

Implicated

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INT. BENNY'S BURGERS - NIGHT.

Rundown fast food joint, tinted a greenish-gray from the dated fluorescent ceiling lights. The CASHIER stands behind the register, brown bag and a milkshake in hand.

CASHIER

(loud)

I've got a double Benny Burger, no lettuce, no tomatoes, a medium fry, and a small vanilla shake, no whipped cream no cherry.

HUGO BONNER, late fifties, stands on the other side of the counter across from the cashier.

He looks around the place, empty save for a few teenage boys eating in the back corner, then turns back to the cashier.

HUGO

I believe that'd be me.

He grabs the bag and milkshake from her, then starts out of the restaurant.

CASHIER

(monotone)

Have a bennylicious day.

Before reaching the door, a french fry hits Hugo's leg.

The teenagers in the back corner begin to laugh. Hugo stops and looks at them. He gives them a soft smile, then walks out of Benny's Burgers.

EXT. BENNY'S BURGERS PARKING LOT - NIGHT.

Hugo walks out the door, bag and milkshake in hand, making his way towards a black sedan, one of the only cars in the far back corner of the parking lot.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - NIGHT.

Hugo hops into the driver's seat, closes the door, then turns on the car. The digital clock on the dashboard reads 2:07 AM.

A JAZZY, OLD-TIME SONG begins playing faintly from the speakers.

Hugo searches for the volume knob, moving his hand from one button to the next. After a moment, he finds it.

He turns the volume up a few dials.

HUGO

Violá.

He pulls his burger out of the bag and begins chowing down, swaying his body to the beat of the music.

With his other hand, he picks up a stack of pictures and begins to look through them. A nondescript office building, a black Porche Cayenne, a middle-aged woman.

A faint KNOCKING sound, hardly audible.

Hugo isn't bothered.

Louder KNOCKING, somewhere outside of the car. Somewhat audible over the music.

Hugo stops eating his burger and wipes his mouth with a napkin.

Now a constant BANGING sound.

Hugo puts his burger in the wrapper and tosses it into the passenger seat, then sets the stack of pictures on the center console. He grabs a pillow from the back seat, then opens the door and gets out of the car.

EXT. BENNY'S BURGERS PARKING LOT - NIGHT.

Outside of the car, the JAZZY MUSIC is still audible.

Hugo paces towards the back of the car and opens the trunk.

Inside lies a MAN - stripped of his clothes save for his boxers - covered in blood. The interior of the trunk is lined with a translucent plastic wrap.

The semi-naked man writhes around in the trunk.

MAN

Let me out, please god let me out!

Hugo places the pillow over the man's face.

Muffled SCREAMS.

Hugo pulls out a small pistol from his back pants pocket and points it into the pillow.

He pulls the trigger.

The gunshot, suppressed by the pillow, lets out a PFT sound.

The man's writhing ceases.

Hugo drops the pillow in the trunk and leisurely puts the pistol back in his pocket.

He closes the trunk and looks around again. The teenagers inside of Benny's Burgers stare out the window at Hugo, wide-eyed. He gives them a wave.

Hugo walks back to the front seat, hops in the car, and closes the door.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - NIGHT.

Hugo grabs his burger from the passenger seat, unwraps it again, then takes a large bite, nodding his head to the beat of the music.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CUBICLES - DAY.

Numerous cubicles fill the expansive office space.

Workers rapidly typing away on their computers or talking on the telephone. Others hustle through the aisles, files in hand.

JERRY COLEMAN - early forties, hair starting to gray - sits in his cramped cubicle, wearing a gray button-down shirt. Random knick-knacks sit on his desk and a few photos are tacked to the wall.

Half-eaten peanut butter and jelly in hand, crust cut off.

Jerry is staring at an email on his dated desktop monitor, the header reading "YOU COULD WIN AN ALL EXCLUSIVE, THREE-DAY TRIP TO THE CAYMEN ISLANDS. CLICK HERE TO ENTER!" An image of a packed beach and crystal clear ocean water sits behind the text. His mouse circles around the "ENTER" button.

Transfixed by the screen, Jerry has zoned out all the hustle and bustle of the office.

WESLEY (O.S.)
(muffled)
Jerry.

Jerry doesn't notice the voice. He stops the mouse on the "ENTER" button and lifts his pointer finger, ready to press down on the mouse.

WESLEY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (loud)
 Jerry!

Jerry snaps out of his trance and looks behind him.

WESLEY SOMNER - fifties, bald, slightly overweight - stands at the entrance of the cubicle. He wears a blue button-down and khaki slacks.

Wesley waves his hand in front of Jerry's face.

WESLEY (CONT'D)
 Earth to Coleman.

JERRY
 Sorry, sir. Um, what can I do for you?

Wesley points at Jerry's computer screen.

JERRY (CONT'D)
 Oh, nothing, nothing. Just a, uh, just a stupid email.

Jerry turns around in his chair and quickly deletes the email, fumbling with the mouse.

WESLEY
 Now don't get me wrong, Jerry, I like dreaming about the Bahamas just as much as the next guy, but how about we keep it off the clock.

JERRY
 Oh, yes sir, I'm sorry, it just-

WESLEY
 Save it, save it. Let's just keep the vacation planning outside of the office. *Capisce?*

JERRY
 Yes. Of course, sir.

Wesley begins to walk away, then turns around.

WESLEY
 Oh, and what's the deal with this?

Wesley motions towards the sandwich in Jerry's hand.

JERRY
 The sandwich?

WESLEY
Yeah, Coleman. The sandwich.

JERRY
What about it, sir?

Wesley lets out a sigh, then points his finger down the hall.

WESLEY
You see that room?

Jerry peaks his head over the cubicle wall towards where Wesley is pointing.

WESLEY (CONT'D)
Yep, right there, just, what,
twenty, thirty feet down the hall.
You know what that room is?

JERRY
It's the, uh, the break room, sir.

WESLEY
And refresh me on what exactly one
does in the break room.

JERRY
Well, um...

A moment of silence.

WESLEY
Lunch, Jerry. They eat lunch in the
break room.

Jerry looks down at his sandwich then back up at Wesley.

JERRY
Oh, yes sir, I'm sorry, I won't-

WESLEY
I don't wanna have to pay Joseph
overtime just because he has to
pick up a thousand whole-wheat
bread crumbs from under your desk.

JERRY
Yes sir, won't happen again.
(beat)
Lunch in the break room from now
on.

Wesley smiles and shoots finger guns at Jerry.

WESLEY

Perfect.

Jerry grins and half-heartedly returns the finger guns.

Wesley walks away.

Jerry turns back around in his chair and the grin disappears from his face. He runs a hand through his hair and lets out a huge sigh.

EXT. COLEMAN HOUSE - DAY.

Cookie-cutter middle-class neighborhood.

INT. COLEMAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY.

LINDA COLEMAN, early forties, leans on a leather recliner in the living room, telephone to her ear.

LINDA

Oh, yeah, yeah, I know.

The front door opens and Jerry walks in, a bag of takeout food in hand.

JERRY

Hey, hon-

Linda motions at the phone.

Jerry nods his head and holds up the bag. Linda gives him a thumbs up.

LINDA

Yeah, yeah, Jerry would love to.

Jerry raises his eyebrows. He walks over to the dining room and places the bag on the table.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Okay, great, Wednesday it is. We'll see you then. Bye-bye.

Linda hangs up the phone.

JERRY

Who was that?

LINDA

Meredith. Wants us to go to some spin class with her on Wednesday. Says it's life-changing.

JERRY

Spin class?

LINDA

You know, one of those indoor cycling places. They're supposedly real hip these days. Doesn't that sound fun?

JERRY

Mhm. Sounds great.

Jerry takes two styrofoam boxes out of the bag and places them on the table. He takes a seat.

LINDA

So how was your day, hun?

JERRY

Good, good. Just the usual.

Linda takes a seat across from Jerry.

LINDA

And the sandwich?

JERRY

The sandwich?

LINDA

The sandwich I made for you.

Jerry looks at her, brows furrowed.

LINDA (CONT'D)

I switched up the peanut butter. Gave you the extra crunchy kind today.

JERRY

Oh, uh, yeah, I knew something was different about it.

He gives an exaggerated smile.

JERRY (CONT'D)

It was good, very good. Thank you.

Linda smiles.

They open their boxes and begin to eat.

LINDA
So, I got the book.

JERRY
(confused)
The book?

LINDA
Yeah, the *book*.

Linda raises her eyebrows at him.

JERRY
Oh, oh.

Jerry nods his head and awkwardly chuckles.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Well, um, wow, that's great.

LINDA
Yeah, I think it'll help, hun. I really do.

JERRY
Yeah, yeah, definitely.

LINDA
Maybe we can even try something from it tonight.

Jerry raises his eyebrows and grins.

JERRY
Oh, yeah, definitely, for sure.

LINDA
Yeah?

JERRY
Yep, yeah, sounds good to me.

Linda smiles at Jerry, then continues eating her food.

A moment of silence.

JERRY (CONT'D)
So, uh, how's your food?

INT. COLEMAN HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Jerry lies in bed, flipping through a book, the cover not visible.

Off-screen, the shower runs in the bathroom. After a few moments, it turns off.

Jerry takes a deep breath, then ruffles his hair. He shifts around in the bed, eventually sitting up and leaning his back against the headboard.

LINDA (O.S.)

Hey honey.

Jerry quickly sets the book down on the bedside table. The title on the cover reads: "Spicing Up the Marriage: 101 Hot Tips for Revitalizing that Sexual Spark With your Partner".

JERRY

Yeah, Linda.

LINDA (O.S.)

You know what's coming up next week?

JERRY

Well, uh... No, what is it?

LINDA (O.S.)

Year seven.

JERRY

Year seven of... Oh, oh, yeah. Our anniversary, of course.

LINDA (O.S.)

Of course, silly. Hey, I figure maybe we could take the day off on Friday, maybe go to the mountains.

JERRY

The mountains?

LINDA (O.S.)

Yeah, I don't see why not. Tammy's got a place in Boone, said we could go sometime, you and I.

JERRY

Well, I'd uh, I'd have to check with Wesley, you know, make sure it's okay for me to take the day off.

The bathroom door opens. Linda walks out wearing a red nightie, hair damp.

LINDA
Oh, come on, hun.

JERRY
We'll see.

LINDA
Hey, it would be fun.

Linda slowly starts towards the bed.

LINDA (CONT'D)
We can have a nice, long weekend,
just you and me.

She gets onto the bed and crawls on top of Jerry.

LINDA (CONT'D)
We don't even have to leave the
house.

JERRY
Yeah, that'd be, um, that'd be
nice, honey. I'll just, uh, I can
check with Wesley and see if-

Linda begins to kiss his neck.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Oh.

She makes her way up his neck, to his cheek then his mouth.

Linda slides her hand under the covers. Jerry lets out an awkward grunt.

Jerry begins to clumsily unbutton her top. After a few seconds of struggling with a button, Linda takes over.

Jerry pulls off her unbuttoned top and blindly sets it on the bedside table. Moving his arm back to Linda, he slides his thumb against the corner of the book.

Jerry lets out a yelp.

Linda jolts back, startled.

LINDA
What happened?

JERRY

Paper cut.

Jerry sucks on his thumb where the cut is.

LINDA

Aw, I'm sorry, hun. I think I can make it feel better.

She begins to kiss his hand, moving up toward his thumb, but he politely pulls it away.

JERRY

I think I need a bandaid. This sucker's bleeding pretty good.

LINDA

Can't you just get one after?

JERRY

Oh, you know, better safe than sorry.

Linda moves off of Jerry to the other side of the bed.

LINDA

I don't think it's that bad, hun.

Jerry gets out of bed.

JERRY

You never know with those stinking paper cuts. Can never be too careful.

He chuckles uncomfortably, then walks into the bathroom.

Linda sighs, grabs her top, and begins to put it back on.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - BREAK ROOM - DAY.

Small, gray room with a few plastic tables and a mini-fridge.

Jerry sits at a table by himself. RORY DEBBERKNOCKER, late thirties, sits at another table nearby.

Jerry eats a peanut butter and jelly sandwich with the crust cut off, a bandaid on his thumb.

RORY

So there I am, on my backswing, and this old bastard has the gall to let out the loudest goddamn belch I ever heard.

JERRY

Oh, wow.

RORY

I mean, come on, the balls of this guy. Thinks he can come onto my home territory and just let one out on my backswing.

JERRY

That's, uh, that's pretty crazy.

Jerry scoops up some peanut butter with his finger and examines the newly-added crunchy contents.

RORY

It's ridiculous is what it is, Jerry. And you know what I said to him, I-

The door of the break room swings open and Wesley walks in.

WESLEY

Having fun with your food, Coleman?

JERRY

Oh, no, I was just-

Wesley points at Jerry and grins.

WESLEY

Hey, glad you took my advice.

Jerry furrows his brow.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Lunch in the break room.

JERRY

Oh, yes sir.

WESLEY

Isn't it nice? Scenic view of the parking lot, cheap plastic tables, and hey, you even got a little company.

Wesley points at Rory.

JERRY
Yeah, definitely, for sure. Much better.

Jerry smiles, then looks back down at his sandwich.

RORY
Hey, hey, Mister Somner, you won't believe what happened to me on the links the other-

WESLEY
(to Jerry)
Hey. You, me, dinner, tonight. how about it?

Jerry's attention darts back to Wesley.

JERRY
Dinner?

WESLEY
Yeah.

JERRY
Seriously?

WESLEY
Now Jerry, why would I joke about getting dinner?

JERRY
Uh, well, sure, yeah.

WESLEY
(sarcastically)
Whoa now, don't get too excited.

JERRY
Sorry, it's just that I'm, well, surprised, I guess.

WESLEY
Oh come on. You've worked for me for, what, three years, four?

JERRY
Six.

WESLEY

And hey, the missus is gonna be gone tonight, so I figure we can have some drinks, kick back, and get this, I just got one of those curvy fucking TVs, 8k, all that jazz, so how about we give her a spin?

JERRY

Could, uh, could Linda come?

Wesley looks at Jerry, confused.

JERRY (CONT'D)

My wife.

WESLEY

Now that would defeat the purpose of a boys night, wouldn't it?

JERRY

Oh, well, yeah, I guess it-

WESLEY

Dinner with the wives another time.

Wesley pats Jerry on the shoulder.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

My house, seven-thirty, dinner, drinks, big-ass TV. I'll see you then, Jer-man.

Wesley starts out of the break room.

JERRY

Wait.

Wesley stops and turns around.

JERRY (CONT'D)

I don't know where you live.

Wesley nods his head and walks back over to Jerry. He grabs a white napkin next to Jerry's sandwich on the table.

WESLEY

Got a pen?

EXT. OFFICE PARKING LOT - DAY.

Jerry walks out the front door of the office and makes his way through the parking lot.

RORY (O.S.)

Now either I consumed a concerning amount of hallucinogens this morning or Wesley actually just invited you to dinner at his house.

Jerry looks behind him. Rory fast-walks to catch up to him.

JERRY

Ha, well, uh-

RORY

What the hell was that, man?

JERRY

I have no idea. Honestly. I'm just as shocked as you are.

RORY

You hypnotize him or something?

Jerry chuckles.

RORY (CONT'D)

Wouldn't put it past ya, Jerry, you crazy bastard.

JERRY

Look, I really don't know, Rory. Maybe I, uh, I don't know, maybe he just likes me.

Rory smirks.

RORY

No, no, I don't think that's what it is.

(beat)

Well I guess you'll find out tonight, ey?

JERRY

I guess so.

RORY

I'm looking forward to hearing about this, Jerry. I'll be expecting an action report tomorrow morning.

JERRY
You got it.

Rory walks away.

Jerry gets in his car.

INT. JERRY'S CAR - NIGHT.

Jerry slowly drives down a dark street, surrounded by a thick forest.

He pulls the car over in front of a mailbox and looks at the address number.

JERRY
Finally.

Jerry turns into the driveway of the house.

After a few seconds of driving through the woods, he is met by a large, contemporary house.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Sheesh.

Jerry parks next to a black Porche Cayenne.

EXT. SOMNER HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT.

Jerry walks up to the front door, a platter of hummus and crackers in hand. Before he can ring the doorbell, the door flies open. Wesley stands at the doorway, unopened beer bottle in hand.

WESLEY
Well, look who decided to show up.

JERRY
Hey, Mr. Somner.

WESLEY
Oh, none of that, Jer. Call me Wesley. Come on in.

INT. SOMNER HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT.

Jerry walks into the modern, open-spaced house.

JERRY
Wow, this is nice.

WESLEY

The missus and I decided we were due for an upgrade a few months ago. Not too bad if I do say so myself.

Wesley smiles proudly, then looks at the platter in Jerry's hands.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

What do we have here?

JERRY

Oh, nothing special, just thought I'd bring a little snack for our guys night.

WESLEY

Is that hummus?

JERRY

Sure is. Linda's specialty.

WESLEY

Jesus, Jerry, I didn't think this was a fucking geriatric bookclub meeting.

Wesley laughs and play-punches Jerry on the shoulder. Jerry chuckles.

JERRY

So, uh, what's for dinner?

WESLEY

Dinner!? Come on, Jer, you're just gonna dine and dash on me?

JERRY

No, I was just-

WESLEY

Kidding, kidding!

He pats Jerry on the shoulder. Jerry awkwardly chuckles.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Let's make it a surprise. How about we start with some drinks.

Wesley holds out the unopened bottle to Jerry.

JERRY

Oh, I probably shouldn't.

WESLEY
You're kidding.

JERRY
You know, it's a work night and-

WESLEY
(grinning)
Take the fucking drink, jer.

Jerry grabs the bottle.

WESLEY (CONT'D)
(enthusiastically)
Alright.

Wesley claps his hands together.

WESLEY (CONT'D)
How about a house tour?

INT. SOMNER HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT.

Jerry and Wesley sit at the large dining room table. A few empty bottles and half-eaten plates of dinner on the table.

WESLEY
You're fucking with me.

JERRY
I swear to God.

WESLEY
No way.

Jerry shrugs his shoulders.

JERRY
It's true, man.

WESLEY
You just, what, went to sleep?

JERRY
It was pretty late.

WESLEY
Jerry, are you serious?

JERRY
Dead serious.

WESLEY

(grinning)

You guys are about to have sex, you get a paper cut, and just call it quits?

JERRY

Hey, it was a pretty bad cut.

Wesley bursts out laughing

WESLEY

It better have about torn your goddamn finger off for you to call it a night.

Jerry holds up his bandaged thumb and shrugs again.

Wesley continues to laugh, slamming his fist on the table.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Jesus, Jerry, you're killing me.

Wesley lets out a sigh.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

You better make it up to her, man, because that is just sad.

JERRY

Well, um, I think we're taking a trip to the mountains this weekend, so that should do the trick.

WESLEY

Ah, the mountains. I like it. Romantic.

JERRY

Yeah, it should be nice, you know, get away from all the hustle and bustle around here. Actually, you know, I wanted to ask about that. Linda wants to leave early on Friday, so I was wondering if-

WESLEY

You guys renting a place?

JERRY

Well, no, we're actually-

WESLEY

So you've got some extra money
laying around, ey? A little bit of
that vacation cash.

JERRY

No, uh, it's actually a friend's-

WESLEY

Because you know, well, I, uh, I
hate to bring this up, but, oh,
never mind. Forget about it.

JERRY

What's that?

WESLEY

No, really, don't worry about it.

JERRY

Oh, well, alri-

WESLEY

Well if you really wanna know, I
guess it's just that, uh, well, you
see, Jerry, I'm actually running a
bit low on the old cashola.

JERRY

Oh.

WESLEY

Yeah, it's, uh, it's pretty bad,
actually. I need some, a lot, no,
well, I need a fair amount of it
soon. Very soon.

JERRY

What happened?

WESLEY

You know, Jerry, let's just say
that-

The doorbell RINGS.

Wesley's head darts towards the front door.

JERRY

Little late for a visitor.

Wesley stands up from the table.

WESLEY

Hey, uh, could you get that?

JERRY

Well, uh, I mean-

WESLEY

I'm gonna go to the bathroom real quick.

JERRY

What if they ask for you?

WESLEY

Just, um, just tell them I'm not here.

Jerry chuckles and raises his eyebrows.

JERRY

Whatever you say, boss.

WESLEY

Yeah, uh, I'll be right back.

Wesley fast-walks out of the kitchen and up a set of stairs.

Jerry gets up from his seat and starts towards the front door, whistling.

Jerry arrives at the front door and opens it.

Hugo Bonner stands at the door, a soft smile on his face.

HUGO

Good evening.

JERRY

Hello.

HUGO

I'd like to speak with Wesley Somner. I believe he lives here.

JERRY

Well, uh, actually, he's not here right now.

Hugo raises his eyebrows.

HUGO

He's not here?

JERRY

No, nope, not here unfortunately.
Sorry to-

Hugo pulls out a pistol and hits Jerry in the nose with the butt of the gun. Jerry yelps and falls to the ground, clutching his nose.

HUGO

Where is he?

JERRY

My nose!

HUGO

Don't move.

Hugo walks into the house, then scans the living room, kitchen, and dining room. Seeing no one, he starts up the stairs.

INT. SOMNER HOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT.

Hugo reaches the upstairs hallway.

A few rooms to the right and left, the doors all wide open save for the last one on the left.

Hugo peaks his head in each of the rooms, making his way towards the end of the hallway. Once he reaches the last room on the left, he puts his ear to the door, then kicks the door open, pistol at the ready.

INT. SOMNER HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Hugo bursts into the large bedroom.

Wesley stands next to his bed, stuffing clothes into a suitcase. The window is wide open.

Wesley jumps back at the sight of Hugo, eyes wide.

HUGO

Time's up, mister Somner.

WESLEY

Fuck!

Wesley drops the clothes to the ground.

WESLEY (CONT'D)

Please, please please please, just
a few more days.

HUGO

No can do.

WESLEY

Just, just, I don't know, I, I can
disappear.

HUGO

Don't try this.

WESLEY

I can disappear, yeah? I can be
gone tomorrow and, and no one will
hear from me again.

HUGO

You're embarrassing yourself.

WESLEY

I just, I, please, please!

Wesley falls to his knees and crawls to Hugo.

HUGO

Jesus.

Wesley looks up at Hugo, hands held together in prayer.

Hugo points the gun at his head.

WESLEY

Please, sir. I'm sorry.

HUGO

Stand up.

WESLEY

Please, for the love of God-

HUGO

Stand up.

WESLEY

I'm sorry, please, I'm so sorry.

Hugo grabs Wesley and pulls him up, then points out the door.

HUGO

Lead the way.

INT. SOMNER HOUSE - ENTRYWAY - NIGHT.

Jerry sits on the ground, hand to his bleeding nose.

Three more men, DOMINIC, SANTI, and DOUG, walk into the room. Santi, mid-forties, wears a gray suit. Dominic and Doug, both younger, wear black hoodies.

JERRY

Oh God.

SANTI

Who the hell are you?

JERRY

Look, I was just here for dinner, I don't-

SANTI

Where's your friend?

JERRY

Upstairs. What's going on?

DOMINIC

I didn't know there was gonna be someone else.

SANTI

(to Jerry)

Where's the money?

JERRY

What?

Wesley walks down the steps, face in terror, Hugo behind him with a pistol to his back.

SANTI

(smiling)

There he is!

Wesley looks down at his feet.

SANTI (CONT'D)

Just the man I wanted to see.

HUGO

What are you guys doing in here?

SANTI

Figured I'd have a little chat with my friend Wesley.

HUGO

You were supposed to stay in the car. This isn't part of the-

SANTI

I'm not paying you to ask questions, old man.

Santi brings his attention back to Wesley.

SANTI (CONT'D)

And why wait in the car when I can come in and see this guy!

WESLEY

Look, Mr. Winslow, I'm-

SANTI

Save it, please.

Santi looks around the house.

SANTI (CONT'D)

Let's chat.

INT. SOMNER HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT.

Wesley and Jerry sit across from each other at the dining room table. Hugo stands near Wesley, pistol drawn. Dominic and Doug stand behind Jerry.

All eyes are on Santi, standing between the men.

SANTI

Where's my money, Wesley?

WESLEY

Look, I just need-

Santi holds out his hand.

SANTI

It's a simple question, Somner. All I need is a simple answer.

WESLEY

I promise you, I can have the money in two weeks, three tops.

Santi laughs.

SANTI

Look, Wesley, we both know that Marshall could care less about the money. Eight hundred thousand, that's pocket change for him. Now what he does care about is getting fucked. He sure doesn't like that. And you know what you did, Wesley?

WESLEY

I'm sorry, I-

SANTI

You fucked him.

WESLEY

No.

SANTI

Say it.

WESLEY

I really didn't-

SANTI

Say it, Wesley. Tell us what you did?

WESLEY

(quiet)
I fucked him.

SANTI

Oh come on, you can do better than that.

WESLEY

I fucked him!

SANTI

(smiling)
There we go! That wasn't so hard, was it?

WESLEY

Please, it will never happen again.

SANTI

Where's the money, Wesley?

Wesley looks around the room, then locks eyes with Jerry.

WESLEY

He has it.

Wesley points his finger at Jerry.

WESLEY (CONT'D)
He has the money.

Everyone looks at Jerry.

JERRY
Me? No, no, I don't know what he's talking about.

WESLEY
It's his fault, it's all his fault.

JERRY
I, no, I just came here for dinner.

WESLEY
He has the money. He's been skimming off the top this whole time. I didn't do anything!

JERRY
He's lying! I don't know what any of you are talking about.

Santi walks over to Jerry.

SANTI
What's your name, buddy?

JERRY
(voice quivering)
I'm, uh, I'm Jerry. Jerry Coleman.

SANTI
Nice to meet you, mister Coleman. Unfortunate under these conditions, I must say.

Santi chuckles.

SANTI (CONT'D)
Now tell me, is Wesley here telling the truth?

WESLEY
I swear, it's the-

JERRY

He's lying. He's my boss, I work for him, you see, and, and he invited me over for dinner tonight, and, and to check out his new curvy TV and have some drinks, you know, so I came over and we ate, and, and that's why I'm here. I, I don't know anything about the money or what the hell is going on.

SANTI

Is that so?

JERRY

Yes, yes, I promise.

HUGO

He's telling the truth.

SANTI

Shut your mouth, old man.

Hugo glares at Santi.

SANTI (CONT'D)

So you know nothing about the money, correct?

JERRY

Yes, and, and even if I did know about it, which, well, I don't, I sure wouldn't try to steal it from you, that's for sure.

SANTI

Jerry, you seem like a nice guy. I believe you, alright?

Santi looks at Wesley.

SANTI (CONT'D)

You're trying to tell me that he's the mastermind behind this shit show?

He points at Jerry.

SANTI (CONT'D)

I mean, come on, just look at the guy. You're telling me that he's the one who's been fucking us this whole time? That's just insulting.

Santi Laughs.

SANTI (CONT'D)
 You really think I'd believe your
 bullshit, Wesley? You fucked us,
 and now you're trying to fuck my
 friend Jerry too.

WESLEY
 Please, I beg of you.

SANTI
 Save it.

Santi takes a seat at the table across from Wesley.

SANTI (CONT'D)
 Wesley, you fucked up.

WESLEY
 I'll do anything, please!

SANTI
 Our chat is over.

WESLEY
 I'll sell my car, I'll, I'll sell
 this whole goddamn house! I'll get
 you the money, all of it!

Santi motions to Hugo.

SANTI
 Hugo.

Hugo steps towards Wesley and points the gun at his head.

WESLEY
 Jerry, I'm sorry, I didn't-

BANG!

Wesley's body falls out of his chair to the floor.

JERRY
 Oh God.

Jerry leans forward in his chair and closes his eyes.

SANTI
 Doug, get some towels from the
 kitchen.

JERRY

Jesus Christ, you killed him.

SANTI

Dominic, pull the car up the driveway right next to the front door. We don't want the old man to blow his back out handling the bodies.

Dominic walks out of the house.

Santi looks over at Hugo.

SANTI (CONT'D)

And you take care of him.

Santi motions towards Jerry, then starts towards the kitchen with Doug.

JERRY

Please, no, no, you don't have to do this.

HUGO

I'm not killing him.

Doug and Santi stop and look at Hugo.

SANTI

Excuse me?

HUGO

I'm not killing him.

Santi raises his eyebrows, then walks back over to Hugo. Doug walks back next to Jerry.

SANTI

You're not killing him?

Hugo stares blankly at Santi.

SANTI (CONT'D)

And why is that?

HUGO

I was paid to kill Wesley Somner.

SANTI

And now you're gonna kill Jerry.

JERRY

Hey, you really don't-

HUGO
I've done my job.

SANTI
Not quite yet, old man.

HUGO
Don't call me old man.

SANTI
Kill him.

HUGO
No.

SANTI
Do it.

HUGO
I'm not taking care of two bodies.

JERRY
I can just leave if-

SANTI
Kill him.

Hugo points at Wesley's body.

HUGO
I'll take care of him, then I'm
gone.

He motions towards Jerry.

HUGO (CONT'D)
He's all yours.

Santi chuckles.

SANTI
You're a real hard-ass, you know
that?

HUGO
I'm just doing my job.

Santi pulls out a pistol from his back pocket and points it
at Jerry's head.

SANTI
Well maybe it's time to find a new
job, old man.

JERRY
Please don't-

BANG!

Santi is shot in the head.

His body falls to the ground.

Hugo aims his pistol at Santi's previous standing position.

Doug reaches into his back pocket, pulling out a pistol.

Jerry, sitting next to him, quickly grabs a dinner knife from the table and jabs it into Doug's stomach.

Doug grunts and fires a shot into the dining room wall.

Hugo turns to Doug and shoots him three times.

Doug lets out a long, labored breath, still standing. Jerry, eyes wide, still holds the knife in his stomach.

After a moment, Jerry pulls the knife out of Doug's stomach, and he falls to the ground.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Oh, oh my, holy shit.

HUGO
Don't move.

Hugo hastily paces out of the dining room, to the entryway, and out the front door.

EXT. SOMNER HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT.

Hugo steps outside, met by the headlights of the car in the driveway.

The car rapidly reverses and turns into the grass, doing a 360, now facing out the driveway.

Hugo fires a few shots at the car, one bullet shattering the back left window. The car accelerates down the driveway and disappears into the woods.

HUGO
Fuck.

Hugo turns around and paces back into the house.

INT. SOMNER HOUSE - NIGHT.

Hugo walks through the entrance back into the dining room.
Jerry stands over Doug's body.

JERRY
Jesus, oh God, oh-

HUGO
Fuck.

Hugo walks past Jerry and into the kitchen.

JERRY
I didn't mean to stab him, it just,
I just-

HUGO
You saved my ass.

JERRY
I, I just-

HUGO
But now we're fucked. The last one
got away.

Hugo opens a few cabinets, then eventually finds one with
rags in it. He grabs one then starts back towards Jerry.

JERRY
What the hell just happened? Who
are you, who were those guys? Why'd
you kill Wesley?

Hugo hands Jerry the rag.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Thanks.

Jerry wipes the blood off of his face and hands.

HUGO
What the fuck was I thinking? I
should've just killed you.

JERRY
Hey, hey, come on now, no, that-

HUGO
Old man, old man, old man, that's
all he'd fucking call me. I just
couldn't take it anymore.

JERRY

Well, uh, I personally don't think you look that-

HUGO

And now we're both fucked.

JERRY

Hey now, I, I didn't do anything. I just thought I was having dinner with Wesley. I didn't do anything to those guys, or, or to anyone.

HUGO

You told them your name.

JERRY

What?

HUGO

Jerry Coleman. You told them. That guy who go got away knows your name. They're all gonna know your name. They'll find you.

Jerry runs his hand through his hair anxiously.

JERRY

But, but who are they?

HUGO

Look, I don't know, they just paid me to kill Wesley Somner, but now I've gone and put myself at the top of their fucking hit list. And you're not too far behind me.

JERRY

Oh God.

Hugo looks around at the bodies, then takes a deep breath.

HUGO

I've got three bodies and no car. He took the fucking car.

Hugo begins pacing around the room.

JERRY

Well, you know, uh, I've got my car, yeah, you could-

HUGO

What I need you to do is to not get any more involved than you already are, okay?

JERRY

Yeah, yeah, got it.

(beat)

What about Wesley's car?

Hugo stops pacing.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Probably got enough room in the trunk for a lot more than three bodies. Not that, uh, I mean-

HUGO

Where would the keys be?

JERRY

I don't know, maybe his bedroom.

Hugo starts towards the stairs.

JERRY (CONT'D)

And hey, if his car's gone too, then you know, maybe the police will think he just-

Hugo turns around.

HUGO

The police are the least of our worries, alright? That guy I just killed who was about to blow your brains out, that's the cousin of a very powerful man, and let me tell you, this guy couldn't give a shit about a fair trial. And now you're in this shit too because you gave them your goddamned name.

JERRY

I didn't ask for any of this, alright?

HUGO

Too late, buddy. Now what I need you to do is get out of here before I regret letting you go.

JERRY

Okay, alright, yes sir.

HUGO
You got a wife? Kids?

JERRY
Uh, yeah, I'm married. No kids, not yet atle-

HUGO
I'd recommend that you and your wife take a little vacation sometime soon, get the hell out of town.

JERRY
Right, yeah, got it.

Jerry starts out of the dining room, then turns around.

JERRY (CONT'D)
You sure I can't help with the, uh, with the cleanup or-

HUGO
No.

JERRY
Wipe off the floors, even, maybe-

HUGO
Get out. Not a word about this to anyone. You go to the police, you're dead, your wife is dead, everyone you love is dead.
(beat)
Got that?

Jerry nods his head, stone-faced.

Hugo waves Jerry off.

Jerry turns around and starts out of the dining room, rag and knife in hand, then stops. He holds up the knife.

JERRY
Should I just, uh, leave this here, or, um-

HUGO
Just take it, get rid of it. I've got enough shit on my hands.

JERRY
Right.

Jerry wraps the rag around the knife and puts it in his pocket, then walks out of the dining room.

EXT. SOMNER HOUSE - FRONT YARD - NIGHT.

Jerry walks to his car, breathing heavily.

He opens the front door and gets in.

INT. JERRY'S CAR - NIGHT.

Jerry starts the car and begins out of the driveway, eyes wide, face blank.

When he reaches the mailbox, he slams on the brake and puts the car in park. He quickly unfastens his seatbelt and opens the door.

EXT. SOMNER HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT.

Jerry gets out of the car and falls to his knees.

He vomits in the grass.

INT. COLEMAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT.

Jerry walks into the house.

LINDA (O.S.)
Hey, how was dinner?

Linda walks into the living room from the kitchen. She leans against the recliner.

JERRY
It was good.

LINDA
Oh, come on. Good, that's all? I mean, you had dinner with *the* Wesley-

She leans forward, noticing Jerry's swollen nose.

LINDA (CONT'D)
Oh, oh God, Jerry.

JERRY
It's fine.

LINDA
What happened, hun?

JERRY
I, uh, I slammed on the brakes on
my way home, hit my nose on the
steering wheel.

Linda takes a seat on the couch next to Jerry and examines
the injury.

LINDA
Oh, it looks bad, hun.

JERRY
Deer ran right across the street.
Hell, I'm lucky I didn't run right
into it.

LINDA
Jesus, Jerry, it might be broken.

JERRY
No, no, it's fine, really. Doesn't
even hurt too bad.

LINDA
Here, I'll get a warm rag.

JERRY
Thanks, sweetie.

She kisses him, then walks back into the kitchen.

LINDA (O.S.)
Hun, why don't you go lay in bed,
get comfy for the night.

JERRY
Yeah, good idea.

Jerry gets up from the couch and starts out of the living
room down the hallway. He stops and peaks his head back into
the kitchen.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Hey.

Linda looks over at him.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Why don't we take that vacation
this weekend.

LINDA
 (grinning)
 Really?

JERRY
 Yeah, sure. We can take off Friday,
 Thursday even. Why not?

LINDA
 Wow, what happened to mister "I
 don't know, I'll check with the
 boss"?

Jerry shrugs his shoulders.

JERRY
 I don't know, I just, it'd be nice,
 you know? Just getting out of town
 for a few days.

LINDA
 (smiling)
 Yeah, yeah, of course.

Linda points at Jerry.

LINDA (CONT'D)
 Now go get in bed, mister. Nurse
 Linda will be there in just a
 minute.

Jerry grins, then starts down the hallway.

INT. COLEMAN HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT.

Jerry slumps into bed, lying on his back. He turns to lie on
 his stomach, then hesitates.

He sits up quickly.

JERRY
 Shit.

He feels in his pocket, then pulls out the rag-covered knife.
 His eyes dart around the room, eventually landing on the
 bedside table.

FOOTSTEPS down the hallway.

Jerry hops out of bed, bends down, and slides the rag and
 knife under the bedside table.

He then hops back into bed, lying on his back.

LINDA (O.S.)
How's my little patient doing?

Jerry lets out a sigh, then closes his eyes.

INT. JERRY'S CAR - DAY.

Jerry sits in his car in the office parking lot, staring at the steering wheel. Bags under his half-closed eyes, a bandage on his nose.

He takes a deep breath, then gets out of the car.

EXT. OFFICE PARKING LOT - DAY.

Jerry walks through the parking lot towards the office building.

He reaches the front door, a trashcan sitting next to it. He looks around the parking lot for a moment, then quickly pulls the rag and knife out of his pocket. He throws them in the trash, then opens the door and walks into the building.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - CUBICLES - DAY.

Jerry walks past rows of cubicles, a stack of papers in hand.

He passes by an empty room to his left, the placard next to the closed door reading "WESLEY SOMNER".

RORY (O.S.)
Wild night?

Jerry jolts, then turns around. Rory sits in a swivel chair in his cubicle, grinning at Jerry.

JERRY
What?

Rory points at Wesley's empty office room.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Oh, uh, yeah, yeah, had a good time.

RORY
Geez, Jerry, looking a little rough, buddy. Maybe a little too much fun?

JERRY

Oh, no, really, just a nice dinner, that's all. Only a few drinks. Pretty uneventful, actually. Guess Mister Somner just wanted a day off or something.

RORY

Well, I'm sure as hell not complaining. A day without that bastard in the office is a good day for me. Hell, you should get dinner with Wesley more often.

Jerry chuckles awkwardly and gives Rory a thumbs-up.

JERRY

Got it.

Rory gives Jerry a thumbs-up, then turns around in his swivel chair and gets back to work.

Jerry walks away, letting out a sigh.

INT. COLEMAN HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY.

Jerry stands at the kitchen counter on his laptop. He is scrolling through Google search results of "witness protection program".

A sticky note on the counter next to the computer reads "At spin class, be home by 7".

The doorbell RINGS.

Jerry jolts. He stares at the front door, eyes wide.

After a moment, Jerry opens one of the kitchen cabinets and pulls out a small canister of pepper spray. He then slowly makes his way to the front door.

He puts his ear to the door.

JERRY

Who is it?

DELIVERY DRIVER (O.S.)

(muffled)

FedEx. You got a package.

JERRY

Oh, alright, one second.

Jerry cracks the door open and takes a quick peak. He sees a man in a FedEx outfit holding a package.

Jerry lets out a sigh of relief, then fully opens the door.

JERRY (CONT'D)
Boy am I glad to see you.

DELIVERY DRIVER
Uh, yeah. Here you go.

The delivery driver holds out the package and Jerry grabs it with his right hand.

JERRY
Thank you very much, kind sir.

The delivery driver looks down at Jerry's left hand, holding the pepper spray.

DELIVERY DRIVER
You good, man?

JERRY
Oh, this? No, nothing, just, um, you know, you can never be too careful, right?

DELIVERY DRIVER
Yeah, mhm.

The delivery driver turns around and hastily walks away.

JERRY
Have a good day.

Jerry closes the door, then walks back into the kitchen. He sets the package and pepper spray on the counter next to his laptop.

JERRY (CONT'D)
What do we have here?

Jerry attempts to rip open the top of the package with his hands, but can't rip the tape off. He opens a drawer below him and pulls out a pair of scissors.

Just as he is about to slice open the top of the package, the doorbell RINGS again.

Jerry lets out a sigh, grabs the pepper spray, then walks back over to the front door.

JERRY (CONT'D)

Yep?

DOMINIC (O.S.)

(muffled)

Forgot a package.

Jerry chuckles and opens the door.

JERRY

(grinning)

Not like you to-

Dominic stands at the door, glaring at Jerry. Dominic quickly reaches into his pocket and begins to pull out a pistol.

Jerry yelps and pepper sprays Dominic in the face.

DOMINIC

Fuck!

Dominic barrels into Jerry and the two fall onto the floor in the doorway. Jerry stands up quickly and begins to run towards the hallway.

Dominic, eyes red and half shut, sits up and fires a shot in Jerry's direction, barely missing him. Jerry jumps behind the kitchen cabinets, out of sight from Dominic.

Dominic stands up, disoriented, and lets out a grunt.

Jerry opens one of the kitchen cabinets and tries to climb into it, but his body is too big to fit inside. He closes the cabinet and opens the one next to it. He rapidly pulls out various kitchen appliances, discarding them to the ground, then grabs a blender.

Dominic slowly nears the kitchen, rubbing his eyes, hurling expletives.

Jerry, blender in hand, gets on his feet and crouches near the kitchen entrance behind the refrigerator.

Dominic enters the kitchen.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

You're-

Jerry jumps out from behind the refrigerator and slams the blender into Dominic's face. Dominic falls to the ground.

Jerry, eyes wide, breathing heavily, looks down at Dominic's unconscious body.

HUGO (O.S.)
 Jesus, kid.

Jerry jolts, then looks up.

Hugo stands at the entrance of the house.

HUGO (CONT'D)
 Good work.

Hugo closes the front door and begins to walk over to Jerry.

JERRY
 Whoa, hey, what are you doing here?

Jerry looks down and sees that Hugo is holding a pistol at his side.

HUGO
 I, uh...

JERRY
 Did you come here to kill me?

HUGO
 What?

Jerry's eyes widen and he holds up the blender again.

JERRY
 (voice quivering)
 Get out, don't make me-

HUGO
 Oh, fuck off.

JERRY
 Why are you here?

HUGO
 I, uh, well, you know, I just-

JERRY
 (angry)
 You were gonna kill me. You came here to kill me.

HUGO
 No, I was just-

JERRY
 Oh, man, I can't believe you, you sick-

HUGO

Look, I don't wanna hear it, buddy. You should've been dead last night, period. I don't know what the hell I was doing letting you complicate things like this when I could've just tied up all the loose ends last night.

Jerry takes a deep breath and points at Hugo.

JERRY

You can't kill me.

HUGO

Huh?

JERRY

Yeah, no, that's right, you can't kill me. I saved your life last night. That guy would've shot you if I hadn't-

HUGO

You think this is how it works?

Hugo huffs out a laugh.

HUGO (CONT'D)

You save me, I spare you? That's funny, that's really funny. Look, I don't know what I was thinking last night when I let you go, but-

A LOUD KNOCK on the front door.

Jerry and Hugo both dart their heads toward the door.

OFFICER FETTERMAN

(muffled)

Police. Open up.

Jerry looks out the living room window and sees a parked cop car in front of the house.

Dominic, still unconscious, lets out a snort.

Jerry and Hugo lock eyes.

HUGO

Fucking hell.

FADE TO BLACK.