

I wish I knew you

by

Atharon Delgado

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btixist@gmail.com

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INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Darkness.

At the center, a vertical shimmering slit of light expands more and more as a door is slowly opened, revealing a modest bedroom. Whomever opened that door now sticks their head to look in.

This is LLEWELLYN. A fragile, shy, beloved son in his late twenties cautiously opening the door in hopes of not being too loud, as is his nature.

LLEWELLYN

Umm, mom, dad, we're about to head out.

DAD (O.S)

(Yawn)

Good luck.

MOM (O.S)

You two have a good day at work.

LLEWELLYN

Ok. Love you.

MOM (O.S)

Love you too, Lewy.

LLEWELLYN

Bye.

We follow Llewellyn through the doorway as he slowly closes it. We enter a dimly lit living room with tan carpet flooring and dark wood plank walls. Llewellyn puts on a ruggedy coat hanging off a chair over his white button up with dark grey slacks.

He heads towards the front door and opens it.

Standing outside, smoking a cigarette, is his big brother, LEON.

Leon is covered in tattoos, rings in every finger bar two, hair tied up into a messy bun, and a trimmed full beard

giving the illusion of a chiseled jawline. A hard contrast to Llewellyn, who could blend in with the average Joe. Only thing they seem to have in common is their work uniform.

LEON
Ready?

LLEWELLYN
Yeah.

Leon takes one look at Llewellyn and notices his subpar winter protection.

LEON
You sure?

Llewellyn nods.

LEON
Might catch the flu again.

LLEWELLYN
I'm fine.

LEON
(Unconvinced)
Alright.

The two brothers begin walking side by side down their neighborhood. Neither speak, allowing the cold December night to take the spotlight with its howling winds, distant dog barks, and rustling from swaying trees.

Awkward tension arises as they continue walking, they both pretend not to be bothered by it. Llewellyn being shy natured, he can holdout long against the awkward silence, but Leon? He's far from shy, there's an urge in him to speak when there's silence, and it's noticeable.

LEON
... So you really gotta go to work this early?

Llewellyn nods his head.

LEON

You've never thought about getting a shift in the morning?
Or evening, even?

LLEWELLYN
They don't pay as much.

LEON
Right...

Leon lets the silence linger, hoping to get more out of Llewellyn, but to no avail.

LEON
... Yep, could use all the money I can get right now...

Another attempt.

Nothing.

Leon doesn't seem bothered in the slightest by this, he's clearly used to it.

LEON
... So what's the job really like?

LLEWELLYN
It's nice.

LEON
Like, "actually nice"? Because to me, the only way a night guard job is actually nice is if I get to kick back and sleep the entire shift.

Llewellyn shakes his head.

LLEWELLYN
You gotta walk around.

LEON
Oh, so a "Night at the Museum" type of gig? That's alright, I guess I can walk around and stretch once in a while. Just gotta hope none of the paintings are in a hurry to get back in place when I come across them because otherwise... well, shit, I'd be baffled how I passed that drug test.

Llewellyn politely smiles at Leon's attempt at humor, all the while still staring down at the ground.

LEON

But I guess some of those paintings are meant to look like they're moving. Like the, uhh, "Trompe-l'oeil" section in the south-east corner, right?

Llewellyn nearly turns to look at Leon, surprised that he knew such a thing. Leon notices.

LEON

Yeah, that's right. Leon did his research! I know we aren't just dealing with local exhibitions here either. The "international" ones, those are the real valuable ones. The "felony, straight to prison" ones. That's wild. A single one is worth more than our neighborhood.

The two reach the end of their neighborhood and turn the corner, entering one of the larger avenues of the town. There's a supermarket across the street, it's parking lot completely desolate in the middle of the night.

LEON

Man, I forgot how lonely this old town can be at night. No night life at all, that's why me and the boys would always hit the highway to Rogensville next door back in highschool. Now they, *they* had a night life scene over there. Tsk, tsk. That's where my shenanigans began. Always sneaking out in the middle of the night, on weekdays no less. I'd be arriving to school with only like two hours of sleep. Fuck, you could probably pin point the moment I became a loose canon just by looking at my grades from sophomore year.

Coming across a stoplight intersection, Llewellyn continues walking forward on the crosswalk without a second thought. Leon stops after noticing he didn't take a right like him.

LEON

Woah, where you heading?

Llewellyn now stands dead center on the crosswalk, caught off-guard.

LLEWELLYN

Huh?

LEON

(Gestures)

Art gallery is this way, isn't it? Down "Main Street"?

LLEWELLYN

(Nervous)

Oh- uh, umm, I-

Tongue-tied, Llewellyn struggles to stay composed.

LLEWELLYN

... you're right, sorry.

LEON

It's all good.

He begins walking down Main Street with Leon, staring even further down at the ground, as if ashamed.

Main Street is beautifully decorated for Christmas. All modern shops and condos along the street have some form of strip lights hanging off them, candy cane decor wrapped around streetlights, holiday jingles heard faintly from somewhere in the night, creating a sense of liminal space.

The awkward tension returns as both brothers continue their walk after Llewellyn's "blunder". Leon slowly becomes more and more engulfed by a sense of nostalgia upon taking in the scenery of Main Street.

LEON

... Jesus, I can barely recognize this town. You think anybody will recognize me? I hope not. I burned way too many bridges before I packed and drove off... I just really never thought I'd be back here again. I'm surprised mom and dad even allowed me to move back in. I must be the most hated man in this town, huh? But here I am, the prodigal son returned...

Leon stops to catch his breath.

LEON

...and seriously out of shape, because this walk is killing me already! Hey, did dad ever restore that '73 Firebird he got for you?

Llewellyn nods.

LLEWELLYN

... But he had to sell it.

LEON

What? Why?

LLEWELLYN

To pay his gambling debt.

Leon stops walking.

LEON

"Gambling debt"? Wait, so did you ever even get to drive it?

Llewellyn also stops walking. He doesn't look at Leon, he just shakes his head.

LEON

Llewellyn... do you even know how to drive?

A nervous smile grows on him. Once again, Llewellyn shakes his head. Leon, shakes his in disappointment upon learning this. He's in disbelief, but resumes walking. Llewellyn follows to his side.

LEON

... If I had my old mustang, I'd sure as hell teach you how to drive. *Somebody* has to.

For the first time, Llewellyn looks up at Leon.

LLEWELLYN

Really?

LEON

Yeah. Even though I know you hated that car.

Llewellyn looks away as if a secret had been let out. Leon

notices.

LEON

Mom told me. You hated how loud it was, right? Heh, yeah, I gave that car way too much attention, and the whole neighborhood had to know. You would've hated it even more if you heard it on the highway. But, yeah, I'd teach you. Right now, actually, at night. You got the empty streets, the empty parking lot at the supermarket. But if you ask me, dad should be driving *you* to work every night. It's the least he could do for selling the Firebird.

LLEWELLYN

Yeah, he felt really bad.

LEON

Man, what a shame, I bet she was as beautiful as I'm imagining.

There's a faint smile of joy on Llewellyn's face. He's opening up.

LLEWELLYN

So... how'd you lose your car?

LEON

Heh... Well, guess I can't be too mad at dad, huh? We both share a love for gambling. Must be where I get it from.

LLEWELLYN

You *gambled* it away?

LEON

(Laughing)

Yeah... It was the last thing I put on the line after I gambled away my savings, my clothes... engagement ring. But hey, just like I told my ex-fiance at the time, give me prompts here, I at least had priorities.

Leon and Llewellyn share a laugh.

LEON

Picture this, I was in Monte-Carlo, nearing rock bottom, drooling on my last tailored-made suit, being egged on to bet 15 on black by a bunch of fucking tourists. Cali wasn't

even there at that point. She was smart. She saw long ago that I was in a freefall towards my addiction. She was already back here in the states with Billy. And me, barely able to keep my eyes on the roulette wheel. Mesmerized by the rattling until it slowly comes to a stop and the ball... the ball lands on red. So, I grab my screwdriver and chug it down before just tossing the keys on the table and walking out. I walked *all* the way back to my hotel and just took a nap. It's funny though, I didn't feel anything when I lost. I just clocked out, mentally.

LLEWELLYN
That's crazy.

LEON
Well, you know, I've lived a crazy life so far, and even though I lost everything I won, I don't regret it one bit. Even if it means I have to slave away for the rest of my life trying to repay my debts. Or that I'm in a custody battle I'm most likely going to lose with my ex-fiance. Doesn't really matter to me, man. Because, I've road tripped across America. I've met and formed a tight-knit group of adventurers like me... like Cali. I've tangoed under a Budapest streetlight, and outdrank Liverpool hooligans at their own party. I've seen the world and the world has seen me. There are corners in this Earth where locals will tell their grandchildren about the wild American and his party convoy who brought upon a festival in the middle of the night, and by dawn... they were gone.

LLEWELLYN
Wow.

Leon takes one last drag of his cigarette before tossing it.

LEON
Yeah, but enough about me, man. What about you? We haven't really had time to catch up since I've been back. What you been up to these last seven years? I'm surprised you're still even in this town, honestly. Shouldn't you have like a six figure salary job in the city with your degree?

LLEWELLYN
... I never finished school.

LEON
What?

LLEWELLYN
It cost too much. I couldn't afford it.

LEON
But didn't you have a scholarship? I swear you had one, I remember mom telling me that you needed help with it.

LLEWELLYN
I lost it.

Leon stops once again in his tracks.

LEON
Hold on, what?

LLEWELLYN
My grades started failing, so I lost it.

LEON
What happened?

LLEWELLYN
(*Shrugs*)
I just lost motivation.

LEON
... This doesn't make sense, Llewellyn. You were always supposed to be the successful one.

LLEWELLYN
Yeah, well...

LEON
... Wow.

They resume walking. Llewellyn hangs in head in shame.

LEON
Alright, well... what else have you been up to?

LLEWELLYN

... I worked with dad for a while, before I found this job. I made some new friends. We hang out at the bar a lot.

LEON
(*Disappointed*)
You drink?

LLEWELLYN
Yeah.

Leon gives a disappointed sigh.

LEON
Every Saturday morning I would drive mom to get McDonald's for all of us while Dad was at work, you remember that?

LLEWELLYN
Yeah.

LEON
And everytime, on the way to and from, we would talk. We would talk about what happened that week. And I remember her telling me once, that you told her that you would never drink. You were getting ready for school, she was making you breakfast, and you told her that you made a vow to yourself that you would never drink, because you saw how alcoholism ran in our family... you saw how early it consumed me. What happened?

LLEWELLYN
... Life.

Llewellyn notices Leon's frustration and becomes increasingly irritated.

LLEWELLYN
It's just a few beers, calm down. And it's just at the bar. It makes everything more fun.

LEON
What do you even need to go to a bar for? This "new and improved" town has a shitton to do now, doesn't it?

LLEWELLYN
(*Agitated*)

To watch my friend play. He's in a band. He's cool, he has his own tattoo shop.

LEON
(Suspicious)
 ... You got tattoos, too?

LLEWELLYN
 No. He just stays there really late working on drawings and sometimes he takes a smoke break when I'm going to work. It's how we met. We were supposed to talk tonight because he had something important he wanted to tell me, but you made me miss it.

Leon looks back at where they were walking from and then pulls out his phone to check the time.

LEON
 Well, we still got 20 minutes before our shift, so if you want-

LLEWELLYN
 No. I'll do it tomorrow. He'll just think I still have the flu.

The two walk in silence for a moment as they both simmer down.

LEON
 ... So what's your friend's name?

LLEWELLYN
 Slithers.

LEON
 Slithers? What kind of name is that?

LLEWELLYN
 I don't know. Probably British.

LEON
(In a British accent)
 Oi, Slithers, wanna come down to the pub and have a jolly good wank with us?

Llewellyn chuckles. Suddenly, all the tension dissipates.

LLEWELLYN

He doesn't look British at all, though. He has so many tattoos, piercings, bald head. He has this giant snake tattoo down his right arm that looks... like... it "slithers" when he moves it around... I'm just now realizing that's where he gets his name.

LEON

Ahhh.

LLEWELLYN

But yeah he hangs out at his shop and the bar a lot. Him and his rock band. They're pretty extreme. They only play heavy metal.

LEON

Sounds intimidating.

LLEWELLYN

Yeah! And get this, he did time in prison for robbing from the rich. And that's where he met his band, but not before giving the drummer a scar across his face when they first met and got into a fight.

LEON

Wow.

LLEWELLYN

They're really good friends now, though, but the drummer still scares me, I won't lie.

LEON

Well, you know, I'm at least glad you have a good friend. A good wingman too, right? *(Teasing)* That's what you went to the bars for, right?

LLEWELLYN

Heh, no. He tried being my wingman once, but I stumbled too much with my words.

LEON

(Laughs)

Llewellyn, shy as always! At least that hasn't changed.

LLEWELLYN
(Mutters)
 I was drunk-

LEON
 -It's alright, not every girl I've been with has been smooth sailing. There was one who just... leveled me with her eyes.

LLEWELLYN
 ... Cali?

LEON
 Yeah... I saw her dancing from behind in a club in Ibiza. I approached her, she turns, and I freeze when I look into her eyes. Heh, and she could see that, she could see that I'm panicking inside because this has never happened to me! And I can't look away from a gaze like that, especially when she's challenging you with her little smirk...

Leon stops talking, he's lost in the sweet memories of Cali flooding his head. He's soon released back into reality.

LEON
 Ahh, Cali... "My little *Califlower*". Her little French accent softened my heart. For a moment in time, she had me on the straight. And with Billy on the way, we were getting ready to come back home, *together*... but you do one little favor for your inner demons, and suddenly you're back in their cage.

Llewellyn's phone vibrates in his pocket. He pulls it out and reads a text.

LEON
 Who's that?

LLEWELLYN
 It's Ramsey from the evening shift.

LEON
 The guy we're relieving?

LLEWELLYN

Yeah. I forgot he was leaving early tonight, he's saying he's heading out already.

Leon takes a look at his watch.

LEON

Oh, he's heading out real early. We still got plenty of time before our shift even begins.

LLEWELLYN

I usually get there with 10 minutes to spare.

Leon spots something in the distance. He begins walking towards it in an excited manner.

LEON

Oh shit! Well, today you might be getting there a lil late!

Llewellyn follows along.

LLEWELLYN

(Mutters)

I better not.

Leon leads Llewellyn to a small playground he had spotted. It's located right next to a church, which stands tall, like a monolith. It is desolate, with the cold winter night spinning a carousel ever so slightly until Leon hops on it with a force that makes it spin.

LEON

Ahhh, now this place I remember!

Llewellyn watches on as the carousel slowly comes to a stop with Leon hanging on, eyes closed and feeling that brisk winter wind as he spins.

LEON

... You should travel the world, Llewellyn. Make it your turn, you know? I'll stay here, keep the museum in check, keep mom and dad in check, while you travel and live life.

LLEWELLYN

I wish.

LEON

No no no, see, that's the thing. I never wished, I just did it.

LLEWELLYN

But how'd you get the money to do it in the first place?

LEON

(Laughing)

Ahh the fake school fundraiser, right. Hey, to be fair, I never expected for it to gain so much momentum! I didn't realize folks here would care so much about change. You'd think they'd want their town to stay "pure". It's my fault for using the senator's name in vain, that made it too believable.

LLEWELLYN

People got so mad after you left, they started demanding what you- or what "Senator Pillmont" promised to the city council.

LEON

Are you serious?

LLEWELLYN

(Nodding)

Every single town hall meeting, they'd be there to complain. You gave them hope, and I guess they took it to heart.

LEON

Hold on. So, in a way, I'm responsible for all this change?

LLEWELLYN

Guess so.

Leon bursts out into a monstrous laugh. It rings throughout the winter night.

LEON

Holy shit! If that isn't my biggest accomplishment in life! And it was indirect too!

LLEWELLYN

It also ruined our family name..

Consequences. The other side of the story hits Leon. His smile shrinks instantaneously.

LEON
... Was it bad?

LLEWELLYN
It made me making friends a Herculean task. As if it wasn't hard enough already. I got bullied for it constantly. Mom and Dad were ostracized by pretty much everyone except our close family.

LEON
... I'm sorry.

LLEWELLYN
It's whatever. It all eventually passed.

For once, Leon remains quiet and it actually seems to bother Llewellyn.

LLEWELLYN
... I've had some money saved up for a while. You think it'd be enough to travel somewhere?

LEON
Oh, uhh, for sure. With just \$300 you can visit some tropical islands for a few days. That'd be a good start.

LLEWELLYN
That'd be nice. I'd have to talk about it with mom and dad.

LEON
Hm? Nah, you just go, heh. You don't need their permission.
Llewellyn looks unsure about that.

LEON
Llewellyn, you're a grown adult.

LLEWELLYN
I live under their roof.

LEON

So?

LLEWELLYN

I follow their rules.

LEON

(Baffled)

I don't think they even have any rules. Man, the way you talk about mom and dad, you'd have everyone convinced they always had their backhand ready and raised. Nah, they never really were the strict kind. Very lenient. I'd bet my mustang if I could that they're not going to do anything. At least for once I'd win a bet. Sheesh, heh, you gotta let go of whatever you got going on in your head and let yourself have some fun.

LLEWELLYN

Heh, yeah.

LEON

Honestly, mom and dad are just kinda weak like that.

Llewellyn snaps back.

LLEWELLYN

Hey!

LEON

What? I'm sorry, but it's true.

LLEWELLYN

You don't talk about them like that.

LEON

I'm just telling it how it is. I was such a little shit, yet they gave up so easily trying to discipline me.

Llewellyn is genuinely irritated. He becomes volatile at the subject of their parents.

LLEWELLYN

Because you were too much. They did their best.

LEON

Did they? I seem to remember many times when they just

didn't seem to bother with my shenanigans. Almost like they were afraid...

LLEWELLYN

You just didn't belong in this family.

LEON

Woah.

LLEWELLYN

Sorry, but you're nothing like us.

LEON

(Calm)

Alright, Llewellyn, calm down. I'm sorry I talked about mom and dad like that.

It's too late, Llewellyn's blood has boiled, risen, bubbled like hot water on a pot, and now there's no stopping him.

LLEWELLYN

You're an anomaly in our family. I don't know you! You're just chaos I had to live with! You did whatever you wanted, and got away with whatever you did. You were never punished because when you were, you called their bluff. Mom and dad are angels, and you always knew that. So you took advantage of them. You took advantage of their kind hearts-

LEON

Llewellyn-

LLEWELLYN

And I always had to deal with the aftermath. I had to show them it wasn't their fault by being the good boy so they could for once feel proud of being parents.

LEON

Listen, I just-

LLEWELLYN

But always- ALWAYS, you kept getting away with it! It made me so angry! You got away with it! All the teasing, all the abuse, all the trauma you put me under! And then you just packed up, loaded your fucking mustang, and got away with

IT!

LEON

WOAH, woah, woah! I never hurt you!

LLEWELLYN

(Screaming)

I'm not YOU! You never thought you were hurting me, but you were!

LEON

Well, why didn't you ever say anything?!

LLEWELLYN

I did! I'd cry to mom and dad, and you'd call me weak for that, don't you remember? You made my childhood hell! You gave me anxiety I still have to deal with today! But you know what helps with it? Drinking... You're the reason I started drinking, but I had to hide that because everybody expected me to be the good child.

Leon is stunned. He takes a seat on the carousel. Now, he stares at the ground as Llewellyn stands just a few feet away, wiping tears from his face, hoping Leon doesn't see them.

LEON

... I'm sorry. I never... realized... I always thought we were just sparring, you know? Like brothers. You're right, though, mom and dad could never do anything about that. Their soft, little voice would never let them. So yeah, I'd keep getting away with it. I'd keep... riling you up... you'd get so angry... and just when I thought you were finally about to fight back... you never did. You'd just walk away to your room.

Leon looks up at Llewellyn.

LEON

I wish I knew you, Llewellyn. This whole time I've been wishing you'd interrupt me to talk about yourself and stop keeping your life in the shadows. I came back home hoping you'd finally changed from being so quiet... but's that's just who you are isn't it-

With tears running down, grinding his teeth, holding back

his white hot rage inside, Llewellyn interrupts.

LLEWELLYN

No...

That's who you turned me into. You sabotaged me every step of the way. Remember the little goofy kid I once was?

Leon slowly realizes.

LEON

... I took that way. That's why you shut yourself off to all of us. Always in your room. Strangers under the same roof. There'd be times I'd barely even see you throughout the week, much less, talk to you. Using mom as a messenger between us... Yet, despite all that, you were on your way to success. That scholarship scared the shit out of me. It would cement my fate if you accepted it. The mustang would've been yours so you could drive it at uni, and I would've been stuck at home, stuck in this shitty old town...

Leon begins to connect the puzzle pieces that are his memories together.

LEON

... Mom and dad saw that fear. *That's* why they began saving up for the Firebird. It was supposed to be mine to fix up just like I did with the mustang. But I didn't know that, I just wanted to leave before you got into uni. So I gave you the wrong due date to accept your scholarship, I started the fundraiser to get fast money, then I just... left. Right as they were about to bring home the Firebird, huh?

Llewellyn nods, not wanting to, but he does.

Leon's eyes begin to water, he has realized something profound.

LEON

Oh god... What did I *do*? Llewellyn... I took your future away. You- you should've been the one to leave. The one coming back after so many years. Except, you'd be a success story. You know? J- just visiting for the holidays. We'd sit down around the table, and *you'd* be the one with so many stories to tell. And I would be proud! Because that would've meant that I was a good brother! You could've done so much with

your life, but I took it away... I took it away...

Leon breaks down into tears.

LEON

Take it back... oh, take it back! I don't want this life!
Take me back and I'll change! Oh, what did I *do*?!

Llewellyn watches his big brother sob into his hands before sitting down next to him and holding him. Leon looks into his eyes with tears still streaming down his face.

LEON

I'm so sorry, Lewy.

LLEWELLYN

... It's okay.

From the distance, we see the two brothers sit side-by-side on the carousel. Their silhouettes from the moonlight and the monolith church overshadowing them, making them seem small, like children.

We return to a close look at Leon as he wipes the last few tears away, having relaxed now after letting it all out.

LEON

I was always meant to be the one to take the first step in fixing our relationship, *not* my little brother. You've been waiting a long time for this, haven't you?

LLEWELLYN

Just for an "I'm sorry". Not for you to break down.

LEON

(Chuckle)

Well, you got more than you bargained for.

LLEWELLYN

So... what now?

LEON

... We find you a new Firebrid.

Leon smiles at Llewellyn before remembering they still have

to get to work.

LEON

Oh, shit, but first we gotta make it to work.

LLEWELLYN

What's the rush?

The two get up and resume their walk.

LEON

Well, it is my first day. What kind of preset would I set for my little brother if I'm late to my first day of work?

Llewellyn smiles. Leon takes out his pack of cigarettes, and just as he's about to light one, he realizes it's time to quit. So instead he tosses it and the package away.

LEON

(To himself)

I need to stop smoking these.

Llewellyn spots a gas station off in the distance and gets an idea.

LLEWELLYN

You want anything from the gas station?

LEON

You're going to go buy something?

LLEWELLYN

Yeah.

LEON

We only got like 5 minutes, Lewy.

Llewellyn takes out his ID card for the job and hands it to Leon.

LLEWELLYN

Here, you remember where to clock in from orientation, right?

LEON

I do.

LLEWELLYN

You can clock in for the both of us, while I buy lunch for the both of us.

LEON

This goes against the rules, Lewy.

Llewellyn gives him a look of suspicion until Leon breaks out into laughter.

LEON

Just fucking with you. I'll be in the break room.

LLEWELLYN

(Chuckles)

Alright.

Slightly reluctant, Leon goes in for a hug. Llewellyn hugs him back and, for a moment in time, it's all that matters.

INT. GAS STATION - CONTINUED

Llewellyn walks in with a smile on his face. He nods at the employee working the register. He browses the selection of snacks and treats in the aisles before stopping at the hot foods being warmly roasted on a grill.

INT. ART MUSEUM - CONTINUED

At the front door of the museum, Leon is seen walking in to a very dimly lit front area. It's a bit spooky, even for him. The atmosphere is undisturbed and he attempts to keep it that way as he carefully heads towards the break/office room around the corner.

Upon turning the corner, Leon spots some tiny pieces of... glass? It's at the end of the hall, at a "T" intersection, scattered on the ground, reflecting display lights back at him. He gets curious and walks to it. Upon closer inspection, he sees it's actually fragments of a vase.

Something feels wrong.

He takes a piece and places it in his pocket. Then, he takes out his work flashlight and shines it down both ends of the hall. One end leads to the "International" artworks. He heads down that way.

Leon investigates around the area until he spots an artwork clearly missing from its display.

And then another one.

Leon returns to the hallway and notices from his angle that the vase pieces lead down the other end of the hallway like a trail, towards the back of the museum. He follows the trail and enters a section of the museum with no missing artwork. Nothing of value. Strange. Until he spots the heavy, metallic "EMERGENCY EXIT" door propped slightly open by a makeshift doorstop.

Leon is quick to act and turns off his flashlight as he begins to ever so cautiously head towards the door. Upon reaching it, steady like a surgeon, he opens it a little more, enough to peek around.

Outside, in an alley behind the museum, he finds a group of robbers dressed all in black, wearing varying clown masks. The robbers are loading up the back of a van with the missing, highly valuable artworks. None of the robbers spot Leon, but he is quick to duck away back into the museum.

LEON
(*To himself*)
Oh shit.

For a few moments, Leon decides what the right course of actions would be. He takes out his phone and dials 911, all the while rushing out of that area, looking back to make sure he hasn't been spotted. As he turns the corner to return into the hallway, he spots another robber, broom and dustpan in hand.

And the robber spots him.

With no hesitation, the robber drops everything and pulls out a knife from his back pocket. Leon runs away wherever he can. The panic sets in for both of them and a short

lived chase begins with Leon finding himself trapped in a dead end.

He tries to tackle the robber in a last ditch effort to get away, but misses as the robber dodges. Leon falls to the ground and the robber stabs him in the spine.

LEON
(*Agonizing*)
No! Please!!

Pinned down and wounded, Leon tries to fight back. He rolls over and holds back the robber from inflicting another stab wound.

Leon's strength is outmuscled and his grip slips away from the robbers arm causing him to slap the mask away, revealing a scar across the robber's face.

With a free hand, the robber sinks his knife on Leon's chest...

LEON
(*Agony*)
No!! No... no.

... And once more again.

INT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

At the counter, Llewellyn is paying for his items when he sees the lights of a police cruiser speed past the gas station, sirens blaring.

A bit strange for him, but he continues on paying for his items.

He walks outside and begins digging in his bag for an item he bought. He takes it out and begins walking towards the museum.

It's nicotine patches.

THE END.