

DUAL RELATIONSHIPS

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. OUTSIDE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT - INTERCUT AS NEEDED

A chain link fence surrounds a brick warehouse. Security lights line the perimeter. The focus is on the side of the building where a plain, gray door is the only feature. The camera slowly closes in on the door until the view is directly on the other side of the fence.

SUDDENLY, the door flies open violently and a man in a ski mask barrels through with such force that he bounces off the chain link fence. He continues sprinting off to the right. The door closes slowly.

Seconds later, the door swings open again and two SECURITY GUARDS emerge holding pistols.

Angry guard
Which way you think he went?

Pensive guard
(pointing downward)
Footprints right here. This way.

The two men take off, running to the right.

The man in the mask continues to sprint, rounds a corner, and comes to a stop in front of a door leading to another section of the warehouse. He opens the door and enters the building, closing the door quietly behind him.

INT. WAREHOUSE

The room is about sixty yards across, and the lighting inside the structure is extremely dim, bathing everything in a brownish hue. Aisles of stacked crates line the floor, eight feet high. The man in the mask spots a staircase just inside the door and races up. He sprints across the second landing toward the other side of the warehouse.

The door downstairs opens and slams against the wall with a loud CLACK. The man in the mask rolls to a stop behind some crates. Through a space between the crates he sees the two men. The first is cautiously walking forward, while the other has one foot on the bottom step of the staircase.

Angry GUARD
We know you're in here. You might as well give up. The other door is locked and we've already called for backup. If you give up now, we won't kill you.

Pensive GUARD
He ain't stupid, Frank. He knows he's dead either way.

ANGRY GUARD

Fuck that! If he has the package
and gets away, we're going to be
dead.

From his position, the man in the mask spots a ten-foot ladder not too far, away leading up to the roof. Beside him on one of the crates is a box of large light bulbs. He quietly opens the box.

The second guard takes another step on the staircase, peering upward.

The man in the mask, holding the light bulb by its thin end, tosses it over the railing toward the far side of the warehouse. It bounces off a crate near the far corner and breaks on the floor with a loud POP.

The pensive guard abandons the staircase and joins the angry guard in pursuit of the sound.

The man in the mask takes advantage of the distraction and scrambles up the ladder into the open air.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOF

He creeps across the metal roof so as to not make any noise and comes to a small railing at the edge of the roof. On the other side of the railing, a drainage pipe leads from the roof all the way to the concrete below. The man in the mask hooks one leg over the rail.

CUTAWAY:

INT. WAREHOUSE

Both guards reach the broken light bulb.

Angry guard
(looking up)
It didn't fall from the ceiling.

Pensive GUARD
(whispering)
No shit. Means he's still around
here. Keep quiet.

Both guards walk through the next aisle of crates, guns pointed in outstretched arms. Only their FOOTSTEPS can be heard.

SUDDENLY, a mouse SQUEAKS and streaks across the aisle behind them. Startled, the angry guard spins around and fires three shots.

BULLET'S P.O.V. - FIRE EXTINGUISHER ON FAR WALL

The bullet zooms in fast on the distant fire extinguisher. The fire extinguisher EXPLODES upon impact, blowing a hole in the wall, and setting a few nearby crates on fire.

Pensive GUARD
(screaming)
What the fuck was that?

The question can hardly be heard over the ECHO caused by the explosion.

On the rooftop, the man in the mask's body is hanging off the side of the warehouse, his arms wrapped around the drainpipe. He slides down the pipe and stops ten feet from the bottom.

With a final shove of his feet off the brick, the man in the mask jumps, twists his body in midair, and clears the chain link fence surrounding the building. Barbed wire tears through his pant leg as he passes over it. He lands on the ground just beyond the fence. He sprints to a wooded area twenty yards from the warehouse just as lights from approaching cars enter the parking lot in the distance behind him.

A second later, the man in the mask hears a loud explosion. He stops, turns, and sees a fireball emerge from the side of the warehouse. The man continues on. As he sprints through the woods he can hear dogs BARKING in the night air over his PANTING. A short time passes before he reaches the end of the wooded area, dashing out into the parking lot of an abandoned diner.

He jogs to the only car in the lot, a blue Nissan, and opens the door. He slides inside, tears off his ski mask, and starts the car. The car skids out of the parking lot, turns, and tears off into the night.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE A SUBURBAN HOME - EARLY EVENING

The brick, two family home is an average looking structure on an ordinary street. A red sedan is parked in the driveway and a black minivan sits at the curb. There are orange and purple hues of a sunset in the background.

DAVE (V.O.)
Well that was fun, wasn't it? Life wasn't always this exciting; or dangerous. And I was fine with that. But, a few little life decisions later, and the next thing you know I'm up to my ass with one problem after another. I had a shitload of money to go along with it but I was constantly wondering if the hassles were even worth it.

INT. DAVE BARRETT'S HOME MASSAGE OFFICE

The home office is an average space with a massage table in the middle and a cart filled with various lotions and oils off to the side. There is a desk in the corner with a laptop computer.

DAVE BARRETT, a good looking man in his early thirties with black hair and dark eyes, is sitting at a desk in the corner of his home office. He is wearing black jeans with a white polo shirt and sneakers. There is a CLIENT, TOM, sitting across the desk from Dave.

DAVE

(opening up the laptop)

Okay Tom, let's see if we can set you up for next month's appointments.

TOM

(leaning forward with folded hands)

Well, actually Dave, I've decided to stop any further treatment. You know how it is. I like you and everything, but with the economy and all, I just can't afford to keep coming in every week. It's nothing personal.

DAVE

(folded arms and frowning)

I hear what you're saying, but before you go I need to ask you a simple question.

TOM

(opens arms)

Shoot.

DAVE

You wouldn't be going to one of those places in the industrial district instead, would you?

The client pauses before answering.

TOM

I'm sorry, Dave. All those places are charging \$60 less than you are. What would you expect me to do? What do you expect anyone else to do? I mean, I have two kids, one in college already. How can I afford your prices on top of that?

DAVE

Tom, we've been through this before. These places in the industrial district don't have licenses. That means they can not only hurt you, but they probably will get away with it too. They aren't very clean, and based on what I hear from my sources, they aren't just massaging backs and necks, if you catch my drift. On the other hand, I'm charging the going rate for a licensed practitioner, my office is spotless, and if I'm not mistaken, that's your car parked in my driveway. Do you want to know where my car is? It's around the corner so my clients can keep their cars where they can see them. You're not going to get that treatment anywhere else.

TOM

I don't know what else to say Dave, except that I am sorry. Right now I'm doing what's best for my family and my wallet.

DAVE

(nodding)

Okay, Tom, I guess there's no use in trying to explain things further. You've made up your mind.

(rising from chair)

But I'll leave you with this. When your next therapist dislocates your shoulder because she's still jetlagged from just arriving in the country, don't be calling my number to pick up the pieces. You have a good evening and good luck.

Stunned, the client stands and feebly shakes Dave's hand before walking out the door. Dave takes a cell phone from his pocket and dials a number.

DAVE

(into phone)

Hi Hon. It's me.

(pause)

It's like I told you it would be. Better start packing, cause it looks like we're going to move.

(pause)

I love you too. See you soon.

Dave ends the call and walks over to the cart holding the oils and lotions. He looks down at it for a second before picking up the entire unit and throwing it across the room. The cart CRASHES against the wall sending the bottles in all directions.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

EXT. UPSTATE NEW YORK SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

A dark, blue Nissan coupe drives slowly down a street through a barely perceptible fog. Every other block, it pauses for a stop sign and then continues.

DAVE (V.O.)

It wasn't supposed to be like this, but I'm not so sure I could have done anything to stop it. I figured, graduate at the top of massage therapy school, earn my degree, and spend the rest of my days travelling from home to home making \$100 an hour. And why didn't I deserve it? Those classes aren't easy. Most people think that you stand around rubbing people for two years, but it's real work. Think of it as medical school with cheaper student loans. But in the end it was the law that made us leave the city. Correction, it was the blind eye to laws being broken that made us leave. Human trafficking, forced prostitution, that led to the illegal, unlicensed massage parlors offering for \$20, for what the rest of the world charged \$80. And why not? It's not like their employees ever saw the inside of a Custom's office or a fucking classroom for that matter. Jesus Christ! They could break someone's neck on a Tuesday morning and by the time the ambulance shows up ten minutes later, the person who did it is out the back door and on her way down the block to the next illegal storefront. That's even if you're lucky enough for them to have called a fucking ambulance in the first place. With all the state authorities looking the other way for one reason or another, there isn't any room for an honest guy

(MORE)

DAVE (V.O.) (cont'd)
like me. Well, I used to be honest
anyway. Well, that's the story of
how it all came to this.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF SMALL HOUSE ON QUIET SUBURBAN NEW YORK STREET
- NIGHT

The blue Nissan parks at the curb of an average-looking two story home. Dave steps out of the car. He holds out his right hand and automatically locks the car door with his key ring. Dave walks up a small brick path and unlocks the front door of the house.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BARRETT'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dave enters the eat-in kitchen, sets his keys on the counter, and gives his wife TERRI a small kiss before she can react to his entrance. Terri is in her late twenties, short in stature with dark hair that she sometimes styles in curls.

DAVE
Hey, Hon. Something smells good.
How's the baby?

TERRI
He's doing fine. He's been
sleeping for about an hour now.
(nods to baby monitor on
the counter)
Hasn't made a sound which is good,
because it gave me the chance to
make this.
(gestures to dining
table)

DAVE
Looks great, too.
(opens refrigerator,
grabs a beer, and leans
against the counter)
How did it go at the school?

TERRI
Same way it has at all the others.
(takes a seat at the
table and changes voice
to a mocking tone)
"We love you. We're sure the
children will love you, but there
isn't any room in the budget right
now for a full time music teacher."

DAVE takes the seat opposite TERRI

DAVE

That sucks. How many more schools are left in our district?

TERRI

Just two. And I have interviews at both tomorrow morning.

DAVE

That's great. And worst case, you still have your private lessons.

TERRI

No. What's great is that new job you landed.

(points fork)

Finding a steady job is not easy in your field. Besides, one look at you and the tips will be pouring in before you know it.

DAVE

Don't think I haven't considered that; even though I hate spas.

(sips beer)

But you know, looks aren't everything in this business; you have to showcase your skills too. Getting someone from stressed to sleep is a talent that only a few people have.

TERRI

Bullshit. If a massage therapist is hot enough he could hit the right woman in the head with a baseball bat and still walk out with a hundred dollar tip. I hear this all the time from my private students' mommies.

(tilts head back and alters voice to a high pitch)

"Oh. Your husband is a massage therapist. You are so lucky. This regular guy I go to, he was too rough on my back last week. I'd complain and ask for someone else, but he's soooo cute."

(returns to normal voice)

Well.

DAVE

Well, I think your piano moms should find a hobby besides pseudo-

(MORE)

DAVE (cont'd)
adultery. But...if that's what
they're into they should give me a
call.

Terri KICKS Dave's leg under the table.

TERRI
Dave!

DAVE
What? I'm just screwing with you.
You know I don't work like that.
I'd charge \$200 for that.

Dave blocks a second KICK with his lowered hand and with the
other raises his beer bottle.

DAVE (cont'd)
Here's to new beginnings.

Terri smiles and raises her wine glass to his bottle and
they clink them together.

TERRI
To new beginnings.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLOUDS SPA AND SALON - DAY

The street view of Cloud Spa and Salon is a medium-sized
storefront with a bright, blue awning with the name "Clouds"
written in puffy, white characters. A few CUSTOMERS are
entering as one exits the front double doors.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOUDS SPA FRONT DESK

The inside of Clouds is warm, inviting, and the lighting is
soft and shines nicely off the wood flooring. The front
desk is clear except for a large ledger and a laptop
computer. A short RECEPTIONIST is manning the station.
Dave approaches.

DAVE
Hi. My name is Dave and I'm
looking for Jennifer. I'm supposed
to be starting my first shift in an
hour.

RECEPTIONIST
(smiles)
Hi, Dave. My name is Julie. Nice
to meet you. Jennifer is expecting
you. Come right this way.

Julie, the receptionist leads Dave down a hallway and into the storage room where manager JENNIFER is stocking towels on shelves with Cara, a blonde therapist.

Jennifer is of medium build with brown hair in a ponytail, while the other woman has straight, blond hair kept at bay with a headband. Both women and the receptionist are sporting black pants and blue polo shirts with the Cloud Spa logo.

Jennifer turns her head in time to see Dave fill the storeroom doorway.

JENNIFER

Hey Dave. Ready for your first shift?

DAVE

Just about.

JENNIFER

Great. I'm going to be pretty busy since this is a Saturday and all, so Cara here is going to show you to your room.

DAVE

Alright, then.

CARA, the blonde therapist, leads Dave back down the hallway to a door between the storeroom and the front desk. She opens the door to room number 4 and follows Dave inside.

The room is very dimly lit. In the middle sits a standard massage table already prepared with the necessary sheets and towels. A small cart is next to the table and is filled with the various lotions and oils one might use for a basic massage session.

CARA

So, here is your basic room. Unless there is a major change, this will always be your room. The little clock in the corner will let you know when to start and end your sessions.

(presses a blue Clouds polo shirt and a clip board into Dave's chest)

This should be your size. If not, just grab another from the storeroom. Sorry to be a bitch, but I have a client in five minutes. Oh, before I forget, your first client is Scott Eastman. He's a little strange, but he shouldn't give you too much trouble.

Without another word, Cara exits the room, leaving Dave alone. He strips off his shirt and puts on the new Clouds polo. He looks at the rest of the room.

DAVE'S P.O.V. - FAR SIDE OF MASSAGE ROOM #4

SERIES OF SHOTS - FAR SIDE OF MASSAGE ROOM #4

A. Vase of pink posies on a corner table

B. FRAMED POSTER ENTITLED "PEACE"

C. LARGE CANDLE ON A SHELF

RETURN TO SCENE

DAVE

Ahh fuck me!

CUT TO:

INT. CLOUDS SPA WAITING ROOM

The waiting room is nothing special. It is just a square room with the same wood flooring as the rest of the spa. A number of chairs line the perimeter.

DAVE'S P.O.V. - CLOUDS SPA WAITING ROOM

SCOTT EASTMAN is sitting with his legs crossed reading a magazine. He looks very carefree. Scott is a balding man of average build in his fifties, with glasses. He is wearing slacks and a golf shirt.

DAVE (O.S.)

Mr. Eastman.

RETURN TO SCENE

SCOTT

(looks up)

Yes.

DAVE

Good afternoon, Scott. I'm Dave.
I'm going to be your therapist
today.

SCOTT

Okay then.

Scott rises and shakes Dave's hand. Dave leads Scott on a short walk down the hallway and into room #4. Scott enters first, followed by Dave.

DAVE

Okay Mr. Eastman. I'm going to step out for a few minutes so you can get comfortable and I'll be right back.

SCOTT

You know Dave, you can call me Scott. Everyone knows me here and they all call me Scott.

DAVE

Sure Scott. I'll be right back.

Dave exits and shuts the door behind him.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLOUDS SPA ROOM #4 - CONTINUOUS

Dave enters room #4.

Scott is lying face up on the table covered by a white sheet. He has a facial mask covering his eyes.

Dave approaches the table and dispenses some lotion from a pump bottle into his hand. He begins to slowly spread his hands over Scott's chest. ZEN MEDITATION MUSIC is playing in the background.

SCOTT

You're new around here, aren't you Dave?

DAVE

Yeah, Scott. This is my first day here. You're actually my first client.

SCOTT

I know that already. I mean, are you new to Piermont?

DAVE

My wife and I moved up here a few weeks ago from the city. We don't actually live in Piermont. We have a small place in Sparkill.

SCOTT

We? Are you married Dave?

DAVE

Yes. My wife and I have been married for five years. We have a six month old boy.

SCOTT

That's nice, very nice.

DAVE

Have you lived in the area for very long?

SCOTT

Twenty five years, but I travel a lot for business. I've been thinking of retiring soon.

(beat)

Say. Do you do private sessions, like in people's homes?

DAVE

Yeah. I do those. Just haven't had the chance to set up shop out here, you know.

(beat)

Still trying to get a feel for the place; where to post flyers, which papers to advertise in. Hell, I'm not sure the neighbors would know we were there if our car wasn't parked at the curb.

SCOTT

Great. Would you have the same special oils and lotions that these guys have?

DAVE

Yeah I do Scott, but I'm not allowed to see clients outside of here. I mean I can, just as long as they're not members here.

SCOTT

Yeah, yeah. Heard it all before. I know the rules, but everybody does it. Cara, Michelle, even Jennifer herself. Following corporate rules is great and all, but no one seems to want to turn down extra shoe-buying money. And since Jennifer doesn't seem to be interested in reporting anybody, I don't see what the problem is. So, what do you say?

DAVE

Let me think about it. I'll let you know at your next session.

SCOTT

Fine by me. Not jumping at the first opportunity. You got the makings of a good businessman. Pretty soon you'll have more private clients than you can handle.

DAVE

Hoping so, Scott. Hoping so. See you next week.

Scott hands Dave a BUSINESS CARD wrapped in a hundred dollar bill and shakes his hand. Dave puts the card and the money in his pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOUDS SPA ROOM #4

Dave is smoothing a sheet over the massage table. Jennifer comes into the room.

JENNIFER

Hey Dave. Bad news. Arlene Baxter cancelled ten minutes ago. I guess that's it for today.

DAVE

That's it. One client. On a Saturday?

JENNIFER

You're new, Dave. Don't worry. I promise there will be more next week. People just have to get to know you first. Good news is Scott Eastman had nothing but good things to say about you. Even booked you for next week.

DAVE

Okay, Jennifer. I'll just finish up here and see you next week.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLOUDS SPA AND SALON PARKING LOT - DAY

Dave walks to his blue Nissan.

Cara is discreetly following a fair distance behind.

Dave opens the automatic doors with his key chain and tosses his backpack into the passenger seat. He climbs in, closes the door, starts the engine, and pulls the business card out of his pocket.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVE'S CAR

DAVE'S P.O.V. - BUSINESS CARD WRAPPED IN A \$100 DOLLAR BILL
RETURN TO SCENE

DAVE slides the \$100 bill off the business card and puts it in the cup holder to his right.

DAVE'S P.O.V - BUSINESS CARD

The business card has the name "Scott Eastman Consulting" written on the top. Below that is the phone number, fax number, and email.

RETURN TO SCENE

Two KNOCKS on the window startle Dave. He quickly turns his head and sees Cara outside.

She is no longer wearing her headband, letting her blond locks fall freely.

Dave rolls down his window.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED - DAVE AND CARA

DAVE

Jesus Christ! You scared the shit out of me.

CARA

Sorry. I didn't mean to. I just wanted to catch you before you left.

DAVE

Why?

CARA

I forgot to remind you about the staff meeting tonight.

DAVE

A staff meeting? On my first day?

CARA

(tosses hair back)

Yeah. Well that's what Jennifer calls it. Really it's just an excuse to go out on a Saturday night as a group and get wasted. We bullshit about the clients and shit. You should come. It will be like a welcoming party for you.

DAVE

Thanks, but I'm happily married with a baby. I also saw only one person today, so I'm not really in the mood to go out and get wasted with my co-workers.

CARA

Then don't get wasted. Just have a few drinks with us, maybe a bite to eat.

DAVE

I'll swallow my gum.

CARA

Hey. The faster you get to know the staff, the faster your Saturday afternoons will fill up. And it's not going to happen with that attitude either. Besides we know you didn't choose to work here for the fucking parking.

DAVE

(tilts head back and sighs)

I'll see what I can do.

CARA

We'll be at Lighthouse on the Hudson at nine if you decide to come.

Cara turns and walks back toward Clouds Spa.

Dave backs out of the parking spot and heads out of the lot. He drives one block and turns right at the corner.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT. - LATE AFTERNOON - INTERCUT AS NEEDED

Dave walks out the front doors of the supermarket holding a full plastic bag and heads to his car. He pulls out his cell phone and speed dials Terri.

DAVE AND TERRI ON PHONE

TERRI

(over phone)

Hey, Babe. How was work?

DAVE

(into phone)

It was okay I guess. It's going to take a while to build up a reputation, but the people are nice enough.

TERRI

(over phone)

Don't worry too much. You know we talked about how it won't be an overnight thing. Money isn't an issue yet. We have time.

DAVE

(into phone)

I know. I know. Listen, about tonight. I bought the steak you wanted for dinner and the baby wipes, but something's come up. The people at work want to go out tonight - it's like a weekly thing for them and they want me to go.

TERRI

(over phone)

That's great!

(pause)

You sound like there's a problem.

DAVE

(into phone)

No. It's nothing. It's just you know how much I hate this work bonding shit. Besides, I already bought the steak and I want to be with you and the...

TERRI

(over phone)

(interrupts)

Listen Dave! You've spent plenty of time with us for the last two weeks. There's no reason you can't go. It's still early. You can come home, we can have dinner, put Kevin to sleep, and then you can go.

DAVE

(into phone)

Alright. Alright. I'll be home in ten minutes.

TERRI

(over phone)

See you in a bit.

Terri ends the call and places the cordless reciever back into its cradle. Next to the cradle sits an envelope stamped "Past Due".

END OF INTERCUT

RETURN TO SCENE

Dave presses a button on the cell phone ending the call and uses his key chain to unlock his car door.

FADE TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF BARRETT HOUSE - NIGHT

The outside of the Barrett home is quiet, with the faint glow of the lights inside giving off just enough luminescence through the curtains.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BARRETT'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dave and Terri are eating steaks for dinner.

TERRI

So did you meet anyone interesting today? Any possible regulars?

DAVE

Well, not really. From the ones I've met so far, it seems like your basic spa staff. Just as excited to fold towels and kiss ass than to actually work on clients. My one client Scott seems okay, though. He's already rebooked me for next week.

(sips water)

He asks a lot of questions, but as long as he keeps tipping the way he does, we'll get along just fine.

TERRI

What did he tip you?

DAVE

A hundred bucks.

TERRI

(almost spits out water)

What? A hundred dollars? Jesus. I hope he becoms a regular. And you told me that today was just okay. What the hell do you need to make the day great, a thousand?

DAVE

It would help.

(beat)

I guess it was a good first day.

TERRI

No shit.

Dave and Terri both stand and begin to clear the table.

Terri moves to the sink and starts the water while Dave continues to clear the table.

Dave hands Terri more empty plates and utensils.

TERRI

(taking plates)

Thanks. You know how much I like you to help, but you should get going.

Dave checks his watch.

DAVE

I'll leave in a few minutes. I'm not going to be too late.

Terri leaves the sink with the water running and embraces Dave.

TERRI

You better not be. I want my own private session when you get back.

DAVE

Count on it.

Terri stands on her tiptoes and gives Dave a soft kiss on the lips.

TERRI

(tilts neck and eyes to the side)

Now go have fun with your new friends.

CUT TO:

INT. LIGHTHOUSE ON THE HUDSON BAR AND RESTAURANT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Dave enters the dimly lit restaurant wearing Dockers, a polo shirt, and a sport coat. There are three MEN and two WOMEN at the bar.

The restaurant section is only half full, and the sounds of silverware CLINKING can be heard. JAZZ MUSIC softly plays. It is not the type of place that would be the choice of a

group wanting to "get wasted".

At the end of the bar, in a corner, sits Cara. She is wearing a blue blouse and a skirt with heels to match. Her blond hair is straight and pulled back.

DAVE'S P.O.V. - CARA SEATED AT THE BAR

DAVE (V.O.)

So this is the Cloud's Saturday night hangout? I'm either way early, or I've been taken for a ride by a little girl that wants a ride. Now an honest man would be pissed, and don't get me wrong, I am. An honest man might turn around and walk right out of here. But what's the fun in that.

RETURN TO SCENE

Dave catches her eye and starts toward the bar but is confronted by the HOSTESS who steps in front of him.

Hostess

Good evening, Sir. Are you looking for your party?

Dave

No. I'm early. I'm going to wait at the bar.

HOSTESS

That will be fine, Sir. Enjoy your evening.

Dave crosses the room and takes the seat next to Cara at the bar, clearly pissed. He ignores her gaze and orders a drink. He watches the BARTENDER work on his order.

CARA

I'm happy you came tonight.

DAVE

(continues to watch the bartender)

I told you once today that I'm married. I'm telling you again now.

(beat)

Dave turns to Cara with hard eyes.

DAVE (cont'd)

There wont be a third time.

CARA
(disgusted pout)
Hey asshole! It's not like that.

The bartender places the rum and coke in front of Dave and takes the ten dollar bill from his hand. Dave takes a slow, deliberate sip.

DAVE
What am I supposed to be thinking?
I'm expecting a group of massage
therpaists looking to get drunk and
lucky at some dive bar, and I get
one underage blonde in a cocktail
dress that tricked me into getting
me alone at some nice place.

CARA
(narrows eyes)
I'm not underage. I turned twenty
three last week.

Dave takes another sip of his drink.

DAVE
Well, Happy Fucking Birthday! What
did you want this year? A few free
drinks and a paternity suit?

CARA
Don't flatter yourself. I tricked
you into coming here because I
needed to know.

DAVE
(curious sideways glance
with his eyebrow cocked)
Need to know what?

CARA
I want to know what kind of a cop
you are?

DAVE
(eyes widen)
What the fuck?

CARA
You know, undercover, DEA, ATF.
Getting you alone was the only way
to find out. Can't do it at work
with all the fucking gossip that
goes on there. Impossible to have
a serious conversation for five
minutes with all that shit.

Dave throws back the last of his drink and slams the glass on the surface of the bar with a CLACK.

DAVE

I hate to break it to you Cara, but I'm not any kind of cop.

CARA

Are you sure?

DAVE

I think I would have gotten the hint when they gave me a badge and a gun. Nope, I'm just your above average massage therapist.

Cara's face falls with a look of frustration and a hint of embarrassment.

DAVE (cont'd)

What made you think I was some kind of cop?

CARA

Well you are the first one to come work for Clouds since he left.

DAVE

Since who left?

CARA

Brett.

DAVE

Who the hell is Brett?

CARA

Brett worked for Clouds for the last five years. Then one night six months ago he left work after his last client and hasn't been seen since.

Dave signals the bartender for a refill and looks intently at Cara with his full attention.

Cara Cont'd

At first the whole town went crazy looking for him. The police; they sent search parties all the way up into the Catskill mountains. Some of the lakes were dragged or dredged or whatever you call it. Even the dogs couldn't find anything. Now it seems as if everyone has given up.

DAVE

(smiling wryly)

So you thought that maybe I came to work at Clouds as some undercover cop to try and find out what happened to him?

CARA

(shrugs shoulders)

Well...yes

DAVE

Well I'm sorry to disappoint you. What was Brett to you anyway? A high school sweetheart? Some guy you were chasing that got away?

(beat)

Maybe Brett ran off to party somewhere and he's safe and sound. Backpacking in Europe, or maybe taking his chances at a poker table in Vegas? Could that be it?

A single tear begins to run down Cara's face.

CARA

Brett is my brother.

Dave lowers his eyes and shifts his weight on the bar, flooded with a wave of guilt. The bartender places a new rum and coke in front of him and walks away.

DAVE

I'm sorry. I shouldn't have. It's just that this whole thing is crazy. I was expecting everyone else to be here and then I walk into this and...

CARA

I understand. I'm sorry too. It's just that I'm desperate to do anything to find him.

DAVE

I wish I could do more to help. What did you mean when you said that everyone has given up?

CARA

The local police say they are doing everything but they have nothing to go on. The FBI was involved for a month or so, but without any leads they can't do much.

(MORE)

CARA (cont'd)

(beat)

My parents...they sold his car two months ago, put the house up for sale. They don't fight or anything, but...the way they act lately...I wouldn't be surprised if one of them doesn't ask for a divorce soon. I'm sorry to be telling this to a stranger, but I thought...you know.

The bartender starts to come over and Cara gently slides her empty glass away to signal that she is done for the night.

Dave takes a sip from his new drink.

CARA CONT'D

It doesn't matter now, but for what it's worth...

Cara takes a PICTURE out of her clutch purse and pushes it to Dave.

CARA CONT'D

I gotta go. See you at work.

Cara slides off the barstool and walks toward the exit of Lighthouse on the Hudson.

DAVE'S P.O.V. - PICTURE OF BRETT

The picture of BRETT looks like it was taken for a college yearbook. He has dirty blond, cropped hair and blue eyes, all under the traditional graduation cap he's wearing. It is very easy to see how Brett and Cara are closely related. He doesn't look like the kind of person that would just run off. The beautiful house and the Porsche in the background is plenty enough incentive to stay.

RETURN TO SCENE

Dave tosses back the rest of his drink and gently places it back on the bar. He gets up and slowly walks toward the exit of Lighthouse on the Hudson.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PIERMONT POLICE STATION - EARLY EVENING - CONTINUOUS -
INTERCUT AS NEEDED -

Note

DECKER uses a laser pointer to highlight landmarks on the map as they are discussed.

LIEUTENANT ROGER DECKER and his partner DETECTIVE PATRICIA "TRIXIE" PHILLIPS are staring at the INK-COVERED WHITE BOARD in the precinct conference room just as they do every Tuesday night.

On the board is written all of the known details regarding the disappearance of Brett McCarthy.

Next to the board is a MAP of the area propped up on an easel. Steaming cups of coffee sit in front of them on the table next to their legal pads and files.

DECKER

Any new leads come in this week, Trix?

Phillips

Not a one. Been dry for three straight weeks. Not if you count the sister stopping by every other day with her latest conspiracy theory.

(sips coffee)

Which I don't. Anyway...do you want to go over the whole thing from the start...again...like we do every week?

DECKER

Not especially, but that's why we're here.

(sips coffee)

Okay. The subject, Brett, is last seen leaving Clouds Spa at six-thirty PM. He gets into his white Toyota Camry and starts out north on Route 9 toward Nyack. That's the last anyone has ever seen of him. The next evening an official missing persons report is filed by the McCarthy family. Both Clausland Mountain State Park and Blauvelt State Park which are west of Route 9, had been searched and found clean within a week. Buttermilk Falls Park was found clean a day after that. In ten days time all of the other parks in the greater upstate area were given a light search, but nothing worthy of mention was discovered. Lead federal investigator was satisfied that despite the snow cover, every last resource had been used in the effort.

Phillips

That covers the search area and the last we heard from the FBI.

DECKER

The FBI gets interested again on Thursday January 17th at 4:39 AM, twenty days after the final search was called off. That's when a white Toyota Camry was found, allegedly abandoned in the student parking lot of Dominican College. No prints, no traces of any kind were found in or on the vehicle. Campus security reports that no one was seen entering or leaving campus before or after the car was found.

(wipes brow and sips
coffee)

Now the plates were missing but the VIN numbers on the engine, chassis, and transmission all match that of a vehicle belonging to a one Brett McCarthy of Blauvelt, New York.

PHILLIPS

The only good thing we have going for us is that the other departments are all cooperating, not at each others' throats over jurisdiction.

DECKER

Jurisdiction among us rural cops don't mean shit anymore now that the FBI is in charge again, but that don't mean we can't keep investigating. I'd love to bust this case open before the FBI can. So Trixie, any new theories?

Phillips gets up and tosses her empty coffee cup in the trash.

PHILLIPS

Brett didn't have any enemies. Everyone at Clouds loved him. Some clients were so heartbroken that they started going to other massage places altogether. Old teachers couldn't say enough good things about him. Obviously no police record. Not even a goddamn parking ticket. I did find something though this morning. I wouldn't consider it a lead or anything, but it might be connected.

Phillips slides a PIECE OF PAPER across the conference table and Decker leans forward with interest.

DECKER

It's a copy of a credit card statement.

PHILLIPS

Exactly. Either the FBI didn't notice or they did and dismissed it. On the afternoon Brett disappeared he ordered something from an electronics dealer online. The statement just lists a serial number but I tracked down the dealer this morning. The item was an external hard drive for a laptop computer.

DECKER

So what? Maybe our golden boy here had a lot of porn to store.

PHILLIPS

Not likely. The storage capacity was far beyond what the average user would need in a lifetime and the unit cost more than I make in a month.

DECKER

Ok. So he orders a ten dollar hard drive.

PHILLIPS

(interrupts)

Try five grand. And I'm just curious where a massage therapist gets that kind of money.

DECKER

Saved up. We don't know how long he built his bankroll before ordering it. FBI probably dismissed it because of who he is. Young guy, nice town, rich parents. Items of that value probably show up on statements like theirs all the time.

PHILLIPS

Maybe not in this case. The McCarthys were pretty well off, but the father lost partner at his firm five weeks before the order was placed.

DECKER

Lawyer.

PHILLIPS

Architect.

DECKER

(nodding)

So where is this hard drive now?

PHILLIPS

Back with the dealer. A week after Brett was gone it arrived at Clouds Spa in his name. The manager, Jennifer signed for it. Naturally, she made sure to hand it over to the McCarthy family. When they opened it and saw the invoice, they freaked out and sent it back to the dealer so they could put the refund back on to the credit card.

DECKER

Because they were hoping Brett would return?

PHILLIPS

Well...that and Brett's father was the co-signer for the card.

Decker pauses in thought.

DECKER

Wait. The FBI questioned this Jennifer, correct?

Phillips

Of course. She was his manager at Cloud's and knew him well. All the employees were screened.

DECKER

But is there anything in the file that indicates they asked about the package?

PHILLIPS

(thumbing through a file)

Not according to anything I see here.

Decker rises excitedly and moves another white board next to the first. He uncaps a black marker and starts to write.

DECKER

Ok. We might have something. Good work Trixie! If we can find out why Brett ordered such an expensive part and why he had it sent to Clouds rather than his home

(MORE)

DECKER (cont'd)
address, we might find out what
happened to him.

Phillips joins Decker at the white board while he continues to write.

EXT. BROADACRES GOLF COURSE - DAY

Dave and his best friend RICK are out playing golf at the local course. Rick, early thirties, has dark hair, and a beard that is neatly trimmed.

They are wearing the usual attire for a golf outing.

Dave drives a long shot off the tee.

RICK
So how are you liking the new place
so far?

DAVE
It's nice. I'm not going to be too
thrilled when winter comes, but
it'll do for now.

Rick hits his own shot off the tee.

RICK
The job treating you well?

DAVE
What do you want? It's been one
fucking day. Besides, I only got
to see one guy. Got a hundred
dollar tip, so I guess it's going
well.

Dave and Rick get into the golf cart and start cruising toward the first ball.

RICK
Only a hundred? Wanna play the
next hole for fifty?

DAVE
Fuck you.
(beat)
Tell me. You hear anything about
this guy Brett McCarthy?

RICK
(turns surprised)
Who hasn't? Guy disappeared a
while back, just after Christmas.
They found his car in one of the
parking lots over at Dominican
College. You know where that is?

DAVE

I think that's north of where we live.

RICK

Yeah. A little bit northwest, in South Blauvelt. Found nothing in the car, no prints. Nothing was ever found. Why do you ask?

Dave stops the cart. Dave gets out of the cart, chooses a club, and walks toward his ball.

Rick stays in the golf cart.

DAVE

(lining up shot)

I ran into his sister Cara yesterday.

RICK

No shit? Is that crazy bitch still asking questions?

Dave hits his ball, gets back in the cart, and they continue towards Rick's ball.

DAVE

I guess you could say that. She works with me at Clouds. She thought I was some kind of undercover cop that was sent looking for him. Thought I knew something. Tricked me into meeting at that Lighthouse restaurant to grill me.

RICK

She came by our offices too looking for answers. For the first two, three months after this Brett vanished, she would come by a few days a week. It was always something new with her. "I think this guy knows something. Can you run his plates? I think someone's following me." In the end we gave her nothing. I felt bad but it was our jobs if it got out that we were running unauthorized searches out of the IT department.

Dave stops the cart again.

Rick gets out and wastes no time hitting his ball. It lofts and drops three feet from the hole.

RICK
(shouts)
Fuck yeah!

Rick turns to Dave.

RICK Cont'd
(normal tone)
Like I said, crazy bitch.

Dave shakes his head in disbelief at his friend's shot.

Rick gets back in the cart and they continue to the green in silence. They both get out and choose their clubs from their bags strapped to the back of the cart.

RICK CONT'D
You tell Terri about all this?

DAVE
No. It was late when I got in.
What would be the fucking point
anyway? Some co-worker trapped me
into listening to her tell me about
a missing brother that was gone
way before we ever moved here.
Terri's not the jealous type, but a
story that crazy would get anyone
suspicious.

Dave is lining up a long putt when the shout of FORE!
disrupts his concentration.

Half a second later a WHOOSH is heard and a golf ball misses
Dave by only a few feet.

The ball strikes a tree with a CLACK.

Dave and Rick stare back at where they came from, and watch
as a golf cart comes over the crest of a hill on the
fairway.

RICK
What the fuck is wrong with this
guy? He could've killed somebody.

The golf cart moves closer and the lone figure driving is
recognized as Scott Eastman.

DAVE
Ease up, Rick. That's the hundred
dollar tip.

RICK
No shit.
(beat)
Alright. I'll play nice.

The golf cart pulls up just to the side of the green and stops.

Scott gets out and approaches holding a club. He recognizes Dave immediately.

SCOTT

Gentleman. Please allow me to apologize. I'm trying out this new 3 wood and I never thought it would hit this far. I guess I'll be buying it after all.

DAVE

Well it's also very windy today.

SCOTT

You Sir, are right about that.

(squints)

Hey! Dave, is that you? I didn't know you golfed. Had I known, I would've invited you myself; and your friend too.

DAVE

That would have been very generous of you.

SCOTT

Don't mention it. Say, I know it's only been a day, but have you given some thought about starting private sessions?

DAVE

Not really, to be honest. But I guess we can set something up.

SCOTT

Well, no time like the present. How about Thursday morning around ten?

Dave pauses in thought.

DAVE

I can be there. Is it the same address as the one on your business card?

SCOTT

That's the one.

(beat, sideways glance,
speaking slowly)

You know, Dave. Speaking of business cards, I gave you mine, but I don't have any of yours. I have no way of contacting you.

DAVE
(shrugs)
You're right.

Dave reaches into his pocket and takes out his wallet. He takes a business card out of one of the slots and hands it to Scott.

Scott takes it and puts it in his pocket.

Scott turns and reaches out to shake Rick's hand.

SCOTT
Sorry, I don't know where my manners are today. I never introduced myself. The name's Scott Eastman, but you can just call me Scott.

RICK
Nice to meet you, Scott. Are you golfing alone this morning? You're more than welcome to join us.

SCOTT
No. I'm in a foursome that I should be getting back to. I'll just leave my ball here and let you boys finish up.
(turns and walks back toward his golf cart.)
Nice meeting you, Rick. See you soon, Dave.

Dave goes back to lining up his putt as Scott's cart fades into the distance.

DAVE
Thanks for playing nice buddy. You just earned me another hundred dollar tip. Maybe more.

RICK
Hey. What are friends for? Besides, I'm hoping me playing nice earned me a free drink at the clubhouse after our round.

DAVE
I think I can arrange that.

MOMENTS LATER

Scott pulls his cart next to a tree after leaving Dave and Rick. He pulls out his cell phone and dials a number.

SCOTT
(into phone)
Yeah, it's me. I just wanted you
to know that it looks like it's
going to happen.

The male voice on the other end is raspy.

Unknown (V.O.)
(over phone)
Do you think this is still a good
idea?

SCOTT
(into phone)
I've gone over all the angles and
I'm sure it's perfectly safe.
Besides, there isn't any other way.

UNKNOWN (V.O.)
(over phone)
I know. I'm just worried about
last time.

SCOTT
(into phone)
Listen. This isn't going to be
like last time because Jake ain't
running things anymore; I am. I
told all of you he wasn't ready for
the job and I was right. Now that
he's out of the way there shouldn't
be any more problems.

UNKNOWN (V.O.)
(over phone)
There better not be.

SCOTT
(into phone)
Listen. My offer still stands. If
anything goes south, I have
everyone covered on both ends.
I'll keep in touch.

Scott ABRUPTLY ends the call with an emphatic press of a
button. He climbs back into the golf cart and starts to
drive back in the direction of the green.

As the golf cart gets smaller in the distance, Dave and Rick
can be seen leaving the green and moving on towards the next
hole.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CLOUDS SPA AND SALON PARKING LOT - DAY

An unmarked, black sedan turns into the Clouds parking lot and glides into an open space. Lieutenant Decker and Detective Phillips are sitting inside the car.

DECKER

Are you sure she's here?

PHILLIPS

I called ahead pretending to be a new client. Appointments start and end on the hour. Her lunch hour should start any minute now.

As if on cue, Jennifer, dressed in black jeans and the blue Clouds polo, walks out the side door. She heads for a red Volkswagon a few parking spaces away.

Decker and Phillips exit their vehicle and catch up to Jennifer before she can get in her own car. Decker and Phillips are both dressed in business attire.

DECKER

Excuse me. Are you Jennifer Cianci?

Jennifer turns, caught off guard.

Jennifer

Yes.

Decker

(displaying badge)

Lieutenant Decker, Piermont police. This is my partner Detective Phillips. We'd like to ask you a few questions.

Jennifer

(spoken slowly)

Okay. What's this all about?

PHILLIPS

Relax. You're not in any trouble. We just have a few questions about the disappearance of Brett McCarthy.

JENNIFER

Uh. Sure, I guess. But I told you everything I knew months ago.

Decker

I know, I know. Listen Jennifer. We'll make you a deal. Sit down with us for a few minutes, clear up

(MORE)

Decker (cont'd)
a few things for us, and I'll buy
you lunch at the diner across the
street.

Jennifer
Alright. As long as it doesn't
take very long. I only get an hour
and I'd like to take care of a few
things.

Decker
(holding up an open palm)
We promise it won't take long.

Jennifer nods and the three start walking towards the exit
of the parking lot.

CUT TO:

INT. THE PIERMONT DINER - DAY - INTERCUT AS NEEDED

The inside of the diner is bustling with the heavy flow of a
lunch hour rush. The CLINKING of utensils is occasionally
drowned out by the ANNOUNCING of ready orders from the
kitchen.

On one side of the booth sits Jennifer, while Decker and
Phillips sit together opposite her. The food has already
been ordered and delivered to the table for Jennifer only.
Decker and Phillips aren't eating.

DECKER
So, Jennifer. A week or so after
Brett McCarthy went missing, a
package arrived at your Clouds
location, right?

JENNIFER
Yeah. I signed for it.

DECKER
Do you happen to remember if the
FBI asked you about the package?

Jennifer searches her memory.

JENNIFER
No. I would have remembered that.
They mostly asked about how well I
knew Brett and...
(voice shaking)
if I knew of anyone that might want
to hurt him.

Phillips
Relax Jennifer. You're doing fine.

Decker

Okay. Back to the package. Were you surprised to find a package addressed to Brett show up at Clouds?

Jennifer

Well, yeah. We mostly get bills and free samples, lotions and stuff, so when I saw who it was for I thought it was really weird.

Phillips

So using Clouds as a mailing address isn't something your employees normally do?

Jennifer

(swallows food)

No way. In the two years I've been here I haven't seen any mail that wasn't addressed directly to Clouds. Maybe once in a while they deliver the mail for next door by mistake, but that's it.

Phillips

On the day the package arrived, were you the one to pick up the mail?

Jennifer

No. It was brought to the front desk and Julie called me from my office to come sign for it.

Decker

Is it possible that Julie has an arrangement with your other employees to hold mail for them that you would never see?

Jennifer

I doubt it. It's not like the mail comes the same time everyday. If the mail came and Julie was at lunch or something, I would be at the front desk to receive it.

Phillips

So no one else would be assigned to the front desk, ever?

Jennifer takes a sip of water.

Jennifer

No. I change the computer password every morning and Julie is the only one that I tell. If everyone knew how to work the system, people would be changing their schedules all the time. I can't run a business like that.

DECKER

And this Julie can be trusted?

JENNIFER

Oh, yes. She has been here as long as I have. She doesn't socialize much with the rest of the staff, but she's friendly enough that they like her. First thing she does when the mail comes is drop it off on my office desk, or call me to sign for supplies.

(beat)

Are we almost finished? I really need to get going and pick up my dry cleaning.

DECKER

Almost, Jennifer. One more thing. We know you already spoke to the FBI about this, but was Brett acting strangely in the days before he disappeared? I mean, was there anything that he said or did that would indicate that he was planning on being away for a while?

Jennifer briefly searches her memory. The busboy comes and takes away Jennifer's plate.

Jennifer

Not really. Nothing other than his schedule change.

Decker and Phillips exchange a concerned glance.

DECKER

Schedule change?

JENNIFER

Yeah. Brett changed his schedule about three weeks before he disappeared. He moved all his Thursday evening appointments to the morning so he could leave early. I told the FBI everything. They even made copies of the new schedules for their investigation. But you knew this already.

PHILLIPS

No we didn't. Did he say why he wanted to leave early?

JENNIFER

Not really, and I was pissed about that. I had to practically beg the client to keep their appointments with a new therapist.

Decker

Could he have wanted Thursday nights off to meet someone? A new girlfriend...

Jennifer

Impossible. I don't know why he took Thursday nights off but it definitely wasn't to date. Cara, you know, his sister, would have known. She made it her business to know every detail of Brett's life. Like white on rice.

(beat)

Pretty pathetic if you ask me. Probably why she took his disappearance so hard. Like she failed or something.

DECKER

Okay, Jennifer. Thanks for your time. We're finished here. But if you remember anything else we might not know, we'd like it if you gave us a call.

Decker slides his business card across the table.

JENNIFER

I promise, alright? I really need to get going.

Phillips hands Jennifer her business card from across the table.

PHILLIPS

We would definitely appreciate it.

Jennifer, Decker, and Phillips get up from the booth. Decker throws a few bills on the tabletop. The three begin walking toward the exit.

FADE TO:

INT. BLACK SEDAN IN CLOUD'S PARKING LOT - DAY - INTERCUT AS NEEDED

Lieutenant Decker and Detective Phillips are sitting in the car watching Jennifer drive by and exit the parking lot.

PHILLIPS

Do you think she was telling the truth?

DECKER

About the package, Julie, or Brett?

Phillips

All three.

Decker

I think so. Jennifer has nothing to hide. If Julie was planning on hiding the package for Brett she would have signed for it herself and given it to Brett later. By having Jennifer sign for it shows that she had no idea a package was coming or that Brett wasn't going to be there.

Phillips

And little sister Cara always in the way shoots down the dating angle.

Decker

Yeah, but little sister couldn't find out all of big brother's secrets. I'd like to know where golden boy went on Thursday nights.

Phillips

Good luck with that. We won't get far as long as the FBI keeps hiding things from us like the schedule change.

DECKER

Maybe it's time we play dirty too. Have Mickey down at the station hack into the Clouds database. He owes me a favor.

Phillips

(taking out her cell phone)

What exactly are we looking for?

DECKER

I want all the Thursday schedules
for Clouds starting one month
before Brett McCarthy vanished.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRONT OF SCOTT EASTMAN'S HOME - DAY

Scott's home is a large, upscale, stucco structure that takes up a few acres. The gardens are lush with automatic sprinklers sending out vast arcs of streaming water.

Dave pulls his blue Nissan into the two car driveway and gets out. He walks to the back of the car and opens the trunk. He takes out a black gym bag and throws the strap over his shoulder.

He then takes out a folded massage table and sets it on the pavement. Using the key chain, he locks the doors, picks up the massage table and walks to the front door.

Dave rings the doorbell.

Scott answers wearing a white robe and slippers.

SCOTT

Hey Dave! Glad you could make it.
Early too!

DAVE

I'm always early, Scott. Gives me
time to set up. Don't want to be
rushed, do you? Wouldn't be very
relaxing that way.

SCOTT

Glad to hear it. Follow me.

Scott moves aside for Dave to enter.

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTT'S HOME - DAY

Dave is led through the living room furnished with black leather sofas, a coffee table, and a desk.

Next they walk past a spiral staircase leading to the second floor, a large kitchen with an island, and out the back glass sliding doors to a wooden deck.

The swimming pool is not far away and the TRICKLE of the filters can be heard.

SCOTT
(gesturing)
You can set up right here. I'll be
out in a moment.

Scott walks back into the house through the glass sliding
doors.

Dave sets down his black gym bag and the massage table. He
then unfolds the massage table and setsd it upright. He
begins covering the table with white sheets.

FADE TO:

EXT. SCOTT'S HOME - WOODEN DECK NEXT TO SWIMMING POOL

Dave is in the process of massaging Scott.

Scott is lying face down on the table with the towels and
sheets covering his lower body.

Dave is working on Scott's upper torso and back.

SCOTT
You know Dave, I still feel bad
about the other day. I should've
realized the wind would be giving
my ball more carry.

DAVE
Don't mention it, Scott. You'll be
more careful next time.

SCOTT
That's for sure, but I know your
friend was pretty pissed. Didn't
say anything but you could tell.

DAVE
Don't worry about Rick. He gets
pissed if he sees rain on the
Weather Channel.

Scott
Well he should be in a good mood
this week. Not a cloud in the sky.
(beat)
And you're going to be in a great
mood in a few days if everything
pans out the way it should.

DAVE
How's that?

SCOTT
I'm coming through on my promise to
you. Iv'e done some hunting and I
(MORE)

SCOTT (cont'd)
have come up with a list of clients
for you. Granted you have the time
to see them all.

DAVE
(smiling)
Is that so Scott? That would be
great. And you know I have the
time.

SCOTT
I can even arrange it so you can
see them all in one day, you know,
so you're not running around all
week at all hours of the day.

DAVE
That sounds too good to be true.
How will you be able to line up
everyone's schedule's just right
like that?

SCOTT
Don't worry about that, my friend.
I've known these people for a long,
long time. Over the years I've
done them so many favors they owe
me big. Just name your day and
starting time and I'll set it up.
(raises head slightly)
But if you choose Thursday, try to
leave out the 10 AM time slot.
You're doing such a good job I
would like that to be my time from
now on. If it's not too much
trouble.

Dave
Let me think about that and I'll
let you know when we're done.

Scott
Can't wait.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCOTT'S HOME - DAY - CONTINUOUS - INTERCUT AS NEEDED

The sliding doors open and Scott, back in his white robe and
slippers, enters the large kitchen followed by Dave carrying
his gym bag and MASSAGE TABLE.

They walk through the kitchen area and into the living room.

Dave leaves his massage table and gym bag on the floor near
the front door and turns to Scott waiting to be paid.

DAVE

Well, it's been a pleasure to be your therapist today and I already have you down for next week.

SCOTT

Waaaaait Dave. You're not leaving so soon. I was hoping you had a few minutes so I can make this schedule for you. Please, take a seat and I promise I won't keep you long.

DAVE

Okay, Scott. But I only have about ten minutes or so.

SCOTT

(grinning)

Great! Because that's all we're gonna need.

Dave walks over and takes a seat on a black, leather sofa that is in the corner of the room, forming the letter "L".

Scott leaves the room and enters the kitchen.

Dave's cell phone BUZZES and he reaches into his pocket to check it. He presses a few buttons to view a text message from Terri.

DAVE'S P.O.V. - DAVE'S CELL PHONE

The screen reads, "Hey babe! Great news. Can't wait to tell you when you get home. Love Terri."

RETURN TO SCENE

Dave places his phone down next to him on the sofa.

Scott returns with a tray and sets it down on the table. On the tray are two tall glasses of juice and a plate of sliced fruit.

Scott takes a seat on the second sofa to the right of Dave.

Scott

(reaching into robe pocket)

First things first. Let's take care of business. Here is your hundred fifteen.

Dave retrieves a small credit card reader from his breast pocket and plugs it into his cell phone while Scott takes out his credit card.

Scott swipes his card through Dave's credit card reader.

Dave presses a button and waits a few seconds. The phone emits a tiny BING. Dave detaches the credit card reader and puts it back in his breast pocket. Dave puts the phone down on the table.

SCOTT (CONT'D)

And let's not forget your tip.

Scott reaches back into his robe pocket and produces a crisp, folded hundred dollar bill. He hands Dave the bill who puts it in the same pocket as the card reader.

DAVE

Thanks, Scott.

SCOTT

No. Thank you. Haven't felt this good in years. Now, have you thought about what day works best for you?

DAVE

Actually, yes. Either a Thursday or Friday would be best. That way I can spend time with my family and still work my shifts at the spa.

SCOTT

Of course. Let's shoot for Thursdays. That way you can see me at ten, visit all my friends, and still have an hour to grab lunch before going home to the family. It's all up to you, though.

Dave pauses for a moment.

DAVE

Thursday it is then.

SCOTT

Excellent. I'll have the details for you by tonight. I take it that the email address on your business card is your private account.

DAVE

Yes, but do you think that you can really set up an entire day of business for me with your friends?

SCOTT

Dave. If next Thursday comes, and you show up at a door where no one is expecting you, I'll personally pay you double what you would have made, including tip. Fair enough?

Dave reaches across and shakes Scott's hand.

DAVE
You've got yourself a deal.

Dave and Scott both rise.

SCOTT
Is there anything I can get you
before you go?

DAVE
I could really use the restroom if
you don't mind.

SCOTT
No problem. It's upstairs, second
door on the left.

DAVE
Thanks.

Dave goes up the spiral staircase and disappears onto the
next level.

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTT'S UPSTAIRS BATHROOM

Dave splashes water onto his face and stares into the
bathroom mirror as the drops run down his face.

DAVE (V.O.)
What the fuck am I getting myself
into? I'm not sure what I just
signed up for, but I'm sure it's
big. I just hope to God I'm ready
for the ride.

RETURN TO SCENE

Dave grabs a hand towel off of the rack next to the sink and
dries his face.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SCOTT'S LIVING ROOM

Scott lingers for a moment until he hears the bathroom door
CLICK shut, and walks over to the desk near the stairs.

He opens the drawer and takes out a small page of
transparent stickers. He glances upstairs before quickly
moving to the front door.

He undoes the latches of the folded massage table, and opens
it up on its side. Scott then places five transparent
stickers on the underside of the table; one on each corner

and one in the middle.

He closes the table again and moves over to the couch where he takes a seat.

Dave can be heard PADDING down the spiral staircase. He reaches the bottom, walks to the door, and shoulders his gym bag. He then picks up his massage table by the handle and opens the front door with his other hand.

Dave
(calling out)
Thanks Scott. See you next week.

The door closes behind Dave with a CLICK.

Scott takes a pack of cigarettes from the pocket of his robe, takes one out, and lights it. He puffs once.

SCOTT
I'll be seeing you Dave.

The smoke drifts upward toward the ceiling.

SLOW FADE TO BLACK

THE END