

FINDING SATOSHI

written by

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TEASER

EXT. COLORADO STATE CO-OP - DAY

A dilapidated campus two-story. Peeling paint. Empty BEER CANS and RED CUPS litter the front yard. A COLORADO STATE FLAG hangs over the banister.

TITLE: Fort Collin's, Colorado

TITLE: BTC \$1

Brothers, ELIJAH HALLER (32, plaid shirt, jeans, a trim beard) and JOHN HALLER (28, A.D.D., broad shouldered, ragged white tee, paint covered blue jeans, and a backpack) approach the house.

Elijah KNOCKS on the front door as John hacky sacks a stray beer can.

CREEAAAK.

The door eases open to reveal more party aftermath. A BEER PONG SET-UP on the dining table, a TAPPED KEG, and A COUPLE passed out on the living room couch.

Elijah and John step into...

INT. COLORADO STATE CO-OP - CONTINUOUS

...the foyer. They look at each other. Where is everybody?

A RED-HEADED KID wanders in and sees the brothers. He can't be older than sixteen. Everyone stares at each other a beat, then-

RED HEAD KID
(loudly to the back of
the house)
The drug dealers are here!

ELIJAH
Come on, really?

JOHN
Not cool, man.

The couple on the couch starts to stir.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Elijah! John! Wuddup!

RALPHIE (21, red head, perpetually chill walking stoner stereotype) stumbles in from the back porch. In his left hand is a cold slice of half-eaten pizza. He uses the right to dap the brothers in greeting.

ELIJAH

Ralphie! Looks like you had quite the rager last night.

The guys walk into the living room.

RALPHIE

Yeah, man. It was supposed to be chill but you know how it goes. Now I'm all cleaned out, man, And I gotta re-up because I'm supposed to go hiking with this girl in like-

(checks his phone)

-twenty minutes. Shit.

ELIJAH

Well, that's what we're here for, man.

Elijah looks at John who takes off his backpack, pulls out several small BAGGIES OF MARIJUANA and places them on a COFFEE TABLE. Now it's his chance to shine.

JOHN

We got yer Bubba Kush, Blue Dream indica sativa blend and some Sour Diesel sativa if you're looking to get some work done.

The couple on the couch perks up.

RED HEAD KID

Oh, wow!

Red Head kid pokes at a baggie. John looks at Elijah, annoyed.

ELIJAH

Ralphie, who's mini me?

RALPHIE

Oh, sorry man! This is Rowan. He's my little brother. He's thinking of coming here next year.

ROWAN (RED HEAD KID)

It's my safety school.

Ralphie rolls his eyes.

ROWAN

I'll take some of that Sour Diesel.

John goes to pick up the bag, but Elijah gently bats his hand away.

ELIJAH
We don't sell to minors.

ROWAN
Why not?

ELIJAH
Because, um, it's not legal?

ROWAN
That feels like a pretty arbitrary distinction given that marijuana is not legal in the state of Colorado.

JOHN
Who da fuck are you right now?

ELIJAH
Ralphie, can you get this child out of here?

RALPHIE
Be nice to him, dude.
(sotto, to Elijah)
I'm pretty sure he's gonna be a billionaire some day.

ELIJAH
(sighs, then)
Sorry bro, we're still not selling you any weed.

ROWAN
I have money.
(pulling out his SMART PHONE)
You take Bitcoin, right?

Ralphie groans. Elijah and John look at each other, confused.

ROWAN (cont'd)
What? It's a viable form of digital currency.

OFF everyone's unimpressed faces.

ROWAN (cont'd)
It's on parity with the US dollar!

ELIJAH
We only take cash, man. Sorry.

Rowan pouts and starts to walk away.

ROWAN
College is boring!

He exits in a huff.

RALPHIE
Sorry, bro. I told you. Super
nerd. Gimme some of that Bubba.

He hands John some bills. John makes change, then hesitantly hands it to Ralphie.

Ralphie looks at the money.

CLOSE ON the VERY DIRTY LOOKING BILLS in Ralphie's hands.

RALPHIE (cont'd)
Bro...

John looks embarrassed.

EXT. RANDALLS GROCERY - PARKING LOT - DAY

Elijah and John load groceries into a COOLER strapped to the bed of their WHITE CHEVY TRUCK.

Elijah pulls a carton of SOY MILK and SUGARY CEREAL from a grocery bag.

ELIJAH
Breakfast of champions.

JOHN
It's good for you. Got vitamins
and shit.

Elijah shrugs and throws the bag in the cooler.

ELIJAH
You're gonna get man boobs.

JOHN
Better than drinking from
cow titties.

As the brothers load up the truck, METH HEAD ED (40s) shuffles up to them. Ed is gaunt, with discolored teeth and small sores covering his face and arms. His gray-flecked hair partly veils his sunken eyes, and his leathery skin makes him look much older than he is.

ELIJAH

Hey, Ed.

METH HEAD ED

Ya'll---going---back--up?

Ed's words melt together. A barely coherent mumble that he delivers without making eye contact.

JOHN

Yeah, you need a ride?
 (off Ed's subtle nod)
 Hop in the back.

Ed climbs into the back of the Chevy and settles next to the Cooler. John shuts the truck's cargo door behind him.

ELIJAH

Time to go home, boys.

EXT. SUBURBAN DEVELOPMENT - DAY

Rows upon rows of cookie cutter duplexes and immaculate lawns. The pastel-colored neighborhood sits nestled against a Rocky Mountain backdrop.

INT/EXT. CHEVY TRUCK - DAY

The three men bump along in the Chevy. John points at parked trucks as they drive past.

JOHN

Ford F-150 2009. Toyota
 Tacoma 2005.
 (excited)
 2012 Chevy Coloradah! Someone
 been shoppin'.

The Chevy turns onto a new street.

BAM!

Right in front of them, SIX DEA AGENTS carrying a BATTERING RAM and wearing full SWAT REGALIA burst down the front door on an innocuous beige house.

Elijah slams on the brakes and the Chevy screeches to a halt in the middle of the street. Ed claws at the Yeti in the cargo bed as he struggles to stay upright.

The men stare at the house, frozen. With the swat team inside, it is quiet for a few moments. Then-

JOHN

Elijah look! They're tryna escape!

The three men watch as two LATINO MEN try exit the beige house through a second-story window. They jump off a low roof and begin to jog away.

Suddenly, two more DEA AGENTS burst from an ARMORED CAR parked on the side of the road and tackle them.

THUD!

A third LATINO MAN (30s) hits the truck as he whips past.

JOHN (cont'd)

Hey!

The man takes momentary refuge behind the hood of the truck, sneering at Elijah through the windshield.

Then, he assesses his surroundings, runs into the yard between two duplexes across the street, and disappears.

Curious NEIGHBORS begin to trickle out of their homes to gawk as two more COP CARS pull onto the street.

BIP BIP BWEEEEEP! They play their sirens in short bursts and flash their light bars.

The sound seems to wake Elijah from something of a trance. He hits the gas and the Chevy accelerates down the street.

JOHN

Whoa! That was crazy!

(loudly)

Ed, you alright?

Ed gives John a lazy thumbs up through the cab window.

JOHN

You think that was a grow house?

Elijah looks at the home in his rear view mirror. He shrugs.

ELIJAH

Who knows.

He seems concerned.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

The Chevy turns off the road and onto a wide DIRT PATH. An old logging trail.

EXT. METH HEAD ED'S CAMP - DAY

The truck eases up to a messy campsite. There is a WORN TENT and a SMOKING CAMPFIRE. DEBRIS litters the ground. It's very hoarder meets homeless.

INT/EXT. CHEVY TRUCK - DAY

Elijah looks at the squalor with disgust.

JOHN

Wow. It's getting worse. Meth Head
Ed don't care about nothin' but
meth do he?

Ed hops out of the truck bed, walks off and, without so much as a thank you, disappears inside his tent.

ELIJAH

(putting the truck
into reverse)
Let's get out of here.

EXT. OFF-GRID CABIN - DAY

A beautiful cedar-paneled cabin in the woods. Rainwater collection, solar panels, a GREENHOUSE, etc. Birds are probably a-chirpin'.

The Chevy pulls up, John hops out of the cab and-

SQUISH.

John looks down. His boot sinks deeply into a warm, wet, freshly minted COW PIE.

JOHN

Ugh! Imma kill those methane
fartin' motherfuckers!

Elijah chuckles as he offloads groceries at the back of the truck.

ELIJAH

Worst vegan ever.

JOHN

Why can't we put up a fence?! Keep
'em out?

ELIJAH

Because then this would no longer
(MORE)

ELIJAH (CONT'D)
 qualify as agricultural land and
 we'd have to pay thousands of
 dollars a year in property taxes.

John grunts with frustration as he tries to wipe the sole of his shoe on a patch of grass.

JOHN
 Well, that's a dumb fucking rule
 made by dumb fucking people who-
 (struggling)
 Shit!
 (gets cow shit on his pants)
 Faaaack!

John rips off his shoe and throws it into the woods. Elijah shakes his head, picks up the bags, and heads towards the house.

INT. OFF-GRID CABIN - DAY

Elijah enters, sets down the grocery bags and looks around at the cozy interior: A large, open room divided in the center by a giant brick fireplace. To the left of the fireplace is the kitchen and dining area. On the right is a living room. A small ladder in the living room leads to a lofted bedroom. It's warm and minimal. Quaint and clean.

Elijah exhales. Home sweet home. Then-

JOHN (O.S.)
 Elijah!

EXT. OFF-GRID CABIN - DAY

Elijah runs outside. John, one-shoe, hops up and down, pointing at the ground in front of him.

JOHN
 Eliaaaaaaaah!!

Elijah sees what appears to be a roughly dug HOLE IN THE GROUND. He sprints towards John.

NEW ANGLE - BOTTOM OF A GIANT HOLE IN THE GROUND

We are four or five feet underground looking up at the ragged, circular mouth of the hole. Elijah and John look down at us.

ELIJAH
 Shit.

END OF TEASER