

RETREAT
(WORKING TITLE)
PILOT

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The sound of a STEEL DOOR CLOSING.

TIGHT ON: CHUCKIE CONNERS, 30s, smart, personable, an expectant look on his face. We can't really see what he's wearing.

CHUCKIE

So?

It's hard to see the room around him but what we can see is gray, industrial, sterile.

We follow Chuckie's gaze and see TONY, 30s, large, athletic, tough, but sweet. We are tight on tony as well. Can't tell what he's wearing either.

TONY

So... I followed your advice.

CHUCKIE

My guy!

Chuckie takes off his shirt.

TONY

Took her to The Crab Shack.

Chuckie looks at Tony disapprovingly.

CHUCKIE

The Crab Shack? Tones...

TONY

Crab Shack's her favorite spot.

CHUCKIE

Is it her favorite or yours?

TONY

It's hers.

Out of frame it's hard to tell, but Chuckie seems to be taking off his pants.

CHUCKIE

Bullshit. But continue.

TONY

Anyway, the biscuits come out- you know the garlic biscuits.

Chuckie opens his mouth wide and sticks his tongue out, down, left, and right.

CHUCKIE
Oughta be fuckin' illegal.

TONY
That's a fact.

Chuckie turns around to face the wall.

TONY
So I hid it in one of the biscuits,
and I'm trying to get her to eat
the right one, and she keeps eating
the other ones, and I'm like don't
you want another? And she's like "I
gotta save room for the crab"-

Chuckie turns back around to cut him off.

CHUCKIE
Tones. What did she say?

Tony smiles.

TONY
She said yes.

CHUCKIE
My guy!

Chuckie starts to go for a hug, then awkwardly stops. Neither
of them knows what to do.

CHUCKIE
I'm happy for you.

TONY
Thanks. Me too. Wouldn'ta had the
balls without you.

CHUCKIE
Stop.

TONY
I'm gonna miss having you around.

CHUCKIE
You won't. Now can we finish?

Chuckie turns back around.

TONY
Of course. Ok. Squat and cough.

For the first time we see the reality of the situation as Chuckie, naked and cupping his junk, squats and coughs.

Tony wears a PRISON GUARD UNIFORM.

Chuckie is in prison.

TONY
Strip search complete.

TITLE CARD - "RETREAT"

INT. CHUCKIE'S CELL. MORNING - QUICK SHOTS

-A LOUD BUZZ jolts Chuckie's eyes open on the lower bunk of his cell.

-Chuckie brushes his teeth

-Chuckie does push ups, sit ups, and dips on the floor

-Chuckie washes up

-Chuckie makes his cot

-Chuckie puts on a fresh prison uniform, and smooths out a wrinkle

INT. MCI-SHIRLEY-PRISON CAFETERIA. DAY

PLOP.

An unappetizing mélange of something that might be chicken and gravy slops into a banged up cafeteria compartment tray.

Chuckie looks at the tray, disgusted.

VOICE
(o.s.)
How'd you manage it?

Chuckie looks up to see FRANK, 40s, a heavysset somewhat intimidating inmate working behind the serving line.

CHUCKIE
Huh?

Chuckie slides his tray down the line as Frank follows along poking his head between the servers.

PLOP.

Shriveled peas and carrots fill another tray compartment.

Chuckie slides his tray down the line.

FRANK

Don't "Huh?" me, shithead. You had five years left. Now, all a sudden, you're getting out?

Chuckie has now reached the end of the line.

CHUCKIE

I dunno, man. My lawyer did some stuff. Some stuff with the laws.

Frank looks at him scrutinizingly.

FRANK

That's a completely unsatisfactory answer, Chuckie.

CHUCKIE

Just lucky I guess.

FRANK

Sure... Well... I got you something.

Frank produces an apple and puts it on Chuckie's tray.

CHUCKIE

Oh... Thanks.

FRANK

It's a sorta... going away... thing. It's an apple.

Chuckie hates apples but smiles anyway.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I know you'd rather have one of those King Cones from commie, but I don't got those. I got apples.

CHUCKIE

I appreciate it, Frank.

Chuckie heads off towards the cafeteria tables.

FRANK

Enjoy your last day in paradise.
Fucking idiot.

A LITTLE LATER

Chuckie, sitting alone, but content, at a lunch table, pokes at the food on his tray. Disgusting. His spork drops on the tray as he looks around the room.

Small PRISON CLIQUES sit at various tables...

-The BORN AGAIN CHRISTIANS pray over their meals.

-The LATINO INMATES joke to each other in Spanish.

-The OLD INMATES regale each other with stories.

-The WHITE SUPREMACISTS are huddled together talking in hushed tones. They seem upset about something.

Chuckie is just taking it all in when, when one of the White Supremacists, JOSEPH, 30s, Tough, intense, and covered in tats, looks up and makes eye contact with Chuckie.

Chuckie looks away quickly.

Joseph keeps his gaze on Chuckie for a second, then returns his gaze to his cohort.

In looking away, Chuckie finds himself staring at the apple on his tray.

A slight beat.

EXT. PRISON YARD. DAY

A HOMEMADE DOMINO SLAMS onto a picnic table. The domino belongs to VICTOR, 42, lean, and casual, who is playing with some fellow inmates.

Note: Dialogue in *italics* is in Spanish.

CHUCKIE

(o.s.)

Hey asshole!

Victor doesn't even look up from the game.

VICTOR

I thought you fucked off out of here already.

Chuckie approaches the table with a tough confidence we've not seen before.

CHUCKIE

I need some smokes.

VICTOR
And I need a million dollars.

Chuckie puts the apple on the table in front of Victor.

VICTOR (CONT'D)
You son of a bitch.

Victor looks at Chuckie. Is a fight about to start?

VICTOR (CONT'D)
I fucking love apples.

INMATES (PRE-LAP)
 Amen.

INT. PRISON LIBRARY. DAY

A BIBLE STUDY GROUP meets at a communal table.

The group is by HANK, 60s, a haggard recovering Meth addict.

HANK
 Until next wednesday. May you walk
 in peace.

The group disperses, Hank gathers his bible and notes.

CHUCKIE (O.S.)
 Brother Hank?

Reveal Chuckie, now seeming pious and upright, steps out of the group and approaches Hank who smiles when he sees him.

HANK
 Brother Charles. What's on your
 mind?

Chuckie holds out TWO CIGARETTES.

CHUCKIE
 I've been thinking on Luke 6:38

Hank looks at the cigarettes, then looks around quickly for guards, and smiles kindly.

HANK
 "Give and it shall be given unto
 you."

Hank opens the back of his bible revealing a cut out area for storage.

It's filled with homemade SHIVS.

HANK (CONT'D)
What color shiv would you like?

INT. PRISON HALLWAY. DAY

Chuckie walks down the hall, the SHIV hidden in his hand.

Ahead down the hall Joseph, the Tatted White Supremacist, turns a corner and is HEADED CHUCKIE'S WAY.

Before the White Supremacist sees him. Chuckie dips into a room and hides as the White Supremacist passes.

REALITY SHOW WOMAN (PRE-LAP)
These hos can run, but they can't
hide.

INT. PRISON COMMON AREA. DAY

FITZY, 25, thin, unthreatening, watches a Reality Show on the TV with a small group of fellow prisoners.

FITZY
This bitch is drama.

CHUCKIE (O.S.)
She looks terrible in that dress.

Fitzy turns to see Chuckie standing nearby.

FITZY
She does!

MOMENTS LATER

Fitzy and Chuckie are off in a corner. Fitzy is surreptitiously "trying out" the shiv.

FITZY (CONT'D)
So I can be, like, a prison ninja?

CHUCKIE
This place is dangerous. Gotta
protect yourself.

FITZY
What's the catch?

CHUCKIE
I know you have commissary...

INT. CHUCKIE'S CELL. DAY

Chuckie eats a KING CONE lays on the on the bottom bunk of his small gray two person cell. It's fucking delicious.

As he eats the cone, he reads from a worn copy of "Influence: The Psychology of Persuasion" by Robert Caldini from the prison library.

INT. PRISON DISCHARGE WINDOW. DAY

A DEEP TRAY lands on the discharge window with a THUD.

Chuckie signs a form, and looks into the tray to see all his belongings from when he was arrested: Sneakers, the backpack, the wallet, the flip phone, and then he sees it:

A beat up iPod. Eagerly he presses the power button.

Nothing happens.

Chuckie looks to a CORRECTIONS OFFICER, 20s.

CHUCKIE

You guys couldn'ta charged it first?

CORRECTIONS OFFICER

I don't think they even sell chargers for that anymore.

EXT. PRISON GATE. DAY

An imposing wall of steel, barbed wire, and security equipment. In the middle is a door. Outside of the prison there is essentially vacant lots. It's very quiet.

BUZZ. A red light goes green, and the front door opens to reveal Chuckie in ill-fitting outdated clothes holding a blue translucent garbage bag holding his possessions.

He steps through the threshold and takes a deep breath of fresh air.

The door SLAMS behind him.

Chuckie exhales and looks around for a car to pick him up. There isn't any. He deflates.

Just as he is about to start walking, he gets JUMPED from behind.

RYAN
Ayyyyyyyyyy!

Chuckie, startled, drops his stuff then swings around ready to strike only to see Ryan, 40s, large, less serious than he appears.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Whoa whoa whoa whoa whoa. Jumpy!

CHUCKIE
Ryan. The fuck is wrong with you?

RYAN
Fuck's wrong with me? You're the one being a bitch. An itty bitty wittle bitch. Bring it in, Jailbird.

Ryan hugs Chuckie. Chuckie just takes it.

CHUCKIE
Get the fuck off me.

RYAN
Yeah... let it out.

Ryan releases Chuckie from the hug. Then holds him at arms length for a moment staring at him. It's kinda awkward. Then Ryan punches him in the arm.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Come on.

Ryan heads off, as Chuckie looks around for other well-wishers. There are none.

CHUCKIE
Where's my Ma?

Ryan shrugs.

RYAN
You know how she is. She's got her "programs."

CHUCKIE
She's watching TV? She couldn't skip the daily double for one fucking day?

RYAN

Apparently not. But! I'm here. Talk about a fucking W. Best bud Ry to the rescue.

Chuckie is not pleased.

RYAN (CONT'D)

That's my guy. Come on, let's go.

Ryan arrives at a little pile of stuff up against a fence. Chuckie stops in his tracks.

CHUCKIE

Where's your car?

RYAN

In the shop, but I got ya.

Ryan turns back to Chuckie wheeling a tiny electric scooter.

CHUCKIE

The fuck is this?

RYAN

What ya think numbnuts it's my Niece's scooter.

CHUCKIE

That's not gonna carry both of us.

Ryan bends down and grabs a heavy bag and tosses it to Chuckie. Chuckie looks inside.

CHUCKIE (CONT'D)

Come on, man.

EXT. FITCHBURG, MASSACHUSETTS. DAY

Chuckie, now wearing brightly colored beat up roller blades, is being towed by the scooter Ryan is driving through their town - Fitchburg, a medium-sized city in central Massachusetts that was once a thriving industrial community, but now is just a haven of vacant buildings, poverty and decay.

As they pass by the ramshackle buildings and shops, Chuckie sees glimpses of life that he has missed while in prison:

-Kids playing basketball with a makeshift hoop

-A gang of 20 somethings posted up outside a convenience store

-A young couple flirting in a park

-A funeral

INT. DENNY'S. LATER

A knife SAWS through a gamey over-cooked T-Bone Steak.

Chuckie eats in silence at a booth across from Ryan. Ryan has a Grand Slam breakfast, Chuckie, the T-Bone.

RYAN

We coulda gone to Grigorios.

Chuckie douses his steak bite in ketchup.

CHUCKIE

I don't want Grigorios.

RYAN

I'm just sayin'. It's a special occasion. I'm paying.

Chuckie puts down his silverware.

CHUCKIE

What do you want from me, Ryan?

RYAN

I dunno. Maybe a little conversation?

CHUCKIE

I don't want a conversation. I wanted my Ma to come pick me up from prison. A ride in a car. And a T-Bone from Denny's.

RYAN

Who the fuck gets a T-Bone from Denny's?

CHUCKIE

I do.

RYAN

I see that. Sorry I'm not your Ma.

CHUCKIE

I just- maybe didn't wanna get picked up by the fucking idiot who got me locked up in the first place.

Chuckie eats. Ryan just stares at him.

RYAN
You've got feelings.

CHUCKIE
Maybe I do.

RYAN
That's all right. Feelings are all right.

CHUCKIE
Gee. Thanks Ry.

They eat.

RYAN
Welcome home.

CHUCKIE
Thanks.

They eat.

RYAN
It wasn't my fault.

CHUCKIE
Yes. It was.

RYAN
Nobody made you get involved.
Robbie's plan? Sure it had some
flaws... But you getting caught?
That's just bad luck.

CHUCKIE
THAT'S WHAT- That's what happens
when you commit crimes, Ry.

RYAN
Only like, some of the time.

They eat.

RYAN (CONT'D)
I get that you're sore about
getting locked up. Seems
unpleasant.

CHUCKIE
It was fine.

RYAN

Hey. You were in. Now you're out. The whole thing? It builds character. Now all that matters is that we get you back in the game. Get you a dub. Get your groove back. I've got a plan for little caper that might be right up your alley-

CHUCKIE

You have a plan?

RYAN

Yeah, Chuckie. I'm an idea guy now.

CHUCKIE

You were always the muscle.

RYAN

I'm tired of being defined by my physique. And I hurt my back. I pivoted.

CHUCKIE

You can't pivot to being smarter, Ryan-

RYAN

Just listen to my idea.

CHUCKIE

Don't you have anyone else to bother with this shit?

RYAN

Well... no. Not really.

CHUCKIE

Good for anyone else.

RYAN

Robbie's dead. But he was a liability anyway, so fuck him amirite? And Tino's addicted to meth, so he's out-

CHUCKIE

It's important to have standards.

RYAN

So lately it's mostly just been me boosting SUVs.

CHUCKIE
That's nice.

RYAN
But I got big plans.

CHUCKIE
I'm sure you do.

RYAN
Don't be condescending.

CHUCKIE
I'm not. I'm sure you got big
plans. I just don't wanna be in
them.

They eat.

INT. CHUCKIE'S MOM'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Footage from a Late Night Movie plays on a beat up boxy TV in a lower class living room that hasn't had a decor upgrade since the late 80s.

Chuckie, bored, sits on the couch watching it "with" CHUCKIE'S MOM, 60s, bitter and beaten, who is asleep in her favorite chair, lit cigarette in her hand.

The TV goes to a commercial break. Scantly clad women fill the screen holding telephones sensually.

COMMERCIAL
It's time for some fun. We have the
hottest and sexiest singles in your
area, looking to turn up the heat.

Chuckie out of his boredom, possibly intrigued?

COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)
We're up late and waiting for your
call.

SNORE. His Mom breaks the spell. Chuckie gets up from the couch and moves to his Mom.

COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)
Don't you want to turn it up? Call
us now to find your wildest
fantasies.

Chuckie gets up and puts his Mom's cigarette out.

COMMERCIAL (CONT'D)
1-800-WILD-N-WET. Call now.

As he crosses back to the couch another ad comes on the tv.

VOICEOVER

Modern life is more stressful than
ever. Sometimes it feels like
things can just be "too much"...
Like it's time to make a change...

Chuckie, intrigued, sits down watching the screen, where a
gentle stream flows through a gorgeously manicured landscape.
A DISTINGUISHED LOOKING WOMAN, 50s, whose voice we have been
hearing, approaches the camera.

DISTINGUISHED LOOKING WOMAN

That's why I founded Rushing Brook
Retreat. The epitome of upscale spa
resources merged with the finest in
new age and ancient healing and
wellness treatments.

Chuckie lies down on the couch, as around the woman we see
glimpses of what the high end retreat offers. Chuckie sees
this ad is obviously not for him, but keeps watching anyway.

Get the best in luxury with our
saunas, yoga, meditation, and, of
course, breathwork by Phillippe and
the world famous sound healing
music of the bowls of Mystro-

A MAN IN FLOWING OPULENT ROBES twirls into frame on the TV
just as Chuckie turns the TV off with the remote.

His Mom wakes up with a SNORT.

MA

I was watching that.

CHUCKIE

Sorry, Ma.

Chuckie turns the TV back on where the ad has now changed.

His Mom lights another cigarette and falls right back to
sleep.

After a moment of trying to get comfortable, he grabs his
iPod and presses the power button. It turns on. Chuckie
smiles and pops his headphones in and presses play.

METAL MUSIC starts playing through the headphones.

Chuckie immediately seems more relaxed. He rolls over and tries to sleep.

INT. CHUCKIE'S MOM'S KITCHEN. DAY

Chuckie's Mom, smoking, sits at the kitchen table while she stirs a mug of instant coffee.

Chuckie stumbles into the kitchen.

CHUCKIE'S MOM
You snore.

CHUCKIE
I know. I'm sorry.

Chuckie walks over to the cabinet and grabs a MUG and looks around for a coffee pot on the counter.

CHUCKIE (CONT'D)
I'd stop if I could...

Chuckie's Mom CLACKS the base of an instant coffee jar on the table.

CHUCKIE'S MOM
Water's on the stove.

Chuckie thinks about it for a second.

CHUCKIE'S MOM (CONT'D)
Oh, you get too "gourmet" in prison?

Chuckie looks at his Mom for a moment. "This is what the outside looks like?" then fills his cup with hot water and instant coffee crystals.

CHUCKIE
Nah ma. It's fine.

CHUCKIE'S MOM
I ain't the Ritz Carlton.

CHUCKIE
It's fine, Ma. I love the crystals.

CHUCKIE'S MOM
The crystals are shit.

CHUCKIE
They're good enough for me.

They sit in awkward smokey silence for a moment drinking disgusting coffee.

CHUCKIE (CONT'D)
So, Ma... I need a favor-

CHUCKIE'S MOM
The answer is no.

CHUCKIE
I haven't even asked you yet.

CHUCKIE'S MOM
Whatever. Still no.

CHUCKIE
God, ya- Why ya gotta be like that?

CHUCKIE'S MOM
It's not my fault you fucked up
your life. I'm already givin' you a
place to stay. Inconvenient, might
I add.

Chuckie sips his coffee. Still disgusting.

CHUCKIE
Just- I need to borrow your car. I
got an important appointment to get
to.

CHUCKIE'S MOM
Fuck you.

CHUCKIE
Ma!

CHUCKIE'S MOM
Just like old times. Chuckie and
his gimmes. Gimme this. Take me
there. I'm hungry. Needy little
Chuckie.

CHUCKIE
I was a fucking child.

CHUCKIE'S MOM
What's your excuse now?

CHUCKIE
You never leave the house! What do
you need a car for?

CHUCKIE'S MOM
Activities.

They sit for a moment in silence.

CHUCKIE'S MOM (CONT'D)
Needy Chuckie. Inconvenient.

INT. OFFICE. DAY

Chuckie is sitting on a couch in a professional looking office. Is this a therapy session?

CHUCKIE
I can't live with her. I love her-
I just... Can't.

We now see that he is in a meeting with EVELYN, 20s, his Parole Officer, intelligent, but overworked and inexperienced, lost in his file.

EVELYN
Well the good news for you is that
your parole doesn't require you to
live with your mother. You're
merely obligated to find a stable
place to live.

CHUCKIE
(sarcastic)
Oh, that should be easy.

Evelyn is unamused as she continues.

EVELYN
You're also required to attend
regularly scheduled meetings with
your Parole Officer- that's me-
Refrain from any and all criminal
activity and associations, and,
perhaps most pressingly, you need
to find a job.

CHUCKIE
Doing what?

EVELYN
It doesn't matter. Something
"meaningful". And legal. We want
you to become a healthy, stable
member of our society, and you
can't do that if you can't support
yourself.

Chuckie just stares at her.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

You get a job. You make some money. You rent a place of your own. You live a healthy, thriving, tax paying life. And you stay out of jail. It sounds like a lot but trust me, if you take it one step at a time, you stand a halfway decent shot at staying out of prison. Step one: Find a job.

CHUCKIE

Got any leads?

EVELYN

It says here you worked for an electrician's shop on work release. Maybe you could work there.

CHUCKIE

Gary doesn't hire Parolees. Work release is way cheaper than paying minimum wage.

EVELYN

Well. You'll find something. You seem like a clever guy.

She consults her notes.

CHUCKIE

(referring to the file)
What exactly is in that?

EVELYN

Well... everything.

CHUCKIE

...Everything.

EVELYN

Yeah.

CHUCKIE

Who has access to that-

EVELYN

Mr. Connors, don't concern yourself about your file. Focus on getting a job.

INT. STRIP MALL ELECTRICIANS SHOP. DAY

Chuckie sits across a desk from a scrawny SHIFT MANAGER, 20s, loves to stir up shit. The manager is looking over Chuckie's resume.

SHIFT MANAGER
Lots... of... experience...

The shift manager puts the resume down and leans in.

SHIFT MANAGER (CONT'D)
So. What did you do?

CHUCKIE
Uh, well we did a bit of everything
in the shop... Wiring, soldering,
repairing transformers-

SHIFT MANAGER
No. You know. What did you do?

CHUCKIE
Oh.

SHIFT MANAGER
Come on!

CHUCKIE
Armed Robbery.

SHIFT MANAGER
...That's it?

CHUCKIE
Uh... yeah.

SHIFT MANAGER
Shit. My money was on murder.

CHUCKIE
You wanted me to be a murderer?

SHIFT MANAGER
Well no I didn't WANT you to be a
murderer. I just thought you were
one.

Chuckie stares at him a moment.

CHUCKIE
You're not going to hire me are
you?

SHIFT MANAGER

Oh no.

CHUCKIE

Why even interview me?

SHIFT MANAGER

Something to do.

EXT. STRIP MALL ELECTRICIANS SHOP. LATER

Chuckie steps outside the store, rollerblades in hand. He stops for a moment, and looks to the sky.

CHUCKIE

FUUUUUUUUUCK!

Chuckie takes a deep breath, then starts putting on his roller blades.

MONTAGE. CHUCKIE LOOKS FOR WORK. VARIOUS

-Chuckie pops his headphones in and then slaps on a helmet.

METAL MUSIC that plays throughout the montage

-Chuckie struggles to go down a steep hill without losing control of his rollerblades

-A NEW MANAGER looks at Chuckie with an apologetic grimace.

NEW MANAGER

We'll let you know.

When Chuckie leaves the new manager tosses Chuckie's resume in the trash.

-Chuckie struggles to rollerblade up the same hill

-ANOTHER MANAGER shakes his head no

-Chuckie rollerblades through the rain

-A THIRD MANAGER holds a soggy resume and stares at a soaked Chuckie

-Chuckie unable to sleep on the couch

-Chuckie rollerblading hits a rock, dislodging a wheel from his rollerblade and sending him tumbling to the ground his headphones fly out of his ears.

INT. CLUTTERED ELECTRICIANS SHOP. DAY

Chuckie, looking defeated sits across from CARL, 60s, tatted but friendly, who is looking over Chuckie's resume.

CARL
So you learned to be an electrician
in the pen?

CHUCKIE
Yeah...

CARL
Me too, believe it or not.

CHUCKIE
Really?

CARL
Long time ago now. Parole ain't
easy.

CHUCKIE
Tell me about it.

Carl stares at Chuckie scrutinizingly.

CARL
What the hell. I'll give you a
shot.

CHUCKIE
Seriously?

CARL
Yeah, why not.

CHUCKIE
That's- That's awesome!

CARL
Just one thing...

Carl points at the broken rollerblades.

CARL (CONT'D)
Those aren't your only form of
transportation, right? You've got a
car.

CHUCKIE
Not exactly.

CARL
 We work in "on call". Rewire.
 Repair. Handiwork. But they're all
 house calls.

CHUCKIE
 I can blade it.

CARL
 We do work all over the county...
 You need wheels.

CHUCKIE
 I can get wheels.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY. LATER

Ryan is drinking a beer as he watches people bowl.

A VERY OBESE MAN, 30s, attempts to take out a split, and misses.

VERY OBESE MAN
 GodDAMMIT!

Ryan chuckles to himself, as Chuckie marches in on a mission.

CHUCKIE
 I need your car.

RYAN
 (pretending to ignore
 Chuckie)
 "Oh, hi Ryan. Sorry I wouldn't
 listen to your brilliant plan. I
 really appreciate you, both as a
 friend and... as a... strategist."

CHUCKIE
 I need your car, like everyday for
 all of like... business hours.

RYAN
 You're blocking my view.

CHUCKIE
 Ry. Car.

RYAN
 Fatty over here just lost league
 night. The devastation is soothing.

CHUCKIE

What?

RYAN

Everyone has their own ways of having fun, Chuckie.

CHUCKIE

Car.

RYAN

Sit down.

Chuckie does.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I can do you one better.

CHUCKIE

I'm serious Ry.

RYAN

So am I. How would you like to buy your own car?

CHUCKIE

I've had it with your bullshit plans.

RYAN

It's just a little trip out of town with your best bud Ryan. And what do you know about my "bullshit plan"? Maybe it's totally legal.

CHUCKIE

Is it?

RYAN

No it's not, but I resent your assumptions.

CHUCKIE

Fuck this.

Chuckie starts to get up but Ryan grabs his arm.

RYAN

Don't you want a little vacation? I've got an idea for a can't miss opportunity. It'll give us leads on hundreds, if not thousands of cash rich houses and the best times to hit them.

(MORE)

RYAN (CONT'D)

But in order to do it, I need someone who's good with people. I need a guy with your skills. I need you buddy.

CHUCKIE

Do it yourself.

RYAN

I'm an idea guy. You're an artist.

CHUCKIE

I'm trying to change, man. I just got out. Why you gotta keep trying to pull me down.

RYAN

You're the one who needs the car.

CHUCKIE

So I can get a job.

RYAN

Jobs are for bitches. You're not A bitch. You're a crook. Who's come from nothing. So am I. You can fight your nature, Chuckles, but I promise you... You're gonna lose.

CHUCKIE

Fuck you.

Chuckie storms off.

RYAN

(calling after him)

It gets funnier when people start getting drunk!

INT. DIVE BAR. NIGHT

A moderately busy night at a shitty local hang. It's an even mix of blue collar locals, and rich college kids.

Chuckie, drunk, sitting at the bar, stares vacantly at an obstacle course style gameshow on the bar TV.

He downs the last sip from his pint.

As he places the glass back on the bar, REGGIE, 50s, the bartender, clocks the empty.

REGGIE

'Nother?

CHUCKIE

(unsure)

Uh... Maybe... Lemme...

Chuckie reaches into his pocket and pulls out...

THREE CRUMPLED ONE DOLLAR BILLS

AND A HANDFUL OF CHANGE

He flattens out the bills on the bar and sets about counting his change.

He's short. Fuck.

As he starts to put away his change, Chuckie is BUMPED into. Hard.

The change JINGLES across the bar.

A group of DRUNK COLLEGE KIDS, preppy, rowdy, and raucous, who bumped into Chuckie, crowds up to the bar.

COLLEGE KID 1

Heyo we need some shots!

REGGIE

Watch it, ya dipshits!

CHUCKIE

Oh, I'm sorry.

COLLEGE KID 2

Tequila!!!

REGGIE

(helping Chuckie collect his change)

Ya fucking animals. Jesus Christ.

COLLEGE KID 3

You fucking love us, Reg.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

Yeah. I love ya like a tumor. (to Chuckie) Want one on me?

CHUCKIE

Nah, I should probably go...

REGGIE

Suit yourself.

COLLEGE KID 1

It's shot time Reggie!

REGGIE (CONT'D)

What the fuck is wrong with you guys?

Reggie turns to attend to the College Kids and they fade from our attention.

Chuckie slowly gets up from his stool and gathers his things.

Then he sees it.

COLLEGE KID 1'S WALLET. Sitting there on the bar next to him.
The College Kids' backs are to him.

THE SOUND DRAINS FROM THE BAR.

It would be so easy.

No.

He turns and shuffles away.

EXT. DIVE BAR. NIGHT

Chuckie, filled with self-loathing, exits the bar, lights a cigarette, and walks through the parking lot towards the sidewalk.

He's shaking his head and muttering to himself.

As he turns onto the sidewalk, behind him, a parked banged up PICK-UP TRUCK'S HEADLIGHTS turn ON.

EXT. FITCHBURG - MAIN DRAG. MOMENTS LATER

Chuckie walks past closed shops and vacant storefronts.

After a second, a few blocks behind him, we see the banged up Pick-Up slowly turn onto the street and head Chuckie's way.

A Chuckie works his way down the street the Pick-Up slowly FOLLOWS HIM.

Chuckie reaches the corner and gets ready to cross the street.

When Chuckie stops, so does the truck. Chuckie clocks this.

Chuckie looks at the truck. He waves it by.

The truck just sits there.

CHUCKIE
You've got the light!

HOOOONK.

CHUCKIE (CONT'D)
(to himself)
Fuckin' psycho.

THE TRUCK REVS LOUDLY.

CHUCKIE (CONT'D)
You're giving mixed signals here
buddy! You want me to go or what?

HOOOOONK.

CHUCKIE (CONT'D)
Fuck this.

Chuckie steps out into the street and the Truck starts moving.

With each step Chuckie takes it speeds up a bit more.

Chuckie walks a little faster the truck does too

Then in a sudden burst SCREEECH the Truck FLOORS IT AT CHUCKIE.

Chuckie sprints across the street and dives into some bushes as the truck NARROWLY MISSES HIM.

Chuckie, panicked and breathing hard inside the bushes, as we hear the SCREEECH of braking tires, then the WHIR of the Truck in reverse.

Chuckie turns and peers through the branches as a CONFEDERATE FLAG DECAL on the side of the truck passes by.

BRAKING.

CAR DOOR SLAM.

VOICE
RATBOY??? WHERE YOU AT RATTY???

A SECOND CAR DOOR SLAM.

Chuckie crawls away from the voices.

EXT. BACKYARDS AND ALLEYWAYS .NIGHT

Chuckie hurries through the shadows jumping over fences and through tight spots.

VOICE 2
(distant)
We're going to find you!

INT. CHUCKIE'S MOM'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Chuckie, in shock, leans against the front door, breathing heavily.

Nearby his Mom is asleep in her chair, tv on, as usual.

Just then, Chuckie notices on the table next to her... her car keys.

Chuckie grabs them then opens the door. He stops, looks back at his mom.

The keys gently land back on the table.

EXT. RYAN'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

A rundown apartment complex.

BANG BANG BANG. Chuckie slams on the door.

FOOTSTEPS. Then the sound of PEEPHOLE OPENING.

RYAN
(o.s.)
Chuckie?

Ryan opens the door.

RYAN (CONT'D)
The fuck is wrong.

CHUCKIE
How far out of town are we talking?

Ryan smiles.

EXT. RUSHING BROOK RETREAT - PARKING LOT. DAY

The grilles of various luxury vehicles slide by the screen: BMWs, Teslas, Porsches, Bentleys.

Two sets of legs pass by, one in jeans, one in cheap slacks.

They belong to Ryan and Chuckie. Chuckie is dressed normally. Ryan is wearing what appears to be a poor person's version of a Peaky Blinders costume.

They walk through the spacious parking lot, surrounded by lush, well-manicured forest.

CHUCKIE
Holy shit.

RYAN
Yeah. If rich people are flies,
this place is shit mountain.

CHUCKIE
You look ridiculous.

RYAN
Shut up. This is classy. You're the
one who's underdressed.

They arrive at...

EXT. ENTRY TO THE RETREAT. CONTINUOUS

The opulent entry way of the retreat. Something akin to a country club, or an old mansion.

Ryan stops Chuckie.

RYAN
Alright. Once we walk through that
door, you can't go getting cold
feet. Saving up for these
reservations wasn't easy-

CHUCKIE
I won't. I'm in, buddy. I'm all the
way in.

RYAN
Ok... but like... I haven't even
told you the whole plan yet-

CHUCKIE
I'm in, Ry. The plan doesn't
matter.

RYAN
I think it does...

Ryan stares at Chuckie scrutinizingly.

RYAN (CONT'D)
I knew you'd come around. God, I'm
good. Come on, let's check in.

CHUCKIE

Hell yeah.

Chuckie starts to follow Ryan, then stops short.

CHUCKIE (CONT'D)

Fuck. I need to check in with my
PO. Let her know I haven't left the
state.

RYAN

Well hurry up muthafucka. You're
back in the game!

Ryan enters the retreat.

Chuckie looks around his new surroundings and takes a deep
breath and pulls out his pre-paid flip phone.

He flips open his phone and opens his contacts. There are six
of them. He scrolls down to "P.O. Evelyn" and clicks to call.

Chuckie puts the phone to his ear.

DOO DOO DOO.

Chuckie looks at the phone.

No signal.

He holds the phone up in a couple directions in a vain
attempt to find the signal.

CHUCKIE

(to himself)

Shit.

WILLOW (O.S.)

I'm sorry!

A wealthy retreat client, CAROLYN, 50s, intense, competitive,
and stressed, approaches the entrance trailed her assistant,
WILLOW, 20s, browbeaten.

CAROLYN

Sorry's not going to help me
balance my Xi, Willow.

WILLOW

I don't have control of when they
respond to my calls-

CAROLYN

You don't have control of anything. This is your problem now. I'm going off the grid, but if there are any developments on the merger while I'm out here, you get off your ass, get in your car, and you speed the whole way to tell me.

WILLOW

I just- I could call-

CAROLYN

You speed Willow. You run people over.

WILLOW

I'll speed.

Chuckie watches them pass.

CAROLYN

Now I'm going to go FUCKING RELAX!

WILLOW

Have a nice weekend.

Willow turns to go.

CAROLYN

And Willow!

Willow turns back, tears starting to form in her eyes.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)

If you forget to charge my crystals, I will murder your entire family.

Chuckie watches as Carolyn walks into the retreat and Willow walks off. "What the fuck was that?"

Chuckie turns and looks back out towards the woods.

Just then, something in the woods catches his eye.

Something moving? A human form?

Chuckie looks closer. It disappears.

Chuckie, concerned, moves a little closer to see if someone is there.

A hand on Chuckie's shoulder startles him.

Chuckie turns suddenly ready to defend himself. Only to see that it is Ryan.

CHUCKIE

Fuck. Ry.

RYAN

Jumpy.

Ryan hands Chuckie an orientation folder.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Come on, bad boy, we gotta orientate or some shit.

Ryan heads in.

Chuckie looks back to the woods again. Nothing.

Chuckie heads in.

INT. RETREAT COMMON ROOM. MOMENTS LATER

Ryan and Chuckie stand in the doorway of a large, beautiful, and ornately decorated room.

Chuckie looks down at his orientation folder. A sticker is on the upper right corner saying "Randy Funkstone".

CHUCKIE

Randy Funkstone?

RYAN

Aliases. Come on. Let's blend in.

The sounds of NEW AGE MUSIC float through the air.

Dozens of WEALTHY PATRONS dressed in expensive casual clothes mill about the room, hugging each other, chatting.

Chuckie and Ryan awkwardly move their way through the crowds as they hear snippets of various Patrons' conversations.

PATRON 1

My chakras are completely out of line-

PATRON 2

It's this new sensory deprivation challenge, the visions I received-

PATRON 3

Fasting only works if you fast in
your soul, you know what I mean?

Ryan and Chuckie approach what appears to be a refreshment table, behind the table stands TOMMY, trans or non-binary, 20s, Retreat Operations Associate, grounded, chill, a bit of a stoner in their off time, but right now serving ethereal professionalism.

TOMMY

Welcome to Rushing Brook. Would you
like a Cleansing
Tincture?

RYAN

Excuse you?

TOMMY

We have a variety of herbs and
resonators-

Chuckie adapts to the vibe in the room.

CHUCKIE

We'll take two, thank you.

Ryan and Chuckie each grab a cup.

TOMMY

Namaste.

Ryan stares at Tommy baffled. Insulted?

Chuckie intervenes.

CHUCKIE

Thank you very much.

Chuckie pulls Ryan away from the table.

CHUCKIE (CONT'D)

I thought we were blending in?

RYAN

I'm blending. What the fuck is a
cleansing tainter?

CHUCKIE

Fuck if I know. Look, can you just
act normal for a little while.

RYAN

This place ain't normal, Chuckles.
I'm as normal as it gets. These
people are guzzling taints. My
natural charms can only get me so
far-

Ryan spots someone the room.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Oh shit. See that's what I'm
talking about. Bro came dressed as
Rick Flair.

Ryan gestures across the room where a MAN IN A FLAMBOYANT
ROBE, 40s, works his way through the crowd which parts before
him. Various patrons approach him to greet him.

The Man in the flamboyant robe makes his way to a carpet
covered with an array of SINGING BOWLS. The crowd gets hushed
as he leans into a microphone.

MAN IN FLAMBOYANT ROBE

Namaste. I... am Mystro.

RYAN

Oh. He's a wizard. Good for him.

Mystro starts PLAYING THE SINGING BOWLS beautifully. Chuckie
and Ryan watch in confusion.

CAROLYN (O.S.)

This horseshit again.

Chuckie turns to see Carolyn standing next to him.

CHUCKIE

I'm sorry?

CAROLYN

Sound Healing. It's a goddamn
disgrace.

CHUCKIE

Oh... Uh... Well... At least it's
relaxing.

CAROLYN

Fuck relaxing. I come here to be
healed.

Carolyn looks around the room.

CAROLYN (CONT'D)
Fucking guppies. Slurp it up you
filthy stupid hogs.

RYAN
I work in finance.

Chuckie elbows Ryan. Carolyn carries on as though Ryan didn't exist.

CAROLYN
Susan needs to stick with what
actually works. Reiki. Acupuncture.
Crystals. But no. "This guy is big
on Tiktok." "Gotta pay the bills."

CHUCKIE
We are new to the community.

RYAN
And straight.

CAROLYN
That's nice. Well I hope you enjoy
the retreat, as misguided as it
might be. It can help. I used to be
a massive bitch. But after five
years of visits, look at me now.

CHUCKIE
It's a miracle.

CAROLYN
It is. A bit of advice to you both
on your journey: Throw yourself in.
All the way. Grab tranquility by
the fucking balls and rip them off.
Make inner peace your bitch.

RYAN
(slightly turned on)
Yo.

Just then a series of CHIMES followed by a FINGER CYMBAL ring out (played by Tommy). The crowd begins to murmur excitedly.

PATRON 4
She's here.

The crowd moves into a circle and sits on the floor Chuckie and Ryan follow suit awkwardly.

RYAN
(going with the flow)
She's here, Chuckie.

Another FINGER CYMBAL chimes.

Chuckie holds his finger to his lips.

A set of doors open to reveal SUSAN RAINESTOCK, 60s, graceful, self-assured, confident, serious, mysterious. She glides over to the front and center of the room.

The crowd is silent.

SUSAN
I'm sorry I'm late. I was crying.

Sympathetic noises from the crowd.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Don't feel bad for me. The tears
were a gift. Tears are a blessing.

She stops speaking for a moment, her hand over her heart.

STUART, 30s, one of the patrons, eager pipes up.

STUART
I love you Susan!

The crowd CHEERS.

RYAN
(to Chuckie)
Simp.

Chuckie elbows Ryan.

SUSAN
I love you too, Stuart. I love you
all. You know, I've always been a
crier. When I was a young human, on
this journey called life, people
always asked me the same question:
Why cry so much?
What a question.
Why. Cry. So. Much?
And I used to think the problem was
with me.

The crowd CHUCKLES.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

When you go about your mundane lives, look around you. What do you see? Misery. Loneliness. Confusion. Hunger.

You see masses of people, like so many these days, who have lost a sense of meaning in their lives. Work. Pay the bills. Eatsleepwork. Running like rats. No time to think. No time to FEEL.

No time to feel.

Why cry so much?

If you want to get to a deeper understanding of your humanity, you cannot shrink away from pain, or sadness, or agony. You must lean in. Sweat it out. Cry it out.

Scream it out. Sing it out.

Why cry so much? So I can make room for more tears.

The crowd CHEERS.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Who's new?

About half the group raise their hands. Chuckie and Ryan slowly do too.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Blessings. Blessings abounding.

Welcome home.

Welcome to the rest of your life.

35 years ago, my husband Woody and I started Rushing Brook in a single room with a single teacher-

She gestures to indicate herself.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

With a single crazy goal: Make life have meaning. Well. Look at us now. A 70 acre campus. The finest instructors on Earth. 16 straight fiscal quarters of growth. Not so crazy anymore.

Leave your inhibitions and your fears at the door, and if you invest yourself and your spirit in our programs-

Our legal counsel says I shouldn't make guarantees, but FUCK THE LAW am I right!?!

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)
 I GUARANTEE your life will be made
 more whole. We will teach you to
 FLY! Metaphorically.
 But I need each and every one of
 you to buy in. 100%.
 We are not ordinary people. We cry.

The crowd CHEERS.

Chuckie and Ryan are stunned.

INT. RETREAT HALLWAY. LATER

Ryan and Chuckie, stonefaced, carry their bags down a hallway
 in the residential area of the retreat.

CHUCKIE
 Ryan?

RYAN
 Yeah, buddy.

CHUCKIE
 Did you sign us up for a cult?

RYAN
 I may have done that, yeah.

CHUCKIE
 Ok. Great.

They continue walking.

INT. CHUCKIE'S RETREAT ROOM. LATER

A luxurious bedroom decorated with fresh flowers.

Outside the window the sun is setting.

BEEP! The door opens and Chuckie enters.

The door closes behind him. He's alone.

He looks around the room. He's never been in a place this
 nice before.

Then he sees it. The large, soft, sumptuous bed, with a bunch
 of decorative pillows.

He walks over and stares at it a moment like a man looking at
 an oasis. The first real bed he's had access to in three
 years.

He drops what he is holding then flops face first into the bed. He lies there a moment then wriggles like a worm and burrows under the pile of pillows.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

CHUCKIE
(Under the pillows)
Go away!

RYAN
(through the door)
Chuckles!

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK.

CHUCKIE
God dammit.

Chuckie rises from the pillows and goes to the door linking his room to the next one over.

He opens it to reveal Ryan.

RYAN
We're neighbors!

Ryan holds up a SHEET OF PAPER with rules on it.

RYAN (CONT'D)
You see these fucking rules?

CHUCKIE
Can I not have one minute of
privacy?

RYAN
What you need that for?

Chuckie buries himself back in the pillows. Ryan sits on the bed next to him looking at the rule sheet.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Listen to this: No smoking. No
drinking. No loud noises. Lights
out at 10. Fuck this place.

Ryan tosses the paper aside.

RYAN (CONT'D)
I wanna go over the plan.

Chuckie's head pops out of the pillows.

CHUCKIE

Ry. I'm tired. All I want, right now, in this particular fucking moment, is to become one with this fucking bed, which is the first real bed I've seen in three years.

RYAN

I've worked really hard on this plan, Chuckie. You're gonna wanna know the details so we get it right. Please?

CHUCKIE

Fine.

RYAN

Ok. Great.

Ryan prepares to present his plan.

RYAN (CONT'D)

So lots of rich people come here.

CHUCKIE

We established this.

RYAN

I'm warming up.

CHUCKIE

I'm sorry.

RYAN

The plan is simple but sophisticated. Elegant, in fact. Step 1: We get in. Check. Step 2: We blend in- Can't be suspicious. Check again. Step 3: We find out where this place keeps their customer files-

CHUCKIE

We're stealing people's credit card info?

RYAN

That leaves a paper trail. Let me finish my fucking thought. Step 4: Final step. Chuckie: When the rich people are here, where do we know they are not?

No response.

RYAN (CONT'D)

At home. We get the addresses of all their rich ass clients, then rob their homes while they're here on retreats.

BEAT.

CHUCKIE

That's "Home Alone".

RYAN

What?

CHUCKIE

Joe Pesci and- and Marv. It's the same plan. The fucking wet bandits. The get tortured by a fucking child, Ryan-

RYAN

This is way different! This one has files!

CHUCKIE

It's the exact same. It didn't work for them, in case you've forgotten, and even if we did it your way, how long would it take for us to get money?

RYAN

Weeks? Months? Who knows? But it will lay the groundwork for a strong and self-sustaining crime spree. A long con.

CHUCKIE

You don't even know what that means.

RYAN

You don't seem excited.

CHUCKIE

I 'm not.

RYAN

I thought you were in.

CHUCKIE

I'll be honest, Ryan, I hadn't even thought it through that far. I just wanted to get out of town.

RYAN

You're trying to hurt my feelings.
They are made of steel.

CHUCKIE

I'm not sure I can even go back to
Fitchburg.

RYAN

Well now you're being dramatic.
You're tired. You're grumpy. Get
some rest.

Ryan gets up and heads to the door.

CHUCKIE

Thank you.

Ryan turns back.

RYAN

Tomorrow. We find the files. We
snatch the goods. We lay the
groundwork for our rise to criminal
power.

CHUCKIE

Thank you Ryan.

RYAN

Night bitch.

Ryan closes the door.

Chuckie lies down on the bed.

INT. CHUCKIE'S RETREAT ROOM. NIGHT

Hours later and Chuckie hasn't moved. He's wide awake in his
dark room unable to sleep. Surrounded by decorative pillows
like a teddy bear in a pile of toys.

His headphones are in.

METAL MUSIC plays.

He tosses and turns.

The METAL MUSIC ends abruptly. Chuckie looks at the iPod.
Battery dead.

He gives up. Grabs a pillow and lies down on the floor.
Somehow he feels more relaxed on the floor. Relief.

Just as it seems he's about to fall asleep...

SNAP. A noise outside the window.

Chuckie's eyes open and look to the window.

Is that a figure outside? In a flash it's gone.

Chuckie springs to the window. Nothing.

EXT. RETREAT GROUNDS. NIGHT

Chuckie bursts out the side door to the retreat.

He looks out into the night but there is nothing.

CRICKETS.

The moon.

CHUCKIE

If you want me come and get me!

More CRICKETS.

CHUCKIE (CONT'D)

I'm losing my fucking mind.

INT. CHUCKIE'S ROOM. MORNING - QUICK SHOTS

-BEAUTIFUL CHIMES play through the retreat intercom as Chuckie's eyes open on the floor..

-Chuckie brushes his teeth

-Chuckie does push ups, sit ups, and dips on the floor

-Chuckie washes up

-Chuckie makes his bed

-Chuckie opens a drawer to find luxury yoga clothes with "Rushing Brook Retreat" branding.

-Chuckie puts on a yoga clothes, and smooths out a wrinkle

INT. RETREAT - DINING ROOM. DAY

Chuckie, exhausted, shuffles up to the breakfast buffet and peruses the options: an assortment of grains and fruits.

So many options.

It's very quiet.

He grabs a small meal including a banana.

He sits at a table and peels his banana.

Chuckie looks around the room. Clumps of people in cliques, all wearing the same clothes, eating in silence.

Chuckie is pleased by the familiarity.

Ryan plops down next to him with a tray full of food.

RYAN

Can you believe these psychos don't
have any Froot Loops?

Chuckie holds a finger to his lips.

RYAN (CONT'D)

It's the most important meal of the
day, Chuckie.

A nearby PATRON SHUSHES them.

Ryan looks at Chuckie confused.

Annoyed Chuckie mouths: "Silent breakfast"

RYAN (CONT'D)

What?

CHUCKIE

(whispering)

Silent fucking breakfast bro.

The patron SHUSHES again. Ryan SHUSHES back. The patron angrily moves to alert a STAFF MEMBER.

RYAN

(whispering)

This fucking place.

Ryan tries to stay quiet but can't

RYAN (CONT'D)

Silent fucking breakfast. Heard
some wacko howl at the moon last
night.

Chuckie looks at Ryan "That's crazy"

RYAN (CONT'D)
Yeah. That's crazy.

The Staff Member approaches their table. Ryan sees him coming and gestures locking his lips.

With a stern look at Ryan the staff member walks away.

Once the staff member is out of ear shot, Ryan leans into Chuckie's ear.

RYAN (CONT'D)
(whispering even quieter)
Remember... Don't bring attention
to yourself.

Chuckie looks at Ryan "Me?"

INT. MONTAGE-RETREAT. DAY

-Ryan and Chuckie melting in a sweat lodge.

RYAN
Fuuuuuck this.

-Chuckie is meditating and starting to relax when the silence is ripped by BLAAAAAT a massive fart from Ryan. Ryan giggles as everyone looks at him horrified.

-Chuckie is at an archery range and closes his eyes as he draws back the bow and looses an arrow. It misses the target but not by that much. Chuckie seems satisfied and interested.

He turns around to find Ryan holding an arrow like a fake penis and humping the air in his direction. The ARCHERY INSTRUCTOR forcefully grabs the arrow and takes it away.

-Chuckie and Ryan walking down the hall looking at the schedule.

A couple of VISIBLY UPTIGHT PATRONS sneer at Ryan as they pass.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Everyone here is so uptight. I
thought this place was supposed to
relax you.

CHUCKIE
We could do pottery?

RYAN
Gay.

CHUCKIE
How the fuck is pottery gay?

RYAN
You'll be fist deep in clay and
then some ghost is gonna Swayze
it's way up on you. Not me.

CHUCKIE
Well, you could do something else.

RYAN
We are a team, Chuckles. Find
something kick ass.

CHUCKIE
(going through the
schedule)
Kick ass? I mean... there's yoga...
chanting... breathwork...

RYAN
The fuck is that?

CHUCKIE
Do I look like I fucking know?

RYAN
Maybe. If the yoga pants fit.

Chuckie looks at Ryan "what does that even mean?"

RYAN (CONT'D)
Keep looking. I gotta drop the kids
at the pool.

Ryan enters the bathroom.

Chuckie watches him go in. Then he drops the schedule and
walks away.

EXT. WOODS. LATER

Chuckie walks down a path with his phone in the air, still
looking for a signal.

For a moment he has A BAR OF SERVICE.

He tries to call again.

DOO DOO DOO.

Nothing.

He comes to a fallen log and sits, defeated.

SNAP.

Chuckie looks up and sees movement.

He springs to his feet and runs in that direction.

Something or someone is moving ahead of him. He's right on it's trail

 CHUCKIE
 Come here you coward!

Chuckie bursts into:

EXT. CLEARING. CONTINUOUS

A small clearing in the woods.

 CHUCKIE
 Why are you following me?

Seated sharing a bong are Tommy, the operations associate, and JADE, 30s, another retreat employee, earthy, serious, ethereal.

They jolt at the surprise of Chuckie's entrance.

 JADE TOMMY
Excuse me? Whoa. Whoa.

 CHUCKIE
 Why the fuck are you following me?

Tommy and Jade look at each other.

 TOMMY
I'm too high for this right now.

 JADE
 (to Chuckie)
Are you ok?

 CHUCKIE
Are you associated with the Aryan Brotherhood?

 JADE
What the fuck are you talking about?

TOMMY
Would you like some weed?

CHUCKIE
No I don't want- I want answers.

JADE
We're not following anyone. We're
getting high in the woods. What
does it fucking look like?

CHUCKIE
Fuck. Right.

TOMMY
(producing a bottle)
I also have whiskey.

Time jump ahead.

Chuckie, now slightly buzzed sits in the clearing with Tommy and Jade. He downs another swig of whiskey.

JADE
Tommy works in ops, and I lead the
hikes.

TOMMY
What's left of them that is.

JADE
Don't.

TOMMY
Cutting hikes is bananas.

JADE
Apparently they aren't "gaining
social traction". I take it as a
personal failing.

CHUCKIE
Can I be honest?

JADE
Please don't.

CHUCKIE
This place is weird.

TOMMY
Not wrong.

JADE

Until I'm sure you're not an axe murderer, you're on conversational probation.

TOMMY

Why do I work here?

CHUCKIE

Conversational probation.

TOMMY

Well...The money is good. And they don't seem to care that I'm bad at my job. That's nice.

JADE

You're not bad at your job, Tommy.

TOMMY

Oh I am. And I'm proud of that. But I bring a gender queer vibe that really sets the mood, so I think we both get something out of the arrangement.

Tommy takes a rip.

JADE

Why are you running through the woods Yelling about the Aryan Nation?

CHUCKIE

Am I still on conversational probation?

TOMMY

Am I selling my soul, Jade?

JADE

(to Chuckie)Yes. (to Tommy) What?

TOMMY

I'm selling my soul, aren't I? It's clear as day, man. Ever since the new campus got built everything here is all... corporate.

JADE

You're not selling your soul. Susan is just selling out.

TOMMY

No, man. I can feel my soul
draining out. Phillippe knew it.
That's why he quit.

JADE

That's not why he quit, Tommy.

TOMMY

It is. To protect his soul.

Tommy starts to take another rip, but Jade stops them.

JADE

Would you stop. We already have one
paranoid freak.

CHUCKIE

Hey.

JADE

Phillippe quit because he's
starting his own retreat. And
Mystro is going to join him.

TOMMY

What?

JADE

They're not afraid of losing their
souls. They're joining the
competition. Susan doesn't even
know yet.

TOMMY

But who is gonna teach breathwork?
Breathwork is on trend. Phillippe
had a following.

CHUCKIE

What the fuck is breathwork?

JADE

Anyone can teach breathwork.

TOMMY

No they can't Jade. It requires an
understanding. I requires a soul.

JADE

It's just like... Rhythmic
breathing... Fast and slow...

(MORE)

JADE (CONT'D)

and stuff, and then people relax or something, I dunno. How hard could it be?

TOMMY

This place is going down, Jade. The soccer moms will follow their gurus.

Jade takes a hit.

JADE

Then let us dance while Rome burns Tommy.

TOMMY

I need to get more overtime. I'm glad they got me digitizing the files.

Chuckie clocks this, taking him slightly out of his buzz.

JADE

Why bother?

TOMMY

No more paper files for this place. It's time to enter the year 2000. They made me move the new files to be with the old files against my will, but now, despite my passion for slackery, I will rise to the call of money, and spend the next 12 weeks in that tiny un-air conditioned shithole of a building behind the dining hall and scan 35 years worth of sweet sweet data. Cha-Ching. Here's to me.

Tommy takes a swig of the whiskey.

They sit in silence a moment.

JADE

(to Chuckie)

Why are you still here?

CHUCKIE

(rising)

This has been nice. I had better head back. Thanks for the, uh, the whiskey.

Chuckie is off.

JADE

Thanks for not murdering us in the woods.

TOMMY

He was alright.

JADE

You're too nice to crazy people.

INT. SPA. DAY

Ryan lies in a tub full of mud with a clay mask on his face and his eyes covered with cucumbers.

Chuckie sits on the side of the tub.

CHUCKIE

Oh and pottery was a no.

Ryan starts then whips off his cucumbers spraying mud all around him.

RYAN

You motherfucker.

Ryan grabs Chuckie by the shirt.

RYAN (CONT'D)

(angrily whispering)

Where the fuck have you been? You can't leave me alone with these people.

CHUCKIE

Ry-

RYAN

I went looking for you and I got lost. Do you know what these people do to "lost" people, Chuckie? It all happened so fast. They "cleansed my toxins".

CHUCKIE

Ryan.

RYAN

What?

CHUCKIE

I know where they keep their files.

A moment.

RYAN
You beautiful son of a bitch.

Ryan hugs chuckie, soaking him in mud.

INT. SOUND HEALING ROOM. AFTERNOON

We are close on the reverent face of Mystro.

MYSTRO
Namaste. I... am Mystro.

Mystro begins playing his bowls. The crowd watching is rapt.

MYSTRO (CONT'D)
Feel the healing! The healing of
Mystro!

In the back Susan watches the crowd. She seems somehow concerned.

INT. CHUCKIE'S ROOM. NIGHT

Chuckie, dressed all in black, rummages through his bag and pulls out a flashlight, lock picking tools, gloves.

Behind him Ryan paces.

RYAN
Alright. Here's the plan: Smash and grab. I'll come through like a freight train and bust the door like the Kool Aid man. Then you swoop down like an eagle and grab all the files-

CHUCKIE
No. No. Ryan. You're gonna stay here. I'm gonna go down there calmly. Enter the building quietly. Find the files. And take pictures of the most recent ones. Then. I'll come back leaving no sign I was there. Sound good?

RYAN
That's a better plan.

CHUCKIE
Ok.

EXT. RETREAT-OFF BUILDING. NIGHT

In the darkness, Chuckie approaches the door to the building. He peers in the window.

No security system.

No one inside.

Chuckie reaches into his pants and pulls out a lock picking shim.

His hand grabs the door handle, and just as he is about to start picking the lock... The handle turns.

It's unlocked.

CHUCKIE
Jesus Christ.

INT. RETREAT-OFF BUILDING. CONTINUOUS

Chuckie enters the building and turns on his flashlight.

As the light moves around the room, it becomes apparent that the vibe here is different. Warmer. Kinder. More authentic.

Photos on the wall show happy relaxed people. A photo of a younger Susan smiles next to a man who looks happy.

Dust falls off kitschy decorations.

Chuckie turns a corner into a new room.

And then the light falls on them. The boxes of files.

Chuckie walks up to the boxes and opens the top box labeled "2023". He flips through and sees: Addresses, credit card numbers, social security numbers, IDs.

CHUCKIE
Jackpot.

Chuckie reaches into his pocket for his phone.

As he does, FWUMP, A GLOVED HAND HOLDING A RAG LANDS ON CHUCKIE'S NOSE AND MOUTH.

We fall into a haze as Chuckie quickly succumbs to the ether.

INT. HALLWAY. NIGHT

Ryan, eating a granola bar, wanders aimlessly through the hallway looking into random rooms.

INT. SOUND HEALING ROOM. NIGHT

Ryan flicks a sound bowl. It resonates. This pleases Ryan.

Ryan checks the time.

He pulls out his phone and texts Chuckie: "Hows it goin???"

It fails to send.

RYAN

Yeah. Bet you want my cat like skills now, don't ya bitch?

Ryan trips over the bowls and instruments knocking an impossible amount of things over. It's LOUD.

In the tumult Ryan does succeed in catching one item that was falling from a shelf. He looks at it proudly.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Like a cat.

He puts it down gently and sneaks out of the room leaving it a mess.

INT. SCREAM ROOM. NIGHT

A bag is removed from Chuckie's head to reveal he has been gagged.

Chuckie sits in a small pool of light, cuffed to a chair, in the middle of a large room with walls covered in sound panels.

From the darkness, the voice of an UNKNOWN MAN, terrifying, deep and serious.

UNKNOWN MAN

Who do you work for?

Chuckie says something unintelligible because he is gagged.

UNKNOWN MAN (CONT'D)

Oh sorry.

Hands reach out from the dark and ungag Chuckie.

CHUCKIE

The fuck is going on here? HELP?

UNKNOWN MAN

No one can hear you scream. This is a scream room.

CHUCKIE

A what?

UNKNOWN MAN

A scream- Who do you work for?

CHUCKIE

Who do you work for?

UNKNOWN MAN

I- I asked you first.

CHUCKIE

I'm unemployed.

UNKNOWN MAN

I don't believe you.

CHUCKIE

Are you the person who's been watching me?

UNKNOWN MAN

Yes.

CHUCKIE

Do you work for the brotherhood?

UNKNOWN MAN

I- No- I mean- What brotherhood?

CHUCKIE

Then why are you watching me?

UNKNOWN MAN

I watch everyone. I am vigilant.

CHUCKIE

The fuck is that supposed to mean?

The lights flip on to reveal WOODY, 60s, eccentric, paranoid, passionate.

WOODY

I'm sorry. I'm very confused here. What are you FBI? NSA? ATF? You've gotta tell me if you are.

CHUCKIE

You know it's an urban legend that cops have to tell you if you ask them if they are cops.

WOODY

No it isn't.

CHUCKIE

Trust me.

WOODY

I will never trust you.

CHUCKIE

So what are you going to do? Kill me?

WOODY

(unconvincing)
Maybe.

CHUCKIE

I don't believe you.

WOODY

Look. I caught you going through my retreat's files. So if you don't work for the government and you don't have a- Oh my god...

CHUCKIE

What?

WOODY

I know why you are here...

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN'S ROOM. NIGHT

Ryan is asleep and SNORING loudly.

INT. SUSAN RAINESTOCK'S OFFICE. NIGHT

An opulent office. Susan, in a bathrobe, sits behind a massive desk looking at a, still cuffed, Chuckie. Standing behind him is Woody.

SUSAN

Corporate espionage... I should have known.

CHUCKIE
There's been a huge
misunderstanding-

WOODY
Want me to torture him, honey?

SUSAN
No Woody. I don't- No. (to Chuckie)
I knew we were going up in the
world, but I had no idea the
competition was this threatened. So
who sent you? Peacedrop Resort?
Ascendancy Mountain Lodge?

CHUCKIE
Um...

Chuckie thinks for a moment.

CHUCKIE (CONT'D)
You know what? You got me.

WOODY
Who sent you?

CHUCKIE
(hoping he heard her
correctly)
Peacedrop.

WOODY
I fucking knew it. I knew it,
Susan. As soon as I knew it wasn't
the- uh- I knew it Susan.

SUSAN
Thank you, honey. I will handle
this.

WOODY
Yes, dear.

SUSAN
(to Chuckie)
I apologize for my husband. He
means well but he goes about things
in... his own way. Now, the
question remains what we are going
to do with you.

She drops a file on her desk.

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)
I assume your name isn't really
"Randy Funkstone"?

Chuckie bristles at the stupid alias but quickly recovers starts using his skills of blending in to create a character that would work at a retreat.

CHUCKIE
My name is Creed. Creed Sanders.
I'm so sorry. Peacedrop never
should have sent me. I don't know
what I'm doing. I'm just a low
level instructor. They told me
they'd fire me if I didn't get them
information on you. I just- I
really need that job. But no money
is worth this. No money is worth my
dignity.

Susan looks at Chuckie Scrutinizingly.

SUSAN
And what do you teach over at
Peacedrop.

Slight beat.

CHUCKIE
Breathwork?

Susan looks to Woody.

SUSAN
You know, people have the wrong
idea about me. People think I'm all
business. And I am a great business
woman. And I know how to sell. But
I also have a heart. I wouldn't be
doing what I do without it.
You seem like a good kid. You got
mixed up with the wrong crowd.

WOODY
Peacedrop is evil!

SUSAN
It's true, Woody. Not everyone goes
into New Age Healing for the right
reasons. But I did. And I believe
in second chances. And... it would
seem fate has turned in a way that
might give that second chance to
you.

CHUCKIE

Ok?

INT. RYAN'S ROOM. DAWN

Chuckie BURSTS into Ryan's room.

CHUCKIE

Fuck Ryan. Fuck Ryan. I'm FUCKED.

Ryan slowly rouses.

RYAN

Whuh? How'd it go?

CHUCKIE

Ryan. I'm fucked.

RYAN

Not good?

CHUCKIE

Yeah man. Not good! I got caught and then I got interrogated by some crazy guy and then the head lady got involved-

RYAN

The HBIC?

CHUCKIE

Yeah bro, and now unless I help them by teaching a class, they are gonna call the cops.

RYAN

Teaching a class?

CHUCKIE

Yeah they want me to teach breathwork today.

RYAN

The fuck is that?

CHUCKIE

I don't know Ryan. But these freakshows love it. It helps them relax? I don't know. Also my name is Creed now.

RYAN

What?

CHUCKIE
I'm gonna go back to jail, Ryan. I
can't go back to jail.

RYAN
Bro.

Ryan grabs Chuckie and slaps him.

RYAN (CONT'D)
Get it together. It's time to sack
up.

Chuckie, stunned, meets Ryan's stare.

RYAN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry for using the hammer on
you, but it's time for the con.
This is what you do. Better than
anyone I know.

CHUCKIE
But I don't know what I am doing.

RYAN
Just help these people relax.

CHUCKIE
How?

RYAN
How do you relax?

INT. CLASSROOM. DAY

A large amount of the retreat's participants are gathered and spread out across the room on yoga mats facing a teaching area. Ryan is seated on a mat, looking anxious. Carolyn is front and center and very tense.

SUSAN
Now I know a lot of you love our
breathwork offerings, and that you
are all big fans of Phillippe's
teaching.

Applause from the patrons.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
I know. I know. Well unfortunately
Phillippe has parted ways with
Rushing Brook.

Despair from the patrons.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

But not to worry. We won't leave you hanging. We have a guest teacher today. Please welcome Creed Sanders.

A door opens and Chuckie walks out trying to hide his terror.

In the back of the room from behind a tech table Tommy looks confused.

Susan leans into Chuckie's ear.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Make them happy, and all is forgiven.

She leaves him alone.

CHUCKIE

Hello. Thank you. My name is Creed Sanders. You can call me Sand. And I'm going to do things a little differently than your other teachers. For those who've never been to breathwork before, who would like to explain the basics?

Chuckie looks out hopefully.

A PATRON raises their hand.

PATRON 5

We lay down. And start breathing rhythmically. At a high rhythm. And uh... find release.

Chuckie waits a beat to make sure there is nothing else.

CHUCKIE

Well it really is that simple isn't it. Release. Well we are going to add some rocket fuel to your release.

Chuckie starts walking to the back of the room.

CHUCKIE (CONT'D)

Lay down. And start breathing rhythmically. At a high rhythm. In fact... I'll give you a tempo.

The patrons start breathing rhythmically all at their own pace.

Chuckie approaches Tommy at the tech table.

TOMMY

Honestly... I don't care enough to ask.

CHUCKIE

Probably for the best. You got an aux cord?

TOMMY

Yeah.

Chuckie produces his iPod.

CHUCKIE

I know how to give you an emotional release. You just have to trust me.

Chuckie presses play.

A SICK METAL DRUM SOLO fills the room.

The crowd startles and looks at him.

CHUCKIE (CONT'D)

Don't look at me! Keep going!
Breathe with the rhythm!

The crowd slowly does just as the WAILING THRASHING GUITARS kick in.

CHUCKIE (CONT'D)

Let the music take you!

You can see a couple patrons start to get into it a little.

CHUCKIE (CONT'D)

And when you feel it...

THE HARSH VOCALS kick in.

CHUCKIE (CONT'D)

(doing harsh metal vocals)
WOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

A couple patrons stop and stare at him.

Chuckie tries it again.

CHUCKIE (CONT'D)
(even more rage)
WOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAHHHHHH
H!!!

A few more patrons stop.

CHUCKIE (CONT'D)
Come on!

Suddenly Carolyn lets out the biggest roar yet

CAROLYN
ROOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOAOAAAAA
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
A!!!!!!!!!!

Then Ryan roars.

RYAN
ROOOOAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRR!!!

Then a couple more patrons ROAR.

Suddenly it's like the whole room is roaring.

We jump ahead, and everyone is on their feet doing the middle aged version of a mosh pit. Running around and screaming. Flailing about. Laughing. Crying. Ryan is going ham.

FLASHES OF CHUCKIE'S EXPERIENCE JOLT THROUGH THE SESSION

- Chuckie being arrested
- Chuckie as a child left behind after school
- Chuckie getting his ass kicked by Joseph the White Supremacist
- Chuckie alone in a cold cell

RAAAAAAAAAAGE

We jump ahead to the music is off. The participants are standing holding each other laughing and crying.

Patrons who had been uptight seem relaxed for the first time.

Ryan SOBS in Carolyn's arms.

Chuckie walks over to Tommy who hands him his ipod.

CHUCKIE
I owe you some whiskey.

TOMMY

Whatever.

Ryan runs up to Chuckie.

RYAN

(whispering)

Bro! Bro! I think you got away with it! I knew it bro! I knew it!

A few patrons walk up to Chuckie on the way out of the class.

PATRON 6

Thank you so much!

PATRON 7

I feel so light!

Susan who has been watching approaches him.

SUSAN

What the fuck was that? What in the ever living fuck was that?

CHUCKIE

Breathwork. Metal Breathwork.

SUSAN

Metal Breathwork?

Just then Carolyn charges up to them.

CAROLYN

Susan. I don't- I can't- I've never felt so relaxed. I don't care what you do, or what extra it costs but you- you hire this man.

SUSAN

I was just thinking the same thing.

EXT. RETREAT GROUNDS. DAY

Chuckie walks outside as we hear a VIBRATING PHONE RING. Chuckie pulls out his flip phone.

CHUCKIE

Mom! I can't believe I've got a signal. I've got great news!

CHUCKIE'S MOM

Chuckie, what did you do?

CHUCKIE
Mom, I got a job!

INT. CHUCKIE'S MOM'S HOUSE. DAY

CHUCKIE'S MOM
No Chuckie... What did you do?

Chuckie's Mom is standing on her porch staring at the front of her house.

Chuckie's name is written in blood across the front of the house.

Piles of dead rats cover her porch.

END OF PILOT