

CONDENSER

Written by

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SUPER: THREE YEARS AGO

INT. SPACIOUS LIVING ROOM - DAY

Bare and drab, sparsely furnished. An antique rotary desk phone atop a student desk.

ROWDY, 22, dissolute and scrappy, gives his unkempt hair a fling and sets a cordless phone next to a vial of airplane glue.

He reclines in the roller chair and wiggles to get comfortable. His heels slide off the window sill and bang the floor.

He freezes, listens and hears nothing.

He cautiously lifts his legs, the chair rolls, his butt slips. Precariously balanced, he reclines in comfort.

A crumpled sheet of paper on his lap.

His eyes water and nose streams mucus. He shudders and wipes. His sad and whiny voice struggles to string words together.

ROWDY

Naw, still here. Just thinking.
Man. Not maybe. It just ain't for
me. Wes. Wes! Listen.

WES (V.O.)

Adam. We're friends but you have to
take this serious. You need to
study. Take a preparatory course.
Something. What exactly did you
get?

Rowdy unfurls the crumpled paper and mourns: SAT Results, his placement is an arrow near the bottom.

ROWDY

You're already in grad school.
Berkeley. I mean. Expensive. How
many more years until you're a
psychologist.

WES (V.O.)

Post-graduate studies to be a
psychiatrist. And it's six. You can
take the test again.

ROWDY

No. I studied and my score got worse.

WES (V.O.)

Worse!

ROWDY

Whatever. What's school gonna cost?

WES (V.O.)

All in? Tuition, room and board, meals, travel, extracurricular, clothing, casual and suit jackets.

Rowdy grows impatient and regrets asking as Wes calculates.

WES (V.O.)

\$400 thousand.

ROWDY

You. You already paid like 200 G's! That's like six large just to be a doctor! Just to get a job. Man. I'm making money now. Gotta pay for shit. Like yesterday!

WES (V.O.)

It's a lot, but it will be worth it. What they call an investment. You can't put a price on education. Look towards the future, don't dwell in the past.

ROWDY

Man, I get it. I really do. Just 600k. Tough to dig up that kind of loot. Don't want to find myself in anyone's pocket. Be someone. The last thing my pops said before he up and split.

WES (V.O.)

My dad says hi. It's a student loan. You're not in someone's pocket, whatever that means.

Rowdy remembers something sad as he canters the vial and the glue avalanches. He alerts at a \$19.95 price sticker.

ROWDY

\$20 a fucking bottle!

WES (V.O.)
Bottle? What are you talking about?

ROWDY
Like the British Alps!

WES (V.O.)
Swiss Alps, Adam. You're not what
we refer to as motivated. A go-
getter, or a--

ROWDY
--Whoa! I get it. Chill the fuck
out man. You're my friend, right?

Wes deliberates a response as Rowdy cringes at the silence.

Rowdy unscrews the vial and huffs. He rears back, emits a
bizarre shriek and wildly shakes his head. He falls butt
first to the floor with a thud.

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

ROWDY
Yeah.

WES (V.O.)
If the money is an issue.

ROWDY
It isn't. Can't spend what you
don't have. I ain't taking no
student loan.

WES (V.O.)
Any loan.

ROWDY
Any loan. Whatever. I ain't owing
no one.

WES (V.O.)
Am not. Well, a good option for you
to get started are these mini-
seminars called TedTalks. Business
school and life training rolled
into one. They're on the Internet.
The best thing is, they're free.

Rowdy trembles as he clamors to his chair and swipes hair
from his eyes. His hand cramps. Pained and intense, he
struggles to straighten his claw-like fingers.

ROWDY
Yeah. I don't think--

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

Wes awkwardly snickers as Rowdy shakes his hand out and beams at the disobeying fingers.

WES (V.O.)
Listen, TedTalks are quick and easy. It may get you traction, to get started. Otherwise, keep doing what you're doing now and you're going to waste your life away. You told me. You insisted, that wasn't going to happen! Remember?

ROWDY
Yeah, I remember.

WES (V.O.)
You need to find your higher purpose.

ROWDY
My higher purpose? Easy. To get high!

WES (V.O.)
Ah. No. Think beyond the horizon of your childish intellect. Not tomorrow or next week. Think next year. The year after. Someday your grandmother is going to kick you out. You'll need to grow up. Take responsibility. Be an adult. You need to plan for that today.

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

WES (V.O.)
No, Adam. She hates you. In fact, I'm fairly certain she wants you gone. As I recall, those were her exact words. Gone. What then? What if she throws you out. You have no where to go.

Rowdy's mood worsens as he realizes Wes is right. His feet slip from the sill and slam the floor hard with a bang.

An old woman's ornery voice carries through the open door.

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

Rowdy reaches to muffle the handset. He's too slow.

WES (V.O.)
 Rowdy?

Rowdy fumes. He goes ridged and stares somewhere in the distance. In an unheard whisper, he corrects her.

ROWDY
 Adam. My name is Adam. For the last
 fucking time, my fucking name is
 Adam.

Her words grow louder as the house creaks.

MOM (O.S.)
 That's all you do! Rowdy fucking
 racket. Take out the trash, mow the
 lawn? Instead of being so fucking
 rowdy all the fucking time! Well I
 warned you. I told you what was
 gonna happen.

Rowdy faces the doorway as his mind searches for answers. He hears a whining sound and his eye twitches. He flinches as the noise persists and drowns Wes's squeaky voice.

WES (V.O.)
 Adam. Who is Rowdy? Adam?

Footsteps mingle with the tap of a walking stick climb the stairs.

Rowdy grabs the glue and takes a massive huff. His pupils shrink to pinpoints. His twitching eye goes crooked and sticks as he contemplates something despicable.

MOM (O.S.)
 What? Got nothin to say? Too damn
 late. You're out. Die on the
 fucking street for all I care you
 little-

The whining sound fills his ears. Rowdy decides and stands.

MOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 --shit! I knew I shouldn't take you
 in. Your fucking whore mom.
 (MORE)

MOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Better off dead. Feeding a stray
fucking cat.

Pained, the whining sound drowns everything. Rowdy digs his fingers into his skull in an attempt to ease the pain.

MOM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You'll rot. Lazy no-good sack of--

The ringing is too much. He decides and strides towards the door.

He passes the desk and snatches the rotary phone.

He rips the cord from the wall and grips its faceplate.

Wes's squeaky voice grows distant as Rowdy storms out the door.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

MOM, 70, an ornery spitfire, curses as she creeps up the last step.

MOM
Pack your shit you rowdy little
fucker--

Rowdy tackles her.

They crashes through an interior door.

INT. LAUNDRY CLOSET - DAY

She skids to a stop and realizes. Panic races across her face. Her raspy breath a series of short gasps.

MOM
Get the fuck off--

Enraged Rowdy mounts her. He strikes her head with the phone.

ROWDY
--Die, you fucking bitch. Die!

The handset and cord whip and tangle. He releases the phone and climbs to his feet.

MOM
Rowdy, no. Stop.

Blood and thin gray hair cling to the phone's base.

He pulls the laundry chute open.

ROWDY

You pack your shit! I'm gonna be
someone grandma. I'm gonna!

He grabs a handful of her hair and yanks. He pulls at her bathrobe. She squirms and resists.

He tugs her deadweight to her feet and shoves her towards the chute.

She realizes what Rowdy plans to do and she flails. Her whimpers and cries merge. She sprawls her thin arms beyond the small opening.

MOM

No. I'm sorry.

A stream of blood races down her face.

ROWDY

You're the failure!

MOM

Adam, please.

The chute's metal edge slices her finger open. She grasps for anything.

Blood smears on the wall.

ROWDY

No more. It is time for you--

Rowdy pushes and shoves. He batter her into complete submission. He shoves her head first into the chute. He lifts and pounds her frail body to fit.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

--To go!

She gives up. Her torso dangles in the dark and dusty abyss.

She tries to imagine another place and says a prayer.

Rowdy grabs her legs and pushes. Two legs protrude from the chute.

She squints as the last light disappears.

MOM

Adam.

Gravity takes over.

INT. GREAT ROOM - DAY

Sweat-soaked and accomplished, Rowdy collapses into the chair and gathers himself. His bloody hand swipes his hair back.

A giant huff and he holds his breath. He exhales with a bizarre whimper. His head shakes. He pirouettes in the chair.

ROWDY

Yeow!

He lifts his feet to the sill, misses, and they slam the floor.

He listens to the silence, smiles and enjoys the moment.

A timid quiet voice breaks the silence.

WES (V.O.)

Adam. Adam?

Rowdy's head hangs heavy.

ROWDY

Uh. Yeah?

WES (V.O.)

You. O-kay?

ROWDY

Yeah. Everything's great.

WES (V.O.)

Was that screaming?

ROWDY

Uh. No. Just a bird.

WES (V.O.)

A bird?

ROWDY

Yeah, a seagull or an owl.

WES (V.O.)

Adam, you live inland. Owls are nocturnal.

ROWDY

A falcon then. Jesus! What are you an orthodontist. Everything's fucking good!

WES (V.O.)

Ornithologist. So you're good?

ROWDY

Ted?

WES (V.O.)

Ted what?

ROWDY

You said it. Ted. Ted fucking what?

WES (V.O.)

TedTalks.

ROWDY

Yeah. Those sound good.

SUPER: TWO YEARS AGO

An impressive desk and executive chair. The same rotary phone. Rowdy displays good posture and adjusts the buttons on his fashionable street skate wear.

BOX, 40, a boisterous swine, in soiled luxury dress, stands with his crotch near Rowdy's face in a show of dominance. His neck fat jiggles as he chuckles.

BOX

I like what you've done with the place! New cloths, new hair cut. Same Rowdy. Though, the chair isn't really you. Lacks character.

Rowdy alerts as Box picks up an open vial of airplane glue.

BOX (CONT'D)

Taken up a hobby. Modeling? Toy cars perhaps.

Rowdy gestures an objection.

A small lock box picked open.

ARNY, 30, a wiry weasel, grins and returns a pick to his pocket. He fiddles with his belt worn badge.

ARNY

Got it.

Arny counts a small stack of bills.

BOX

Looking a little light? You may want something a little more secure. Sturdier.

ARNY

Almost \$3,000.

Disgusted, Rowdy utters.

ROWDY

Tuition for one class.

BOX

Some class? What? You can't leave money laying around. Mind if we seize these drug proceeds?

HAYDEN, 25, strapping and uneasy, dons a rookie police uniform as he hovers in the doorway. With dissatisfaction, he takes it all in.

Rowdy scans for an ally. Nope, he realizes he's alone and squirms. He struggles to remain composed. He emits a bizarre whimper heard by everyone and met with sideways glances.

ROWDY

All yours Mr. Box sir.

BOX

Your father would be so very proud.

Tense, Rowdy fidgets and leans to stand.

Box stops him.

BOX (CONT'D)

Keep your seat. This won't take long. The reality is I like to fish. But, hey, who doesn't? If everyone fished, every time they wanted, before too long, there's be nothing left to fish for. No fish. Imagine that. That's where catch and release came from. I think with hunting they call it, what? Not, shoot and release?

Box scans for help.

ARNY
Tag and release, sir.

BOX
Yeah, thanks. Tag and release.

Box notices as Hayden shakes his head in disbelief.

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

ROWDY
I follow. Like the growth mindset?

BOX
I don't know about no growth mindset.

ROWDY
I just finished Carol D. D something's TedTalk on developing a growth mindset. Like always being open to expansion. And shit. She said--

BOX
--Unless Ted and Carol are part of your little crew, I don't give two shits. Follow?

ROWDY
Yep.

BOX
Good. You provide a steady stream of little fish, we'll let you earn and grow your mindset a little. But you gotta stay in your steam. Is that what you want?

Rowdy deliberates as Box glares for an answer.

ROWDY
Uh. Yeah.

Rowdy studies the floor as he struggles to pull himself together.

BOX

You don't look so sure. But of course you do. What else would you want. We all have goals. Quotas.

Rowdy gestures to Hayden.

ROWDY

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

BOX

He's just having a rough day. Don't make it worse.

Box removes his shoe from the desk. He stares out the window and reflects.

Rowdy notices a shoe scuff mark on his desk. He wipes with his finger. Then rubs harder with some spit. He emits a bizarre whimper as the scuff wipes off.

BOX (CONT'D)

So?

Rowdy rolls his eyes and decides to mock him.

ROWDY

So?

ARNY

Give us a name? Cuz we have yours.

Rowdy squirms and considers. He emits a bizarre whimper.

A moment of tension.

ROWDY

Pete Gurblack.

In disbelief, Hayden shakes his head and studies the floor.

ARNY

What's he do?

ROWDY

New guy. A mule. He'll have 10-20 pounds on him.

ARNY

Cash?

ROWDY

Probably.

Arny smiles and takes some notes.

ARNY

Where do we find him?

ROWDY

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

ARNY

Guns?

ROWDY

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

BOX

Good. Good?

Box scans as if at a podium and solicits applause and Hayden avoids eye contact.

BOX (CONT'D)

Smart kid. You know, Adam. You need to find a way to relax. Lots of pressure. Stress is quite the killer. Specially in the line of work you chose.

ARNY

Just a few more details.

Box sees Hayden's continued angst and approaches.

BOX

You good?

Hayden looks sideways.

OFFICER HAYDEN

I hate this. You act like this just stuff just happens.

BOX

Hate what?

OFFICER HAYDEN

Working with criminals. Dealing with these scumbags. They should all just be locked up. Justice.

BOX

Ideals, right? Easier said. You think I like this shit?

OFFICER HAYDEN

You sure enjoy the wardrobe.

Hayden eyes the best dressed man in the room.

Box stands his ground and makes a point.

BOX

You work UC narcotics, you make it happen. Or you end on some go-nowhere case. We get results. You're the new guy. You'll be UC. You want results? You make it happen cuz it just won't do it on its own.

OFFICER HAYDEN

At what cost?

BOX

Look. There's always someone bigger. Someday, we'll get this douche-bag and the mystery guy he works for. Funny thing about arresting the dangerous head of a multi-million-dollar narco-ring and arresting some schmo with an ounce of weed, they both count as one arrest! Be smart. Play the game.

OFFICER HAYDEN

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

BOX

Can't or won't?

OFFICER HAYDEN

I just won't. What if I don't want the easy way out?

Arny taps the note pad. He has what he needs.

BOX

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

SUPER: A YEAR AGO

Orange fiery carpet. Some mismatched chairs strewn about.

SCUTTER, 40, short, humble with incredible presence, in a casual jogging suit and flip-flops wields a wrapped gift.

SCUTTER

I want you to have this.

Rowdy stands and adjusts his fancy three-button suit. A concealed vial of airplane glue in his hand.

Scutter hands Rowdy a tissue paper wrapped framed gift.

Rowdy unwraps a 8 x 10 framed and autographed photo of Tony Robbins.

SCUTTER (CONT'D)

I thought you'd like this.

ROWDY

Oh my God! It's Tony Robbins. The guy has done like 20 TedTalks. He's. Oh, man. He's my hero.

SCUTTER

Everyone needs a hero.

ROWDY

Even you?

SCUTTER

Yes, even me. Every time going gets rough. You think of him. Think of Tony Robbins. Take a deep breath and focus. Ask yourself, what would Tony do?

ROWDY

This is greatest gift ever! And it's autographed. To me?

There's a scribble on the photo which could be anything.

A sigh from a man atop a ladder.

SCUTTER

Yes, for you. I set you up because you have potential. Because I got trust in you.

ROWDY

Thanks dad. I mean. Mr. Scutter,
sir!

Scutter rests a hand upon Rowdy's shoulder and makes eye contact.

SCUTTER

Now, Adam. You are a leader of men,
an executive. It's more than how
you look. The suit is nice. People
who don't know you, see the suit,
and will judge you by that. Be
known by your actions. Your
character. You dress like this and
people think you're Vanilla Ice,
Eminem, or something. That's not
what you want. You want a low
profile. Look. Look at me.

Scutter steps back and Rowdy does as commanded.

SCUTTER (CONT'D)

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

ROWDY

I guess not.

SCUTTER

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

ROWDY

Yep.

SCUTTER

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

Rowdy's blank stare.

SCUTTER (CONT'D)

Like how Tony would say it.

This registers. Rowdy glances at the Robbins photo, takes a
breath and gathers himself.

ROWDY

Yes, I understand.

SCUTTER

Much better. You father would be proud.

Rowdy's eyes water as he envisions and takes great pride.

SCUTTER (CONT'D)

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

ROWDY

Yeah, I got it. I mean, yes, I understand.

Rowdy proudly sets the Robbins photo atop his desk. He slyly slips the airplane glue into a drawer.

A moment of hope for the both of them.

The moment abruptly ends as Rowdy alerts to his cell phone.

In disbelief, Scutter watches Rowdy check the CallerId.

SCUTTER

Must be important. You need to take that?

Rowdy misses the sarcasm and decides.

ROWDY

Ah. Yeah. Yes, it's my girlfriend.

Rowdy emits a bizarre whimper. He steps away as he answers.

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

Hey, babe. Naw, just in a meeting with the boss. Nuthin. We're wrapping up.

Disappointed, Scutter whispers a warning as Rowdy exits.

SCUTTER

No bueno my friend.

A TECHNICIAN, 30, a reformed mercenary tech savvy handyman, pushes some wires into place and climbs down the ladder.

TECH

Done.

SCUTTER
How's it look?

TECH
You'll see everything on your
laptop safely from the Fortress.
I'll send you the IP address and
log in.

SCUTTER
Great.

The Tech and Scutter react to Rowdy pacing the hallway.

ROWDY (O.S.)
No, no. I miss you! I miss you more
honey cup. Naw, you're my little
Twix bar!

SCUTTER
It's like kindergarten. Except with
bigger kids, and instead of candy
and time-outs, we have, well. This.

TECH
Pays better than a teacher's
salary.

SCUTTER
For sure. What do you think?

TECH
Him? Well. He has heart. But that's
about it. A few more screws loose
than most.

SCUTTER
Yeah. Exactly. We work with what we
have. Not long for the game, but
long enough.

SUPER: A MONTH AGO

Art-deco sponge painted walls a brilliant red over black and
ornate light fixtures.

Two pimp dressed brutes stand close. A tense conversation in
hushed voices.

LEAN SIX, 25, imposing and dim, wipes his sweaty brow as he
tries to slow his breath.

JAYSON, 25, stone-cold and brainy, wipes a speckle of blood from the Robbins photo and hands Lean a towel.

Lean wipes his bloody hands.

JAYSON

Yo, Six. But are we doing well enough?

LEAN

I'm with you bro. We want the real doe, we need to set up our own shop. Can't keep working for these thirsty fools.

Lean studies his scraped knuckles, and picks a clump of skin from beneath his fingernails.

JAYSON

You still think Chicago is the way to go?

LEAN

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

JAYSON

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

LEAN

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

Lean tosses the towel into the trash. He sees some traces of blood remain on his hands and he's okay with that.

JAYSON

That and working capital. At least another 2 large.

LEAN

It's all right here, J.

Lean follows Jayson's gaze towards a formidable desk safe.

They both imagine the riches.

JAYSON

Sure is.

LEAN

That fool keep 2 to 4 hun-ed in there. All The Time.

JAYSON

Walking-around change. While we starving like Marv.

LEAN

Why the fuck he keep it all there?

JAYSON

Man, I don't know what that fool planning. I heard him mumbling he needs six for school. Fucking code for something. He a mystery. We need to get it before it all disappear.

LEAN

Then we stuck here doing errand boy shit. You get him that piece?

JAYSON

Yeah, old school. I got kid a revolver.

LEAN

Like the wild west? Thought he wanted a Tec-9?

JAYSON

Yeah. I told him it was low-key.

LEAN

Ha. He always saying that. Dumb fuck.

JAYSON

Dumb or not. We gonna need a plan to get that loot.

JAYSON (CONT'D)

A plan. Fuck. An opportunity. Soon.

LEAN

Like yesterday. No doubt.

JAYSON

Keep you eyes on the prize.

LEAN

Why not just make the power play.
Me and my friends can get him to
open up.

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

JAYSON

He a man of will. Those tools work
on those spineless mutha fuckas.
Plus. Everyone got a boss. Even
Rowdy. Man. I don't know. His boss,
gotta be ruthless. Too hot to play.
He'll go to the ends if he
suspects.

LEAN

My eyes open! Man, we gotta do this
now. Cuz ain't waiting and he don't
take EBT. We gonna lose our place
in line.

JAYSON

We need someone close, take the
fall for this shit. Who won't see
it coming. Some fool.

They muse.

Some footsteps behind the closed door. A soft knock and the
door swings open.

In walks PETE, 25, a sunken-eyed weasel. He's all smiles as
he hums a happy tune and snaps with his four fingers.

LEAN

You was saying?

Lean and Jayson exchange a glance and drift apart.

PETE

What's up gentlemen?

JAYSON

You expected?

PETE

He called. Thought I'd be on
calendar.

JAYSON

Man. I dunno. I ain't his
secretary. Whatcha got Pete?

Pete sits and tries to make himself comfortable. He taps the armrest with each of his four fingers.

PETE

Nothing. Just a little issue.

LEAN

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

PETE

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

Jayson chuckles.

LEAN

Famous last words. Man. You funny!

Jayson nods to Lean.

JAYSON

Man, you call him Adam. That'll end the peace real quick.

PETE

I'm just playing.

JAYSON

Boss says we getting a big-screen in here.

LEAN

For the games?

JAYSON

Naw, for those friggen videos he always watch.

SUPER: TWO WEEKS AGO

Daylight pours across a wall crowded with gaudy paintings.

An oversized wooden throne under construction.

Some furniture for guests.

RUSS, 35, seasoned and disrespectful, stares past the window and looks forward to something.

Some footsteps creep near. He hears and chooses not to look.

Lynn, 25, Goth and playful, flaunts herself along the doorway as Russ averts eye contact.

She seeks an audience and strides over to him. She stands too close, purses her lips and breathes in his ear.

Russ repels a step.

Lynn steps closer.

LYNN

We can't just leave. He'll find us.

RUSS

I know Adam, he won't. He'll move on.

LYNN

You don't know him! He's crazy. He'll go nuts. That's why you need to do it.

Lynn grasps at his hand. Unsure, Russ pulls back.

RUSS

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

LYNN

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

Russ sees her eyes jitter and bounce.

RUSS

I have money. Let's just go. Get out of here. Be together. I can get a job in sales. Maybe, somewhere nice, like Cabo. Sell Time-shares. I'd be good--

Lynn beams and puts her foot down.

LYNN

--I'm not moving to fucking Mex-i-Co. I'm. We're not leaving. Everything we want is here! If you won't get rid of him. I will.

Russ recognizes hollow words.

RUSS

Yeah. How?

LYNN

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

RUSS

Rowdy isn't a genius. But he ain't no idiot. Be smart. If he suspects, he'll—

LYNN

--what?

RUSS

I don't know. You see him watching those stupid self-help masturbatory videos and think he's a fool. I see what's behind those eyes. The warped wheels spun off tracks a long time ago. The man has vision.

LYNN

So it's on me? Or Us?

RUSS

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

Lynn pulls Russ close. He studies her. She looks almost sane.

LYNN

You want to be with me, yes?

RUSS

More than anything.

SUPER: THIS MORNING

Ornate and gaudy paintings smother every wall.

An oversized throne-like wooden chair inscribed with demonic carvings, tacky crushed purple velvet armrests.

ROWDY, 25, a visionary brute slickster, in a high-end suit, kicks back and takes it all in. He eyes a safe filled with money.

ROWDY

Another shipment. I'll feel good. I'll have it.

TONY (V.O.)

Adam, you don't need a reason to feel good. You're alive.

Rowdy nods and smiles.

ROWDY
I'm alive.

He kicks the safe closed and picks up an issue of the Economist. He flips to the middle of a story about Jack Welch and his consulting company.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
I wish you were my dad, Jack. I'm going to make you proud.

Rowdy skims a sentence and mumbles a three-syllable word.

He sets the magazine aside.

The laptop and ceiling mounted TV synch with a paused YouTube video: How to Troubleshoot a Leaking Refrigerator, a kneeling man with a tool chest in front of a disassembled fridge.

He clicks the laptop mouse. The MAN in the video jumps to life.

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

Rowdy pecks opens dictionary.com. He types I-M-P-E-R-C-E-P-T-I-B-L-E in the text box. The definition populates, and he leans in and reads the definition.

ROWDY
Gradual, subtle.

Rowdy nods as he understands. He rehearses the word, roughly at first.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
Imperceptible. Imperceptible.

Pleased, Rowdy smiles as he cleanly pronounces the word.

He returns to the magazine and scans. Frustrated, he's unable to find where he left off and bizarrely whimpers. He eyes Robbins photo, calms himself and continues to scan.

He snaps as the phone rings.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
What!

BOX (V.O.)
Hello, Adam?

ROWDY

This is he. Him. Who--

BOX (V.O.)

--Hey. It's me. Gotta minute?

Rowdy sits upright and smiles as he recognizes the voice.

ROWDY

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

BOX (V.O.)

Got some Intel you'll want. I keep up with my end. You'll continue to do the same? Cause some day this Merry-Go-Round may stop.

ROWDY

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

Rowdy laughs alone.

BOX (V.O.)

You know, the girl who OD last week. Her dad was on the news acting like a nut.

ROWDY

Yeah. Like I said, it wasn't me. We don't cut like that shit quality stuff. I don't care how much more I could make. I gotta a reputation to uphold. Quality, consistency. Reliability.

BOX (V.O.)

Yeah, yeah. Save your gimmicks.

ROWDY

Still, we mitigated as you asked. Low key, you said, right? I think we got it handled. I don't know why you asked us though. Paid him off to shut it.

BOX (V.O.)

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

ROWDY
Who is a cop?

BOX (V.O.)
The man. The girl's father.

ROWDY
A cop! Fuck. You said he was a
factory worker, or some shit?

Rowdy emits a bizarre whimper.

BOX (V.O.)
He's one of ours, working
undercover. He's been suspended.

ROWDY
A cop. You had us payoff a fucking
cop! You're entrapping us. That's
entrap--.

BOX (V.O.)
--Nothing like that. Promise.

ROWDY
Better be. Better not be.

BOX (V.O.)
Well, he may have gotten it in his
mind you or your boss may be
responsible. For his daughter's
death--

ROWDY
--That's cuz you had me pay him!

BOX (V.O.)
Well. It should have made the
problem go away. But now he's
saying some crazy shit. I don't
think he'll try anything. But I
just wanted you to know. Because
we're all friends.

Rowdy fumbles with the phone as a larger issue races to the
front of his mind.

TONY (V.O.)
Success in life is the result of
good judgement.

ROWDY
Yeah. Cuz we friends, right
detective. Yeah.

BOX (V.O.)
Just to be safe, you should put me
in touch with your boss--

ROWDY
--Man. Nice try! Some shit you got
me into. Boss stays Low-Key. Too
many close calls. And you ain't
getting with him.

BOX (V.O.)
Ok. Well, pass along the warning.
Rowdy, have a good night. Rains a
coming. Happy Halloween.

ROWDY
You too. Detective.

Rowdy hears a dial tone. He considers something grave and
stares out the window. He shakes off a bad feeling.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
Man. Always something in this
racket. Someday soon.

Rowdy smiles at the ceiling as he imagines. His eyes fall to
the Robbins photo.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
Paging doctor Adam. Doctor Adam--

A light knock and the door opens as Lean strides in. He
overhears Rowdy talking to himself and shakes it off.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
Gonna need you to stay On tonight.
May have trouble.

LEAN
What kind of trouble?

Rowdy drifts into reflection and Lean is left to wonder.

Lean shakes his head and checks his fingernails.

LATER

Pete paces and fidgets. He pauses at window, scans the room
and sees he's alone. He peeks down the street and spots an
minivan with tinted windows.

Pete mumbles and shakes his head as he stares at the minivan. He ensures he's alone. He leans towards his shoes and whispers.

PETE
Test, test, test.

He studies the minivan. Nothing happens.

Pete leans closer to his shoes and speaks louder.

PETE (CONT'D)
Test. Test. Vacation. Vacation.
Flash if you can hear me.

The minivan rocks.

An arm extends from the minivan's cab to the dashboard and the headlights flash.

Relieved, Pete smiles.

The headlights remain on.

Footsteps and some voice grow near.

Nervous, Pete tilts his faces close to his shoes.

PETE (CONT'D)
Your lights are on. Lights! Turn
them off!

Jayson clears the doorway and sees Pete glance out the window.

PETE (CONT'D)
Off. Off.

Jayson senses something wrong and marches towards Pete.

Jittery, Pete tries to conceal his panic. He jumps as Jayson steps close to him.

JAYSON
What the fuck you doing?

Pete grips the window sill.

PETE
Uh, nothing.

JAYSON
Nothing, huh. You awfully skittish
for nothing.

Jayson peers out the window as the minivan's headlights turn off. He studies Pete top to bottom.

Pete gasps as he struggles to remain composed.

PETE
Nothing. See.

Jayson's chest bumps Pete in a show of dominance.

JAYSON
I say if it's nothing.

Pete breaks gaze.

PETE
Where's Rowdy?

JAYSON
He coming. First, I'm gonna need those clothes.

Pinned against the window, Pete tilts his head back to avoid Jayson's breath.

PETE
What?

JAYSON
You heard exactly right, fool.

Jayson twirls his toothpick and beams.

PETE
Okay. Okay.

Jayson gives Pete a few inches of space.

Pete unbuttons his shirt.

JAYSON
Today mutherfucker!

Pete undresses faster. His pants drop to his ankles.

PETE
Good?

JAYSON
Gemme the clothes. In my God dam hands. Fool.

PETE
Okay, okay.

Jayson gestures and extends his arms.

Pete slips a pant leg past his shoes. He stumbles and the leg catches on the shoe. Pete falls face-first into the wall.

Jayson rolls his eyes and chuckles. He refocuses.

JAYSON

You gonna piss me the fuck off.

Pete rubs his four-fingered hand on the bump on his head.

PETE

Ouch. It this nec-

Pete stops himself as Jayson feints a kick to his face.

JAYSON

Shut your mouth!

LATER

Black dress shoes atop a pile of Pete's neatly folded clothing. A shoe has one too many laces dangle.

Naked and on the floor, Pete wraps his arms around his knees and complains to himself.

PETE

This is bull shit. You can't keep--

JAYSON

--Shut it! Grab a seat.

Jayson nods to a wing back chair in front of the sprawling desk.

Pete slowly climbs to his feet.

Lean shuffles in and Jayson meets him at the doorway.

JAYSON (CONT'D)

Keep him on ice. Boss be in a few.

LEAN

What's he doing?

Lean glances as Pete stands and shields his privates.

JAYSON

Relax, protocol. Checking if he running a talk show.

Lean nods, but doesn't entirely understand.

Pete stands next to the chair and remembers a bad experience. Reluctant to sit, he looks for guidance.

JAYSON (CONT'D)
Yeah, right there.

Pete looks anything but relaxed.

PETE
Is there a cushion? A towel--

Jayson's final guidance.

JAYSON
Sit!

Pete slowly lowers himself into the wing back chair. He grimaces as his buttocks painfully squeak and stick.

A tacky sound and he winches as he tries to cross his legs. He settles and rests an arm between his legs.

LATER

Rowdy, sits tall like a King. Fingers steepled and pressed against his Brooks Brothers tie, he glances towards a wing back chair and rehearses something.

A glance at the Robbins photo.

TONY (V.O.)
Stay committed to your decisions,
but stay flexible in your approach.

A breath. He's ready.

The tone of Rowdy's spoken words is intense. He struggles to speak beyond his education and modulates his words.

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

An unnecessarily long pause as he tries to suppress his bizarre whimper. It sneaks out. Upset, his eyes jerk sideways.

A small desk refrigerator.

He opens the fridge and grabs a bottle of Kombucha. He gives it a shake.

Rain pelts the window.

Rowdy glances at the shadows of tree branches waving in the stormy night. Unsettled, he reacts to the bad weather. His bizarre whimper.

Rowdy opens the top desk drawer.

A revolver, a sealed bottle of airplane glue and a Hula-girl style bottle opener.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
Every quarter Jack would make—

Rowdy searches the ceiling for a word. Unsure, he emits a bizarre whimper.

He alerts as he remembers and raises the bottle opener.

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

Rowdy struggles to recall another word. The simultaneous use of the bottle opener and speech quickly overwhelms his Zen. His face twists and eye twitches.

Pete looks concerned. He's careful to nod and maintain eye contact.

The farce of a boardroom meeting continues.

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

Lean shuffles his weight between his feet, as he listens to the tone more than context.

The door opens.

Lean jumps and reaches under his jacket flap.

Rock music and raucous laughter from a distant party pours into the room.

Lynn dons a sexy cat costume and strokes the door jam.

LYNN
Hun. Ah. Quick minute?

Rowdy's face reddens as he struggles to avoid an outburst. He glances at the Robbins photograph silently counts down to relax.

ROWDY
Not now, babe. Everything good?

Lynn scans the room and realizes it may be a bad time as Rowdy glares for her to leave.

LYNN
Yeah.

ROWDY
Well. Go then.

Lynn holds her ground. She notices Pete's red welt.

LYNN
Uh. Yeah. I forgot to ask. I brought you a Twix bar. Your favorite.

Lynn waves the candy and tries to make it appealing with a shake. She nudges forward.

ROWDY
No thank you. Hun. Please. Some privacy.

LYNN
I thought of you.

ROWDY
Maybe Lean. You want a Twix?

Nervous, Lynn lowers the candy bar.

LYNN
I brought it for you. No offense, Lean. I can bring you whatever you like.

LEAN
I like Twix.

LYNN
I'll get you one.

LEAN
I'll take that one.

LYNN
It's for Adam.

ROWDY
He can have it. Just give it to him
already and go!

An uneasy silence. Unsure and confused, she repels.

LYNN
I'll bring you back something.

Lean looks disappointed.

ROWDY
Or don't.

LYNN
I love Halloween! Hun, I'll save it
for you. Lean, I'll bring you a
Hershey bar. Before the kids grab
them all.

LEAN
I don't like Hershey bars.

Rowdy looks for guidance at his Robbins photo and is met with
silence. He refocuses and gathers himself. He continues with
clarity and stands with poise.

ROWDY
No thank you. We appreciate the
courtesy and your attentiveness but
we're in the middle of a TedTalk.

LYNN
Okay. Your loss!

With a poorly hid sinister glance, Lynn pulls the door shut
behind her.

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

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

ROWDY
Welch.

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

ROWDY

My people.

PETE

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

Intrigued at the comment, Rowdy sips his Kombucha. He toys with the bottle. He balances it on edge and lets it fall flat. Carbonation stirs and fascinates him.

ROWDY

Exactly what I tell you?

Rowdy emits his bizarre exhale.

PETE

Yeah. Almost exactly.

ROWDY

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

PETE

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

ROWDY

I know. I know.

Unsure but opportunistic, Pete squirms.

PETE

Nuthin.

ROWDY

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

Pete gulps. Sweat beads merge into a trickle.

PETE

Right.

ROWDY

You know what breeds success?

PETE

No, sir.

Pete's bare chest quickly rises and falls, unaligned with his voice. Sweat drips to his bare chest.

ROWDY

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

PETE

I think I know--

ROWDY

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

An index finger nub.

Pete's wiggles his hand and remembers. His mouth dry, he gasps.

PETE

Yeah, I sure do. But--

ROWDY

You. Ah. Need a drink?

Rowdy gestures towards his Kombucha and quickly refocuses on his speech with gravity.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

Business is business. And I am fair.

Pete squirms as sweat droplets pour down his face.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

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

Pete's senses movement and cranes his neck as Lean creeps from his post towards the corner.

A large selection of industrial tools.

An enormous pair of steel bypass loppers.

Lean sorts through the tools and retrieves the loppers.

Pete quivers from nervous energy. He struggles to control his panic. He glances from Rowdy and alerts at the loppers.

PETE

No. Adam. Rowdy. C'mon!

Rowdy gestures for Pete to calm.

ROWDY

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

PETE

C'mon Rowdy. Please. Please. I'll make it up to you. I'll pay you back. Double. I'll work for free.

ROWDY

Big boy rules, Pete.

Desperate, Pete looks for a solution that doesn't exist.

PETE

Just please. I need a vacation. A vacation.

ROWDY

You'll be fine. You'll be back to work in no time. You know, in Japan, the Yakuza have a name for this. Those guys are back to work that day. It's called--

Rowdy searches his mind as he fails to recall the word. His bizarre whimper.

Lean drags the lopper across the carpet. The metal teeth creates a wavy trail.

Lean hovers over Pete. His waist rubs on Pete's shoulder.

Pete studies Lean's emotionless face. He gulps as Lean twirls a toothpick in his mouth.

Pete shivers and pleads.

PETE

Please.

Jittery, Rowdy struggles to recall a word he knew he'd need to use.

ROWDY

Yubit. Yubit something.

Frustrated, Rowdy gives up on the word Yubitsume. He studies the ceiling for an answer.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
Fuck! Damn it, Adam. Remember.

PETE
Please.

LEAN
Hold it out.

ROWDY
Pete! Six will cut your entire
fucking hand off! The Chinese call
that something else. What!

Flustered, Rowdy tears open the drawer and grabs the vial of airplane glue. He opens the vial. He's about to huff.

TONY (V.O.)
Why live an ordinary life?

Rowdy freezes and stares at the Robbins photo.

TONY (V.O.)
When you can live an extraordinary
one.

Rowdy smiles and lowers the vial. He gathers himself and refocuses on Pete. A thankful nod to the Robbins photo.

ROWDY
People in difficult leadership
roles are often forced to deal with
difficult people. To ensure the
organization's survival, leaders
must rise to the occasion.

Pete shakes and shivers. Sweat pours down his face and chest.

He extends his hand along the armrest. Slick from sweat, his arm slips. His free arm braces his forearm.

LEAN
Which?

Pete's dry mouth gasps. His eyes climb the wall. He glances at the door and hopes. He decides.

PETE
Okay. Okay. That one.

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

LEAN
Man. Which one?

Pete gestures to his right index finger.

PETE
Just a little. The top, alright?
Above the knuckle. Please.

LEAN
Done and done.

Lean grips the lopper's arms and lifts it high. He lowers the jaws around Pete's finger.

Pete's arm slips.

LEAN (CONT'D)
Hold still!

Pete stabilizes his arm.

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

Pete blubbers in a mess of sweat and tears. In sheer panic, he sucks in air and forces himself to calm.

PETE
You can do it. Hold it together.
Vacation, vacation, vacation. The
power of the mind.

A moment of clarity, he settles and becomes serene.

ROWDY
Good, Pete. I knew you'd take away
something from that!

Lean twists the jaws into place.

The lopper's steel teeth push Pete's fingers outward.

LEAN
Man! Hold still.

Pete stares at the lopper's teeth. He struggles to look away but is compelled to watch.

A tiny smile breaks upon Rowdy's face. He leans forward in his seat and exhales a nervous whimper. He sets the Kombucha safely beyond his hands.

LEAN (CONT'D)
Steady.

Pete's hand tremors and his forearm juts as the lopper slowly jogs just above and below Pete's knuckle like a pendulum.

Lean attempts to time the cut.

LEAN (CONT'D)
One, two, and--

Pete's eyes go wide, he knows what's coming.

The lopper's teeth jump below the knuckle.

Rowdy remembers--

ROWDY
Try not to get bl-

Pete jumps.

LEAN
Three.

Lean chops. The metal teeth close.

Pete yanks his arm and gobs of blood go airborne.

Time slows. The gobs softly land on the carpet and unnaturally bounce, jiggle, and bead.

The Kombucha bottle falls on its side and spills.

Time normalizes.

Rowdy jumps.

ROWDY
Yeah! Way to go!

Pete gasps in pain and instinctively falls. He goes fetal and clenches his bleeding hand.

The top two-thirds of Pete's finger on the floor.

A delayed reaction, Rowdy recognize the spill. He scrambles to upright the bottle. Puzzled, he fumes.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
How the fuck?

The lopper held high in Lean's outstretched arm.

LEAN
I said don't move, fool!

Rowdy fusses with the spill. A series of bizarre frustrated chuckles.

ROWDY

Shit. Fuck. Got a towel?

Rowdy looks at Pete, the blood, and remembers.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

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

LEAN

Naw, sir. Just a little off the top.

Pete swoons and drifts into shock.

Lean drops the lopper as he strides away.

Time slows. The lopper falls, defying gravity. Teeth hit the floor and it balances entirely too long. The lopper topples to the floor, lands without a bounce and sticks like Velcro.

Time normalizes as Lean finds a cloth napkin.

Rowdy searches his desk. He grabs the revolver and waves it as he looks for something else. He finds a cocktail napkin and wipes the spill.

ROWDY

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

Rowdy muses at his mis-speak, a bizarre whimper. He shakes off a strange feeling. He scans and realizes no one noticed.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

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

Lean tosses the napkin on Pete's shoulder.

LEAN

Take it. Shit, you bleeding everywhere. Hello?

Rowdy notices Pete is unconscious.

ROWDY

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

LEAN

Oh.

ROWDY

Get something for the blood. To stop it. A Band-Aid won't cut it.

LEAN

I can put a tourniquet on it?

ROWDY

Sure. Just get him out of here.

LEAN

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

Rowdy glances at the Robbins photo. A moment of focus and he steeple his hands at his chest.

ROWDY

Good call. Just move him to the side.

Lean grabs Pete's legs by the ankles and drags his unconscious body to the room's corner.

Blood trails from Pete's wound.

Dismayed, Rowdy scans the room.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

Still, I can't have Stanley Steemers in here every month. Neighbors may start asking questions. Gotta keep low key. Low key.

Rowdy alerts and raises a finger.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

That's it! The Paradox of Choice.

Rowdy, a euphoric bizarre exhale. He scans and sees Lean struggles to his a scowl.

A knock at the door.

Rowdy nods and Lean readies himself behind the door.

Another knock.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

Enter!

The door squeaks open and party noise enters as Jayson walks in.

A neatly folded stack of clothing, a belt and shoes on top in Jayson's hands.

JAYSON

Boss.

Rowdy glances at the clothing.

JAYSON (CONT'D)

Nothing. He clean. Where is—

Jason follows Rowdy's nod towards Pete.

ROWD

Difficulty with finding the work-life balance.

JAYSON

I'll burn these—

LEAN

He's just unconscious.

JAYSON

Uh. Ok. So. I'll—

Jayson tosses the items atop of Pete.

ROWDY

--That's fine.

A shoe tumbles from the pile and rests on its sole. One of the laces is intertwined with a black wire. A solitary tiny green light flashes from inside the shoe.

JAYSON

Ah. Boss. Also gonna be short. Two more orders to fill.

ROWDY

How short?

JAYSON

We good on the base. Just a little short on the spice.

ROWDY
How much Fentanyl?

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

Lean affixes Pete with a make-shift tourniquet.

Rowdy, glances at the Robbins photo. He stands poised and puffs out his chest like he's addressing shareholders.

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

JAYSON
I expected. So what should we do?

Unsure, Rowdy deflates and searches his mind for a solution.

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

JAYSON
He's out there. Our people are out
there too. We'll find him. Search
under every rock. Behind every ho.

ROWDY
Well, don't forget to check above
the rocks and everywhere else.

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

Rowdy contemplates this.

ROWDY
Paid him. We paid him? And he's
still coming?

JAYSON
Bands.

ROWDY

That's absurd. He took the money
and he still won't go away.

Rowdy studies the Robbins photo for an answer.

LEAN

Sounds like a problem with the bag
man.

The wall mounted TV streams FortNite-Twitch videos.

ROWDY

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

JAYSON

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

Rowdy stares at the TV as a FortNite avatar constructs a box
around an inferior player, and places a trap which springs,
eliminates the opponent. Rowdy smiles and continues.

ROWDY

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

Rowdy struggles for the next word.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

--intolerance.

Lean and Jayson share a confused glance.

JAYSON

You got it.

Jayson exits and gently pulls the door.

Rowdy's face softens as the door closes shut. He alerts as
the desk phone rings. He raises the absurdly large handset to
his ear.

ROWDY

Yes?

VOICE (V.O.S.)

(Indecipherable)

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

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

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

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

ROWDY
Great, thanks!

Rowdy alerts to the text in his cell phone. He jumps to the
window and paces.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
Shit!

Lean alerts and scans. He's ready for Anything.

LEAN
What?

Rowdy shakes his phone.

ROWDY
How do I get this—

Rowdy nods to the TV.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
--on that.

Confused, Lean shakes his head sideways.

Rowdy's face softens as he stares out the window.

A rain squall pelts the window and Rowdy jumps. The abrupt
squall ends.

Rowdy presses his face to the window and scans.

It's dark and a light mist falls. Streetlights illuminate a
street full of affluent two-story homes. Small groups of
costumed children and adults, wander from door to door.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
I hate this. It's the worst part.

His hand trembles as Rowdy transcribes the website from the phone to the computer browser.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
C'mon. C'mon. There's gotta be a
better way.

He struggles with the syntax.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
Fucking back slash. Forward slash?

He loses his patience and slams his hand on the keyboard.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
Fuck!

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

ROWDY (CONT'D)
Got it. Got it. Where is it?

In a panic, Rowdy scrolls. He breaks out in a sweat as he searches. He alerts as he finds it: Wes the Life Coach, Dealing with Difficult People.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
And play.

Rowdy taps Enter and the video freezes. He repeatedly presses Enter.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
Play God dam it!

The video plays.

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

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

Rowdy's face softens. He takes his seat and slumps. He reclines and crosses his legs atop his desk.

In routine disbelief, Lean watches Rowdy and utters.

LEAN
Fucking bizarro shit.

Pete groans and Lean looks over.

Lean sees that Pete is unconscious.

A knock at the door and Lean alerts.

Rowdy's smile fades as he reacts and goes ridged.

ROWDY
Enter.

The door squeaks open as Lynn holds at the doorway.

Lynn notices Rowdy's twisted face.

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

With some regret, Rowdy remembers agreeing to this.

ROWDY
Uh. Yeah. I guess. But you--

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

ROWDY
But you need to--

LYNN
It's Ginger and Sherry.

ROWDY
Knock. Damn. The lesbos? Damn. Why?

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

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

LYNN
So?

ROWDY
What the heck.

Rowdy slows as gets close to her.

Lynn scans the room.

LYNN
Where'd the other guy go?

ROWDY
He left.

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

Rowdy squeezes past as he moves through the doorway.

Lynn notices some blood and considers.

LYNN (CONT'D)
You should get a costume on.

ROWDY (O.S)
Did you pick one up for me?

LYNN
Uh. No. You said not to.

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

LYNN
Be a ghost.

ROWDY (O.S.)
Or a Klansman!

LYNN
Just come down.

Lean rolls his eyes and utters.

LEAN
Numbered. Son.

Lynn disappears in the dark hallway and the door softly
swings shut.

A squall pelts the window.

Lean peers outside as gaggles of trick-or-treaters scramble for shelter. He notices Pete stir. He shuffles over and gives him a friendly kick.

LEAN (CONT'D)
Rise and shine, mo-fo.

A muted reaction to the kick, Pete clutches his cut finger and winces.

PETE
You're a real-

Pete stops himself.

LEAN
--real what?

PETE
Pillar of society.

Pete crawls and and sits against the wall.

LEAN
Ain't that the truth.

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

LEAN
Shit. You at the right place. What you want?

PETE
Anything. I just need to-

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

PETE
I just gotta--

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

Pete struggles to get dressed.

Lean tugs Pete to his unsteady feet.

Lean reaches to pick up Pete's shoes and Pete nervously reacts. Pete grabs for them.

PETE

I got—

Lean snatches the shoes.

Nervous, Pete stares at the shoes.

LEAN

No problem.

PETE

--them.

Lean notices Pete's stare and reddened face. He sense something amiss and examines the shoes. He sees nothing.

LEAN

Time for a new pair. These ain't you. You ain't looking so good.

Lean shoves the shoes into Pete's chest.

PETE

I don't feel so good.

LEAN

Sit.

PETE

Yeah, thanks.

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

Pete sits, slowly getting his shoes on.

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

A quiet moment.

A distant doorbell. The house shutters as a distant door closes.

Footsteps approach, and Lean saunters to his post.

Pete ties one shoe.

The door squeaks open and bright white hallway light casts a man's shadow.

Lean reaches his hand under his jackets. He recognizes the familiar backlit figure.

LEAN

Only you.

Russ, musingly advances, raises a hand to a friendly "don't shoot" height as he clutches a stylish messenger satchel.

RUSS

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

LEAN

Yo. Russ. What's up.

RUSS

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

LEAN

You got that.

Russ notices Pete.

RUSS

Hey Pete. How are things?

Pete barely looks.

PETE

Great. Just--

Russ notices the blood. Unnerved, he makes a joke.

RUSS

Whoa. Is that Fake Blood Halloween stuff, that corn syrup shit?

Russ turns to Lean for an answer.

LEAN

Naw, he was just in for career counseling.

RUSS

Bad time.

LEAN

You could say that. He's just leaving.

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

PETE
Yeah.

Pete tries to stand but his legs wobble. He sits and slumps.
Amused, Russ watches as Pete swoons.

RUSS
Maybe you should stay a while!

Russ laughs alone.

A distant doorbell rings. A door closes.

Bored, Russ looks for a distraction.

RUSS (CONT'D)
So, what you goin as this year
Lean? A gay disco pimp?

Lean looks pissed. Russ stops him with an apology.

RUSS (CONT'D)
Sorry, just kidding. I'm kidding.
Alright?

Lean shakes his head and calms.

LEAN
You going soon? Your health may
depend on it.

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

LEAN
Right.

Pete gets his second shoe on. He passes out.

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

LEAN
You're the only one that stupid.

Defensive, Russ glares.

RUSS
Man, I ain't that--

LEAN
Yes, you is.

Lean glares and Russ searches for a distraction.

RUSS
What then? He failed to follow Just-
In-Time sourcing?

LEAN
He got hot.

RUSS
How hot?

LEAN
Po-lice-Hot. Lost a shipment.

RUSS
A whole shipment? What the fuck is
he doing here? You know the police
will be watching.

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

Russ lays the satchel on top the desk.

Lean notices as Russ runs his fingers across the throne.

RUSS
Any scoop on my end? He gonna
square up?

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

RUSS
You just think Adam can fix
everything, don't you?

Lean goes ridged as Russ sits in the throne.

LEAN
You don't want to do that.

RUSS
It's just a chair.

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

RUSS
And I got a chair at my house.
Things always be a-changing.

LEAN
Lots of things. Now, get your ass
up.

Lean takes a step and Russ jumps from the chair.

RUSS
I'm up. I'm up. Relax.

Russ feigns dusting the chair.

LEAN
Or you'll be looking like P-

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

Rowdy notices he entered in the middle of something.

ROWDY
We good gentlemen?

RUSS
Yes, sir. Standing by, as ordered.

Rowdy does not react to the sarcasm. He notices Pete.

ROWDY
How's my boy!

Rowdy notices the satchel as he takes off his costume.

LEAN
He's still out.

ROWDY
Least he's dressed. Too much
partying.

Rowdy looks to Russ for a reaction.

RUSS
Yeah, too much of a good thing.

Russ calmly shuffles his weight from foot to foot.

Rowdy pats the satchel and reclines in the throne.

ROWDY

We appreciate your patience.
Matters such as these, are often
unforeseen. We strive to do right
by you, the customer.

Russ knows the familiar pitch and feigns interest.

RUSS

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

Rowdy smiles as a past lesson was learned.

ROWDY

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

Rowdy notices Russ isn't entirely satisfied.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

And I'll lower the bar. Fair
enough?

Russ holds his breath. He deliberates. He decides and smiles.

RUSS

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

ROWDY

Great! And thank you. This
organization appreciates and is
pleased by your ongoing pledge of
support.

Rowdy balls up tosses his costume.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

Grab a drink, a Twix bar, and a
seat. I gotta a Ted Talk playing.
We can kick back a little and --

RUSS

--Mind if I wait downstairs? Not
that you're no fun. Keep Lynn
company.

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

Cheerful, Rowdy grabs a fistful of money from the satchel and begins to count.

ROWDY

Sure. Well, wait. You should--

Russ realizes Rowdy is about to change his mind.

Rowdy loses focus on the count. Jittery, he starts again.

RUSS

--but the party is downstairs.
Right. The surprising science of
happiness, right?

Frustrated, Rowdy slams some bills as the stack of money topples. He glances at the Robbins photo. A wave of calm passes his face.

ROWDY

Right. You're right. It's good to
see you get as much out of these as
I do. This one is new. I just got
it. Wouldn't you rather--

Rowdy stacks the last money in the shape of a shoebox.

Rowdy forgets the point as he hunches behind the desk. The safe's metal dial spins.

RUSS

Adam?

ROWDY

Sure. Head downstairs. Lynn will--

The safe opens.

Lean notices as Russ fails to hide a grin.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

--grab you a drink. Need a costume?

Rowdy nods at his costume.

RUSS

It's a real beaut. No thank you.

Russ exits and leaves the door ajar.

Rowdy shoves money into the safe.

The door slams.

Startled, Rowdy reacts drops some money.

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

Rowdy closes the safe.

Lean gulps as the safe bolt sets.

Attune, Rowdy glimpses as disappointment registers on Lean's face. He considers as Lean averts eye contact. He shakes the feeling off and glances at Pete.

ROWDY
Yo, Six. What's he still doing
here?

An unusual softness in his voice, Lean thoughts are elsewhere.

LEAN
He ain't mobile, boss. We told him
to come alone.

ROWDY
Uber?

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

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

Rowdy glances at the paused TedTalk video. Jittery, he fumbles with the keyboard and presses the wrong key.

The TedTalk video switches to a multi-camera Home Security System display.

The front door as Trick-or-Treaters abscond. The driveway with a parked car and light foot traffic. The foyer with Lynn and guests. An ominous door at the end of a dark hallway.

Rowdy toggles back to the TedTalk.

The video plays and his face softens.

A doorbell. A distant door closes.

A knock at the door.

Rowdy nods to Lean and pauses the TedTalk.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

Enter.

The door partially opens.

Rowdy sees darkness beyond the doorway.

JAYSON (O.S.)

Get up here fool. Get—

JIMMY, 40, a wet rat with his best days behind, stumbles through the doorway. Jimmy dressed in pajamas as he clutches a heavy winter coat.

Jayson shoves him.

JAYSON (CONT'D)

--on!

Panicked, Jimmy's red and watery eyes dart as he scans the room. He realizes Rowdy stands still beside the throne.

ROWDY

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

Jimmy notices fresh blood splattered on the chair and floor. He dismisses and sits on some droplets.

Rowdy gestures to Jayson.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

We good?

JAYSON

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

Rowdy brightens up.

ROWDY

The power of vulnerability. You spent it? You took responsibility and ownership of your mistakes. Wow. That's great!

JIMMY

I'm so sorry, Adam.

Rowdy's head thrusts, his eyes daggers.

Jimmy catches the mistake.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Rowdy! Rowdy. Sorry. I really
fucked up.

Unsure, Jimmy pauses and whimpers.

Rowdy settles. He gestures for Jimmy to continue.

ROWDY

Please. I want to understand your
perspective. Yeah. Freintorship.
The Solution to the Employee
Engagement Problem. That money was
supposed to fix a problem that none
of us need. A problem that brought
exactly the attention, none of us
want.

JIMMY

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

ROWDY

He knew?

JIMMY

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

ROWDY

Calm down, Jimbo. No need for
tears. I'll get J to play us a
tune. Maybe something on the piano?

Rowdy nods and Jayson understands.

JIMMY

I told him he had to. He refused. I
knew you don't want failure. And.

(MORE)

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I thought he'd just. You know. Go away.

Jayson steps behind Jimmy and removes something that resembles a scroll from inside his jacket. He unfurls a piece of piano wire tethered across two wooden pegs.

Rowdy glares at Jimmy. His hand trembles. His eyes twitch.

Between a sob, Jimmy glances at Rowdy to gauge him.

Rowdy debates. A bizarre whimper. His eyes gloss past the Robbins photo.

ROWDY

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

Jayson braces his knee against the back of the chair for serious leverage as he slips the wire past Jimmy's face. He tugs it taught against Jimmy's throat.

Jimmy's eyes jump from his head. His face brilliant red as his tongue extends. His hands helplessly flail.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

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

Jimmy is dreadfully defenseless.

Jayson's arm curl. He forces a smile as he clenches his jaw and cranks down.

Jimmy squirms as the wire cuts his throat. Blood forms a semi-circle down his neck. Droplets fly onto the floor.

Rowdy watches Jimmy's bloody strangulation unfold with detached fascination.

Rowdy alerts to the flying blood droplets as they land on the carpet and quickly absorb.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

Jesus, the carpet. Need a tarp or something. Finish already.

Rowdy raises a single finger. He sighs and lowers his hand in surrender. He shakes his head in despair as blood pools on the floor.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

What else besides carpet?

Jimmy is dead.

Jayson releases a peg and tugs. The peg becomes stuck in the recess between Jimmy's head and chest. He pulls.

JAYSON
Damn thing stuck.

Rowdy focused on the blood stained carpet.

ROWDY
A home office needs to be warm.
Welcoming. Wood plank won't do.
Tile. The grout would stain.

JAYSON
Damn it.

Jayson's yanks the peg. More blood droplets fly.

ROWDY
Are we done?

JAYSON
Almost.

Jimmy falls as the peg comes free.

Rowdy studies several large pools of blood.

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

Jayson and Lean listen as Rowdy rambles. They share a confused glance.

Jittery, Rowdy takes his throne. His trembling fingers reach for the laptop. He gestures to Jimmy's body.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
Can you guys do something with
that? Lean, you idiot. Try to keep
from making a bigger mess?

Rowdy glances at Robbins photo as Lean uses his boot to corral the blood.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

Really, look at what I have to deal with.

LEAN

I'll get some sheets, Rowdy.

ROWDY

Sheets! What the fuck are you gonna do with sheets? Find a tarp, a mop. Jesus, get Saran wrap and some Scrub-Free Kaboom!

Frustrated, Lean stomps and blurts.

LEAN

Where? At the boat store? Costco?

Rowdy stands and beams.

ROWDY

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

Lean retreats.

Rowdy twitches and grin. A crazy and bizarre whimper.

LEAN

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

ROWDY

Remember the five Ps. Prior planning prevents poor performance.

LEAN

That's new to me.

ROWDY

Forget it. We'll chalk this up as a training scar. Go to the garage. There's plastic wrap there.

Unnerved, Lean scowls as Rowdy looks in his desk drawer. His eyes gloss past a sealed vial of airplane glue and the revolver. He grabs a napkin.

Jayson gestures for Lean to calm.

Rowdy notices the two men remain still. He trembles. His cracked voice barks.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

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

Rowdy grabs a Kombucha from the fridge and slams the door. His eyes gloss past Robbins photo.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

I'm trying. I'm really trying, Tony. Gonna need some help.

Rowdy plays the TedTalk. His eye twitches as he squirms.

Lean and Jayson shuffle towards the door. Disenfranchised, Lean slowly shakes his head as Jayson mumbles something indiscernible then glances at Rowdy.

Rowdy toggles the laptop.

The security camera turns on. Rowdy sees Lynn and Russ stand too close and sip drinks amid a flirty conversation. He doesn't like it.

Rowdy glances at the Robbins photo and toggles to the TedTalk.

With anxiety, he taps the keyboard and returns to the security camera. An empty foyer. He scans for Lynn and Russ.

Bang. Rowdy jumps.

The toppled chair slides a foot as if pulled.

Rowdy notices as the chair comes to a stop.

Rowdy stares and squints in wonder. He notices Jimmy's body is still.

Rowdy hears a groan and scans. He sees Pete and notices he's unconscious.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

Still on break, huh?

Pete mumbles.

PETE

Vacation. Vacation.

ROWDY

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

Rowdy toggles to his TedTalk. He plays a few seconds and grows irritable. He forwards in search of the climax but skips to the end. Upset, he slams the desk.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
Answers. I need answers.

Rowdy rewinds and searches for the climax but the video restarts. Rowdy fist strikes the desk.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
Damn!

Indecisive, Rowdy eyes the desk phone and grabs his cell. He scrolls to the Recent Call Log and dials Wes Energy Healer. He trembles and rocks as the phone rings.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
Yeah. I need help. No, nothings wrong. No rush. Sooner is better than later. Well, now. It's all fucking falling apart.

Rowdy ends the call wipes his sweaty face.

He toggles to the security camera and scans for Russ and Lynn.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
Where are they? Where.

The door squeaks open as Lynn slips into the doorway.

Rowdy alerts.

ROWDY (CONT'D)
I was looking for you? Where were you?

He panics and toggles to the TedTalk.

He calms as he notices she's angelically backlit by the soft white hallway light.

Lynn steps into the room. She notices Pete and Jimmy and dismisses them. She gazes at Rowdy.

LYNN
I see you're busy. Adam. Hun. Are you about done?

ROWDY
Ah. Yeah.

LYNN

Great. Then you should say goodbye
to the company.

Cautious, Rowdy slowly stands. He studies her face for clues
as he steps towards Lynn. With some anxiety, he strides past
her.

Pete wiggles a little and goes still.

Lynn senses movement, scans and sees nothing and leaves.

The door ajar. The hallway light turns off.

The laptop set to the security camera.

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

From the dark hallway, footsteps and mumbles grows louder.

Jayson and Lean enter, towels and several spray bottles in
their arms.

LEAN

I can't believe we doing fuckin
housework.

JAYSON

Chill out bro. We almost there.

They spread out.

On the laptop, from darkness, a hulking man in a hockey mask,
carries a stick-like item as he approaches the driveway. He
nears a lamppost and the light flickers and goes out.

Jayson lines the cleaning materials atop the desk.

JAYSON (CONT'D)

Which do we use?

LEAN

Any of em work.

JAYSON

Naw. Some good for blood. Others
may set the stain. Rowdy go nuts if
this shit set.

Jayson studies the labels.

LEAN

Man, they all the same. My moms says its the same shit. The corporations take us for fools. Charge more for same stuff doing the same thing.

JAYSON

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

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

Jayson decides on a can of Rug Doctor, a deep-carpet cleaner.

Jayson glances at the laptop, it switches to the paused TedTalk.

The distant doorbell.

Lean selects a spot to clean.

Jayson steps from Rowdy's desk, the laptop switches to the security cameras.

LEAN (O.S.)

I don't get paid right for doing this shit.

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

JAYSON (O.S.)

I know bro. Just keep your cool a little longer.

On the laptop, the hulking man loiters in the doorway and Lynn questions him. The hulking man looks behind him, focuses and forcefully enters. He closes the door behind him.

LEAN (O.S.)

Why the fuck are we cleaning? Let's do it now.

JAYSON (O.S.)

We gotta plan. Work the plan. Just chill the fuck out. Do what we are told.

On the laptop, the hulking figure slashes two women with arching sweeps. The women fall into a pile. He shoves Lynn against the wall.

A thud.

Lean and Jayson give pause and resume cleaning.

On the laptop, The hulking man yanks Rowdy to his feet. He hands a roll of Duct Tape to Lynn.

Lean scrubs a difficult stain.

On the laptop, the hulking man shoves Rowdy and Lynn beyond the camera.

Lean notices blood stains on his knees.

LEAN

Shit. Now these are ruined.

JAYSON

That time of the month!

LEAN

Man. Not funny.

On the laptop, the front door slowly swings, accelerates and slams. The house shakes.

Lean and Jayson react and go ridged. They hear nothing and resume cleaning.

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

Jayson strolls to the door and closes it.

JAYSON

Keep the draft out. Don't want this drying before we get it clean.

LEAN

That's be a crying shame.

Lean wields an OxiClean bottle set to OFF. Confused, he fumbles with the setting.

LEAN (CONT'D)

Man! I can't read this shit. On, Off, Spray. Which one goes up?

JAYSON

On. You on! Now just chill!

LEAN

I'm chill. Just this fucking bottle.

Lean saturates the stain and wipes. The paper towel comes up red.

LEAN (CONT'D)
This shit ain't gonna work.

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

LEAN
Uh-huh. How much?

JAYSON
You know I don't know exactly.

LEAN
Guess.

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

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

JAYSON
We the help.

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

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

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

LEAN
Spot-on.

Lean picks up a Blue Tarp and shakes it out. He starts a poorly conceived effort to wrap Jimmy's body.

In disbelief, Jayson watches Lean struggle with the tarp. He uprights and hastily wipes the chair and smears the blood.

Muffled hallway noises approach.

The door slowly opens.

Jayson peeks and sees Lynn in the doorway and a dark hallway.

JAYSON
Watch your step. We cleaning a
spill.

Lynn shuffles in a series of unnatural movements. A roll of duct tape in one of her slightly elevated hands. She flicks the hallway light on.

The soft white hallway lights fade yellowish.

Unconcerned, Jayson resumes cleaning.

Russ whistles to an odd beat and waves his elevated hands as he parades inside.

RUSS
Howdy, gents!

Jayson glances at Russ and resumes scrubbing. He alerts as something peculiar settles in. He scrutinizes Lynn and Russ.

JAYSON
Hey, is boss-man coming? We gonna-

Jayson alerts as he notices Rowdy shuffle inside, hands raised overhead, duct tape run around his head and neck. A shadow behind him.

JAYSON (CONT'D)
Shit. Lean, get you-

Jayson reaches a hand into his jacket.

JAYSON (CONT'D)
--gun!

Jayson dashes for cover behind a chair as he draws a gun.

Flat-footed, Lean stumbles and lunges towards the opposite corner. He pulls his gun and aims at the shadow.

A shotgun muzzle duct taped to the back of Rowdy's skull.

The shadow emerges. HAYDEN, 28, ridged with menacing eyes, a hockey mask raised atop his head. He jabs the shotgun against Rowdy's head as he tugs Rowdy's collar.

HAYDEN
Move.

Jeans stained with streaks and smeared blood. A bloody knife clipped to his belt.

In the doorway, the yellow hallway light silhouettes Hayden.

Hayden taps a finger on the trigger as he takes it all in.

He glances over his shoulder. He studies the room with confident eyes. He steps forward with command.

The yellow hallway light flickers and blinks out.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

Drop your guns. Drop them. You know he'll die.

ROWDY

Easy. Not my first rodeo.

Rowdy calmly gestures for his men to lower guns.

Lean lowers his gun. He notices Jayson remains aimed in.

Rowdy follows Lean's gaze.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

Stay calm gentlemen. Drop your guns. Apparently, we are being robbed. So let's just cooperate--

Jayson contemplates something. He gives Lean a look. Lean raises his gun on Hayden.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

Guys! Guns. Drop them.

HAYDEN

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

Lean and Jayson have an eye conversation. Jayson, a nod, another nod towards the desk. Confused, Lean doesn't understand.

LEAN

What?

JAYSON

Fool. Is it open?

Lean scoots to where he can see the safe.

Russ uprights the fallen chair and sits, Careful, he elevates his hands.

LEAN

Closed.

Rowdy looks puzzled.

JAYSON

Check it. I got point.

Lean tries the safe handle.

Hayden curiously takes it all in.

LEAN

Naw, man.

Lean disappointed and unsure, aim his gun at Rowdy.

ROWDY

What the fuck?

Jayson considers a tough decision.

JAYSON

Listen, bro. I imagine you all this way, you're going to kill him. We. Well, we is neutral. Ain't got no part in this shit between you and Adam. We need the combo for the safe. Then you can do what you want with the man.

ROWDY

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

Rowdy lowers his hands as he gestures.

HAYDEN

Keep 'em up!

Hayden jabs Rowdy's head and his hands go up.

Lynn caresses Russ's shoulder. She prods him again as she tries to get his attention. She glares as he shakes her off.

ROWDY

Why would I give you fucks the combo? I'm gonna die anyways!

JAYSON

Else we gonna kill Lynn.

Shocked, Lynn jumps as Jayson aims at her.

Russ alerts as some panic sets in. He considers saying something.

Curious to see how this plays out, Hayden spectates.

HAYDEN
Cut throat.

Rowdy doesn't react and takes it all in.

JAYSON
What you say now?

Rowdy shrugs.

Russ trembles as he sees the gun aimed at Lynn.

JAYSON (CONT'D)
The combo. Now!

ROWDY
Nope.

JAYSON
Now!

ROWDY
Fuck you.

JAYSON
If that's how you want to play it.

Jayson clenches his jaw as he presses his finger on the trigger.

Lynn trembles.

Russ panics.

Jayson is about to shoot.

Russ jumps in front of Lynn and waves his arms.

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

Rowdy's face is a puzzled contorted mess.

ROWDY
Pardon? Russ. Sit down and shut the fuck up.

RUSS

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

Jayson and Rowdy equally surprised.

ROWDY

What? You. And her?

RUSS

Yes. It just happened. I'm so sorry.

ROWDY

Sorry for what? Banging my girl?

RUSS

No, it's nothing like that. You can have anyone, Adam. Anyone. You didn't. You know. Seem interested in her.

ROWDY

So? She could leave. Anytime. If she don't want to be with me. I ain't got no chain around her neck. Like Tony said, set your best people free.

RUSS

We were worried.

ROWDY

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

RUSS

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

ROWDY

No shit. There's the problem. That would fly. The two of you holed up in my guest room? Don't you remember Susan Cain on Establishing Deep Personal Relationship with your boss? That ain't this.

RUSS

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

ROWDY

Pardon?

Hayden's expressionless face glances over his shoulder. A moment. He refocuses on Jayson. His eyes register crystal focus.

HAYDEN

Entertaining and all. I hold all the cards.

(To Jayson)

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

JAYSON

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

Unsure, Hayden considers.

Jayson watches as Hayden peers over his shoulder and his lips move like he's talking.

Hayden refocuses on Jayson.

HAYDEN

Sure. Yeah.

Hayden's face softens.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

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

JAYSON

Ok.

Jayson lowers his gun and Lean follows suit. They tuck the guns into their waistbands and half raise their hands.

Hayden jabs Rowdy.

HAYDEN

I'm gonna need you to call your partner.

ROWDY

Who?

HAYDEN

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

Rowdy shrugs and considers. His eye twitches. He shuffles to the desk. His bizarre whimper. He strains but can't see the Robbins photo.

ROWDY

Man, I just don't know. I can't.

HAYDEN

Pick up the phone and call him!

Jittery, Rowdy presses his hands upon the desk. He cranes his neck to see the Robbins photo but its turned away.

ROWDY

I can't. Why? You don't need me to call him.

HAYDEN

Call him now!

Rowdy picks up the phone and slowly dials and deliberates.

ROWDY

I'm doing what you want.

Impatient, Hayden jabs Rowdy a little further ahead.

HAYDEN

Now!

Rowdy raises the ringing phone to his ear. He catches a glimpse of the Robbins photo and deflates.

TONY (V.O.)

A real decision is measured by the fact that you've taken new action.

Rowdy reconsiders and quickly hangs up.

HAYDEN

What the fuck are doing?

ROWDY

What happens next?

HAYDEN

Next?

ROWDY

Yeah, next.

Hayden calms with Rowdy's pleasant tone.

HAYDEN

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

ROWDY

And that's it?

Rowdy notices as Hayden peers over his shoulder. He sees
Hayden squint and his lips move. Hayden faces forward.

HAYDEN

That's it.

Unsure, Rowdy deliberates.

ROWDY

I have your word. You'll let my
team live?

Hayden grows impatient.

HAYDEN

My word?

Rowdy glances at the Robbins photo.

ROWDY

I got trust in you. Get us through
this.

Lynn gestures for Russ to take action and he cowardly shrugs
her off.

LYNN

I'll do it.

ROWDY

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

LYNN

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

Lynn spins the dial and presses the phone to her ear.

LYNN (CONT'D)

Hello.
It's Lynn.
Yeah.
He just called.
(MORE)

LYNN (CONT'D)

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

Unsure, Lynn looks to Hayden for help.

LYNN (CONT'D)

Yeah, there's a problem. Some guy with a big gun wants to see you. His name? I dunno.

Lynn glances at Hayden.

Hayden smirks with her easy-going banter.

LYNN (CONT'D)

He wants your name.

Hayden peers over his shoulder and cantors his ear. Everyone takes notice of the bizarre behavior.

With confidence, Hayden focuses on Lynn.

HAYDEN

Tell him it's none of his business. Tell him. He'll say ok.

LYNN

He said its none of your business. Yeah, he looks serious. No, not crazy. I think. Lynn examines the shotgun. Yes, it's real. I think. No, Replica, isn't on it. And, it's not made of chocolate.

Lynn presses the receiver to her chest and glares at Rowdy. She looks at Hayden.

LYNN (CONT'D)

Okay. He'll be right over.

HAYDEN

Tell him to let himself in.

Lynn raises the phone to her ear.

LYNN

Let yourself in, the party is upstairs.

Lynn hangs up and scoffs at Rowdy. She saunters to Russ's side.

Hayden removes the duct tape and frees the muzzle from Rowdy's head.

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

Hayden stretches his tired arms.

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

ROWDY
Imperceptible! Just imperceptible.

Pete stirs.

Hayden contemplates and looks to Lynn.

HAYDEN
How were you going to do it?

LYNN
Poison him.

HAYDEN
With what?

Lynn glances at Russ then glares at Rowdy.

LYNN
A Twix bar.

ROWDY
Fucking bitch. My favorite.

Rowdy, a bizarre whimper and glances at the Robbins photo.

HAYDEN
Mine too. Crazy. Explain away.

Jason exhales loudly, takes a shuffle step forward.

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

Hayden taps the muzzle against the throne.

HAYDEN
Up to you.

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

JAYSON
What?

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

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

Hayden laughs as if sharing an inside joke and glances over each shoulder. Puzzled, he scans and to the far corners behind him.

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

Hayden stops mid-sentence and his laughter and smile fade. Some disappointment registers on his face.

Puzzled, Lynn stares at Hayden.

ROWDY
I kept getting locked out. Had the
locksmith in here a dozen times.
Between him and the carpet cleaner,
I don't know what my neighbors
thought.

HAYDEN
Yeah.

Lean spins the dial. Some intermittent failed tugs at the vault lever.

LEAN
It's ain't working.

Rowdy sighs. His bizarre chuckle.

ROWDY
Go from zero, turn left until 1,
then right until 1, then back to
the left to 1, then back to zero.
Fuck, right Tony?

Lean turns the dial.

A clunk of the lock retracting. The safe swings open.

LEAN

Bingo. Gonna need a bag.

Lean grins and searches the room.

Hayden alerts to a whispered voice in his ear.

GIRLS VOICE (V.O.S.)

He's coming.

The sound of the downstairs door as it opens.

Rowdy looks at the laptop and then up at the TV, and sees a shadow of a man in a jogging suit jacket, shorts, and flip flops, as he pushes open the front door into darkness.

The door slowly swings open, naturally, slows to a stop as it reaches the door-stop.

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

ROWDY

You got company.

HAYDEN

I know.

Hayden gestures to Lean.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

You. Hold up. Take a seat.

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

Hayden gazes at the laptop and watches as the man strolls through the door way and into the foyer.

A distant door slams and echoes.

A second later, on the laptop, the front door violently slams shut. The man jumps and glances back as he continues onward.

Hayden prepares himself and braces both hands on the shotgun. He aims toward the hallway.

All look towards the door and wait.

The bright white lights in the room become soft white.

A figure in the hallway casts a large shadow cast on the floor. The sound of flip-flops grows louder.

The shuffling sounds grows loud as the size of the shadow shrinks.

Scutter stands in the doorway and gathers himself. He marches ahead. A silver revolver tucked in his waistband. He takes it all in with zeal.

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

Rowdy's hands slyly creep close to his desk drawer. He glances to see if Hayden watches.

The soft white lights flutter and dim to yellow.

Scutter raises a hand and gestures behind him. He points downstairs and clears his throat.

Hairs aside Hayden's ear billow. A crystal clear whisper unheard by anyone beside Hayden.

GIRLS VOICE (V.O.S.)

Kill him.

Hayden pulls the trigger.

Boom.

Scutter's head pitches. Blood and brains frame the outline of the doorway.

Time slows.

Scutter's airborne body defies gravity. It floats down the hallway, softly lands and sticks.

Time normalizes.

Smoke rises from the shotgun.

Hayden beams down the gun sights. His eyes soften as his face registers exhaustion.

The yellow lights become soft white.

Skittish, Lean's knees buckle as he seeks guidance from Jayson.

Jayson's hand hovers above his gun.

Russ goes fetal.

Lynn cowers behind Russ. Hands cover her ears.

Rowdy lays on the floor several feet from the desk. He scans the room.

A moment of silence.

With confidence, Rowdy stands and tidies himself. He slyly covers something at his waist band. He scans to ensure no one noticed.

Pete stirs and slumbers.

Hayden stares at Scutter's body. His eyes flutter as he snaps back.

HAYDEN

It's done.

TONY (V.O.)

Adam.

Rowdy perks up. With shocking composure, he paces before the group as if it were a sales meeting.

ROWDY

Good. Good. Good to hear. I'm glad we were able to assist you in your endeavors. I know there's a lot of pent up anger and resentment. Yes. Any time you sincerely want to make a change, the first thing you must do is to raise your standards.

Rowdy pauses as he pretends to await objections.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

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

Rowdy pauses to let the words settle in.

HAYDEN

Everything we want?

Lean and Jayson right themselves.

Frazzled, Russ and Lynn gawk.

Rowdy senses no objection.

ROWDY

Everything you want. Lean, and Jayson. You are welcome to the money. Take it all.

(MORE)

ROWDY (CONT'D)

I harbor no ill-will. Yours. I've done it once. I can make it back. Though I'm still committed to no student debt.

JAYSON

What the fuck he talking about.

LEAN

Don't matter. Make the grab.

ROWDY

Lynn, my dear. I want nothing more than for you to be happy.

Rowdy stares at Russ to gauge his reaction.

Confused, Russ holds his breath and considers.

RUSS

Sure?

ROWDY

It's yours. The business is yours. I know enough. I know when to walk. Bill Gates said "success makes smart people think they can't lose." It's someone else's turn. I don't want this. None of this anymore. It's yours.

Skeptical, Russ glances at Lynn.

RUSS

If you're sure.

Rowdy turns to Hayden.

ROWDY

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

Rowdy steps towards the door.

Hayden slaps the shotgun forearm metal hard.

HAYDEN

Wait. Not so fast.

Rowdy freezes in his tracks.

ROWDY

Ah. Yes?

Hayden glances over his shoulder. He refocuses on Rowdy. A puzzled look breaks upon his face. He glances over his shoulder.

Pete stirs. He squints and struggles to remember where he is.

Rowdy realizes this is not over.

Hayden waves the shotgun and prepares to speak. He considers something and glances over his shoulder. He focuses on Rowdy.

HAYDEN

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

ROWDY

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

Rowdy gestures towards the door for permission to leave.

Hayden glances over his shoulder and instructs Rowdy.

HAYDEN

A minute.

Rowdy stands easy. He taps his foot like he's waiting for a bus.

Pete focuses on Hayden's fuzzy figure and familiar voice

ROWDY

Things to do.

HAYDEN

I loved my daughter, more than
anything else.

Dismissive, Rowdy rolls his eyes.

Hayden peeks over his shoulder. He wipes his cheek on his shirt.

The soft white lights flicker.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)

I love you so much.

Hayden turns forward. Tears run freely from his eyes. He decides not to wipe them.

The lights flicker and go out. A moment of darkness. The lights turn on.

Nervous Lynn looks from Hayden to the lights and back.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)
Almost more than how badly I want
someone to blame. When She asked me
for this--

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

HAYDEN (CONT'D)
I did this for her. I had to.

Hayden peeks over his shoulder.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)
I told you I could finish.

Confused glances abound.

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

Speechless, Lynn's jaw drops.

Hayden's gaze drifts to stacks of money. Tears fill his eyes.

Time slows.

A tear falls to the floor and sticks to the floor.

Time normalizes.

Hayden's anger overcomes his sadness.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)
This is what it's all about? This.
My daughter's life for This? It was
a message from God, finding You
here. Finding all of you here.
Finding Him. With him gone, we can
get on with our lives.

Pete sees Hayden's blurred figure come into focus.

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

Pete has a moment of clarity. He alerts as he recognizes
Hayden.

PETE
--the cop. From the station?

Hayden looks at Pete and realizes.

HAYDEN
Box's snitch?

Pete's words grow strong.

PETE
You're a cop!

With confidence and curiosity, Rowdy grows tall.

ROWDY
You're the cop Box warned about.

Lean and Jayson draw their guns and aim at Hayden.

Rowdy reaches under his shirt and draws his revolver and aims
at Hayden.

LEAN
God dam murdering pig.

The words sink in and Hayden panics. He aims the shotgun at
Pete as he looks him over.

HAYDEN
Where's the wire?

PETE
Damn right! Crooked cop! You'll rot
in jail. No getting away now.

JAYSON
He ain't wearing no wire. Nice try.
I checked him.

Hayden stares at Russ's shoe.

HAYDEN
It's in his shoe.

Three sets of eyes fall upon Russ's shoe. Guilt spreads
across Russ's face.

Rowdy considers the situation. He swivels his muzzle towards Lean and scoffs.

ROWDY

I guess if someone gets it.

Lean shifts his aim to Rowdy.

LEAN

I insist.

Lynn shoves a Russ to get engaged. She forces his hand towards the gun in his waistband. Russ brushes her away.

Pete shuffles closer to Hayden.

PETE

Fucking dirty cop! Vacation, vacation. The calvary is coming.

Pete speaks towards his shoe.

HAYDEN

No. I can't go to jail. No. Honey?

PETE

Yes.

Frantic, Hayden looks around over both shoulders.

HAYDEN

Honey, what do I do?

We have a Mexican stand-off.

Hayden's shotgun aimed on Jayson, finger on the trigger. Hayden, a mess, sweaty, tears, and confused whimpers, repeatedly looking behind him.

Jayson twirls a toothpick and takes measured breaths with Hayden in his sights.

Lean deliberates. He aims at Rowdy and back to Hayden. Unsure, he aims at Rowdy.

Rowdy. A bizarre whimper. He aims at Lean. He may shoot first.

Only seconds pass but they feel much longer.

TONY (V.O.)

If you only talk about it, it's a dream.

ROWDY

Yeah. I mean yes.

Hayden holds a gaze over his shoulder.

ANSLEY, 16, wispy angelic in a Sunday dress, largely obstructed by Hayden, glides close and whispers in his ear.

ANSLEY

It doesn't just happen.

HAYDEN

It does Just happen.

Hayden's glossy eyes scan the predicament. His finger on the shotgun trigger.

The soft white lights dim and flicker to yellow.

Click.

The small fridge condenser audibly clicks. Hayden jerks.

Boom.

The shotgun blasts Jayson. Pellets tear his chest open. His torso jolts. He fires his gun into the ceiling as he falls.

Lean fires at Hayden and wings Hayden's shoulder. A second shot misses.

Rowdy focuses on his sights and finishes with a tiny pull. The bullet opens Lean's head like a can.

Rowdy scans and sees Lynn and shoots at her.

Lynn dives behind chairs. She lands and clutches at bullet holes in her stomach and leg.

Russ sees blood pour from Lynn. He rages and decides. He tugs at his underwear entangled gun. He swings the gun wide and luckily shoots Rowdy in the thigh.

The room in chaos.

Hayden lines the sights on Russ and squeezes a shot off.

Boom.

Russ's body catapults into the wall and slides down. His gun lands next to Pete.

Hayden scans and no one moves. He lowers the shotgun and wields it like dead weight.

Quiet. Gunpowder dust swirls and falls. The end of chaos.

Hayden's face softens. Trancelike, he stares into the distance. He drops the shotgun and pats his wound.

He exhales and the steam breath lingers as if the room has chilled.

Hayden, faces ahead. Ansley behind him speaks into his ear.

HAYDEN (CONT'D)
I can finish.

ANSLEY
No.

HAYDEN
It just happens.

Her breath causes his hair to stir.

ANSLEY
It doesn't just happen!

Ansley disappears.

Hayden snaps back with clarity. He struggles to recall where his is. Confused, he takes it all in.

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

Hayden goes ridged.

Pete sees Russ's gun, the disoriented dirty cop, the shotgun. He decides and grabs the gun and aims at Hayden.

Pete sees a hazy white light corona over Hayden's shoulder.

He pulls the trigger.

Bam.

Smoke rises from the muzzle.

Gunpower and smoke rise, blend and obfuscate the corona.

The corona disappears as Hayden drops to his knees.

Hayden turns towards where Ansley had been present and sees nothing. He pokes at a bleeding hole in his chest and collapses.

The yellow lights become soft white.

Pete scans the room and sees no movement.

A quiet moment passes.

A distant slam. The house shakes, a crash downstairs.

Pete stares at the room's door and raises the gun at the unknown threat.

Distant calls "Police, Police!"

Elated and in tears, Pete lowers the gun.

From the hallway, he's a silhouette in a brightly lit room.

PETE

I've never been so happy.

A herd of footsteps rush near. The calls of police officers on approach. Closer. Just outside the room.

Pete faces the door and raises his hands in surrender. The gun dangles in his fingers.

Pete drops the gun.

The gun hangs in space as time slows.

The police kick the ajar door fully open as time races.

PETE (CONT'D)

It's me. Me!

A uniformed COP sees a glimpse of Pete, the gun, fires two rounds in succession from the automatic pistol.

The second bullet strikes Pete in the neck.

COP

Gun, Gun! Drop the gun!

Police officers pour into the room, check threats at gunpoint, holster, check pulses, find none.

Box waddles his way inside, gun in hand. He scans each corpse until he finds Rowdy.

Box stares at the supine, face-down Rowdy.

BOX

Told you to stay in your stream.

Box wants to do it. Spiteful, he kicks Rowdy.

Rowdy jumps and twists.

ROWDY
Don't shoot. It's me!

Box leaps out of his shoes. He stumbles and shrieks.

BOX
Jesus fucking Christ Rowdy! Fuck!

Rowdy applies pressure to his wound. He bizarrely laughs and wipes tears and blood from his face.

ROWDY
I bet you're happy to see me! I was playing possum. You know, like--

BOX
Dead. Yeah, I know. I'm thrilled you're arlight.

ROWDY
Be a dear and get me some bandages. I really owe you.

BOX
I'd call us even.

ROWDY
Yeah. Even. Cuz this was your guy, right?

Rowdy cranes his neck towards Hayden.

BOX
Uh. Yeah.

ROWDY
Or was that your guy?

Rowdy looks over at Pete.

BOX
Uh. I don't know--

ROWDY
If I didn't know better, I think our Merry-Go-Round stopped.

Box shrugs, he's guilty.

BOX
Yeah. You better be careful what comes out of your mouth next.

Rowdy glances at the cracked and fallen Robbin's photo. He stands with poise and dusts himself off.

ROWDY

What happened here? I'm happy not knowing. Unless of course I get charged. Then my attorney will have a field day with discovery. Sorting out who is working for who.

Box squirms.

BOX

You're free Adam. No charges.

ROWDY

It's a miracle. I finally figured it out.

BOX

Figured out what?

ROWDY

How to Measure your Life. The sense of achievement we crave and the long term impact it has on our lives. It's from a TedTalks.

BOX

What?

Box stares in pause.

ROWDY

Deep inside. I really just wanted to prove I could do it. I thought I wanted to prove my self to others. My father. Family. Them. But it was an internal struggle. I wanted to succeed. By my own definition. And not be a failure.

BOX

Well good for you. So what now?

ROWDY

Now. I got a house, money, I'm going back to school! I'm gonna run straight. Be a doctor like my buddy Wes.

BOX

Really?

ROWDY

Except he's saddle with student debt and I got bank! I just wanted to prove to everyone I could do it. No more talking down to me like I'm some kind of retard.

Rowdy's bizarre whimper.

BOX

Ok. Retard. Whatever.

ROWDY

If you were my dad, would you be proud of me, of what I accomplished?

BOX

Get this fuckin nut to the ambulance!

Two officers jerk Rowdy to his feet. He hobbles with their assistance towards the door.

ROWDY

Wait!

Rowdy breaks free and dashes toward Box.

Box reaches for his gun.

BOX

Freeze!

Rowdy clutches the Robbins photo.

ROWDY

Ain't leaving Tony here with you bozos. I trust my money will end up in evidence. I'll send my attorney first thing in the morning to claim it. Get that shit wired to admissions before I lose it.

The officers grab Rowdy and tug him towards the door.

Some blood leaks from Rowdy's wound. He tries in vain to catch the droplets. He pains as they land on the carpet.

ROWDY (CONT'D)

I'm tearing this shit out! Poured concrete. That's the answer! It's what Jack Welch would use. Poured fucking concrete!

ARNY

Jack who?

Officers drag Rowdy into the hallway.

ROWDY (O.S.)

Do you like acid etched? They are allergy-free and stain resistant. Though concrete traditionally is porous.

Rowdy's bizarre laugh carries.

Box takes a few steps and stands over Pete's corpse. He looks at Pete's bloody throat as Army steps near.

ARNY

Entry announced. He had a gun.

BOX

No. No. We're good. It was a good shoot. Some CI. Just as guilty as the rest of them.

ARNY

That's Hayden, over there?

BOX

Ah yeah. I wasn't expecting that.

ARNY

Expecting?

BOX

Well, over there is Scutter De Long. He's the guy behind the scenes, ran several narco crews. We've been after him for some time. I. Well. After Hayden's daughter died, we thought he'd put some pressure on Scutter. Make him nervous, make some mistakes.

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

ARNY

I don't get it.

BOX

Things were too cozy around here. We needed a catalyst. Hayden's kid dying just happen to be it.

Box slip the wire and transmitter into his pocket.

BOX (CONT'D)

I never imagined this. I thought
Hayden would track him down. You
know. Do things cops can't.
Shouldn't. There was a chance
Scutter would get the drop on him.
That could go either way. Who
knows? All depends who is on your
side.

Box looks towards the heavens.