

CONDENSER

Written by

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SUPER: THREE YEARS AGO

INT. SPACIOUS GREAT ROOM - DAY

Largely bare, beige walls and drab matching carpet, a modest desk with an antique rotary desk phone, a rolling chair.

YOUNG ROWDY, 22, unkempt and skittish, sits near the window, in worn blue jeans, a AC/DC T-shirt, sloppy hair, untied and ripped sneakers.

He presses the Speaker button, and rests a clunky cordless phone on the windowsill next to an open vial of airplane glue.

He wiggles to get comfortable. His feet slide off the windowsill. His butt slips from the chair. The chair rolls. Finally, precariously balanced, he gets it.

A folded sheet of paper on his lap, a torn envelope on the floor.

His eyes water, nose runs. He shudders, wipes mucus from his nose. His whiny voice struggles to string words together.

ROWDY

Naw, I'm still here. Man. It just ain't for me. Wes, Wes. Listen--

WES (V.O.)

--you Need to take a preparatory course. What exactly did you get?

Rowdy unfolds the paper, he sadly sees: SAT Results, his placement is an arrow near the bottom. He considers.

ROWDY

You're already in grad school. Berkeley. I mean. That's expensive. You still need 6 years to be a Psychologist.

WES (V.O.)

Psychiatrist.

ROWDY

Whatever. What's that gonna cost?

WES (V.O.)

\$200k.

ROWDY
 You Pay 200 G's, just to get a job.
 Man. I'm making money now. Gotta
 pay for shit.

Wes scoffs. Rowdy examines a \$19.95 price sticker on the airplane glue, his eyes widen.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
 \$20 a fucking bottle!

Rowdy canters the vial, entranced with the glue avalanche.

WES (V.O.)
 What? What are you talking about?
 (A beat.) You're not what we refer
 to as Motivated, otherwise known as
 a Go-getter, or a -

ROWDY
 --Whoa. I get it.

Rowdy unscrews the vial and huffs, rears back, emits a bizarre shriek, his head shakes wildly. He falls from the chair, butt first, lands with a Thud.

WES (V.O.)
 You there? Hey?

ROWDY
 Yeah.

WES (V.O.)
 A good Free option to get you
 started are these mini-seminars on
 the Internet, called TedTalks. It's
 business school and life training,
 rolled into one.

Rowdy a mess, hair strewn across his eyes, clamors back into his seat.

ROWDY
 Yeah. I don't think-

WES (V.O.)
 (Quips)
 --right, you don't!

Wes snickers awkwardly and alone. Rowdy, eyes distant, misses the joke.

WES (V.O.)
Listen, they are quick, easy. It
may get you traction, to get
started. Find your Higher Purpose.

ROWDY
Higher Purpose? Get high.

WES (V.O.)
Ah. NO. Someday your grandmother is
going to kick you out. You'll need
a plan--

ROWDY
--man, she won't. She loves me.
Besides, she's on her last leg.

WES (V.O.)
No, Adam. She Hates you.

Rowdy mood worsens, he shrugs, and considers, decides Wes is
right. His feet fall from the sill and kick the wall with a
Bang.

An old woman's ornery voice carries through the open room
door. Rowdy reaches to muffle the handset.

MOM (O.S.)
Goddam it Adam! Quit being so
rowdy. Always rowdy. Rowdy, rowdy.

WES (V.O.)
Rowdy?

Rowdy freezes, he stares somewhere in the distance.

MOM (O.S.)
That's all you do. Rowdy fucking
racket. Why don't you take out the
trash, mow the lawn? Instead of
being so fucking rowdy all the
fucking time.

Rowdy turns silently towards the hallway, considers. A minor
whining sound rings in his ears. He flinches.

Wes's squeaky voice is in the background.

Footsteps on stairs, interposed with the tap of a walking
stick.

Rowdy huffs again, his pupils are pinpoints. Rowdy
contemplates something despicable.

MOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
What? You got nothin to say? Say
something. You little--

The whining sound grows. Rowdy decides, and stands.

MOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
--shit. I knew I shouldn't take you
in. Your fucking whore mom. I
should let you rot. You lazy no-
good sack of--

The whining sound pains him, drowns everything.

He quick walks towards the door, grabs the rotary phone, rips
its cord from the wall. He firmly grips the phone's housing
faceplate.

Wes's distant squeaky voice.

HALLWAY

MOM, 70, ornery, curses as she creeps forward.

GREAT ROOM

Rowdy storms into--

HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

--the hall. He crashes into flatfooted Mom, knocks her back,
she crashes through a luan door, into the--

LAUNDRY CLOSET

-- the laundry closet and skids on the floor.

Panic across her confused face, her raspy breath short gasps.

Rowdy rages, strikes her head repeatedly with the phone, the
handset and cord whip and entangle.

He drops the phone with a clang. Blood and thin gray hair
cling to its base.

He tugs the chute, the metal winches open.

He yanks her dead weight to her feet and shoves her towards
the chute. They struggle.

She senses it and flails, her whimpers and cries merge, she sprawls her thin arms wide, blood trickles down her face.

Her fingers catch the chute's metal edges and slice neatly open. She reaches for Anything, blood smears the wall.

Rowdy pushes, shoves, his arms batter her towards complete submission.

She turns, arms high, she cowers. He shoves her head into the small square chute. He lifts and pushes, pounds her frail body further in.

She no longer resists; her torso hangs down the dark and dusty abyss.

Rowdy grabs her foot, pushes, then the other.

Her tear-filled eyes squint, the light disappears as her body fills the chute. Gravity takes over.

GREAT ROOM

Rowdy, wet with sweat, breaths heavy, collapses into the chair, an accomplished exhale.

He huffs, emits a bizarre whimper, and leans way back in the chair.

He lifts his feet to place them on the sill, and misses, they unexpectedly crash to the floor.

A timid quiet voice.

WES (V.O.)

Adam?

Rowdy doesn't pick his head up.

ROWDY

Yeah?

WES (V.O.)

You. O-kay?

ROWDY

Yeah. Everything great.

WES (V.O.)

Was that screaming?

ROWDY

Uh. No. Everything's. Good. (A Beat.) Ted. Ted what. You said?

WES (V.O.)

TedTalks.

ROWDY

Yeah. That sounds like a good idea.

SUPER: TWO YEARS AGO

An expansive desk and executive leather chair, the rotary phone. Rowdy sits upright, dressed in new punk Zumiez.

A man has his foot raised uncomfortably high, set upon the desk, in dominance, he is— DETECTIVE BOX, 40, an oily boisterous swine.

Box strives for dapper in an expensive suit, Italian shoes, but both are poorly kept, suit jacket wrinkled and arm stains, shoes scuffed. His fat neck fills over the shirt's collar.

A few feet behind is another man, he is— DETECTIVE ARNY - 30, wiry weasel.

Arny keenly observes, his eyes shift quickly between Box and Rowdy like a ping-pong match.

In the doorway, reluctant to enter, as he shuffles weight between his feet is a man in a rookie police uniform, he is— OFFICER HAYDEN, 25, divested yet pensively obligated.

BOX

I like what you've done with the place. Though, the chair is. Not. Really you.

Rowdy, uneasy, hunches forward a little, leans to stand. He emits a bizarre and nervous whimper, caught by everyone and met with sideways glances.

BOX (CONT'D)

It's okay. Keep your seat.

(To the room)

The reality is. Well. I like to fish. But, hey, who doesn't. If everyone fished, every time they wanted, before too long, there's be nothing left to fish for. No fish. Imagine that. That's where catch and release came from.

(MORE)

BOX (CONT'D)

I think with hunting, animals, they call it. What? Not, Shoot and Release?

Box looks to Army for help. Hayden stand uneasily in pause, and shakes his head in disbelief.

ARMY

Tag and Release, sir.

BOX

Yeah, thanks. Tag and Release.

Box glances at Hayden, who casts an emphatic glance, annoyed and in disbelief.

BOX (CONT'D)

You. Adam. Or as you like to call yourself, Rowdy. Are not what We call Big Game. You're like a small fish, not a minnow, but definitely nothing to catch, clean, and mount to the wall. But. Every time we fish, we can't catch a whopper But we can't go home empty-handed. So, to stay busy, keep the chief off my ass, we need to. Well. Bring home something. Follow?

A beat.

Rowdy registers.

BOX (CONT'D)

You okay?

A serious and eye locked Rowdy.

ROWDY

I follow.

BOX

Good. You provide us with a steady stream of little fish, we'll let you grow a little, but you gotta stay in your steam. We all have goals. Quotas.

Rowdy, a serious scowl, motions towards a gleaming Hayden.

ROWDY

What about your friend? He doesn't look particularly on-board.

BOX
 He's on board. He's just having a
 bad day. Don't make it worse.

Box removes his shoe from the desk, calmly glances out the window, reflects for a moment. Rowdy examines a shoe scuff mark on his desk, wipes with his finger, then with some spit.

Army sees and shakes his head.

Rowdy, a bizarre under the breath squeak, eyes burn a hole in Box's back.

BOX (CONT'D)
 So?

Box expects. Rowdy rolls his eyes, considers, decides to mock him.

ROWDY
 So?

ARNY
 Give us a name? Cuz we already have
 yours.

Rowdy squirms, considers, a bizarre and subtle laugh.
 Tension.

ROWDY
 Pete Gurblack.

Everyone breaths, a sigh of relief. Hayden hands to hip.

ARNY
 What's he do?

ROWDY
 New guy. Just a mule. He'll have 10-
 20 pounds on him.

ARNY
 Any cash?

ROWDY
 Probably.

Box and Army share a look, a nod. Army takes out a notepad.

ARNY
 Where do we find him?

ROWDY

He'll be at the Starbucks parking lot, on Main and 3rd, around 9. He's gotta pick-up.

ARNY

Guns?

ROWDY

Pete, no. The other crew. I dunno. Unlikely.

BOX

Good. Good?

Box looks around as if at a podium and solicits applause. Hayden casts a glance, brief eye contact with Box, then looks away in disgust.

BOX (CONT'D)

Smart kid. You know, Adam. You need to find a way to relax. Lots of pressure.

As Box distances, Arny closes in.

ARNY

Just a few more details. On this meet.

Arny bends at the waist over Rowdy's shoulder, notepad placed upon the desk. The two chat in whispers.

Box sees Hayden's continued angst and approaches.

BOX

You good?

Hayden looks sideways.

OFFICER HAYDEN

I hate this.

BOX

Hate what?

Hayden hands to hips, looks at Box's chest.

OFFICER HAYDEN

The idea of working with criminals.

BOX

You think I like this shit?

OFFICER HAYDEN

You enjoy the wardrobe.

Hayden eyes the best dressed man in the room, top to bottom. Box sucks his teeth.

BOX

Either you work UC narcotics, or you end on some go-nowhere case. This is how we get results. You're the new guy. You'll be UC. You want results?

Officer Hayden shakes his head with disgust, eye's the fancy suit lapel. Box notices and adjusts his jacket.

BOX (CONT'D)

Look. There's always someone bigger. Someday, we'll get this douchebag and That One. Funny thing about arresting the dangerous head of a multi-million-dollar narco-ring and arresting some schmo with an ounce of weed, they both count as One Arrest! Be smart.

OFFICER HAYDEN

I don't get it. I want these streets clean, for my family, my daughter. I can't work with people like him.

Hayden pauses, commits.

OFFICER HAYDEN (CONT'D)

I just can't. What if I don't want the Easy Way Out?

Arny stands and nods, taps the notepad. He has it.

BOX

Just shut up for now. Let's go get our boy. We got work to do.

SUPER: A YEAR AGO

Orange fiery carpet. Some mismatched chairs strewn about.

Two men stand behind the desk.

SCUTTER, 40, a shorter man with incredible presence, every day casual, wears a jogging suit, flip-flops, and Rowdy in a fancy three-button suit.

They exchange glances at a deeply focused man on a ladder, busy as he snips ceiling wires, TECHNICIAN, 30, a reformed mercenary tech savvy handyman, dressed in dungarees, a menacing blade dangles from his utility belt.

Scutter speaks humbly, yet, somewhat haughty, towards the younger, meek and eager apprentice Rowdy.

SCUTTER

I want you to have this.

Scutter hands Rowdy a tissue paper wrapped framed photograph.

Rowdy pleasantly surprised, examines it and Scutter nods. He opens it and sees a 8x10 framed and autographed photo of Tony Robbins.

SCUTTER (CONT'D)

Every time going gets rough. You think of him.

Rowdy's eyes water, he goes from the Greatest Gift Ever, to to Scutter, and back.

ROWDY

Autographed. To me?

There's a scribble on the photo which could be anything. The Technician freezes for a moment, a sigh.

SCUTTER

Yes, for you. I'm setting you Up because you have Potential.

Rowdy's eyes are stargazed at the comment.

SCUTTER (CONT'D)

Because I got trust in you.

Scutter rests a hand on Rowdy's shoulder, looks over Rowdy's suit, then into his eyes.

SCUTTER (CONT'D)

Now, Adam. You want to be a leader of men, an executive. It's more than how you look. The suit is nice. People who don't know you, see the suit, and will judge you by that. Think you're Vanilla Ice, Eminem, or something. That's not what you want. You want a low profile. Look. Look at me.

Scutter steps back, waves his arms, Rowdy does as commanded.

SCUTTER (CONT'D)

Would you see me walking down the street, or at the store, and go, Man, I wonder where his money comes from?

ROWDY

I guess No.

SCUTTER

There's those who keep a low profile and last, and there's Everyone Else. Right? No. But You. Low profile. Got it?

ROWDY

Yep.

SCUTTER

No, not Yep. Say it. Like you're a business executive.

ROWDY

Yes, I understand.

SCUTTER

(Cautions)

Be judged by your words and actions. Not your appearance. You deal with people who you already know. How you dress, doesn't matter. If you think it does, you won't last in this game.

Rowdy contemplates this.

Rowdy's cell phone rings. Rowdy retrieves it from his pocket and examines the CallerID while Scutter observes in disbelief, waits, perplexed.

Rowdy looks at the phone and contemplates, indecisive.

SCUTTER (CONT'D)

(Sarcastic)

You need to take that?

Rowdy misses the sarcasm, more concerned, and nervously wonders, contemplates, shift his gaze between the phone, his guests, and the exit, and decides.

ROWDY

Ah. Yes. It's my girlfriend.

Rowdy briskly steps away, a bizarre nervous whimper, he answers.

 ROWDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Hey, babe.

Scutter warns, unheard by Rowdy.

 SCUTTER
Not good my friend.

Rowdy exits the room.

Scutter looks up at Technician as he pushes some wires into place, tidies up.

 SCUTTER (CONT'D)
How's it look?

 TECH
Almost.

Technician glances, then peers, sees that Rowdy has left.

 TECH (CONT'D)
(Whispers)
It's done, sir. You'll see
everything on your laptop safely
from the Fortress. I'll send you
the IP address and log in.

 SCUTTER
Great.

Scutter pats Technician's leg, smiles.

 SCUTTER (CONT'D)
It's like Kindergarten. Except with
bigger kids, and instead of candy
and timeouts, we have--

Scutter sighs. A beat.

 SCUTTER (CONT'D)
What do you think?

 TECH
Him? Well. He has Heart. But that's
about it. A couple loose screws.

 SCUTTER
Yeah. Exactly. We work with what we
have.

They smile.

SUPER: A MONTH AGO

The room dimly lit. Walls sponge painted a brilliant red over black.

A large imposing man in a pimp-like suit, bling, stands at the window, he is --LEAN SIX, 25, as dim as he is large, bodyguard. A second man saunters over, dressed similarly, this man is-- JAYSON, 25, suave, stone-cold and brainy.

The two closely stand and speak in stern yet hushed tones.

JAYSON

But are we doing Well enough?

LEAN

I'm with you bro. We want the real doe, we need to set up our own shop.

JAYSON

You still think Chicago is the way to go?

LEAN

My cuz said it's a sure thing. Ain't no mystery. We just need a buy-in.

JAYSON

Man. He that large, why won't a brotha front us?

LEAN

ME, maybe. He don't know US. WE gotta buy-in. He no fool. Gonna want 200 bands to set foot anywhere near town. Then gotta get that money.

Jayson contemplates.

JAYSON

That and Working Capital. At least another 2 large.

LEAN

It's all right here.

Lean looks at the safe. Jayson follows his gaze. They both hold and imagine.

LEAN (CONT'D)
 (Continues)
 That fool keep 4 to 6 hun-ed in
 there
 (Sings)
 All The Time.

JAYSON
 His Walking-Around change. While we
 starving like Marv.

LEAN
 Yeah. Gonna need a plan.

JAYSON
 A plan. Fuck. An opportunity.

LEAN
 No doubt.

JAYSON
 Keep you eyes on the prize.

LEAN
 Why not just make the Power Play.
 Me and my friends--

Lean casts an eye towards a Lopper and other tools propped in
 the corner.

LEAN (CONT'D)
 --can get him to open up.

JAYSON
 Rowdy's a man of will. Those tools
 work on those spineless mutha
 fuckas. Plus. Everyone got a boss.
 Even Rowdy. Man. I don't know. That
 fool, ruthless, he'll go to the
 ends if he suspects. We need
 someone close, take the fall for
 this shit. Who won't see it coming.

LEAN
 My eyes Open!

They muse.

There's footsteps. A soft knock, and WHOOSH, the heavy door
 swings open.

In walks a man, all smiles, hums a tune as he oddly snaps his
 fingers on both hands, he is PETE, 25, a sunken-eyed weasel,
 a lesser man than Rowdy.

Lean and Jayson are taken aback and distance themselves as the a four-fingered Pete looks them over.

PETE
What's up gentlemen?

Lean and Jayson share a glance of understanding. Both turn to Pete.

JAYSON
You expected?

PETE
He called.
(Wonders)
Thought I'd be on calendar.

JAYSON
Man. I dunno. We ain't his
secretary.
(A beat.)
All good?

Pete takes a seat, rests his arms along the armrest, rolls his five fingered hand. Pete inhales deeply, answers with his jaw clenched.

PETE
There's a little issue.

LEAN
Another one? Man you rolling the
dice. Ain't no such thing around
these parts as a Little Issue.

PETE
Well, not like last time. I'm on
good terms with Adam. He'll
understand.

Jayson and Lean chuckle. Pete taps his fingers along the armrest, holds in a breath.

LEAN
Famous last words. Man. You funny!

Jayson nods to Lean.

JAYSON
Boss says we getting a big-screen
in here.

LEAN
For the games?

JAYSON

Naw, for those friggen videos he watch.

SUPER: TWO WEEKS AGO

Daylight pours into the room from the window. A few gaudy paintings are hung. A giant soon-to-be throne under construction. Two wingback chairs for guests. Four matching Parson chairs along a wall.

A man with hope stares at the world outside, he is- RUSS, 35, seasoned, disrespectful. He hears footsteps but doesn't turn.

In the doorway appears a slender woman, she is --Lynn, 25, goth-attractive and playful.

Russ casts a glance and waits as she quickly walks to him. She stands seductively close. Russ, calm and suave, retreats a small step and speaks smoothly.

Lynn, a ball of nervous energy, hands furtive and jerky, moves closer.

LYNN

We can't just Leave. He will Find US.

RUSS

I've known him, he won't. He'll move on.

LYNN

You don't know him. He's crazy. He'll go nuts if I leave. That's why you need to Do It.

Lynn grasps at Russ's hands. Russ pulls back, he's unsure.

RUSS

I don't know. I just don't think-

LYNN

--right. Don't think. He needs to Go. With him out of the way, everyone will fall into place. You'll be the boss.

Lynn's eyes look crazy for power. Russ isn't convinced.

RUSS

I have money. Let's just go. Get out of here. Be together.

Russ ponders, aloof.

RUSS (CONT'D)

I can get a job in sales. Maybe, somewhere nice, like Cabo. Sell Time-shares. I'd be good--

Lynn, a tyrant, eyes fiery.

LYNN

--I'm not moving to fucking Mex-i-Co. I'm. We're not leaving. Everything We want is HERE!

Russ sighs and looks down in dismay and Lynn beams.

LYNN (CONT'D)

If you won't get rid of him. I will.

Russ recognizes spoken words of a hollow yet unconceived plan and calls her on it.

RUSS

Yeah. How?

LYNN

I. I don't know. But I'll figure something out.

RUSS

Rowdy is dumb. But he ain't no idiot. Be smart. If he suspects, he'll--

LYNN

--what?

RUSS

I don't know. You see him watching those stupid self-help masturbatory videos, but I see what's behind those eyes. The warped wheels spun off tracks a long time ago.

LYNN

So it's on me? Or Us?

RUSS
I really don't feel comfortable
doing, talking like this.

Lynn pulls Russ close, some craziness gone from her eyes, she looks almost sane.

LYNN
You want to be with me, yes?

RUSS
More than anything.

SUPER: THIS MORNING

Ornate and gaudy, obnoxiously large and bright oil paintings, smother every wall. A ceiling mounted TV. An oversized throne-like wooden chair inscribed with demonic carvings, tacky crushed purple velvet armrests.

A man We Know, sits in the throne, he is— ROWDY, 25, a visionary brute slickster, in a high-end suit.

He studies an issue of the Economist, a story about Jack Welch and his consulting company.

The laptop is open, in synch with the TV. A Paused YouTube video titled: How to Troubleshoot a Leaking Refrigerator, an image of a kneeling man with a tool chest in front of a partially disassembled fridge.

Rowdy reads a sentence, slightly aloud, stumbles through every three-syllable word, pauses.

He puts the magazine to the side, moves the laptop mouse, the video plays, the man speaks.

MAN (V.O.S.)
-ll know it's the condenser if the
water in the drip—

He hunts and pecks a search in the browser window.

Rowdy hits enter, the video stops, the browser opens dictionary.com. He types I-M-P-E-R-C-E-P-T-I-B-L-E in the text box. The definition populates, and he eagerly leans in to study, then read the definition aloud.

ROWDY
Gradual, subtle.

Rowdy nods, understands. He rehearses the word, roughly.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
Imperceptible. Imperceptible.

Rowdy smiles as he cleanly pronounces. He looks away from the laptop, then returns to the magazine, scans, unable to find where he left off.

The phone rings, he answers.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
Hello?

BOX (V.O.)
Hello, Adam?

ROWDY
Ah, yes. This is he. Him. Who--

BOX (V.O.)
--Hey. It's me. Gotta minute?

Rowdy sits upright, casts the magazine aside, and smiles, as he recognizes the voice.

ROWDY
Detective Box! What can I do for you on this fine Halloween day, sir?

BOX (V.O.)
Got some intel you'll want. I like to keep up with my end. Maybe you'll continue to do the same? Cause some day this Merry-Go-Round may stop.

ROWDY
Hey. We're all friends here. You scratch my back, I throw you a Bone!

Rowdy laughs, Box doesn't. Box continues monotone.

BOX (V.O.)
Hey the guy last week, you know, the girl who OD?

ROWDY
Yeah. It wasn't us. Still, we mitigated. Low key, you said, right? I think we got it handled.

BOX (V.O.)

Uh. Yeah. Low key. Well, there's a bigger issue. He's a cop.

ROWDY

A cop! I thought you said he was a factory worker, or some shit?

BOX (V.O.)

He's one of ours, was working undercover, no longer.

ROWDY

A cop. You had us payoff one of your fucking cops! You're entrapping us. That's entrap--.

BOX (V.O.)

--No. No. Nothing like that. He's. Well, got it in his mind you. You or your boss may be. Responsible. Just saying some crazy shit. Cause we're all friends.

Rowdy stares blankly, fumbles, almost drops the phone, as a much larger issue races to the front of his mind.

ROWDY

Cuz we friends. Yeah.

BOX (V.O.)

He probably won't do nothing. You may want to put me in touch with your Partner--

ROWDY

--Man. Some shit you got me into. It's ain't His side either. Low-Key. Too many close calls for him. And you ain't getting with him.

BOX (V.O.)

Ok. Well, have a good night. Rains a coming. Happy Halloween.

ROWDY

You too. Detective.

Rowdy, hangs up the phone, turns and gazes out the window. He contemplates, disturbed, stares long in decision, and decides to dismiss.

He quickly blinks, then stares at the laptop, still set to dictionary.com, then glances out the window, in retrospect.

A light knock. WHOOSH. The door opens. Rowdy awakens. Lean enters with silent footsteps, moves to his post.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

Gonna need you to stay On tonight.
May have trouble.

LEAN

What kind of trouble?

Rowdy doesn't reply and drifts into reflection, leaves Lean to wonder. Lean accustomed holds, and casts a glance away.

LATER

Pete paces, his hands fidget, pauses in front of the window, quickly scans the room sees no one, then peers down the street.

He spots an innocuous minivan. The minivan has tinted side windows, empty front seats. Pete mumbles nervously. He stares long at the minivan. He quietly whispers.

PETE

Test, test, test.

Pete's eyes glued to the minivan, Pete sees nothing happens. Pete a little louder, with some punch.

PETE (CONT'D)

Test. Test. Vacation. Vacation.
Flash your lights if you can hear
me.

Pete stares at the minivan. The minivan shudders slightly.

An arm extends from the darkened cab towards the steering column. The minivan's lights flash, stop.

Pete smiles comfortably. The minivan's high beams remain On. Pete, quickly to panic mode, loud whispers, tilts his faces closer towards his feet.

PETE (CONT'D)

They are still On! Your lights.
Lights! Off!

Pete doesn't hear the approaching footsteps or the room's door quietly open.

Jayson clears the doorway just misses Pete's utterance.

Pete intently stares out the window, the minivan high beams still on.

JAYSON

What the fuck you doing?

Pete surprised, jumps, half-turns towards Jayson, still clings to the window space, a hand grasps the sill.

PETE

Uh, nothing.

(Pivots nervously)

Where's Rowdy?

Jayson upon Pete, leans to look out the window as the minivan's headlights go off.

Pete holds his breath too long, exhales noticeably.

JAYSON

He coming. But first, I'm gonna need those clothes.

Jayson, spacious, stands toe-to-toe with a wilting Pete.

PETE

What?

JAYSON

You heard Exactly what I say. Don't make me ask twice.

Jayson beams, twirls his toothpick, Pete hastily agrees. Pete strips, shirt first, unbuckles his pants, and pauses.

JAYSON (CONT'D)

Gemme the clothes.

Jayson holds out his arm. He means All of Them In His Hands.

Pete drops his pants, intent to leave his shoes on.

Pete stands, tries to pull a pant leg over his shoe. The shoe catches the pant leg, Pete falls, face-first into wall, BANG, his shot nerves override his sense to block his fall.

Pete crumbles to the floor.

Jayson rolls his eyes and allows himself a small chuckle quickly replaced by his game-face. Pete pauses, rubs his four-fingered hand on his head.

PETE

Ouch. It this nec-

Pete looks at an increasing impatient Jayson, stops himself mid-question. Pete realizes.

JAYSON- YES, IT IS.

BEAT.

We see Jayson holds a neatly folded pile of clothing, shoes on top, one too many laces dangle.

Pete, on the floor, seated, naked, arms wrapped around his knees, in despair. Pete quietly complains to himself, careful not to sound like he's directing blame.

PETE

This is bullshit.

JAYSON

Shut up. Take a seat. Over there.

Jayson walks towards the door, nods to the chair in front of the sprawling desk.

Pete stares long, then slowly arises.

Just as Jayson reaches the door, Lean appears in the doorway.

Jayson and Lean exchange words in hushed tone. Lean eyeballs Pete, wonders.

JAYSON (CONT'D)

Keep him on ice. Boss be in a few.

LEAN

What's he doing?

Both Lean and Jayson hold a gaze on naked and skittish Pete.

JAYSON

Relax, protocol, just checking to see if HE running a talk show.

Lean nods, but doesn't entirely understand. Pete reaches the chair, sheepishly looks for affirmation to sit, then warily glances at the chair as if sitting on it may burn him.

JAYSON (CONT'D)

Relax. Take a seat.

Pete looks anything but relaxed.

Jayson's final guidance.

JAYSON (CONT'D)

Sit.

Pete reluctantly, lowers himself an inch at a time, into the chair. Pete's buttocks skin painfully squeaks, stuck to the chair's finish as he settles his weight. He grimaces. Pete tries to cross his legs, but it's too uncomfortable.

He fidgets, and settles to leave an arm resting between his legs.

LATER

Rowdy, sits like a King. The tone of Rowdy's spoken words is INTENSE, and he struggles to speak beyond his education, as he modulates his words, in a slow, methodical pace.

Rowdy's fingers steeple at his chest, pressed firmly against his boardroom Brooks Brothers tie, as he stares straight ahead, uncomfortably holds, squints but does not blink.

ROWDY

Jack Welch, the CEO of GM, built an enterprise into a kingdom. He'd never promote anyone to vice-president, until they successfully ran and managed every division which they'd have to lead.

An unnecessarily long pause. Rowdy emits a bizarre squeaky exhale, his eyes jerk sideways.

He leans and reaches, a small door opens, the soft clink of bottles, and the UMPF of a mini-fridge door as it closes.

He sits upright, resumes his stare, and now has a throwback styled frosty bottle of Kombucha.

A blast of rain pelts the window. Rowdy twists and looks, blinks repeatedly, he slowly returns to center. Another strange exhaled whimper and he recasts his glare.

Rowdy slides open the top desk drawer, retrieves a throw-back Hula-girl style bottle opener.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

Every quarter Jack would make—

Rowdy scours his mind for a word, unsure, a strange whimper, he blurts out the next word.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
 --imperceptible, the top two, and
 bottom two producers. Just. So. You
 know. Everyone would know. Jack
 would--

Rowdy calmly pauses with a struggle for the next three-syllable word. The simultaneous use of the bottle opener and speech quickly overwhelms his zen, his tone distorts.

Rowdy's audience sits across the desk. It's Pete, his view largely obstructed by the wingback chair. Pete's thin hair recently brushed now jarred.

Pete attentively nods, maintains constant eye contact, and hangs on every word with nervous anticipation. Traces of perspiration pepper his forehead.

The farce of a boardroom meeting continues.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
 --envisioning, he'd envision. He'd
 see ahead, to know his people's
 historic track record, was in fact,
 the best indicator for success.

Lean stands guard at the door.

Lean shuffles his weight between his feet, intently listens, more so to the tone than context.

SQUEEK. The heavy wooden door opens, Lean jumps, braces, hand under his jacket flap, as if he may grab for a GUN. Music, heavy bass, distant downstairs laughter pours into the room.

Lynn appears in the doorway dressed in a sexy cat costume.

Lynn, one hand on the door knob, the other raised along the door jam, smiles, feign sexy.

Lean softly exhales, hands back to his side.

Rowdy mid-sentence, on edge to have an outburst, recognizes her and still grinds his teeth, and calms.

LYNN
 Hun. Ah. Quick minute?

ROWDY
 Not now, babe. Everything good?

Lynn notices Rowdy's terse look, BAD TIME. Rowdy, a pause as Lynn holds her ground.

Pete's sweat beaded head cantors over the back of the chair, exposing a red welted cheekbone. Pete measuredly turns forward, resumes his sulk.

LYNN

Uh. Yeah. I forgot to ask. I brought--

Lynn looks around the room at Lean Six, the back of Pete's head, and to Rowdy. Lynn produces a Twix bar, raises it high and gives it a shake.

LYNN (CONT'D)

--you a Twix bar, your favorite!

Lynn eager to enter, nudges forward just a little, gauges Rowdy, uncertain, she pauses. An uneasy silence looms. Lynn feels it too, unsure and confused, she reverses, decides to exit.

Rowdy's face absent of expression, his eyes scan the desk, in disbelief.

LYNN (CONT'D)

(Bursts, awkwardly)

I love Halloween! (A beat.)
It's here, if you change your mind.
Or a Hershey bar, anyone? Before
the kids grab them all?

Pete looks down, Lean deliberately shakes his head and runs an open palm down across his body, in polite declination.

Rowdy looks at his Robbins photo, pauses, an ease, his eyes drop to her feet, his voice deepens with confidence and poise.

ROWDY

No thanks, Hun. We're in the middle
of a TedTalk, here.

LYNN

(Sardonically)

Okay. Your loss!

Lynn exits, a poorly hid sinister glance, pulls the door behind her. The door quietly swings and softly closes.

Rowdy stares where Lynn just stood. Pete senses an opening.

PETE

Uh. Rowdy. Sir. I dunno this Jack
guy. But...

ROWDY

Welch.

PETE

Welch guy. But I'm out there every
day, checking stuff, staying on top
of my people.

ROWDY

MY people.

PETE

Ah. Yeah. Your people. I do exactly
what you tell me.

Rowdy acutely intrigued at the comment, takes a small sip of
Kombucha, sits the bottle down on its edge, lets it gently
fall flat, stirring up carbonation.

ROWDY

Exactly what I tell you?

Rowdy emits his bizarre exhale.

PETE

Yeah. Almost exactly.

Rowdy licks his lips, sucks his teeth, and sits upright.

ROWDY

There's exactly what I say, and
then, there's everything else. If
you did exactly what I said, the
cops would have my shipment, you
wouldn't be sitting here now, would
you?

PETE

I guess. No. But like I said, I
didn't tell them nuthin.

ROWDY

I know. I know.

Pete exhales a slight sigh of relief, unsure but
opportunistic.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

That's what you said. But you know,
after last time, I gotta be sure.
Right?

Pete gulps. Sweat beads join.

PETE

Right.

ROWDY

You know what breeds success?

PETE

No, sir.

Pete is shirtless. His bare chest quickly rises and falls, unaligned with his voice. A sweat droplet falls from his brow to his chest. He wipes.

ROWDY

A-leaders hire A-managers. B-leaders hire C-managers. This is not a C-organization. (A beat.) You know what Jack did with his bottom two earners each quarter?

PETE

No, what?

ROWDY

He Cut them. You know about that, don't you?

Pete's left hand on the armrest, the top third of his index finger, a nub. Pete wiggles his hand. Pete remembers, his mouth dry, he gasps.

PETE

Yeah, I sure do. But--

ROWDY

You. Ah. Need a drink?

Rowdy nods towards his Kombucha like he's serious about the offer, then sharply pivots, continues his speech with gravity.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

Business is business. And I am fair.

Pete squirms, sweat droplets running down his face, freely fall to his bare chest.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

And Halloween is my favorite holiday. So, I'll let you pick which one.

Lean leaves his post, moves silently like a ghost. Pete's senses the movement, his head cranes, and his petrified gaze follows Lean Six.

Pete is naked, arm strewn across his privates.

Lean casually saunters towards the corner of the room, retrieves an enormous pair of steel bypass loppers.

Pete stirs from nervous energy, controlled panic, face flush, feet wander and roll, as his head jerks from Rowdy to Lean and back.

Rowdy motions for Pete to stop moving.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

Pete. You've known me for a long time.

PETE

C'mon Rowdy. Please. Pl-
(Clears throat)
-ease. I'll make it up to you. I'll pay you back. I'll work for free.

ROWDY

It's big boy rules.

Pete looks around, everywhere, desperate for a solution that doesn't exist.

PETE

Just please. I need a vacation. A Vacation.

ROWDY

You'll be fine. You'll be back to work in no time. You know, in Japan, the Yakuza have a name for this.

Rowdy searches his mind, thoughts trapped Elsewhere, fails to recall the word, a nervous bizarre exhale.

Lean approaches, he drags the end of the lopper across the carpet, its metal edge creates a odd trail in the carpet.

Lean stops close to Pete's chair. His waist rubs on Pete's shoulder. Pete is in terror, his head swivels up, he shrinks and gazes at a methodical Lean.

Lean shows no emotion, twirls a toothpick in his mouth, clenches his jaw.

Pete shivers, then pleads.

PETE

Please.

Rowdy, ignorant of Pete's plea, frustrated as struggles to recall a word he knew he'd need to use.

ROWDY

(Grasps)

Yubit. Yubit something.

Rowdy gives up on the word Yubitsume and mentally returns to Pete. Rowdy sees Pete's pause and pleads insincerely.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

Hold it out, Pete! You don't want
Six cutting your entire hand off? I
think the Chinese have a name for
that.

Rowdy adrift in wonder, casts a sideways glare of admiration at the desk photo, and calms.

Pete shakes and shivers, face pours sweat. His hand extends along the armrest, but slick from sweat, it slips sideways. He reaches his other hand and braces his forearm.

LEAN SIX

Which?

Pete's mouth is the desert. He gasps, dry-mouth. Pete stares at the ceiling for answers, then decides.

PETE

Okay. Okay. That one.

Pete thinks he's wiggling a finger but his entire hand trembles.

LEAN SIX

Man. Which one?

Pete releases his forearm, and points to his right index finger.

PETE

Just the top, right? Above the
knuckle. Please.

LEAN SIX

Done and done.

Lean grasps the lopper firmly, raises it up, and lowers the
opened jaws around Pete's finger. Pete's are slips.

LEAN SIX (CONT'D)

Hold still.

The jaws wiggle, rest, and bump into adjacent fingers.

Pete's face is a mess of sweat, tears, and sheer panic. Pete
sucks in air, settles in acceptance, suddenly he's serene.

Lean twists the jaws into place. The lopper's steel teeth
push Pete's fingers outward. Pete winces at the minor
discomfort, his hand trembles.

LEAN SIX (CONT'D)

Man! Hold still.

Pete gasps, eyes glued to the lopper, vies to look away but
can't bring himself not to watch.

Rowdy, a tiny smile, lifts slightly from his seat, pleased,
exhales a nervous whimper. He precariously tilts the Kombucha
bottle on its edge. It falls flat, bubbles rise.

LEAN SIX (CONT'D)

Steady.

Rowdy, eager with excitement, anticipates the event. Rowdy
sits the Kombucha bottle just outside his hands, clasps his
hands together, embraces the moment with crazy eyes.

Pete's hand tremors, his forearm juts, as the lopper slowly
jogs just above and below Pete's knuckle like a pendulum.
Lean attempts to time the cut.

Lean inhales, Pete's eyes go wide, he knows what's coming,
the shears jump below the knuckle. Rowdy remembers--

ROWDY

Try not to get bl-

Lean chops. Rowdy jumps. Pete gasps in pain, instinctively
falls to the floor, in fetal position, clasps his hand, as
blood pours freely.

The top two-thirds of Pete's finger lay on the chair. Blood droplets fly softly land on the carpet, unnaturally bounce in slow-motion, then settle to absorb.

The Kombucha bottle falls on its side, sloshing soda on the desk. Rowdy takes a second to recognize, abruptly scrambles to upright the bottle. Rowdy puzzled and fumes - in disbelief he bumped the Kombucha.

Lean angry, holds the heavy tool like a pencil in a single outstretched angry arm.

LEAN SIX

I said don't move, fool.

Rowdy fusses with the small soda spill, a series of bizarre frustrated chuckles.

ROWDY

Shit. Fuck. Got a towel?

Rowdy looks at Pete, the blood, forgets the soda. He's somewhat unhinged.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

Fuck. Get him a bandage. What'd you cut an artery?

LEAN SIX

No, sir. Just a little off the top.

Pete's pale and swoons, his whimpers soften as he drifts into shock.

Lean rests the bloody lopper blade on the floor, upright, releases the handle. He steps away in stride.

The lopper falls, slowly, defying gravity, hits the floor without a bounce, it sticks like Velcro.

Lean struts over to a console, fishes through a drawer and finds a cloth napkin.

Rowdy pulls a cocktail napkin from his desk drawer, a clunk as a REVOLVER falls gently. Rowdy wipes some of the Kombucha spill with a napkin.

ROWDY

(Sings)

You want to make an egg. You first
gotta break eggs, to make an
omelette.

Rowdy muses at his mis-speak, a bizarre whimper, a distant land. A beat. He returns, realizes, scans, no one noticed.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

(Jokes to Lean)

You'd never make it as a butcher or
a barber.

Lean walks over to Pete, tosses the napkin on his shoulder. Pete is quiet and motionless. Rowdy casts a glance, understands.

LEAN SIX

Take it. Shit, you bleeding
everywhere. Hello?

ROWDY

Lean. He's out. He's in shock.

LEAN SIX

Oh.

ROWDY

Get something for the blood. To
stop it. A bandaid won't cut it.

LEAN SIX

I can put a tourniquet on it?

ROWDY

Sure. Just get him out of here.

LEAN SIX

Boss. He may have to stay in here
for a little. He's out, I can't
drag him downstairs, in front of
Trick-or-treaters, leave him like
this, in his car. Not a low-profile
move.

Rowdy, a moment of focus, presses his hands to a steeple at his chest and considers. Pete's finger continues to pour blood.

ROWDY

Good call. Just move him to the
side.

Lean grabs Pete's legs by the ankles, drags his unconscious body to the room's corner. Blood trails from the wound. Rowdy eyes the scene, dismayed.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
 (continues)
 Still, I can't have Stanley
 Steemers in here every month.
 (Ponders)
 Neighbors may start asking
 questions. Gotta keep low key. Low
 key.

Rowdy, sharply raises a finger, reminds himself.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
 That's it! The Paradox of Choice.

Rowdy, a bizarre exhale, a sideways squint. Lean notices and
 hides a concerned scowl.

A knock at the door. Rowdy gives Lean the look and he moves
 behind the door, he's ready. Another knock. Rowdy nods to
 Lean, and Lean nods back he's ready.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
 (Calls out)
 Enter.

The heavy door squeaks open, party noise enters, in walks
 Jayson. He carries a neatly folded stack of clothing, a belt
 and shoes on top. He shoulder closes the door behind him,
 uses his foot to seat the door, and casts an understanding
 nod to Lean, and holds on Rowdy.

JAYSON
 Boss.

Rowdy, still uneasy, casts an eye at the clothing.

JAYSON (CONT'D)
 Nothing. He's clean. Where is—

Rowdy nods towards naked, bleeding, unconscious Pete, in the
 corner. Jayson, casts a glance, sees Pete. He's not
 surprised, and turns to exit.

JAYSON (CONT'D)
 I guess I'll burn these—

LEAN SIX
 He's just unconscious.

JAYSON
 Uh. Ok. So.
 (questions)
 I'll—

Lean takes the clothing from Jayson and unceremoniously tosses the items atop of Pete.

LEAN SIX
--That's fine.

The clothing strewn on top of Pete. A shoe tumbles from the pile, rests on its sole. One of the laces is intertwined with a BLACK WIRE, a single tiny green light flashes from inside the shoe.

JAYSON
Ah. Boss. Also--

Rowdy looks at Jayson.

JAYSON (CONT'D)
(Continues)
--gonna be short - two more orders to fill.

ROWDY
How short?

JAYSON
We're good on the base. Just a little short on the spice.

ROWDY
How much Fentanyl?

JAYSON
Just about 3 ounces. We can mix in a little less with each.

Lean returns to Pete, hunches over the body, affixes a makeshift tourniquet.

Rowdy, stands tall, suddenly very businesslike, points like he's addressing shareholders.

ROWDY
No. No. We don't shortchange quality. Quality control is our reputation. Without that, we are nothing.

JAYSON
I expected. So--

ROWDY
--I'll get back to you. Any news on that cat?

JAYSON

He's out there - our people are looking for him. Under every rock.

ROWDY

Well, don't forget to check above the rocks too.

JAYSON

Yeah, gotcha. Word on the street is the girl's dad is one of those PTSD mutha-fuckas. Man, like a bad penny. Dude, we warned him, paid him.

Rowdy contemplates. Lean resumes his post.

ROWDY

Paid him. We paid him, he's still coming?

JAYSON

bands.

ROWDY

You don't think that's absurd? He took the money AND he still won't go away.

Jayson considers. Rowdy looks at Lean.

LEAN

Sounds like a problem with the bag man.

The wall mounted TV streams FortNite-Twitch videos.

ROWDY

Disturbing. Sounds Exactly like a bagman problem. Who made the payment?

JAYSON

Ah. I think Jimmy. He a-ight. But. First, I gotta check. Don't want to make That mistake.

Rowdy stares at the TV in pause. The TV shows a FortNite avatar constructing a box around an inferior player, prevents escape, places a trap, which springs, eliminates the opponent. Rowdy smiles and continues.

ROWDY
 Let's get Jimmy up here. Build a
 box around him, and see where this
 goes. This organization has no
 tolerance for—

Rowdy struggles for the next word.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
 (Continues)
 --intolerance.

Lean and Jayson cautiously share a confused glance.

JAYSON
 You got it.

Jayson turns, pulls the heavy squeaking door open and exits,
 cautious to let the door quietly close. Rowdy glances at
 Lean, then over to Pete. Silence.

The desk phone rings. Rowdy reaches for the absurdly large
 handset, raises it to his ear.

ROWDY
 Yes?

VOICE (V.O.S.)
 (Indecipherable)

ROWDY
 Thanks. I needed. Something. Just
 text it. The link.

VOICE (V.O.S.)
 (Indecipherable)

ROWDY
 No. Not this number. This is a
 landline. To my cell phone. Do you
 have—

VOICE (V.O.S.)
 (Indecipherable)

ROWDY
 Great, thanks!

Rowdy hangs up the handset, reaches into his jacket pocket.
 The coat flap opens and exposes the Hickey Freeman label.
 Rowdy removes his iPhone, checks his iMessage, and sees the
 hyperlink. His eyes go wide with panic.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

Shit!

Rowdy stands and steps towards the window. Lean scans, ready for Anything.

LEAN

What?

Rowdy shakes his iPhone.

ROWDY

How do I get this—

Rowdy turns, nods to the TV.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

(Continues)

--on that.

Lean looks onward, confused, then dismisses as he understands. He shakes his head wags his chin wide, both in disbelief, and to signal he doesn't know.

Rowdy turns and stares out the window at the drizzle. Rowdy steps close. He pauses in serenity.

A rain squall pelts the window, Rowdy jumps back in surprise. The abrupt squall ends.

Outside it's dark, misty, gentle drizzle falls. A street full of affluent two-story homes. Small groups of children and adults in costume, wander the sidewalk, going door to door.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

I hate this. It's the worst part.

Lean stares, awaiting direction, ready to serve.

Rowdy returns to his throne, opens YouTube, and transcribes the URL from the iMessage to the YouTube search bar. Rowdy messes up the syntax, repeatedly hits delete to fix typos, loses his patience, slams his hand on the keyboard.

On the laptop and the TV, the YouTube TedTalk channel appears, boasting 12 million subscribers.

Rowdy scrolls down, clicks on: Wes the Life Coach, Dealing with Difficult People.

Rowdy tension filled, takes a seat, and crosses his legs upon the desk, clasps his hands behind his head, stares at the TV as the video plays. A deep exhale, and calm.

The audio starts— A man in a suit on a stage, WES, 30, pompous poser, speaks hollowly to an audience. Rowdy enthralled, smiles.

WES (V.O.S.)

In today's in-depth discussion, we'll help you learn and apply techniques to rise above the challenge of dealing with difficult people. Yes, it's true. Anyone can be difficult, but, there are—

Lean watches Rowdy. His chin dips, eyes look skyward, a slight headshake in routine disbelief and he exhales slowly in never ending patience.

A groan from Pete, and Lean looks over. Pete's still unconscious.

KNOCK, KNOCK

Rowdy's therapeutic smile fades, legs off the desk and his sits upright.

The door squeaks open, it's Lynn. She holds at the doorway.

Rowdy half stands, ready to rant as she didn't await permission to enter. She speaks first as he struggles with syllables.

LYNN

Hun. If you're done. Some of the neighbors are downstairs. Maybe you can say Hi?

Rowdy looks sideways, he remembers agreeing to this.

ROWDY

Uh. Yeah. I guess. But you--

LYNN

--maybe spend some time. Since you're soooo busy.

ROWDY

But you need to--

LYNN

It's Ginger and Sherry.

ROWDY

Knock. Damn. The lesbos? Damn. Why?

LYNN

They are nice. And so what they are not the Hot ones. They are still our neighbors.

ROWDY

Shit. Sure. But why do they fucking post every single thing on Instagram. Really?

LYNN

So?

ROWDY

What the heck.

Rowdy, shakes off stress, rises from this seat, briskly walks towards Lynn, noticeable slows as gets close to her.

Lynn looks past him, scans the room.

LYNN

Where'd the other guy go?

ROWDY

He left.

LYNN

Not Jayson. The other guy. I didn't see him.

Rowdy ignores her and squeezes by her as he moves through the doorway. Lynn sees some blood and holds, she doesn't miss a beat.

LYNN (CONT'D)

You should get a costume on.

ROWDY (O.S)

Did you pick one up for me?

LYNN

Uh. No. You said not to.

ROWDY (O.S.)

I said Get Whatever. What the fuck am I supposed to wear? Maybe I'll just grab a sheet, cut some eyeholes.

LYNN

Be a ghost.

ROWDY (O.S.)
 (Laughs)
 Or a Klansman.

Lean unfazed.

LYNN
 (Giving up)
 Just come down.

Lynn leaves the doorway and disappears in the darkness; the door softly closes.

The sound of rain droplets gently landing on the tile roof, the wind pushes raindrops into the window. A squall.

Lean looks up, walks towards the window, and peers outside. Gaggles of trick-or-treaters scramble for shelter. Lean turns, sees Pete stir, approaches, stands over him, gives him a friendly kick.

LEAN
 Hey, rise and shine, mo-fo.

Pete body rocks slightly, good hand clutches the bad one, face contorted in pain.

PETE
 You're a real-

Pete stops himself.

LEAN
 --real what?

PETE
 Pillar of society.

Pete sits up, shuffle-crawls, and leans against the wall. Lean takes another step in, arm's distance away.

LEAN
 Ain't that the truth.

PETE
 Be a sport, get me something for the pain. Please.

LEAN
 Shit. You came to the right house to lose a digit. What you want?

PETE
 Just. Anything. I just need to-

LEAN

--get your shit on and get the fuck out of here. He be back soon. He won't want to hear your shit until you un-fuck yourself.

PETE

I just gotta--

LEAN

--there ain't no TedTalk for the kind of shit going through his mind tonight. Gravity heavy on his head.

Pete struggles to get dressed. Lean stands easy. Pete has his pants halfway on, reaches up, Lean tugs Pete to his feet. Pete, unsteady, looks down.

Lean sees his shoes, steps in to pick them up. Pete jerks nervously, bends faster.

PETE

I got--

But Pete's not fast enough. Lean grabs the pair of shoes, stands, in a smooth but fast motion.

Pete pale, sweaty mess, stares squeamishly at the shoes.

LEAN

No problem.

Pete half reaches for the shoes. Lean sense something amiss and looks again at the shoes, draws them near. Pete looks at Lean, his heart pumps. Lean, pauses, sees nothing.

LEAN (CONT'D)

Time for a new pair. These ain't you.

Lean shoves the shoes into Pete's chest and Pete stumbles and clutches the shoes, takes a deep gut breath.

Pete, woozy, looks for a place to sit.

PETE

Yeah, thanks.

Pete sees the chair along the wall, takes slow measure steps. Lean watches, ponders, twirls the toothpick. Lean wonders.

Pete sits, slowly getting his shoes on.

Lean watches Pete as there's something awkward, something doesn't feel right.

It's quiet. We hear a distant doorbell. The house slightly shutters as the door closes.

Lean hears footsteps approach, and saunters to his post.

Pete has one shoe on.

The door squeaks open, the bright white hallway light casts a man's shadow, Lean reaches his hand under his jackets, but recognizes it's Russ.

Russ, musingly advances, hands raised to a friendly "don't shoot" height.

He knows Lean's perch, smiles, still no sudden movements. Russ wears a stylish leather messenger satchel.

RUSS

It's me. It's me. Easy there big fella.

LEAN

Yo. Russ. What's up.

RUSS

Man said upstairs. Guess there's a hiccup. The man said wait, so I wait.

LEAN

You got that.

Russ sees Pete.

RUSS

Hey Pete.

Pete barely looks up. Russ sees blood, knows it's real, he's familiar, unnerved, and jokes.

RUSS (CONT'D)

Whoa. What IS up? Is that Fake Blood, that corn syrup shit?

Pete is silent. Russ looks to Lean.

LEAN

Naw, he was just in for career counseling.

RUSS

Bad time.

LEAN

You could say that. He's just leaving.

RUSS

Hey Pete. Better to crawl out than be carried. Keep your chin up.

PETE

Ah. Yeah.

Pete starts to stand but his legs wobble. Pete sits, slumps. Both men watch, Russ in amusement, Lean as a task, and neither moves to help.

RUSS

(Jests)

Maybe you should stay a while.

Russ laughs alone at the low brow humor. Lean doesn't laugh and casts a blank look at Russ.

The doorbell rings again, followed by a door closing. Russ looks around in boredom.

RUSS (CONT'D)

So, what you goin as this year
Lean? A gay disco pimp?

Lean looks pissed. Russ stops him with an apology.

RUSS (CONT'D)

Sorry, just kidding. I'm kidding.
Alright?

Lean ever-so-slightly shakes his head, exhales and calms.

LEAN

You going soon? Your health may
depend on it.

RUSS

Hey. We are all on the same team.
Remember that video he made us
watch. Built to Last, or some shit.
I help you. You help me. We all
help the organization. Right?

LEAN

(Unconvinced)

Right.

Pete, with both shoes on, unconscious again. Russ notices.

RUSS

This guy can sleep anywhere? So what'd he do? Hit on his gal?

LEAN

You're the only one stupid enough to mess with that.

Russ defensive at Lean's assertion, and Lean now KNOWS and callously stares. Russ, half-hearted attempt to change topics, quickly looks around, then to Pete.

RUSS

So, what then? He failed to follow Just-In-Time sourcing?

LEAN

He got hot.

RUSS

How hot?

LEAN

Po-lice-Hot. Lost a shipment.

RUSS

A whole shipment? What the fuck is he doing here? You know the po-lice will be watching.

LEAN

Rowdy's call. He knows the risks. He got some kind of back-up plan. Besides. We checked him. He's clean. Rowdy taxed him though.

Russ walks towards Rowdy's desk; his fingers graze the surface. Russ takes his satchel off, lays it on top the desk.

RUSS

Any scoop on my end? He gonna square up?

LEAN

You know better than to ask me. Rowdy, he'll fix it.

Russ behind Rowdy's desk, slides back and sits upon the throne. Lean ridged and concerned.

LEAN (CONT'D)

You don't want to do that.

RUSS
It's just a chair.

LEAN
We both know it's a little more
than a chair. It symbolic.

RUSS
Of who is in charge. I got a chair
like this at my house. Things
always be a-changing.

LEAN
Lots of things. Get your ass up.

Lean steps over. At the first step, Russ is up, mock dusts
off the chair.

LEAN (CONT'D)
(Continues)
Or you'll be looking like P-

--Whoosh, the door opens. Rowdy enters with a tan bedsheet, a
hole big enough for his head in the middle, worn like a robe.

Russ stands a little straighter. Lean looks like he was about
to do something and Rowdy notices.

ROWDY
We good gentlemen?

RUSS
Yes, sir. Standing by, as ordered.

Rowdy catches but does not react to the sarcasm. See's Pete
slumped in the chair.

ROWDY
How's my boy, Pete!

Rowdy walks toward the desk, eyes the satchel, his gait and
arm swing tugs the sheet lower.

LEAN
He's still. Out.

ROWDY
At least he's dressed. Too much
hard-partying.

Rowdy turns to Russ as he sits, looks for a reaction. Russ
shuffles his weight from foot to foot, he's placid. Rowdy
pats the satchel, then leans back in the throne.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
We appreciate your patience.
Matters such as these, are often
unforeseen. We strive to do right
by you, the customer.

Russ has heard the pitch before, But, Russ warily glances at
Pete, then back to Rowdy.

RUSS
Same team. Your problem is our
problem. What can I do to help?

Rowdy smiles as a past lesson was learned.

ROWDY
Just your patience. An hour. And
I'll have you on your way.

Russ isn't entirely satisfied, and Rowdy notices.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
And I'll lower the bar.

Russ holds his breath, slight disgust.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
Russ quickly deliberates, slightly smiles.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
Fair enough?

Russ nods, a larger smile.

RUSS
We'll get it moved. On time. By the
way, ingenious costume.

ROWDY
Great! And thanks.

Rowdy smiles wide and slams his hands on the desk for
emphasis.

He stands, tears off his tan torn bedsheet and tosses it.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
For now, grab a drink, a Twix bar,
and a seat. I gotta a Ted Talk
playing--

RUSS

--I'll pass. Mind if I wait
downstairs? Not that you're no fun.

The words slowly roll from Russ's mouth as he casts a wary glance at Lean. Lean notices.

Rowdy contemplates, grabs a fistful of money from the satchel. He's decides, telegraphs he's about to say no and Russ sees it, interjects.

RUSS (CONT'D)

--but the party is downstairs.

Rowdy gives Russ a sideways glance, a scowl, and it passes as he counts the money. He stacks the last of the satchel money in the shape of a shoebox. He looks over the stack at Robbins, a wash of calm passes his face.

ROWDY

A mind is like a parachute. Ah.

Rowdy forgets the point as he hunches behind the desk. The sound of a metal dial as it spins one way, then the other.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

Sure. Head downstairs. Lynn will--

CLUNK, the safe opens.

Russ, a large obvious smile when he hears Lynn's name. He tried to suppress his joy, glances at Lean. A stone faced Lean saw that too.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

--grab you a drink. Need a costume?

Rowdy nods towards the tan torn bedsheet. Russ, satisfied, has no interest in the bedsheet, and rises.

RUSS

(Patronizes)

No thank you.

Russ smartly exits the room, passes through the open door, leaves it ajar.

Rowdy smartly grabs fistful stacks of money and shoves them into the safe.

The door slams shut. Rowdy jumps, drops bundles of money. Lean jolts.

RUSS (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(Apologetic)
Sorry. The wind.

Rowdy looks at the closed door, then to Pete, holds, then back to Lean.

He grabs the last of the money, hunches and KLUNK, the safe closes, he sits upright. It's barely noticeable, but Lean's purses his lips with worry. An attune Rowdy catches it.

Rowdy stands, puzzled, eyebrows furrow, glances at Lean.

Lean buries his discontent, looks elsewhere.

Rowdy looks at Pete.

ROWDY
What's he still doing here?

Lean's voice a whisper, his thoughts elsewhere.

LEAN
He ain't mobile, boss.

ROWDY
Where's Danny?

LEAN
We told him to come alone. He got no driver.

ROWDY
Uber?

LEAN
Naw, the blood. He's barely conscious. Risk adverse, right?

ROWDY
Good call. You're right. Still, he's going to ruin the experience.

Rowdy sits, softly sighs, looks at the paused TedTalk video, fumbles with the keyboard, hits the wrong key.

The laptop screen toggles from the TedTalk video a multi-camera Home Security System display, the front door as Trick-or-Treaters abscond, the driveway with a parked car and light foot traffic, foyer with Lynn and guests, and a single windowless steel door at the end of a dark hallway.

Rowdy quickly toggles back to the paused TedTalk video.

Rowdy clicks and the video plays, he's immediately engrossed and soothed.

A subtle sound of the doorbell followed by a distant door closing shut.

KNOCK, KNOCK. Rowdy nods to Lean, then pauses the TedTalk video.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

Enter.

The door squeaks partially open, the hallway dark. Rowdy looks in anticipation, sees no one. Jayson demands--

JAYSON (O.S.)

Get up here fool. Get--

--as a shoved man, stumbles through the doorway, he is-- JIMMY, 40, a wet rat with his best days behind him. Jimmy, wears untied dress shoes, boxers, arms clutch close a heavy winter coat.

Jayson's figure fills the doorway.

JAYSON (CONT'D)

--on!

Jimmy red and watery eyes dart, as he wishes to be anywhere else. He sees the desk, then Rowdy, a statue beside it.

ROWDY

Look what the cat dragged in. Have a seat Jimbo.

Rowdy looks to Jayson. Jimmy pulls up a chair, sees the blood, dismisses and sits.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

We good?

JAYSON

Pitiful. He fessed.

Rowdy brightens up.

JAYSON (CONT'D)

I told him where we was goin, he blurted out all kinds of shit, 'cept, where it was spent.

ROWDY

So, you spent it? That was supposed to fix a problem that none of us need that brings Exactly the attention, none of us want.

JIMMY

I'm so sorry, Adam.

Rowdy's head thrusts, his eyes daggers. Jimmy catches the mistake.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Rowdy. Sorry. I really fucked up.

Jimmy pauses, unsure, whimpers.

Rowdy settles. He wants to hear, motions ever-so-slightly for him to continue and Jimmy misses the cue.

ROWDY

No. Please. Continue. I want to understand your perspective.

Rowdy taps his fingers on the armrest, recalls.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

Yeah. Freintorship. The Solution to the Employee Engagement Problem.

Jimmy looks sideways and pleads.

JIMMY

I know those drugs were someone else's, that killed that little girl. He just. Got. Your name. So, I asked around, found him at work. You know, he was saying a lot of crazy shit. He was leaving. In the parking lot. I saw him and walked up. The second I got to him, he knew what it was.

Rowdy stares intently, intrigued.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I told him it wasn't us. He said it don't matter. I said let's be bygones, and handed him the bag. He just looked at me and said something about "just happens" or some shit. It made no sense. I tried to force him to take it.

Jimmy cries.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I told him he had to. Then he refused. I knew you don't want failure. And. I thought he'd just. You know. Go away.

Jayson steps behind a seated Jimmy removes Something from inside his jacket pocket which resembles a scroll.

Jayson unfurls the scroll, it's a piece of piano wire between two wooden pegs.

Rowdy stares blankly at Jimmy, a disturbed scowl flashes. Jimmy pauses between sobs to gauge him.

Rowdy, hands to hips, looks at the floor, shakes his head, gives Jayson a quick nod.

ROWDY

(Grandstands)

In this organization, we set the tone from the top. I'm-

Jayson swiftly moves in, braces his knee against the back of the chair for serious leverage, pulls the cable taught against Jimmy's throat.

Jimmy's eyes jump from his head, face instantly red, tongue fully extended, hands reaching for anything behind him.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

--the figurehead of this organization. And this figurehead expects results.

Jimmy is dreadfully defenseless. Jayson's arm curl tightly, his face a grimace, as he slightly grinds his teeth as he cranks down.

Jimmy squirms but there's no place to go. The cable cuts his throat, blood pours in a semi-circle down his neck, droplets fly onto the floor.

Rowdy studies dying Jimmy. He stares, distracted by the flying blood droplets as they land on the carpet and quickly absorb.

Rowdy raises a single finger and opens his mouth, considers asking Jayson to stop to avoid more stains, sighs and lowers his hand in surrender.

Rowdy shakes his head in despair as blood pours freely onto the floor.

Jimmy is dead. Jayson releases one side of the cable, tries to slide it from the recess between Jimmy's fallen head and chest, but it's caught.

Rowdy still focused on the blood stains, disturbed as Jayson's tugs cause more blood to fly.

Jimmy to fall from the chair. There are now several large blood stains on the floor.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

Geez. I like carpet, it keeps the echoes down, easy on the feet. Martha Stewart said it makes a home welcoming, an office inviteful. But at some point, I'll need acid-etched concrete, or linoleum, something easier to clean.

Jayson, breathes heavy, and Lean calmly observes, neither understands Rowdy comment. They and share a slightly confused glance.

Rowdy returns to his throne and sits, shakes his head in disbelief. Rowdy's trembling fingers reach for the laptop. Rowdy doesn't look up and waves a hand towards Jimmy and the blood.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

Can you guys do something with that? Keep it from making a bigger mess?

LEAN

I'll get some sheets.

ROWDY

Sheets! What the fuck are sheets gonna do? Go find a tarp, or Saran wrap and some Scrub-Free Kaboom.

The pressure gets to Lean, he's frustrated, blurts.

LEAN

Where? At the boat store? Costco?

Rowdy abruptly stands, postures, a tyrant.

ROWDY

What? I'm sorry. What the fuck was that?

Lean retreats. Rowdy a crazy exhaled sigh.

LEAN

My bad boss. Just, we didn't plan on clean-ups like this tonight.

ROWDY

Go to the garage. I'm sure there's some plastic wrap there.

Lean and Jayson exchange a glance, Lean holds it a little longer, a slight scowl. Rowdy's cracked voice barks.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

Go! While there, get some tools to fix the fridge, it still leaks. May be a faulty condenser, tripping the compressor.

Rowdy grabs another Kombucha from the mini-fridge, slams the door. Quickly back to his therapeutic TedTalk.

Lean and Jayson saunter to the door. Disenfranchised, Lean slowly shakes his head. Jayson mumbles something indiscernible then glances at Rowdy. Their shadows disappear in the dark hallway.

Rowdy toggles the laptop.

The security camera turns on. Rowdy sees Lynn at the foyer, a pail of candy under one arm, a drink in hand. Russ is a foot from her, squared up, too close. A serious conversation takes place and it catches Rowdy's attention.

Rowdy studies Russ's lips and touches the screen. As Russ speaks Rowdy wonders what he said. Whatever it is, Rowdy doesn't like it.

The laptop toggles to the TedTalk. Rowdy feverously taps the keyboard. The laptop returns to the security camera.

BANG! Jimmy's chair falls over, and slides a foot, as if pulled. Rowdy jumps, stares, squints in wonder, considers if Jimmy moved, but Jimmy's body is still. Rowdy sees all four chair legs attached, holds and muses.

Rowdy hears a groan, looks for the source. Pete's head sways, he's unconscious. Pete mumbles, nearly indescribable.

PETE

Vacation. Vacation.

ROWDY

A vacation? You'll be fucking lucky if you get a time-off award.

Rowdy toggles off the security camera to his TedTalk with a certain satisfaction. He plays a few seconds, becomes irritable, then fast forwards to the final 30 seconds, stares blankly.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

Answers. I need answers.

Rowdy fast-forwards the video to the end. He hits rewind, tries for slow-motion, but the video restarts. Rowdy fist strikes the desk.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

Damn!

Rowdy reaches for the desk phone, changes his mind, then grabs for his cell. Rowdy to Recent Call Log, scrolls down to WES ENERGY HEALER, and presses Call.

The phone rings. We hear one side of the call.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

Yeah. I need help.

(Pause)

Now, would be great.

(Pause)

Sooner is better.

Rowdy ends the call and pockets the phone. He uses his sleeve to wipe the sweat on his forehead, and toggles the laptop to the security camera.

The door squeaks open and catches Rowdy's attention. It's Lynn, angelically backlit by the soft white hallway light.

Lynn steps into the room, gives Pete and Jimmy a curt glance, then looks up to gaze at Rowdy.

LYNN

I see you're busy. Are you. About done?

Rowdy pauses, stares long at Pete, then to the blood stains and holds, his eyebrows furrow.

ROWDY

Ah. Yeah.

LYNN

Great. Then you should say goodbye
to the company.

Rowdy slowly stands and takes a small step towards Lynn then accelerates past her. As Lynn turns, Pete wiggles a little and it catches her eye. She stares and examines him, he remains perfectly still, she dismisses.

Lynn follows Rowdy, casts a parting glance at a motionless Pete, leaves the door ajar. The hallway light goes out.

The laptop set to the security camera.

On the laptop, where the sidewalk meets the driveway, two children in costumes, their mother in tow, slowly walk up the driveway.

From the dark hallway, footsteps and mumbles grows louder.

Jayson and Lean enter, towels and several spray bottles in their arms. Lean looks agitated, Jayson reasonable. As they enter, they fan out, and quickly learn the room is empty, and are at ease.

On the laptop, from darkness, a hulking man dons a hockey mask, carries a stick-like item in one hand, approaches the driveway. He passes a lamppost at the end of the driveway. The light flickers and goes out.

Jayson nears Rowdy's desk, places the cleaning materials atop stands each upright in perfect order. He considers which to use first and studies the labels. Jayson hasn't yet looked at the laptop.

JAYSON

We use the wrong shit, it will make
these permanent.

On the laptop, the hulking man falls in several paces behind the two children and mother.

Jayson decides on a can of Rug Doctor, a deep-carpet cleaner. As JAYSON LOOKS at the laptop, the security camera switches, to the paused TedTalk fills. Jayson sees nothing.

DING. DONG. The doorbell.

Lean looks for a place to clean first.

As Jayson steps away from Rowdy's desk, the laptop screen returns to the security cameras.

LEAN (O.S.)
I don't get paid right for doing
this shit.

On the laptop, the two children and the mother depart down
the driveway, the hulking man lingers.

JAYSON (O.S.)
I know bro. Just keep your cool a
little longer.

On the laptop, the hulking man shifts weight from foot to
foot in the doorway. Lynn questions, a short exchange, the
hulking man looks behind him, commits, and forcefully enters,
closes the door behind him.

LEAN (O.S.)
Why the fuck are we cleaning? Let's
do it NOW.

JAYSON (O.S.)
We gotta plan. We work the plan.
Just chill the fuck out. Do what we
are told.

On the laptop, Lynn presses against the wall, the hulking
figure slashes two women with arching sweeps, the surprised
women fall, one in a pile, the other into the wall.

THUD. Lean and Jayson glance up, a pause, resume cleaning.

On the laptop, Rowdy sits on the floor at Lynn's side, calm,
hands raised. The hulking man pulls Rowdy to his feet, and
removes a roll of Duct Tape from his cargo pant pocket, hands
it to Lynn.

On the laptop, the hulking man shoves Rowdy ahead, Lynn at
his side, as they move beyond the camera.

On the laptop, the front door starts to slowly close. Then
the door accelerates. SLAM. The door closes shut and shakes
the house.

Lean and Jayson freeze for a second and hold.

On the laptop, the foyer light flickers, then goes out.

Jayson rises, walks over, and carefully closes the room's
door, returns to clean.

Lean kneels near Jimmy's body and blood stain. Lean readies
to spray OxiClean on the blood stain. The bottle is set to
OFF, Lean, confused, fumbles with the setting.

LEAN

Man!

JAYSON

Just CHILL! A few more hours, it'll be done.

LEAN

I'm chill. Just this fucking bottle.

Lean sets the bottle to Spout, then, to Spray, generously applies squirts to the stain. Lean wipes the stain, the paper towel comes up RED.

LEAN (CONT'D)

This shit ain't gonna work.

JAYSON

Just do a little for now. Keep the man happy. We tell him he needs a Wet Vac or call Stanley.

LEAN

Uh-huh.

(Pause)

How much?

JAYSON

You know I don't know exactly.

LEAN

Guess.

JAYSON

At least 3-fiddy, maybe 4. He be like a squirrel, got stacks everywhere.

Lean grins.

LEAN

Just need to hear that. He so cheap. Got like millions, pays us crumbs.

JAYSON

We the help.

Lean smiles. He uses giant handfuls of paper towels, a single wipe renders them RED.

JAYSON (CONT'D)

Fool. You should tarp the body first. He's still leaking. You'll have to clean all over again!

Lean considers for a moment, then an overexaggerated head nod.

LEAN

Spot-on.

Lean stands up, walks over to a Blue Tarp, folded, shakes it to spread it out, and covers Jimmy's body. He starts a poorly conceived effort to wrap Jimmy's body.

Jayson notices, shakes his head in disbelief, but says nothing. He uprights the chair and with little effort he hastily wipes the armrest leaves streaking blood residue.

Muffled hallway noises approach. Jayson and Lean continue to clean.

The door slowly squeaks opens, Jayson and Lean look up, see it's Lynn and a dark hallway. Lynn wanes, her stoic unnatural movements, hands ever so-slightly raised, by itself not alerting, a roll of DUCT TAPE in her hand.

Jayson sees the duct tape but does not hold on it. They both continue to clean.

Russ follows, whistles oddly, hands open but low, as he marches dutifully forward.

Jayson casts a dismissive glance, notes Something slightly peculiar, and looks again, scrutinizes.

Lean diligently cleans.

JAYSON

Hey, is boss-man coming? We gonna-

Jayson sees Rowdy as he enters, hands raised abnormally overhead, silver bands of duct tape haphazardly run around his head and neck. Jayson knows there a BIG PROBLEM.

JAYSON (CONT'D)

(Urgent hushed, to Lean)

Shit. Man, get you-

Jayson reaches a hand into his jacket.

JAYSON (CONT'D)

(Continues)

--gun!

Jayson towards the wall in a flash, a big man moving fast, on the fly produces a GUN, starts to hunch behind a chair.

Lean caught flat-footed, struggles to his feet, crouches, moves towards the opposite corner, GUN quickly out and raised at a shadow behind Rowdy.

A shadowy figure emerges, enters the room, SHOTGUN first, pressed firmly against the base of Rowdy's skull, DUCT TAPE affixed the barrel, IN TWO LOOPS around Rowdy's head and neck.

A hulking man holds the shotgun, he is- HAYDEN, 28, blue collar with menacing eyes.

Hayden, wears a hockey mask raised upon his head, a hoodie pulled back, blue jeans and boots.

The blue jean leg is heavily stained with blood which appears as black edged streaks where something was wiped.

A knife clipped on his belt is clearly covered in smeared blood. His other hand pulls taught on the back of Rowdy's jacket.

Hayden stands in pause at the doorway, silhouetted by the seemingly now yellow hallway light. He shifts weight from one foot to the other, casually and comfortably. A toying finger rests, taps, then slightly depresses the trigger.

Hayden scans, sees Lean and Jayson, with GUNS trained on him.

Hayden quickly casts an unsure glance over his shoulder, a question lingers, a pause, then he trains his sharply confident eyes ahead. He steps forward with command.

The yellow hallway light flickers, the sound of electricity, then blink out.

HAYDEN

(Reasoning)

Drop your guns.

(Pause)

Drop them. You know he'll die.

Rowdy is calm, he's had a gun to his head a few times and is still alive on borrowed time. Rowdy nods to Lean, suggests he drop the gun.

Lean slightly lowers the gun, looks to Jayson, whose Gun is trained on Hayden. Rowdy follows up on the nod.

ROWDY
 (Calm instructions)
 Drop your guns.

Jayson contemplates Something, remains aimed in on Hayden.
 Jayson gives Lean a look. Lean raises his gun on Hayden.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
 Guys! Guns. Drop them.

HAYDEN
 If I even twitch, his brains will
 turn this room into modern art.
 Drop 'em boys. I'm not here for
 you.

Lean and Jayson, eye conversation. Jayson, a nod, another nod
 towards the desk - Lean isn't understanding, eyes and hunches
 shoulders - What? Jayson moving on.

JAYSON
 Is it open?

Lean, gun trained on Hayden, scoots to an angle behind the
 desk and peeks toward the safe. Russ, slowly and cautiously
 uprights the fallen chair, and sits, sheepishly elevates his
 hands.

LEAN
 Closed.

Rowdy looks puzzled.

JAYSON
 Check it. I got point.

Lean nods, slightly lowers his weapon, and tries the safe
 handle. Hayden observes with curiosity, still a cucumber.

LEAN
 Naw, man.

Lean clearly disappointed and unsure, trains his GUN but it's
 NOW points it at Rowdy. Rowdy notices, surprise grips him.

ROWDY
 What the fuck?

Jayson considers, makes a tough decision.

JAYSON
 (To Hayden)
 Listen, bro. I imagine you all this
 way, you're going to kill him. We.
 (MORE)

JAYSON (CONT'D)

Well, we is neutral. Ain't got no part in this shit between you and Adam. We need the combo for the safe. Then you can do what you want with the man.

ROWDY

Fuck. You muther fuckers. After I'll I've done.

Rowdy lowers his hands in the tirade, Hayden jabs the shotgun barrel into the back of his head, the hands rise again.

Lynn calm, a spectator, stands next to a seated Russ, her fingertips caress, then prod his shoulder, then withdraw.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

Why would I give you FUCKS the combo? I'M GONNA DIE ANYWAYS.

JAYSON

Else we gonna kill Lynn.

BEAT.

Jayson pivots and trains his gun on Lynn. Lynn jumps with understanding, Russ sits upright, alert. Hayden, waits, comfortable on the sideline, curious to see how this plays out. Rowdy doesn't react.

HAYDEN

(observes)

Cut throat.

Rowdy takes it in, an indifferent flinching pause.

JAYSON

What you say now?

Hayden looks on with curiosity. Rowdy still silent.

JAYSON (CONT'D)

The combo. Now!

ROWDY

(Provokes)

No.

JAYSON

Now!

ROWDY

Fuck you.

JAYSON

If that's how you want to play it.

Jayson's face twists ever so slight as he aims in on Lynn, finger on the trigger, Lynn is petrified with fear, he's about to shoot and—

--Russ, the pressure is too much, jumps to his feet, arms wave, blurts a plea.

RUSS

No! Don't shoot. J. Don't shoot.

Rowdy's face is a puzzled contorted mess.

ROWDY

Pardon? Russ. Will you sit down and shut the fuck up?

RUSS

Don't J. Adam don't care. But I love her.

Jayson and Rowdy equally surprised.

ROWDY

What?

RUSS

We were worried.

ROWDY

Worried. I don't give a fuck about her. Take her, she's yours. Fuck, the two of you could run away at any time.

RUSS

Well. No. We gonna stay here. There's the problem.

ROWDY

No shit. There's the problem. That would fly. Don't you remember Susan Cain on Establishing Deep Personal Relationship with your boss?

RUSS

Considering. This. I was going to take over the business, with you out of the way.

ROWDY

Pardon?

Hayden, eyes cast somewhere over shoulder, decides, returns engaged.

HAYDEN

Entertaining and all. I hold all the cards.

(To Jayson)

I'll get you where you need to go. Drop your guns.

JAYSON

We're keeping them. But. We'll lower them.

Hayden flinches, looks over his shoulder, holds the movement. Jayson glances where Hayden looks, sees nothing, slightly puzzled. Hayden, head still turned away, answers.

HAYDEN

(Softly)

Sure. Yeah.

Hayden nods, eerily calm, turns back to a somewhat confused Jayson, and nods again. A clearer tone.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

Sure, that works. Just, you know. Keep your hands up. Move slow. That shit. Okay.

JAYSON

Ok.

Jayson surprised with the accord, slowly lowers his gun. Lean follows suit. They tuck the guns into their waistbands, compliantly half raise their hands.

Hayden, sure-footed instructs Rowdy and cements it with a nod.

HAYDEN

I'm gonna need you to call your partner.

ROWDY

Who?

HAYDEN

I ain't here for you. Unless you can't help me. Now pick up the phone, and call him!

Rowdy shrugs, takes a moment and considers. He sighs, eyes the floor, and walks to the desk.

Hayden continues to press the shotgun against his head.

The Security Camera images on the laptop and TV, for a second, catch Hayden's eye.

Rowdy, stands next to the throne, picks up the phone, pauses for a second, dials a number, slowly raises the phone to his ear.

The room is momentarily silent. The phone rings.

Rowdy unsure, reconsiders, quickly hangs up, half turns towards Hayden.

ROWDY
What happens next?

HAYDEN
Next?

ROWDY
(Sheepishly)
Yeah, next.

HAYDEN
When he gets here, I tell you both
how things are going to change.

ROWDY
And that's it?

WE SEE Rowdy's face, and a blurred Hayden turns his head over his shoulder, and there's a deliberate pause, Hayden squints. Hayden faces forward.

HAYDEN
(Assures)
That's it.

Rowdy frozen in thought and far from convinced. Hayden, abruptly impatient.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)
Call him!

Hayden jabs the muzzle into his head again, a small trickle of blood flows down the back of Rowdy's neck.

There's a long pause as Rowdy contemplates, realizes there's little choice. Hayden sharply raises his voice.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)
Dial!

Rowdy, still unsure, looks impassive and delays long enough. The gun to his head and demands fail to impress.

Lynn stirs, prods Russ to action. He shrugs her off.

Rowdy wanes, shudders, looks down, subdued, settles for non-compliance. Hayden's patience coming to an end.

Lynn notices, commits to curtail and stands. Lynn steps forward, Russ fails to grab her passing hand in effort to keep her close.

LYNN

I'll do it.

Hayden deflates.

Lynn energetically elbows in front of Rowdy; he reluctantly steps back against the gun muzzle.

Rowdy musters and weak objection.

ROWDY

What? You can't. You don't have the number?

LYNN

You're an idiot, Adam. I don't know the number. I'll just hit redial.

Lynn picks up the receiver, spins the dial, presses the phone to her ear. WE HEAR ONE SIDE OF THE CALL.

LYNN (CONT'D)

Hello.

(Pause)

It's Lynn.

(Pause)

Yeah.

(Pause)

He just called.

(Pause)

He asked me to give you a call, he needs you to come over.

(Pause)

Why?

Lynn looks Rowdy and then to Hayden. Hayden stares back, offers no guidance.

LYNN (CONT'D)

(Continues, casually)

Yeah, there's a problem.

(MORE)

LYNN (CONT'D)

There's some guy with a problem and
a big gun, asking for you.

(Pause)

His name?

Lynn glances at Hayden, who is comfortable with her flowing replies.

LYNN (CONT'D)

(Continues)

I dunno.

(Pause)

(To Hayden)

He wants your name.

Hayden tilts his head like he's taking direction from Someone behind him. Hayden tilts his head, leans his ear back farther. Everyone, bemused, waits for Hayden. Hayden turns ahead, confidence returns.

HAYDEN

Tell him it's none of his business.

Lynn looks on in disbelief.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

Tell him. He'll say ok.

Lynn unsure does what she's told.

LYNN

(On phone)

He said its none of your business.

(Pause)

Yeah, he looks serious.

(Pause)

No, not crazy. I think.

(Pause)

Lynn examines the shotgun.

LYNN (CONT'D)

(Continues)

Yes, it's real. I think.

(Pause)

No, Replica, isn't on it. And, it's
not made of chocolate.

Lynn presses the receiver to her chest, turns face to face with Rowdy, looks towards Hayden.

LYNN (CONT'D)

(Wistfully)

Okay. He said he'll come.

HAYDEN

Tell him to let himself in.

Lynn again raises the phone to her ear.

LYNN

Let yourself in, the Party is upstairs.

Lynn hangs up, scoffs at Rowdy, saunters back to Russ's side.

Hayden looks pleased, pulls a tab of Duct Tape from the Shotgun muzzle, frees the Shotgun from Rowdy's head, lowers the shotgun. Two strands of Duct Tape remain on Rowdy's head plastered into his hair.

Rowdy tugs for a second, realizes what he knew, the Duct Tape won't easily come off, and decides to leave it.

HAYDEN

Good.

(To Rowdy)

Take a seat. Keep your hands where I can see them.

Hayden stretches his tired Shotgun wielding arm.

Rowdy squeezes into his throne, and slaps both hands firmly down on the desktop for effect.

Pete stirs.

Russ generally looks down, casts a glare, then resumes his sulking.

Hayden contemplates, looks to Lynn, and asks in a meek yet inquisitive voice.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

How were you going to do it?

LYNN

(Flatly)

Poison him.

HAYDEN

With what?

Lynn glances at Russ's head, then looks straight at Rowdy with angry eyes.

LYNN

A Twix bar.

Rowdy awash with disappointment. Even Hayden is shocked.

ROWDY
Fucking bitch. My favorite.

Rowdy, a surprised crazy chuckle.

HAYDEN
Mine too. Crazy. Explain away.

Jason exhales loudly, takes a shuffle step forward.

JAYSON
This is great and all. You mind us
getting what we need, so we can get
on our way?

Hayden looks towards Rowdy, then taps the muzzle against the throne.

HAYDEN
Up to you.

ROWDY
Sure, why not. 1-1-1.

JAYSON
What?

ROWDY
The combination is 1-1-1. Left
first.

Jayson nods to Lean, who smiles, then strides toward the desk, kneels, at Hayden's feet, unconcerned with Rowdy's presence and Hayden's shotgun, and begins to turn the dial.

Hayden laughs as if sharing an inside joke, looks over each shoulder, far behind him.

HAYDEN
That's some combo. Reminds me of
the time we—

Hayden stops mid-sentence, laughter and smile fade, as he remembers the gravity of the situation.

Lynn stares long at Hayden, her puzzled eyes squint.

ROWDY
I kept getting locked out. Had the
locksmith in here a dozen times.
(MORE)

ROWDY (CONT'D)

Between him and the carpet cleaner,
I don't know what my neighbors
thought.

HAYDEN

(Meekly)

Yeah.

Lean spins the dial, with intermittent failed tugs at the vault lever.

LEAN

It's ain't working.

Rowdy sighs, squeezes a bizarre chuckle.

ROWDY

Go from zero, turn left until 1,
then right until 1, then back to
the left to 1, then back to zero.

Lean turns the dial. KLUNK. WE HEAR the heavy metal sound of the safe lock retracting, the winch of the door swings open.

LEAN

Bingo. Gonna need a bag.

Lean stands, stares down in amazement. He skittishly begins looking around the room for a bag and darts towards a console, searches.

Hayden, surprised, suddenly jolts. HAYDEN'S EAR hears.

GIRLS VOICE (V.O.S.)

He's coming.

The sound of the downstairs door as it opens.

Rowdy looks at the laptop and then up at the TV, and sees a shadow of a man in a jogging suit jacket, shorts, and flip flops, as he pushes open the front door into darkness. The door slowly swings open, naturally, slows to a stop as it reaches the door-stop.

The man pauses, sees no one in the largely dark room, slowly enter, shuffles through the doorway.

ROWDY

You got company.

HAYDEN

I know.

Hayden motions to Lean, then speaks.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)
(To Lean)
You. Hold up. Take a seat.

Lean, attentive, stops mid-step. Hayden casually aims the shotgun at the floor near Lean's feet, inadvertently threatens.

Hayden returns his gaze to the laptop as the man passes casually through the door way, into the foyer.

As the man is about to exit O/S, a SLAM echoes throughout the house.

A second later, on the laptop, the front door violently SLAMS shut. Even the man jumps, looks back, but he continues O/S.

Lean sits, somber.

Hayden, increased intensity, a long-awaited moment, braces both hands on the shotgun, aimed high. All look towards the room door, and wait.

The bright white lights in the roof become soft white.

A large shadow cast on the floor from a figure in the hallway. The sound of flip-flops on carpet can be heard, getting closer.

As the noise increases, the size of the shadow shrinks, in the doorway, we see a little man as he shuffles confidentially ahead, its Scudder.

Scutter smartly steps past the doorway, hands to hips, a SILVER REVOLVER tucked into his waistband, eyes the situation, with a certain familiarity and zeal.

Scutter's eyes move from Lean to Jayson, across to unconscious Pete, dead Jimmy, Russ and Lynn, then settle on Rowdy.

Rowdy's hands nervously creep close to the now ajar desk drawer. He is closely shadowed by calm Hayden.

The soft white lights flutter, dim to yellow.

Scudder raises a hand, points behind him, motions to downstairs, clears his throat, prepares to speak. Silence.

Hayden's ear hears a breath, tilts ever so slightly to hear better, a whisper, crystal clear, so soft no one else hears.

GIRLS VOICE (V.O.S.)

Kill him.

Hayden pulls the trigger. BOOM. A blast rips, Scudder's head pitches back, blood and brains frame the outline of the doorway, his body airborne defies gravity, floats down the hallway.

Smoke rises from Hayden's shotgun, brows furrowed, eyes full of intensity behind the gunsights. A Beat. Hayden's eyes lose the glare and become lifeless, his face devoid of anger, spent, almost serene.

The yellow lights are soft white.

Lean's knees buckle, he's holds his ground, frantically seeks guidance from Jayson. Jayson, shocked, bent at the waist, hand to his GUN.

Russ hands shield his face with knees raised high.

Lynn fell behind Russ with her hands covering her ears.

Somehow, Rowdy is on the floor, several feet away.

Pete, groggy, stirs, awake.

A moment of silence.

Rowdy scans the room, sees everyone remains still.

He confidently climbs to his feet, stands tall, tugs the front of his shirt down, dusts himself, covers Something, looks to see if anyone noticed.

Hayden's shotgun to low ready, eyes trained on Scutter's dead body almost. He's in a daze, begins to awake.

HAYDEN

It's done.

Rowdy perks up, with shocking composure, quickly pivots, addresses the group as if it were a sales meeting.

ROWDY

Good. Good. Good to hear. I'm glad we were able to assist you in your endeavors. I know there's a lot of pent up anger and resentment.

Rowdy pauses, pretends to await objections.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

I'd like to first, start off, by saying YOU all can have everything you want.

Rowdy pauses to let the words settle in.

Russ and Lynn are hollow shells, Lean and Jayson tread lightly and regain focus, Hayden appears entertained with Rowdy's comment, and Pete is in cobwebs.

No one speaks up, so Rowdy senses no objection, continues.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

Everything you want. Lean, and Jayson. You are welcome to the money. Take it all. I harbor no ill-will. Yours.

(To Lynn)

My dear. I want nothing more than for you to be happy. Russ. Sure, Russ.

Rowdy look long at Russ, waits to gauge Russ's reaction. Russ still in shock, slowly catches up.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

(To Russ)

It's yours. The business is yours. I know enough. I know when to walk. Bill Gates said "success makes smart people think they can't lose."

Jayson's head tilts, and shakes.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

I've made enough. It's someone else's turn. I don't want this. It's yours.

Rowdy holds on Russ. Russ wants to be, but isn't entirely convinced. Rowdy turns to Hayden.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

(To Hayden)

With your permission, kind sir. I'll be off.

Rowdy takes steps towards the door, almost accelerates as he absconds. Pete sits upright, poised to stand.

Hayden slaps the shotgun forearm metal hard, an alert. Hayden, unsure in his voice.

HAYDEN

Wait. Not so fast.

Rowdy freezes in his tracks, not entirely surprised, eyes squint in a grimace, and turns back to Hayden.

ROWDY

Ah. Yes?

Hayden in pause, glances over his shoulder, then back at Rowdy, then again over his shoulder.

Pete's gaze follows. Rowdy, still befuddled, but gradually understand this is not over.

Pete squints and sees Hayden's unfamiliar and fuzzy figure amongst the others.

Hayden, stands behind the desk, has the shotgun at low ready pointed in no specific direction, as he opens his mouth to speak, says nothing, ponders, then addresses Rowdy.

HAYDEN

Before we go. I think's it important YOU understand WHY I killed him. So, you don't think it's just cold-blooded murder.

ROWDY

No. Really, I'm okay with just leaving.

Rowdy half turns and points towards the door, gestures for permission. Hayden, momentarily distracted by something over his shoulder, casually instructs Rowdy.

HAYDEN

(Insists)

A minute.

Rowdy stands easy, exhales, looks loopingly around, as if passing time at a bus stop.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

(Continues)

I loved my daughter, more than anything else.

Rowdy dismissively rolls his eyes.

Hayden looks over his shoulder first, then half rubs his cheek and eye on his shoulder. The soft white lights flicker.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

I love you so much.

Hayden turns forward, in abandon, lets the tears run freely from his eyes. The lights flicker, hold dark for a second.

All are puzzled, Lynn more, and stares at the lights in deep concern.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

(Continues)

Almost more than how badly I want someone to blame. When She asked me for this--

A puzzled looks spreads across Lynn and Russ's face. Rowdy is taken aback.

BEAT.

HAYDEN

(Continues)

I just This, For her. I had to.

(Turns head slightly,
lowers tone)

I told you I could finish.

(To Lynn)

I'm so sorry about those women.
Your guests. When I. Well, the
neighbors. I regret what I did. I
just. We didn't see another way.
And I couldn't turn back.

Lynn is speechless, doubtful, her jaw hangs.

Hayden, sees Lynn unacceptance of his Apology.

Hayden's gaze drifts toward the safe with stacks of \$100's spilling onto the floor.

Hayden stares, tears of emotional pain drip from his jawline and fall to the carpet.

BEAT

Hayden's anger overcomes his
sadness.

HAYDEN

This is what it's all about? This.
My daughter's life for This? It was
a message from God, finding You
here. Finding all of you here.

(MORE)

HAYDEN (CONT'D)
Finding Him. With him gone, we can
get on with our lives.

Pete rises from his knees to his feet, eyes strain to focus on Hayden's gradually clearing blurred figure. Hayden continues his speech, glancing over Pete's curious eyes, and a captivated audience.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)
Because He. The filth that. That
ruins—

PETE
The cop from the station? A cop.
You're a cop!

Hayden half-hears, his mind starts racing as his dialogue continues.

HAYDEN
You're.
(Putting it together)
Box's snitch?

Both now sure. Pete's words grow strong and sink in, Hayden becomes panicked, shrinks, nervously looking over Pete's body for a tell-tale sign of a wire/transmitter.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)
You're wearing A Wire.

PETE
You're a fucking cop!

Rowdy grows tall, alert, empowered. Rowdy turns towards Hayden, in surprise and angst, realize the terminal and profound impact Pete's comments have.

ROWDY
You're the fucking cop!

Lean and Jayson go wide-eyed, reach for their GUNS in tandem, raising both muzzles on Hayden.

Rowdy reaches under his shirt, exposes the REVOLVER from his desk, last to react, raises the REVOLVER and aims at Hayden.

Now, three guns are pointed at Hayden. Rowdy notices, then slowly swivels his muzzle towards Lean.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
I guess if someone gets it.

Lean notices, and shifts his point of aim from Hayden to Rowdy.

LEAN

I insist.

Lynn frantically shoves a reluctant Russ to get engaged, practically pulls the gun from his waistband. Russ pushes her away in steadfastness.

Pete is mere feet away from Hayden. Hayden, under compounding pressure, feverously scans Pete's body for the wire.

PETE

Fucking dirty cop!

Pete speaks towards the Wire in his shoe and Hayden quickly zeros in, spots the Wire Shoe Lace. Hayden sighs in disgust, falling apart at the seams.

HAYDEN

Mutherfuck!

Hayden looks around over both shoulders.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

Honey, what do I do?

We have a Mexican stand-off.

Hayden's shotgun is aimed on Jayson, finger on the trigger, and Jayson is on Hayden.

Hayden is a mess, sweaty, tears, and confused whimpers, repeatedly looking behind him.

Jayson, made of ice, twirls a toothpick, taking measured breaths.

Lean has his GUN aimed at Rowdy, then to Hayden, and back.

Rowdy, aimed on Lean, is content to keep it that way.

A very long pause.

Hayden turns his head over his shoulder, and holds the gaze.

There appears a little girl, WE SEE a quarter of her face, half her mouth, down to her knees, she is— ANSLEY - 16, wispy angelic in a Sunday dress, an aberration of Hayden's daughter.

ANSLEY

It doesn't just happen.

HAYDEN
(Stern plea)
It does Just happen.

Hayden returns his gaze to the predicament, half forgets where his is.

The soft white lights dim and flicker to yellow.

Hayden's finger on the Shotgun hair trigger. Quiet. A pause.

CLICK. The small fridge condenser audibly clicks.

BOOM. Hayden jumps, shoots Jayson, the pellets tear his chest open, the shotgun kicks high.

Jayson's torso jolts as he shoot the bullet into the ceiling.

Lean squeezes and fires at Hayden. The first bullet wings Hayden's shoulder, the impact felt, but Hayden is resolved. Lean's other rounds fly high.

Rowdy prepared, finger early on trigger, finishes the draw with a tiny pull, the bullet opens Lean's head like a can.

Rowdy grits his teeth, looks for and see Lynn. He raises his gun, begins to shoot.

Lynn flops behind chairs, gets shot in the stomach and leg, blood pours.

Russ, sees, rages, and tugs at his underwear entangled gun. It wings free. He arcs the gun wide, and shoots Rowdy in the thigh.

The room in chaos.

Hayden lines the sights on Russ and squeezes a shot off. BOOM. Russ's body flies, like being pulled, into the wall and slides down. Russ's gun topples and lands next to a fetal Pete.

No movement. Hayden indifferently scans.

Hayden lowers the shotgun, single handed carries the shotgun like dead weight.

Quiet. Hayden stands trancelike, like he's waiting for a bus.

Bodies strewn about, gunpower dust heavy in the air, settles, weightlessly falls. The end of chaos.

Hayden standing stoic, bleeds from the gunshot wound, his gimp hand pats the wound gently, then drops to rest atop the shotgun barrel.

He takes a deep breath. WE SEE trace puffs of his warm breath as the room has mysteriously chilled.

Hayden, still faces ahead, speaks to Ansley. The view of Ansley is largely obstructed by Hayden.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)
I can finish.

ANSLEY (O.S.)
No.

HAYDEN
It just happens.

The breath from her voice causes his hair to stir.

ANSLEY (O.S.)
It Doesn't Just Happen.

The pulse of breath jolts Hayden's hair, he braces. The air of invincibility surrounding Hayden is gone, a look of deep-concern overcomes his face, his chin drops, eyes deep in bewilderment.

ANSLEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Thank you, daddy.

Pete sees Russ's gun, the disoriented dirty cop, the shotgun. He whimpers, contemplates, and decides. He makes slow and small movements towards Russ's gun, keeps an eye on Hayden.

Pete grips the gun, aims at Hayden, and clenches his jaw, squints in anticipation.

Pete aims, the hammer sets to the rear. He sees a hazy white light corona over Hayden's shoulder, he jerks the trigger back.

BAM. Smoke rises from the muzzle as Pete pulls the trigger.

The gun fires. Gunpower and smoke rise from the gun, blend then obfuscate the corona. The bullet strikes Hayden's chest. The corona disappears.

Hayden drops the shotgun, falls to his knees, turns towards where Ansley had been present and sees nothing, as he collapses. Ansley is gone.

The yellow lights are soft white.

Pete, kneels, scans the room, sees no movement. Momentarily quiet.

BEAT.

BAM! The house shakes as there's a crash downstairs. Pete stares at the room's door, slightly raises the gun at the unknown threat.

Distance, calls ring out "Police, Police!"

Pete, in mixed emotions of elation and tears, lowers the gun to his hip, as he slowly stands. The room is brightly lit.

A herd of footsteps growing closer. Yells of police officers and footsteps grow louder. The noise is just outside the room.

Pete stands, faces the door in surrender and relief, the gun dangling in two fingers, the gun falls towards the floor, just as the police kick the ajar door fully open.

The door swings absurdly fast, the uniformed police officer sees a glimpse of Pete, and the gun, midair, and fires two rounds in succession from the automatic pistol.

As the second bullet strikes Pete in the neck, the uniformed officer excitedly screams.

UNIFORMED

Gun, Gun. Drop the gun!

Police officers pour into the room, checking threats at gunpoint, holstering, then checking pulses, finding none.

Box waddles his way into the room, his gun still in hand. He hastily walks to each corpse, examines, pauses, stops and shares over a supine, face-down dead Rowdy.

BOX

Told you to stay in your stream.

He just wants to do it, he kicks him. Rowdy jumps, twists. Box leaps out of his shoes, nearly falls and shrieks.

BOX (CONT'D)

Jesus fucking Christ Adam. Fuck!

Box gasps in shock. Rowdy applies pressure to his wound, looks up at Box.

Rowdy bizarrely laughs, face stained with tears and blood.

ROWDY

I bet you're happy to see me. How about you be a dear and get me a doctor. I really owe you. Your guy right?

Rowdy cranes his neck to see Hayden and nods. Rowdy looks over at Pete, then to Box, and holds. Box shrugs, he's guilty.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

Or was that your guy? If I didn't know better, I think our Merry-Go-Round stopped.

BOX

Yeah. You better be careful what you think happened here. What comes out of your mouth next.

ROWDY

What happened here? It's a miracle. I think I finally figured it out.

BOX

Figures out what?

ROWDY

How to Measure your Life. The sense of achievement we crave and the long term impact it has on our lives.

BOX

You're a fucking nut.
(To an officer)
Get him out of here.

Two officers jerk Rowdy to his feet. He hobbles with their assistance towards the door. Blood droplets fall. Rowdy through his pain induced whimpers, casts a glance at blood stained carpet, stares and holds, deeply troubled.

ROWDY

I'm tearing this shit out. Poured concrete.

Rowdy and the officers exit.

ROWDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(To an officer)
Do you like acid etched? They are allergy-free and stain resistant.
(MORE)

ROWDY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Though concrete traditionally is
 porous.

Rowdy's bizarre laugh carries.

Box takes a few steps and stands over Pete's corpse. Box looks at Pete's bloody throat. A uniformed police officer steps close to Box.

UNIFORMED
 Our CI, right? I announced. He had
 a gun.

BOX
 No. No. You're good. Good shoot.
 Yeah, he was the CI. But he was
 just as guilty as the rest of them.

UNIFORMED
 Isn't that Detective Hayden, over
 there?

BOX
 Ah yeah. I wasn't expecting that.

UNIFORMED
 Expecting?

BOX
 Well, over there is Scutter De
 Long. He's the guy behind the
 scenes, ran several narco crews.
 We've been after him for some time.
 I. Well. After Hayden's daughter
 died, we thought, rightfully—

Box leans over to Pete's shoe and tugs the transmitter from inside the shoe. He pulls the wire from the laces.

BOX (CONT'D)
 --he'd put some pressure on
 Scutter. Make him nervous, make
 some mistakes.

UNIFORM
 I don't get it.

BOX
 Things were too cozy around here.
 We needed a catalyst. Hayden's kid
 dying was it.

Box drops the wire and transmitter into his jacket pocket, stands, muses.

BOX (CONT'D)

I never imagined this. I thought he'd track him down, Scutter would have the drop, and. Well. That could go either way. Who knows. All depends who is on your side.

Box looks up towards the heavens.