okay. Thank you Principal Hobbs.  
 ("hangs up phone")  
 (to Cop)  
 Hey!

COP  
 Yea?

MATT (AS CLAY)  
 I just got a call from Sierra's  
 school. She's throwing up all over  
 the place and I can't find Torrey.  
 Will you tell him to go ahead  
 without me. I have to go.

COP  
 Uh. Yeah sure.

Matt ducks down so he's not seen, hurries out a nearby exit.

INT. CLAY AND RENEE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - SHORT WHILE LATER

As Matt studies a picture of Clay and Torrey showing off their 'B' arm tattoos in high school, he rubs a white cream around the branding on his arm. It doesn't seem to help.

He uses an oven mitt to pick up a butter knife that's laying in a candle's flame. He agonizingly brands his arm, inch by inch, in attempt to form the 'B' on his arm more like Clay's.

Matt's stoicism is downright creepy.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Matt watches their family vacation videos intently.

IN VIDEO: WE HEAR CLAY YELL OUT, "ALLO DADDIOOO."

INT. COMPUTER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Matt reads Clay's CASE FILES, searches on the internet, reading up on police procedures, protocol, etc.

INT. CLAY AND RENEE'S BEDROOM - LATER

While rummaging through Clay's dresser, Matt finds a police manual which he begins to read intently.

SERIES OF SHOTS

Matt stands in front of a mirror saying certain sentences over and over in Clay's voice (MOS).

He opens a book, "GLUTEN FREE FOR DUMMIES."

Matt brushes his teeth with vigor.

He practices Clay's walk and strut.

EXT. BACK YARD

Matt paces back and forth reading the police manual, furiously smoking a cigarette.

He stands on his toes to see over the fence- Renee pulls in the driveway.

He panics, hurries inside.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

He rushes in, flushes the cigarette down the toilet, sprays on cologne, pops a piece of gum.

EXT. FRONT WALKWAY

As Renee moves towards the front door, Matt opens it on his way out. He's careful not to get too close.

RENEE

Hey, where are you going?

MATT (AS CLAY)

Hey, I came home real quick to grab a bite to eat, but I still have some stuff to do at work. Bye.

Renee looks puzzled.

INT. CLAY'S TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

"DAD" calls on Clay's phone. Matt ignores it.

Matt aimlessly drives around town, crying: a lost, desperate soul trying to sort things out in his own head.

The CUP HOLDER contains both his and Clay's cell phones.

TIME PASSES AS THE SUN GOES DOWN

"DAD" calls on Matt's phone. He ignores it.

INT. HERO'S BAR - SHORT WHILE LATER

Matt enters wearing a hat, apprehensive, insecure. Barkeep behind bar. Matt's cold feet bring out his natural voice.

MATT

Hey, what's going on?

BARKEEP

Hey Matt, what can I get ya?

Matt's spotlighted. He freezes, takes off his hat, feigns a smile.

BARKEEP (CONT'D)

Oh hey Clay.

MATT (AS CLAY)

Wrong brother.

BARKEEP

Don't tell me I'm the first person to ever get y'all mixed up.

MATT (AS CLAY)

Oh no... you're not.

He clears his throat, takes a seat at the bar, boldly locking eyes with the bartender- oblivious.

MATT (AS CLAY) (CONT'D)

Gluten-free beer, please.

Barkeep eyes him. Clay knows the name of their gluten-free beer.

BARKEEP

That'd be one way of telling the difference. I've only seen Matt drink whiskey in here.

MATT (AS CLAY)

You know what, whiskey sounds good. Got any gluten-free whiskey? Matt just left town, not too sure when he'll be back. I guess I can drink one in his honor, eh?

LATER THAT NIGHT - A DIFFERENT BARTENDER IS WORKING

Matt leans back in his bar stool laughing hysterically, smoking a cigarette.

He pulls the old torn photo from Clay's wallet and hands it to the bartender.

BARTENDER

Oh wow. She is adorable. How old?

MATT (AS CLAY)

Sixteen now.

BARTENDER

How old in this pic?

An awkward BEAT. Matt has no idea.

MATT (AS CLAY)

Four.

Quick suspicious look from Bartender to Matt.

BARTENDER

Yeah well, they grow up fast. You gotta spoil em while you can.

Matt finishes his drink, sets it on the bar, looking down.

MATT (AS CLAY)

Yeah...

(he darts a nervous look)

Raising a girl's definitely a learning experience. I'm now an expert in many areas I never thought I'd be an expert in.

(he feigns a laugh)

Can I get another, please?

BARTENDER

You sure you don't need to get back home man? You've been here all night talking about your wife and sick daughter. It's past midnight.

MATT (AS CLAY)

I guess you're right. Duty calls. Careful what you wish for, right?

Matt winks, not ready to go, stands, pulls out Clay's wallet.

EXT. CLAY AND RENEE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Matt parks in the driveway. As he's getting out he remembers the gluten-free lifestyle that is now demanded of him, and hungrily gathers his fast food trash.

He stares down at the fast food trash and his cigarette pack that he holds. He gets very still and pensive.

INT. CLAY AND RENEE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Matt quietly enters, carefully moves to the kitchen.

He opens the trash can to hide his cigarettes and fast food trash well deep into the halfway filled trash bag.

INT. CLAY AND RENEE'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Matt enters, smiles upon seeing Renee in bed.

He rips his clothes off, gets in bed, kissing and licking on Renee- startled and unsuspecting. She kisses back aggressively, enjoying this uncharacteristic forwardness.

As he kisses her deeply, she suddenly sits up- shocked!

RENEE

Ugh! I taste cigarettes on your  
breath.

He instantly laughs. His imitation of Clay is on-point.

MATT (AS CLAY)

I went out with a few of the guys  
after work and Don bet me that I  
couldn't smoke a full cigarette.

He goes in for a kiss- blocked.

RENEE

Did you?

MATT (AS CLAY)

Oh. No. Four drags was all I could  
handle before I about threw up.

He sensually kisses her neck, makes his way below her waist. She gets ticklish, curls up giggling. He tries again and again but she refuses, becoming annoyed by his persistence.

He starts kissing her stomach, going upward trying to get into the missionary position, but she's turned off. No go.

MATT (CONT'D)  
What's wrong?

RENEE  
Not tonight, Clay.

MATT (AS CLAY)  
Aw come on Renee. You're my wife.

He tries again, much softer, but again she blocks him and turns away.

He tries to pull her shoulder for her to face him but she won't budge.

RENEE  
You're starting to piss me off!

MATT (AS CLAY)  
What did I do? All I want is to make love to my wife. I need you.

A long, tense beat. She sits up, angrily turns to him.

RENEE  
Just the fact that you'd say that to me after what I just confided in you last week actually enrages me.  
(she breathes deeply)  
Ya know what, why don't you go sleep on the fucking couch!  
Seriously.

He carefully, *resentfully* relocates to the living room- a frustration like he's never known. Welcome to marriage, Matt.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Hectic atmosphere. Many OFFICERS suit up for a raid.

Torrey puts on a bullet-proof vest and a 'SWAT' jacket. We follow him as he moves through the crowd towards Jim's office with a warrant in his hand.

INT. JIM'S OFFICE

Jim hangs up his phone as Torrey enters.

TORREY  
Done. Signed by Judge Justus Moll.

JIM  
Search warrant?

Torrey nods, ready to go.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

Matt enters, hung over and oblivious to what's going on.

TORREY  
Clay, you're late! Suit up! We got  
the green light on Arvid Bean!  
(to Don)  
Intel says there could be up to  
four more guys inside.

Matt is petrified, looking around for a way out.

EXT. LOW-END APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

In a single-file line, officers silently trot across a field.

FOUR OFFICERS separate and position themselves around a fire escape. Everybody else goes through a back door.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, STAIRWAY - CONTINUOUS

They quickly march up the stairs.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Taking position around a door, Matt is second in line, and ends up kneeled down right at the door. Don BANGS the door.

DON  
Arvid Bean! This is the Sebastian  
County Police! We have a warrant to  
search your apartment!... Open up!  
We know you're in there!

An OFFICER pulls out a door-breaching ram and hands it to Matt. A terrified Matt turns around and tries to hand it to a COP who's kneeled down behind him, but he gives it right back to Matt and impatiently pushes him back into position.

DON (CONT'D)  
I repeat, we have a warrant!

Don gives Matt a stern nod to 'go ahead.'

Matt licks his lips, stands up timidly gripping the ram, now paradoxically pumped like never-before, preparing to break the door down.

DON (CONT'D)

Last chance! Open the door, now!

Don nods again impatiently. Matt slings the ram as hard as he can, breaking through the door and he impulsively jumps in ahead to lead everyone in- **primal warrior shriek on his face.**

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Two GUYS run towards a hallway, quickly followed by cops, and another guy, ARVID BEAN (35), runs the opposite way.

Matt is closest to Bean's path and, in a rush of adrenaline, lunges forward tackling him to the ground, using his arms and legs to wrap him up.

Other cops quickly get there, taking full control.

INT. POLICE STATION - LOCKER ROOM - EVENING

After the raid, everyone's changing back into their clothes. Matt, still hasn't removed his undershirt, is laughing with the guys, feeling camaraderie.

A COP (40) stands next to Matt, rubs his hair.

COP

He wasn't getting by Clay's kung fu death grip, I knew that much!

OFFICER 2

(laughing)

Clay was like a flying squirrel turned MMA grappler!

MATT (AS CLAY)

Hey. Hey!... I want everyone to shut up and listen right now...

(holds everyone's attention for a beat)

That motherfucker wasn't going anywhere.

LAUGHTER erupts after Matt delivers this Oscar-worthy performance. Matt's elated.

INT. BANK - DAY

Matt enters. An attractive female TELLER (20's) smiles. He smiles back.

MATT (AS CLAY)  
Hi, I'd like to get a printout of  
all my banking activity for the  
last five years.

TELLER  
Okay, what's your name?

MATT (AS CLAY)  
Clay. Willis.

She lights up excitedly, slightly-intimidated.

TELLER  
Do you remember me? You helped me.  
I locked my keys in my car last  
year and you stayed with me until  
my mom got there.

He glows, attracted to her.

MATT (AS CLAY)  
Of course! I remember! I thought  
for sure you wouldn't remember me.

TELLER  
We talked forever. I was actually  
really scared about being alone on  
that side of... and you...  
(blushing, trails off)

MATT (AS CLAY)  
Ya know, I remember thinking, after  
we spoke ya know, just how awesome  
of a person you really are. I mean,  
the whole point of what you were  
talking about, just, it got me.

She recoils in embarrassment, unable to look up. He's full of himself, loving this effect. He becomes relaxed- sounds like himself again.

MATT (CONT'D)  
I dunno, I've always been a sucker  
for green eyes. Especially your  
shape.

She's so flattered, smitten by him. His words are working.

MATT (CONT'D)  
 They look like upside down  
 California eyes. Has anyone ever  
 told you that before?

Her nerves are wild as she finally looks up at him.

TELLER  
 Can I see your ID please?

MATT  
 Absolutely.

As he turns for his back pocket, he comes face-to-face with Sarah, who's looking back at a ghost. Matt whips back around to hand the teller his ID with now clenched jaws.

MATT (AS CLAY) (CONT'D)  
 Here ya go.

She walks away. He turns back around, "pleasantly surprised."

MATT (AS CLAY) (CONT'D)  
 Hey Sarah, long time no see, huh?  
 Have you talked to Matt lately? I  
 know you were like his best friend.  
 I can't even get him to call me  
 back...

He looks to Sarah. She silently stares back in awe.

The Teller returns with a stack of banking reports.

TELLER  
 Alright, these are for two thous...

MATT (AS CLAY)  
 (interrupting, grabbing)  
 Thank you, thank you. And...

He turns to exit, papers in-hand, makes eye contact with Sarah- shocked, wide-eyed watching Matt do his best.

MATT (AS CLAY) (CONT'D)  
 (to Teller)  
 You know who to call if you lock  
 your keys in your car again.

The Teller is confused, as is Sarah. Matt exits in a controlled manner, but his face shows the terror inside.

EXT. BANK - CONTINUOUS

He exits, curls around the corner, stops in place- pensive, waiting... then leaves.

INT. CLAY'S TRUCK PARKED IN CLAY'S DRIVEWAY - EVENING

The engine's off. SILENCE. Matt's eyes are closed as he sits.

EXT. CLAY AND RENEE'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY

As Matt approaches, the front door opens, BETTY (50), the service dog trainer, is exiting followed by an ecstatically thankful Renee and teary-eyed Sierra.

BACKGROUND- HICCUP, GOLDEN RETRIEVER DOG sits, wears a "SERVICE ANIMAL VEST."

BETTY

You'll be fine. Just remember his commands and, it's all about routine. Don't forget to calibrate him twice a month with gluten. Keep that PlayDoh in a zip-lock bag and just use that. It's full of wheat.

RENEE

We can't say thank you enough. This is life-changing.

(to Matt)

Hey Clay, this is Betty. She just taught us all things Hiccup, and how to get her to check food.

SIERRA

Yeah dad, Hiccup's amazing. I'm in love! He's gonna save my life.

MATT (AS CLAY)

I mean, I don't even know what to expect or say. This could be a game changer! Thank you, Betty.

Sierra, sobbing, gives Betty a big hug. Betty pats her head.

BETTY

That's what we're here for.

INT. KITCHEN - DINNER TABLE - EVENING

Matt sits eating while Renee and Sierra direct Hiccup to sniff a clear zip-lock bag with plato inside- Hiccup paws at it. He then sniffs Sierra's plate of food and turns his nose away. Renee and Sierra jump up and down with joy.

Matt isn't feeling so hot, but does his best to joyously celebrate, paradoxically avoiding eye contact while still genuinely excited and hopeful about the dog's abilities.

LATER - They sit eating. Sierra's staring right at Matt.

RENEE

You feeling all right Dear?

MATT (AS CLAY)

Yeah, why?

RENEE

I don't know. You just seem sick or something.

MATT (AS CLAY)

No, I've just been ultra stressed.

Sierra zeros her eyes in on Matt- unsure, statue of anxiety.

A long BEAT. Sierra's stare is palpable. Does she know? Finally, Matt turns his slightly-raised eyebrows towards her.

SIERRA

(unbalanced teenager)

Why can't I go see my boyfriend! He needs Hiccup just as much as I do!

RENEE

Sierra! Not tonight.

SIERRA

Me and Grayson are in love! You guys don't fucking listen! Dad professes fairness and justice to all! But at home he fucking-

RENEE

-Stop! You can't talk to us like-

SIERRA

-Oh, but he can decide who I'm allowed to-

MATT (AS CLAY)  
 (authoritative)  
 -Sierra!... that's enough.

SIERRA  
 So unfair! I fucking hate you!

MATT (AS CLAY)  
 Sierra, we are your parents. We do  
 a lot for you and I for one think  
 we're quite deserving of your  
 respect.

Sierra suddenly changes her entire demeanor as she stares at Matt with a look of taken-aback shock. She can't believe it.

Matt keeps his stern pose and look, but underneath he's terrified. He senses that Sierra sees through his act.

A terrifying BEAT.

Sierra looks to her mom but can tell she isn't aware, then quietly moves towards her room.

Renee, totally oblivious, looks at Matt mundanely.

RENEE  
 Well so much for never going to  
 sleep angry at one another.

MATT (AS CLAY)  
 Right?

A beat. Renee stands. Matt's tight-lipped, eyes down as he rises, collecting plates and cleaning up.

INT. SIERRA'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Sierra sits on her bed playing MUSIC on her laptop. Matt (as Clay) enters. Sierra's immediately tense and fearful as he softly moves around her room. Hiccup sits near her.

MATT (AS CLAY)  
 Hey Sierra... I just wanted to  
 clear up any confusion about this  
 rule against you seeing Grayson.  
 Now, this isn't a forever thing,  
 but your mother and I are worried-

SIERRA  
 -whoa whoa... now what about you  
 and my mom? You and my mom are  
worried? Really?

Sierra defiantly **furrows her brow** as Matt sits on her bed, begins to pet Hiccup harder and harder.

Another terrifying BEAT. Matt's fully aware, makes decision. His voice and impression of Clay stay perfectly convincing.

MATT (AS CLAY)

That's exactly what I'm saying.

(a quick beat)

Ya see, because your life  
inexperience hinders you from  
understanding certain things about  
people or why someone may do or not  
do something... yes. I'm not trying  
to scare you, but I want you to be  
aware, it's the sorta thing that  
could put you in *real, real danger*.

A beat. His look is piercing. Sierra looks back with wide, unsure eyes. He's petting Hiccup purposefully very hard.

She feels the threat, but isn't totally sure who she's looking at or what the hell's going on.

MATT (AS CLAY) (CONT'D)

I just want you to be careful. I  
mean, I'd never forgive myself if  
something horrible happened.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

He exits Sierra's room, sighs deeply, anxious and exposed.

INT. CLAY AND RENEE'S BEDROOM

He enters, stops, standing oddly as he watches Renee undress for bed. She's beautiful but he's restless in his place.

MATT (AS CLAY)

Yeah I don't think she's forgiving  
me before going to sleep tonight.

RENEE

Oh you think so, huh?

He walks around, undresses, gets in bed cautiously.

INT. SIERRA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sierra still sitting on her bed, totally bewildered.

She lifts her phone to call someone, pauses, deeper into thought and self doubt. She's completely flabbergasted, and even more so totally confused. She doesn't believe her gut.

INT. CLAY AND RENEE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Renee straddles him, kisses his neck. Matt instinctively flips her over, pulling her pants off, kissing up her leg. She giggles, surprised.

RENEE

What are you doing?

He stops, his breathing slows, in deep thought. He rolls over on his back.

MATT (AS CLAY)

I can't.

RENEE

What's wrong?

MATT (AS CLAY)

I can't, I'm sorry. I uh...

RENEE

What the hell's going on, Clay?

A beat.

RENEE (CONT'D)

Oh my God. You're having an affair, aren't you?

MATT (AS CLAY)

No! Renee? Absolutely not. That's crazy! I would never cheat on you.

She sits up taken aback, hurt by what he just said. A BEAT.

RENEE

The only other time we've had trouble like this, you were having an affair. And now, you've been acting so different lately.

Her lip quivers and she begins to cry. Matt had no idea about Clay's affair. He responds carefully.

MATT (AS CLAY)

I'm not cheating on you. I swear to God there's no other woman in my life, except maybe Sierra.

He appropriately chuckles. She softens, totally unsuspecting.

RENEE  
You promise?

MATT (AS CLAY)  
It's my work. I swear it's my work.

Renee, with a sexy smile spreading across her face, reaches under the covers to Matt's crotch. He tries his best to go for it and kiss back, gropes her. He's terrified, impotent.

She aggressively pulls herself on top, kissing on his neck.

FLASH BACK: Clay's mutilated body floats to the top of the water. END OF FLASH BACK.

He can't even breathe now.

FLASH BACK: Clay hauntingly stands looking straight at him. END OF FLASH BACK.

She kisses his mouth, but Matt is too petrified to kiss back.

He sits up, away from Renee, sweating, his heart racing.

MATT (AS CLAY) (CONT'D)  
I can't. I'm sorry. Not tonight.

RENEE  
(frustrated, angry)  
What? I thought Dr. Boatright gave you that medicine!

This is news to him.

RENEE (CONT'D)  
We talked about this Clay. We're not gonna let it "dictate our sex life." Remember? God damn Clay!

A beat.

MATT (AS CLAY)  
(pointedly)  
Don't worry, it won't. I promise.

He rolls over, facing away. She turns off the light.

PUSH IN- MATT'S FACE- SHEER TERROR. NIGHT TURNS TO DAY.

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Matt is at Clay's computer reading up on police dispatch codes and what they mean, looks at a map of Clay and Torrey's assigned area to patrol, reads through Burrow's case file. Matt fidgets and sweats, he's feigning hard for a cigarette.

Torrey approaches. Matt quickly exits out of everything.

TORREY

Officer Willis, coming to work early now, huh? You ready?

Matt gets up, grabs Clay's police jacket. They move to exit.

MATT (AS CLAY)

Why don't you drive today.

They walk by Officer Ann Water's desk on their way out. She openly gives Torrey a mean look.

INT. POLICE CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Torrey is driving as Matt rides shotgun. No one is saying anything. It is already slightly awkward.

TORREY

Ok, now I know you saw that.

Matt freezes- totally clueless. Torrey waits for 'Clay' to respond. Matt focuses.

MATT (AS CLAY)

I did. But, now why do you think...

Torrey throws his head back in playful disbelief.

TORREY

Agh! I know you saw that! I can't believe you're still defending her! I'm the only person she consistently acts like that towards and you're gonna tell me it has nothing to do with me also being the only gay black officer here.

MATT (CAREFULLY)

Well, I do believe in innocent ignorance. She's just ignorant.

He eyes Torrey, sees he's buying it.

TORREY

Eh, the innocence goes out the window when you refuse to allow enlightenment and she... ok ok next subject...

(a quick beat)

Anyway, what I wanna know is what's up with Matt? I thought he was coming on?

It's "overwhelming" for "Clay" to even think about "Matt."

MATT (AS CLAY)

Agh, Jesus man who knows. I've learned to just not be surprised by what he does. Mom bought a plane ticket for him to go to California for some job opportunity, so we know he has that, but when we went fishing, he was talking about wanting to go live in China or some shit. I dunno. Again, nothing would surprise me.

They're pulling up to a street corner featuring 4 HOOKERS.

TORREY

Game time.

EXT. STREET CORNER - CONTINUOUS

Victoria cat walks over. Matt's jaw drops. He's in awe.

VICTORIA

Hi daddy, I knew you'd be back. I'm out here each night waiting on you.

Matt is wide-eyed. He can't help but turn around and flash a shit-eating grin at Torrey, who suddenly has a confused look on his face. Matt realizes he's slipping up, clears his throat, holds up his ring finger.

MATT (AS CLAY)

I have a wife. Now...

(awkward beat)

What do you have to tell me?

Torrey doesn't fully understand Clay's approach.

VICTORIA

About what?

MATT (AS CLAY)  
 (confident)  
 You know what I'm talking about.

She purses her lips, looks him up and down, takes a long drag on her cigarette while looking all-around.

VICTORIA  
 Well...

Suddenly, a CAR ALARM SOUNDS 100 feet ahead- 2 KIDS (16)- one skinny, one stocky, run away.

Torrey immediately flips on the siren, aggressively accelerates to catch up with the young crooks, pulls up onto the sidewalk to cut them off.

The skinny kid splits off down an alley. Torrey gets out to rush after him. Matt instinctively gets out to head off the stocky kid, now ten feet away.

Matt struggles to get his gun out of its holster, points it. Matt's so panicked and into the moment that his own voice comes out.

MATT (AS MATT)  
 HEY! STOP! FREEZE!

The kid instantly surrenders. Matt, crouched, still pointing the gun, approaches to push the kid to a nearby brick wall.

MATT (AS CLAY) (CONT'D)  
 Ok, put your hands on the wall.

The kid clenches his jaws as he raises his hands to the wall, pissed that he's caught.

Matt, shaky and unsure, fumbles getting the handcuffs free, finally does and drops them.

The kid glances back as Matt bends down to pick up the handcuffs. Sensing opportunity, the Kid explodes into an escape.

Matt immediately grabs his shirt, pathetically attempting to pull the kid down. The kid literally drags Matt as he runs, smashes his palm into Matt's face. Matt lets out a desperate groan as he tries as hard as he can to pull him down.

The kid finally pushes Matt completely off. Matt springs up in pursuit, struggling to pull his gun out, finally slows as the kid gets further away, glancing back as he runs.

Matt, now beet-red face, turns to rush back.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Torrey has the skinny kid face down on the ground as he puts handcuffs on him, kneeling on his back, looks up at Matt.

TORREY  
(surprised)  
What happened?

MATT (AS CLAY)  
(out-of-breath)  
Oh, a car pulled up. It musta been  
someone he knew, and he jumped in  
and they sped away.

TORREY  
Did you get the license plate?

A quick beat. Matt's speechless. He pants hard, exaggerating.

MATT (AS CLAY)  
Oh. Yea, it was six, five, nine, V,  
X, two. Uh. I think that's it.

Matt, hands on his hips, looks all-around, avoiding eye contact. Torrey looks at Matt, bewildered.

INT. CLAY AND RENEE'S HOUSE - FOYER - NIGHT

Matt enters, home from work.

ANGLE. Renee silently sits on a couch in the living room, facing away. Matt senses rancor.

He puts his keys on a side table, cautiously proceeds.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MATT (AS CLAY)  
Hey Honey.

He carefully moves forward, tenses up seeing his fast food trash and cigarette pack lay on the table in front of her.

RENEE  
Guess what Hiccup found in our  
garbage can outside.  
(a quick beat)  
How long have you been eating  
gluten... and smoking fucking  
cigarettes?... Behind my back!

She stands, turns, brushes past him. He follows.

MATT (AS CLAY)  
Ok. I don't smoke cigarettes. You-

RENEE  
-How the hell can you say that?!

She's hurt.

RENEE (CONT'D)  
Clay... we've grown so much  
together learning Sierra's Celiac  
disease and to now know that you  
can just...

MATT (AS CLAY)  
Renee, come on. You know who I am.  
The cigarette pack was a one time  
deal... that I blame on Donny...

He fittingly laughs. Renee's turned away, cracks a smile.

MATT (AS CLAY) (CONT'D)  
And that was Matt's food. Okay? I  
didn't even see that I'd  
accidentally brought it in the  
house, and I was already in a rush,  
so I just hid it in the trash. I'm  
sorry. Okay? I'm sorry.

He kisses her cheek from behind. He begins moving up to her ear and he tries to give it a nibble like Clay used to, but she separates, turns, shoves the cigarettes into his chest.

RENEE  
You're full of shit.

She exits. He snatches keys off the counter, happy to escape.

INT. HERO'S BAR - LATER

The bar's empty, except Matt, who sits finishing off another whiskey while talking with Barkeep, smoking a cigarette.

MATT (AS CLAY)  
Things like tonight, just a stupid  
little fight over gluten on my  
breath and because I bought a pack  
of cigarettes. And I even told her  
it was all just a stupid bet!

He sets his empty glass down. Barkeep refills it.

BARKEEP  
Can't live with 'em, can't live  
without 'em.

MATT (AS CLAY)  
Amen to that brother.

He eyes the cigarette he's smoking.

MATT (AS CLAY) (CONT'D)  
Guess I'm gonna have to learn how  
to live without these. I've made  
promises.

(looks up at Barkeep)  
And apparently it's good for my  
health to not break em.

He laughs. Barkeep smiles.

BARKEEP  
Broken promise equals blue balls in  
my house.

MATT (AS CLAY)  
Right?

BARKEEP  
Make up sex is always nice though.  
Oo I bet you know how to use those  
handcuffs.

MATT (AS CLAY)  
Right?

BARKEEP  
Just talking about it makes me  
wanna go start a fight with my ole  
lady. She loves it when I suck her  
on her big toe and then smack her  
right on that fat ass!  
(laughing)  
You know what I mean?

Matt thinks, finishes off his whiskey, stands, ready to go.

MATT (AS CLAY)  
Oh I know just what ya mean.

EXT. STREET CORNER - SILENT

Relaxed by the booze, Matt slowly cruises by, window down.

FROM A DISTANCE - Victoria walks to the car. We hear laughter as they talk. She speedily walks around to get in the car.

EXT. WAREHOUSE PARKING LOT

Matt speedily pulls into a parking spot.

Victoria hops over to straddle him as they go at it.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Opening the door, he's careful to prop it open. He carries her- now straddling him, to a table, sets her down. She aggressively kisses him. Then, he becomes the aggressor kissing and groping all over her body, virgin-like.

He rips her clothes off.

She pushes him back with her feet, staring at him with **PREDATOR EYES**. She then slowly pulls off her PINK PANTIES, leans up and shoves them in his mouth and slaps him HARD.

She pulls him onto the table then flips him on his back, straddling him, unbuckles his belt while pressing her thumb hard into his adams apple.

She takes her pink panties from his mouth and puts them in his shirt pocket.

She helps him take off his shirt and pants in a hurry, kissing down his stomach.

She suddenly pauses, looks up, noticing something on his bare body. PUSH IN TO HER FACE: totally **BEWILDERED AND PUZZLED**, then she dismisses the thought, back to kissing his stomach.

He looks up in awe.

INT. CLAY AND RENEE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Matt wakes up anxious, as usual, hears Renee and Sierra in the kitchen. Looking up, he takes a big, deep breath.

He stretches out on his back across the empty bed gathering his senses, closes his eyes- something clicks in his head.

A grin spreads across his face. He feels ready for the day.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Renee makes a fruit smoothie. Sierra sits on the counter nearby. She darts a distrusting eye at Matt as he waltzes in wearing Clay's robe, kisses Renee (she doesn't kiss back), touches Sierra's head, sits on a bar stool, crosses his legs.

MATT (AS CLAY)

Good morning, family. What's the plan for today?

RENEE

Believe it or not, Sierra volunteered to help me prep my classroom today, so...

Matt darts a quick, paranoid, borderline menacing look at Sierra- stares back at him defiantly.

Renee puts the final touches on a smoothie, pours milk into the blender. Matt looks at his phone.

Sierra's stare is palpable. Matt does his best to ignore her.

As Renee walks by with the blender in-hand, Matt impulsively wraps Renee and Sierra into each arm, positions his phone to take an impromptu HAPPY FAMILY PHOTO... FLASH!

IN PICTURE- Matt's all-teeth, Renee obliviously half grins, Sierra stares directly at Matt.

There's a KNOCK at the front door.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Matt answers the door - BIG DADDY BILL (60's), big & boisterous, all smiles. Matt smiles back, waves him in.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

MATT (AS CLAY)

Here, make yourself comfortable.  
Can I get you anything to drink?

RENEE

Hey Dad, Sierra and I are just about to head up to school. How long ya stayin? I don't wanna leave-

BIG DADDY BILL

-Oh I was just in the area and thought I'd swing by.

MATT (AS CLAY)  
 Great to see you.  
 (to Renee)  
 We'll be ok. Us men are quite  
 capable.  
 (chuckles to Bill)  
 Can I get you a drink?

Renee gives Matt a tight-lip grin as her and Sierra exit.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

MATT (AS CLAY)  
 So Bill, can I get you anything? I  
 just got some whiskey.

As Matt gets the hidden bottle, he looks up to see Bill  
 looking back- aggressive, suspicious, offended?

BIG DADDY BILL  
 Water, please.

Quickly puts the whiskey back, goes for two bottles of water  
 as Bill guffaws.

BIG DADDY BILL (CONT'D)  
 I love messin' with you. It's noon  
 somewhere, right? Don't make me  
 beg.

Matt excitedly jumps up, pours 2 WHISKEYS, returns.

LATER

The men are buzzing. Big Daddy Bill slaps his knee in  
 laughter, having a good ole time with his son-in-law.

BIG DADDY BILL (CONT'D)  
 So you've got some big news, eh?

MATT (AS CLAY)  
 Well, it was actually a dream I've  
 had in my mind off and on since I  
 was a kid. I haven't thought about  
 it in years, but, well the basic  
 idea would be a gluten-free  
 restaurant. Now, I know, the  
 restaurant business is the worst to  
 get into, but, I mean, with the  
 right connections... Dad, Bill, Big  
 Daddy Bill...  
 (appropriate chuckle)  
 (MORE)

MATT (AS CLAY) (CONT'D)

I wanna start a family business that involves and includes my family, and I want you to be in it from the ground up. Now, I know you've offered me...

BIG DADDY BILL

(interrupting, hand up)  
Clay, Clay. Please son, say no more. What is having money if I can't use it to help my family?

Matt smiles.

INT. POLICE STATION - LOCKER ROOM - DAYS LATER

Torrey sits on a bench in front of his open locker. Matt (wearing T shirt- odd) stands in his underwear nearby in the bathroom grooming himself. Few other COPS on their way out.

TORREY

And hey, I completely forgot, Jason's parents are coming in this weekend. Any way you could cover my Saturday night patrol shift?

Matt leans from the bathroom with shaving cream on his face- comical smile. He's getting awfully comfortable.

MATT (AS CLAY)

In-laws, eh?  
(sharply sarcastic)  
That sounds like a ball.

Torrey eyes him, confused, then vaguely suspicious.

TORREY

What's that supposed to mean? I told you his mom has been diagnosed with pancreatic cancer.

Matt moves quickly to his locker, ready to leave.

MATT (AS CLAY)

(rattled)  
Oh no, my bad. I was just...  
(he trails off)  
My mind's all over the place today.

Torrey snags a POLICE Tee from his locker, tosses it to Matt.

TORREY

Will you try this on real quick? I  
wanna see how it looks from the  
front before we make the lot.

Matt flinches, tosses it back- chuckling. He's itching and sweating and feigning hard for a cigarette.

MATT (AS CLAY)

I don't have time to be your model,  
bro- I'm already late to see Renee.

TORREY

Aw c'mon...

He tosses the shirt back to Matt. A BEAT. Matt takes his shirt off, careful to show his 'B' for a second before slipping the shirt on. Torrey grabs at Matt's shirt sleeve.

TORREY (CONT'D)

Hey what's up with your B?

Matt's skiddish. He rubs it with his hand, "ashamed," quickly throws his shirt on.

MATT (AS CLAY)

I hope this doesn't bother you, but  
I'm gonna have it removed.

TORREY

What?!

MATT (AS CLAY)

A little embarrassing, no? To still  
have a B for brotherhood that I  
branded into my arm in jr high?

Torrey- suddenly pensive. Matt- anxious.

INT. CLAY AND RENEE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - LATER

Matt enters from the garage, hears Renee talking on the phone in their room. He carefully proceeds towards the sound of her loud, whispering voice.

EXT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room door is cracked. Matt stands there listening. Renee sounds very buzzed.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Renee, on the phone, sits at the edge of her bed. An almost-empty wine bottle is next to her on a night stand.

RENEE (ON PHONE)

I know, but what am I supposed to think? And this is the longest we've ever gone without having sex!

Matt peers into the bedroom from behind.

RENEE (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

I feel like I'm going crazy just thinking about it. I told you I tasted gluten on his breath about a month ago. Oh, I know. He's the best and he takes it all so seriously but ever since then, he doesn't eat the same food, he's drinking whiskey, he's smoking fucking cigarettes. It's almost like he's a different person... Yes, behind my back!

(a beat)

Yea, I know I know. I'm just being paranoid, but first, what Sierra said, and now...

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Matt carefully steps backwards to the door in the kitchen.

He thinks for a moment, opens and shuts the door loudly as if he just arrived home.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Renee quickly changes her expression as Matt enters.

RENEE

Ok, I'll talk to you later. Bye.

She hangs up and turns around. Matt, carelessly still holding HIS PHONE, walks over to set his things down on a night stand.

He goes to her in the most seductive way that he can (better than Matt ever could before), takes her wine glass, places it on the night stand, caresses her face.

MATT (AS CLAY)

Listen. I've been having some issues. Just mental stuff. I know I haven't been all there for you lately, and, I've missed you. I need you. Look at me.

She's very tipsy, looks up and into his eyes.

MATT (AS CLAY) (CONT'D)

I love you.

He gently pulls her up and they kiss passionately. They fall back onto the bed getting more and more intense.

CAMERA stays on her face as he kisses down her body. Her eyes widen and she cups her mouth in surprise.

RENEE

Ohf!

She looks down at him.

RENEE (CONT'D)

Baby!? You're...

He looks back up at her with a forward aggression. He forcefully flips her around. A devious look on his face. She's loving this new experience.

Panning from the bedroom - Matt growls. A shocked, happy YELP that turns into a loud MOAN of pleasure from Renee.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Matt- naked, gets out of the bed and walks to the bathroom.

SHOT- BIG CRUCIFIX ON WALL BEHIND, OVER RENEE.

Renee- sitting up in bed, her hair is wild and she's twirling it as her eyes are locked onto Matt. She's in very deep thought, contemplating. What's she thinking? Does she know?

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

He sets Clay's phone on a shelf. Music plays from it.

INT. SHOWER

Standing in the hot water, Matt's face shows sociopathy.

He's looking down in deep thought when a sudden, sharp look of conviction washes over him.

He starts singing with the music, quietly to himself- teary eyes looking down, then up.

He gets louder and louder, sounding like his true self again. He seems to be having a *transformation* to a more-primal, emotionless self.

MATT

A change has got to come, oh yes it  
will. It's been a looong, a long  
time comin...

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Renee, sitting up in bed hearing Matt, totally confused. This bizarre behavior has Renee clearly unnerved.

MATT (O.S.)

(full-out singing)  
But I knooowww a change is gonna  
come, YES IT WILL...!

INT. SHOWER - CONTINUOUS

PUSH IN on Matt's eyes- determination, fury, desperation.

INT. CLAY'S TRUCK - LATER

Matt drives. He and Renee are nicely dressed.

RENEE

I don't think it's particularly  
serious but she's growing away from  
us.

MATT (AS CLAY)

Ya know, Matt gave me some good  
advice when I asked him. Ya know,  
he and Sierra have always been  
little buddies but he said-

RENEE

-Funny you bring him up. Sierra  
came to me yesterday and said she  
thinks that you're not her dad.

She cackles a laugh at the idea. Matt's immediately thrown into extreme paranoia, trepidation. He laughs awkwardly.

Her head turns to Matt. She studies him.

MATT (AS CLAY)  
What do you mean?

RENEE  
She says that she thinks that  
you're Matt.

Matt guffaws, widened eyes in "shock." His act is on-point.

She's still studying him, shakes off the suspicion. Is she being willfully ignorant? Or, is this her preference?

RENEE (CONT'D)  
She's clearly trying to manipulate  
something or, but yea, she got real  
teary and dramatic like she gets.

Matt's mind is in a spin of emotion, fear and loathing. He slowly chews his gum, stone-still as he drives, pulls into a gas station.

EXT. GAS STATION - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

Matt stands next to the pump as it fuels Clay's truck. He takes a deep breath- filled to the brim with anxiety, he looks down to see a WASP softly land on the gas pump handle.

He looks toward the gas station building - THROUGH A WINDOW - a CLERK checks out a line of CUSTOMERS.

He then stares through Clay's back truck window at Renee who sits obliviously in the passenger seat.

His stone-cold gaze now moves down to the WASP on the gas pump handle.

His eyes are set... He calmly spits his gum onto his thumb, slowly moving his thumb towards the wasp (en route to smash the wasp with the gum), he consciously flicks the gum.

His thumb continues down (painful-to-watch) and smashes the wasp onto the handle- it STINGS Matt's thumb.

He barely lets out the intensely clenched breath as his eyes are fixated into the abyss and watery red, jaws fully clenched. He focuses on the pain he's taking in.

PUSH IN ON FURY IN MATT'S EYES: *transformation* complete.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

They sit quietly looking at menus. A WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS

Hi, what can I get you to drink?

RENEE

I'll have a sweet tea, please.

MATT (AS CLAY)

(nonchalant)

Seven and seven.

The waitress walks away.

RENEE

Seven and Seven? I don't like these changes I'm seeing in you lately.

(a quick beat)

Well, not *all* of them anyway.

She giggles, glances up at him.

MATT (AS CLAY)

(eyes glued to the menu)

Yea well, I suppose we're all bound to change somewhat over a lifetime, am I right?

She looks at him. His eyes stay on the menu.

RENEE

What's that supposed to mean?

A quick beat- he looks up at her, comfortably clears his throat.

Is he getting too comfortable? His boldness justifies the capriciousness. He has a concise plan to masterfully execute.

MATT (AS CLAY)

Ya know, I've been thinking. What would you think about moving? Like maybe out to the coast or something?

RENEE

Why would we want to do that?

MATT (AS CLAY)

Well, hypothetically, I feel like a change might be good.

(MORE)

MATT (AS CLAY) (CONT'D)

I mean, there's a part of me that doesn't even wanna be a cop anymore. I have to be honest. I feel like I'm finally kinda getting a chance to be the real me. Ya know? The me that I've always wanted to be since I was a little kid. You know what I mean?

A beat.

RENEE

What would we do for money?

MATT (AS CLAY)

Back in high school, me and Matt got an A on this project in Business Law. We did the forecast expenditure and a full business plan for a restaurant.

RENEE

A restaurant?

MATT (AS CLAY)

(getting excited)

Think about it, we'd literally eat lobster every day, and we'd have live music, and a cool little light show in the entryway...

RENEE

What?

She looks at him differently. Matt's unaware.

MATT (AS CLAY)

Yea, and think about this. Now just keep an open mind but a rock climbing wall inside...

RENEE

What?

MATT (AS CLAY)

It would be our thing. We'd be that restaurant that sticks out, ya know? Kids would love it! It'd promote health and fitness, which is really big right now, and you could get your whole meal paid for.

RENEE

How?

MATT (AS CLAY)

OK so there'd be three sides to it: beginner, intermediate, and expert. And if you climbed to the top of the expert side, you'd get your whole party's meal for free. Matt already put the pencil to it and everything. We did it as a project in business law class and got an 'A.' The teacher loved it. And with you helping out, we'd have the cutest hostess in town.

He smiles pathetically.

MATT (AS CLAY) (CONT'D)

We'd be that place that really sticks out in your mind, you know?  
(a beat)  
You know?

RENEE

It's just weird Clay. Sorry - I - dunno what even more to say.

She looks down. Matt looks at her- resentful, discouraged.

Renee seems frozen, head still down. Matt's eyes flicker with fury.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Victoria lays on her stomach on the bed, naked, smoking a cigarette as Matt- shirtless, slowly kisses down her back.

MATT

God, you're amazing. So, why stay with someone who does that?

VICTORIA

Who, my boyfriend?  
(she rolls her eyes)  
Well, you know.

He reaches up to take a drag from her cigarette, lies next to her, looking into her eyes. Empty beer bottles everywhere.

MATT

I'm telling you, you're so much better than that. If you wanted...

VICTORIA  
(interrupting)  
Yeayeayea, so anyway, what about  
this restaurant idea you were  
telling me about? You're gonna have  
a rock wall for kids to climb on?

MATT  
Well no, it wouldn't be rock but  
it'd be like a climbing wall, and  
there'd be the expert side, right?  
And if you climbed to the top, your  
whole party'd get a free meal. You  
could even be my hostess.

She can't help but grin- flattered by his genuine desire to  
partner with her.

VICTORIA  
It's not a bad idea, really. I mean  
it's a unique thing that would set  
you apart.

MATT  
Exactly. You can help me with it.  
We could call it 'Victoria's Wall.'

VICTORIA  
(giggling, blushing)  
Yea right.

MATT  
I'm serious.

They look at each other. Matt's really falling for her.

MATT (CONT'D)  
I want you to go away with me.

VICTORIA  
Away where?

MATT  
I don't know, anywhere. I just  
wanna move somewhere and start  
fresh. Think about it. We could  
open up this restaurant. The idea  
is good. We could do it. We could  
so do it.

She looks at him with an arching eyebrow, suddenly unsure.

MATT (CONT'D)

So tell me, this boyfriend of yours. What does he do?

She's looking back at Clay, now totally mystified. She's told Clay all about her boyfriend before.

EXT. SMART EATS - A HEALTH FOOD STORE ON MORELY AVE

INT. SMART EATS

Sarah works the register. Sierra and Grayson enter with worried looks, nod to Sarah. Sarah motions to her coworker that she's taking a break. She walks over to them, unsure.

SARAH

You guys... this is crazy. I mean, there's no way...

SIERRA

I know... I... I mean you said you saw him just-

SARAH

-Yea but, I don't know, I mean as opposite as they are they have always sorta had similarities. I just don't want you to be wrong about such a big thing like this.

Grayson, fully aware, just listens.

SIERRA

I mean, I'm like starting to worry about my dad, and if I'll ever even see him again. I mean, I can't even be around him.

SARAH

I know... Believe it or not, I've had those very same feelings about my dad before, especially and particularly when we had major disagreements. I know what it's like to just feel like I fucking hate him. Don't you just think this could maybe be something like that?

A beat. Sierra purses her lips, looks down. She knows what she knows. Grayson softly raises his finger.

GRAYSON  
I have an idea.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

As Matt cruises alone, he sees a car. His brow furrows. He recognizes this car, types in the license plate numbers and is astonished at what he sees on his computer screen.

A coldness come over Matt as he pulls the car over.

EXT. PARKED CAR - CONTINUOUS

Matt, with a look of dead seriousness, approaches the driver's window- it's Alex Nierling. Gabby sits shotgun.

ALEX  
(surprised, relieved)  
Oh shit, Clay! I thought I was  
screwed. What's up buddy? Hey we  
saw your brother just the other  
night.

Gabby giggles with Alex.

MATT (AS CLAY)  
Oh yea?

ALEX  
I think he has a little thing for  
Gabby here, but uh...

Alex turns to Gabby, they giggle. Matt shines his light directly into his eyes, then into Gabby's eyes. She shields her eyes.

GABBY  
Hi Clay.

MATT (AS CLAY)  
(to Alex)  
You were going a little fast back  
there, eh?

ALEX  
Uh...

MATT (AS CLAY)  
Do me a favor, shut the engine off  
and step out of the car.

Alex is confused.

ALEX

I didn't mean anything by that.  
Matt actually looked great, but,  
you know, we talked about that, you  
remember.

MATT (AS CLAY)

I don't. Refresh my memory.

Alex looks up at him more confused.

ALEX

Well, look I love your brother, you  
know that, but, I mean, you know.  
You know! Remember? ...Matt fucked  
it up for Matt.

A beat. Alex is now nervous. Matt leans in- low, tempered  
voice. His voice.

MATT

Uh, I'm not gonna repeat myself.  
Get out of the car right now.

Alex slowly gets out. Matt stands nose-to-nose with him. He  
shines the flashlight awkwardly straight into his eyes. Alex  
coils back.

ALEX

Uh, that Boss yacht club trip goes  
down next month. You're still gonna  
head my security, right?

Matt gets awkwardly closer, looking into his eyes.

MATT

(deadly)  
You ever get that money you owe?

Suddenly, Alex is taken aback.

ALEX

Matt? Holy shit, Matt?

Matt jolts into action, flipping a resisting Alex around with  
his arm twisted behind his back- in full control.

ALEX IS SUDDENLY VERY **TERRIFIED AND DESPERATE.**

ALEX (CONT'D)

HEY! You're not a fucking cop! HEY!

Gabby starts to freak. Matt fish hooks Alex with his fingers.

MATT

Oh I'm not a cop, am I?

Matt has Alex pinned against his car. He pulls his cuffs out and cuffs one of Alex's hands. As he's in the process of cuffing the other, Alex twists free. This turns into them struggling and wrestling for leverage over one another.

Gabby tries to help. Matt grabs her hair. Alex knees Matt in the gut and begins to take over the situation.

Matt punches Alex in the groin, and as Alex leans over in sudden pain, he grabs Matt's gun out of the holster.

As they struggle for control of the gun, Matt successfully squeezes the trigger, shoots Alex in the chest. Alex falls back into his car and dies.

Gabby shrieks, exits. Matt instinctively jumps into pursuit.

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Not a soul in sight. Gabby runs for her life. Matt chases after her, finally catches up, TACKLES HER, and pins her on her back, safely looks around.

He looks back down at her, makes up his mind and gets to work pressing his weight into his thumbs on her neck, choking her until she dies. His eyes are ice-cold right before and after she actually dies.

He picks up her body and rushes to the car where he frantically shoves her in the back seat. He then opens the passenger door, pulls Alex over into the passenger seat, hurries to the driver's seat, speeds away.

EXT. CLIFF - NIGHT

Matt speeds to a park, gets out, pulls Alex's body into the driver's seat and positions him as if he were driving.

He frantically wipes the car for fingerprints, reaches in to put it in gear and quickly fall back as the car rolls off.

He gets up and starts running back.

EXT. MORELY AVENUE - DAY

We follow Victoria, dressed in her finest, as she struts down the busy ave.

She passes by "SMART EATS" health food store as she continues to her destination.

INT. SMART EATS - DAY

Matt stands at a counter. EMPLOYEE returns holding a sheet.

EMPLOYEE

Ok, gluten-free, dairy-free, corn-free, beef-free, soy-free, citric acid?...

(he looks up)

Jesus man, how do you eat anything?

MATT

Right...

EXT. MORELY AVENUE - DAY

Matt in regular clothes carrying a packed-full grocery bag, on a the busy sidewalk. He's feeling awfully cock-strong.

A GUY (25) coming in the opposite direction smiles at "Clay."

GUY

Hey Clay, good band at Hero's tonight. You and Matt should come out.

MATT (AS CLAY)

Alright, maybe we will maybe we won't.

GUY

Just tell Matt that I'll make sure Gabby comes out too. He's always been in love with my sister. I bet that'll get him out.

Guy chuckles, slowing down for a 'stop n chat,' but Matt doesn't slow, keeps going right past him.

MATT

Hey, maybe it will maybe it won't.

Guy left standing, miffed.

Matt walks by the General Kiosk, obliviously looks at Reuben.

REUBEN

There he is. The man with the plan from Khazakastan.

Reuben awaits Clay's usual, witty response.

Matt- slightly-confused, stone-faced holding eye contact, walks right past Reuben- now slightly confused.

ANGLE. JASON (45) stands with he and Torrey's son, PAUL (6), behind Clay. Upon noticing "Clay," Paul moves towards the family friend he knows so well, but his father quickly holds his shoulder and glares suspiciously at "Clay."

EXT. WOODS ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Matt enters the school.

EXT. CORNER - DAY

Victoria joins two HOOKERS standing, one in her 30's and the other in her 40's. They both smoke cigarettes, conversing.

40'S

And that's why I don't never argue  
no matter what!

30'S

Oh they'll bust you for no reason.

VICTORIA

Hey y'all. Who all's out working?

30'S

Vickie just got arrested.

Victoria's eyes about come out of her head.

VICTORIA

Wha?! For hookin'?! I thought...

30's shakes her head yes. 40's speaks from experience, nods to 30's as she speaks to Victoria.

40'S

This is Bree. She grew up here and  
just moved back.

VICTORIA

Hi, I'm Victoria.

40'S

But naw, I'm trying to tell Bree,  
the game out here has changed. I  
tried to help Vickie! I tried! She  
had that shit comin'.

(MORE)

40'S (CONT'D)

You gotta keep yo diplomacy on point. These cops. They control our world whether we like it or not.

Victoria nods in agreement.

40'S (CONT'D)

Just ask Victoria, she used to get with one of em, that Clay Willis. The hero cop.

Bree looks at Victoria, impressed.

BREE

Clay Willis? The cop that saved that little girl? You got him?

Victoria's reticent to discuss, nods.

BREE (CONT'D)

Oo girl, he fine. I graduated high school a year behind him and his twin brother, Matt.

VICTORIA

Twin!?

BREE

Yeah. They were like identical. They'd even act like each other too.

Victoria is suddenly in her own world of thought. She can't believe what she's hearing. She lights a cigarette.

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Renee teaches, tentative about seeing 'Clay' in her door window but acting happy, quickly opens it for him.

RENEE

Hey you!

MATT (AS CLAY)

Somebody order some cupcakes?

She looks at him. Clay knows better.

MATT (AS CLAY) (CONT'D)

They're gluten free dairy free, and made with coconut milk.

She's softens, hugs him tight.

RENEE

Aw, Clay. You are so sweet.

He's "surprised" when he sees Sarah pulling a projector in from a back room.

MATT

Hey, there's Sarah.

RENEE

Yea, she's about to do a power point on exercise importance.

MATT (AS CLAY)

Ya know, I'd forgotten Matt wanted me to tell her something for him.

He moves towards his focus, Sarah- immediately apprehensive.

MATT (CONT'D)

(quiet, soft)

Can I talk to you?

She nods. They turn towards the back room. Matt turns back to flash an affirming look at Renee.

INT. BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS

He instinctively lowers his voice once alone in the spacious closet. He leans his hand against the wall, blocking her in.

MATT (AS CLAY)

So have you talked to Matt lately?  
He's not answering any of my calls.

She just looks at him, wide-eyed and unsure.

Looking back at her, he makes up his mind.

She shakes her head 'no.'

MATT (AS CLAY) (CONT'D)

(smoothly)

Well, he's supposed to be back next week and then fly back out west. I'd like to do something nice for him and maybe plan a little surprise dinner with family and some of his friends. Would you help me plan it?

Her look back is now **BOLD, DEFENSIVE**- still playing along.

SARAH

You sure he's staying clean? I wonder what Frankie would say if he were here. The only time he's ever ghosted me like this is when he's been on the scratch, *Clay*.

Her eyes are beaming with accusation- Matt feels it.

He suddenly gets a **CRAZED, PSYCHOTIC LOOK** in his eyes as his stare back to Sarah, scarily intimidating for a LONG BEAT.

MATT (AS CLAY)

Actually, Matt's doing great. He told me he finally feels like he's living the life he was always meant to lead. A FAIR life where there is no need for crap like that.

(a quick beat)

A life that he knows god-damn well he deserves.

(a beat- he calms)

So, are you gonna help me plan this party for when he comes back to town or what?

Her look is back to being unsure, frightened- looking at a ghost. She reluctantly shakes her head 'yes.'

MATT (AS CLAY) (CONT'D)

Remember, it's gonna be a surprise so you can't say anything. Let's meet up this weekend and plan it.

SARAH

Yea. Just text me.

Sarah ducks under his arm for a quick escape. He looks up, well-aware that she's not buying it.

EXT. MORELY AVENUE - DAY

Victoria- eyes downward, in deep thought as she walks.

EXT. MORELY AVE - CONTINUOUS

He exits the school, back to the busy sidewalk. He's just had the cool knocked outta his walk.

ANGLE: VICTORIA'S POV- she see's Matt walking, speeds up.

BACK TO NORMAL. Matt sees a GUY (25) looking back at him familiarly. This Guy obviously knew Clay.

The man gives a friendly wave.

Matt- continuing to hold eye contact with a cold look on his face for a full BEAT, then he gives the most-evil, closed-lip grin ever. Matt's become a totally twisted sociopath- void of emotion. He walks on.

VICTORIA (O.S.)  
Matt!?!... HEY MATT!!... HEY. MATT!

Matt doesn't like to hear this, keeps moving forward. Suddenly, Victoria is there.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)  
I know you ain't trying to ignore me, MATT!

He pales, yanks Victoria by the arm to a nearby alley.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Matt pulls her around the corner, quickly looks behind her, then back to her.

She cocks her head back with her hands on her waist sizing him up and down. She's got leverage and she knows it.

VICTORIA  
Yeah that's right.  
(pointing)  
I know you ain't who you say. You ain't Clay.

They're eyes are locked. A LONG BEAT.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)  
I want ten thousand dollars. For right now. I know that's not too much for you to get, and I know you don't want me getting loud about what I know is what. And you know I will... Matt.

She beats him down with her fierce eyes. He looks down.

MATT  
...All right.

He looks up, away.

MATT (CONT'D)  
I'll go to the bank.

A cocky smile spreads across her face.

EXT. BANK - MOMENTS LATER

Matt driving by a BANK, pauses to look over at it, then keeps on going.

EXT. CLAY AND RENEE'S HOUSE - DAY

INT. SIERRA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sierra- hysterically frantic, is in shock to find Hiccup's crate empty with the door open.

She has an instant meltdown over the disappearance of her life-saving service animal.

EXT. MORELY AVENUE

Sarah speed-walks down the busy sidewalk with her phone to her ear. She's frantically upset.

SARAH (ON PHONE)  
Sierra? What happened? Calm down.

SIERRA (O.S.)  
(screaming)  
He's gone! Someone took my dog! He was out of my sight for one hour! I fucking knew it! It's Matt! It's my fault I fucking knew it! Nooo!!!

SARAH (ON PHONE)  
Sierra, Sierra listen to me. I am so sorry. You were right. I just saw him and I think you're right. I just saw him... MATT!

(a quick beat)  
I don't know about your dad. Sierra I am so sorry. I don't know, but listen, especially since we don't know where your dad is, we have to do this right. We can't come in hot. I know Matt. He'll disappear.

(another quick beat)  
I'm so sorry Si. Listen.

(MORE)

SARAH (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)

Matt is in an unhinged state right now and we've gotta stop this shit. We've gotta stop this mother fucker now!

EXT. OLD, EMPTY WAREHOUSE - LATER

Victoria stands at the side door of the warehouse, waiting and smoking a cigarette. She smiles seeing Matt walk towards her, quickly glancing around to make sure nobody's watching.

He unlocks the side door, opens it.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Hiccup sits in the dark empty warehouse. He lifts his head up as the side door opens. Matt's letting her in.

EXT. OLD, EMPTY WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As he's letting her in first, he snatches her cigarette, shoves her inside, slams the door, locks it, walks away anxiously looking around, smoking her cigarette.

She bangs and screams threats at Matt from inside.

VICTORIA

I'M GONNA TELL EVERYONE ABOUT YOUR DEAD BROTHER, YOU MOTHER FUCKER!  
LET ME OUT RIGHT NOW! HEEELLLP!!!

INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Matt strolls to Clay's desk. Don waves him over. Rookie cop TREVOR (20) stands nearby.

DON

Clay, come meet the new rook.

Matt walks over, politely shakes Trevor's hand.

MATT (AS CLAY)

Hey, how's it going? Clay.

Trevor is glowing with enthusiasm.

TREVOR

Yes sir. I feel like I just had my training wheels taken off.

Trevor and Matt chuckle. Matt grips Trevor's shoulder. Torrey walks by en route to his nearby desk.

MATT (AS CLAY)  
Well it's good to have you on board. Hopefully we won't have to gun down any foreign civilians on your first day.

Don and Torrey hear this and look puzzled, disapproving. Trevor- unsure, nervously chuckles.

Matt gets to Clay's desk. He empties his pockets, pulls out both his and Clay's cell phones. He cautiously looks around the room as he touches his phone, slides it out of sight.

LATER

Matt is still at Clay's desk- both phones now in clear view. Clay's phone buzzes. Matt looks around, carefully answers.

MATT (ON PHONE) (CONT'D)  
Hello?

VOICE ON PHONE  
Hi, is Clay Willis available?

He keenly looks around before softly responding.

MATT (ON PHONE)  
Yes?

VOICE ON PHONE  
Mr. Willis this is Ashley with Fry Bank, we're just calling to inform you that a security hold has been placed on your account.

Matt notices his dad approaching, instantly changes his tone, grabs a pen to act like he's doing police work.

MATT (AS CLAY) (ON PHONE)  
(interrupting)  
Uhh, yea and that was how long ago?

VOICE ON PHONE  
Excuse me?

MATT (AS CLAY) (ON PHONE)  
I'll be sure to check that out. Yes yes absolutely! And thank you.

Matt hangs up and turns to his dad.

MATT (AS CLAY) (CONT'D)  
 Allooo daddio...  
 (choking)  
 What's up?

Jim notices two phones on Clay's desk.

JIM  
 Why do you have an extra phone?

MATT (AS CLAY)  
 (holding up his phone for  
 a quick second)  
 Oh, this uhm, uh, uh... Oh yea Matt  
 gave it to me before he left. He  
 had mentioned getting another phone  
 and I told him I needed a new one  
 to stay in touch with one of my  
 informants.

A long beat. Jim takes this in. It's unclear if he buys it,  
 as he moves on to his office.

ANGLE - Don walks to the podium to talk in the microphone.

DON  
 Can I get everyone's attention  
 please?... Now, as I'm sure by now  
 everyone's heard, the recent deaths  
 of Alex Neirling and Gabby Barruso  
 have been ruled homicides, so the  
 state board decided it best to go  
 ahead and clear our department  
 first, following the talked-about  
 theory resulting from his license  
 and insurance being found in the  
 vehicle that was driven off the  
 peak at Bill Jacob's park. I will  
 be collecting all sidearms by the  
 end of the day to submit for  
 ballistics testing. I'll need  
 everyone to fill out a tag to  
 attach to your gun.  
 (he holds up a tag)  
 Name, badge number, yada yada.  
 We'll have these back next week,  
 along with the results. In the  
 meantime, you'll be issued  
 substitute Berettas that're in  
 Chief Willis's office, so... if you  
 have any questions, ask him.

A few people chuckle. Don grabs a nearby box and starts going  
 from desk to desk, collecting guns from all the cops.

Matt nervously gets up and starts walking towards Trevor and another cop, STANLEY (40) who stand nearby, talking.

Matt's anxiety is kicking into overdrive. He stands close to Trevor and Stanley, **HUNGRILY STARING** at Trevor's gun.

MATT (AS CLAY)  
 (softly)  
 Hey Trevor, remind me, these are  
 standard nine milimeters, right?

TREVOR  
 Beretta twenty two.

The sound of Don collecting guns is getting closer.

Jim suddenly reappears next to Matt.

JIM  
 Hey Clay, do you still have that  
 Ali Bean case file? I need to take  
 a look at that real quick.

MATT (AS CLAY)  
 Yea, it's back at my desk.

Matt is petrified as he and his dad walk back to Clay's desk.

AT CLAY'S DESK - Matt gets panicked looking through Clay's drawers unable to find the file.

Don's voice is getting closer.

Matt looks up. Jim is momentarily looking away.

CEILING VIEW: Live Motion of the room. Back down to Jim-looking around for Matt. He touches Trevor's shoulder.

JIM  
 You see where Clay went?

Trevor and Jim look around the room for Matt.

EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - DAY

Once outside, Matt hurries to Clay's truck.

EXT. GUN SHOP - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

He SPEEDILY SLIDES into a parking spot and jumps out to rush inside.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Don, holding a big box full of guns, looks around. Jim and Trevor have walked away, in discussion, towards Jim's office.

DON

Hey, has anyone seen Clay?

A few nearby OFFICERS, working at their desks, look up, shake their heads no.

INT. CLAY'S TRUCK - LATE AFTERNOON

Matt drives, in deep thought. Clay's phone rings. He answers.

MATT (AS CLAY) (ON PHONE)

Hello

RENEE (O.S.)

Clay, have you talked to Sierra?  
Her and Hiccup are gone and she was  
supposed to be at Judy's house but  
I just got off the phone with her  
and nobody knows where she is! I  
have a bad feeling about this Clay.

A beat. Matt takes all this in, stone-still.

RENEE (CONT'D)

Clay?

MATT (AS CLAY)

Yea, I have no idea.

RENEE

Ok I'm gonna call your parents.  
Text me if you find her.

She hangs up. Matt's wheels turn as he silently drives. He can feel the fall right around the corner.

THE SUN SETS ON MORELY AVE.

INT. CLAY AND RENEE'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - LATER

Renee does routine chores, suddenly stops noticing a pile of Clay's clothes in an unusual place. She's puzzled.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Matt sits at Clay's desk. Trevor approaches with a form in his hand, dressed in Police Trainee attire.

TREVOR  
Hi, Officer Willis?

MATT (AS CLAY)  
Yes.

TREVOR  
Is there any way I could get you to sign off on this? It's our final week at the academy and we have to get two officers to sign off on our assessment sheets.

He hands the sheet to Matt, who looks over it as if he knows.

MATT (AS CLAY)  
Sure can.  
(he signs the sheet)  
So, Trevor, what made you wanna join the force?

TREVOR  
Well, I'd have to say family. My dad was a cop, his dad was a cop, I have two uncles on my mom's side that are cops. So...

MATT (AS CLAY)  
Eh...  
(pointing with his pen  
towards his dad's office)  
Believe me, I can relate.

Trevor chuckles as he turns to notice where Matt is pointing.

TREVOR  
Are you an only child?

MATT (AS CLAY)  
No I have a brother. He's not a cop though. Ya know. One of those.

Matt looks up. He genuinely likes him.

INT. POLICE STATION - CLAY'S DESK - LATER

Don and Stanley banter near Clay's desk as Don tries to juggle the three rubber balls he's holding. Matt spins around as Don drops the balls.

STANLEY

(to Don)

There is no correct way to juggle  
Don. Either you can or you can't.

DON

Well I know Clay can. Here, watch.  
Hey Clay!

Matt turns, startled as Don tosses the balls to him.

Matt is suddenly caught between a rock and a hard place. He feigns confidence, begins to comfortably juggle but quickly loses control. Frustrated, he quickly picks the balls up to try again but again, he's unable.

Seeing Torrey approaching he whips back around to his desk, leaving the balls on the floor. Matt is SWEATING BULLETS.

DON (CONT'D)

Well excuse us Clay, but I always  
thought you could juggle.

Torrey arrives.

TORREY

(pointedly)

He can juggle.

STANLEY

Not today he can't. Did you not  
just see that? I told you, it's  
harder than you think.

TORREY

(argumentative)

Clay can juggle better than anyone  
in the building.

Matt clenches his jaws. He looks straight at his computer. Torrey stands behind Matt, looking at him suspiciously.

TORREY (CONT'D)

The Clay I know can juggle in his  
fucking sleep.

Matt stays seated- frightful anxiety on his face.

TORREY (CONT'D)  
 And he bailed on our interrogation  
 few weeks ago. Something's come  
 over our hero cop here.

Matt clenches his jaws, feeling the threat behind him.

TORREY (CONT'D)  
 (telling a story)  
 Or maybe it's something else. One  
 time, when me and Clay were in high  
 school, his brother Matt...

Matt makes up his mind, abruptly stands up and heads for a  
 staircase that leads downstairs. Don and Stanley are left  
 baffled, but Torrey is red with suspicion.

INT. STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Matt sweats bullets as he hurries down the stairs.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A palpable nuance of UNSURE SUSPICION fills the air amongst  
 Torrey, Don, and Stanley.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Matt- nervous wreck, searches through files in a cabinet.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Matt walks up the staircase and towards his dad's office with  
 a file folder in hand.

He locks eyes with Torrey who's still standing by Clay's  
 desk, oozing dangerous doubt.

INT. JIM'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Matt enters with a serious look and takes a seat. Jim sits at  
 his desk doing paper work. He looks up at Matt.

MATT (AS CLAY)  
 Dad, uhh, this isn't easy, but we  
 need to have a talk about Torrey.

EXT. OLD, EMPTY WAREHOUSE - LATE EVENING

Matt, in uniform, walks fast to the side door, looking around to make sure nobody is watching him. He has a bag of fast food. Opening the door, Victoria is right there, fighting for her life.

VICTORIA  
HELP! HELP! HELP! I'M GONNA DIE!

Struggling to keep her inside with one hand, he throws the food inside with the other. Hiccup sniffs the food.

She manages to squeeze out in a panicky, wide-eyed rush for freedom, but he tackles her, savagely rips her off the ground and slings her through the open warehouse door with all his might. Hiccup viciously comes to her defense but is too late. Matt slams the door.

INT. CLAY AND RENEE'S HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM

Renee lifts a long-sleeve button-up shirt from a pile of clothes on top of the dryer. She smells the arm sleeve again and again, then finds a lighter in the shirt pocket. She scratches her head, thinking hard. She's totally perplexed.

She suddenly has a haunting realization that takes her breath away. She crouches, jaw-dropped, in awe at what she's ascertaining in her mind. She instantly feels very violated.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Trevor drives. Matt- relaxed, sits shotgun.

MATT (AS CLAY)  
All of that training will come back to you, I promise, and the more people you arrest, the more it'll become second-nature. It's almost uncanny how the muscle and behavior memory works. You'll see. Trust me.

They drive past a sign that reads 'BILL JACOBS PARK.'

A blue truck driving in the opposite direction turns left into a poor neighborhood. Matt perks up.

He's so 'in the moment' he begins to sound like himself.

MATT (CONT'D)  
Holy shit, look... That's Burrow!

TREVOR

What? How do you know?

MATT

Look it! They've got a cracked rear window! And outta state plates! They just got a paint job. Alright, this is it! This is us!

Trevor follows, careful not to get too close. The truck pulls into a garage and it closes behind them. They drive over one block, park in front of a house that's behind the house Burrow pulled into.

As they park, Matt locks eyes with himself in the mirror. He's utterly MANIC. Trevor grabs the radio but Matt, now a primitive animal, quickly grabs his hand.

MATT (CONT'D)

Stop.

TREVOR

I'm calling for back up.

MATT

Not until we have em in custody.

TREVOR

But we're supposed to...

MATT

(interrupting)

We'll call after we make the fucking goddamn arrest. Ok? Trust me.

As they get out, Matt draws his gun and Trevor follows his lead. They trot through the front and back yard of the property and arrive in the backyard of the house that Burrow and his crew are in.

They kneel, peer in through a screened-in back porch to see three MEN (30's) inside.

MATT (CONT'D)

(recognizing Burrow)

Alright, that's them.

TREVOR

(worried)

You sure we shouldn't call for back up first? We have a strict protocol about...

MATT

(furiously interrupting)  
Shut the fuck up Trevor! This is  
 how it's done. OK? Trust me. Just  
 stand over there and do your  
 fucking job, ok, kiddo?

PUSH IN: MATT'S FACE- **CRAZED WITH EXCESSIVE ANTICIPATION** -  
 Chemically unbalanced.

They move towards the back porch with their guns drawn.

As they get to the porch, Matt stays at the screen door,  
 pointing his gun in.

Trevor moves inside the screened-in porch next to the back  
 door of the house, looking in through a window. He looks back  
 at Matt and signals something that Matt doesn't understand  
 but he nods anyway.

As Trevor prepares to open the door, he looks back at Matt  
 confused, urges Matt to join him by the door. Matt does.

Trevor quickly opens the door with his gun pointed at one of  
 Burrow's accomplices. All three are caught off-guard and put  
 their hands in the air.

TREVOR

FREEZE POLICE!

As Matt moves in, Burrow quickly dives into a nearby hallway  
 and one of the Accomplices draws his gun out as Trevor is  
 looking towards Burrow. Matt points his gun at the Accomplice  
 who is aiming at Trevor.

Matt squeezes the trigger but we hear the QUIET CLICK as the  
 safety is on. The Accomplice fires two rounds into Trevor.  
 Matt frantically turns the safety off and fires 2 shots into  
 the Accomplice's chest.

Burrow dives back out with a gun firing at Matt- ducks down  
 behind a couch. He rises back up, gun shaking in his hand, he  
 fires three shots close-range at the fleeing crooks, missing.  
 They get away.

Matt cautiously peeks up over the couch- Trevor lies face-up,  
 barely alive, bleeding everywhere. Matt blankly looks.

Accomplice also lies face up, dying- desperate eyes.

Matt- cold like death, slowly moves to stand over Accomplice,  
 looking down, points his gun- A BEAT- shoots him in the head.

He then walks to Trevor, kneels down to grip his hand, lock eyes with him, silently watches him gasp his last breath, solemnly closes Trevor's eyelids with his fingers.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Matt's being questioned by 2 DETECTIVES (50)- old-school.

MATT

...And then I immediately went to check his vitals, and realized...

DETECTIVE 1

Right right, and you shot at Burrow three times at close range.

Detective 1 looks at Detective 2 like he can't believe what he's hearing. Both detectives are intimidating to Matt.

DETECTIVE 2

Why didn't you cover Trevor when he entered?

MATT

I did, I mean I was, but...

DETECTIVE 2

(interrupting)

Well then how did he end up dead? You've yet to give a reasonable explanation for why this happened!

DETECTIVE 1

So what happened after Burrow exited the front door?

A beat. Matt stares ahead silently.

DETECTIVE 2

And you decided not to pursue.

MATT

I never...

(a quick beat)

Look, my partner had just been fucking shot! I was...

DETECTIVE 1

(interrupting)

Yeayeayea, you checked his vitals, and then what? You let Burrow get away so you could stay with your partner, whom you knew was dead.

(MORE)

## DETECTIVE 1 (CONT'D)

Listen, I'm not trying to be insensitive. I know. He was your brand new partner. I guess what I'm really asking here is, I mean, did you not feel any urge to go get this son of a bitch?

## INT. CLAY'S TRUCK - LATER

Getting into Clay's truck, Matt is lost. He pulls out Clay's phone, then digs through his pockets until he finds his own phone, sees six missed calls from SARAH- IGNORE, Calls DAD.

## MATT (ON PHONE)

(peppy)

Hey Dad, what's up man! Yea, I was in California, but not anymore.

(a quick beat)

Do what? No no, I'm not at either, and I'm actually moving again right now. But hey Dad, let me call you right back!

(feigns a laugh)

Oh no no. Some crazy stuff has happened. I'll call you back and tell you all about it! You're gonna love it! Bye.

He hangs up, sits there thinking, deeply depressed.

## INT. WILLIS HOME - LATER

Matt, Renee, Jim, and Marta eat a family dinner. Renee struggles to put on a pleasant face as Marta talks.

## MARTA

We're happy to keep Sierra all week if you need us to. By the way, did you ever find out where she's at?

## RENEE

(very meek)

Oh, yeah we did, thanks. She was actually at another friend's house.

Renee avoids eye contact. Matt senses that something's up.

## MARTA

Well we're happy to take her anytime you need.

RENEE

Thanks, but I'll be back by before school ends tomorrow. The rest of the teacher's conference is local.

MATT (AS CLAY)

(mouth-full)

I get a morning with the house to myself? Hey, count me in.

He chuckles. No one really joins in.

JIM

Hey Clay just a heads up, there's gonna be an internal investigation regarding the Neirling and Burrosa homicides...

MATT (AS CLAY)

Oh wow, really? Hm. Ok, what do you think, or, well what do we have so far?

Jim darts a look at Matt.

JIM

We don't have much. Any physical evidence is all but destroyed. We're looking into his business contacts now. When was the last time you saw him?

MATT

Hm. Wow. I haven't seen him in years.

Jim darts another look at Matt.

JIM

I thought he asked you to help with security for some event.

MATT (AS CLAY)

Oh yea no, that, he sent that in an e-mail.

JIM

Hm, do me a favor and forward that email to me, will ya? Never know, there could be something to that email...

Matt shakes his head yes, swallows hard. Jim is looking at his son. Is he questioning which one he's looking at?

Matt can barely hide the terror that he feels.

INT. HERO'S BAR - NIGHT

Matt finishes off a whiskey, smoking a cigarette. The BARTENDER is a cute female (22). Matt holds up his glass.

MATT

Barkeep! Another, please. You don't mind if I call you bar keep, do you? I always heard it in movies but never real life.

She giggles.

BARTENDER

Yea, sure. I don't mind.

MATT

So you said you just moved here?

BARTENDER

Yea, I just enrolled in the junior college here. What do you do?

MATT

Well I'm a cop by day, and uh, tonight, I'll be alone in my big house. What time do you get off?

She acts like she doesn't hear.

Matt drunkenly frowns, looks at Clay's cell. ON SCREEN- Clay sent Sarah many texts- all txts read as 'seen.'

He clenches his jaws in frustration.

INT. CLAY'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING

"I LOVE THE FLOWER GIRL" BY THE COWSILLS PLAYS FROM A STEREO.

Matt forces a big smile, laughing to himself as he flips pancakes and sips from a coffee mug, cup of orange juice, cup of apple juice, and a water bottle in this 'perfect spread' fantasy scene he's created for himself. The Last Supper.

EXT. BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

He stands at an open back door smoking a cigarette with the coffee mug in-hand. He stares into the distance, broken beyond repair.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - CONTINUOUS

Torrey sits in his car down the street from Clay's house.

INT. TORREY'S CAR - LATER

Torrey's been waiting for hours. He perks up when he sees "Clay" leaving. He's driven to find the truth.

EXT. MORELY AVE - CONTINUOUS

Torrey's careful not to get too close as he follows Clay's truck through a fast food line.

INT. TORREY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Torrey's confused as he follows Clay's truck.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - PARKING LOT

Matt sits in Clay's parked truck, ANXIETY-RIDDEN.

INT. CLAY'S TRUCK

A gun lays in the passenger seat next to a bag of food. He's morose and nervous about what's next. 2 big black trash bags.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Victoria- dirty, sits in a corner embracing Hiccup when Matt opens the side door. She instantly looks up.

He walks towards her with the drink and bag of food in hand. She scurries over, rips the bag open and savagely stuffs food in her mouth as Matt stands nearby, watching her.

VICTORIA

Are you gonna let me go? I won't  
tell anybody, I swear to fucking  
god! I won't say a word to anyone!

A beat.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

People are gonna come looking for me and if you don't let me out, they're gonna find me and then, everything is gonna come out and everybody'll know what happened and what you've done! But if you just let me go now, I'll...

(she screams)

JUST FUCKING LET ME GO!

She cries hard for a moment. Matt looks shaken.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

When are you gonna let me go?

MATT

Soon.

VICTORIA

Are you gonna let me go?

EXT. WAREHOUSE - SHORT WHILE LATER

Matt exits the side door and solemnly walks towards Clay's truck. He is startled to see Torrey's car parked behind Clay's truck. Torrey gets out. Matt continues.

MATT (AS CLAY)

Why are you following me?

TORREY

You know why. What were you doing in there? ... Matt?

Matt abruptly stops and looks right at Torrey.

MATT (AS CLAY)

What the hell does he have to do with any of this?

He gets in Clay's truck.

INT. CLAY'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Matt is sweating, looking at Torrey in his rear-view mirror. He waits for a long beat. Finally, Torrey leaves.

INT. TORREY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

As Torrey drives, he looks to be in deep thought. He slows to a stop and turns around, following his gut instinct.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - SIDE DOOR

Torrey walks up, jiggles the door knob and searches around for a key. Right as he turns to leave, Victoria bangs and screams on the door from inside. Torrey turns back around.

VICTORIA (O.S.)  
 Help! Help me get out of here,  
 please! I've been kidnapped!

INT. JIM'S OFFICE - LATER

Jim is working at his desk when 2 DETECTIVES (40) in suits enter. One is holding some papers

DETECTIVE  
 (holding up his badge)  
 Hi, Chief Willis?

Jim nods.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)  
 I'm Special Agent Gabe Green; this  
 is Jon Pennington; internal  
 affairs. We're currently part of a  
 team overseeing the investigation  
 into the death of Alex Neirling and  
 Gabby Burrosa. We wanted to talk to  
 you first about the firearm that  
 your son, Clay, turned in for  
 ballistics.

JIM  
 Is there a problem?

Agent Pennington solemnly walks over and lays a sheet on Jim's desk. Jim picks it up, looking at it.

AGENT PENNINGTON  
 The serial number listed on the  
 state-registered Beretta originally  
 issued to your son doesn't match  
 the one he turned in.

Jim reads the paper, stands up to take his glasses off, rubs his eyes. He looks as if his worst fears were just realized. He's putting things together in his head.

AGENT PENNINGTON (CONT'D)  
Because it was Clay who gave...

JIM  
(interrupting)  
No...

AGENT PENNINGTON  
No, what?

A long beat. Jim looks up.

JIM  
It wasn't Clay.

INT. CLAY AND RENEE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

As Matt enters from the garage, carrying a large bag of groceries, he senses that the house is empty.

MATT (AS CLAY)  
Honey, I'm home!

He looks around, can feel something is different.

MATT (AS CLAY) (CONT'D)  
Renee?

He cautiously walks towards the living room.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Opening the door, Matt sees that the room is about half-empty. Renee has left with all of her belongings.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

He walks back into the kitchen to set the bag of groceries on the kitchen table. Victoria's PINK PANTIES lay next to a handwritten note on the table. He picks it up.

His jaws clench reading it.

Matt's phone rings- DAD CALLING. Matt hits 'Ignore.'

Clay's phone rings- DAD CALLING. Matt's eyes get watery as he hits 'Ignore' again. Matt closes his eyes- SAD.

EXT. WOODS - CLAY'S GRAVE - NIGHT

Matt is knelt down at the spot where he buried Clay. Matt is crying, emotional, finally sincere.

MATT

Clay...

(a beat)

I know. I know. It wasn't at-all what happened. It... It's me.

(a beat- he really breaks down, regretting it all)

I just want you to know... more than anything in the world...

He finally controls his sobbing, clenches his jaw, clears his throat, thousand yard stare- now thinking in a new, unapologetic mind set.

MATT (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. ... I just, I'm...

Matt's phone rings in his pocket. He stands up to cautiously put the phone to his ear and hit 'accept.'

His eyes turn steely cold as he listens to Torrey talking on the other end. We can hear Torrey's voice.

TORREY (O.S.)

She's with me at the station now.

Matt doesn't say anything. He hangs up and looks back down at his brother's grave, icy cold and possibly dangerous.

MATT

I'm a man.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The station is closed and the lights are off. Matt cautiously enters and sees Torrey standing in the dark.

MATT (AS CLAY)

Where is she?

TORREY

She's not here.

A long beat. Torrey takes a step closer to Matt.

TORREY (CONT'D)

What's the name of the first girl I ever kissed?

MATT (AS CLAY)

What?

TORREY

It's an easy question. And it's one that Clay would know the answer to.

A beat.

MATT (AS CLAY)

Where is Victoria?

TORREY

Does that mean you're not gonna answer the question... Matt?

Torrey sees that Matt has a GUN in his left hand.

TORREY (CONT'D)

(panicked)

He's got a gun! He's got a gun!

Matt lifts his gun, pointing it at Torrey.

Sarah, Sierra, and Grayson come out from a nearby hallway.

JIM

Stay back!

SARAH

Because we think it's true too.

Matt is shocked. He begins to shake as he pathetically points his gun at all of them.

TORREY

And I know it. Matt, I knew it was you just by how...

Jim, who's been standing in a dark corner the entire time, steps into the light to reveal himself. He walks directly towards Matt, who's frozen in terror.

JIM

It's over Matt. Everyone needs for this to stop. Give me the gun son.

Matt is now icy. He clenches his jaw, gripping the gun with both hands firmly, pointed at Torrey.

TORREY

I knew it was you just by how you were trying so hard to fucki...

BLAST - He shoots Torrey in the chest, blowing him back.

BLAST - Jim shoots Matt in his right shoulder. Matt is blown back, grabs the gun with his other hand and points it at his dad.

IN HIS EYES - Matt is the most confused, hopeless soul on earth.

Jim has his gun pointed right at Matt, but he can't do it. He looks down, shows his palms in surrender.

Matt trembles holding the gun.

BLAST BLAST BLAST BLAST - Torrey, on his back, fires four rapid shots into Matt's chest, killing him.

A solemn beat.

Torrey, still on his back, slowly unbuttons his shirt revealing a bullet-proof vest.

PUSHED IN ON Matt's open, lifeless eyes, slowly raise to:

CEILING VIEW - Jim and Sarah slowly move towards Matt's bloody body.

END