

INVASION OF PRIVACY

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INT. RESTAURANT KITCHEN - NIGHT

In a very chaotic kitchen everyone is in motion. Everyone, that is, except for STEVEN. Steven is standing in the doorway looking into the front of the house.

The camera moves past Steven to the front of the house. Unlike the previous shot, the front of the house is calm, cool, refined. An affluent mid-30's couple, JACK and JANINE PENDELTON, are being seated by a HOSTESS.

CHEF

What the fuck! Steven! Get the fuck back to your station.

The camera pulls back to the kitchen quickly. Steven spins around and starts walking into the maelstrom. He walks up to the Chef.

STEVEN

My shift was over twenty minutes ago.

Steven takes off his apron and starts walking through the kitchen.

CHEF

Where the fuck are you going?
Where's your loyalty?

STEVEN

My loyalty stops when I'm off the clock.

Steven walks up to a time clock and punches out. He holds the time card up to the Chef before putting it back in it's slot. The Chef shakes his head.

CHEF

I thought you said you were done twenty minutes ago?

STEVEN

Consider it hazard pay.

Steven holds up his arm. There's a big burn on it. He turns and exits the kitchen.

EXT. BACK OF RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

Steven walks out of the kitchen to find two WORKERS smoking. One of them offers him a cigarette. He takes it and sits next to them.

STEVEN
This place sucks.

The Workers nod their heads.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Good thing I have another job.

The Workers nod their heads. Steven takes another drag of his cigarette.

INT. PENDELTON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The lovely living room of the Pendleton's vacation home is empty. After a beat the front door opens and in walks Steven with an empty duffle bag over his shoulder. He looks around furtively. He has little time to waste.

He looks over the living room and quickly deduces there's nothing there for him. Being an experienced thief he wastes no time. Steven exits the living room.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Steven enters the bedroom and goes right for the closet. He pulls out a pile of shoeboxes. He opens the bottom one. He reaches in and pulls out an envelope. Without opening it he puts it in the bag. He closes that shoebox and opens the others only finding shoes. He carefully puts them back where he got them.

Steven stands up and starts patting down the clothes. He stops at one suit and reaches in to the inside breast pocket. He pulls out a bundle of cash. He places the cash into the bag.

Steven pats down the rest of the clothes finding various items along the way. He looks on the top shelf of the closet pulling down a few boxes. He quickly looks in each one. In one he finds a velvet bag. Without opening it he puts it into the bag.

Steven looks around the top shelf and finds a metal box. He takes it down and sees the key is in the lock.

STEVEN
Idiots.

Steven drops the metal box into the bag. He rummages around the closet not finding anything more of interest. He moves to the dresser finding jewelry, watches, etc.

Steven walks over to the night stand. He opens the drawer and pulls out a gun. He puts the gun into his bag. He finds little more of interest so he exits the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Steven enters another, obviously female, bedroom. This time he goes right for the dresser. He closely checks out the jewelry on top bypassing the lesser pieces.

Steven opens the bottom dresser drawer first. He reaches in and under the clothes he finds a large envelope. He puts it into his bag and continues feeling around in the drawer. On the other side he finds a wooden box. He puts that into his bag.

Steven gives a cursory search of the remaining drawers finding nothing of interest. Steven moves to the closet and gives it a quick look. But, just as he assumed, there's nothing of interest in there. Steven exits the bedroom.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Steven walks down the hallway giving cursory glances into the guest bedrooms. He doesn't go into them. He walks down the hall until he finds a room that does interest him.

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Steven looks around the tidy office heading right for the desk. He tries a drawer but it's locked. He takes out a lock picking kit and quickly opens the middle drawer.

Steven pulls out another envelope and puts it into his bag. He pulls the drawer all the way out and in the back he finds a camera. He pulls it out and turns it on.

We see photos of Mr. Pendleton in drag giving someone a blow job.

STEVEN

I wonder if the misses knows?

Steven looks around and finds a printer. There's a USB cable hanging out of it. He plugs the camera in, the printer starts up, and he flips through the pictures looking for just the right one. Finding it he presses the print button on the printer. He leaves it to continue going through the drawers.

Steven finds nothing more of interest while the printer does it's job. He walks over to the shelves and finds a small safe. He carefully places it into the bag. The safe is causing the bag to strain.

Steven hoists the bag up over his other shoulder for stability. He walks over to the printer to retrieve the picture. He brings it to the desk, finds a pen and writes on the photo.

We see him print: \$10,000 Sandy Pond Park Wednesday Noon.

Steven opens the drawer and puts the picture where it won't be missed. He closes the drawer and exits the room.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Steven enters the kitchen. He pulls a plastic bag out of his pocket as he walks to the freezer. He pulls out the ice tray and looks in it. Seeing only ice he puts it back. He rummages through the freezer looking at each item. He only takes items wrapped in tin foil. He turns to exit.

EXT. BACKYARD - LATER

Steven exits the house through the back door and quickly walks through the yard into the woods. He hurries through the woods to a clearing of the house behind. He looks around and sees nothing. He walks through that yard.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Steven is walking down a street to his car. He opens the drivers side door and places the bag into the passenger seat. He gets in the car and drives away.

Steven is driving past the restaurant just as Jack and Janine exit the restaurant. They act as if they've had a very lovely evening.

EXT. SANDY POND PARK - DAY

Steven is playing tennis with PETER. They're both sweaty so they've been here for a while. Peter hits a ball wide.

STEVEN

Out. Forty thirty.

Steven retrieves the ball. He looks around the park and sees a couple of plain clothes policemen, DETECTIVES GEORGE LOCKHART and HARRY BOLTON, on the fringes trying not to act suspicious. He smiles as he picks up the ball.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Typical.

Steven walks to the baseline to serve. The point is short because he's distracted.

PETER

Deuce.

Peter tosses over the ball which Steven lets roll to the back fence. Peter sees Jack walking through the park. He's looking around nervously. Detectives Lockhart and Bolton move along with Jack at what they think is a safe distance. Jack anxiously checks his watch. Steven also checks his watch. It's 11:45.

Steven smirks and goes back to concentrating on his match. He gets to the baseline and serves again.

EXT. SANDY POND PARK - LATER

Steven and Peter are shaking hands at the net.

PETER

I really thought I had you this time.

STEVEN

Keep dreaming.

Steven and Peter walk off the court and start packing their gear away. Steven checks his watch. It's 12:31.

PETER

More like a nightmare. You could let me win once.

STEVEN

And you could hire me back.

PETER

You know it's out of my hands. Doug doesn't even want to see your face on the street. You've got to cool it. Doing six months for what? You're own stupidity? You could really have. . .

STEVEN
. . .blah blah blah. Heard it
before.

Peter stands.

PETER
Maybe one day you'll listen.

STEVEN
I'm not kidding. The place I'm at
now is a shit hole.

PETER
Who's fault is that? No respectable
establishment will hire you.

STEVEN
This is way below respectable. The
owner is a psycho. He hired this
chef who tries all these idiotic
combinations and goes catatonic if
someone says it sucks. Which it
always does.

Peter taps him on the shoulder.

PETER
Stay out of jail for six months and
I'll see what I can do.

STEVEN
Hey! I've already been out for
three. Doesn't that count for
something?

PETER
Three more and I'll see what I can
do. You can do it.

STEVEN
I know I can do it.

Peter starts walking away.

PETER
But do you want to?

Steven laughs.

STEVEN
Now ain't that the million dollar
question.

Peter exits while Steven continues packing and toweling himself off.

Off in the distance he sees Jack conferring with Detectives Lockhart and Bolton.

Steven stands up as two PLAYERS begin warming up on the court. Steven exits the court and walks to his car. He opens his trunk to put his bag away.

DETECTIVE LOCKHART (O.C.)

Excuse me.

Steven starts closing his trunk. Detectives Lockhart and Bolton are now visible.

DETECTIVE LOCKHART (CONT'D)

Could you leave that open for a second?

Steven reopens the trunk and steps away from the car.

STEVEN

What can I do for you, Detective?

DETECTIVE LOCKHART

We got a report of a suspicious person around here and if you're not suspicious, no one is.

STEVEN

You flatter me.

Detective Bolton looks in the trunk.

DETECTIVE BOLTON

Mind if we check out your vehicle?

STEVEN

No problem at all.

Steven steps away from the car as the Detectives look in it.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

If you tell me what you're looking for I might be able to help you.

Detective Lockhart pulls out of the car.

DETECTIVE LOCKHART

Why do you always have to be such a wise ass, Steven?

STEVEN

Hey, guys, whatever you're looking for I don't have it.

DETECTIVE BOLTON

Who says we're looking for something?

STEVEN

That's what people usually do when they're looking in something.

Detective Bolton points into the trunk.

DETECTIVE BOLTON

Open the bag.

Without hesitation Steve pulls out his bag and opens it. Detective Bolton takes it and dumps the contents onto the ground. Steven scurries to collect balls and gather the contents.

STEVEN

Hey! You didn't have to do that.

Detective Bolton smirks.

DETECTIVE BOLTON

That's right, but I just couldn't help myself.

Detective Lockhart walks over and stands above Steven repacking his bag.

STEVEN

Just tell me what you're looking for.

DETECTIVE LOCKHART

A camera.

STEVEN

Who has a camera now-a-days.

DETECTIVE LOCKHART

Who says now-a-days now-a-days?

Steven stands up and tosses his bag into the trunk.

STEVEN

Good one.

DETECTIVE LOCKHART

Listen Steven, what do you expect?
You're a fucking criminal, we're
looking for a criminal. Put two and
two together.

STEVEN

Hey! I understand. I've made some
mistakes in my life but I'm really
trying to stay on the right path.
That guy I was playing with? I'm
trying to get back in with his
restaurant group.

DETECTIVE BOLTON

Great story but, I don't know, I'm
not buying it.

STEVEN

Did you find anything in my car?

The two Policemen stands there silently.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Do you want me to call my PO and
have him come by my house right
now? You can come to.

Steven closes his trunk.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I'm fucking clean.

DETECTIVE LOCKHART

So you say. But we've had a few
burglaries that fit your MO to a T.

STEVEN

Oh, let me get this straight, a
house was broken into, stuff was
stolen so that points to me?

DETECTIVE BOLTON

Along with the fact you're here.

Steven acts incredulous.

STEVEN

Here? In a public park? Enjoying
this beautiful day with a little
tennis?

DETECTIVE BOLTON
Here in a park where a extortion
payoff was going down.

STEVEN
Extortion?

Steven looks at Detective Lockhart.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Come on? How long have you known
me? Is blackmail part of my MO?

DETECTIVE LOCKHART
People evolve.

Steven throws his arms into the air.

STEVEN
You guys are amazing.

Steven walks around the Detectives.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
If you don't have any further
police brilliance, I'll be heading
to work now.

DETECTIVE LOCKHART
We'll be in touch.

Steven gets into his car.

STEVEN
Be looking forward to it.

Steven puts on his seat belt and checks his rearview mirror.
Detective Bolton is in the middle of his mirror. Steven
slumps his shoulders and droops his head. After a few beats
Detective Bolton steps away from the car. Steven backs up a
little before stopping.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
What kind of camera is it? I still
know people.

DETECTIVE LOCKHART
Get the fuck out of here.

Detective Lockhart kicks Steven's car. Steven drives off
without giving them a second glance.

STEVEN
Pendelton's fucked.

Jack jogs up to Detectives Lockhart and Bolton.

JACK
Is that him? Is that the guy who
broke into my home?

DETECTIVE LOCKHART
He's someone known to us but he
didn't have a camera in his car.

JACK
So then it's all bullshit?

DETECTIVE LOCKHART
It might not be him but there's
someone out there with a camera you
seem to want back real bad.

Detective Lockhart holds out his hand for Jack to shake.
Slowly, almost begrudgingly, he does. Detective Lockhart
walks away. Detective Bolton pats Jack on the shoulder.

DETECTIVE BOLTON
I'd bet you it was him.

Detective Bolton starts to walk away.

JACK
What's his name?

DETECTIVE BOLTON
Wesley. Steven Wesley.

Detective Bolton exits while Jack takes out a note pad and
pen and write Steven's name on a sheet.

JACK
You'll be sorry you fucked with me
Steven Wesley.

Jack puts the pen and note pad away and walks toward his car.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Steven pulls into the parking lot of a Bus Station. He gets
out of the car and walks into the Bus Station.

INT. BUS STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Steve walks up to the lockers, takes out a key, unlocks the
locker, takes out the camera and exits the Bus Station.

EXT. SEAVIEW COUNTRY CLUB - LATER

Steven slowly drives through the Seaview Country Club parking lot. He's looking for a specific vehicle. He sees it. It's a white Mercedes convertible.

Steven parks his car a few spaces down and walks back to the Mercedes with camera in his hand. He walks to the passenger side quickly leans over placing the camera under the seat. He quickly makes it back to his car and drives away.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Janine is driving her car rapidly down the street. She catches up with traffic in front of her quickly so has to slam on her breaks.

JANINE

What the fuck? Doesn't anyone know
how to drive?

Janine sits there frustrated why this happening to her when she glances over to the passenger side. She sees part of the camera.

JANINE (CONT'D)

There's his camera! He must have
dropped it. Fucking idiot. At least
we'll get the insurance money for
it.

Janine leans over to pick it up. She sits back up and sees that the traffic isn't going anywhere for a minute. So she does what most people would do in this situation, she turns it on and looks at the pictures.

The slow burn Janine does builds to a blood curdling scream.

JANINE (CONT'D)

I'll kill that cock sucking
bastard.

Janine looks to the other side of the road and seeing no traffic she turns the car around with a screech. She speeds the car down the street and out of sight.

EXT. BUILDING - LATER

Janine, with a white knuckled grasp on the camera, is heading into a building with a sign that reads: Robert K. Smith, Attorney At Law. Janine enters the building.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

Nine people, the GILPATRICK-TAYLOR family, LIZBETH, SCOTT, LAWRENCE, SUSAN, CHRISTINA, BELINDA, JACQUELINE, WILL and ALLAN are seated around a table. A LAWYER has a pile of folders in front of him.

LAWYER

Now on to the summer homes. You have to vote on how the houses are divided. You can either separate them each get one house or share.

LIZBETH

Separate.

SCOTT

Separate.

The other siblings sit silently.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

Okay, that's two for each getting one. Does anyone else want to vote?

Lizbeth and Scott, obviously the family bullies, glare at everyone else. Truthfully, to spend less time with those two, everyone would vote to separate regardless of how they feel.

CHRISTINA

We're going to vote to separate them.

The Lawyer spreads nine folders across the desk.

LAWYER

Because your parents didn't want anyone lobbying for a specific property it'll be done by lottery.

LIZBETH

Another half ass way of doing things.

BELINDA

I think it's fun.

LIZBETH

You would because you're a simpleton.

LAWYER

However you feel about it that's what we'll do.

The Lawyer spreads the folders across the table in front of him.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

No one in this room knows the contents of these folders. Each of you has a number that matches a folder. Whichever matches your number is your property.

Lizbeth reaches over but the Lawyer places his arm over the folders.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

Not so fast, Lizbeth. Whichever property you get must remain in your family. It cannot be sold to any outside interest in perpetuity. Once you get a property it cannot be traded for any other one. Is everyone in agreement?

SCOTT

Just give me my damn house.

LAWYER

I'll take that as a yes. When you get your package please go to the hallway where someone will take you somewhere to sign the necessary papers. Okay, who has number. . .

Lizbeth jumps up and grabs folder three. She begins to open it as Scott reaches for his.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

Please go to the other office with your package.

Lizbeth and Scott look at the Lawyer for a moment before exiting the room. Everyone is silent for a few beats.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

Hot damn! Are they always like that?

WILL

You should see them on their bad days.

LAWRENCE

Which is most of them.

JACQUELINE

That was pretty well behaved for them.

LAWYER

I would have hated to see them misbehave.

SUSAN

It can be frightening.

BELINDA

That was the most time I think any of us have spent with them since daddy died.

CHRISTINA

Can we hide in here until they're gone?

LAWYER

Why not, I'm going to.

Everyone laughs as the lawyer holds up folder number one.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

Who has number one?

ALLAN

I do.

LAWYER

Now this is how your father wanted it.

LAWRENCE

Do we really have to leave?

LAWYER

No, I said that in hopes they'd leave.

Lawyer slides the six folders left down the table.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

I'm sure you can do this civilly amongst yourselves.

People reach for a folder and hand them to the correct person. Everyone chattering, laughing and smiling as the Lawyer sits back and watches.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Christina, Belinda, Susan, Jacqueline, Will, Allan, Lawrence are hugging and enjoying each others company and good fortune. Lizbeth and Scott are nowhere to be found.

Slowly the group goes their separate ways. Cars pull up and they get in or they walk off. Christina is the last person to get picked up.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Christina is in the passenger seat telling the story to her husband, BRIAN, as they drive down the street.

CHRISTINA

It was cool after Lizbeth and Scott left.

BRIAN

Their normal selves I take it.

CHRISTINA

Nothing you haven't seen before. We got to sit around the table as everyone opened their folders and found out what everyone got.

BRIAN

Well? Don't keep me in suspense.

CHRISTINA

Allan got. . .

BRIAN

. . .ahhhhhhh! I don't care what Allan got.

CHRISTINA

I know. I just couldn't help busting your balls.

BRIAN

Oh, now that you own a la-de-da summer home you're all high and mighty.

CHRISTINA

I am from a very well established pedigree.

BRIAN

Oh, that is quite obvious in the way you pick at your toe nails.

CHRISTINA

Yes, it's all about the refined things in life.

Brian and Christina laugh at their own silliness.

BRIAN
Seriously, what house did you get?

CHRISTINA
The one of the Cape.

BRIAN
Oh, great, good for you.

CHRISTINA
You don't sound too enthused.

BRIAN
No, it's great. I know how
important that place is to you.

CHRISTINA
But?

BRIAN
But it's the place that needs the
most work.

CHRISTINA
It's the only place that needs
work.

BRIAN
Exactly.

Christina reaches out and pats Brian's shoulder.

CHRISTINA
Good thing you're a master
carpenter then, huh?

BRIAN
Just peachy.

Christina and Brian drive down the road silently. Christina is happy, she has many great memories of the house, but she knows the work they'll have to put into it.

INT. PENDELTON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jack walks into his living room and is immediately shocked. Strewn throughout the living room are pictures from his camera.

Jack picks up a picture and smiles. He starts picking up all the pictures.

He puts them in a neat pile on the coffee table. He picks up a piece of paper that was left dead center on the table. It reads: I'll see you in court.

Jack carefully puts the note on top of the pictures. He takes out his phone and dials. After a few beats he begins speaking.

JACK

Hey, it's me. I need you to do a few things.

(pause)

Hold on. We'll talk when I'm finished. And find out everything you can about Steven Wesley.

(pause)

You said he's got a rap sheet bigger than this stack of papers in front of me. I want to see for myself. Don't worry, I'll let the police handle it.

Jack taps the papers.

JACK (CONT'D)

Yes, she found out.

(pause)

No, I'm fine. It's a good thing but the way she found out is going to cost a bundle.

(pause)

I know, it's only money. But it's my fucking money.

(pause)

I know. I know. You were right. It was a huge mistake. But, the things you do for family.

Jack pauses and laughs.

JACK (CONT'D)

Yes, that's right, do for the family money.

(pause)

Listen, we'll work it out. Just start on those things, oh, do you know a great divorce lawyer? Then come over.

(pause)

Yes, for the night.

Suddenly Jack gets a little excited.

JACK (CONT'D)
Who knows, maybe forever.

Jack hangs up the phone. He picks up the note Janine left. Grins as he reads it then balls it up and throws it across the room. Then he picks up the pile of pictures, leans back and starts looking through them.

INT. STORAGE UNIT - DAY

Steven is sitting in a storage unit at a six foot long table on the left side of the unit. It's a sparsely packed ten foot by ten foot unit. To the right are three six foot tall gun safes. At the back there is a metal closet.

This is where Steven breaks down the items from his robberies. He's breaking down jewelry. He separates the gems from the settings and puts them in piles. In front of him are piles of gold, silver, platinum, diamonds and other gemstones. From the looks of the piles Steven's been busy.

Steven's working on his last piece. Tossing the gold bracelet onto the pile he starts putting each pile into it's own Fed Ex box. He sends each precious metal and gem to separate fences around the country. That way no one can tell what he's up to.

Boxing up the last one Steven puts it on top of the pile of six. He stretches before getting reaching under the table for a plastic bag. He opens it and takes out all the tin foiled packages.

Steven begins opening the tin foiled packages. In the first couple he finds meat. He tosses the meat back into the plastic bag. In the third he finds cash. He smiles and stands up.

Steven walks to the middle gun safe and opens it. The thick metal door opens and we see small items, cameras, cellphones, watches, rings, etc. piled up on the bottom with a stack of cash on the top shelf. He puts the cash next to that pile of cash. He pulls some bills from the top and sticks them into his pocket. He closes the door and steps to the metal closet.

Steven opens the metal closet taking out some restaurant clothes. He tosses the clothes on top of the packages. He picks up his clothes and packages. Steven exits the storage unit.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Steven pulls his car over and puts one package into a Fed Ex drop box. When he gets back in the car we see that there are three boxes left. The implication is that he drops each package off in it's own drop box. Steven pulls into traffic and drives away.

INT. BACK OF RESTAURANT - LATER

Steven walks into the back of the restaurant. Immediately the Chef bellows at him.

CHEF

Don't even fucking change. Danny wants to see you. What the fuck did you do now, asshole?

Steven walks past the Chef.

STEVEN

Maybe he's pissed because I refuse to eat your food.

CHEF

Who the fuck do you think you are talking to me like that? I'll have you know people come from miles around to eat what I prepare.

STEVEN

It's because they think it's gourmet dog food.

The Chef starts screaming but he's cut off when Steven turns the corner.

INT. MANGER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Steven walks into the office and sees DANNY behind his desk. Danny doesn't look up when Steven enters.

STEVEN

You wanted to see me?

DANNY

Are you pulling your shit again?

STEVEN

Why does everyone ask me that?

Danny looks up and chuckles.

DANNY
I guess everyone has their reasons.

STEVEN
And what's yours?

DANNY
A patron was asking around about you.

STEVEN
Who?

DANNY
Jack Pendelton.

STEVEN
Don't know him. I'm back of the house, Dan, I don't know any customers.

DANNY
Well he seems to know you. Turns out his house was broken into when he was here.

STEVEN
What the fuck?

Steven sits down.

DANNY
He asked some waitstaff if they knew you. Then two cops came in to see if you were working that night.

STEVEN
What night was it?

DANNY
Last Monday.

STEVEN
I was here.

DANNY
Until eight twenty.

STEVEN
So what did you tell them?

DANNY
That you were here.

STEVEN
Was that good enough for them?

DANNY
You know your history with cops. Do you think that was good enough for them?

Steven sits back while Danny leans forward.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Did you have anything to do with the break in?

STEVEN
No.

DANNY
You know I don't believe you, right?

Steven chuckles.

DANNY (CONT'D)
It's not that I don't want to but, with your history, it's impossible.

Steven leans forward.

STEVEN
So I'm fired, right?

DANNY
Fired is such a strong word, it's just that business has been off...

STEVEN
. . .just say fired. I'm a big boy. I'm not going to sue you.

DANNY
It's not even that. Trust me, the owner group is more afraid of Pendelton and his group not coming here anymore than a lawsuit from you.

Danny leans even closer to Steven.

DANNY (CONT'D)
I like you, Steven, you're a good worker and way above the skill level of this dump, so I hope you don't have anything to do with it.

Danny sits back.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Pendelton's not someone to fuck
with. And now that his wife's
divorcing him he's crazed. You
can't fight old money, Steven. I'm
talking ooooooollllldddd money.

Steven stands up.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Be careful, man. If he even thinks
it's you he's going to be dogging
you.

STEVEN
Thanks.

Steven turns to exit.

DANNY
If you ever need a reference.

STEVEN
I'll get one from someone people
respect. Thanks for the advice.

Steven exits the office.

DANNY
Fuck you.

Danny laughs going back to paperwork.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Christina and Brian are standing in the vast old living room
of their new home. Christina's eyes are wide with memories.
Brian's are more filled with dread.

CHRISTINA
When I was a kid we'd spend every
Christmas down here.

Christina runs over to the large bay window.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
My father would put the tree here
and it seemed as if gifts went all
the way to here.

Christina runs as far as you can without leaving the living room. She slowly walks back to Brian.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
And the summers. Oh, it was
unbelievable.

BRIAN
Why'd people stop coming here?

CHRISTINA
People moved on with the new. Every
time my father bought another house
that became the shiny new nickle.

BRIAN
Why didn't he sell it?

CHRISTINA
He bought all the homes for us
kids. Each time mom would have
another kid, another house. My
parents kept coming down a few
times a year until they were
unable. But we kids kept begging
them to go to the newer houses.

Christina looks around.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
But this place never lost it's
allure to me.

BRIAN
Why'd you stop coming?

CHRISTINA
My life got in the way. Who wants
to spend their weekends with their
family?

BRIAN
Oh yeah, the rule.

Christina laughs.

CHRISTINA
Yep, it's why you didn't get to
come here until after we were
engaged.

BRIAN

That's right. No boyfriends. I remember when I could finally come I even had to stay in a different room. I don't even think it was on the same floor.

CHRISTINA

Oh, don't exaggerate. It was on the same floor. Just totally opposite sides of the house.

Brian walks over to the staircase then to the windows.

BRIAN

It's too bad it wasn't used more. Structurally, this place is a tank.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

The windows will have to be replaced. I really don't want to look in the basement or on the roof. But I've seen worse.

Christina walks over and hugs Brian.

CHRISTINA

I'm glad you say that because we really have no choice.

BRIAN

Yeah, I know. But boy, but if you'd lucked into the house in Bar Harbor we'd be sitting on the veranda sipping beverages instead of trying to figure out how we're going to tackle this.

Christina and Brian look around their home trying to figure everything out.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Steven walks into a Bar. There are three PATRONS scattered throughout. The bartender, TOMMY, is happy to see Steven.

TOMMY

Well, well, well, look who's here? I heard you got out.

STEVEN

Three months ago.

TOMMY
You been staying straight?

STEVEN
You been staying gay?

TOMMY
So I guess we've both been good
boys. What can I get for you?

STEVEN
Draft.

Tommy heads to the beer taps.

TOMMY
What brings you here?

STEVEN
I got a story I want to run by you.

Tommy comes over, puts the beer on the bar and leans on the
bar.

TOMMY
You know how I love a story.

STEVEN
A guy thinks I broke into his
house.

TOMMY
Did you?

STEVEN
No.

TOMMY
Should I believe you?

STEVEN
Why does everyone ask that?

TOMMY
History. Go on.

STEVEN
He was at the dump I was working at
when the house was broken into.

TOMMY
What's the problem? There's your
alibi.

STEVEN

Sort of. I got off at eight.

TOMMY

And they were still there at eight.

STEVEN

Bingo.

TOMMY

Why's he think it's you?

STEVEN

Two cops questioned me and he saw it.

TOMMY

That's not much to go on.

STEVEN

For some people it's all they need. But that's not the problem. I heard he's got big money and is like a pit bull.

TOMMY

That does sound like a problem.

STEVEN

I wanted to run the guys name past you and see if you knew him.

TOMMY

Shoot.

STEVEN

Jack Pendelton.

Tommy backs off the bar. The Patrons look at him.

TOMMY

Jack! Stay the fuck away from him.

STEVEN

What do you know about him?

TOMMY

More than I want to. He's a high roller in P-Town. Always picking up the tab. Hanging all over all the buff boys.

STEVEN

So he is gay.

TOMMY

Yes and I just found out his wife found out.

STEVEN

That can't be good.

TOMMY

I heard she found him doing their pool boy in the back yard.

PATRON 1 (O.C.)

I heard she found a DVD of him and some biker dude.

Tommy and Steven look down at the Patron 1 who nods at them. Knowing they can be heard Tommy and Steven move further down the bar.

TOMMY

These boys. They can hear you whisper a mile away but can't hear you when telling them to fuck off.

Tommy turns toward the Patron when he says 'fuck off.' The Patron shrugs and goes back to his drink.

STEVEN

I don't need the sordid details, I just need to know if this is a credible threat.

TOMMY

Very. He's got a little gay army that'll do anything he says. I heard he had a one night stand with a boy he thought stole a watch. He had the kid followed then hired some thugs to bash him. Turns out it was in one of his cars.

STEVEN

So he's a little hair-triggered?

TOMMY

It's the only thing hairy about him.

Steven sits there thinking.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

If I were you I'd create a little distance between you and him.

Steven finishes his beer, takes a twenty out of his pocket and places it on the bar.

STEVEN
My thoughts exactly.

TOMMY
I'll keep you informed if I hear anything.

Steven stands and begins to leave.

STEVEN
Thanks.

Steve exits. Tommy picks up the twenty and puts it in his pocket. He looks at the three Patrons. They're all looking at him.

TOMMY
Okay, what did the rest of you hear?

Tommy pours them all drinks.

PATRON 2
I heard she went to P-Town to shop and saw him walking down the street holding someone's hand.

PATRON 3
Nah, I heard she found an incriminating camera in her car.

Tommy delivers the drinks.

TOMMY
Well, one of us must be right.

Tommy holds up his glass, the others follow and then drink.

Patron 3 finishes his drink and heads toward the bathroom. A few steps away from the bar he takes out his phone and dials. A beat later he begins talking.

PATRON 3
Hey, Jack. The guy you're looking for is asking about you.
(pause)
You're welcome.

Patron 3 enters the bathroom.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Brian and MARK are working on the house. The room is void of furniture and the entrances are covered with plastic.

MARK

It's not as bad as it could have been.

BRIAN

That's one good thing. Coming back here to work on the weekends is killing me.

MARK

Oh, stop whining. What would you be doing anyway?

Brian chuckles.

BRIAN

Working.

MARK

See?

BRIAN

But I'd be getting paid.

MARK

But at the end of this you'll marvel at your good work for the rest of your life.

BRIAN

I'd rather look at my bank account and marvel.

Brian and Mark laugh. It's just the banter of two guys used to working together.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

That's enough for tonight. Let's go get a few beers.

Mark tosses his hammer into a toolbox.

MARK

You know what's great about having you for a boss.

BRIAN

What?

MARK

You're lazy.

Brian throws a towel at him.

BRIAN

You say it like it's a bad thing.

Brian turns off the only light in the room plunging it into the dark.

INT. STORAGE UNIT - NIGHT

Steven is standing in his storage unit with ROGER who is looking through the gun safes. Everything is in there from the last time except the money. Steven seems a little tense.

STEVEN

Come on, man, you've got to do better than that.

ROGER

What do you want from me?

STEVEN

A fair price. The safes alone are worth fifteen apiece.

Roger pulls his head out of the case.

ROGER

Really?

STEVEN

Really.

Steven pats on a case.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

It's thirty minute fire protection, two inch steel bolts, adjustable shelves.

ROGER

I'll get fifteen for them that means you get less.

STEVEN

Come on, Roger, be fair.

ROGER

Hey, if you were a better customer maybe I would.

STEVEN

How can I be a better customer if I'm on the straight and narrow.

ROGER

Really?

STEVEN

Really! This is old stock. I'm dumping it to get this bill off my back. If I'm not working I'm not going to need it.

ROGER

We'll see.

STEVEN

How come no one believes you?

ROGER

Because we know you.

STEVEN

Okay, look, everything in the unit, how much?

Roger looks in the gun safes again. Opens the metal closet.

ROGER

Why would I want this shit?

Steven reaches in and takes out all the clothes.

STEVEN

I'll throw in the closet. How much?

Steven drops the clothes on the table while Roger thinks.

ROGER

Three grand.

STEVEN

Three grand? Now I know what it's like to get robbed.

Steven looks at him for a second.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Five.

ROGER

I thought you said you left your life of crime? Okay, four and that's it.

Steven thinks for a second. He's not happy about this.

STEVEN
I'll take it.

Steven holds out his hand. Roger reaches into his pocket and peels off forty hundred dollar bills and hands them to Steven. Steven shoves the bills in his pocket, picks up the clothes and turns to leave.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Take care, Roger.

ROGER
Yeah, you too, Steven. Good luck
with staying on the straight and
narrow.

Steven leaves the room.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Steven walks through the hall.

ROGER (O.S.)
Send in the guys.

Steven nods continuing down the hall.

EXT. LOADING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Steven walks past BRUCE and WARREN straight to the dumpster where he tosses his clothes.

STEVEN
Roger wants you guys.

They nod and amble into the storage facility. Steven continues to his car.

INT. STORAGE UNIT - MOMENTS LATER

Roger is on the phone.

ROGER
Hey Jack, it's Roger.
(pause)
Yeah, that was a good time. Listen,
I just bought things from the guy
you're after and there's nothing of
yours.

Bruce and Warren enter the storage unit. Roger gestures them to take everything. They both slump at the thought of moving the gun safes.

ROGER (CONT'D)

I have your list with me and there was nothing. Not even that. I know the guy. He's been working out of this unit for years. He just sold it all to me.

(pause)

He says he's out of the business. Clean since he got out.

(pause)

I sort of believe him. He always has more stock than this.

(pause)

All right, okay, see you then.

Roger puts away the phone as Bruce and Warren struggle with the gun case.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Why don't you empty it first you morons?

INT. PENDELTON'S BEDROOM

Jack puts the phone on the night stand. He turns and talks to Detective Harry Bolton.

JACK

That was Roger. He says Steven sold everything, that he's been clean since getting out.

DETECTIVE BOLTON

Anything of yours in there?

JACK

No.

DETECTIVE BOLTON

Roger knows every booster so if he says nothing of yours was there believe him.

Jack looks at Harry.

JACK

I'm still going to have people keep an eye on him.

DETECTIVE BOLTON
Just eyes. Don't get stupid. Let us
do our job.

Harry rolls over toward Jack.

DETECTIVE BOLTON (CONT'D)
Then we'll see hoe grateful you
are.

INT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Mark and Brian are sitting at the bar of a run down bar. This isn't the type of bar the high class residents of this area would be found dead in. Mark and Brian fit right in.

MARK
I don't know what the problem is.
It's a sweetheart deal.

BRIAN
I know. It's a cool house. There's
a lot of potential.

MARK
But?

BRIAN
But Christina and I haven't been
getting along.

MARK
What are you afraid of? She's using
you to fix up the place then will
dump you?

BRIAN
Stranger things have happened.

MARK
Man, you're paranoid.

Steven enters the bar and sits behind Brian.

MARK (CONT'D)
Listen to me, she's been going
through a lot of shit.

BRIAN
Oh, and I haven't?

MARK

Just fucking listen and stop being a baby. All this family shit can make anyone go off the deep end. Remember how you were when your father died?

Brian nods.

MARK (CONT'D)

So cut her some slack.

Mark waves for two more.

MARK (CONT'D)

So tell me how you're affording all this shit? I know you're getting discounts and I'm working for squat but you're buying some high end items.

The BARTENDER comes over and places down the two beers.

MARK (CONT'D)

Thank you.

The Bartender looks at Steven then takes his order.

BARTENDER

Oh, hey, Steven, when did you get here?

STEVEN

Just a minute ago. A draft, please.

Bartender walks away as we pick up on Brian and Mark's conversation.

BRIAN

Along with the house the trust has a shit ton of money in it. I'm told it's enough to sustain anything the house would need.

MARK

How much do you think is in it?

Brian takes a long sip of his beer.

BRIAN

I don't know but it's got to be over a million.

MARK

No shit?

BRIAN

She's got a bunch of checkbooks...

MARK

. . .who uses checks anymore?

BRIAN

I don't know. She does, I guess. This is for the taxes, this is for minor repairs, this is for major repairs. I swear I saw one for utilities and the last amount in the ledger was four hundred thousand.

MARK

Holy shit! I really should be charging you more.

BRIAN

Go ahead it's not my money.

Steven, a crisp hundred dollar bill in front of him, is listening intently to Mark and Brian's conversation.

MARK

You gonna get any of it?

BRIAN

I doubt it. She has to pass all the bill through a trustee.

MARK

That's cold. She paying you for the work?

BRIAN

No, it's how her family is. I come down after work on Friday and spend the weekend working. She comes down every other Thursday after her shifts and does what she does.

MARK

If you keep up with that pace you should be done in no time.

BRIAN

Or dead.

MARK

Cheer up, sport! I'll help you die
as often as I can.

BRIAN

I knew I could count on you.

Mark and Brian face the bar while Steven is hatching a plan.
Steven gets up and exits the bar.

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Steven is pacing around the front of the bar smoking. He's
lost in thought when

SND FX Tires squealing

Steven looks up to see a car backing up on the street. The
vehicle idles in the middle of the street. We can't clearly
make out the face of the PASSENGER but he's pointing at
Steven.

The car pulls a little down the street then pulls into a
parking lot across the street. The car parks facing the bar.
The DRIVER turns off the car. The Passenger and Driver talk
to each other animatedly.

Steven puts his cigarette in the ashtray and turns to head
back into the bar.

STEVEN

Subtle.

Steven opens the door just as Mark and Brian are exiting.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Oh, hey, excuse me.

MARK

No problem. Have a nice night.

STEVEN

You too.

Steven holds the door for them to leave. Mark and Brian head
to Brian's truck. Steven enters the bar. We see him a moment
later as Mark and Brian are getting into Brian's truck.

Brian pulls the truck out of the parking space then we see
Steven's face in the window. He begins writing something
down. As the truck passes we see on the door of the truck:

MJR CONSTRUCTION
617-555-4858

Brian pulls the truck out of the parking lot, onto the street and out of the scene. Steven completes his note and looks toward the guys parked across the street. Of course they're still there. Steven steps away from the window.

INT. BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Steven walks through the bar directly into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Steven walks through the kitchen like he owns it. A few WORKERS nod in recognition. He walks up to the SHORT ORDER COOK who barely looks up. He's in constant motion.

SHORT ORDER COOK
Can't you see I'm in the fucking
weeds here?

STEVEN
Nice to see you too.

SHORT ORDER COOK
When'd you get out?

STEVEN
Few months.

SHORT ORDER COOK
Heard you were slumming at the
Summer Hut.

STEVEN
Oh man, what a pit. Worse than this
place.

SHORT ORDER COOK
I've heard. To what do I owe the
honor?

STEVEN
Can't I just come in and say hi to
an old friend?

SHORT ORDER COOK
I don't have time for your shit,
Steven. Get to it or get the fuck
out.

Steven pulls his car keys out of his pocket.

STEVEN
Swap cars with me for the night.

SHORT ORDER COOK
What's wrong with your car?

STEVEN
Nothing. You know I take care of my
shit.

SHORT ORDER COOK
No, I mean what's in it.

STEVEN
Nothing.

Short Order Cook doesn't believe him.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
I swear. It's just that some guy
who thinks I broke into his house,
which I didn't, is having me
followed.

SHORT ORDER COOK
Oh sure, like you're worth
following. More paranoid bullshit.
Get the fuck out of here.

STEVEN
Come on, man, what's the big deal?
You can look for yourself. They're
parked in the parking lot across
the street.

SHORT ORDER COOK
Like I have time to indulge your
paranoia.

Steven stands there as the Short Order Cook keeps working. He
stops for a second and looks at Steven. He knows Steven will
stay there in the way unless he gives in. So he does.

SHORT ORDER COOK (CONT'D)
In my pants in the locker room.

Steven turns and runs toward the locker room.

STEVEN
Thanks, man, I owe you.

SHORT ORDER COOK
Work a shift for me next week.

STEVEN (O.C.)
Next week might not be good. But I
will. I promise.

Steven comes back to the prep table holding up a key.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
I put mine in your pants. Thanks.

Steven turns and starts heading out the back door.

SHORT ORDER COOK
When am I going to get it back?

STEVEN
I'll drop it off in your house
later.

Steven exits through the back door.

SHORT ORDER COOK
Make sure you do. I've got some
pick ups to do in the morning.

The Short Order Cook continues working.

EXT. EMPLOYEE PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Steven is pulls a truck out of the employee parking lot. He takes a left and sees the car still parked across the street. He takes a right undetected.

EXT. STREET - LATER

Steven drives the truck through residential streets. Knowing this area he's certain he'll find Brian's truck.

The streets are dark except for Steven's headlights. He drives down one street where only the barest of house lights are on. Everyone is sleeping. He gets to the top of a street and looks right, darkness. So he takes a left.

Steven sees one house with a light on. He drives toward the light. In the driveway he sees Brian's truck. He pulls up to the house. Brian and Mark are visible through the bay window. Brian is vacuuming. Mark is sitting on a case. They both have beers in their hands.

Steven watches this for a few seconds before pulling a notebook out of his glove compartments and writing down the address. Finishing he tosses the note pad back in his glove compartment and drives away.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Jack is sitting in his car looking at the building. Two MEN are loitering near the front door smoking. Steven comes out and Jack picks up his phone and dials. One of the Men answers his phone.

Steven walks away from the building as the Men toss down their cigarettes and enter. Steven reaches his car and proceeds to open the door. Jack slowly pulls his car up to Steven's. Steven looks toward Jack's car. He's startled.

JACK

Hi Steven.

STEVEN

Do I know you?

JACK

Don't play an idiot.

STEVEN

So you're the guy who has people following me? What do you want?

JACK

My life back.

Steven gets in his car. There's no where he can go but at least it's some protection.

STEVEN

Can't help you. I don't even have mine.

JACK

I'm told I can't do what I want to do without proof.

STEVEN

Proof of what? What the fuck is this about?

JACK

You fucking with my life.

STEVEN

I don't even know you.

JACK
And that may be your undoing.

Steven gets out of the car and walks up to Jack's. Jack didn't expect that.

STEVEN
What the fuck do you think I did?
What the fuck do you want? Who the
fuck are you?

JACK
I think you broke into my house.

STEVEN
Nope.

JACK
I want you to pay for it.

STEVEN
Sorry, broke.

JACK
I'm the man who's going to fuck
with your life.

The two Men exit the building and walk away. Jack notices them through his rear view mirror. Steven notices Jack watching them.

STEVEN
For what? Listen mister, whatever
you think I did, I didn't. Whoever
you think I am, I'm not.

JACK
That remains to be seen. I'm told I
can't have your head caved in
without proof.

Jack puts his car into gear and drives away. The two Men's vehicle passes shortly after. Steven leans on his car watching them pull away. After a beat he runs back to his apartment.

INT. STEVEN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Steven enters his apartment. It's scarcely furnished and neat. Nothing seems out of place. Steven looks around. He doesn't see anything out of place. The only thing hanging on the wall is a poster of the 2006 film, The Bridge.

Knowing there's nothing in here that could incriminate him he's not nervous. He's agitated people were in his apartment though.

STEVEN

What the fuck? I've got to get out of here.

Steven sits on the couch looking around the apartment trying to see if anything is out of place. He's uneasy at being violated. The irony is lost on him.

EXT. VERANDA - DAY

Jack is sitting at a table with a drink in front of him and a camera in his hand. He's flipping through pictures of Steven's apartment.

JACK

How do people live like this?

We see pictures of inside Steven's closet and drawers, pictures of his rooms, even under his bed.

JACK (CONT'D)

I can't believe there's nothing. He has to be the one.

A WAITRESS approaches the table.

WAITRESS

Would you like another, Mr. Pendelton?

Jack barely pays her any attention.

JACK

Sure.

The waitress exits while Jack keeps flipping through the pictures.

JACK (CONT'D)

I find one shred of evidence and he's fucked.

Jack throws the camera off the veranda and sulks.

A member of the grounds crew, PAUL, turns the corner, sees the camera and picks it up. He looks at the pictures for a few seconds. He takes out his phone and dials while walking away.

PAUL

Hey Steven, it's Paul. Listen, I just found a camera with what looks like pictures of your apartment.

(pause)

Yeah, I'm sure. Who else has a movie poster for The Bridge on their wall?

(pause)

Are you sure? Okay.

Paul begins to delete pictures from the camera.

PAUL (CONT'D)

I'll delete them.

(pause)

Nope, just pictures of your apartment. Nothing else. There. How'd your camera get here?

(pause)

Oh, it's not your camera. Creepy and I don't want to know about it. What do you want me to do with the camera?

(pause)

Cool. I'm more than happy to keep it. You gonna be around later?

(pause)

All right, another time then. Bye.

Paul hangs up the phone as he reaches the garage and enters.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Christina is walking down a hospital corridor carrying paperwork. She's gracefully moving thorough the always crowded hospital corridor.

Christina arrives at the nurses station where JUDY is sitting and files her paperwork. She looks up at the clock and smiles. It's 5:55.

CHRISTINA

Well, looks like that's it for me.

Judy looks up at her shaking her head.

JUDY

I don't know how you do it. Eight hour shifts beat me.

CHRISTINA

It's not that bad when you think of the three days off.

JUDY

I guess but don't you ever have a down day?

CHRISTINA

Friday's. I putter around. Go shopping, go to lunch. I don't really do much.

JUDY

How's the house coming?

CHRISTINA

Not bad. The living room should be done this weekend. Brian said there's not much to do in the other rooms on that floor. Except the kitchen. That'll be a big job so he's doing it last. So when him and his helper are working Saturday I try to find the kitchen I want.

JUDY

That's never easy.

CHRISTINA

Tell me about it. I'm actually hoping he slows down to give me more time to decide.

SND FX Telephone Ringing

Judy answers the phone as she and Christina wave to each other. Christina exits the hospital.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - LATER

Christina walks past cars on the way to hers. Arriving at her car she presses her alarm.

SND FX Car Chirping.

Christina opens the door, gets in the car, starts it and pulls out of the parking lot.

EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER

Christina is driving down the highway. She passes under a sign that has the number 3 in a square with the words South Cape Cod with an arrow pointing left. She takes that left.

INT. STEVEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Steven is sitting in his living room. A baseball game is on television. He's counting money on the coffee table. A calculator and beer are also on the table. He doesn't seem all that thrilled with the number he's coming up with.

STEVEN
Far from enough.

Steven sits back on the couch.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
I've got to make one big score.

SND FX Knock on the door.

Steven opens a drawer on the coffee table and slides the money into it. He stands up and goes to the door. When he gets there he looks through the peephole for a second before leaning back. Softly he says,

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Fuck.

Steven opens the door to reveal Detective Bolton.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Detective.

DETECTIVE BOLTON
Steven.

Detective Bolton doesn't wait for an invitation he steps past Steven. When he's past Steven formally waves his arm.

STEVEN
Please, enter my humble abode.

Steven closes the door and follows Detective Bolton into the living room. Steven heads to the couch.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
So to what do I owe the pleasure?

Detective Bolton walks into the kitchenette and comes back with a beer.

He tosses the bottle cap to Steven who catches it and tosses it to the table. Detective Bolton sits in the only other chair.

DETECTIVE BOLTON
Don't entertain too much I see.

STEVEN
I like meeting friends at bars.
Unlike me hey never run out of shit
to drink.

Detective Bolton looks at the television.

DETECTIVE BOLTON
What's the score?

STEVEN
I don't know. What the fuck do you
want?

Detective Bolton turns to face Steven. He's smiling.

DETECTIVE BOLTON
Don't worry, it's just a friendly
visit.

STEVEN
Now that's something I've never
experienced.

Detective Bolton leans forward.

DETECTIVE BOLTON
I'm only going to ask you this once
and it's in your best interest to
tell me the truth. Can you do that?

STEVEN
What's the question?

DETECTIVE BOLTON
Did you try to blackmail Jack
Pendelton?

STEVEN
No, I told you. I was playing
tennis, trying to get my shit
together.

Detective Bolton takes a sip of beer.

DETECTIVE BOLTON

Okay, I'm going to believe you. I have my doubts but I also have no evidence.

Detective Bolton stands up.

DETECTIVE BOLTON (CONT'D)

So I'm here to give you some advice. I believe you, Lockhart believes you. To us it's just another break in. They take up half my day. But there is one person who is never going to believe you.

STEVEN

Let me guess.

DETECTIVE BOLTON

So you've heard?

STEVEN

Haven't heard as much as seen. People have been following me, he had some people come in here and take pictures of my shit.

Detective Bolton looks around and laughs.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I know, stupid. And the fucker was here when they did it. I'm getting in my car and he fucking threatens me.

DETECTIVE BOLTON

What did he say?

STEVEN

He said he was going to fuck with my life. That someone told him, and because you're here I have to guess it's you, that if he ever found out I did it he'd cave my head in.

DETECTIVE BOLTON

Fuck. Do you want to report it?

STEVEN

Nah, fuck it. I just want him off my back.

DETECTIVE BOLTON

That's the problem, Steven, no one does. So I'd advise you to get the fuck out of here. Stay out of his line of sight for a while.

STEVEN

Why the fuck do I have to go? He's the one committing the crime.

DETECTIVE BOLTON

Not yet, Steven, and when he finally does, trust me, it'll be too late for us to do shit about it.

Detective Bolton turns to exit.

DETECTIVE BOLTON (CONT'D)

I'll have a talk with him but all it'll do is buy you time to take off.

Detective Bolton reaches the door and opens it. He turns and looks at Steven.

DETECTIVE BOLTON (CONT'D)

Make it quick. The good thing is you don't have much to pack.

Detective Bolton exits.

Steven can't sit still. He kicks the coffee table. It slides a little.

STEVEN

Fuck.

Steven stands up and heads for the door.

EXT. CAR - LATER

Detective Bolton is sitting in his car on the phone.

DETECTIVE BOLTON

Are you out of your fucking mind?

(pause)

Shut the fuck up, this time you listen. You have to back the fuck off, do you hear me? I had to talk him out of filing a report.

(pause)

Why? You fucking threatened him.

Detective Bolton is beside himself with anger.

DETECTIVE BOLTON (CONT'D)
What the fuck were you thinking?
(pause)
Listen, just lay the fuck off. The
moment I get one piece of evidence
I'll call you and you can do
whatever the fuck you want. Until
then back off.

Detective Bolton hangs up the phone and tosses it onto the
passenger seat.

DETECTIVE BOLTON (CONT'D)
Fucking nightmare.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Steven pulls into a parking lot with a few offices and parks.
All the businesses are closed. After he turns off his car he
exits it and leaves the parking lot.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Steven is walking through a backyard. He reaches a small
cluster of trees and stops. He sees another backyard is being
renovated. There's a backhoe and a Bobcat parked together.

Steven walks up to the Bobcat and stands behind it. It's a
perfect vantage point to watch the house. He sees Christina
in the kitchen through the glass door.

Christina is walking around the kitchen measuring. After a
few beats she sits at the table and flips through a catalog.

Steven begins to slowly walk toward the house. He walks to
the right side out of Christina's sight. He tries to open the
window on the side of the house. They're locked. He moves to
the next window with the same result.

Steven walks back to the yard. He turns the corner close to
the house and trips the motion light. He quickly steps back
around the corner as Christina opens the back door. She looks
around for a second. Steven squats next to the house to avoid
casting a shadow. Satisfied it was just an animal, Christina
goes back into the house.

Steven remains crouched by the house for a few beats until he
is startled.

SND FX Garage door opening

Steven moves to the front of the house in time to see Christina drive away. He places his back against the house as she drives past. He takes this opportunity to run toward the garage.

Steven arrives at the garage door just before it closes. He reaches his hand in and trips the safety beam. The door rises. He quickly finds the inside button and presses it. The door begins to descend again. The door closes fully.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Steven walks to the side door and tries it. The door opens. Steven shakes his head.

STEVEN
Stupid people.

Steven enters the house.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Steven walks through the kitchen. The appliances are older and it looks like exactly what it is: a house in renovation. Steven exits the kitchen.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The living room is a little more completed than the last time we saw it but it's still a work in progress. Steven walks through seeing very little of interest. Steven walks down a hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Steven opens the first door and it's a bathroom. Rarely ever anything of value in there so she shuts the door and continues on.

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

This room is completely empty as Steven pokes his head in. He continues down the hall only to find more empty rooms.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Steven steps out from the hallway and walks up the stairs.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Steven arrives at the top of the stairs. He sees a number of doors so picks the closest one. The door bangs on something causing him to startle. He looks into the room.

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Steven's head pops in and together we see the room is filled to overflowing with furniture. Obviously everything that was downstairs has been moved up here. Steven pulls his head out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Steven walks down the hallway to the next door. He opens it only to once again bang into furniture. He doesn't bother looking in. He continues down the hallway.

At Steven next door he swings the door open and again we hear the door crash into furniture. He shuts it and moves to the next door where it once again hits furniture.

Steven arrives at the door at the top of the hallway and swings it open. Expecting more of the same he doesn't even look in. He starts walking down the hallway when the door swings open to reveal a bedroom. Steven stops and turns around. He walks toward the open door.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Steven enters the neat, but older furnished, bedroom. Steven looks at the top of the dresser. He's not interested in the jewelry. There's nothing worth anything there. He opens the drawers and pulls out a handful of large checkbooks.

Steven puts the checkbooks on the dresser. He opens them and starts looking through the checkbooks.

STEVEN

The guy was right. There's some serious cash in here.

Steven closes the checkbook.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Now if I can only figure out how to get some of it.

Steven exits the room.

INT. BAR - LATER

Christina is sitting next to CHET. Chet is obviously her date. He leans in and kisses her. After the kiss he signals for them to leave. They finish their drinks and exit.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Steven is aimlessly rummaging through Brian's toolboxes. He finds some zip ties and aimlessly tosses them onto another box. He pulls out a nail gun and drops it on the floor. He stops and looks at his watch. It's 1:14. Brian moves a toolbox closer to the window and sits on it.

STEVEN

She shouldn't be too much longer.
The bars are all closing.

Steven sits and waits.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Steven is sitting on the floor with his back against the toolbox asleep. The room is illuminated by the morning light.

SND FX Car driving by.

Steven startles awake. At first he's confused but he quickly regains his bearings as he struggles to his feet. He looks around the room before hurrying to the garage. There is a possibility he slept through her entrance and she may have walked past without seeing him.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Steven opens the garage and sees no vehicle. Relieved he closes the door.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Steven walks over to the kitchen table and sits down. He flips through the kitchen supply books for a few beats before losing interest and pushes them away.

EXT. BEACH - LATER

Christina and Chet are walking together on the beach. They're next to each other but not touching. Looks like two friends walking down the beach.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Steven checks to make sure the sliding back door is unlocked. He leans over and jams a screw into the bottom of the door. He stands up and tries it. It stays shut giving the appearance of being locked. Steven exits the backyard.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Steven is driving agitated.

STEVEN
What the fuck?

Steven pounds on the steering wheel.

EXT. BACKYARD - LATER

Steven is in the backyard carrying a bag. He walks over to the back door of the garage and looks in. We see inside the garage and it's empty.

Steven walks over to the sliding door, leans over, pulls out the screw and opens the door. He walks over to the kitchen table and puts the bag down. He reaches into the bag and begins pulling out food.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Steven is cleaning off the table. He puts the last remnants of the debris into the bag and tosses it into the trash. He starts to walk into the living room when

SND FX Garage door opening.

Steve walks to a spot where he can see Christina's car pull into the driveway. He watches the car pull in and waits for the sound of the garage door closing before moving.

SND FX Garage door closing.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Steven positions himself on the wall beside the doorway. He reaches into his back and pulls out Jack's gun. He waits.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Christina opens the door and enters the kitchen. She seems happy. She tosses her keys and bags on the table and starts to walk into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Christina enters the living room and turns away from Steven. Steven waits until she takes two steps to move.

STEVEN

Down on your fucking knees.

Christina turns around. Steven has the gun pointed at Christina's face as she turns around frightened.

CHRISTINA

What do you want?

STEVEN

I said down on your fucking knees.

Steven pushes the gun closer to her face. Christina slowly drops to her knees. Steven slowly walks toward a toolbox.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Don't you fucking move.

Without taking his eyes off Christina Steven walks over to the toolbox and picks up the zip ties. He walks back over to Christina.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Put your hands behind your back.

Christina does what she's told.

CHRISTINA

What do you want?

Steven zip ties her hands behind her back. He finishes and helps her to her feet.

STEVEN

What does any good thief want?
Money.

CHRISTINA

Then you've come to the wrong
place.

Steven leads her over to a toolbox and sits her on it.

STEVEN

Don't bullshit me, lady, I've been
all through this place, I've seen
the checkbooks.

Christina thinks for a second then remembers the house money.
She grins and chuckles.

CHRISTINA

Good luck with that.

A little ticked off with her impertinence, he slaps her
across the face. She quickly loses her grin.

STEVEN

Don't fuck with me.

Steven looks at his watch. It's 4:18. He's not too happy to
see that time.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

What time does your bank close?

CHRISTINA

What are you talking about?

STEVEN

Don't go all stupid on me now. What
time does your bank close.

CHRISTINA

I'm not sure. Four I think.

STEVEN

Shit.

Steven turns and paces. A beat after he does Christina stands
up and makes a run for it. Steven quickly grabs her by the
hair and pulls her back to the toolbox. He grabs another zip
tie and the nail gun. He zip ties the nail gun to her ankle
by the trigger.

CHRISTINA

What the fuck are you doing?

STEVEN

I might need you mobile but not too
mobile. That should do the trick.

Christina holds up her foot and the nail gun dangles there.
She kicks out at Steven but all it does is swing the nail gun
so it crashes into her leg. She reacts to the pain.

Steven walks to the staircase and sits down. He's thinking.
He puts the gun down beside him.

CHRISTINA
You'd better make up your mind fast
because my husband'll be here soon.

STEVEN
Yeah and I'll just fucking shoot
him too.

This is the first time Christina realizes she's dealing with
someone on the edge. She softens her act.

CHRISTINA
Just tell me what you want.

STEVEN
Money. Lots of fucking money.

CHRISTINA
I'm telling you we don't have lots
of fucking money.

STEVEN
Stop fucking with me. I saw the
checkbooks.

CHRISTINA
That's not our money. It's in a
trust for the house.

STEVEN
Which you control.

CHRISTINA
No, well, yes, a little. But the
checks have to be signed by me and
the trusts guardian.

Steven thinks for a second.

STEVEN
What about going to the ATM?

Christina shakes her head.

CHRISTINA
None of those accounts have ATM
cards.

STEVEN
What the fuck kind of people are
you? Don't have an ATM card?

CHRISTINA

The trusts were set up long before
ATMs.

Steven tries to think of something else.

STEVEN

What about your ATM card? We could
use that. You've got to have some
money in there.

CHRISTINA

The most I can take out a day is
three hundred. I'll gladly give you
that if you leave.

Steven stands up even more agitated.

STEVEN

I need much more than that.

Steven walks into the kitchen and retrieves her bags. He
starts going through her bags. He pulls out the normal things
you'd find in a woman's bag. He pulls out her panties with
two fingers. Steven looks at Christina.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I bet your husband would be
interested in the fact you didn't
come home last night.

CHRISTINA

Stay the fuck out of my life.

STEVEN

Too late.

Steven keeps going through her bag finally pulling out her
wallet. He takes out all the cash and credit cards. He stands
up putting them in his pocket. He leaves everything else
where he dropped it.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Are you carrying any more money?

CHRISTINA

I might have a hundred or so in the
console of the car.

Steven leans over to retrieve the gun.

STEVEN

Up. Let's go get it.

Christina stands up and has trouble walking with the nail gun attached to her. She walks past Steven into the kitchen. He follows her.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Christina hobbles down the stairs, the nail gun clanging along. Steven close behind. Christina walks up to the car then turns around to look at Steven.

CHRISTINA

You expect me to open it with my mouth?

Steven is rapidly taking a dislike to Christina.

STEVEN

Put your stomach on the car.

Christina turns around and leans on the car. Steven opens the door and reaches in. He opens the console and pulls out some money. He pulls himself out of the car and shoves the money into his pants. He shuts the door then grabs Christina by the hair. She straightens right up.

CHRISTINA

You're hurting me.

STEVEN

You're fucking lucky you can feel it.

Steven shoves Christina toward the house where she clamors up the stairs. Steven follows behind. They enter the house. The door shuts.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Brian's truck is going down the highway.

INT. TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Brian is holding a phone to his ear.

BRIAN

What the fuck? Answer the fucking phone.

Brian pulls the phone away from his ear and tosses it into the passenger seat.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
All fucking night, all fucking day.
But if I'm on a fucking roof and
it's a little inconvenient to
answer a phone she flips out
because she can't tell me the
latest insipid thing one of her
idiot girlfriends said. Holy fuck.

Brian is shaking his head. He looks into a strip mall.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Fuck it. She gets pizza.

Brian parks the truck.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
I know it'll be wrong. She'll want
Chinese. Or meat or whatever the
fuck I didn't bring.

Brian gets out of the truck.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Brian slams the door.

BRIAN
If you want me to know what you
want ANSWER YOUR FUCKING PHONE.

PEOPLE turn to look at the extremely agitated Steven. He ignores them and walks into Ventullo's Pizzeria.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Christina and Steven are sitting on the floor leaning on toolboxes. It looks as if they've had a tense silence for some time.

SND FX Truck pulling into driveway.

Christina and Steven both startle. Steven moves quickly behind Christina.

STEVEN
You give him any type of warning
and the next thing he'll hear is a
bullet going through your head.

Steven places the gun on Christina's head. She gasps.

SND FX Door opening.

BRIAN (O.C.)
Christina! What the fuck? Why
haven't you been. . .

Brian gets to the living room door holding a pizza box. He sees Steven holding a gun to Christina's head.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
. . .whoa.

STEVEN
Put the pizza down slowly and lie
on your stomach.

Brian bends his knees, putting the pizza off to the side. Once the pizza is down he lies on his stomach.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Put your hands behind your back.

Brian puts his hands behind his back. Steven walks toward Brian.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Put your left ankle over your right
ankle.

Brian puts his left ankle over his right ankle as Steven reaches him.

BRIAN
What do you want?

Steven zip ties Brian's hands then feet. Steven rolls Brian over.

STEVEN
Sit up.

Brian sits up as Steven picks up the pizza, walks away and sits on a toolbox.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Right now? A piece of pizza.

Steven opens the box. His face cringes. He closes the box and tosses it on the ground.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Anchovies? Who the fuck puts
anchovies on their pizza?

BRIAN
She loves it.

CHRISTINA
You like it too.

BRIAN
I didn't say I didn't.

CHRISTINA
Yeah, but you made it sound like...

STEVEN
. . .would you shut the fuck up.

Steven looks at Brian.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Seriously, does she ever shut up?

BRIAN
She talks a lot when she's nervous
and I'm willing to bet this is
making her nervous.

CHRISTINA
I'm no more nervous than you.

Brian slumps his shoulders.

BRIAN
Please, Christina, we've got
something more serious here for us
to be getting into a pissing
contest.

Christina glares at Brian.

STEVEN
Well, now that we've got that
unpleasantness behind us let me
answer your question.

Steven looks at Brian.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Money. Lots of it.

Brian laughs. Steven is incredulous.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Why do you both laugh when I say
that?

BRIAN
 Sorry, sorry, I know this is a
 tense situation.

CHRISTINA
 See? You're scared too.

BRIAN
 Could we get past that for a
 minute? One damn minute?

Christina sighs and turns her head away. Brian looks at
 Steven and raises his eyebrows.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
 The thing is, we don't have any
 money.

STEVEN
 I fucking heard you.

Christina's head spins back and accusingly looks at Brian.

CHRISTINA
 You're the fucking reason for this?

Brian is flummoxed.

BRIAN
 I don't even know this guy. And I
 don't know shit about your money.

CHRISTINA
 And now you know why. You can't
 keep your fucking mouth shut.

BRIAN
 I didn't say a damn thing.

STEVEN
 Hey! There's a fucking man with a
 gun over here.

Brian and Christina turns there attention to Steven.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
 You were talking to some other guy.
 Someone you work with. He said the
 house came with a ton of cash.

Steven walks up to Brian.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
 And I fucking want it.

CHRISTINA

I've been trying to explain to this man that I can't touch the money.

BRIAN

She's right about that.

STEVEN

How can that be? All you have to do is go down there, tell them you want money and they give it to you.

Christina chuckles. Steven quickly steps over to her.

CHRISTINA

Obviously you don't know anything about. . .

Steven puts the gun in her face.

STEVEN

. . .but I sure as fuck know about killing a bitch.

Christina is going to find it very difficult to find anything funny for the rest of this ordeal.

Steven pulls the gun away from Christina's face. He slowly walks back to the toolbox and sits down. He reaches down and flips open the pizza box. He takes out a slice.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Fucking anchovies.

Steven picks anchovies off the pizza and throws them back into the box. He begins eating the pizza. Christina and Brian are watching him. Steven take a couple of bites of the pizza, puts it down on the toolbox, gets another slice out of the box and walks over to Brian.

CHRISTINA

Hey! What about ladies first?

Steven looks over his shoulder at Christina.

STEVEN

He paid for it.

Steven arrives at Brian.

BRIAN

No, she can have it. I had a late lunch.

Steven stands there with the pizza.

STEVEN

Either you eat the first slice or
no one gets anymore.

Brian hesitates.

CHRISTINA

Oh just fucking eat it. Don't be
such a martyr.

Steven leans down and holds the pizza out for Brian. Steven
whispers in Brian's ear.

STEVEN

How the fuck do you put up with
this?

While chewing Brian says.

BRIAN

It's not always easy.

CHRISTINA (O.C.)

Could you at least hurry up?

Steven rolls his eyes. Brian takes one last large bite then
nods his head for Steven to go to Christina while chewing.
Steven goes to the box, grabs another piece and heads over to
feed Christina. He holds the piece a little away from her so
she has to stretch.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

You think this is funny?

STEVEN

Yeah, a little bit. Eat.

Christina leans forward and eats.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

The pizza is gone with everyone chewing their last bits.
Steven closes the box and tosses it across the room.
Christina begins to protest but one look from Steven and she
thinks better of it.

STEVEN

You got anything to drink?

BRIAN

There's nothing in the fridge but
my cooler has some beer in it.

STEVEN

Where's the cooler?

BRIAN

In the bed of my truck.

Steven thinks this over. Should he leave them alone? What are the risks. Finally he picks up another zip tie then pulls Brian across the floor to Christina.

STEVEN

Get on the floor.

Christina slides off the toolbox to the floor. Steven places them back to back and zip ties their hands together.

CHRISTINA

You're not going to keep us like
this, are you?

Steven starts exiting the living room.

STEVEN

If you don't shut your mouth I
might.

(pause)

Now sit tight.

Steven exits.

BRIAN

How long has. . .

CHRISTINA

What the fuck are you. . .

Christina wins. Brian stops talking while Christina continues.

CHRISTINA

. . .going to do about this? It is
your fault, after all.

BRIAN

I didn't say a fucking thing. Mark
was making small talk.

CHRISTINA

Oh, small talk, is it? Is that your
topic of conversation with your
asshole friends? My money?

BRIAN

Well it sure as fuck couldn't be
your winning disposition.

CHRISTINA

You still didn't answer my
question.

BRIAN

I would have if you'd SHUT THE FUCK
UP FOR ONE SECOND.

Steven comes back into the room pulling the cooler.

STEVEN

I can't leave you two alone for one
minute without you bickering.

Steven sits on the toolbox, opens the cooler and takes out
three cans of beers.

CHRISTINA

How do you propose we drink them?

STEVEN

Damn, you don't let people breathe
for a minute, do you?

Steven stands up and places the beers on the toolbox. He
begins walking into the kitchen.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I know you have straws in the
middle drawer in the kitchen.

Steven exits into the kitchen.

CHRISTINA

And how would you know that?

STEVEN (O.C.)

I've been in every damn drawer in
this house.

CHRISTINA

That disgusting.

Steven arrives back in the living room with a handful of
straws. He shrugs his shoulders.

STEVEN

It's what B&E guys do.

Steven walks over to the cooler and pops open the beers. He places the straws through the hole in the top to secure it and carries two beers over toward Christina and Brian.

On the way over he begins sliding a smaller toolbox toward Christina and Brian.

CHRISTINA

Don't slide that across the floor,
you'll scratch it.

BRIAN

Don't worry about it. It's going to
be redone anyway.

CHRISTINA

Yeah but it's just the fact. . .

Steven stops the toolbox close to Christina and Brian.

STEVEN

. . .shut the hell up. Damn you are
annoying.

Steven leans between them and cuts the zip tie that bound them together. Christina and Brian adjust themselves to lean on the toolbox as Steven adjusts the toolbox between them before placing the beers so they can sip them.

CHRISTINA

Are you going to let him talk to me
like that?

Brian looks at her as if she's lost her mind.

BRIAN

Yeah, okay, I'll give it my best.

Brian looks at Steven sternly.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Take back what you said about my
wife, you bounder.

Steven starts to laugh.

CHRISTINA

I should have known that would be
your best. Every single time
there's a crisis there you are
acting like a jerk.

BRIAN

What the fuck do you expect me to do? Kick his ass? I can't even scratch my own nose and you want me to crawl toward him because he called you exactly what you are?

STEVEN

Hey, hey, hey. Can't we talk about something nice?

BRIAN

That's impossible with her. She can turn any conversation sour in a heartbeat.

Christina's face begins to turn red. She has anger in her eyes and hate coursing through her body.

STEVEN

Well, we'd better find something to talk about or it's going to be a very quite, long evening.

BRIAN

What's your plan?

Steven sits on the toolbox and takes a big hit from the beer.

STEVEN

I'm so glad you asked. We're going to sit here and get to know one another until the time your bank opens up.

CHRISTINA

Then what is your master plan?

STEVEN

I don't think I like your tone very much.

CHRISTINA

Go fuck yourself.

STEVEN

Mom? Is that you?

CHRISTINA

Fuck you. You're not going to get away with this, you know.

STEVEN

You'd be surprised what I've gotten away with. But, to continue, then we're going to get a bunch of money, give it to me and we'll all live a happy life.

CHRISTINA

Bullshit.

STEVEN

Nope. That's my plan.

CHRISTINA

What if I won't go along with it.

Steven stand up, picks up his gun, drinks his beer while he walks over to Christina then points the gun at her.

STEVEN

Then the evening ends here.

Steven leans very close to a frightened Christina.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

You see, I'm out of options. So why would you think I give a rats bloated ass about you?

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Steven is sitting on a toolbox, a few empty cans of beer on the floor around him. Christina and Brian are sitting as far away from each other while remaining leaning on the same toolbox.

CHRISTINA

I have to go to the bathroom.

STEVEN

Then go.

Christina struggles to get to her feet.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Where the fuck do you think you're going?

Steven picks up the gun and points it at her.

CHRISTINA

I'm going to the bathroom.

STEVEN

Yeah, go. Right the fuck there.

Christina looks at Steven as if he's lost his mind.

CHRISTINA

I sure as hell are not going to soil myself.

STEVEN

Soil myself, how classy. Your choice. Looks like I'm not the only one out of options.

BRIAN

Come on, man. When she says she has to go she's not kidding.

STEVEN

What do you want me to do about it?

CHRISTINA

Take me to the fucking bathroom.

STEVEN

I'm not doing that. I don't want to see that shit.

CHRISTINA

Oh, so you'll fucking shoot me but you won't watch me piss?

STEVEN

A man's gotta draw the line somewhere.

CHRISTINA

Then free me?

Christina lifts up her foot.

STEVEN

Yeah, right. How stupid do you think I am?

Steven begins to walk back to the toolbox.

BRIAN

Let me take her.

Steven turns around.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

It's the easiest way.

STEVEN

Yeah, right. If I won't let her go
what chance do you have?

BRIAN

Listen, you can keep the gun on my
head for the entire time. You've
got my word.

STEVEN

What the fuck good is your word?

BRIAN

I understand but right now I'm out
of options.

CHRISTINA

What's with all this male bonding
shit? Am I going to piss or what?

Brian and Steven look at each other. They're all tired, it's
getting late.

BRIAN

I promise I won't try anything.
You've got a gun. I'm not as stupid
as I look.

STEVEN

No. Piss yourself.

CHRISTINA

I'm going to fucking explode. I'm
going to piss. Let me piss. I've
got to piss. I've got to piss. I've
got to piss.

BRIAN

Trust me. She'll keep this up
all night.

CHRISTINA

I've got to piss. I've got to
piss. I've got to piss.

Steven stares at Christina before slowly looking at Brian.

STEVEN

Turn around.

Brian turns around and Steven cuts off the zip ties.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

I swear. You make one fucking move
and I'll shoot you. You understand?

Steven rotates his shoulders and rubs his wrists.

BRIAN
Totally.

STEVEN
Sit on the toolbox.

Steven sits on the toolbox.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Lift up your legs.

Steven lifts up his legs. Brian quickly cuts the zip ties off his feet.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Let's go.

Brian puts a hand on Christina's shoulder and leads her to the bathroom. Steven is close behind with the gun pointed at Brian. They exit the living room to the hallway.

Christina and Brian enter the bathroom. Christina kicks the door closed. Steven stops it but only opens it a tiny bit.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
It doesn't close all the way.

CHRISTINA
Oh, so you're just a peeper?

STEVEN
Fuck off. Just piss and shut the fuck up.

Brian turns Christina around and kneels down. He starts unzipping her pants and taking them down. With her pants at her knees, Christina sits. Brian pulls her pants further down.

CHRISTINA
What are you doing?

BRIAN
Trying to make you comfortable.

CHRISTINA
Just lean the fuck back and turn around.

Brian leans forward to stand up.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
What the fuck are you doing?

BRIAN

Trying to stand up like you told me.

Brian puts his hand on the ground. He finds the nail gun and turns it on. While passing Christina's ear he whispers.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I turned on the nail gun.

Brian continues to stand and begins turning around. Brian turns away from Steven, reaches into his front pant pocket and takes out a knife.

CHRISTINA

What did you say? What did you say to me. I didn't hear what you fucking said.

Brian turns to face Christina. While doing so he opens the knife and slips it into the back of his pants. Now facing Steven Brian catches his eye and rolls his. Steven nods his head.

BRIAN

Nothing. I just said hurry up.

CHRISTINA

Don't tell me what to do? Why can't you go into the hallway with your new best friend.

BRIAN

Can I come out there? It'll be best for all of us.

STEVEN

No. Just walk to the door and face it.

Brian walks to the door and puts his face near the opening.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Why the fuck do you put up with her shit, man? You seem like a decent guy. Is it the money?

BRIAN

No, she's not always like this.

CHRISTINA

I can hear you two schools girls whispering over there. What are you talking about? Going steady?

Brian turns his head.

BRIAN
Shut the fuck up and piss.

Brian turns back to Steven.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Her father dying and getting the
added pressure of this place has
turned her into a ball of stress.

Steven shrugs.

STEVEN
I'm going to have to take your word
for it.

CHRISTINA
I'm done.

BRIAN
Can I turn around?

STEVEN
Yeah, hurry up.

Brian turns and walks over to Christina. He gets some toilet
paper and begins to wipe her.

CHRISTINA
Ow. You're not sandpapering a
board, asshole.

STEVEN
Done?

Christina doesn't answer him she stands up. Brian pulls up
her pants and redoes them. He stands up.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Back out of there.

Brian turns around.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Put your hands behind your back.

Brian puts his hands behind his back.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Put them out the door.

Brian slides his hands out the door and Steven zip ties them.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Back away from the door.

Brian backs away from the door. Steven swings it open.

STEVEN (CONT'D)
Let's go.

Steven backs out of the bathroom and down the hallway with Christina right behind.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Christina is sitting on the toolbox. Brian is on the floor getting his feet zip tied by Steven. Finishing he begins to stand up.

When Steven is midway up Christina lunges at him. Surprised Steven falls over some tools. Christina jumps on him. The force of all her weight knocks the wind out of him.

BRIAN
What the fuck?

Brian quickly lifts his shirt and finds the knife. He quickly begins rubbing the zip tie on the blade. It seems to take forever.

Steven regains his breath while Christina is doing the only thing she can: she bites him. Steven gets his hands free and tosses her off of him.

Christina rolls and tries to get up but he's on her quickly. He kicks her in the stomach. He's winding up to kick her again when Brian lunges at him knocking him over.

Steven and Brian rolls around on the floor. Brian has no foot traction so holds on to Steven's throat with his left hand. Steven starts punch Brian. The punches land and stun Brian but he doesn't release his grip on Steven.

Steven rolls Brian over freeing his right hand. His grip in Steven's throat is starting to break away when Brian swings his right hand forward plunging the knife into Steven's stomach.

Brian loses his grip on Steven and falls to the ground. Steven looks at the knife sticking out of his stomach.

STEVEN
You fucking asshole.

Steven slowly pulls the knife from his stomach.

STEVEN (CONT'D)

Now I'm going to fucking kill you.

Steven leans down to stab Brian. Brian rolls and the knife goes into his left thigh. Brian reaches up and once again grabs Steven by the throat.

Steven wedges his elbows between Brian's arms and starts pushing him away. Brian is losing his grip. His hands are about to release Steven who is twisting the knife in Brian's thigh.

SND FX Gun shot.

Steven and Brian fall to the ground. Blood is on both of them but they're both still alive. Steven begins to stir so Brian reaches down and tries to pull the knife out of his thigh. We see that his hand is bleeding. He can't grip the knife so he reaches over with his right and extracts it.

By now Steven is beginning to gain some strength. He sits up but isn't up for long as Brian lunges at him with the knife. We can't see where the knife went in because Brian is on top of Steven strangling him.

Steven tries to fight back but he's rapidly fading away. Brian keeps strangling him until he's sure Steven is dead. Brian falls on top of him in an exhausted heap.

Struggling, he looks up to find Christina. She's standing there with the gun still in her hand. She looks at Brian.

CHRISTINA

I kept pulling the trigger but
nothing would come out.

BRIAN

That's okay, you did good.

Brian extricates himself from Steven pulling the knife out. He's struggling to sit up.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Christina.

Christina is stock still staring straight ahead.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Christina.

Brian cuts his feet loose then crawls over and cuts the nail gun off Christina. It's still a struggle to stand so he sits at her feet

BRIAN (CONT'D)
CHRISTINA.

Brian's sharpness snaps Christina out of it.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
Go look out the windows.

Christina is confused.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
We've got to see if the noise woke
any of the neighbors up.

Christina keeps standing there.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
DO IT.

Slowly Christina starts walking toward the hallway. Using a toolbox Brian stands up and looks out the bay window. The street is still totally dark.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
That's a good sign.

Christina enters the living room.

CHRISTINA
No lights next door.

BRIAN
Go outside and walk around.

Christina does what's she's told. Brian takes a look around. It's a mess. Reflexively he bends down to pick up some of the debris. But he shudders in pain. He looks at his hand. The webbing between his thumb and forefinger is gone.

Brian walks over to and opens a toolbox. He pulls out some electrical tape and binds his hand. While he's doing that Christina comes back in.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
You shot me.

CHRISTINA
What?

BRIAN
Well, you shot him too so I guess
it's a good thing.

Christina walks over to Brian. She looks at what he's down and scowls.

CHRISTINA

What the hell are you doing?

Christina begins to unravel the electrical tape.

BRIAN

Oww. Oww. Oww.

CHRISTINA

Don't be a baby.

Christina looks at the wound clinically. She stands up.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Not too bad. Could have been worse.

Christina goes to the kitchen and quickly returns with some basic medical supplies. She kneels down to take care of Brian.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

This'll do for right now but we'll have to look at it when we have time.

BRIAN

I think we have plenty of time right now.

This is the Christina we're used to. She's obviously over her shock.

CHRISTINA

I think we have more pressing issues right now.

Christina puts gauze around his hand then tape it. While down there she tears his pants open to take a look at the leg wound.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

I can stitch that up. But we have some things to do first.

BRIAN

What can be more important than keeping your husband from bleeding to death?

She stands up and gestures around the room.

CHRISTINA
Cleaning this up.

BRIAN
What do you mean, clean this up?
It's a fucking crime scene. We've
got to call the cops.

CHRISTINA
And say what? We were drinking with
a guy who was holding us hostage so
we shot him?

BRIAN
That isn't exactly what happened.

CHRISTINA
And do you think, even if it was
ruled justified, I'd get hired by
any hospital in the world? I'm
pretty sure even justifiable
homicide is grounds for yanking my
license.

Now it's Brian who's a bit in shock.

BRIAN
Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! What are you
suggesting here?

Christina gets a glimmer in her eyes.

CHRISTINA
When I was looking around outside
something dawned on me
(pause)
We got away with murder.

BRIAN
And?

CHRISTINA
Don't you get a rush from that?

BRIAN
I feel something but I think it's
from blood loss.

CHRISTINA
Don't be such a baby. Think about
it. . .

BRIAN

. . .I have thought about it and it's crazy.

CHRISTINA

No, it's the perfect crime.

BRIAN

That's it's, I'm getting rid of any network that has true crime shows.

CHRISTINA

Hear me out.

BRIAN

No, Christina, this is insanity.

CHRISTINA

There's a fine line between brilliance and insanity.

BRIAN

And I'm straddling it listening to you.

Brian starts to stand up. It's a struggle but he gets up.

CHRISTINA

Come on.

Christina grabs Brian by the shoulders and looks him in the eye.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Listen to me. We teamed up to kill a man.

BRIAN

Who was potentially going to kill us. We were defending ourselves. Case closed.

CHRISTINA

Let's forget my career going up in smoke. Do you really think anyone will let you work on their house? With their wife and children in there? You'll be lucky to get day labor work on a roofing crew.

Brian listens. He knows, guilty or innocent, it would be difficult to get jobs. Christina knows she's getting to him.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
You know I'm right.

Brian is starting to see the light.

BRIAN
What's the plan?

CHRISTINA
First things first. Get the body
out of view and clean up this mess.

Slowly, Brian gives in.

BRIAN
I've got some tarp in the truck.

Brian begins exiting the living room.

CHRISTINA
Good, good. I'm glad to see you've
come to your senses.

BRIAN
Or lost them completely.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The living room is spotless. Brian is closing a toolbox.

BRIAN
It's a good thing the floors about
to get ripped up.

Christina walks over and hugs Brian.

CHRISTINA
It'll look like there's never been
anything but happiness here.

Christina snaps back into work mode.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
It's 7:30. What time can you start
using the backhoe?

BRIAN
Eight.

Christina gets a very mischievous expression.

CHRISTINA

So, what do you want to do for the next half hour?

Christina grins at Brian who smiles and walks toward her.

BRIAN

I guess we're stuck with each other forever.

CHRISTINA

So we'd better make the best of it.

Christina and Brian embrace and begin kissing.

The camera zooms out of the kitchen to the backyard where we see, between the backhoe and Bobcat, Steven's body wrapped in tarpaulin.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

A MAN pulls into the parking lot. It's empty except for Steven's car. The guy parks in front of one of the offices. Still sitting in the car he pulls out his phone and dials. After a beat he begins talking.

MAN

Hey, it looks like your guy didn't patrol the lot last night.

(pause)

Yeah, there's one parked here.

(pause)

It doesn't look like there's anyone there.

The Man frowns. He begins getting out of his car. He walks toward Steven's car.

MAN (CONT'D)

I'll look, I'll look.

The Man arrives at Steven's car and looks in. Empty.

MAN (CONT'D)

Nothing.

(pause)

Okay, great. Thanks.

Man hangs up the phone and walks toward the office.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Brian is tearing apart the top soil. There's one spot in the middle that has obviously been dug up by the front loader.

Christina is directing Brian. The yard looks like the recently dug up section.

Brian stops the Bobcat and begins gingerly climbing out.

CHRISTINA

Looks good.

Brian limps over to Christina.

BRIAN

I didn't want to start this until later.

CHRISTINA

Some things are more important.

BRIAN

Speaking of more important, can I get some medical attention now?

Christina puts her arm around Brian.

CHRISTINA

Okay, come on, baby. Let's patch you up and get all this behind us.

Christina and Brian enter the house as zoom out watching them enter the house and then the newly tilled backyard.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

A TOW GUY is hooking Steven's car up. He steps away and makes a phone call. After a beat he begins talking.

TOW GUY

Hey, Jack. I'm towing that car.

(pause)

Empty. Looks abandoned. Gone.

(pause)

You can pick it up at the lot.

(pause)

My pleasure.

Tow Guy hangs up the phone, gets in the tow truck and drives away.

FADE TO BLACK.