

EXT. DINER - MORNING

An aged diner sits at the base of an old growth pine forest. Rain is hammering down like steel pipes onto the cars scattered through the parking lot.

The sound of a bus coming to a stop off screen. A MAN stumbles past camera towards the diner.

The man weaves between the cars dashing for the diner's door.

We track past a few cars with the man until the camera settles and PAN TO REVEAL-- four men sitting still inside a car, watching the man enter.

INT. DINER

The door swing swings open with the man drenched in water. He lifts up his hood, JOHN is in his middle 40's with wet hair gracing his eyebrows. John is weary from his bus ride as a WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS  
Hey there, just for one?

JOHN  
...what? Oh no, an older gentlemen  
- probably wearing a suit and  
glasses.

WAITRESS  
Ah, he's down at the end on your  
left.

JOHN  
Thanks.

John looks outside briefly as he walks towards the end of the diner.

The sound of the bustling kitchen drowns out the heavy rain. Customers are chattering about the college football games.

We track with John as he observes the patrons in the diner. He sees the top of OLD MAN's head behind a newspaper.

John slides into the booth.

OLD MAN  
(mutters)  
You're unusually late.

The newspaper crinkles down revealing, BILL. Bill is in his early 70's with reading glasses hanging low on his nose.

JOHN

(sighs)

The truck is in the shop so I took the bus - so yeah, I'm late.

BILL

You could of rain checked and saved coming all the way out here.

JOHN

Uh, no it's - it's fine...

The Waitress approaches and begins to pour coffee.

WAITRESS

Ready to order?

JOHN

Sorry I didn't look at the -

BILL

He'll have the short stack with fruit and I'll have the omelet.

WAITRESS

I'll have that right out.

Bill charms the waitress with his smile. John hunches over his coffee to warm up his hands.

Bill finishes folding his newspaper and rests it beside him.

BILL

So what's up?

John looks out the window at the rain slowly dripping down the window. He feels time is suddenly stopping.

JOHN

I need some money.

BILL

That was fast.

John looks down at his coffee, then back up at Bill.

JOHN

I have a kid.

Bill spits out his coffee over the table. John grabs a handful of napkins to soak up the mess.

BILL  
 (coughing)  
 What? For how long?

JOHN  
 (wiping the table)  
 Eight weeks.

BILL  
 You should of called.

JOHN  
 I didn't want to ask for money over  
 the phone.

BILL  
 No! About you having a baby!

Bill finishes wiping his side of the table. The waitress  
 arrives dropping off napkins and refilling their coffees.

WAITRESS  
 Everything alright?

BILL JOHN  
 Hardly. We're fine.

John and Bill exchange looks.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 I'm fixing the car and looking for  
 a bigger place now. The last job  
 wasn't a lot, you know?

BILL  
 (mutters)  
 Which job?

JOHN  
 The Eastside bank...

John sinks back into his seat staring out the window. He  
 checks over his shoulder to a man sitting at the bar.

BILL  
 How much do you need?

JOHN  
 Huh? Oh, five K. Buys me time to  
 get a stable job and...diapers.

BILL  
 How about one last job for me?

JOHN  
I can't. This-this kid changes  
everything for me.

Bill studies John.

BILL  
Come on, John.

John contemplates what he wants to say to Bill.

JOHN  
(sighs)  
I'm sorry.

BILL  
Oh, here we go.

JOHN  
(begins to weep)  
I'm so sorry.

BILL  
Stop with the mopping shit.

John lifts his head slowly but can't make eye contact with Bill.

JOHN  
They - they got to me and traced  
everything back.

BILL  
(eyes widen)  
What?! did you tell them?

John drops his forehead into his hands pushing his wet hair through his fingers.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Jesus. Fuck. Should of rain  
checked!

Bill's mind races. He rushes out of the booth to the front of the diner.

John slowly looks outside to see Bill entering his car. Bill begins to back up hastily when suddenly a car screeches to a stop behind him. Four men spring from out of the car.

Three men are pointing guns towards Bill and the fourth is shouting.

FBI AGENT #1  
FBI! Step out of the car with your  
hands above your head!

Bill slowly opens the door with his hands reaching out,  
staring down John.

John looks away but everyone in the diner is glued to the  
windows watching the arrest.

Close up on John with Bill against the hood of his car in the  
background.

WAITRESS  
Here's the...oh my god.

JOHN  
I'm sorry, Dad.

CUT TO BLACK.