

THE POOL BOY

Written by

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INT. MEDICINE CABINET - DAY

A compact, glass bottle.

Clinique's Dramatically Different Moisturizing Lotion.

It patiently waits with:

A tiny bottle of essie nail polish: Good Morning Hope.

A hand moves Clinique to the left, essie to the right.

Behind them is a bottle of foundation.

Lancôme's Teint Idole. The hand frees the foundation from its domestic prison. Closes the mirrored medicine cabinet.

The 40-something face of CASSIE LYONS stares at the glass.

Cassie has nary a blemish -- She has no age spots, no sun damage, and no issues of pigmentation, hyper or otherwise.

She has no pores.

She does, however, have laugh lines and frown lines.

She has crow's feet.

These are known as "dynamic" wrinkles, and while, in rare moments of weakness Cassie would like to think of *herself* as dynamic, she would prefer that her character serve as testimony, as opposed to the folds and furrows that dance across the landscape of her face.

An angled foundation brush -- badger hair, not squirrel -- sweeps and dusts, up and down, back and forth. She blends the foundation.

Cassie's neck has defined scratch marks. She makes them disappear.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Cassie vacuums, Cassie mops. She dumps the dirty water.

She scrubs dishes, then loads them into the dishwasher.

Lifts up the garbage bag, lines the can with a new one.

Cassie cooks. She stirs a pot, she strains, she steams.

She cleans the microwave, toaster oven and countertops.

Cassie unloads the dishwasher, puts cups in a cupboard. She does yard work. Tills soil in her vegetable garden. She trims hedges, waters plants and cuts fresh flowers. Washes windows, changes light bulbs and cleans gutters. She changes the car's oil, cleans filters, screws caps. Sets the table, scrubs a fish tank, changes litter box. She cleans a tub, cleans the toilet, cleans tile grout. Cassie sweeps, pays bills, kisses GWEN (7) on the head. Spackles a hole in the wall and aligns vinyl wallpaper. Fills a bird feeder, tends the pool, sets a mouse trap. Holds a mountain of clothes, loads the washing machine. Cassie freezes. Finds lipstick on her husband's collar. Her husband, NED LYONS, quickly appears out of nowhere. Cassie hides the lipstick collar. Ned stands, menacing. Cassie forces a smile. Ned holds his gaze, then leaves. A beat. The mouse trap Cassie set SNAPS, startling her.

EXT. ARIZONA - DAY

Arid, desert sky. Blue tranquility.

Then, a dull THUMP in the distance.

A projectile streaks across the sky. Comes into focus.

It's a football. RETURN MAN tracks the flight pattern.

Catches it. Lowers his sight line from the sky to the view in front of him: The KICK-OFF TEAM charging hard.

THE BLEACHERS

Four middle-aged WOMEN observe their sons at practice.

Cassie is among them. The only one dressed tastefully. She's also the only one unconcerned with the practice. Her nose is buried in a book: *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.

WOMAN 1

Did someone get a pair of studs?

Cassie takes a break from her book, feels her earring.

CASSIE

Oh. They're actually Moissanite.

WOMAN 1

Pardon?

CASSIE

Moissanite. I saw an article in *The Atlantic* about De Beers and how they conspired with Madison Avenue to make diamonds a thing. So I got these Moissanite studs cuz they're apparently brighter.

WOMAN 2

It's called Moissanite?

CASSIE

Yeah, it was discovered in Canyon Diablo only. From a meteor crater.
(beat)
They're out of this world.
Literally.

WOMAN 2

It wouldn't be my choice to wear fake diamonds, but I applaud you, Cassie. You always find a way to do so much with so little.

The backhanded compliment registers.

WOMAN 3

Do companies still use conflict diamonds?

WOMAN 1

I feel like the conflict diamond issue is just an excuse for poor people. Not poor people, but smart people. Smart people with no money.

CASSIE

Wow. Okay.

WOMAN 1

Well I wasn't talking about you;
don't be silly. You're not poor.

(beat)

You're middle-class.

Cassie lowers her eyes, returns to her book.

THE FIELD

Another football is kicked off.

The Return Man finds a seam, cuts, and runs it back for a sure touchdown. Only he slows down towards the end, and a SPECIAL TEAMS PLAYER swats the ball away, Don Beebe-style.

Cassie's terrifying husband, Ned Lyons, is the head coach.

Return Man jogs from the point of his botched kick return.

He makes his way to sideline. Ned studies him like a hawk.

Special Teams COACHES berate the Return Man's poor effort.

COACH 1

Horseshit, Dontay.

COACH 2

Unacceptable. Work hard, play hard.

Return Man walks the sidelines, steeling himself against their digs as he approaches head coach Ned. Like a child who knows he is in trouble and must now face his parents, Return Man arrives at Ned. Meets his eyes for punishment.

RETURN MAN

Sorry, coach.

NED

It's practice. Better to mess up now than gameday. Practice makes perfect.

RETURN MAN

Yeah, but that was a hustle play.
It won't happen again; I'm sorry.

NED

You don't need to apologize to me.
Apologies are for parents and for
teachers. They're for girlfriends.

(beat)

Only people you never need to
apologize to are Ned Lyons and
Jesus Christ.

Return Man trots off. Ned turns sour. Stares down Coach 1.
Ned looks like Jack Del Rio. The charismatic asshole type.
Back on Cassie, along with The Real Housewives of Arizona.

WOMAN 1

You guys hear about Sara Marks?

WOMAN 2

Oh, God. Kevin's the worst.

WOMAN 1

Once a cheater, always a cheater.

CASSIE

... How did she find out?

WOMAN 3

His brother told her.

WOMAN 1

His brother only confirmed it.

(beat)

She actually did the Flower Test.

CASSIE

The Flower Test.

WOMAN 1

Mhmm. You basically order flowers to
your house. Flowers, but no card. My
friend had roses delivered, but when
she arrived home at night, the roses
weren't there. And her husband
Kevin, he never even mentioned them.
Didn't say a word. And that's when
she knew.

CASSIE

I don't follow.

WOMAN 1

If you send roses to your own house, with no card, most people are gonna say, "Thanks for the flowers, honey." You assume they're from your spouse. But if the reaction is to toss them away it's because you think they're from your secret lover. Like...it's them crossing boundaries by sending flowers to your house, so you throw them out before anyone can see them.

(beat)

Sarah ordered roses with no name on the card and Kevin received them at home. But when she got home...there were no roses around. And he didn't bring them up, so it only confirmed her suspicions that he was cheating.

WOMAN 2

Man... Shit.

WOMAN 1

"Men," "Shit," is more like it.

The chatter simmers down. Cassie returns to her book.

Then, PLAYER 1 tackles PLAYER 2 with a vicious hit.

WOMAN 3

Boom. That's gonna leave a mark.

(beat)

Some boys were just born to hit.

Cassie pulls a shirt sleeve over her wrist.

It effectively hides a deep, purple bruise.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Ned sits at his desk, Coach 1 and Coach 2 in front of him.

The three study a replay of the Return Man being stripped.

Ned turns off the TV, wrinkles his brow and rubs his head.

NED

Tell Dontay he's off the team.

COACH 1

What?

NED

He showboats too much.

COACH 1

He's a great kid.

COACH 2

... Ned, his mom's in jail. The team is all he has.

NED

I'm running a football program, not a welfare program. Tell him tonight.

COACH 1

I can't do that.

NED

T, when your girl was born premature, did I give you shit for missing time?

COACH 1

... How is that relevant?

Ned, his authority challenged by Coach 1, looks at Coach 2.

NED

Can you give us a moment?

Coach 2 rises, leaves the room. Closes the door behind him.

Ned strokes his chin, measuring his thoughts. Eyes Coach 1.

NED

Cassie and I had a premature baby as well. She sure did, and so did about 11 percent of American families last year. That places us 131st outta 184 countries... Now I gave you time off when you sure as shit weren't having the baby yourself, but did I sit and tell you that I didn't take any time off? I did not...

(MORE)

NED (cont'd)

One of the reasons we're 131 out of 184, and one of the reasons we've gotten our butt kicked in every military skirmish since the Korean War, it's cuz of pansies like Dontay, and faggots like you. I need folks who are willing to do whatever it takes to be first. Not 131st, but first... Cut Dontay post-haste. He's off the team, or you're out of a job.

INT. DAYCARE - DAY

Cassie puts toys and blocks away. Her badge tells us she works here. Cassie laughs with KIDS and CO-WORKERS alike.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Now back home, Cassie cuts the corners off of a sandwich. Hands the plate to her daughter, Gwen. Kisses the top of her head. The little girl leaves the room. Cassie smiles.

Sees a new toothbrush by the sink, next to sponges, soap.

She opens it, carries it with her to the washing machine. Cassie picks up Ned's lipstick adorned button-down shirt.

Sprays the collar and lipstick with Spray-N-Wash cleaner. Then, Cassie furiously scrubs it out with the toothbrush.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cassie cradles a cell while on the 1-800-FLOWERS website.

CASSIE

Red, yes... Ned Lyons -- L-Y-O-N-S.

(beat)

No card. I want it to be anonymous.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cassie and Ned eat with little Gwen.

NED

The fish is terrible.

Forks clash. Knives slash.

NED

This fish is awful. It's fucking raw.

CASSIE

It's sushi. That's sort of the point.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cassie and Ned, lights out in bed.

NED

I think we should send Gwen to my parents. Maybe till school starts.

Cassie doesn't entertain the subject.

CASSIE

I won't be out of work until seven. Will you be here?

NED

Yeah.

Cassie has set up The Flower Test.

NED

I'm sorry, you know.

CASSIE

... What are you sorry for?

A coward, he can't own his actions.

NED

I'm sorry.

CASSIE

You've said that before.

NED

I've been under a bunch of stress. The kids on the team are too much. The kids in school are even worse.

CASSIE

... Why is that my fault?

NED

I'm stressed -- Sometimes you piss me off. Like, when you get distant.

CASSIE

Maybe there's a reason I'm distant.

A moment passes. Ned touches Cassie. She recoils.

He touches her again. She pulls back harder. Ned increases pressure, she increases her resistance.

A struggle in the dark. He forces himself on her.

INT. DAYCARE - DAY

Cassie and Kids. Eyes glazed, thoughts elsewhere.

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

A psychiatrist's office. Cassie with a SECRETARY.

SECRETARY

Is this your first visit?

Cassie nods.

SECRETARY

Name, please?

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Cassie sits across from a patient, female DOCTOR.

DOCTOR

Does he drink a lot?

(beat)

Does he hit you when he's drunk?

No response.

DOCTOR

What's he like when sober?

CASSIE

... He's worse.

DOCTOR

A lot of women -- most women -- the reason they don't leave the abusive relationship is because of shame... What will people think? I'm college educated. This doesn't happen to me, it happens to other women. How will my kids be affected by not only the divorce, but by the revelation that mommy was abused by daddy? How do I reconcile the fact that this person beats me, but is a good father, too?

CASSIE

We might send our daughter to her grandparents for the summer while we figure stuff out. I don't know.

DOCTOR

His parents or yours?

CASSIE

Mine are gone. He'd only consider it if she were going to his folks anyway, but yeah -- Have her safe.

DOCTOR

What about your safety?

CASSIE

I can't leave. Not without money.

DOCTOR

Okay, so...I have a professional obligation to report occurrences of domestic violence. If clients are in danger, even a new client, I'm a mandatory reporter.

CASSIE

That'll put me in more danger.

DOCTOR

Jennifer...I understand. I do. But I'm obligated to share my findings.

CASSIE

Well I guess it's a good thing my name isn't Jennifer.

INT. CAR - DAY

Cassie in her car. She's on her block, staking out her house.

After awhile, a 1-800-FLOWERS truck appears. Cassie perks up.

The truck pulls into her driveway. DRIVER emerges with roses.

Reaches the front door. Cassie sees Ned receive the delivery.

INT. CAMERA STORE - DAY

OLD OWNER shows Cassie his high-tech electronics under glass.

OLD OWNER

That's a GPS car locator. You plug it into the diagnostics port under your dashboard, then you can track a car by phone, computer, anything.

CASSIE

Cool... I don't want my daughter driving anywhere past Scottsdale.

OLD OWNER

Mama bear.

CASSIE

They just grow up too fast.
(beat)
Okay, and how much is that?

OLD OWNER

200 even.

CASSIE

It does work, right?

The Owner's demeanor shifts. His friendly smile turns serious.

OLD OWNER

Ma'am... If it turns out that the son of a bitch really is cheating on you, this will be the best two hundred dollars you've ever spent.
(MORE)

OLD OWNER (cont'd)

(beat)

That is a promise.

Cassie, taken aback that he saw right through her cover story.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Cassie comes through the front door. Stops and deeply inhales.

She slowly walks towards the kitchen. Enters. Sees no flowers.

Cassie checks several rooms. The roses are clearly not around.

She finally returns to the kitchen. This time, Ned is sitting.

He sits, she stands. The tension is thick. Responses are slow.

CASSIE

Where's Gwen?

NED

... She's playing house.

CASSIE

Did anyone come by to look at the air conditioner?

NED

Tomorrow.

CASSIE

Did Jen drop off my plates?

NED

Nope.

CASSIE

... Any mail today?

Ned leans back in his chair.

NED

Not really. Just junk.

CASSIE

Any coupons?

NED

Nah. Just flyers from real estate
brokers and like, generic letters.

Cassie swallows a lump.

CASSIE

What did you do with them?

NED

... I threw them away.

He means the mail. She means the roses.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Cassie walks her block. She looks into a garbage can.

Nothing. She walks across the way, peers in a second.

Nothing. Lifts the lids on a third, fourth and fifth.

A NEIGHBOR pulls back a curtain. Watches Cassie wade
through her trash. The two women lock concerned
eyes.

INT. CAR - DAY

Cassie drives. White knuckles grip the wheel.

She drives to Ned's football field and parks.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Cassie at the 40-yard line. Not for symbolic purposes, but
for practical purposes. When she reaches the ten yard line,
we see what she's pursuing: A dull, rusty garbage dumpster.

Cassie reaches, then stands in front of it. Considers it.

She lifts the lid, but before she can even move to get a
look, she hears SCURRYING within -- RATS. She jumps back.

After a bit, Cassie musters the courage to open it again.

Cassie sees a dozen red roses upon a bed of broken glass.

It's what's left of the vase, what's left of her marriage.
The rats scurry everywhere, trampling the roses and glass.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Ned nods off in his seat. Cassie watches him like a hawk.

When Ned finally drifts into a deep enough sleep, Cassie quietly gets up and leaves. She goes through the hallway, into the bedroom, then tries to move a cumbersome bureau.

It's oak and it's heavy. Finally, Cassie moves it a foot.

An outlet stands out. Cassie produces a screwdriver from her pocket. She unscrews the outlet plate. Hiding inside is the GPS locator. She grabs it, screws the outlet back.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Cassie enters. She sees Ned's muscle car waiting for her.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Cassie inserts the GPS locator into the diagnostic port.

A hand belonging to Ned reaches through the open window and grabs Cassie by a rope of hair. She SCREAMS in fear.

NED

What the fuck are you doing?

Ned opens the door and drags Cassie out, still gripping her hair. He throws her to the concrete, enters the car.

NED

Stay out of my car. Do I fuck with your shit? You do this to yourself.

Dazed Cassie assesses her wounds.

CASSIE

I was gonna surprise you. I was gonna change the oil... Filters.

Ned roots around. Cassie bleeds.

NED

What is this?

Cassie closes her eyes, prepares for the worst.

Ned gets out of the car and stands over Cassie.

NED

I don't know why this is in my car,
but you need to fucking explain it.

Cassie's head, flat on its side. A Barbie doll drops on the cement floor in her line of sight. She and Barbie lock eyes.

EXT. GWEN'S ROOM - DAWN

The next day. Cassie wakes up Gwen. Cuddles in bed with her.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cassie sits in the living room. She stares out the window.

Front of the house. Serene, tranquil, suburban uniformity.

It is broken by a routine event -- Ned's car driving away. Except today's drive is hardly routine. It compels Cassie to spring into action. She rushes to her laptop and phone.

Opens the laptop -- Types in the site for her GPS locator. Soon, she tracks Ned's muscle car via blips on the screen.

Her eyes, glued to the screen. His car moves with purpose.

INT. CAR - DAY

Cassie drives. She now tracks Ned via phone.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Cassie finds Ned's car, then slows her roll.

Cassie parks a safe distance away. Observes.

LATER

Cassie continues to stake out Ned's car. Finally, he and a COLLEGE GIRL emerge. A platonic handshake, then Ned leaves.

College Girl, however, not caring about what the neighbors might see, smacks Ned's butt. He turns again and they kiss.

Cassie watches in horror. Ned gets in his car and jets.

Cassie exits her car, walks up to College Girl's house, opens the unlocked front door, and continues on inside.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Cassie walks through, finds College Girl pouring milk in the kitchen. College Girl is frightened as Cassie calmly attacks with 5x the ferocity that Ned has ever shown her.

INT. JAIL - DAY

Cassie sits alone on the floor of a cell.

To her right is another cell, which she cannot see, as it's separated by cinder block and steel. And to her left is the desk jockey chaperoning the scene, whom she also cannot see.

The desk jockey is Officer LACROIX, who butters a croissant.

Cassie begins CRYING to herself. Grows progressively LOUDER, until a voice from the cell next door calmly begins to sing:

VOICE

It's my party and I'll cry if I
want to, cry if I want to, cry if I
want to...

Cassie SNIFFS.

VOICE

Don't cry.

Cassie's eyes look right. She can't see the voice.

But she can it hear it clearly. Again, she SNIFFS.

VOICE

Don't cry.

CASSIE

... I'll be alright.

VOICE

I know you will. I'm not saying it for comfort or to tell you there's nothing to worry about. I'm saying "Don't cry" as in like... "Stop it. You're making me uncomfortable."

CASSIE

Crying isn't a form of weakness.

VOICE

No, it's not, but it is contagious as hell. See...when you start crying, it makes me feel like I want to cry. You know how when someone throws up, it's a trigger for other folks to throw up? That's like me with crying.

CASSIE

Sorry.

VOICE

It's cool. You're just scared.

CASSIE

I'm very scared.

(beat)

What are you in for?

VOICE

... What's your name?

CASSIE

Cassie.

VOICE

Nice to meet you. I'm Joe.

(beat)

Cassie?

CASSIE

Yeah?

JOE

Don't say, "What are you in for."

(beat)

Breaking and Entering.

CASSIE

What did you Break and Enter?

JOE
Someone's face and someone's house.

CASSIE
Why?

JOE
My boy, Hector Baseball, his
grandma's wedding ring got stolen.

CASSIE
Hector Baseball.

JOE
He's like a Puerto Rican Ty Cobb.

CASSIE
... I don't know what that means.

JOE
It means he's good at baseball,
he's from Georgia, and he doesn't
like black people.

CASSIE
Got it.

JOE
He's also Puerto Rican.

CASSIE
Right.

A moment passes. Again, Joe sings.

JOE
It's my party and I'll cry if I
want to, cry if I want to, cry if I
want to...

The desk jockey, Lacroix, annoyed.

LACROIX
Stop with that singing, faggot.

JOE
Hey, no one asked you, LaCroix.

LACROIX
You ain't no Dusty Springfield.

JOE

It's not Dusty; it's Lesley Gore.

LACROIX

I don't care if it's the Queen o' Spain. Enough with the happiness.

JOE

LaCroix, shoot yourself in the dick, you are a fool, no one on the force likes you. I also saw that doughnut on the desk. You're eating it right now, correct? Tell me you're eating the doughnut, and tell me what kind.

About to place his buttered croissant into his mouth, LaCroix corrects Joe with the confidence of man who knows he is right.

LACROIX

I'm not eating a doughnut.

JOE

No, you're not. You're eating a croissant, you Parisian fuck.

Lacroix stops before biting in, sheepish that Joe got it right.

He gets up, saunters over to Joe's cell. A nasty smile appears.

LACROIX

Did you know that before your mom and dad got together...my dad and your mom used to fuck? Didja know?

JOE

Did I know? It's 30 years later, and my mom's *still* complaining about how small your dad's dick was.

Lacroix's shoulders deflate -- Cassie smiles to herself.

CHIEF enters. Makes his way to Cassie's cell. Evaluates.

CHIEF

What's her story?

LACROIX

Trespassing and Battery.

Chief looks down at Cassie.

CHIEF

I don't like aggressive women in
Maricopa County, d'ya understand?

(beat)

Look here. I'm talking to you.

She looks. Chief to Lacroix:

CHIEF

What's behind Door #2?

LACROIX

Joe Jaitley.

Chief takes a few steps, sees Joe. Takes out keys, frees him.

CHIEF

What is your damage, LaCroix? Man,
sorry for this, Joe. How you been?

JOE

I'm alright. No thanks to Lumière.

JOE JAITLEY (20's) appears in front of Cassie's cell. We now see him for the first time. He grips the bars with his hands.

JOE

You're much younger than I thought
you'd be.

Joe leaves, having voiced what Cassie was thinking about him.

EXT. STATION - DAY

Cassie leaves, regains freedom. Unsure of her next move.

JOE (O.S.)

... You would cry too if it
happened to you.

Inside, Joe sang the first two verses of "It's My Party."

Here, he finishes the song, and Cassie turns to see him.

JOE

Are you hungry?

Cassie shakes her head. He walks off. Then turns around.

JOE

Let's go. You can buy me lunch.

(beat)

It'll save you some legal fees.

INT. DINER - DAY

Joe and Cassie eat. Cassie has a salad, Joe has a feast.

CASSIE

Are you a cop's son?

JOE

I'm a criminal's son.

Joe eats like a 25-year-old. Mechanically, like a shark.

JOE

Big Chief? He went to high school with my mom. My dad walked out on us, and Chief and his crew looked out for me. Taught me to fix cars, gave me better candy on Halloween, that sorta thing. Nerds, Smarties.

CASSIE

I'm a big Peppermint Pattie fan.

JOE

Huh. I could never reconcile the Peppermint Pattie candy with the Peppermint Patty Peanuts character.

(beat)

Peppermint Patty the person first showed up in Peanuts in 1966. But it's not so clear when Peppermint Pattie candy was officially named. Sometime between 1940 and 1970ish. Either way, how did the 2nd group go past lawyers for the 1st group?

CASSIE

Clearly you've thought about this.

JOE

I've looked up both their Wikipedia pages, but neither one addressed it.

CASSIE

Surprising.

JOE

Definitely. They're pretty thorough over there.

Cassie smiles. Joe sees the semi-concealed marks on her neck.

JOE

What did you do again? Check fraud?

CASSIE

Check fraud?

JOE

You look like the check fraud type.

CASSIE

Battery and Trespassing.

(beat)

I Broke someone's face and Entered someone's house.

JOE

What happened?

CASSIE

My husband's having an affair. I saw them together, confronted her at her parents' house...then I just lost it.

JOE

Sounds more like you Broke someone's house and Entered someone's face.

(beat)

Whaddaya do?

CASSIE

I work at a daycare.

JOE

Okay, well...not for long. I hate to be the bearer of bad shit, but as soon as you got processed your fingerprints were sent to certain databases -- Department of Health, Child Services, licensed agencies like daycare centers, you name it.

CASSIE

No.

JOE

No?

CASSIE

We need to have two incomes. We're underwater on our mortgage, and my husband's a teacher without tenure. We need to have two incomes.

JOE

I need to bid on a dining room set on The Price is Right. I need to land a spot on Contestant's Row. It's probably not going to happen for me.

Cassie clenches her hair.

CASSIE

I need a lawyer.

JOE

You do need a lawyer. But listen...

Joe stands, slides a card.

JOE

Let me know if you need a job.

He leaves 100 dollars, despite saying that Cassie would pay.

Knowing this, of course, a surprised Cassie looks up at him.

JOE

Tip her well, but keep the change for yourself... See you on Monday.

He leaves. Cassie eyes his understated card -- Phoenix Pool.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cassie readies herself for bed. Brushes her hair.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

She walks to Gwen's room. Opens door. Empty room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cassie checks in. Neither Gwen nor Ned are there.

INT. HALL - NIGHT

Cassie to a guest room. Door's open a few inches.

She sees Gwen nodding off on the couch, covered by a blanket.

Ned faces her in a chair, drinking bad beer and winding down.

GWEN

Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray
the Lord my soul to keep. And if I
die before I wake, I pray the Lord
my soul to take.

NED

Say it the other way.

GWEN

What other way?

NED

Repeat after me.

(beat)

Now I lay me down to sleep...

GWEN

Now I lay me down to sleep...

NED

I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

GWEN

I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

NED

Keep me safe till morning light...

GWEN

Keep me safe till morning light...

NED

Angels watch me through the night.

GWEN

Angels watch me through the night.

Ned turns, sees Cassie observing them. He smiles a creepy smile, holds eye contact with Cassie as he speaks to Gwen.

NED
I have another one.

Ned begins, holding on Cassie through the sliver of space.

NED
Peter Peter pumpkin eater...

GWEN
Peter Peter pumpkin eater...

NED
Had a wife but couldn't keep her.

GWEN
Had a wife but couldn't keep her.

NED
So he put her in a pumpkin shell...

GWEN
So he put her in a pumpkin shell...

NED
And there he kept her very well.

Ned takes a swig of beer, doesn't break his hold on Cassie. A beat. Cassie walks away from the door, frightened by him.

Gwen's eyes are closed. Ned kisses her, stands up to leave.

After he pulls away, Gwen's eyes open. She, too, is afraid of him, and was pretending to slowly nod off so he'd leave.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Ned is about to leave for work. Cassie washes their dishes. They haven't broached the affair, arrest. The air is thick.

NED
It's not what you think.

CASSIE
I don't want to talk about it.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Cassie and Ned follow through on spoken plans to send Gwen to her GRANDPARENTS for the summer. A sad Cassie hugs Gwen.

CASSIE

When are Grandma and Grandpa giving you back to me?

GWEN

August 9th.

CASSIE

How many days away is August 9th?

GWEN

63.

CASSIE

How many hours away is August 9th?

GWEN

1,512.

CASSIE

How many minutes away is August 9th?

GWEN

90,720.

CASSIE

How many seconds away is August 9th?

GWEN

I can't memorize *that*.

CASSIE

... 5,443,200.

They share a smile.

CASSIE

Who loves me?

GWEN

I do.

INT. CAR - DAY

The next morning, Cassie pulls into her daycare's parking lot.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Cassie enters, sits. Boss ignores her, types. Boss then turns from computer to Cassie. He regards her coldly, with judgment.

BOSS
I received a call this morning.
(beat)
Anything you'd like to tell me?

A moment passes.

CASSIE
There're some problems at home.

BOSS
May I ask what kind?

CASSIE
I'd rather not get into it.

BOSS
I understand. We've all been there.

CASSIE
Thanks, TJ. That means a lot to me.

BOSS
Well that's what I'm here for.

He holds on her.

BOSS
Why were you arrested Tuesday?

CASSIE
... Check fraud.

Boss shifts in his chair, unhappy with her response.

CASSIE
I'm gonna get back to the kids.

She gets up, heads for the door.

BOSS
Cassie.

CASSIE

Yeah?

BOSS

... We're gonna have to let you go.

INT. MALL - DAY

Cassie walks on dead tile, past brick and mortar.
Arizona fashion converges, Arizona hair diverges.

INT. STORE - DAY

Cassie flips through a rack: CLEARANCE -- 50% OFF.
Looks up, and she sees Woman 1 from the bleachers.

WOMAN 1

Hi, doll. What are you looking for?

CASSIE

Oh, I have to get a birthday
present for Gwen's classmate.

Woman 1 nods warmly. Then, her fangs come out to play.

WOMAN 1

You're not gonna buy her something
from the clearance rack... Are you?

CASSIE

No. This is for me.

WOMAN 1

Oh, sweetie... God, each time I talk
to you, it ends up breaking my
heart.

CASSIE

I mean...

WOMAN 1

You teach me to appreciate things.
(beat)
You make me appreciate all I have.

CASSIE

Huh. I'm glad I can be of service.

Cassie takes it on the chin as Woman 1 continues, oblivious.

WOMAN 1

So did you hear about Val? She --

INT. CAR - DAY

Cassie at a red light. Sees a "Help Wanted" sign in a store.

She taps the steering wheel with her thumbs, considering it.

The light turns green, and instead of continuing on, Cassie makes a sharp turn and heads into the lot. She parks, exits.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Cassie sits before the OWNER.

He studies a piece of paper on the desk in front of him.

Uses a pencil to go through his check-list of questions.

OWNER

You live close by?

CASSIE

Glendale.

OWNER

Got a car?

CASSIE

I do.

OWNER

Do you have children?

Cassie's face brightens.

CASSIE

I have a little girl.

Owner makes a small check mark with his pencil.

Cassie realizes that it's a strike against her.

OWNER

Can you work weekends?

Cassie, about to answer, gets up and walks out.

Owner watches her. He makes another check mark.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cassie scours jobs sites. She's on Monster.com.

She's about to do a search, arrow icon over the grey button.

Instead, takes out Joe's card. Appraises the raised letters.

Rather than performing the Monster search, Cassie enters in: phoenixpool.com. A button reads: Enter The Blue. She clicks.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cassie and Ned eat in silence.

CASSIE
There's a job for a bookkeeper.

NED
Get it.

CASSIE
I don't want to do bookkeeping.

NED
It's something you're good at.

CASSIE
It's one thing I'm good at.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Cassie practices a phone call to Joe. Holds the phone in one hand, his card in another. She looks in the mirror, looks at the card. On the back is her greeting: Hey... This is Cassie.

CASSIE
Hey... This is Cassie.
(beat)
Hey... This is Cassie.

Practice makes perfect. Cassie finally dials. Joe answers.

JOE
Hello?

Cassie freezes.

CASSIE

Hi.

JOE

Hey... This is Joe.

Naturally, Joe speaks with her intended style and cadence.

EXT. PHOENIX POOL - DAY

The next day. Cassie pulls up to Phoenix Pool. A standard, commercial sign declares the company's name. Cassie parks.

INT. PHOENIX POOL - DAY

Cassie walks through. It looks like they know pools here.

Wood-paneled walls make for a 1980's ski lodge aesthetic.

Three 20-somethings around the reception area take turns calmly shooting at a 5-dollar, mini-basketball backboard.

CASSIE

Hi. Um, I'm here for Lorna?

HECTOR

Cassie, right? I'm Hector Baseball.

They shake hands.

CASSIE

Oh, of course... Hector Baseball.

HECTOR

Lorna will be off the phone in a minute -- This is Todd and Andre.

She waves to them. They respectively nod and wave.

HECTOR BASEBALL is Latin, gorgeous and well-built.

TODD WRATTEN is white, gorgeous and well-built.

ANDRE BARNES is black, gorgeous and well-built.

Along with Joe Jaitley, they are our Pool Boys.

ANDRE

Shoot the two.

He floats Cassie the ball. She catches it with both hands.

HECTOR

Twenty bucks says she makes it.

TODD

I'll take that bet.

HECTOR

I'm saying if she makes it, I win
20. If she misses, I pay out,
like...two.

TODD

Shoot it up, Cassie.

She shoots. The ball lands on the front of the rim, which dips down like a diving board, then launches the ball off.

All REACT to the near miss. Hector gives Todd two dollars.

VOICE

I know 50% of two dollars is one.

Cassie & Co. turn to see LORNA VECCHIO (50), the big boss.

Lorna is bold and beautiful. A lifetime of cigarettes and coffee has proved to be no match for Restylane and Renova.

Todd shuffles over to Lorna, offers her half of the money.

LORNA

I'm kidding, doll. Put it in ARCOS.
Less than 20 a share and headed to
40. They got every last McDonald's
franchise in South America. If you
buy now, you'll profit and prosper.
(to Cassie)

I'm Lorna. I liked your cover
letter. I don't ever look at
resumes, I only read cover letters.
Yours was lovely.

Though wicked in appearance and blunt in delivery, Lorna's the first woman to treat Cassie with any level of kindness.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Cassie and Lorna, with the latter shuffling through papers.

LORNA
Do you know anything about pools?

CASSIE
I do. I have a pool.

Lorna stops.

LORNA
You have a pool?

CASSIE
Yeah.

LORNA
... Can I come over?

Cassie, blank.

LORNA
I'm just messing with you.

Cassie smiles.

LORNA
You should've seen your face: Lady, I don't know you. And if I got the job, you think I want my boss over on a Saturday? Cassie says hell no.

CASSIE
Cassie says you're welcome any time.

LORNA
I appreciate that. I fucking can't stand pools, but I appreciate that. You got kids?

CASSIE
I have a daughter.

Lorna, unlike the previous interviewer, beams with joy.

LORNA
Kids are precious. Are you married?

CASSIE
I am.

LORNA
That's too bad. Can't have it all.
(beat)
So you met Joe. Joe's my favorite.

CASSIE
Joe, yes. Lifesaver.

From her interview files, she waves Joe's card in recognition.

LORNA
What's that?

CASSIE
His business card.

LORNA
I know; I told him to ditch those.

She beckons for the card. An exchange is made. Lorna examines.

LORNA
Cassie, where is his head at?

CASSIE
Um, I don't know him too well.

LORNA
Whose card is better?

She neatly places two cards side-by-side, on Cassie's side of the table. Joe's card is refined, and Lorna's is ostentatious.

CASSIE
It's...really about personal taste.

LORNA
Joe had his own card made. He says mine is garish. He says it's showy.

CASSIE
It's a little loud.

LORNA
No, honey; I'm a little loud. This business card is a wonder, and all others are small in its presence.

She picks up Joe's card.

LORNA

Feel this. Raised letters? That's what he chooses? It's like braille.

CASSIE (SMILING)

It's not like braille.

LORNA

No, it's not like braille. It's just raised lettering and that's it. It's like a cock-tease for blind people.

Cassie smiles. Acting like the caricature of a blind person, Lorna stretches her arms out, feels the surface of the card.

LORNA

"What's this? A 1st edition Catcher in the Rye? Nope. It's just another business card." See, that's a total cock-tease for blind people, Cassie. They get their hopes up higher than their peckers. You want a Diet Coke?

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cassie, amongst a group of football WIVES. They prep dinner.

INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME

Ned, Coach 1 and Coach 2 watch game film and take down notes.

NED

If the end heads for the quarterback, then FB1 slips inside of him, and he easily blocks the nearest linebacker.

Coach 2 places a bulging manila envelope on the coffee table.

NED

How much?

COACH 2

Forty thousand on Week 1. The over. Minus four thousand for the police.

NED

Keep that four as part of your cut.

COACH 2
What about the police?

NED
... Fuck the police.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Cassie runs the shower. Examines her wrinkles in the mirror.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Ned enters the now-darkened room. Picks up a remote control.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Ned sits in his car. Types a numerical code into the remote.

The flat panel between the dashboard and windshield pops up.

It's a secret safe, one filled with cash. Ned adds the cash from the manila envelope. Hits the remote. The panel closes.

INT. PHOENIX POOL - DAY

Cassie behind a desk. Ledgers piled up. Lorna instructs her.

LORNA
After you're finished sorting these, I want you to go with Hector to see a pool cleaning.

CASSIE
Sure.

LORNA
I don't know what value the ledgers have, but it might show us accounts that have yet to be paid up. No one has been through any these in years, so you can throw 'em out if need be.

CASSIE
Got it.

LORNA
If anything turns up, just holler.

EXT. PHOENIX POOL - DAY

Joe and Hector load the latter's car with cleaning supplies.

HECTOR
I think she'll pass.

JOE
She'll pass the quiz, fail the test.

HECTOR
Why do you say that?

JOE
I don't know her, but I know myself.
I'm a bad person, who is capable of
lots of good... She's a good person,
who is capable of lots of bad.

INT. PHOENIX POOL - DAY

Cassie flips through one ledger book out of the many stacked.

She finds several green bills. Counts them out. Ten hundreds.

Cassie walks to Lorna's office. Knocks on it. Lorna looks up.

CASSIE
Holler.

Cassie holds up the cash. Lorna feigns surprise. Quiz passed.

INT. VAN - DAY

Cassie rides with Hector.

CASSIE
How long you been working here?

HECTOR
Two years.

CASSIE
And before this?

HECTOR

I did some modeling. Went to Italy
for awhile, but it didn't work out.

CASSIE

Italy, wow.

She feels a soccer ball hanging from the rear-view mirror.

HECTOR

I booked a soccer uniform gig when
I was there. That was a high point.

CASSIE

That's pretty cool. What, like
soccer uniforms for A.C. Milan?

HECTOR

Nah. Soccer uniforms for A.C. Milan?
Try Italian loafers for J.C. Penney.

Cassie smiles.

HECTOR

I just never got on board with how
seriously the other models took it.
They say it's not about appearance,
that's it's about how you pose. If
you can deliver art for the camera.
But that's bullshit to make models
feel like they're more than a prop.

CASSIE

Seems like the photographer's show.

HECTOR

Pretty much. They realized they can
sell clothes if they made the girls
into stars -- This was the
eighties.

CASSIE

I was there.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Having now arrived, Hector unloads the van as he continues.

HECTOR

It's like how NASA realized in the 60's that monkeys in space weren't gonna bring taxpayer dollars. They create the idea of astronauts even though you don't need a person for anything up there. But a face will get you contracts for making stuff. Whether it's modeling or NASA, the face can sell the product. You got a guy named Buzz Aldrin? Guys like Neil Armstrong? Checks get written for guys with a first name of Buzz.

CASSIE

Checks get written for guys with a last name of Armstrong.

HECTOR

That's what's up... Modeling's okay, but even the male models, they like normal girls anyhow. Like, take the average male model: He looks like a really good-looking guy, right? But female models, a lot of times, they don't even look pretty at all. Guys like normal girls.

CASSIE

Normal girls?

HECTOR

Regular girls.

CASSIE

Well, 5-10 and 105 pounds is a tall order. We "regular" girls thank you.

HECTOR

We?

Hector studies a pool skimmer, not Cassie.

HECTOR

You're not "regular." And calling yourself that kinda insults other women -- The ones who are regular.

Now, he does look at her. They match eyes.

HECTOR

You might be normal looking...but
there's nothing regular about you.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

CLIENT 1 is both "normal" and "regular." She leads Cassie and Hector through her stately house, offers instructions.

CLIENT 1

Cassie, you have a seat, the kitchen
is yours, just make yourself at
home.

CASSIE

Actually, that is so sweet of you,
but I think I'm supposed to watch
Hector do his thing.

CLIENT 1

I think he'll "do his thing" much
quicker if he's not being watched.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Later, Cassie watches TV. A beat, and then her eyes wander. She heads to, then peers through the blinds. Hector cleans.

Cassie looks to the hallway. No one on the horizon. Cassie again looks through the blinds, but Hector has disappeared.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Hector quietly opens the sliding glass door. He leaves two thousand dollars on a counter. Then spots a remote control.

Hector opens drawers. Finds a fork. Splits open the remote.

Studies the inside, joins it back together. Heads upstairs.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Client 1 lies in her bed. An average woman in a satin robe.

Hector stands at the foot of the bed, taking off his shirt.

CLIENT 1

Slowly.

Hector slows down. Removes his shirt. Gets in bed with her. He kisses an imperfect body with his perfect lips, touches her as if he loves her. The sex is tender and affectionate.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Cassie grabs juice. Sees the money Hector put on the counter.

The ceiling SHAKES. Cassie looks up. SHAKES again. And again.

She pours her juice, then leaves the kitchen. The money sits.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Cassie and Client 1 talk out front, and Hector loads the van.

CASSIE
Were you satisfied?

CLIENT 1
Absolutely. Though, next time, I do like Latinos, but prefer white guys.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Hector carries the last of his gear from the back through the kitchen. He passes the counter, then grabs the 2K he laid out.

EXT. PHOENIX POOL - DAY

Cassie and Hector pull up and park. Hector produces the money.

HECTOR
Half of it's yours.

CASSIE
You stole from her?

HECTOR
Half of it's yours.

The money hangs there, forever. Cassie then takes it from him.

INT. PHOENIX POOL - DAY

Cassie, nose buried in paperwork. Joe enters from the outside.

JOE

What's going on; you settling in?

CASSIE

Hey. Yeah, everyone's super nice.

JOE

Good, good. Listen: Me and the boys are gonna get some sling-shots. You should come. I gotta pick up Alison first, but I'll circle back for you.

CASSIE

Next time. I don't exactly do shots.

JOE

That's okay ... Neither does Alison.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

ALISON (12) is Joe's baby sister. She pulls back her sling. Sling-shots aren't a drink, they're sling-shots, literally. Alison fires a rock at a row of empty bottles 40-feet away. Joe, Hector, Todd, Andre and Cassie have a picnic of sorts. Alison aims, fires and misses. Then, she approaches Cassie.

ALISON

You try.

CASSIE

Oh, no.

JOE

No bets this time. She's an assassin.

CASSIE

Where do you get something like this?

TODD
Sports Authority, Dick's, anywhere.

CASSIE
And this is some standard activity?

TODD
Yeah, I mean, it's something to do.

ANDRE
People are always saying, "There's nothing to do in this town; I'm so bored." People say that everywhere. But there's a lotta fun activities you can do to entertain yourselves for a couple hours. Innocent stuff.

CASSIE
Like firing sling-shots at bottles.

ANDRE
Kills time on a Wednesday. Not bad.

Cassie pulls the rubber and stone back. Aims, holds, fires. She misses. Todd pulls back, fires. A bottle CLINKS, moves. Cassie's up again. She aims, holds, then SHATTERS a bottle. Lastly, a MONTAGE of all seven making beer bottles EXPLODE.

INT. T.G.I. FRIDAY'S - DAY

Cassie and Joe sit in a booth, with Alison in-between them.

They talk while watching Hector, Todd and Andre get drinks at the bar. The three flirt with co-eds from Arizona State.

CASSIE
So I shadowed Hector. He was nice.

JOE
Definitely. Hector is good people.
(beat)
Did he talk about NASA?

CASSIE
He did talk about NASA.

JOE

Sorry. I tell him not to bring that shit up, but he's really passionate.

CASSIE

Seems like it. Is there --

JOE

-- What about Benedict Arnold. Did he talk about him?

CASSIE

No, what's with Benedict Arnold?

JOE

... He's misunderstood.

Cassie smiles. Given Alison, Joe carefully chooses his words.

JOE

So are you doing okay with the... circumstances under which we met?

CASSIE

I am. Thank you for your counsel.

JOE

Where are you from, anyway?

CASSIE

Glendale.

JOE

That's a good spot.

CASSIE

Sometimes. We're the poorest family in a rich, rich neighborhood.

JOE

What neighborhood?

CASSIE

Arrowhead Lakes?

JOE

Oh, shit -- Next time lead with that.

(MORE)

JOE (cont'd)

(beat)

So you're the poorest girl in a rich, rich neighborhood. What's that about?

CASSIE

There are worse things in life.

(beat)

My husband teaches Phys Ed and coaches football... What about you -- Where are you guys from?

JOE

Tempe.

CASSIE

Where in Tempe?

JOE

Ceaderfield. Y'know where that is?

CASSIE

I've heard of it.

JOE

Probably on the news. We're the wealthiest family in a bad, bad neighborhood.

CASSIE

Nice. I'm not sure whose situation is worse.

ALISON

... Yours is.

Alison innocently chimes in with the dark wisdom of a child.

ALISON

I like your nail polish, Cassie.

CASSIE

Oh. Thank you.

JOE

OPI or essie?

CASSIE

OPI. How did you know that?

JOE

It was a 50-50 shot.

CASSIE

No, I'm saying how do you know what OPI and essie even are?

JOE

What football team plays in Atlanta?

CASSIE

The Falcons.

JOE

How do you know that?

CASSIE

Everyone knows that.

JOE

But how do you know that?

CASSIE

My husband's all about football.

JOE

My husband's all about nail polish.

Cassie and Alison chuckle.

JOE

I spent a lot of time with my mom and sisters as a kid. But I'm not that evolved: I did think OPI and essie were radio DJ's. Like shock jocks. But Alison set me straight.

A beat. Joe's smile fades.

JOE

You should use Ocean Potion.

CASSIE

Ocean Potion?

JOE

I hear it's the best foundation.

(beat)

You should use it for your neck.

CASSIE

I'm sorry?

JOE

Those scratches on your neck.

CASSIE

Oh. They're from my cat.

JOE

Yeah. My cat is pretty vicious, too.

(beat)

I worry... He might kill me one day.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Alone with her thoughts, no Ned in sight, Cassie cuts meat.

As she slices, she sees mini-flashes that arouse suspicion.

LORNA

I know 50% of two dollars is one.

Cassie chops.

CLIENT 1

I think he'll "do his thing" much quicker if he's not being watched.

Cassie dices.

LORNA

So you met Joe. Joe's my favorite.

Cassie minces.

CLIENT 1

Absolutely. Though, next time, I do like Latinos, but prefer white guys.

Cassie slices.

NED

Why are you home so late?

This time, there is no mini-flashback to accompany the words.

Cassie slowly turns around, but Ned isn't there. She exhales.

She finishes up her prep work. The phone RINGS. Cassie turns to pick up, and now sees Ned standing there. She's terrified.

INT. PHOENIX POOL - DAY

The next day. Cassie enters data into an Excel spreadsheet. She abruptly stops typing. Stands, heads to Lorna's office.

OFFICE

Lorna, joined by Joe, is busy crunching numbers of her own.

LORNA

Hey, girl. Take a load off.

(beat)

Joe, hit the remote for me?

Joe picks up a universal remote. Same kind Hector split open.

He punches in a code. A painting pops on the wall, revealing a safe. Lorna gets up, enters the combination, deposits cash.

CASSIE

Hey. Um...there's no graceful way to say this, but I sort of have to quit.

LORNA

You can't quit.

CASSIE

Okay, but I have to. My daughter --

LORNA

-- Fuck your daughter.

Cassie, appalled. Now emboldened.

CASSIE

I know what goes on here.

Joe, buried in ledgers, looks up.

LORNA

We clean pools. We work the water.

CASSIE

A lot goes on beneath the surface.

Cassie and Lorna hold their gaze.

LORNA

We unclog a lot of drains, Cassie.

CASSIE

I know you do. Some deep cleaning.

LORNA

Very deep.

CASSIE

... I can't work here.

LORNA

You can and you will.

CASSIE

I *can*. I won't.

LORNA

I need a driver. I need someone to take my boys to their appointments, and then wait for them. My clients feel more comfortable with a woman in the house. Strange boys running around can be exciting, but it can also be perilous. If another woman is there, it lets the client relax.

She hands Cassie photocopies: CASSIE LYONS above a mugshot.

CASSIE

Where did you get this?

LORNA

Kinko's. Also, from public records.
(beat)

You wouldn't want these turning up in your neighbor's mailboxes, true?

CASSIE

I'm calling the cops.

LORNA

Be sure you tell 'em how you and Hector stole two grand yesterday.

CASSIE

... I only took the money becuz she said awful things about him.

LORNA

Oh, yeah? That's sweet of you. Make sure you tell your defense attorney.

Feeling guilty, Joe bows his head.

CASSIE

Did he even steal it or did he plant it there so you could set me up? I'm gonna ask for a plea bargain, and --

LORNA

-- This isn't the Mafia, babe; they don't offer plea bargains for small time game like me... You're staying, and you're gonna make lots of money.

CASSIE

... How much?

LORNA

It's 500 bucks a date. 250 goes to the pool boy and 250 goes to Lorna.

(beat)

You drive, get 250 a day, tax-free.

CASSIE

I need money right now, but getting it this way is not the answer to my problems.

LORNA

It's one of 'em.

(beat)

And maybe money is not the answer, but in lieu of a better one, it's a good fuckin' guess.

Lorna counts off cash, puts two stacks in front of Cassie.

LORNA

Drive Todd to his appointment. This 125 is for you. Your other 125 will be here waiting after you come back.

CASSIE

Why do you need me? I understand you found me in this compromised position, and you're just taking advantage, but why me?

LORNA

Eh, it's like you said -- You're a wounded animal right now, and life is about predator versus prey. Joe put a thousand bucks in the ledger, and Hector put two thousand on the kitchen table.

(MORE)

LORNA (cont'd)

You gave me my cash, but pocketed someone else's. Tells me that you have loyalty, you have morality, but only to an extent. I got two weeks notice from our last driver so I asked Joe to watch out for somebody special. So...you are that someone.

CASSIE

Your last driver. Why did she quit?

No answer.

CASSIE

Why did she quit?

For the first time, Joe speaks.

JOE

Her husband found out.

EXT. PHOENIX POOL - DAY

Cassie heads for the van, with Todd in the passenger seat.

Joe exits the office, follows her in an effort to explain.

JOE

Cassie...

CASSIE

I have work to do. I have to go with Todd to do my job -- Didn't you hear?

JOE

Slow down.

CASSIE

Do your job. Fuck yourself.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Cassie and Todd, seated in a well-appointed living room.

She sets down a glass of wine on the table between them.

CASSIE

I feel a headache coming on.

Todd produces a white, rattling bottle from a small bag.

TODD
I'm giving you a low-dose, barely
noticeable half-tablet of Tylenol.
After your wine, drink some water.

Todd tosses the bottle across the table. Cassie receives it.
Sees the red-and-white Tylenol bottle. Takes one with a sip.

TODD
You know... Joe's a good dude.
It's Lorna who dragged you in.

CASSIE
He's a piece of shit. You guys
get all your drivers from jail?

Todd avoids answering. Instead, he turns the spotlight on her.

TODD
What happened with your husband?

CASSIE
I found lipstick on his collar... My
entire life is a cliché and now
this.

TODD
Lipstick on the collar? I could be
wrong, but that wasn't an accident.

CASSIE
Why do you say that?

As Todd responds, Client 2 appears. She's smoking hot,
in a silk camisole. Cassie has some nervous energy,
Client 2 and Todd are at ease. They relieve one another
of clothes.

TODD
90% of women don't want their
makeup getting ruined, especially
for a guy they're already hooking
up with. No reason to get your shit
all smudged if you already got a
guy tagged and bagged.

CASSIE
I guess that's true.

TODD
It is true. I doubt it was
accidental.

Client 2 kisses Todd's abs. Todd is flawless, almost naked.

TODD
Chances are, she wanted you to see
it.

CASSIE
You think?

TODD
I know. She's marking her territory.

CASSIE
... But it's my territory.

TODD
Not anymore.

Todd and Client 2 leave, hand in hand. She strips his
boxers.

TODD
Oh, and Cassie? When I said that
I'm giving you a low-dose, barely
noticeable half-tablet of Tylenol?
What I meant is that I was giving
you a low-dose, barely noticeable
half-tablet of Ecstasy.

BEDROOM

Todd undresses CLIENT 2. He kisses her gently, starting with
her legs, then working his way up. He kisses her inner
thigh.

HOUSE

Cassie explores the house, with amenities she never
imagined.

She drinks a glass of wine. Turns on music. Drinks more
wine.

BEDROOM

Todd and Client 2, fucking. A fine Aphrodite with her
Adonis.

HOUSE

Cassie in a library. Floor-to-ceiling books instead of walls.

The pool outside. Cassie's toe in the water. Swirls it about.

Later, Cassie climbs a staircase and advances on the bedroom.

Hears Client 2 through the door and eavesdrops without shame.

Cassie slumps against the wall. Slides down. Drinks her wine.

Fingers explore. Client 2 reaches a peak just as Cassie does.

INT. HOUSE - LATER

Cassie plays piano. Todd arrives, sits on the bench with her.

They play slowly, thoughtfully. Todd, shirtless, is sweating.

Beads of perspiration drop on a key. Cassie's finger absorbs.

TODD

You know what's funny about the piano? It's the only instrument where you can go into someone's house and start playing it, and it's like...socially acceptable.

Cassie smiles. Todd makes jokes, but speaks and plays softly.

TODD

It's totally cool to be at some stranger's house, and then play the piano like it's no big deal.

CASSIE

I'm trying to think of instruments.

TODD

If you went to someone's house and saw like a clarinet sitting on the couch, if you pick up the clarinet and put it in your mouth and start playing, you're totally outta line.

CASSIE

Well using someone's reed is gross.

TODD

It's nasty. Even my Grandma, she used to have a harp in her house. Let's say she has a party and -- my grandma's dead, but let's say she had a party, and by some off chance, someone who knows how to play the harp comes to the house. Now if the person just sits down and starts strumming on the harp, that person is an asshole, right?

CASSIE

I'd say so.

TODD

Definitely. Especially because when someone plays the harp they get all serious and into it -- They bob and weave like they're Stevie Wonder or some shit. I got no patience for it.

CASSIE

... Guitar, maybe. Nah. If you pick up someone's guitar and play it, it might be okay, but it also might not be okay at all.

They continue to play just as they spoke -- Softly. Measured.

Cassie has now enjoyed two bonding scenes with Joe, one with Hector (he complimented her looks), and two scenes with Todd.

INT. PHOENIX POOL - NIGHT

Cassie, still rolling. Or, maybe she doesn't want to go home.

Takes out two mini-bottles of liquor. Bought on the way back.

She pours, mixing two hard liquors into one cup. Drinks them.

Hector enters. Cassie has yet to see him since he set her up.

CASSIE

You lied to me.

Hector sits, silence settles in. After a bit, Hector gets up, approaches Cassie's desk. A moment. He pours himself a drink.

CASSIE

I only took the money because she said she did not want a Latin guy.

HECTOR

Is that why you took the money?

CASSIE

Fuck you.

HECTOR

Did your dad march with Dr. King?

CASSIE

Fuck you!

HECTOR

Women tell me every day they don't want a Latin guy. Women tell Andre they don't want a black guy. After they suck on it, that's what they say -- Send a white guy next time.

CASSIE

That's heartbreaking. Unfortunately, this isn't about you. It's about me getting fucked over.

Silence -- The literal interpretation of "fucked" dissipates.

Hector slowly moves in. They kiss. Hector likes normal girls, Cassie likes models. She begins to gently remove his clothes.

OFFICE

Cassie and Hector, kissing, move to Lorna's office. This is by Cassie's unspoken design: Revenge. They fuck on her desk.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Joe drinks alone, topping off his night. Eyes the BARTENDER.

JOE

Hey. Um... I have a rule about not hitting on bartenders. They get it 24/7, so they'll let you know when they're interested. Still, I gotta ask, like, do you have a boyfriend?

BARTENDER

It's a little complicated. I do. But the way you asked was sweet.

JOE

Of course. Now we can talk like actual people.

BARTENDER

What do you do?

JOE

It's a little complicated.

BARTENDER

Sorry -- I know it's superficial. What's your name, what do you do, where do you live?

JOE

Eh, they're all important questions. I clean pools. I'm looking to start my own business soon, but we'll see.

(beat)

How long have you two been together?

BARTENDER

Couple years. He's a doctor.

JOE

Oh, cool. Good for you.

She smiles at him. Joe returns one.

BARTENDER

Look, you're sweet. And you're hot as fuck, too, so I'll be honest: I can't leave a doctor for a guy who cleans pools.

JOE

Hey, I wouldn't either.

BARTENDER

Let me finish... I have a boyfriend, I love my boyfriend... but why don't you stick around? I get off at 2.

Joe purses his lips, nods.

BARTENDER

I get off at 2, and hopefully I can get off again at 3.

Joe nods, masks his emotions. He doesn't want to be a piece of meat, he wants love, but cannot find it. He simply flips through his wallet, puts a 20 on the bar, and calmly leaves.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Now home, Cassie showers. Steam envelops her body.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cassie sorts the mail. Discovers a large envelope.

It's addressed to Ned. It reads: Glendale Medical.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Thick steam rises from a hot iron. It ROARS with anger.

Cassie and the envelope: The iron hovers over the seal.

Steam softens the glue. Envelope opens without tearing.

She sees inside -- AndroGel, a testosterone supplement.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cassie speaks on the phone with Gwen.

GWEN

They even had tiger sharks there.

CASSIE

Wow.

GWEN

... I miss you, Mommy.

Cassie wipes a tear.

CASSIE

I miss you, too.

GWEN

Next time, you should come with me on my vacation.

CASSIE

Tell you what. I'm gonna save some money, and when I save enough, you and I are gonna take a girls' trip.

GWEN

Can it be a road trip?

Tears collect.

CASSIE

Yeah. We'll just set off and drive.

GWEN

Cool, that sounds like so much fun.
(beat)
Anyway. So, tell me about your day.

EXT. PHOENIX POOL - THE NEXT DAY

Joe's sculpted white ass. He lies face down on an inflatable raft. Tans his nude body. Waterproof MP3, earbuds plugged in.

EXT. STREET/INT. PHOENIX POOL - DAY

Cassie parks, exits her car. We follow her as she enters the office, and seeing only Andre, marches to the backyard, pool.

She sees Joe floating on the inflatable raft and continues a calm, but purposeful stride towards him.

Joe is oblivious to her oncoming rush, as he's lost in the MUSIC and facing away.

Cassie lifts his inflatable raft situated at the edge of the pool, tossing Joe into the water. He gets his bearings, then sees his earbuds floating, as if suspended in a blue gelatin.

Swims to the buds, sticks them in his ears, dives to get his MP3 player from the bottom. The moment he plugs earbuds into MP3, we hear the MUSIC come on once again. Joe swims back up.

He lifts himself from the water, walks past Cassie in search of a towel. Wrapped, he rips out the earbuds. MUSIC cuts out.

CASSIE

Where is Lorna -- Todd drugged me.

JOE

I know you're mad, but don't mess around with water. It's dangerous.

CASSIE

You're fucking dangerous. Asshole.

INT. CAR - DAY

They continue their argument in the van on the way to a date.

Cassie drives, Andre rides shotgun, and Joe is behind Cassie.

CASSIE

You are an asshole.

JOE

You mentioned that.

CASSIE

You're a dirt bag. You're just one of those kids who peaked in middle school. Not even high school, like most losers, but one of those kids who smoked and hooked up in middle school, was popular, and then just sort of faded out after 10th grade.

JOE
Are you finished?

ANDRE
Oh, wow. No she did not.

CASSIE
You're white trash.

ANDRE
Oh yes she did.

JOE
I'm white trash? I'm white trash?

ANDRE
This is fucking fascinating right now.

Joe leans forward, into the front seat. Face next to Cassie.

JOE
How am I white trash, Cassie?
(beat)
Is it because I wear wife-beaters?

Cassie stares dead ahead at the road, her face a blank mask.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Cassie, Joe and Andre unload the van. Andre takes out a bat.

CASSIE
What's that for?

ANDRE
When the husband comes home, you need to be ready.

CASSIE
The husband sometimes comes home?

ANDRE
... The husband always comes home.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Cassie, Joe, Andre and CLIENT 3. In a sprawling McMansion.

Client 3 is impeccably dressed. Unlike Client 1, but like Client 2, she is beautiful. She preps food in the kitchen.

Cassie, Joe and Andre sit in the living room. Joe sees the universal remote Hector used earlier, Ned has for his safe.

A fork sticks out of a bowl of fruit. Joe uses it to split the remote. Not finding anything of interest, he closes it.

CLIENT 3

Hey, guys? Help yourself to the candy in the dish.

Cassie lifts the lid on the dish. It's filled with cocaine.

She puts the lid on. Client 3 enters with glasses of water.

CLIENT 3

I think I'll have a glass of white wine. You guys don't want any blow?

ANDRE

Um, I don't really use drugs.

JOE

I only smoke weed.

CASSIE

Can I join you in a glass of wine?

Client 3 heads to the kitchen. Soon as she turns away, Joe produces a box of Tic-Tacs, dumps them all down his throat.

Andre grabs keys to frantically scoop cocaine into the box.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Andre cleans the pool, Cassie assists, Joe is on the clock.

CASSIE

I have a question. Let's say a woman wants to book an appointment.

ANDRE

A date.

CASSIE

That's cute. Let's say a woman wants to book a date, but they don't have a pool. What's your cover story then?

ANDRE

Well, most people in Arizona either have a pool, or are considering one.

CASSIE

Got it. And what happens after this?

ANDRE

We're going to Dave & Buster's. When you first met us, and we bet on your basketball shot? We do a lot of that.

CASSIE

Basketball?

ANDRE

Gambling. We put in a thousand each, then go up against another group in the different games. Winners make a thousand, losers wait till next time.

CASSIE

Sorry -- When I said, "What's after this," I meant long-term. What comes after your pool boy days are over?

ANDRE

After my goose time is up.

CASSIE

Goose time?

ANDRE

"Goose" was an old slang word for prostitute. Goose *bumps* was slang for the red bumps caused by STD's.

CASSIE

Jesus. How do you know that?

ANDRE

I mean, technically I'm a prostitute, too. If you fuck people for a living, you tend to pick up the related info. Stuff rubs off on you.

CASSIE

No pun intended. Jesus.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Joe and Client 3, in the middle of it.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Andre answers Cassie's question: "What happens after this?"

ANDRE

After my goose time is up, I have plans. Lorna is always getting on us about plans. Have a plan. Make a plan. I'm the man with the plan.

(beat)

My plan is a website. It's called Presents For Your Girl. I'm going to take all the best bargains from Etsy and sell them on my own online store, and also out of my apartment.

CASSIE

You know Etsy?

ANDRE

Yeah, I know Etsy. I'm a gangster. Anyway, there's a lot of stuff on Etsy and eBay that you can buy for 10 dollars and sell for 20. 20 for 40. It's just about weeding through the junk to find the deals. There's a mess of talented people out there who make things, and a lot of those people are on Etsy. I see all these rings, earrings, necklaces; there's so much stuff on Etsy that could be selling for more. And, they're only selling to the girls on Etsy, which is only half the population. I'd be selling to guys mainly, and there's no other store which caters to that.

CASSIE

... Does Lorna look out for you guys? She offers advice about making plans, but does she look out for you at all?

ANDRE

Lorna looks out for Lorna... Joe looks out for me, I look out for Hector, Hector looks out for Todd.

CASSIE

But like, Dave and Buster's: You hang out together after work? It's Arizona. You don't see color?

ANDRE

Oh, I see color... But poor doesn't see color... Poor don't give a fuck about color.

(beat)

Rich sees green. Poor sees shit.

Cassie has had her bonding moment with each of the boys.

INT. BASEMENT - LATER

Now finished with Client 3, Joe shoots pool with Cassie.

CASSIE

Your innuendo has got to stop.

JOE

You need to leave your husband. It's not my business, but leave yesterday.

CASSIE

I if I leave, he'll kill me.

JOE

Has he said that?

CASSIE

He doesn't have to.

JOE

Has he said that?

CASSIE

It's understood.

JOE

But has he said it?

ANDRE

'Twas grace that taught my heart to
fear / And grace my fears relieved
/
How precious did that grace appear
/ The hour I first believed.
Through many dangers, toils and
snares / I have already come / 'Tis
grace hath brought me safe thus far
/ And grace will lead me home.

Client 3 approaches him and affects a Southern accent.

CLIENT 3

Would you like me to free you from
these shackles?

Andre nods.

CLIENT 3

You're not gonna tell my husband?

Andre shakes his head.

CLIENT 3

And you won't...hurt me, will you?

Andre shakes his head. She produces a key from her ample
cleavage and unlocks the shackles at his ankles and arms.

After she frees Andre, the role-playing they have set up
dictates that Andre will attack her as a now-freed slave.

After a moment of held eyes and tension, Andre does just
that. He throws Client 3 on the bed, then "assaults" her.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

Cassie and Joe continue to shoot pool, Cassie fielding
questions (via Joe) that the audience may have for her.

JOE

You mentioned that you don't have
family and you don't money... How
do you not have money?

CASSIE

My husband spends. He spends on the
boys on his team, even though their
families have money.

(MORE)

CASSIE (cont'd)

Maybe he spent on other women, too.
Either way, we started arguing
about money, and it led to fights,
so that stopped that.

As Joe lines up a shot, the cue slides back and forth, back
and forth on his finger -- It matches Andre's hip thrusting.

JOE

Your husband leads a gambling ring.
That's why I ask. See, these towns
that run on football like in Texas
and New Jersey, the ones that draw
8000 in the stands on Friday night,
the coaches get powerful becuz the
local economies depend on football.
It's not about selling hot dogs to
the 8000 fans on game day. It's in
the gambling rings the coaches run.

CASSIE

How do you know this?

JOE

How do I know that aliens crashed at
Roswell in 1947 -- It's not a secret.

CASSIE

But that's all over the Internet.
People talk Roswell as if it's a
given. It's all over the Internet.

JOE

So is your husband's gambling ring.

He slams a ball into the pocket, and Andre slams Client 3.

CASSIE

He doesn't have a gambling ring.
He's not smart enough to. And no
offense, but you don't know much
about love either, so don't --

JOE

-- Says who?

CASSIE

You fuck for a living.

JOE

So? Fucking teaches me about other
people's lives, and what's missing.
(MORE)

JOE (cont'd)

I prolly know more about love than you do.

CASSIE

You probably don't. And it's cool you like fucking, but...

JOE

You think I enjoy sex? I avoid it. I've had more partners this month than most guys have in a lifetime.

CASSIE

I believe it.

JOE

It's only the 19th.

Joe makes a trick shot, as he has been doing throughout.

JOE

Don't give me grief about fucking. You fucked Hector.

CASSIE

I was drunk.

JOE

So was Hector.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Having finished the role-playing game, Andre washes up. He stares in the mirror. A beat, and he begins to weep.

INT. CAR - DAY

Joe in his car. Watches his sister Alison enter a bank.

INT. BANK - DAY

Alison approaches a TELLER. Joe's money is in her name.

TELLER

Can I help you?

ALISON

Um, I want to make a withdrawal,
but there aren't any slips left.

TELLER

How much do you want to withdraw?

ALISON

Ten thousand dollars.

TELLER

... Excuse me?

ALISON

I do prefer it in Susan B.
Anthony's, but Sacagawea's work if
you're short.

Teller, thrown by an innocent face making a sizeable
request.

ALISON

Eh, I'm just fucking with you.
Fifties and hundreds are fine.

INT. DAVE AND BUSTER'S - NIGHT

Happy music PLAYS as Cassie and the pool boys walk the floor.

All end up in a dining area, at the table of their
OPPONENTS.

Handshakes are exchanged, Cassie is introduced. Wallets
open.

Todd counts off a thousand bucks, as do Opponents, pool
boys.

MONTAGE

The teams compete in games. When a particular side wins, its
members celebrate, but not in an over-the-top, silly
fashion.

Cassie and Todd compete in sit-down trivia vs. the
Opponents.

Hector navigates a typical "claw" machine. The teams look on
as he successfully picks up a cheap toy, safely guides it to
a drop. This comes after cinematic near misses by each
squad.

In the bathroom stalls, pool boys snort powders, drink shots.

Joe & Andre v. Opponents in Skee-Ball. Given the high stakes, they measure out their shots like professional bowlers. When Andre rolls one into the 50 pt. circle, it's a group triumph.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The uplifting MUSIC continues as the group drives home. Cassie counts off, hands out everyone's sizeable share.

INT. PHOENIX POOL - NIGHT

The group comes through the doorway. Joe loses his smile as he spots something in the office. Todd also notices. He stops walking and turns to Cassie. Sitting quietly on the couch is Ned.

CASSIE

... Hi.

NED

Your boss said I could wait for you.

CASSIE

Ned, this is Hector, Joe, Andre and Todd. Guys, this is my husband: Ned.

Head nods and hellos exchanged. Ned, polite and engaged.

NED

Andre, did you play for Tom Doherty?

ANDRE

No... You probably have me confused with someone else.

NED

No, no -- Andre Barnes, right? We stopped you on the goal line when you cut it back from the one. Boy, you could dance. How have ya been?

ANDRE

I'm...not really trying to define myself by football, you know? And the words "dance" and "boy," kind of wanna get away from those, too.

NED

I understand. Totally get it. I'm just happy you didn't get in. Wow.

ANDRE

I actually did get in -- The ball clearly broke the plane.

NED

Yeah-no; you were definitely short.

Cassie steps in.

CASSIE

We'll agree to disagree. It's late.

NED

She's right. And it's too bad that we have no way to settle the score.

Ned extends his hand. Andre shakes it.

ANDRE

I'm sure we'll find a way.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Cassie sorts the mail as Ned smokes a cigarette.

He stares at the ash tray. Stands, picks up the ash tray, then hurls it like a discus at Cassie.

It lands hard. She falls. Ned advances, kneels down.

He grabs Cassie's shirt with a balled fist. Seethes.

NED

You know how many mothers showed up for practice tonight? Just randomly? All of 'em. But the coach's wife is A.W.O.L. I know you want to make me jealous about your young co-workers, but I'm not. For one, I know you're not that kind of girl -- Casual sex isn't your thing. Two, you're smart.

(MORE)

NED (cont'd)

Two wrongs don't make a right, so kissin' on someone won't make you feel better about what you assume happened between me and some girl. Three, even if it did make you feel better, you would never want to get naked with a 25-year-old anyway. If you were in your 30's, you wouldn't let him see your dimpled-ass thighs neither. And finally, you're just a frigid bitch in general. You don't like sex as it is, and you have no idea what to do with a cock. None.

(beat)

I don't care that you spend time with your co-workers. I care that I didn't know where you were. It makes me look like a chump when other wives do more.

Ned stands, leaves.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The next morning. Cassie in bed, not ready to face the day.

DOORBELL. Cassie, drained and exhausted, answers. It's Joe.

JOE

Hey. Lorna sent me to check on you.

She opens the door for him. Rather than entering, Joe holds up a roll of toilet paper. He then enters and hands it over.

CASSIE

Rival school.

We see toilet paper blanketing every tree in the front yard.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Joe studies the walls. Cassie brings out two cups of coffee.

JOE

When your husband showed up the other day he made an appointment with Lorna for us to clean your pool Thursday. I figured it'd be okay to drop by since...

CASSIE

It's fine.

JOE

She said you didn't call in sick.
I was worried something happened.

Cassie sips, avoids.

Joe sees a universal remote on the table. It's the remote Ned used to reveal his car safe. The same style Hector split open with a fork at Client 1's house. The same style Lorna used to reveal her wall safe. Same Joe split open at Client 3's house.

Joe grabs the coffee spoon, wipes it dry. Picks up the remote.

Uses the spoon to split it open. Then spots a lime green chip.

CASSIE

What are you doing?

Joe takes out the chip. Rolls it, admires it with his fingers.

JOE

Do you have a safe in the house?

CASSIE

No.

JOE

This is for a safe.

CASSIE

It's for the TV.

JOE

Cassie, this green chip isn't part of the remote. There's a shop in Phoenix where they sell customized electronic shit. It's one of those stores people visit to look at all their high-tech gadgets, but never buy anything from.

She beckons for the remote and chip. Joe hands them to her.

JOE

Lorna has a remote like this for her safe.

(MORE)

JOE (cont'd)

You press "Enter," then a four digit code, and the painting in her office pops off from the wall. Then you have to open the safe itself, but the remote control reveals it. At the store, they program the green chip to open wall safes, move bookcases aside, all sorts of set-ups. They just put a green chip in the most commonly used, universal remote control sold at the Best Buy on Archer. It's *this* remote.

CASSIE

How is it a secret if people know they use this remote?

JOE

I guess cuz it's not really supposed to be such a secret. It's for hidden passageways that rich people like to show off in their houses. You put it in your kid's room and then they can press a code and the bookcase slides over. It's just like a novelty thing.

CASSIE

... It's definitely that green chip?

JOE

Every time we go to a house with one of these remotes, we split them open to see if they have a green chip.

(beat)

Cassie, they never have a green chip.

CASSIE

Well there's no safe here.

Joe's eyes scan the walls. Trophies. A championship banner.

CASSIE

I clean this whole house. I paint the walls, I clean the gutters, I fix the dry-wall... It's my house.

JOE

Is there any area of the house you've had construction on?

CASSIE

No.

JOE

Is there any area of the house
that's off-limits?

CASSIE

No.

JOE

Is there any thing in the house
that's off-limits?

Cassie's eyes come alive. Her mouth drops, ever so slightly.

SMASH TO:

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Ned's muscle car. Cassie and Joe approach, then take a seat.

JOE

Do you know his ATM password?

CASSIE

2709.

Joe enters it. Nothing happens.

JOE

What could it be, your anniversary?
Did Ned play ball in school? Maybe
it's like his rushing or receiving
yards for four years. Because that
would be a 4-digit number.

CASSIE

He played defense.

JOE

What about a milestone statistic?

CASSIE

He doesn't think about statistics.
He only cares about championships.

Joe sits for a bit. After a moment, he hops out of the car.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Joe arrives back where they had coffee. Earlier, he looked at the walls and saw football trophies and a championship banner.

The banner is now staring back at him. He sees the year: 2009.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Joe and Cassie, back in the car. Joe is about to enter 2009 into the remote control. He nervously holds it in his hands.

He presses "Enter," then 2-0-0-9.

The flat panel between the dashboard and windshield pops up, same as when Ned deposited cash. Cassie and Joe stare at it.

INT. STORE - DAY

Cassie, back at the mall where Woman 1 made a snide comment about Cassie shopping on the clearance rack. Lorna brings a dress over to Cassie, holds it against her body to evaluate.

CASSIE

I do not need a dress.

LORNA

I'm buying you this. We're going to a party, and this dress is unparalleled.

CASSIE

What party?

LORNA

I'm buying you this. We're going fishing.

CASSIE

Fishing?

LORNA

I'm buying you this.

INT. MALL - DAY

Cassie and Lorna walk the main strip.

LORNA
You and Joe are getting close.

CASSIE
I guess.

LORNA
Keep your distance. I got dibs.

CASSIE
Okay. I mean...

LORNA
You can be friends with him, but
that's a nut I'm looking to crack.

Cassie looks up, spies Woman 1, she of the aforementioned
snide comments from both the bleachers and clearance rack.

CASSIE
Ugh. That's my friend. She always
makes me feel shitty about myself.

LORNA
How?

CASSIE
Just money and stuff. She's always
rubbing money in my face becuz she
knows I don't have any.

The three women converge.

WOMAN 1
Hey, girl.

CASSIE
Hi, Tracy. Tracy, this is Lorna
Vecchio; Lorna, Tracy McMichael.

WOMAN 1
Enchanted.

LORNA
I'm sure.

WOMAN 1
What are you doing here, Cassie?
I'm always running into you now.

CASSIE
Just looking around.

WOMAN 1

"Look, don't spend." That's what
Suzie Orman advises. I say "Spend,
don't look." That's clever, right?

(beat)

You'll get there.

LORNA

The fuck are you tryin' to say?

WOMAN 1

Excuse me?

LORNA

I excuse shit. "You'll get there?"
What kind of passive-aggressive
bullshit is that? Fuck you, lady.

WOMAN 1

Don't talk to me like that.

LORNA

Then don't talk to Cassie like that.
What, she doesn't got as much money
as you? I spend more in a year than
you make in one. And guess what? It
doesn't mean shit. You look at your
face in the mirror? Cuz that's what
matters, and you are not her, honey.
Not on your best day.

CASSIE

Lorna...

Lorna grabs a passing TEENAGER by the arm, pulls him over.

LORNA

Who would you rather fuck?

Teenager, confused and out of sorts. His FRIENDS watch on.

LORNA

Don't be shy. Who'd you rather fuck?

Put on the spot, the Teenager clams up. His Friends speak.

FRIEND 1

Her. She's hot.

FRIEND 2

She's really hot.

LORNA

See? No one wants to fuck you. The only person who wants to fuck you less than your husband is the rest of mankind. Chew on that, you vicious bitch. You fuckin' shrew.

Lorna links her arm in Cassie's, turns and walks them away.

WOMAN 1

Fuck you! Fuck you and your crusty Italian cunt.

Lorna stops dead in her tracks, enraged. Turns, walks back.

She and Woman 1 face off. Then, Lorna palms Woman 1's face like a basketball and pushes her backwards. Woman 1 spills into a kiosk of Precious Moments figurines. Both the kiosk and Woman 1 fall to the floor, glass SHATTERING everywhere.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Wealthy COUPLES in black tie mingle during a benefit dinner.

This is why Lorna bought Cassie a dress -- They're "fishing."

Joe, Hector, Todd and Andre also circulate in sharp tuxedos.

In his own corner, Joe eavesdrops on a pair of TROPHY wives.

Lorna and Cassie watch him. Lorna tells her what fishing is.

LORNA

The boys are going to flirt with different women -- Married women. The ones who they ID as the most likely to cheat? We go after 'em.

CASSIE

In what sense?

LORNA

In the fucking sense. We fuck them, then we fuck 'em over... Blackmail.

CASSIE

Got it.

LORNA

First we take pictures of the deed being done, then we blackmail them. Rich, society women are a cinch to extort. But prominent men, there's a playbook: You call the Feds, you apologize, the Stepford wife stays with you. For women, there isn't a protocol, so they panic and pay up.

They continue to watch Joe listen to Trophy 1 and Trophy 2.

TROPHY 1

My husband leaves his socks all over.

TROPHY 2

Men are pigs.

TROPHY 1

They're just shitty.

Joe inserts himself.

JOE

That's not fair.

TROPHY 1

Oh, really? Men don't know the first thing about what's fair and not fair.

JOE

Maybe. But "shitty" is a strong word.

TROPHY 1

I know it is.

JOE

Alright then. So don't assume that all men are as shitty as the ones you attract.

Trophy 2 LAUGHS, duly impressed by Joe's chutzpah. Trophy 1 puts her hand on his chest as she ERUPTS, decidedly charmed.

In another corner, Hector speaks with Trophy 3 and Trophy 4.

TROPHY 3

Is she taking his name?

TROPHY 4

I don't think so. I hope not.

HECTOR

I wouldn't want my fiancé taking my name. You fall in love with someone for who they are, and their name is a huge part of their identity.

TROPHY 3

It's just outdated.

HECTOR

Then again, some women make a big stink about being independent and so forth, but then how come every time a woman has a God-awful last name, they change it? Like, Alice Lipschitz jumps at a chance to be Alice Middleton. My friend's last name is hyphenated, Belcher-Timme, and he once got into a fight with his girl cuz she didn't want kids named Belcher-Timme... Just Timme.

TROPHY 4

That's true. Women will drop their convictions at the drop of a hat.

HECTOR

Not women, but people. Let's not go indicting an entire gender now.

TROPHY 3

Look at you making the progressive distinction. My little feminist here.

Trophy 4 smiles as Trophy 3 flirtatiously handles his forearm.

LATER

Cassie wanders the mansion. Sees Todd across the room, and he tilts his head: A GUEST on the piano. Cassie smiles with Todd.

LATER

Over champagne flutes, Cassie & Joe make plans for Ned's safe.

CASSIE
What are we gonna do about the safe?

JOE
We rob him.

CASSIE
Jesus. Okay, well, he's seen that there's four of you.

JOE
Then we do it with two. Or we just do it with four -- He can't report any gambling ring cash to the cops.

CASSIE
Maybe. He knows a lot of cops and has his power struggles with them.

From across the space, Lorna studies them with simmering envy.

CASSIE
I want to rob him, too. I want to be there and put a gun to his head.

JOE
No.

CASSIE
Why not?

JOE
We may need to put a gun to yours.

LATER

Todd now PLAYS the piano. Cassie again sits, plays with him.

CASSIE
Do you have more of those pills?

TODD
Biscuits?

CASSIE
Is that what you call them?

TODD

That's what my friend Bob calls
Quaaludes so I adopted the name.

(beat)

I don't know if you should drop.

CASSIE

Why?

TODD

Cuz sex on Ecstasy isn't normal, and
I don't want that being redefined as
your baseline experience.

CASSIE

My husband and I aren't...intimate.

(beat)

Any sex is great sex at this point.

The pair continue to PLAY. Their fingers graze at one point.

CASSIE

Sorry.

Cassie needlessly apologizes like a shy high school student.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cassie and Todd elaborately fuck. The moon offers its light.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The next day. Hector cleans a pool. Looks up, to see Cassie
watching him. He winks. She winks back. No jealousy at all.

INT. HOTEL - DAY

Joe enters, wearing a suit. He takes the elevator upstairs.

He is meeting with Trophy 1 to sleep with, then extort her.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Joe and Trophy 1 have sex...and a hidden camera records it.

INT. PHOENIX POOL - DAY

Lorna watches all the action on her laptop. Licks her lips.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Cassie and Joe walk Trophy 1's office. An ADMIN stops them.

ADMIN
You can't go in there.

Cassie and Joe brush past. Trophy 1, shocked to see Joe.

Cassie drops photo evidence on the desk. Joe drops a CD. Admin enters behind them, concerned. Trophy 1 instructs.

TROPHY 1
Cancel my meetings.

INT. BAR - DAY

Cassie and Joe clink shot glasses. Joe is in a solemn mood.

CASSIE
What's next?

JOE
What do you mean?

CASSIE
What's next -- What little adventure awaits us?

JOE
This is it. Sex, drugs, rock 'n
roll.
(beat)
Rinse and repeat... There is no
next.

CASSIE
That's kind of depressing.

JOE
Life is kind of depressing.

He downs his shot.

INT. HOUSES - DAY

An high-octane MONTAGE set to MUSIC.

Each pool boy has sex with different women -- Older women, younger women, beautiful women, homely women, heavy women, thin women. Pool boys dress as SpongeBob, Castro, Mr. Met.

A drug deal goes south. Cassie and Todd sit together on a couch, across from a DEALER. Dealer cuts open a packet of cocaine with a switchblade, tastes it. Stares Cassie down.

Dealer grabs Todd's wrist and puts the blade over his veins.

Andre then presents behind the Dealer. Slugs him in the neck with the bat he earlier showed Cassie. Finish the MONTAGE on:

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Cassie reads as Hector attends to business upstairs.

A HUSBAND nonchalantly comes through the front door.

CASSIE

Hi.

HUSBAND

Hello.

"The husband always comes home," said Andre. Cassie's eyes light up. She springs into action, texting 9-1-1 to Hector.

CASSIE

We're here for your pool.

HUSBAND

Finally. How's she coming?

CASSIE

... She's coming. She's coming along well.

CLIENT 4 picks that moment to come, audibly reaching ORGASM.

HUSBAND

Melissa?

He rushes upstairs. Cassie runs in pursuit, but to no avail.

Husband reaches the top of the stairs, rushes to the bedroom.

Opens the door, sees Hector and Client 4 in the middle of it.

Husband accosts Hector, beats his model face to a bloody mess.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

The other pool boys, plus Cassie and Lorna, in a waiting room.

Saddened, Cassie leans forward in her seat. Joe rubs her neck.

A jealous Lorna looks on, just as she saw them at the mansion.

Todd talks to Joe, mid-story.

TODD

So she's like, "You don't worry about disease?" And I'm like, "I just worry about money -- And It's more money if you do it without a condom."

ANDRE

Can we not talk about sex right now?

TODD

What?

ANDRE

It's like when you're smoking up, and all people want to talk about is weed.

TODD

What do you wanna talk about, Andre, baking? Calm down. How old were you when your boobies started coming in?
(beat)
Where'd you have your Sweet Sixteen?

No answer.

TODD

How old were you when you gave your first blow job?

ANDRE

... Four.

Todd's face goes pale as he realizes that Andre is admitting that he was molested as a child. Andre stands up, walks away.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Cassie talks Andre down from the ledge.

ANDRE

There's a moment in your 20's when you begin to realize that what you are, it's what you're gonna be.

CASSIE

You're young... You all have time.

ANDRE

Y'know how people who are married, they talk about how they're bored, and how they crave some adventure? Well I wanna get married... All I want outta life is to get married.

A moment. Cassie kisses him.

ANDRE

I've never kissed a white girl before.

CASSIE

I've never kissed a black guy before.

ANDRE

That's the first thing every girl says after they kiss me.

CASSIE

You started it.

ANDRE

That's true. At first it makes you feel good to hear that, because it
(MORE)

ANDRE (cont'd)
means you're special. But then it's like, wait, I don't wanna be feeling superior to other black guys because white women will kiss me. It's being a house negro, feeling better than a brother working the plantation. That isn't a look I'm trying to cultivate.

CASSIE
I wasn't trying to make things so political.

ANDRE
I'm black. Things are always so political.

CASSIE
Well if it makes any difference, I don't think really think of you as being black.

ANDRE
That's the second thing every girl says after they kiss me.

A moment, and they kiss again.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Cassie and Andre have feverish sex. Cassie has now slept with Hector, Todd and Andre. She may be a prisoner in her marriage, but no longer in her mind or body.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

The next day.

Cassie is now at home, cleaning while Ned watches TV. She wipes the floor, back and forth. Monotony builds. Then, a huge brick comes CRASHING through the window. Ned is thrown, then runs to the door. KIDS drive off.

LATER

Cassie puts the finishing touches on repairing the window.

She turns to Ned.

CASSIE

I want a divorce.

NED

The fuck you do.

CASSIE

I'm leaving. I'm taking Gwen with me. It's one thing to have rival schools throwing toilet paper around, but to have bricks coming through? I'm gone.

NED

You get the fuck out. Gwen stays.

CASSIE

... You're not gonna do to her what you do to me.

Ned calmly absorbs this. Then he approaches Cassie, grabs her by the throat, and forces the neck of his beer down her mouth.

Cassie chokes on it.

NED

I'll kill you, and I'll kill her dead. I never fucking wanted her.

He pushes his flat palm against the bottom of the bottle.

Cassie goes flying, the bottle SHATTERS. Beer spills out.

INT. PHOENIX POOL - DAY

Joe puts a butterfly bandage on Cassie's sliced-up wrist.

CASSIE

I had a premature baby. He died.

(beat)

He was a boy, so when Ned began hitting me, I thought it was an expression of loss. Now if your husband cheats, you don't leave him right away. It'll mess your kids up. Same with hitting. And then it just snowballed like...

JOE
How long has he been coaching?

CASSIE
Twenty-six years.

JOE
There's a lotta money in that safe,
Cassie.

CASSIE
... Can you get away with it?

JOE
Toilet paper and now bricks? He'll
think we're rival high school kids
who somehow found out and are dumb
enough to rob him.

CASSIE
He may think it's one of the
coaches. Or his own players even.

JOE
Exactly.

Joe finishes patching her up. They eye each other,
concerned.

CASSIE
How soon can we do this?

JOE
Thursday... We do it early morning,
I come back to your house to clean
the pool in the afternoon.
(beat)
In and out, and then back in.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Pool boys study Cassie's blueprints. Hector is battered.

LATER

The boys drink on a balcony, Arizona lit up before them.

Joe looks at Cassie. They hold apprehensive eye contact.

INT. CAR - DAWN

Joe, Hector, Todd and Andre. Dressed in dark jumpsuits. Pile in a car filled with buckets of chlorine tablets. Todd offers a hand to Andre. Apologizes for making fun. In the back set, Hector fiddles with the window button.

HECTOR

Hey, uh, Grandma: Can I get a little help with the child safety thing here?
I can't breathe with all the chlorine bucket bullshit.

Joe drops the window.

ANDRE

And can we use a better car the next time we rob someone? This is a piece of shit.

TODD

Calling this a piece of shit is an insult to shit.

Joe drives, focused on the road.

INT. BEDROOM - DAWN

Cassie, sound asleep. Ned nudges her.

NED

Cassie.

Her eyes flicker.

NED

I think I heard something downstairs.

CASSIE

It's nothing.

NED

... I'm gonna go check.

A moment, and he turns on the light.

The moment the light clicks on, Ned sees four ninja-type figures, all surrounding the bed, with guns aimed at him.

JOE
Good morning, Coach.

NED
Who the fuck are --

Before he can finish, Todd SMASHES Ned's face with a gun.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Hector handles Ned, whose hands are raised. They enter the garage, continue to Ned's muscle car. Joe presses the code.

The safe rises. Ned's in the passenger seat. Three boys sit in the other seats, guns aimed. Joe holds Cassie outside the car.

TODD
Open the safe.

NED
You don't know what you're doing.
You're young... You can stop now.

Joe puts his gun to Cassie's head. She cries with mock fear. Ned opens the safe. Neat stacks of 100 dollar bills present.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Ned is tied up on the floor, Cassie as well. The boys leave.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The boys haul ass to their car, parked a safe distance away.

INT. FIELD - DAY

Pool boys, counting money, torch their outfits in a bonfire.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Later, Coach 1 and Coach 2 have been called to help Ned out.

The three men sit in the muscle car. Eye the open safe door.

NED

I sent Cassie to my parents' house.
You guys should stay as long as it
takes to track these motherfuckers.

COACH 1

It could be one of our own.

NED

... That's how I'm feeling.

COACH 2

A kid with an axe to grind?

NED

Whoever it is, there was close to
800,000 in that safe. I laundered
another 300,000 in a bank account,
but that's all of our money, boys.

COACH 1

... I have to get out of here.

NED

You got somewhere better to be?

COACH 1

I have to get out of here, meaning
the car... It stinks like chlorine.

The realization spreads across Ned's face: The pool boys are responsible. They carried the chlorine bucket smell from the car they drove to the muscle car they sat in. Ned springs up.

INT. PHOENIX POOL - DAY

Lorna files paperwork in her office. Ned arrives, storms in.

NED

I want my money right now.

LORNA

What the fuck is this?

Ned approaches, picks Lorna up the shirt collar and drags her over the desk and onto his side of it. She falls to the floor.

LORNA
Get off me!

NED
Where's my money?

LORNA
You're hurting me!

NED
Where the fuck are they?

Ned spots the debris from her desk, scattered on the floor. Lorna's head is right next to her universal remote control. Ned recognizes the remote as a potential gateway to a safe.

NED
Open the safe.

LORNA
What safe?

He punches her in the face.

LORNA
Are you crazy?

He punches her again, breaks her nose. Blood flows freely.

He then drags Lorna to her feet. She looks to the picture.

Ned bends down, picks up the remote, pushes Lorna towards the picture. Lorna enters the code, the picture pops off the wall.

She then opens the safe, revealing about \$200,000 and jewelry.

NED
Where's the rest?

LORNA
That's all of it.

He throws her against the wall. She slumps, her blood remains.

Ned stuffs money into his cargo shorts. Sweat and blood mixes.

LORNA
My teeth -- Oh, my God!

Ned approaches Lorna, sits down on her chest, grasps her neck.

NED
Give me fucking money.

LORNA
Fuck you!

NED
Look at me.

She looks at Ned straight on with a bloodied, mangled face.

NED
No one loves you.

He spits in her face. Lorna grins through her maroon teeth.

LORNA
No one loves you, either.
(beat)
But someone loves my Joe.

Ned's eyes narrow.

NED
Where is he?

Lorna spits back at him. Blood splatters on his face.

NED
Where the fuck is he?

LORNA
... Don't you remember? You made an
appointment, slap dick.

INT. CAR - DAY

Ned drives, furious. He weaves in-and-out of traffic.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Joe calmly cleans the pool at Cassie and Ned's house.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

Ned parks, leaves the car, continues to the backyard.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Joe sees Ned moving towards him, picking up the pace.

He drops the skimmer and Ned charges him like a bull.

The two men wrestle, get tangled up. Lorna's \$200,000 spills out of Ned's cargo shorts and onto the brick around the pool.

Then, Joe and Ned tumble into the water. Continue the battle.

Earlier, Cassie flipped Joe's inflatable raft. He said to her, "I know you're mad, but don't mess around with water."

Now, Joe holds Ned underwater with relative ease, given a weightless environment -- Bubbles escape from Ned's mouth.

Ned drowns. Joe swims to the surface. Gasps for fresh air.

Ned's corpse sits at the bottom -- Eyes wide open, creepy.

Joe gets out of the pool. Sees the \$200,000 and claims it.

Sees the surface of the water, now covered by stray bills.

They look like artfully placed lily pads, floating calmly.

LATER

The ordeal long over, COPS are now on the scene.

Ned's bloated body gets zipped up in a body bag.

COP 1

Toxicology reports should confirm.

COP 2

Don't drink and swim. No foul play?

COP 1

Clean body. No signs of a struggle.

COP 2

... There goes our cut of the ring.

COP 1

He was giving us less of a cut as it was... Tough guy thought he was hard.

COP 2

He is now. Bloated-ass stiff.

Cop 1 leans by water. Picks up a floating bill and pockets it.

EXT. HOUSE - WEEKS LATER - DAY

Warm music CRESTS. Cassie is moving away. Ned's car is packed to the brim with her belongings. Gwen communes with her phone.

A "For Sale" sign is on the grass. Cassie says goodbye to Joe.

They don't exchange words. Now, for the first time, they kiss.

Pull apart and smile. Smitten. They move in for a second kiss.

The music CRESCENDOS. Just as their lips touch...

CUT TO

BLACK.

THE POOL BOY