

Haven House

Episode 1

"It's never too late for your prayers to be answered"

by

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Based on the novel Deep Within Us by David A. Miller

INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

CHAD DAWSON, mid 30's, handsome, sits in his attorney BEN DAVIS' office discussing the final terms and paperwork of Chad's divorce. Chad is dressed casual, while Ben is in a finely tailored business suit.

BEN DAVIS

Chad, you aren't thinking straight. You're giving Delores everything she's asked for, and a lot more. I can negotiate this divorce settlement way down for you.

CHAD

No Ben, I know what I'm doing. I want this over now.

BEN DAVIS

You're giving her the house, her car, most of your money, you're going to wind up with virtually nothing to your name.

CHAD

That's today. I assume what we discuss here today is covered under attorney/client privilege?

BEN DAVIS

It is.

CHAD

What you, and thankfully what Delores doesn't know is that big things are happening at Walker and Landsford. We are having by far our best year ever, and I just landed the Cingo account, by far the biggest deal we have ever landed. Bonuses are coming out in a couple of weeks, and not only will my bonus solve all my financial issues, word has it I'll be made a partner. I've already bought a new house, fully furnished, a new car, and set my sights on the future. What I'm giving Delores today is a pittance compared to what I'd have to give her next month. Give me the papers to sign.

BEN DAVIS

You're certain?

CHAD

I've never been more certain in my life.

Ben slides a stack of papers across his desk to Chad, and shakes his head as if to say he should not sign them.

BEN DAVIS

As your attorney, I'm obligated to tell you that I do not agree with this.

CHAD

Noted. Now where do I sign.

BEN DAVIS

There are markers for your signature, and you'll need to initial the bottom of each page. There are two sets you'll need to sign, one for her and one for you. Once they're fully signed, I'll return one set of originals to you for your files.

Chad starts to sign the papers, then stops and looks up at Ben.

CHAD

When will you get these to her to sign?

BEN DAVIS

I'll have them copied as soon as you are through, then messenger them over to her attorney this afternoon. Unless she smells a rat, I'd assume they'll be back to me tomorrow, and we'll get them filed with the court then.

Chad smiles slowly

CHAD

Perfect.

Chad resumes signing the papers as Ben watches.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. CHAD'S CAR - DAY

Chad is driving, turns into the Cigar Living parking lot.

EXT. CIGAR LIVING PARKING LOT - DAY

Chad parks, gets out of his car (stopping to turn and admire it) and walks into the cigar shop.

INT. CIGAR LIVING - DAY

The cigar shop is dimly lit, with rich mahogany paneling and the faint aroma of aged tobacco lingering in the air. Shelves lined with premium liquors and cigar boxes create an

upscale, masculine ambiance. Chad, dressed in an open-collared shirt, strides confidently into the walk-in humidor. He scans the shelves with the precision of a connoisseur, selecting two Ashton Virgin Sun Grown cigars before heading to the bar.

The bar area is empty, save for the new bartender TASHA, late 20's, slim, with striking features and a practiced smile. Her dark hair is pulled back neatly, and she wears a fitted black blouse that accentuates her figure. Chad slides onto a barstool, placing his cigars on the polished countertop.

TASHA

Hi, what can I get for you?

Chad pushes the cigars toward her, flashing a charming grin, his eyes lingering a moment too long.

TASHA

(playfully) Y'all need these circumcised?

Chad's eyebrows shoot up, caught off guard by her bold humor. A flush creeps up his neck, but he recovers quickly, sensing an opportunity. He leans forward on the bar, his smile widening.

CHAD

You're new here, aren't you?

Tasha nods and gives Chad a coy smile.

TASHA

That I am. Second day on the job.
I'm Tasha.

She extends her hand. Chad stands, taking her hand gently and, with a theatrical flourish, kisses the back of it while bowing slightly. He adopts a playful, exaggerated "western" drawl.

CHAD

I'm Chad Dawson, guess you could call me a regular around these parts. And now that you're here darlin' I'll be more regular than before, if ya catch my drift.

Tasha giggles, tilting her head as if charmed, but her eyes betray a calculating glint. She's played this game before, guys like Chad are her bread and butter. She leans slightly closer, resting her hands on the bar, letting her smile deepen just enough to keep him hooked.

TASHA

Oh, I think I know exactly what you mean Chad. Regulars like you are what make this job...interesting.

Chad chuckles, sitting back down, clearly pleased with himself and her response. He unwraps one of the cigars with deliberate care, pulling a sleek V cutter from his pocket. With a dramatic snip, he clips the end, then produces a monogrammed torch lighter, igniting the cigar with a flourish. The other cigar, he tucks into his shirt pocket, patting it as if it is a prized possession.

TASHA
(mimicking Chad's
"western" accent) So
what's your pleasure
darlin'?

CHAD
I'll have two Beluga Gold
martini's. Very dry, and very, very
dirty.

Tasha raises an eyebrow, her lips curving into a playful pout as she wipes the counter with a cloth, her movements slow and deliberate.

TASHA
Two? Will someone be joining you?

Chad leans back, puffing on his cigar. He grins, his confidence bordering on arrogance.

CHAD
Tasha - now that's an evocative
name, Tasha. Let me tell you all
you need to know about my business.
If I drink alone, I pay. If I drink
with a potential client, the
company pays.

Tasha laughs softly, her eyes sparking to Chad as she mixes the martinis with ease. She places the two glasses in front of Chad, leans forward slightly, her voice dropping to a conspiratorial tone.

TASHA
Sooo, there's somebody joining you
then? Orrr, is this just you...with
the company paying for a good time?

Chad picks up one martini and downs it in a single, smooth gulp, his eyes never leaving hers. He gives Tasha a wink.

CHAD
I guess if that's what the expense
report says, and the receipt
matches, it must be true.

He plucks the three olives from the empty glass and drops them into the second martini, his grin widening as he savors the attention.

CHAD
Very, very dirty...

Tasha laughs again, this time a little louder. She tosses her head back just enough to let her hair catch the light. She rests her chin in her hand and gazes at Chad with mock admiration.

TASHA
Oh Chad, you're trouble aren't you?
I bet you've got stories that'd
keep me here all night.

CHAD
Darlin' you have no idea. Stick
around and I might just tell you a
few. Or even better, show you...

Tasha maintains her smile, knowing she now has Chad eating out of her hand. She brushes a stray lock of hair behind her ear, letting her fingers linger near her collarbone. Chad's eyes are glued to her.

TASHA
Well, I'm here all shift so you'd
better make those stories good. And
maybe...(pause) I'll keep those
martinis coming, just the way you
like 'em.

She winks at Chad, then turns to polish a glass, giving him a moment to admire her as he basks in her attention. Chad puffs on his cigar in his confidence. Tasha glances back with a smile as sharp as a razor blade, already calculating the tip she'll coax out of Chad by the end of the night.

Chad spins his chair around to face away from the bar, and says to himself under his breath.

CHAD
Oh yeah, this place just
got a whole lot better.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. CHAD'S HOUSE - DAY

Chad wakes up in his opulent bedroom. He stumbles out of bed, walks into the bathroom, brushes his teeth, and turns on the shower.

Chad exits the shower, brushes his hair, and dresses for work, smart business casual. He walks down the stairs, enters the garage, and opens the garage door.

He walks to the front of the house, picks up the For Sale/Under Contract sign in his yard, and carries it to the

garage.

He walks back to the street in front of his house and turns to admire it for a few moments.

He walks back to the garage, gets in his car, and pulls out of the driveway.

Chad drives through the city of Little Rock to his office building.

EXT. WALKER AND LANDSFORD - DAY

Chad pull into the parking lot of Walker and Landsford, parks his car, and briskly walks into the entrance of the building.

INT. WALKER AND LANDSFORD - DAY

He crosses the lobby and walks up the staircase, there he passes through the glass doors marked "Walker and Landsford." He stops and chats with a few people on his way back to his office.

INT. CHAD'S OFFICE - DAY

He enters his office, sits in his chair, and swings around to look out the windows of his corner office. Chad's secretary, Tessa Blake enters Chad's office carrying a large manila envelope.

TESSA BLAKE

This arrived for you by courier
earlier this morning,

Tessa hands Chad the envelope.

TESSA BLAKE

And Mr. Landsford wants to see you
as soon as possible this morning.
(pausing) He requested that over an
hour ago.

Chad looks at his watch.

CHAD

Thanks Tessa, I'll head over there
in a few minutes. Please clear all
my calls and meetings for the day
if you would.

TESSA BLAKE

Do you think it's about the
promotion?

CHAD

Well Tessa, things have been going
pretty well for me, and I can't
(MORE)

CHAD (cont'd)
seem to think of anything else it
could be about.

TESSA BLAKE
Good luck, and don't forget about
us when you move up to the "circle
of power."

Tessa leaves Chad's office. Chad looks at the envelope, it is from his attorney. He removes a letter opener from his desk drawer and scans the pages of his final divorce decree. He smiles, puts the papers back into the envelope, and puts the envelope back into his desk. He picks up the phone and dials an internal line.

CHAD
This is Chad Dawson, would now be a
good time to see Mr. Landsford?
(pause) OK, I'll be right up.

Chad exits his office and proceeds up the staircase to a suite of posh offices. He heads to the office marked simply "A. Landsford". He nods at Mr. Landsford's secretary, she nods back, and Chad proceeds into the office.

INT. A. LANDSFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

Chad approaches Mr. Landsford's desk, and Landsford gestures for Chad to sit. There is a woman already sitting at one of the chairs at Landsford's desk, holding a file of papers. Chad nods toward the woman and sits.

A. LANDSFORD
Thanks for seeing me on such short
notice Chad.

CHAD
My pleasure sir.

A. LANDSFORD
Chad, I believe you know our
general counsel Maria Sharpe, we
have something important to discuss
and I thought it best if she were
here.

Chad stands and shakes Maria's hand.

CHAD
I do, good to see you again Ms.
Sharpe.

Chad sits back down across from Landsford.

A. LANDSFORD
Chad, I'm afraid I have some bad
news for you. We are terminating
(MORE)

A. LANDSFORD (cont'd)
your employment at Walker and
Landsford, effective immediately.
Ms. Sharpe here has some paperwork
we will need to go over.

Chad is stunned, he looks at Landsford, then Ms. Sharpe,
then back at Landsford.

CHAD
I'm sorry sir, I don't understand.
I just landed us the biggest
account in Walker and Landsford's
history. What's going on?

MARIA SHARPE
Mr. Dawson, a few weeks back we
received a call from Arnold
Shoemaker, CEO of Cingo Industries.

A. LANDSFORD
Let me cut to the chase. Cingo
cancelled our contract, because you
had a sexual relationship with
their head of Procurement.

CHAD
I, I don't know what to say.

MARIA SHARPE
A denial would have been an
appropriate response, but since
that isn't forthcoming, and their
head of Procurement admitted to the
affair, we need to move on as if it
is true.

A. LANDSFORD
When we received that information
from Cingo, we opened an internal
investigation of your activities
here at Walker and Landsford, in
particular to your expense account.

MARIA SHARPE
Needles to say, we found many
irregularities in your expense
accounting over the past year.

Maria hands Chad some papers from her file, which he quickly
looks through.

A. LANDSFORD
Chad, we saw you as a rising star
here at Walker and Landsford, but
we cannot and will not condone this
type of behavior here. Our firm has
been built on our reputation of
(MORE)

A. LANDSFORD (cont'd)
honesty and integrity, we're not
about to put that at risk now.

Maria hands Chad several more papers from her file.

MARIA SHARPE
These are our rules of operations
and conduct, along with copies of
your acknowledgement to adhere to
from your annual training sessions.
As such, your termination is "for
cause."

CHAD
What does that mean?

A. LANDSFORD
That means you are fired for
breaking the rules, and any and all
severance in your employment
agreement is null and void.

MARIA SHARPE
Even further, we will be
withholding all 401K contributions,
bonuses, and accrued wages as
compensation for the falsified
expense reports, in lieu of Walker
and Landsford initiating litigation
to recoup these damages.

Maria hands Chad another stack of papers.

MARIA SHARPE
If you will review these documents,
you'll see that this is a much
better deal for you than for Walker
and Landsford. We'd prefer to
resolve this amicably and quietly,
and just move on as if this
unfortunate incident never
occurred.

Maria hands Chad the final stack of papers from her folder.

MARIA SHARPE
Mr. Dawson, these are your
separation papers. I strongly
suggest you have your attorney
review them, and honestly discuss
with your attorney your options.

Ms. Sharpe hands Chad the empty file folder, and Chad puts
all of the papers into the folder.

CHAD
Oh, you bet I will discuss this
with my attorney.

MARIA SHARPE

One thing to note, this offer will expire three days from today. After that, we will have no choice but to initiate litigation. We have the filing prepared, and if we do not have your executed copies back here in three days, we will move forward with the filing.

Landsford presses a button on his phone, and two security guards appear at Landsford's door with boxes.

A. LANDSFORD

We've taken the liberty of packing the personal effects from your office for you, and these men will escort you to your car and off the premises. If you find there is anything missing, send an email to my EA and we will get it right over to you.

Chad stands, looks at Landsford and Ms. Sharpe.

A. LANDSFORD

And one more thing Chad, I'll need your ID, your mobile phone, and your corporate card.

Chad removes the requested items and places them on Landsford's desk.

CHAD

So this is it?

A. LANDSFORD

This is it Chad. And remember, you do have a three year non-compete clause in your employment agreement, but I don't think that will be necessary, as I've heard the word on the street is that you are toxic, and no one in this industry would touch you with a ten-foot pole.

Chad looks again at Landsford and Ms. Sharpe, heads toward the door, and nods for the men carrying the boxes to follow him.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - DAY

The same office as before, but the atmosphere is heavier with blinds drawn, casting the room in muted shadows. Papers

are scattered across Ben's desk. Chad slumps in the chair, his entire being appearing ruffled. Chad gestures wildly at the documents, and he speaks with desperation.

CHAD

Ben, this can't be happening. They fired me...for cause? After everything I've done for that firm? For crying out loud, I landed the Cingo account. They thought it was untouchable! That alone should have made me sacred.

Ben, sitting behind his desk, glasses perched low on his nose as he scans the papers on his desk. His expression is that of sympathy and grim realism, with just a touch of disdain for what he has learned about Chad.

BEN DAVIS

Slow down Chad. I've read through these twice now. The affair with Cingo's head of procurement, that's a clear conflict of interest. And the expense reports, falsifying client meetings to cover personal tabs? That's fraud, plain and simple. They have receipts, timestamps, even witness statements from that cigar bar so you often frequent.

Chad leans forward, slamming a fist on the desk lightly, his demeanor now that of raw frustration.

CHAD

But it's not fair! The Cingo deal was legit! I earned that contract on merit. The affair, if you could call it that, it was after hours and consensual. And the expenses? Everyone pads a little, it's an industry standard! Can't we fight this? Wrongful termination? Sue for the bonus, the 401K, their withholding everything. Juries love the little guys, the Davids fighting the Goliaths.

Ben removes his glasses and rubs the bridge of his nose. His voice is steady but firm, as if he were a doctor delivering that ultimate bad news.

BEN DAVIS

Do you deny any of these allegations? Can you provide proof, evidence that they are false?

Chad slumps back in his chair, looks down at the carpet, and shakes his head slowly.

BEN DAVIS

Chad, listen to me. Your employment agreement is airtight. You signed off on the code of conduct every year, honesty, integrity, no conflicts. The "for cause" clause rightly kicks in here, voiding severance, bonuses, all of it. And pursuing litigation? They'd counter sue for the expenses, drag in the affair details, make it public. Your non-compete is three years; no firm in this town would hire you with that hanging over your head. Word's already out. You said it yourself, Landsford called you "toxic."

Chad stands and begins pacing the room, running his hands through his hair, his confidence is shattered.

CHAD

There has to be something. A loophole. A settlement. What about the divorce? Can we reopen that? Delores got everything based on my old assets, and now I'm broke! She doesn't deserve it all if I'm having to start from zero.

Ben shakes his head and leans back in his chair, the weight of inevitability in his tone.

BEN DAVIS

The divorce is final Chad. We filed it a couple days ago, just like you insisted. Reopening it now would require proving fraud or new evidence, but you'd be admitting to hiding assets during negotiations. That could backfire spectacularly, perjury charges even, and land you in deeper water than you are in now. And with your firing, the courts don't look kindly on that. You're better off signing their separation agreement before the three-day window closes.

Ben stands, walks over to Chad and places his hand on Chad's shoulder.

BEN DAVIS

Take the quiet exit. It's damage control at this point.

Chad looks Ben in the eye.

CHAD

So that's it? I gambled
everything, and lost?

Ben sits back down behind his desk and slides the papers toward Chad.

BEN DAVIS

Afraid so. Sign it Chad. Move on.
Start fresh somewhere else, maybe
out of state, away from the
non-compete. But fighting this?
It'll only bury you deeper.

Chad sits back down, picks up a pen and stares at the documents for a few long moments, then sets the pen down without having signed the documents. He stands, defeated, grabbing his jacket.

CHAD

I'll, I'll think about it. Thanks
Ben. For nothing.

Chad exits, the door clicking shut behind him. Ben sighs deeply, staring at the empty chair.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. WALKER AND LANDSFORD - DAY

Chad pushes through the glass doors, his stride purposeful but measured. He has a manila envelope tucked under his arm. He appears composed, but his face betrays his sleepless night. The receptionist stands up from behind her desk with her phone in her hand.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Dawson, you can't just, I'll
have to call security.

Chad waves her off with a smile and heads straight for the staircase.

CHAD

It's fine Karen, I just need a
quick word with Mr. Landsford. He's
probably expecting me. I won't be
long.

Karen hesitates, then she dials as Chad works his way up the stairs. Whispers ripple through the open-floorplan offices as his ex-colleagues see him.

INT. A. LANDSFORD'S OFFICE - DAY

Landsford is in mid conversation with Maria, gesturing at a spreadsheet on his desk. The door opens without a knock and

Chad enters, closing it softly behind him. Landsford's secretary opens the door and peeks in, but he waves her off and she closes the door.

A. LANDSFORD

Chad. This is a surprise, albeit not a welcome one. You were terminated and escorted out for good reason. What are you doing here?

Chad approaches the desk slowly with his hands raised in a placating gesture. His voice is steady, but laced with urgency. He sets the envelope down gently, as if offering an olive branch.

CHAD

Mr. Landsford. Arthur. Please hear me out. I know I shouldn't be here, but I had to come in person. This whole thing, this whole, misunderstanding, I can fix it. Give me a chance to explain, to make it right.

Maria crosses her arms, her posture rigid, and exchanges a skeptical glance with Landsford.

MARIA SHARPE

Mr. Dawson, explanations won't change the facts. The investigation was thorough. The outcomes conclusive. The affair with Cinco's procurement head compromised a major contract, not to mention the reputation of the firm and it's principals. And your expense reports, they're indefensible. This is not negotiable.

Chad pulls out a chair and sits, leaning forward earnestly toward Landsford, as if he hadn't heard a word Maria said.

CHAD

Look, I get it. The Cinco thing was stupid, reckless. But it had nothing to do with the deal. I closed that account on pure merit. Late nights. Endless research and preparations. Killer pitches. Building relationships the right way.

Chad, feeling more comfortable, leans back in his chair.

CHAD

The personal stuff? It happened after hours, and it was mutual. No coercion, no quid pro quo. And as for the expenses? Yeah, OK, I padded a few. But come on, who hasn't now and then? It's how the game is played, not just here, it's everywhere. I can pay it back. Deduct it from my bonus, my 401K, whatever. Just don't throw away everything I've built here. Built for this company. Built for you, Arthur.

A. LANDSFORD

Chad, you were a star. I won't deny that. We had big plans for you. But stars burn out when they break the rules. Our firm's reputation is everything. We can't have conflicts like this eroding our trust. And the fraud? It's not just padding, it's theft, plain and simple. We've already lost Cingo because of you, millions of dollars down the drain.

Chad's eyes plead as he dropped his voice to a more personal tone.

CHAD

Arthur, we've known each other for years. I started here as an intern, worked my way up. Remember the late nights on the Harlan project? You'd given up, but I saved that account single-handedly. I'm not asking for a free pass, just a second chance. Probation, demotion, whatever it takes. I'll sign a new agreement with stricter terms. I'll mentor the juniors, I'll take on the grunt work, the dead and dying accounts no one else will touch. Please don't let it end like this. I can still deliver for Walker and Landsford. You know I can.

Maria shakes her head, her voice firm and clinical.

MARIA SHARPE

It's too late Mr. Dawson. The board is aware and the paperwork has been filed. Reinstating you would open us up to lawsuits from Cingo, not to mention the morale issues.

(MORE)

MARIA SHARPE (cont'd)

And your non-compete? It's
ironclad. You are out of this game
for three years. At least.

Chad's composure cracks, his face becomes flushed as he loses his self control in his frustration. He stands up and grabs the envelope off Landsford's desk.

CHAD

So that's it? I come to you, hat in
hand, willing to make things
right, and you're going to discard
me like yesterday's trash? After
all I've given this place? You
hypocrites! Bet you're own closets
aren't spotless. Fine. If you won't
reconsider, then take your damn
papers.

Chad rips open the envelope, pulls out the signed papers, and furiously flings them away as they scatter across the office.

CHAD

Signed, sealed, and now delivered
you vultures! I hope your happy.
But mark my words, this isn't over.
You'll regret this.

Landsford presses the intercom button without emotion.

A. LANDSFORD

Security, my office, immediately.

Maria starts gathering up the papers, looking at each one as if to validate the signatures. Chad glares at them both, then storms out as two security guards round the corner in the hallway. Chad brushes right past them and exits the building.

Landsford sighs, rubs his temples, as Maria continues to pick up and straighten out the papers.

MARIA SHARPE

Well, that went about as well as
expected.

FADE OUT

FADE IN

INT. HAVEN HOUSE - DAY

Chad enters the Haven House, a shelter for homeless men. He is taken aback by it's dimly lit shabby interior, and is caught off-guard by it's smell. He carries a week-old unshaven look, his clothes rumpled and dirty. Conflicted in his demeanor between the arrogant success of his past and

the hopelessness of having lost everything, he approaches the counter.

CHAD

Hi, I'm Chad. I've been out on the streets for a couple days, and could sure use a place to stay for a couple of days while I try to regroup.

The receptionist, CLARA WREN, is a compassionate yet resilient woman, black, attractive, in her mid-30s with a kind smile that puts people at ease.

CLARA

Hello Chad, I'm Clara. While I'm sorry circumstances have brought you here, I'm glad we are here for you, and that you've come to us to help. Why don't you come into my office, and you can tell me a bit about your situation, and how we can help.

Chad follows Clara into a small dark room, a far cry from the opulent offices of Landsford and his attorney, Ben Davis. Clara sits in the metal chair behind the old desk which looks like it was rescued from the set of a 1930s movie set about gangsters, and Chad sits across the desk from Clara.

CLARA

So Chad...?

CHAD

Dawson. Chad Dawson.

CLARA

So Chad Dawson, tell me a little bit about yourself, and what brings you here. Now be aware, I'm not a doctor or a shrink. Nothing is confidential as we need your background for proper assimilation into our little community here. But along with everyone else here, I have a few skeletons in my closet, so I will use proper discretion in introducing you to our other residents.

Chad gazes at Clara with an investigative stare, trying to determine the level of trust he can bestow upon her, eventually relenting and realizing that Clara has the experience and miles on her to read right through him, and that Clara is his current only hope.

CHAD

Well Clara, not too long ago, I was a very successful businessman. Through a series of unfortunate events, I lost my job, my wife, my house, my car, and all my money. Everything. I lost everything I had.

Clara's eyes pierce into Chad.

CLARA

Drugs?

CHAD

No. Not ever.

CLARA

Good. We don't tolerate drugs here. Violence?

CHAD

No, you could say I'm a lover, not a fighter.

Clara relaxes a bit.

CLARA

Might help if you can expand on what happened, but I'll understand if you're not ready for that yet.

CHAD

Thanks, I'm not ready.

CLARA

You said you lost your job, car, wife, everything. What about your faith?

CHAD

After the way my company treated me after delivering them the biggest deal in their history, yeah, you could say that I lost my faith in them.

CLARA

So I assume when you were a successful businessman, you worshipped your job?

CHAD

Not just my job, but the company I worked for and it's founders. They allowed me to develop and grow into a king in my industry. For a while I was on top of the world, until

(MORE)

CHAD (cont'd)

they pulled the rug from right out under me. I went back to them, hat in hand, begging to rebuild what I once had, to even restart from the beginning. They cast me aside as if I were a bottle of Gallo at a French wine tasting. So yeah, I lost my faith.

CLARA

So you'd given your life, devoted your life to your company and they threw you away?

CHAD

Exactly.

CLARA

I understand. And I can commiserate with your experience. You're not the first resident here with a story like this, and I'm afraid you won't be the last.

Clara pauses, with a sympathetic look.

CLARA

Do you have plans?

CHAD

No, not yet. I'm full of anger, but I'm smart enough to know that anger driven revenge is the worst thing possible. I need to get over this bad situation I'm in, relax, and create a viable recovery.

Clara smiles.

CLARA

Well Chad, I appreciate your candor. We are quite full here now, but we can accommodate you if you're willing to bunk up with another resident.

CHAD

Not what I hoped for, but I'm at the end of my rope. I've never had to ask anyone for help before, but I'm out of options. Anything is better than living on the streets like I've done for the past week.

CLARA

Well then Mr. Chad Dawson, let's go meet your new roommate, Sam Banks.

Chad and Clara stand, and Clara leads Chad through a dark, narrow hallway with numbered doors on each side.

CLARA

Here's your room, 210.

They stop at room 210, and Chad notices that the number on the door has been altered. In front of the number 210, a crudely shaped letter "E" has been pasted on, and there is a stick on dot between the 2 and the 10.

Clara knocks lightly on the door.

CLARA

Sam, it's Clara. We have a new roommate for you.

FADE OUT

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