

SCRIPT TITLE

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VARIOUS SHOTS - ICONIC IMAGES OF THE EIGHTIES

The Spandex. The pastels. The high hair. Michael Jackson. A smiling Cruise in Top Gun. Van Halen -- in Spandex. Richard Simmons was an exercise guru! Damn, the world was so innocent...

Over this, the voice of BILLY GREEN, (50s), puts in --

GREEN (V.O.)  
Lemme tell you somethin', the  
Eighties were fucking awesome...

A MURMUR as HUTCH, (50s), whispers to him (*all off screen. In fact, we won't see our narrators for quite awhile, and the idea is they're running commentary on their lives in rewind.*)

GREEN (V.O.)  
Don't use the word *fucking*? All  
right, we won't use the word  
*fucking*.  
(correcting himself)  
The Eighties were... frikkin'  
awesome. You could drink at  
eighteen...

Shaun Cassidy clones drinking in bars. They look like kids.

GREEN (V.O.)  
... fly without an ID, with all the  
liquids and gels you wanted. You  
could even smoke on planes...

A WIDEBODY JET, the "NO SMOKING" sign comes off, triggering a firing-squad of lighters as everyone sparks their Marlboros.

GREEN  
You could travel pretty much  
anywhere in the world without  
worrying whether some camel-fucker  
was gonna yell *aloha snackbar* and  
cut loose with an AK.

Hutch again whispers to Green, while a young, like-a-virgin Madonna, prances on screen.

GREEN (CONT'D)  
Oh, okay. We won't use that word  
either.  
(then)  
To clarify, I'm not a racist. I  
love all people. Kikes, crackers,  
chinks, japs, niggers, even fags  
and drags.

Hutch SIGHS next to Green.

GREEN (CONT'D)

Also in the 80s, people weren't so afraid of words. Labels. People had the, uhh, capacity to look a bit deeper into someone's soul without trying to annihilate them for using a wrong word.

Sonny and Crockett in a fast car. Hopping out, wearing those pastels. Pool-side bikinis. Shiny things. Vivid colors.

GREEN (CONT'D)

Around the time we got into moving weight, the hottest TV show was Miami Vice. All that teal water, pink bikinis, those fast Italian machines... that's pretty salient stuff to a teenager. The drug-smuggler's life seemed a lot cooler than my dad's sports retail business. Shit, once I got the bug, I wanted it all...

HUTCHINS

Who doesn't?

GREER

But see where we're from, the *business* was a little different.

And we go from exotic Miami in a --

SMASH CUT TO:

A well-fed Vermont cow, chewing grass. The animal is looking at the camera. Bored.

GREER (CONT'D)

In Vermont, they'd barely heard of bikinis.

Now a gorgeous look at the Green Mountains, and the Adirondacks to the West. Lake Champlain. Pastoral bliss.

GREER (CONT'D)

But we did -- do -- have a long history of smuggling stuff, going all the way back to the Revolutionary War. Smugglers dragged canons over those mountains in the dead of winter, snow up their chests, to fight the Limeys.

(MORE)

GREER (CONT'D)

It was a brotherhood, forged in danger and hardship. If you ever been part of a crew or a military unit in combat, you know you'll never again have friends like that. See, the reason people can't quit wars, and drugs and all the crazy things we humans do, it's cause... honestly, it's cause we're all struggling to make a connection with each other, and the greater the danger, the greater the bond. And once you've tasted a true friendship --

HUTCHINS

The guy said if you waxed on too much, you'd lose the audience.

GREER

Well, what the fuck does he know? What's he ever done but sit behind a desk and freeload off other people's stories?

A SIGH.

GREER (CONT'D)

So anyway, this is kinda the story of how two small-town, fellas busted a record and moved two million pounds of Paki hash into Northeast America.

HUTCHINS (V/O)

Almost.

GREER

Why you always got to *modify* me?

HUTCHINS

You gonna tell a story, tell it like it was.

GREER

Trying.

Two SIGHS, then --

SMASH CUT TO:

WHACK! A wooden Donnay racket hits a tennis ball across the net and HUTCH, (17) skinny and bespectacled, skids into frame slamming the ball back to --

BILLY GREEN, (18), well-built with a blonde surfer mane. Big dog on campus, and as we PULL BACK --

EXT. SOUTH BURLINGTON HIGH SCHOOL - 1977 - DAY

It's the State Championship. Says so on a banner. A smattering of spectators, kids and coaches, few parents.

GREEN (V.O.)

Wow, I'd forgotten how nerdy you looked.

HUTCH (V.O.)

Least I wasn't wearing those shorts.

Billy's wearing green runner shorts with beige, taped hems. Prefontaine shiny.

The boys play their hearts out.

GREEN

Man, I had a ton of hair then.

HUTCH

Your heart was lighter then.

The point goes on and on. Billy tries a drop shot. Hutch is too quick, pops it over. Billy swats at it. Net. Fuck!

Hutch is stunned for a moment, looks to the stands. But there's nobody rooting for him up there. He converges on the net, where Billy is sucking up defeat. They shake hands.

GREEN

And that's how we met.

NEW ANGLE - MINUTES LATER

Hutch accepts the state champion medal and Green notices his shitty racket, his worn shoes. He grabs something out of his tennis jacket, then goes to Hutch and shakes his hand again.

GREEN (CONT'D)

Well-played, man.

Hutch looks in his palm: a fucking joint. Eyes go to Green and maybe he's not that kind of guy. Then he smiles.

GREEN (CONT'D)

Shoulda given you that before the match. Then it would've been a fair fight.

HUTCH

What makes you think I'm not stoned  
right now?

GREEN

Serious?!

Hutch just laughs.

HUTCH (V.O.)

Why'd you give me that joint?

GREEN (V.O.)

Dunno... had a hunch you could use  
it more than that medal.

\*

INT. GREEN'S PONTIAC PHOENIX - DRIVING - DAY

Next to Green is his hot Girlfriend and in the back a dark-  
haired, RICK CARTER, (17), athletic, but straight-laced.

RICK

Dumbshit! You coulda won if you  
hadn't toked up.

GREEN

Might have psyched myself out and  
lost worse. Fuckface.

Rick frowns, he doesn't get the logic.

GREEN (CONT'D)

Besides, the only reason I joined  
the tennis team is sitting next to  
me.

(his Girlfriend smiles)

That kid can have the glory.

Rick lifts a bag of neatly rolled joints from Green's open  
tennis bag.

RICK

There's gotta be an ounce of weed  
in here!

GREEN

Help yourself.

RICK

No, no I don't want any.

He leans over the seat.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Are you *selling* again?!

GREEN  
Of course not.

RICK  
(reading his face)  
Shitbag! You said you were done  
with that.

GREEN  
People are countin' on me to make  
senior year memorable.

RICK  
Every night I hear my dad talkin' --

GREEN  
Hey, I'm not Al Capone. I'm not a  
crime-wave. I'm like a... gnat in  
this game.

RICK  
I don't want this to be a thing  
between us. If you get nailed --

GREEN  
I'd never hold it against you.

He grabs Rick's head, giving him a noogie. And as they  
struggle, laughing, the Girlfriend grabs the wheel.

GIRLFRIEND  
Cut it out!

Green re-takes the wheel. Then --

GREEN  
This really bugs you, huh?

RICK  
Why you gotta do this shit? You  
don't need to. You got everything.

Their eyes meet in the mirror.

GREEN  
Maybe that's why I got to do it.

RICK  
I just... don't want this to be a  
thing between us.

GREEN  
So let's forget it. Knucklehead.

RICK  
Fuckwad.

Billy pulls into the driveway of Rick's home. Modest, but well-maintained. Rick's father's police car is parked out front. Rick exits the car but leans in the passenger window, lingering.

RICK (CONT'D)  
Listen, I don't think I can ride with you anymore.

GREEN  
What? Are you serious?

He is. A long beat, then --

GREEN (CONT'D)  
Hey, if it means that much to you, I'll quit dealing.

RICK  
Serious?

GREEN  
Buds forever. I'll see ya tomorrow.

Rick grins and they do one of those funny jive handshakes.

INT. GREEN FAMILY HOME - DAY

Upper, upper middle-class. Every amenity. Green enters, wanders into the den to find his Father sipping from a coffee mug. He looks up.

FATHER  
You win?

Green shakes his head. His Father turns back to the TV.

FATHER (CONT'D)  
You'll get 'em next time.

GREEN  
Not unless I repeat senior year.

FATHER  
(tuned out)  
Good. Good.



GREEN

Which might happen, since I'm getting expelled for punching out a teacher and raping a nun.

FATHER

That's great. Good for you.

Green watches him a moment, looks at the empty bourbon bottle and the newly opened one on the hutch.

GREEN

Have a good one, pop.

He heads out.

EXT. RURAL VERMONT - EVENING

A sad shack of a home on the far fringes of the grid. Hutch exits a rusting piece-of-shit truck and ruffles the old dog that comes at him wagging. He heads inside.

INT. HUTCHINS' HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Hutch's Father sits at a table, scooping dirt from his nails with a knife. Machinist's hands. A face deeply etched with a lifetime of disappointment.

HUTCH

Well, I won.

Holds up the medal.

HUTCH'S FATHER

Whoopdie frickin do. Pansy ass champ of a pansy ass sport.

HUTCH

I played well. He was strong.

HUTCH'S FATHER

Even the medal they gave you is pansy ass.

Looks at the medal.

HUTCH

Yeah, maybe. Still, I won.

HUTCH'S FATHER

Get dinner on. Champ.

GREER (V.O.)

Well, this is uplifting. Why is this family crap even in the movie?

HUTCH (V.O.)

The guy said it would make us more sympathetic to an audience.

EXT. HUTCHINS HOME - NIGHT

Hutch sits on the stoop, the dog lying at his feet. He flings his tennis medal into the night... then lights up the joint Greer gave him, drawing deeply.

The world mellows, all the sounds of nature jacking into a symphony. Fireflies pulse to the beat. The stars come down.

And Hutch goes, Ohhhhhhhhh. Rapture.

GREEN (V.O.)

Christ, are we *sympathetic* yet or are you gonna have to blow that dog?

HUTCH (V.O.)

There's a picture no one needed painted.

Duran Duran's 1982 hit, "HUNGRY LIKE WOLF," kicks in and we go to --

EXT. MAIN STREET - BURLINGTON, VERMONT - 1982 - EVENING

We're in GREEN'S POV, CRUISING ALONG ON FOOT...

Return of the Jedi is playing at the Flynn. "Hungry Like the Wolf" wafts from the radio of a parked Jeep Scrambler. A couple of baby-faces in mirror-sunglasses, smoke and pass beer down necks adorned with shell-necklaces.

Boys and girls pass, sporting teased coifs, bangles, leotards hoop earrings and Han Solo vests. Everyone gives us the time of day, not an Iphone in sight.

NOW WE SEE GREEN, (22). The hair's bigger, the easy-street smile wider, the swagger deeper.

PASSING GUY

Hey, Dollar Bill. How's it goin'?

GREEN

Bitchin', Jack, bitchin'.

PASSING GAL

Hey, handsome. You gonna call me?

GREEN

Totally. Tomorrow! Eyyy, Snake, radical shirt, man. Far out!

GREEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Ekiah "Snake" Robinson...

We go SLO-MO on Snake, like he's an of exotic animal in the wild.

GREEN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

... I think he was the only black guy in Burlington back then.

HUTCH (V.O.)

Might still be. Oh...  
(whispering to Greer)  
... and it's African-American now.

GREEN (V.O.)

Whatever. Guy got so much tail they shoulda put him on the state flag.

Green works his way up the block, slapping hands, cocking gun-fingers.

HUTCH (V.O.)

You coulda run for mayor and won.

GREEN (V.O.)

Shoulda. Then we could've broken the law legally.

And he's about to cut into Rasputin's Bar when two guys are propelled outside by the bouncer. It's Rick Carter, (22), now 6'4" and 200 pounds of muscle.

RICK

No drugs in the bar. Don't want to see you in here again.

They mumble and scrape themselves up.

BILLY (O.S.)

Is this a private fight or can anyone join?

Carter recognizes the voice and turns, grinning.

RICK

Fuckwad!

GREEN

You're a beast, Carter.  
Wow! Looong time.

RICK

Good to see you, Billy. What are you up to these days? I heard you were working for your old man.

GREEN

Yeah, sellin' jocks and socks so he has more time to drink. But I have a thing of my own that I'm getting started. A little import/export business, if you know what I mean.

RICK

Actually, no.

Awkward pause.

BILLY

When'd you start workin' here?

RICK

Last Friday.

BILLY

This gig full time? My new business could use a strong guy.

RICK

Just nights. I'm getting my degree in criminal justice. My old man thinks I should join the State Police.

BILLY

(oh, shit!)  
The Staties, huh? Bitchin'.

Everyone entering and leaving greets Billy, ignoring Carter.

RICK

You're more popular than ever.

BILLY

You know how it is. Buy one round and they never forget.

(then)

Hey, there's a guy at the bar I gotta catch up with. Y'ever get in the mood, stop by the store and we'll go hoist a few.

RICK  
Sure. That'd be good.

They do that jive handshake we saw earlier and chuckle.

GREEN  
Good luck in school -- Statie.

He heads inside. Carter guards the door.

INT. RASPUTIN BAR - MOMENTS LATER

It's packed. Dance floor happening. Green walks through the crowd people greet him ("Hey Billy... My man... What's happening Dollar Bill... Green Machine, what's up?").

As he sits beside MURRAY, (30s), a swarthy Quebecois with a big medallion in the jungle of his chest, a beer arrives on cue. Murray slips Green an envelope. He peeks inside: cash.

MURRAY  
Can you do two hundred next week?

GREEN  
Yeah. Sure. No sweat. Same game?

Murray nods, downs his drink, and leaves. Green swivels on his stool, arms out, leaning his back on the bar. This is his world and everyone's a guest in it.

He spots a beautiful girl, a tad too made up. The high-heels stretching beyond good-taste. She doesn't acknowledge Billy as she tries to get the bartender's attention.

GREER  
Hi.

She looks at him, unimpressed.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN  
Hi.

He keeps looking at her. She notices.

GREER  
Hi.

She almost rolls her eyes. Creep. Then waves at the bartender, who doesn't seem to know she's there.

Billy raises his hand, snaps a finger, without even looking. The Bartender drops what he's doing and beelines over.

BARTENDER  
Whaddya need, Green Machine?

GREER  
Fuzzy Navel for the lady.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN  
No.  
(then, shit)  
Yeah.

How the fuck did he know that? The Bartender gets busy and Sharon looks at Green, who now pretends to ignore her.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Thanks.

GREEN  
What?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN  
I said, thanks.

GREEN  
Oh. Welcome. It's on the house.

She looks at him, pulled in by his gravitational force.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN  
Okay, so who are you?

Green looks right into her eyes.

GREEN  
Your future husband.

She chuckles. He doesn't.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN  
Really? But just for tonight,  
right?

GREEN  
Till death do us part.

She laughs again. A beautiful laugh.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN  
You don't even know my name.

GREEN  
It doesn't matter.

She frowns.

GREEN (CONT'D)

I've seen you around. Watched you  
from afar.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Creep.

She says that, but without bite. He smiles.

GREEN

And tonight I'm making my move.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

It won't work.

GREEN

Yet you're still talking to me.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

You bought me a Fuzzy Navel, least  
I could do is pretend to be  
intrigued.

He smiles, seeing right through her.

GREEN

Wanna dance?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

No.

GREEN

What's your name?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

Sharon.

GREEN

Sharon. Perfect. I'm Billy Green.

They shake hands. Her eyes sucking him in.

GREEN (CONT'D)

May 29, 1985.

SHARON

What?

GREEN

That's the day of our wedding.

SHARON

Dream on, buddy.

And she skates, taking his eyes with her... she joins her friends, never looking back.

HUTCH (V.O.)  
What?

GREEN (V.O.)  
What?

HUTCH (V.O.)  
Your mouth stopped moving.

A beat.

GREEN (V.O.)  
Let's just move on.

\*

EXT. VERMONT PASTURE - 1985 - NIGHT

Hutch (now 25) leads several men, including GENE STEVENS, through a pasture. All carry heavy backpacks.

HUTCH  
God, how I love this. What a way to make a living.

GENE  
Can't say I love wandering around in the dark.

HUTCH  
Wandering? I know every rock, seam and cow-turd from here to the border.

GREEN (V.O.)  
We gotta lay out the geography or they won't get it.

A MAP OF NORTHER VERMONT comes up. A line marked Canada.

GREEN (V.O.)  
Up there in the Northeast Kingdom, the Canadian border goes right through pasture and woods, even some houses. A cow could be eating grass in Canada and shitting in USA -- at the same time. And the official border crossing back then...

CUT TO:



THE CANADIAN BORDER AT XXXXXX: is actually someone's house. It's twilight and a car waits to cross. The Border Guard plops down at his booth with a gin & tonic, beautiful lime-wedge in it and all. Sets his cigarette down.

BORDER GUARD  
Sorry, din't think we'd have anyone  
crossin' so late. Licenses?

GREEN (V.O.)  
Ahhh, the eighties.

BACK TO:

HUTCHINS, GENE AND HIS CREW

GENE  
So where the fuck are we, then?

HUTCH  
Relax. Apple Alley is just ahead.  
Then we're home free.

At the edge of the pasture, Hutch checks the time.

HUTCH (CONT'D)  
Down.

Moments later, headlights approach and a spotlight sweeps the road. From their POV we see the cruiser pass...

The spotlight pans over them.

HUTCH (CONT'D)  
Next time they sweep, I wanna be  
far away.

The men dash into an orchard... and emerge on a dirt road.

HUTCH (CONT'D)  
Welcome to Canada, boys.

A beat up van appears. Steve checks his watch.

HUTCH (CONT'D)  
Smack dab on schedule.

The van stops, two men jump out. Murray (from earlier) and ROCKY, (20s). They speak English with Quebecois accents.

MURRAY  
Hey dere. You're like a German  
train.

HUTCH  
 (shrugs)  
 Punctuality is next to godliness.

MURRAY  
 No complaints, ami. You got what  
 for us tonight?

HUTCH  
 Just 300 pounds primo VT.

Murray grins and slaps him on the back.

MURRAY  
 We will have good money for you in  
 two weeks.

The men drop their packs and take out bricks of marijuana wrapped in plastic. Rocky piles them in the back of the van.

MURRAY (CONT'D)  
 Now, for the walk home.

He pulls out a cooler. Everyone grabs a beer. The men drink and make small talk while Rocky keeps loading. It's a pleasant night. Hutch looks up at the incredible night sky. The men content and bonded by the serenity of this illicit endeavor.

GREEN (V.O.)  
 Me and my crew had some memorable  
*pasture gallops* too.

EXT. PASTURE - DAY

Everything burning with autumn colors...

Then MIKE FINNEY (20s), a backpack stuffed with 75 pounds of weed, comes tearing past. Swatting at bees.

GREER  
 That's Mike, he had a bee-phobia.

HUTCHINS  
 (correcting)  
 Melissophobia.

GREER  
 Okay, mastermind, whatever.

Mike trips and goes face first in a prodigious cow-pie. What the fuuuuuuck?!

Green comes running. Mike lifts his head and it's like he's wearing a face-mask of cow-shit. He mewls, afraid to open his mouth. Green collapses, spasming with laughter.

GREEN (V.O.)

After that, he was simply known as Meadow Muffin.

HUTCH (V.O.)

He didn't like that handle much.

GREEN (V.O.)

Which is why it stuck.

(then)

I had all the characters on my crew. Take Roxanne, she was a stone cold operator...

CUT TO:

ROXANNE'S ICE-BLUE EYES, STARING THROUGH US...

GREEN (V.O.)

... worked with a lot of dangerous shitheads in her time.

And we PULL BACK FROM ROXANNE NOW TO REVEAL:

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

Roxanne's driving the bus. Kids in rapt attention. Afraid to move. She eyes a pimply, Middle Schooler in the front row.

ROXANNE

Barf in my bus, I'll chop you into little pieces and feed you to the pickerel.

The Kid, wide-eyed, swallows hard.

ROXANNE (CONT'D)

(deadpan)

Just kidding. But don't barf. No fluids in my bus! Welcome back to school.

\*

CUT TO:

ROXANNE IN THE FIELD

Carrying the biggest backpack of all. She just grabs Mike and scrapes the shit off his face with her bare hand.

ROXANNE

Jesus H. Christ, it's just shit, quit your mewling.

GREEN (V.O.)

Northern farm girls. Nothing's tougher in this world.

NEW ANGLE - TEN MINUTES LATER

Green's crew of four trudge ahead, looking like spacewalkers.

ROXANNE

We're two hours behind. They gonna wait this time?

GREEN

Of course they will.

ROXANNE

Better. I gotta be back at two-thirty to drive the bus.

GREEN (V.O.)

Demand just kept going up. In four years we went from moving two hundred pounds of organic, lovingly-grown, pasteurized Vermont weed, a week, to a thousand pounds every three days.

\*

NEW ANGLE

The spacewalkers now like pack-animals, carrying two backpacks, one on the front, one on the back.

GREEN

It started becoming like real work, so I handed off the transpo department to Roxanne, while I focused on R&D...

INT. BARN - DAY

Green and two other men tend pot plants under grow lights.

GREEN

They're not just plants. They're living history. Royalty. Smuggled out of Bob Marley's private garden in Jamaica.

MAN

Far fucken out. I love Marley.

GREEN

Treat them like your children.

He looks at the rough-hewn men.

GREER

Forget that, treat 'em like your trucks.

There is the SCREECH of cars. Green cuts to the window:

State Police cars swarm the barn.

GREEN

Shit!

Staties hop out like dogs after the scent of meat.

GREEN (CONT'D)

We are so fucking busted.

MAN

My wife'll fucken kill me!

The two men run to the back of the barn, up a ladder to the hayloft.

GREEN

Guys, no! We don't run.

Green throws open the big barn door and strolls out. Troopers duck behind their car doors, guns drawn.

GREEN (CONT'D)

Whoa! What's with the guns?

They pop from their cars, gun still drawn and now Green sees Rick Carter, all crisp in State Police uniform and hat.

BILLY

Rick?! No shit! How ya doin', buddy?

Cop eyes all bounce between Rick and Green, making the former uncomfortable.

CAPTAIN BLAIS  
Shut up, Green.

While the Staties swarm the barn and capture the two men,  
Captain Blais motions for Rick to cuff Billy.

CAPTAIN BLAIS (CONT'D)  
(low, to Rick)  
See if you can get him to talk.

Rick nods, goes over to Green unslinging a pair of cuffs.

GREEN  
You made Sergeant?! That's  
fantastic, Rick. Congrats.

RICK  
(cuffing Billy, under his  
breath)  
Shut up, Billy.

INT. CARTER'S CRUISER - DRIVING - DAY

Green, in the back seat, looks back at the barn.

GREEN  
Damn, I was looking forward to  
harvest time. Take care of those  
plants, Rick, they're from Bob  
Marley's private stash. Rumor has  
it one toke will turn you  
Rastafarian.

RICK  
Quit talking! You've had your  
rights read.

GREEN  
Seriously? Come on, I'm just  
talkin' to an old friend here.

Rick shakes his head and drives.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - VT STATE POLICE BARRACKS - EVENING

Green is seated at a small table. Rick enters carrying two  
cups of coffee.

RICK  
Here. It's going to be a long  
night.

GREEN

Thanks Rick. Or should I say,  
thanks Sergeant?

RICK

Rick's OK. It's just me right now.

GREEN

Just you? No state trooper?

RICK

Just me.

(then)

What's with this pot farmer shit?  
I know your dad's a problem, but  
you did have a legitimate business.  
It had to be making money --

GREEN

His money. And ask yourself,  
what's so wrong with growing a  
little weed?

RICK

It's illegal.

GREEN

So is jaywalking. Rick, one day,  
we'll look back at this the way we  
do prohibition.

RICK

In the meantime, you might do time  
for this.

GREEN

First offense, three plants. No  
weapons. No resisting. In fact, I  
believe I was *assisting arrest!*  
Yeah, I don't know, old buddy.

Rick looks at him a long moment.

RICK

Have you seen Return of the Jedi?

Trick question?

GREEN

Uhh, no. Been busy. I won't get  
into...

RICK  
Remember when we saw Star Wars  
downtown for the first time...

Green smiles, remembering.

GREEN  
That was a good day.

RICK  
One of the best I can remember.  
See... I always imagined we'd grow  
up next to each other, our wives  
would be friends. Our kids would  
play together...

A profound sadness and Green feels it too.

GREEN  
That's what I figured too. Guess we  
just ended up on different trains.

RICK  
The train you're on, Billy, it's  
not going to a good place.

Their eyes lock.

GREEN  
Might be going to fast to jump off.

A long beat.

RICK  
Next time we meet, I'll be Sergeant  
Carter and you'll be Mr. Green.

Rick rises. Green stops him, offers his hand.

GREEN  
Thanks for the coffee...

And they shake hands, this time without the jive.

GREEN (CONT'D)  
... may the force be with you.

They share a melancholy smile and Rick walks out, shutting  
the door. FADE to BLACK, then...



EXT. MONTREAL - 1988 - DAY

Def Leopard's 1988 hit, "Pour Some Sugar On Me," kicks in... and we come to find the antithesis of that song -- Hutch, (28), bespectacled and frizzy-haired, like your favorite science teacher.

He walks up to tavern, looks around, the sign says closed. Murray (from earlier) opens the door.

MURRAY

Like a Swiss watch.

Hutch hesitates, then enters...

INT. MONTREAL TAVERN" - CONTINUOUS

Murray leads Hutch to a back booth. Seated there are Rocky (from earlier and a slender man in a business suit. He's ETIENNE, clearly an upper-echelon player. Hutch looks to the dim corner...

A bulky man with a hockey-enforcer's face lingers, laconic.

HUTCH (V.O.)

Canadian gangsters are different...

FLASH TO: the face of the hockey-enforcer, staring down at us over the barrel of a gun.

GREEN (V.O.)

(finishing Hutch's line)

... they kill you with politeness.

ENFORCER

Sorry about this, ey.

Each time her FIRES into us --

ENFORCER (CONT'D)

Sorry. So sorry. Very sorry.

BACK TO:

Hutch stands there, wishing he could turn and bail.

MURRAY

Hutch, this is Monsieur Etienne.

The two men shake hands. Seizing each other up.

ETIENNE

Please, sit. Have some smoked  
meat, poutine, ey. Vitement!

A beer arrives for Hutch, who feels like he's being fattened  
up for the slaughter.

ETIENNE (CONT'D)

How is Vermont?

HUTCH

Good.

He waits for more. Nothing comes.

ETIENNE

(to Murray, in French)  
*Does he always talk this much?*

MURRAY

I consider it a virtue.

Etienne sees the merits of that and leans in, everything  
about him turning 'business'.

ETIENNE

We wish to help you... streamline  
your operations. Centralize your  
distribution. For all our benefit.

Hutch studies the shredded brisket before him. Etienne looks  
at Murray again. Is this guy on the spectrum?

ETIENNE (CONT'D)

(as if addressing a child)  
Do you understand what that means?

HUTCHINS

You want me to go corporate.

ETIENNE

We want you to take on a partner.

Hutch glances at the Enforcer, swallows, then --

HUTCHINS

Look... I appreciate it. But part  
of the job satisfaction is working  
alone. Well, with my crew...

ETIENNE

You will make a lot more money.  
Guaranteed.

HUTCH

The thing is... I found what I love doing. It pays decently, with no headaches.

Etienne studies him. How does he crack this guy? They're interrupted by a LOUD RAPPING on the door. Murray checks his watch, sighs and goes to the door.

Hutch's eyes track to the door, hearing Murray talking to someone, their voices muffled. As they approach...

MAN'S VOICE

Damn right I'm late. All the signs are in French.

... and we're on Hutch, his suspicious stare widening in surprise as the man behind Murray finally emerges. Shit, he knows this guy -- it's Green! Bigger mane, bigger swagger.

And Green does a spit-take on Hutch, and it dawns...

GREEN

No fucken way!

Hutch rises, breaking into a grin.

GREEN (CONT'D)

(to Murray)

This is the guy you want me to partner with?

MURRAY

So no introductions needed? Wonderful.

Green and Hutch shake hands.

STEVE

It's Billy Green, right?

BILLY

What's it been, ten years?

STEVE

Twelve.

GREEN

Crazy. You still hittin' the ball?

HUTCH

Not since the day I crushed you in the state finals.

GREEN

No, shit? Me too. And here we are.

Parallel lives.

ETIENNE

Childhood friends, eh, what could be better?

He slaps them on the back, grinning like a jackal.

NEW ANGLE - MINUTES LATER

Green pigs out while Hutch hasn't touched the food. They both listen intently to Etienne.

ETIENNE (CONT'D)

Billy, your product is the best, but your organization is... merde. Frankly.

Green is about to speak, but Etienne holds up a hand.

ETIENNE (CONT'D)

Hutch, you are very efficient, but your product is... merde! Two men. Different styles, different skills. Put them together and voila! More deals. Bigger deals. Together you could be a force majeure

Hutch looks at Green.

HUTCH

Me and him, we've played a few sets of ball, but we don't really know each other.

\*

ETIENNE

So get to know each other! Go watch some girls dance. Drink! Talk!

\*

Green shrugs. He's game if Hutch is. All eyes go to Hutch.

HUTCH

I need to talk this over with my wife first.

And it's all Etienne can do not to groan out loud. But --

BILLY

Actually, I gotta do the same.

Etienne looks at both of them, throws up his arms.

ETIENNE

Can't you see, you're twin souls!

HUTCH (V.O.)

Yeah, I guess it was fated.

FADE TO: