

THE PINCH

Written by

Ashley Scott Meyers

ASM Media, Inc.
5737 Kanan Rd.
Suite 485
Agoura Hills, CA 91301
info@sellingyourscreenplay.com

THE PINCH

FADE IN:

EXT. CRAPPY APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

ROB CAROBRESE, nearing forty, moves to the entrance. He looks at the dilapidated building with disappointment.

ROB (V.O.)
Have you ever had that moment,
right as you're drifting off to
sleep, where you get jarred awake
with the realization that you're
going to die?

INT. CRAPPY APARTMENT BUILDING - FOYER

Rob enters, notices a homeless man urinating in the corner.

ROB (V.O.)
Maybe it was 'cause I was almost
forty or maybe it was 'cause my
life was going no where. Whatever
it was, I knew it was time to
seriously reevaluate what the fuck
I had been doing with my life for
the last twenty years.

Rob heads straight to the stairs, starts climbing.

INT. CRAPPY APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY

Rob KNOCKS on unit number 312.

Rob looks at his watch. He's holding a stuffed yellow envelope.

After a beat the door slowly opens and a wide eyed, nervous man, Nicu, stares out at Rob.

Nicu is a bald, twenty-something eastern European and speaks with a thick Romanian accent.

NICU
(broken Spanish)
Hola. Buenos dias, amigo.

ROB
You speak... Spanish?

NICU

No, man, I'm trying to soak up the Mexican culture why I'm in L.A. I can't stand the grimy little bastards, but I love their culture.

Rob holds the envelope out to Nicu. Nicu doesn't take it.

ROB

Kain wanted me to drop this off.

NICU

Yeah, yeah, senor, come on in to mi casa.

ROB

I'm in kind of a hurry.

NICU

Just for a second. I got to talk to you.

Nicu opens the door wider.

Rob sighs, enters.

INT. CRAPPY APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Rob enters carefully taking in his surroundings. The place is a wreck, with cheap broken furniture and food wrappers strewn around.

NICU

They rent by the week, so I figured how bad could it be, right?

Nicu takes the envelope and leafs through the money.

NICU (CONT'D)

Please, sit down. We'll order up some tacos and drink some Dos Equis.

ROB

Listen, I got to go.

NICU

Okay, no tacos. What about burritos?

ROB
If I were you I'd get on a plane
and fly back to wherever you came
from.

Rob turns to leave.

NICU
You know what this is for, right?

ROB
Not really, no.

NICU
He's paying me for killing a cop.
You knew that, right?

The question hangs in the air. Rob's not sure what to say.

Above them, a small wireless microphone has been loosely
taped to the ceiling fan.

IN THE BEDROOM

JACQUELIN (35) and DIXON (40), two plain clothes police
officers quietly listen to a small receiver.

NICU (V.O.)
He paid me to kill Charles
DeFilippis. A cop. You must of have
known.

They look at each other, expectant.

ROB (V.O.)
I have absolutely no idea what
you're talking about. Kain said
you're old friends and you needed
to borrow some money...

Disappointment washes over them.

But then they just shrug and draw their guns.

INT. CRAPPY APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Rob takes a step backwards towards the door.

ROB

(voice growing louder)

And if you're involved in some sort of murder plot, which I have absolutely no involvement in or knowledge of, you need to go straight to the police and confess your crimes, young man!

There's a thump in the bedroom.

Rob stops.

Nicu looks at Rob. Rob looks at Nicu.

ROB (CONT'D)

Is there someone... in the bedroom?

NICU

No way, man. Don't go getting all loco on me.

And with that... Rob bolts for the door.

Jacquelin comes screeching out of the bedroom brandishing her gun.

JACQUELIN

Freeze, scumbag!

But Rob flings the door open and keeps going.

Jacquelin dives for Rob, catches his feet and trips him.

They tumble into...

THE HALLWAY

Rob kicks Jacquelin in the face. Twice. She's actually very pretty.

Rob scrambles up and keeps running, swings around on the banister and down the stairs.

Dixon comes bolting out of the apartment.

JACQUELIN

Go, go, I'm fine.

ON THE STAIRS

Rob takes four steps at a time and whips around the banister towards the first floor.

Dixon is right behind him.

Jacquelin comes bounding down the stairs after them but she stops on the second floor and runs to the end of the hallway.

She opens the window.

INT. CRAPPY APARTMENT BUILDING - FOYER

Rob leaps off the stairs and races towards the front door.

EXT. CRAPPY APARTMENT BUILDING - ENTRANCE

Jacquelin dangles a trash can out the second story window.

Below her, Rob comes dashing out.

Jacquelin drops the trash can on Rob's head, sending him to the ground.

And Dixon is right behind Rob.

Dixon pistol whips Rob a couple of times as Rob tries to scramble up.

DIXON

You're under arrest.

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Dixon and Jacquelin walk down the hallway. Jacquelin's face is black and blue.

DIXON

Forget it. I'm the bad cop. You're not going to be able to scare a guy like this.

JACQUELIN

Because I'm a woman?

DIXON

No. You're just not an intimidating person.

JACQUELIN

You keep this up and I'm going to slap a sexual discrimination suit on you and this whole department.

DIXON

Okay, fine. But if it's not working you follow my lead and you let me play the bad cop, okay?

JACQUELIN

No. If it's not working you follow my lead.

They arrive at the end of the hallway and Jacquelin goes into the interrogation room. Dixon shakes his head and follows her in.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

The room is stark, empty, except Rob, who is seated in a metal chair, crusted blood around one ear.

Jacquelin and Dixon flank Rob.

DIXON

We know you work for Kain Lawton.

ROB

Lots of people work for him.

DIXON

We know you're his personal driver.

ROB

So?

Jacquelin leans into Rob.

JACQUELIN

Listen, jackass, we heard you say that you helped him set up the hit. You're an accessory to murder.

ROB

What? I never said that. Play the recording.

JACQUELIN

The recording broke.

Jacquelin holds up a small digital recorder. She drops it onto the floor and stomps on it.

But it squishes out from under her foot and shoots across the room.

ROB
What are you doing?

She picks it and throws it as hard as she can onto the floor.

It bounces around but still looks in tact. This recorder is tough.

Flustered, she picks it up and starts smashing it against the wall until it finally breaks into pieces.

ROB (CONT'D)
What the hell is --

JACQUELIN
(interrupting)
-- So we got an eye witness and two veteran cops who heard you say you set up the murder.

Dixon steps in front of Jacquelin, puts his hand up to her.

DIXON
Hold on a second. Let's hear what he has to say.

Jacquelin backs up.

ROB
He told me it was a loan to a friend. I- I didn't know anything about a murder.

DIXON
You know what. I believe you.

ROB
Thank you.

DIXON
But I don't know if a jury's going to buy it.

ROB
What?

DIXON
If my partner is willing to testify that she heard you say you set up the hit.

(MORE)

DIXON (CONT'D)

I think a jury is going to believe her. She's a decorated cop. Everyone loves her.

Rob looks at Jacquelin. She smiles and winks at him.

ROB

Not everyone.

DIXON

You can roll the dice with a jury if you want, but by the time this thing gets to trial, Lawton's whole operation will be toast and we'll have confessions from half his organization. I certainly hope none of those confessions implicate you in anything else.

ROB

They won't.

DIXON

You know who the winners in all of this are going to be?

ROB

Who?

DIXON

The ones who cut the deals early.

Rob looks up at Dixon, thinks about this for a long slow beat.

ROB

What... sort of deal?

DIXON

You've been his driver for twenty years. I'm guessing you can deliver everything we need to lock this son of a bitch up for the rest of his life, right?

ROB

And what do I get?

DIXON

We'll put you into witness protection.

JACQUELIN

What?! Witness protection for this piece of garbage?

DIXON

Everyone deserves a second chance.

Dixon motions for Jacquelin to back down and leans in real close to Rob.

DIXON (CONT'D)

You'll get a nice little condo on a golf course in Arizona and three grand a month, tax free. Your house is already paid for, so that three grand is just for food, booze and hookers. It's a pretty sweet deal.

Rob looks at Dixon, glances at Jacquelin.

Jacquelin paces back and forth. She's pissed and impatient.

Rob takes a deep breath.

DIXON (CONT'D)

Well? Are you going to do the right thing or be a stupid little shit?

ROB

I'm sorry but... I'm not a rat.

Jacquelin steps up in front of Rob and yells in his face.

JACQUELIN

Listen, Rob, you better start wising up! The alternative is hard time with a bunk mate named Bubba who hasn't seen a woman in twenty years. You want to be Bubba's bitch?

DIXON

(to Jacquelin)

Now calm down....

Dixon motions for Jacquelin to back off and mouths the words, "my turn."

Jacquelin shakes her head giving him a vigorous "no."

DIXON (CONT'D)

(whispering to Jacquelin)

I'm going to --

JACQUELIN
(whispering to Dixon)
-- No.

Rob's not sure what's going on between them.

DIXON
(whispering)
Yes.

Dixon turns back to Rob and yells right in his face with some real fury.

DIXON (CONT'D)
You think this is some sort of
joke? If you don't start
cooperating, this sweet deal I'm
offering you is going to be gone.

ROB
I can't do it. I'm sorry.

Jacquelin steps in front of Dixon.

JACQUELIN
(calmly, to Dixon)
Now hold on a second. Calm down.
(yelling at Rob)
How flexible is your asshole, Rob?

Dixon steps in front of Jacquelin.

DIXON
(to Jacquelin)
No, you calm down!

Jacquelin and Dixon dance around each other and yell at Rob.

JACQUELIN
(yelling)
Have you ever been with two men at
the same time? I'm not going to lie
to you, it can hurt. A lot.

DIXON
(yelling)
What's it going to be, Rob?
Drinking marguerites on the back
nine or doing laundry for a few
thousand of California's finest?

ROB
I need to talk to my lawyer.

EXT. POLICE STATION - STREET - NIGHT

Rob and his lawyer, EMORY, make their way out of the police station.

EMORY

You got a hearing in three days.
Kain wants you to lay low until
then.

Emory is a short but stout middle aged man with a bad comb over.

ROB

Are you sure?

EMORY

Yeah. He wants you to sit tight and
show up for your hearing on Monday
and that's exactly what you better
do. Do not cross him. You know what
he's like when someone crosses him.

ROB

Yeah, all right.

EMORY

Chin up. Everything is going to be
awesome. We'll probably get a
settlement out of this for police
brutality. You watch. You're going
to end up making a tightly little
sum from all of this. This just
might be the best day of your
entire life.

ROB

I doubt that.

EMORY

Hey, positive thoughts. You create
your own reality.

Rob nods.

EMORY (CONT'D)

(checking his fancy watch)

Listen, I got to go. I'll see you
in court on Monday. You just wait,
everything is going to be super
grand-tastic.

Emory slaps Rob on the shoulder and walks away.

Rob watches as Emory moves to his brand new Bentley, gets in, and drives off.

Emory waves and smiles at Rob as he races away.

Rob doesn't wave back.

INT. ROB'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rob enters and flips on the light.

GINA
Happy birthday!

Gina, Rob's sexy wife, jumps out wearing skimpy underwear and holding a lit birthday cake.

Rob looks at her and tries to muster a smile.

GINA (CONT'D)
What's wrong?

LATER

The cut cake sits on the coffee table.

Rob sits on the couch picking at his piece.

Gina sits next to him, now wearing a bathrobe.

ROB
I didn't know the details but I knew he wasn't giving him twenty grand because he liked the way he looked.

GINA
Fucking Kain. You've been loyal to him for twenty years and this is the shit he does to you.

ROB
Yeah, and with his slimy tongued ball licker lawyer representing me, I'll be lucky if I don't get the electric chair.

Gina watches as Rob shoves a big bite of cake into his mouth.

GINA
Maybe we should take the deal?

ROB
No. I can't.

GINA
Why not? It would be good for both
of us.

ROB
Yeah, but --

GINA
(interrupting)
-- No butts! We could use a change
of scenery. I could get a nice part
time job at a pet store taking care
of the animals. You could play golf
everyday. I'd have time to cook
some actual food. We would have the
nice quiet life we've always
dreamed of.

Rob looks at Gina really thinking about it. He smiles at the
thought.

ROB
Yeah, maybe.

GINA
Look! It's after midnight. You're
officially over the hill.

ROB
Thanks.

GINA
Happy birthday, my love.

Gina leans in and kisses Rob.

Then she grabs his hand and stands up.

GINA (CONT'D)
Come on. I have a surprise.

ROB
What is it?

GINA
It's a surprise. But I'll give you
a hint. It involves my mouth and
your penis.

Rob smiles and stands up and embraces Gina.

ROB
You're a great wife.

GINA
I have my moments.

And with that Rob scoops Gina up and carries her into the bedroom to get his blowjob.

INT. ROB'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gina sleeps.

Rob rolls around in bed, restless.

Rob's eyes open. He's sweating and his breathing is labored.

Rob stands up and wobbles into...

THE BATHROOM

Rob gulps water straight from the facet, splashes several handfuls onto his face.

He takes a long look at himself in the mirror. He doesn't like what he sees.

Rob steps back into...

THE BEDROOM

Rob flips a lamp on and sits down on the bed.

ROB
I'm not a rat. But I'm not going to sit here and wait to go to jail either.

Gina looks at Rob, half awake.

GINA
What?

Rob rips a calendar off the wall and stares at it. It's a picture of an exotic beach.

ROB
I've let Kain push me around for too long. It ends today. He's been promising me a promotion for years. It's time he pays up.

Rob hands the calendar to Gina. She takes it and looks at it. She's not sure what he's talking about.

ROB (CONT'D)

What if we could have that nice quiet life in a tropical paradise?

GINA

What are you going to do?

ROB

Something I've been waiting my entire life to do but have always been too full of excuses.

EXT. ROB'S APARTMENT - BALCONY - DAY

Rob breathes in the morning air as the sun rises up over the city.

Gina stands next to him sipping her morning coffee.

ROB

I've got two days to get us a piece of paradise.

Gina leans in and hugs Rob.

INT. LAWTON CONSTRUCTION - OFFICE - DAY

Rob sits in the lavish office, across from 'Killer' KAIN Lawton (mid-forties), a heavy set, ex professional boxer.

Rob talks, trying to muster confidence.

Kain half listens as he fiddles with his cell phone.

ROB

-- So I need five hundred grand. With some modest investment success and tight money management I should be able to live the rest of my life in an undisclosed third world country with beautiful beaches and gorgeous women.

KAIN

You always could stretch a dollar.

ROB

Yeah, in some of these countries, it won't even be much of a stretch.

(MORE)

ROB (CONT'D)

You can live like a king for like a grand a month.

KAIN

So you want me to give you the five hundred grand?

ROB

It's a win-win. I'll get to live quietly and you'll be secure in knowing that the cops will never be able to get to me.

Kain sets his phone down, leans forward and stares at Rob.

KAIN

Yeah, but you'd never turn on me even if they did, right?

ROB

No, off course not, but --

KAIN

(interrupting)

-- You know, it's a terrific plan. It really is. I'm sort of jealous. I wouldn't mind just dropping out and spending the rest of my life on a tropical beach, too.

ROB

Nah, you'd get bored.

KAIN

Yeah, probably.

(and)

I'm just a little worried about a few of the details.

ROB

Like?

KAIN

It's not that easy to just disappear these days.

Rob holds up a passport.

ROB

I got a fake passport this morning. I'm going to drive deep into Mexico and buy a plane ticket. Maybe Southeast Asia.

(MORE)

ROB (CONT'D)
Maybe South America. I won't know
until I get there.

Kain reaches for the passport.

KAIN
Let me see that.

Rob pulls the passport back.

ROB
I don't want anyone, even you,
knowing the name of my new
identity.

KAIN
I like that. That's real smart.
(and)
Are you sure you're ready to do
this? You can never come back and
see any of your family or friends.
Nothing. Once you leave, that's it.

ROB
Gina's mom died last year. And I
don't have any family left. We're
ready.

Kain's getting a little frustrated.

KAIN
I think it's better if you show up
for the hearing. We'll know where
we stand after we see that play
out. So go home.

Rob sighs, tries to gather his courage.

Kain gives him a hard stare.

ROB
No.

KAIN
Rob. Go home. Relax for a few days.
Let me figure this thing out.

ROB
If I show up for that hearing, the
judge might not extend my bail.

And with each successive "go home," Kain grows angrier and
angrier.

KAIN

Go home.

ROB

They could take me into custody
right then and there.

KAIN

Go home!

ROB

This might be my only chance and
I'm taking it.

KAIN

Go the fuck home, Rob!

Rob shakes his head with resolve.

Kain stands up and bears down on Rob. He spits at Rob as he
yells.

KAIN (CONT'D)

This thing is a lot bigger than
your petty little problems. My
entire multimillion dollar
operation is about to go to shit.
Do you hear me?

Rob nods his head.

KAIN (CONT'D)

Now go home and wait to hear from
me. Understand?

Rob is on the verge of crying. He chokes up a little as he
tries to muster a few last words.

ROB

Please. I've been loyal to you for
twenty years and I've never asked
for anything.

KAIN

Go. Home. Now!

ROB

I'm not sticking around even if you
don't give me the money. I'm out of
here with or without your help.

Kain takes a deep breath. And then his anger quickly subsides
and a big friendly smile crosses his face.

KAIN
You know what? Fuck it. You're right. I'm totally out of line here.

ROB
Really?

KAIN
Yeah. I'm going to do the right thing. You have been loyal. And you deserve this.

Rob wipes his eyes.

ROB
Thanks.

KAIN
Come back after lunch. I'll have the money for you then.

ROB
I was sort of hoping I could just get it now.

KAIN
Come on, I don't keep that much cash in the office.

ROB
Well, how much do you have?

KAIN
Like twenty bucks. Who uses cash anymore?

Kain shrugs. Rob's not sure what to do.

KAIN (CONT'D)
Come back at two o'clock. I'll have your money here by then. I promise.

Kain gives Rob a great big friendly smile.

INT. LAWTON CONSTRUCTION - LOBBY

Kain wraps his arm around Rob and ushers him out.

They pass SCOTTY and DARREN, two of Kain's associates.

KAIN
Hey, happy birthday, too. It's the
big four-oh, huh?

ROB
Yeah.

KAIN
Well consider this the ultimate
birthday present.

ROB
Thanks.

KAIN
Don't mention it.

Kain gives Rob a warm smile but Rob doesn't smile back.

Rob exits.

Kain turns to Scotty and Darren and makes a throat slicing
motion.

KAIN (CONT'D)
Kill him.

Scotty and Darren stand up.

Scotty's about 6'5" and 350 pounds.

Darren's a twenty year old British gangster.

INT. ROB'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Rob drives through traffic talking on his cell phone.

ROB
(into phone)
He's not giving us the money.

INT. LARGE CORPORATE OFFICE - GINA'S CUBICLE

Gina sits at her desk talking into the phone.

GINA
What happened?

INTERCUT GINA / ROB

ROB

He gave me a load of crap like he was going to give it to me. But he's not.

GINA

Baby, you're in way over your head. This guy is a fucking killer.

ROB

I know, I know.

GINA

This isn't going to end well. You're not going to out gangster Kain.

ROB

I just need some time to think.

GINA

Baby, you're not like him. And that's a good thing.

ROB

I'm going to run by the apartment and grab a few things.

GINA

You need to call the police and tell them you're taking the deal.

ROB

I'll pick you up after work and we'll get out of town for a few days.

GINA

Rob! This is crazy.

ROB

I'll pick you up after work, okay?

INT. ROB'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Rob moves around his apartment quickly packing several large bags which are set out on the bed.

Through the window we can see Scotty and Darren pull up outside in an old sedan.

Rob scoops some socks out of a drawer and tosses them into a bag.

INT. SCOTTY'S CAR

Scotty and Darren check their pistols, tuck them into their belts.

DARREN
How are we going to do it, mate?

SCOTTY
I'm going knock on the door and when he opens it I'm going to sucker punch him and slit his throat.

Scotty slides on a pair of brass knuckles and tucks a large hunting knife into his belt.

DARREN
You think maybe... I could slit his throat? I want to get my first kill.

Darren pulls out a butterfly knife and spins it open.

SCOTTY
Forget it. You watch and learn.

DARREN
Well, can I at least do the sucker punch?

SCOTTY
I'll let you knock on the door. That's it.

DARREN
Alright, fine.

INT. ROB'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Rob moves around the room collecting a few things... books... mail... a laptop computer. He stuffs the items into a bag.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Rob freezes. He looks at the door.

Rob tip-toes to the peephole and looks out.

ROB'S POV THROUGH PEEPHOLE

Rob can see Scotty and Darren waiting in the hallway.

SCOTTY (O.S.)
Hey, Robbie, Kain sent me over with
your birthday present. Open up,
man, this bag is really heavy.

Rob backs away from the door.

IN THE HALLWAY

Scotty has the knife in one hand and the brass knuckles in
the other.

DARREN
Can I pick it, mate?

Scotty nods and Darren pulls out a lock picking kit and goes
to work.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Rob stares at the door. He can hear the scratch, scratch,
scratch as Darren tries to unlock the lock.

Rob quietly moves into...

THE BEDROOM

Rob looks around the room. There's a closet and bed. Too
obvious.

Rob dashes out.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

The scratch, scratch, scratch sound continues as Darren works
on the lock.

Rob looks around. It's a one bedroom apartment. There's not
too many places to hide.

Rob moves to the patio door, looks out. He's three stories
up. It's way too far to jump.

Rob quietly moves into the...

KITCHEN

Rob opens the small, nearly empty pantry.

He pries on a shelf, pops it out and sets it on the pantry floor.

He moves to the second shelf and starts pushing on it.

IN THE HALLWAY

Click. The lock disengages.

Scotty swings the door open and they enter.

Darren pulls his gun out.

SCOTTY
(whispering)
No guns. I don't want the whole
neighborhood freaking out.

Darren smiles, tucks his gun back into his belt and pulls out his knife.

IN THE KITCHEN

Rob pops out another shelf.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Scotty points to the bedroom.

Darren nods and moves off.

Scotty keeps moving towards...

THE KITCHEN

Rob frantically pops out the last shelf and slides into the pantry.

The pantry door glides to a close as Scotty steps in.

Scotty looks around. The kitchen is tiny. There's no way he could be hiding in there, right?

IN THE BEDROOM

Darren slides the closet open and sees that it's empty.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Scotty opens the coat closet and looks in.

Scotty peers into the bedroom as Darren looks under the bed.

Darren looks up at Scotty, shrugs.

Scotty notices the half packed bags sitting on the bed.

He pulls out his cell phone, dials.

SCOTTY

(into cell phone)

Yeah, it looks like he stepped out
for a minute. Nah, he's not gone,
all his stuff is still here.

(and)

Got it.

Scotty slides his phone into his pocket.

SCOTTY (CONT'D)

He wants us to wait for him.

IN THE PANTRY

Rob listens.

SCOTTY (O.S.)

We'll do him when he gets home.

DARREN (O.S.)

Same plan? Sucker punch then slit
his throat?

SCOTTY (O.S.)

Yep.

Rob's expression sinks.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Darren and Scotty plop down on the couches, make themselves
at home.

DARREN

So he pays us five grand a month
just to sit on our arse and do
these little errands?

SCOTTY

He's paying me a hell of a lot more than that.

DARREN

Yeah, of course.

SCOTTY

You just stay alert. Things can go sideways real quick.

DARREN

Sure, mate. Don't fucking worry about a mother fucking thing. I was born for this shit.

IN THE PANTRY

Rob tries to get comfortable. But the pantry is tiny and he's bent over and his back is starting to hurt.

On the floor is a few items, an old can of screws, a few screw drivers, a bag of zip ties, and a hammer.

Rob picks the hammer up and clutches it tightly.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Scotty stands up.

SCOTTY

I'm hungry. You hungry?

DARREN

I could eat.

Scotty goes into the...

KITCHEN

Scotty sets his pistol down on the counter and opens the refrigerator.

IN THE PANTRY

Rob peeks through the small crack between the two pantry doors. He can see the gun sitting on the counter.

IN THE KITCHEN

Scotty looks at the slim pickings in the refrigerator.

He pulls out a half empty box of Indian food, opens it, sniffs it and takes a bite. He likes it.

Scotty pulls out a plate, dumps the food onto it, shoves it into the microwave and presses the start button.

Behind him, Rob silently leans out of the pantry and reaches for the gun.

Rob freezes as Scotty turns slightly and opens a few draws, eventually pulling out a fork.

Scotty turns back towards the microwave oven and Rob clutches the pistol and slides back into the pantry.

The microwave dings, Scotty pulls the food out and exits.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Scotty sits down with the food.

SCOTTY
You like Indian?

DARREN
Fuck me sideways! That's all he
had?

SCOTTY
Yep.

RING... as a cell phone goes off.

Scotty and Darren look towards an small entryway table where the phone rings.

DARREN
That's odd. He left without his
phone.

SCOTTY
Just means he's close by and will
be home soon.

They move towards the phone...

A picture of Gina illuminates the screen.

EXT. CORPORATE OFFICE - PARKING LOT

Gina walks through the parking lot.

GINA
(into phone)
Rob, where are you? I'll just meet
you at home.

Gina hangs up the phone.

INT. ROB'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

The plate lies on the coffee table, empty.

Scotty and Darren sit silently messing with their phones.

DARREN
He got anything to drink?

SCOTTY
Nothing in the fridge. Check the
pantry.

DARREN
Right-o.

Darren gets up and moves into the

KITCHEN

Darren reaches for the pantry door.

IN THE PANTRY

Rob tightens his grip on the gun and aims it straight ahead.

One... two...

IN THE KITCHEN

Darren's hand wraps around the door handle and he starts to
pull it open.

Suddenly, there is a rattling at the front door.

Darren stops, draws his gun, and looks out towards...

THE LIVING ROOM

Scotty leaps up, knife in hand, ready to pounce.

Darren moves out of the kitchen and hides behind the couch.

The front door opens and Scotty grabs the person who enters and his arm retracts ready to punch...

But then he stops.

It's Kain.

KAIN

Jesus!

SCOTTY

Sorry.

Scotty releases Kain.

Kain slaps Scotty across the face.

Scotty backs up.

KAIN

You watch yourself.

SCOTTY

Sorry, I thought you were him.

Kain looks around pissed.

KAIN

You guys ordered food?

SCOTTY

He had it in the fridge. What? He's going to be dead. He's not going to care we ate his leftovers.

Kain shakes his head as he looks into the bedroom, sees the half packed bags.

KAIN

Where the fuck did he go?

Kain thinks for a long beat, moves towards the balcony and looks out.

IN THE PANTRY

Rob listens. He has an idea.

KAIN (O.S.)
If you fucking scared him off,
it'll be you two who end up in a
coffin today.

SCOTTY (O.S.)
We just knocked on the door.

Rob stuffs the zip ties into his back pocket.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Kain looks around the small apartment.

KAIN
And you're sure he's not hiding
somewhere?

SCOTTY
Yeah, we looked everywhere.

Kain looks into the kitchen, notices the pantry.

IN THE PANTRY

Rob has the hammer in one hand and the pistol in the other.
His grip tightens on both items.

IN THE KITCHEN

Kain steps towards the pantry...

He grabs the door and starts to swing it open...

Rob flings the door the rest of the way open and hits Kain in
the head with the hammer...

Kain grabs him and...

They tumble to the floor in the living room.

Rob quickly stuffs the pistol into Kain's mouth.

ROB
Don't move!

Kain calmly lowers his hands.

Scotty and Darren leap towards them.

ROB (CONT'D)
Back up, or he gets it.

Scotty and Darren freeze.

Scotty reaches for his pistol, realizes it's gone.

Rob slides off of Kain, props him up, wraps his arm around his neck and hides behind him.

ROB (CONT'D)
(to Kain)
Stand up... slowly.

KAIN
Rob, you're making a big mistake here.

Rob pushes the pistol into the side of Kain's head.

ROB
Stand up!

KAIN
Okay, okay, take it easy.

Kain and Rob slowly stand up.

Rob looks around frantically trying to figure out his next move.

ROB
(to Scotty and Darren)
Out on the balcony.

Scotty and Darren look at Kain, who nods.

Rob pulls Kain over to the side so that Scotty and Darren can move past them.

It's a tight squeeze as they pass each other.

Rob holds Kain firmly and grinds the gun into the side of Kain's head.

Scotty and Darren step out onto the balcony.

Rob locks the patio door.

Scotty and Darren stare in at Rob and Kain. A glass door isn't going to hold these two for very long.

ROB (CONT'D)
Come on.

Rob ushers Kain out.

INT. ROB'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY

Rob and Kain wait for the elevator.

KAIN
So what's the play, big man?

ROB
Just shut up and do what I say.

DING. The elevator door opens and Tristan, Rob's neighbor, steps off.

Rob stays behind Kain and keeps the pistol low and out of sight.

TRISTAN
Hey Rob, how's it going?

ROB
It's good.

TRISTAN
You coming over tonight to watch the Dodger game?

ROB
Yeah, sure.

Rob shoves the pistol into Kain's back, pushing him towards the elevator.

TRISTAN
Don't just tell me yes and then not show up. I mean, I either got to cook an extra Dodger dog or I don't.

ROB
Yeah, you know what? On second thought, I probably won't be able to make it. Sorry.

Rob slaps the "P1" button.

TRISTAN
You mind if I invite Gina? I know she loves the Dodgers.

ROB
I think she's busy, too.

TRISTAN
Yeah, right.

Rob starts hitting the "close door" button over and over again.

Tristan realizes something isn't right. He bends in a little to try and see what Rob is holding behind Kain's back.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
Everything okay?

The elevator doors slowly close.

INT. ROB'S APARTMENT - PARKING GARAGE

Rob flings the driver's side door open.

ROB
Get in.

Kain hesitates for a beat but then complies.

Rob slides into the backseat.

ROB (CONT'D)
Lean back.

Kain reluctantly leans back.

Rob quickly wraps a zip tie around Kain's neck and fastens him to the seat.

Rob jumps out of the car.

ROB (CONT'D)
Let me see your hands.

Kain's eyes narrow but he holds his hands up.

Rob quickly zip ties his hands together.

ROB (CONT'D)
Put'em on the steering wheel.

Kain puts his hands on the steering wheel and Rob zip ties them to it.

INT. ROB'S APARTMENT - PARKING GARAGE - EXIT

Kain steers Rob's car towards the exit.

Suddenly Darren and Scotty come running into the parking garage blocking the exit.

IN ROB'S CAR

Rob taps the pistol against Kain's head.

ROB
Gun it!

The car rolls to a stop.

ROB (CONT'D)
I said gun it!

Rob pistol whips Kain in the back of the head.

KAIN
Ow!

Kain presses on the gas and the car races forward.

Darren and Scotty leap out of the way to avoid getting run over.

EXT. ROB'S APARTMENT - PARKING GARAGE

Rob's car comes screeching out of the parking garage and races away.

INT. ROB'S CAR - DAY

Kain steers the car along the street. Rob sits in the back, nervous.

KAIN
Where are we going?

ROB
Don't worry about it.

KAIN
Why don't we just go to a bank so I can get you your money?

Rob thinks about this for a moment.

ROB
Turn onto the freeway up here.

KAIN
You want the money, right? Let me
get it for you.

ROB
Just drive.

KAIN
Sure, Rob, sure. You're the boss.
We'll play it however you want.

Kain turns the car onto the freeway on ramp.

INT. LAWTON CONSTRUCTION - LOBBY - DAY

Dixon and Jacquelin enter.

The RECEPTIONIST sees them.

RECEPTIONIST
Can I help you?

JACQUELIN
LAPD. We have a warrant to search
this entire office complex.

Jacquelin holds up a piece of paper.

The receptionist looks at it but isn't quite sure what to do.
She picks up her phone and dials.

INT. LAWTON CONSTRUCTION - OFFICE

Dixon quickly moves to the desk and opens a drawer.

Jacquelin pulls a brick of cocaine out of her purse and
tosses it to Dixon.

Dixon drops it into one of the drawers.

DIXON
What do we have here?

JACQUELIN
Looks like a full kilo.

Jacquelin leans back out into the reception area.

JACQUELIN (CONT'D)
Excuse me. Would you come in here
for a second?

MOMENTS LATER

Dixon, Jacquelin, and the receptionist stare down at the cocaine in the desk.

DIXON

Do you know anything about the drugs in Mister Lawton's desk?

RECEPTIONIST

What? No. He hates drugs.

JACQUELIN

Where is he?

RECEPTIONIST

Really. I- I don't know. He- he just missed his twelve o'clock appointment. And he never misses an appointment.

Jacquelin and Dixon look at each other.

EXT. RURAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Rob's car rolls through.

They pull into the driveway of an old dilapidate house with a for sale sign in the front lawn.

IN ROB'S CAR

The car rolls to a stop in front of the garage.

KAIN

Who's house is this?

ROB

Don't worry about it.

Rob reaches forward, turns the car off, and pulls the keys out of the ignition.

He jumps out of the car, moves to the garage door, pulls it open, and gets back into the passenger seat of the car.

Rob slides the keys into the ignition and turns the car back on.

ROB (CONT'D)

Drive in. Slowly.

Kain gives Rob a long look then nods.

KAIN
Sure... no problem.

Kain slams his foot on the gas...

The car shoots forward, into the...

GARAGE

Kain pounds the brakes which launches Rob into the dashboard and the gun bounces into the backseat.

Kain twists his hips around and attacks Rob with his legs...

Kain kicks Rob in the face, hard, several times.

Then Kain wraps his legs around Rob's body and neck and starts choking him.

Rob reaches for the passenger side door, pulls the handle and kicks the door open.

But Kain has a solid grip on Rob's body and neck and won't let him go.

Kain pulls hard on the zip ties that bind him to the steering wheel. But the zip ties are strong and the steering wheel is even stronger.

Rob squirms and tries to wiggle out the door.

But this only makes Kain squeeze him harder.

Rob's face turns blue.

Rob reaches up for the keys.

Kain watches as Rob pulls the keys out of the ignition but there's nothing he can do except squeeze Rob harder and tighter.

Rob starts violently stabbing Kain in the legs with the keys.

KAIN
Ow, mother fucker.

Kain has no choice but to release Rob and kick him out the door.

Rob slides onto the floor, gasping for air.

Rob slowly stands up, recovering.

KAIN (CONT'D)
What are you going to do now,
pinkie dick?

Rob stares at Kain hatefully. Finally, he rises.

Rob moves to the garage door and pulls it closed.

Rob paces back and forth.

KAIN (CONT'D)
Consider your options carefully.
You've got a chance to get out of
this alive. But if you keep doing
what you're doing you're going to
end up dead.

Finally, Rob stops by the driver's side door.

Rob leans in, their faces are inches apart.

Rob pulls Kain's cell phone out of his pocket.

Kain's neck strains against the zip tie binding him to the seat.

Rope burns bleed on Kain's hands as he pulls against the zip ties holding them to the steering wheel.

Rob retracts from the car with the phone. He scrolls through it, makes a call.

ROB
(into phone)
No. It's me. Yeah, I got him right
here.

INT. SCOTTY'S CAR - SAME TIME

Scotty drives. Darren covers the phone.

DARREN
(in a whisper)
It's him.

Darren puts Rob on speaker phone.

ROB (V.O.)
I want the money he promised me.
Today.

KAIN (V.O.)
Don't give him one cent!

ROB (V.O.)
I'm going to kill him!

KAIN (V.O.)
He's not going to kill shit. Get
his fucking wife and make a trade!

Click. The phone goes dead.

Scotty and Darren look at each other.

Scotty turns the car around.

INT. GARAGE

Rob quickly hangs up the phone.

ROB
What are you doing?

KAIN
What ever the fuck I want.

ROB
You're going to call them back.

KAIN
No, I'm not.

ROB
Oh, yes you are.

Rob opens the back door of the car, leans in, and comes out with the pistol. He aims it at Kain.

ROB (CONT'D)
Now... are you going to make the
call or not?

KAIN
(getting a little annoyed)
More than a dozen men have aimed a
loaded gun at me. Some of them even
took shots. But not one of them is
still alive.

Rob's not sure what to do. Kain is the one tied to the car but Rob is the one who's immobilized.

KAIN (CONT'D)

I'm not going to make the call,
you're not going to get the money,
and in about fifteen minutes your
wife is going to be getting gang
raped by my men.

ROB

Shut up!

Beads of sweat start to run down Rob's face.

KAIN

Rob you got a pinkie dick and balls
the size of peas.

ROB

I said shut up!

Rob inches the gun closer to Kain's face.

KAIN

You're not going to shoot me. Now
put that gun down and untie me
before I start to get angry!

ROB

You're making the call.

Rob presses the gun against Kain's forehead.

KAIN

Get that gun out of my face.

Rob's finger gets tighter and tighter around the trigger.

KAIN (CONT'D)

Now you've done it, you little
piece of shit.

Kain lets loose with a torrent of energy trying to break
loose from the zip ties. But the zip ties are too strong.

KAIN (CONT'D)

(yelling)

This is your last mother fucking
chance bitchface. Untie me now!
Now. Now. Now!

Rob takes a step back.

KAIN (CONT'D)
Now! Now! Now! You untie me now!
Now! Now! Now! Now! Now! Now! Now!
Now!

Finally, Rob retreats into the house.

KAIN (CONT'D)
Don't you walk away from me! Do not
take one more step! Do not step out
of this garage! Not one more step!

INT. LIVING ROOM

Rob enters.

The house is nearly empty. A few packed boxes lie around the room.

KAIN (O.S.)
(screaming)
Get back in here! Who the fuck do
you think you are? I will not be
treated like an animal!

Rob retreats into the kitchen trying to get away from Kain's screaming.

Rob quickly dials the phone.

INT. GINA'S CAR

Gina drives. Her cell phone rings. She looks at it but doesn't recognize the number so she doesn't answer it.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Rob paces around the apartment talking into the phone.

ROB
Gina! Do not go back the apartment.
Kain's sending his guys over there
to get you!

EXT. ROB'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Scotty and Darren move towards the main entrance.

DARREN
How long did he know this guy?

SCOTTY
I don't know. Since they were kids.

DARREN
It don't seem a little harsh to rub
out a childhood friend?

SCOTTY
No. He's a fucking rat.

DARREN
I heard he refused to talk.

SCOTTY
That's bullshit. He's a rat.

DARREN
It don't make you a little nervous?
I mean, where does it end for us?
Maybe one day he'll have us rubbed
out, too.

SCOTTY
Just don't be a rat and you'll be
fine, okay?

Darren's phone rings.

Darren and Scotty stop and look at it. Kain's picture blinks
on the phone's screen.

Darren answers it.

DARREN
Yeah?

ROB (V.O.)
Listen. I'm going to kill your boss
if you don't bring me the money.

DARREN
Sorry, mate. We don't work for you.
We work for Kain. He told us not to
pay you.

Scotty grabs the phone from Darren.

SCOTTY
Listen, dipshit. We're not giving
you a dime until Kain tells us to.

Scotty hangs up the phone and they enter the building.

On the street, Gina pulls into a parking spot.

INT. ROB'S APARTMENT - FOYER

Scotty and Darren step onto the elevator.

Tristan, Rob's nosey neighbor, stands by the control panel.

TRISTAN
What floor?

SCOTTY
Six.

TRISTAN
Yeah, me, too.

Tristan pushes the sixth floor button.

TRISTAN (CONT'D)
Who you guys going to see?

Scotty and Darren look at each other, not sure what to say.

SCOTTY
Mind your own business, bud.

TRISTAN
This is my business, bitch. I live here.

Tristan takes out his cell phone and snaps a couple of pictures of Darren and Scotty.

The elevator doors begin to close and...

Scotty's hand slides into his jacket and his fingers wrap around his knife, when...

GINA (O.S.)
Hold on a second!

Tristan stops the doors from closing and Gina steps onto the elevator.

GINA (CONT'D)
Thanks.

TRISTAN
Hey, Gina.

GINA
Hey, Tristan.

Scotty and Darren look at each other and nod.

The doors close and the elevator starts moving.

TRISTAN

I saw Rob this morning. He was acting kind of weird.

GINA

Yeah, we got a lot going on.

Scotty's hand glides out of his jacket holding the long knife. Tristan and Gina don't notice.

TRISTAN

I invited him over to watch the Dodger game, but he kind of blew me off.

GINA

Oh, sorry. He's real busy.

TRISTAN

You can come.

GINA

Oh, I'm kind of busy, too.

TRISTAN

Yeah, that's what he said. I wasn't sure if he was telling me the truth or if he was just jealous of our friendship.

Gina's about to say something when her cell phone rings. She looks at, doesn't recognize the number, again.

GINA

Hold on a second.

TRISTAN

That's rude. We're having a conversation.

Gina smiles politely but answers her phone.

GINA

(info phone)
Hello?

Tristan turns to Scotty and Darren.

TRISTAN

I don't answer my phone when I'm in the middle of a conversation.

ROB (V.O.)
Gina, thank God. Listen --

GINA
(interrupting)
-- What's going on?

ROB (V.O.)
Do not go back to the apartment.
He's sending his two goons to
kidnap you.

GINA
What?

ROB (V.O.)
It's a big dumb linebacker looking
guy and his British partner.

Gina looks at the distorted reflection of Scotty and Darren
in the elevator. She notices Scotty holding the knife.

GINA
Oh... Okay... ma, I'm glad you're
okay. I'll see you on Sunday.

Gina hangs up the phone and slides it back into her purse.

GINA (CONT'D)
(nervously)
That was my ma. She was in a little
fender bender. But she's okay.

Gina watches the lights on the elevator tick off as they pass
each floor... 3... 4...

GINA (CONT'D)
I almost forgot, I've got to talk
to Jennifer.

Gina hits the 5 button and the elevator stops as it slides up
to the fifth floor.

Darren and Scotty tense up, ready to pounce.

The doors open.

TRISTAN
Jennifer moved like six months ago.

Gina freezes.

GINA
Oh, yeah, you're right. I'll call
her later.

Gina looks back at Scotty and Darren and gives them a warm smile.

GINA (CONT'D)
Sorry about that. I hope you guys
aren't in a hurry.

DARREN
Not at all.

She presses the close door button.

And as the doors close Gina shoots through at the last millisecond, barely sliding out.

Darren steps towards the doors but it's too late. The doors are closed.

TRISTAN
What is going on around here?

Tristan's eyes widen as Scotty raises the knife up and...

EXT. ROB'S APARTMENT BUILDING - STREET

Scotty and Darren run out of the apartment and look up and down the street.

There's no sign of anyone.

Gina is crouched down behind some trash cans.

Scotty and Darren jump into their car and race away.

INT. GINA'S CAR - DAY

Gina races through traffic talking on her phone.

GINA
They were in the fucking elevator
with me!

INT. KITCHEN

Rob paces back and forth.

ROB
Go to a hotel. Pay cash. Do not
tell anyone where you're staying.

INTERCUT GINA / ROB

GINA
Like hell I am. I'm going to the
God damn police and telling them
what's going on. And you are, too.

ROB
No, no, no, listen. He's going to
give me the money.

GINA
Like hell he is.

ROB
Just give me a little more time.

GINA
We're both going to end up dead!

ROB
No, we're not. Please. Go to a
hotel.

There's a long pause.

Tears stream down Gina's face.

Gina hangs up the phone.

ROB (CONT'D)
I'll call you later... Gina?

INT. GARAGE

Kain pulls on the steering column trying to shake it loose.
He stops as...

Rob enters trying to act super mad.

KAIN
Back for more abuse or are you
cutting me free?

Rob doesn't answer him. He opens the back door, reaches in
and grabs the hammer.

KAIN (CONT'D)
Dolling out abuse is one of my
favorite things to do. I get off on
this shit.

Rob swings the driver's side door open and moves in on Kain.

KAIN (CONT'D)
Bring it.

Rob swings the hammer at Kain.

Kain whips his hips around and kicks at Rob.

Rob connects the hammer with Kain's knee.

KAIN (CONT'D)
Owww!

Rob tries to strike again but Kain pulls his legs back into the car.

ROB
You're getting me my money!

KAIN
Not a chance.

Rob moves forward. He takes another swing at Kain. But there's not a lot of room to work as Kain cowers in the car.

Rob moves closer yet trying to get a solid swing of the hammer to connect.

And then Kain spins his torso around and promptly kicks Rob in the groin, hard, pushing him backwards.

Kain quickly stretches out as far as he can and double kicks Rob in the stomach and face knocking him to the ground.

Rob rolls over, now out of reach of Kain's barrage.

KAIN (CONT'D)
Attack me again with that hammer,
you pussy.

Rob picks himself up and runs back into the house.

KAIN (CONT'D)
Where are you going, you little
cocksucking bitch? I'm not done
with you.

Kain pounds on the steering wheel and tries to rip his hands free.

EXT. ROB'S APARTMENT - STREET - NIGHT

A police car, lights spinning, is parked in front of the apartment building.

INT. ROB'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LOBBY - NIGHT

A few uniformed POLICEMAN move around the elevator collecting clues.

A large blood stain covers the floor.

Dixon moves up next to Jacquelin.

DIXON
Who was he?

JACQUELIN
Who knows. But you know who lives
in this building?

DIXON
Who?

JACQUELIN
Rob Carobrese.

DIXON
Now that's just one hell of a
coincidence, isn't it?

JACQUELIN
We need to bring him in ASAP.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rob sits in the darkness silent.

After a long beat, he moves to the sink, slashes some water on his face.

INT. GARAGE

Kain pulls hard on the steering wheel, trying to slip his hands out. His wrists are badly rope burned and bleeding.

Frustrated, Kain looks around for something, anything, as a way to get out.

Kain spots an old rusty pair of pliers dangling from a nail in the wall.

Kain stretches his leg out the door. He's a solid three feet from the pliers.

Kain kicks one shoe off.

Then, he contorts and stretches his leg to the center console and struggles to put the car into neutral.

He squeezes the shifter... can't get it to engage... tries again... eventually gets his foot wrapped around it and is able to pull it into neutral.

Kain stretches his leg out the door and with all his might pushes on the ground trying to move the car back and closer to the pair of pliers.

The car slowly rolls backwards... and bumps into the garage door.

INT. KITCHEN

Rob hears a thud from the garage. He grabs the gun off the counter...

INT. GARAGE

Kain stretches his leg out the door. He's still a solid 15 inches from the pliers. He sighs frustrated and quickly swings his legs back into the car as...

The door swings open and Rob cautiously enters.

KAIN

(super friendly)

Hey Rob... are you getting hungry?
I'm starving, man. You think we
could order a pizza?

Rob moves into the garage and notices that the car has slipped back.

Rob moves to the passenger side, reaches in, and quickly puts the car back into gear and slams on the emergency break.

KAIN (CONT'D)

I've been thinking. You know what?
You win. Give me a good meal and
I'll make the call.

ROB

Really?

KAIN

Yeah, I hate losing. But that's
stupid. You're eventually going to
wear me down and get it anyway, so
I might as well just get this whole
thing over with.

ROB

Make the call... Then I'll feed
you.

KAIN

Nah, I got to eat first. The banks
are closed now. They're not going
to be able to get the money until
the morning anyway so we might as
well eat.

Rob considers his options, finally nods as he starts to exit.

KAIN (CONT'D)

Extra pepperoni and sausage! You
can't have too much meat!

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rob pays the pizza delivery guy and shuts the door.

INT. GARAGE

Rob enters with the pizza.

KAIN

Fantastic. I'm starving.

Kain's expression sours as he sees the box.

KAIN (CONT'D)

What? Fucking Dominos? God damn it,
I'm not eating Dominos, you piece
of shit. What the fuck? How long
have you known me?

(MORE)

KAIN (CONT'D)

Have you ever, one single fucking time, ever seen me eat a fucking bite of Dominos pizza?

ROB

Come on it's not that bad.

KAIN

Like hell it isn't. That shit stinks. It's an abomination, a complete waste of flour and sauce. Get that shit out of here!

Kain reaches his feet out of the car and tries to kick Rob.

Rob dodges the kick and isn't sure what to do.

KAIN (CONT'D)

Go mother fucker, go! I'm doing what you want and getting you your money. So you're going to at least show me a little respect. Now get the fuck out of here and get me a real pizza.

Rob shakes his head and cowers back into the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Rob pays a Pieworks pizza delivery guy.

Rob takes the Pieworks pizza into the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Rob slides the Pieworks pizza into the sink and then slides the old Dominos pizza into the Pieworks box.

INT. GARAGE

Rob enters with the Pieworks pizza box.

ROB

I had to bribe the Pieworks guy a hundred bucks to drive this thing out here.

KAIN

Don't worry, I'll add it to the money I'm giving you.

Rob moves to the car and sets the pizza on the roof.

KAIN (CONT'D)
You're going to have to untie me to eat.

ROB
No way.

KAIN
Come on, my hands are turning blue.

Rob looks at Kain's hands. They are discolored and dried blood is caked around the tight zip ties.

KAIN (CONT'D)
Please.

ROB
Sorry, Kain. I'm not untying you.

KAIN
Come on, man, at least put some looser ties on.

ROB
Do you want to eat or not?

Rob opens the box of pizza, scoops a piece up and holds it in front of Kain's mouth.

KAIN
Okay.

Kain opens his mouth and Rob starts feeding him the pizza.

KAIN (CONT'D)
That's fantastic. Ummm... this is the best pizza I've ever tasted.

Rob pushes the final bite of pizza into Kain's mouth.

KAIN (CONT'D)
Another one. Please.

Rob scoops up another piece and starts feeding Kain.

KAIN (CONT'D)
Thanks, man, thanks. Pieworks knows how to make a pizza that's for sure.

Kain chews and chews and enjoys his piece of pizza paradise.

KAIN (CONT'D)

It's totally worth the extra effort to get a premium pizza. See Rob... that's why you never made it in this business. You miss too many of the small details.

ROB

I never made it because you kept promising to promote me and you never did.

Kain's eyes narrow and he stops eating for a second. But then he relaxes and begins chewing again.

KAIN

No, you never made it because of you. In this business you get what you take. You took nothing, so you got nothing.

ROB

That's not true. You kept telling me to hang in there...

KAIN

You want the God's honest, unfiltered truth?

ROB

No, I don't think I do.

KAIN

Fuck it. I'm going to give it to you anyway. There's a certain skill set you need to be in this line of work. Maybe you're born with it or maybe you pick it up. Who the fuck cares. The point is, if you don't have it you're never going to make it.

ROB

And you don't think --

KAIN

Fuck no, you just don't have it. You're a fucking limo driver. And That's all you were ever going to be.

ROB

That's not true.

KAIN
Remember Jimmy Nunsy?

ROB
Yeah?

KAIN
I killed him when I was sixteen.

ROB
You... did?

KAIN
He was trying to sell weed at school, and I pretty much had a monopoly until he showed up. So I slit his throat. Cut him up and took the pieces out to Dana Point and went fishing with him. Caught a fifty pound halibut. That night I slept like a baby. And the next morning when I woke up, I didn't feel the least bit guilty. I knew right then and there that I was made for this. I could make the tough decisions that needed to be made and not think twice about it.

ROB
You're wrong about me.

KAIN
No, I'm not. Do you seriously think if I were in your shoes I wouldn't have already gotten the money?

ROB
No.

KAIN
You can't even bring yourself to hurt me.

ROB
You don't know what I'm capable of.

KAIN
You don't have what it takes. And you should have realized that years ago. But you didn't. And that's not my fault. That's on you. You took all of the risks by being my driver and doing the stupid little errands I sent you on.

(MORE)

KAIN (CONT'D)

But without any real upside. That's a sucker bet. And you're the sucker.

Rob stuffs the last bite of pizza into Kain's mouth. Now Rob's getting a little annoyed.

Kain greedily chews it all in.

ROB

You're wrong about me. I'm going to get the money or I'm going to kill you.

Rob pulls out the cell phone.

ROB (CONT'D)

Now make the fucking call.

KAIN

Nope. I'm not calling anyone.

ROB

But you said --

KAIN

-- So? The only person I'm calling is your wife to find out how big Scotty's dick is.

Rob steams.

KAIN (CONT'D)

You listen to me you fucking little piece of shit. Eventually I'm going to pull this steering wheel off and when I do you're going to be the sorriest son of a bitch that ever lived. That I promise.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rob paces back and forth. He scoops a piece of the Pieworks pizza out of the sink and takes a bite. That's damn good pizza!

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Rob looks in and sees Kain asleep in the car.

Rob takes a long deep breath and exits.

EXT. HOME DEPOT - NIGHT

Rob exits carrying two large shopping bags.

INT. KITCHEN

A dust mask, rubber gloves, eye safety goggles, radio ear protection headphones, a white painters jumpsuit, duct tape and a cordless drill are set out on the counter.

Rob holds up a drill bit. Nah, too small. He holds up another bit. This one is too big. He holds up a third drill bit. Yep, just right.

He slowly screws the bit into the drill head.

Rob presses the trigger and the drill spins to life.

INT. GARAGE

Kain sleeps. He looks peaceful, almost harmless.

Rob enters wearing the white jumpsuit, rubber gloves, dust mask and eye protection.

He quietly sets the headphones, duct tape and drill on the ground and moves to the car.

He slides a block of wood between Kain's ankles and quickly zip ties them to the block.

Kain slowly starts to wake up.

KAIN

What the hell are you doing now?

Rob stretches a piece of duct tape across Kain's mouth.

ROB

I'm not going to let you talk to me like that anymore.

KAIN

(muffled through the duct tape)

I'll talk to you anyway I want.

ROB

I'm not going to listen to it.

Rob slides the headphones on and picks up the drill.

Kain's eyes widen as Rob - now donning eye protection, ear protection, face protection, rubber gloves and a full body jumpsuit - moves towards him with the drill.

KAIN
(muffled)
Okay, fuck it, I'll make the call.

ROB
I've got to prove it to you... and
to myself... that I can do this.

KAIN
(muffled)
Stop! Stop! I'll make the call!

Rob shrugs. He speaks really loudly as if talking to a deaf foreigner.

ROB
(loudly)
Sorry, I can't hear anything you're
saying.

KAIN
(muffled)
I'll make the call!

ROB
(loudly)
I'm going to torture you for five
minutes. After that I'll stop and
give you a chance to make the call.
Okay?

Kain thrashes and squirms trying to break free.

Rob presses the cell phone and sets it on the front windshield.

The phone counts down... 5:00... 4:59... 4:58...

Rob turns the headphones on and a classic rock anthem fills his ears.

Rob presses the trigger on the drill a few times and tries to gather his courage.

Rob takes a deep breath and kneels down and stares at Kain's feet.

He slowly brings the spinning drill down towards Kain's left foot.

And then the drill bit starts to drill through Kain's shoe...

Kain thrashes wildly and screams through the duct tape.

Rob presses down hard and the drill goes right through the shoe and into Kain's foot.

Kain screams in agony.

Blood spins out across Rob's face.

Rock music blares.

Rob pulls the drill out but then quickly presses it back down, further up on Kain's foot, drilling another bloody hole.

Kain screams more.

Rob has to really put his weight behind this one, as he drills through bone.

More blood spins around as the drill goes deeper and deeper into Kain's foot.

Kain keeps screaming.

The rock music keeps playing.

Finally, Rob stands up and looks at the timer on the phone...

It clicks down... 4:45... 4:44... 4:43... 4:42.

Rob looks at Kain who's shaking his head and pleading with him to stop.

Finally, Rob takes the headphones off.

ROB (CONT'D)
Okay... maybe five minutes of
torture was a bit too long.

KAIN
(muffled)
I'll make the call.

Rob rips the duct tape off of Kain's face.

KAIN (CONT'D)
Owww!

ROB
Did you say you're ready to make
the call?

KAIN

Yes! Yes!

Rob rips the protective gear off his face, pulls the phone off the windshield and dials.

Rob taps the speaker phone button.

SCOTTY (V.O.)

Kain?

KAIN

(out of breath)

Yeah. It's me. Listen, tomorrow morning go to the bank and get the money and bring it to us.

ROB

Five hundred thousand dollars.

KAIN

Yeah. Five hundred thousand.

SCOTTY (V.O.)

Are you sure, boss? It sounds like you might be getting coerced.

KAIN

I fucking am being coerced. But what the fuck does that matter? You bring me the fucking money or this guy's going to drill holes into every square inch of my body. Okay?

There is a long pause.

SCOTTY (V.O.)

Okay. Where are you?

ROB

Get the money tomorrow morning right when the bank opens and call me. I'll give you the address then.

Rob hangs up the phone.

LATER

Rob, no longer wearing the protective gear, bandages Kain's bloody foot.

Kain drinks tequila straight from the bottle.

KAIN

Thanks, man, thanks for bandaging me up.

ROB

It's the least I can do.

KAIN

Nah, it's cool. I've done some pretty awful things to people, and I never bothered to fix'em up afterwards. Even when I got what I wanted.

ROB

Hopefully this whole thing will be over tomorrow and you can see a doctor.

KAIN

It will be.

Finished with the bandage, Rob stands up. He tosses the bloody rags in the corner and starts packing up the first aid supplies.

KAIN (CONT'D)

So... have you thought this thing through? I mean, really thought it through? I'm not trying to scare you, but they're not going to just hand you the money. It's not going to be that easy. They'll show up with it, sure, but if you want it, you're going to have to take it.

Rob nods.

ROB

Yeah, of course. I've got a bullet proof plan.

KAIN

I certainly hope so.

Rob tosses some bloody rags into the garbage can and exits.

Kain looks back towards the pair of pliers, still hanging from the nail in the wall.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Rob paces around the kitchen shaking his head and mumbling to himself.

He stops at the large sink, splashes some water on his face, leans in and takes a long drink straight from the faucet.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

Rob sits on the back stoop fiddling with the cell phone, researching, typing stuff in, reading, clicking around.

He takes a deep breath and looks out into the dark night.

FLASHBACK:

Dixon stares down at Rob.

DIXON

You'll get a nice little condo on a golf course in Arizona and three grand a month, tax free. Your house is already paid for, so that three grand is just for food, booze and hookers. It's a pretty sweet deal.

Rob takes a deep breath.

DIXON (CONT'D)

Well? Are you going to do the right thing or be a stupid little shit?

Jacquelin steps up in front of Rob and yells in his face.

JACQUELIN

Listen, Rob, you better start wising up! The alternative is hard time with a bunk mate named Bubba who hasn't seen a woman in twenty years. You want to be Bubba's bitch?

Dixon turns back to Rob and yells right in his face with some real fury.

DIXON

You think this is some sort of joke? If you don't start cooperating, this sweet deal I'm offering you is going to be gone.

Jacquelin steps in front of Dixon.

JACQUELIN
(yelling at Rob)
How flexible is your asshole, Rob?

Jacquelin and Dixon dance around each other and yell at Rob.

JACQUELIN (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Have you ever been with two men at
the same time? I'm not going to lie
to you, it can hurt. A lot.

DIXON
(yelling)
What's it going to be, Rob?
Drinking marguerites on the back
nine or doing laundry for a few
thousand of California's finest?

END FLASHBACK.

Rob turns his attention back to the cell phone and something catches his attention and he starts to read with some real interest.

INT. GARAGE - DAWN

Kain squirms uncomfortably in the car trying to get comfortable.

He can hear the front door closing and foot steps moving across the front porch.

EXT. HOUSE - DAWN

Rob steps off the porch and continues towards the street.

The morning sunlight hits Rob in the face and he has to squint as he makes his way down the street.

Rob walks past a dark sedan with tinted windows.

INT. DARK SEDAN

Jacquelin watches as Rob walks away.

INT. GARAGE

Kain takes a deep breath and with one painful stretch he reaches his wounded foot out as far as he can trying to get to the pair of pliers.

His hands strain against the zip ties binding him to the steering wheel.

His neck strains against the zip tie binding him to the seat.

His foot is only about six inches from the pliers.

EXT. HOME DEPOT - PARKING LOT - DAY

Jacquelin waits. Dixon gets into the car.

DIXON

What the hell are you doing out here?

JACQUELIN

I tracked him to his dead aunt's house. He seems to be laying low.

DIXON

Any sign of Lawton?

JACQUELIN

Nope.

They watch as Rob walks away from the large building pushing a shopping cart filled with bags of supplies and several empty gas cans.

DIXON

What's he doing, a remodel?

JACQUELIN

Who the fuck knows.

INT. GARAGE

Kain pulls and pulls and his foot is now only an inch from the pliers.

He strains for one last inch.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Rob exits the mini-mart carrying a small remote control toy. He tosses it into the shopping cart.

He stops at the gas pump and begins filling one of the gas cans with fuel.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Kain's foot touches the pliers and he wraps his bloody toes around them and starts to slide them off the nail.

But then they drop to the ground and bounce about six inches further away from Kain.

KAIN
God damn it! No!

INT. KITCHEN

A half dozen boxes of nails are stacked on the floor.

A large bundle of wire has been ripped open and runs from the floor up to the counter where several large batteries lie strewn across it.

Rob dissects the remote control toy. He carefully pries it apart and pulls out the small servos.

INT. GARAGE

Kain let's loose with one last burst of energy trying to get his foot to the pliers when...

One of his hands pops out from the zip ties.

Kain breathes a huge sigh of relief.

He quickly reaches back and starts to fiddle with the head rest.

He finds the latch, slides the headrest up, up and out.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Rob shakes out a large plastic sheet and covers the shopping cart, which sits in the corner of the room.

INT. GARAGE

Kain slides the headrest back in but leaves the zip tie loose so that his neck is no longer attached to the seat.

Suddenly, the garage door opens and Rob enters.

Kain grabs the steering wheel with his loose hand, pretending to still be securely tied down.

ROB
I've got to move you into the
living room.

KAIN
Sure, Rob. However you want to play
it.

Rob moves closer and closer to Kain.

ROB
I'm going to tie your feet first,
and then I'll cut your hands loose
and tie them behind your back,
okay?

KAIN
That sounds like a great plan.

And as Rob gets to Kain, Kain bounds out of the car and grabs Rob.

KAIN (CONT'D)
Gotcha mother fucker!

Kain is still tied to the steering wheel by one hand, but the rest of him is loose.

Kain wraps his free arm around Rob's Neck burying Rob's face in his chest.

Rob punches and kicks but Kain is bigger, stronger, and madder than Rob and Kain will not be denied.

KAIN (CONT'D)
This brings back so many
memories... I remember the first
time I ever suffocated someone.

Rob squirms and wiggles, but Kain is too strong.

KAIN (CONT'D)
It was the grandmother of this girl
I had been dating.

Rob stomps on Kain's wounded foot.

Kain winches, it hurts, a lot, but he won't let go of Rob.

Kain squeezes Rob's neck with everything he's got trying to choke Rob out.

KAIN (CONT'D)

She found out I was married and she just would not let it go.

Rob wiggles and shakes and tries to slip out of Kain's hold.

But Kain pulls them both back towards the car.

KAIN (CONT'D)

She said she was going to tell my wife. What a rotten thing to do, right?

Finally, Rob drops down to the ground and it's just enough for him to slither out of Kain's grasp.

Kain tries to grab him.

But Rob tumbles onto the floor and quickly rolls backwards, out of reach.

KAIN (CONT'D)

Come here, you pussy.

Kain rips on the one remaining zip tie that binds him to the steering wheel.

Either the steering wheel is going to break off or Kain is going to rip his hand off. And it's going to happen now.

Rob darts to an old lawn mower sitting at the front of the garage.

Rob pulls the cord and it roars to life.

Thick black smoke bellows out of the lawn mower.

Rob runs back into the house, shutting the door behind him.

The lawn mower sputters and fills the small garage with black smoke.

KAIN (CONT'D)

You're a little fucking weasel.

Kain continues to pull and pull on the one last remaining zip tie but the smoke is getting thicker and thicker.

Kain starts to cough.

IN THE KITCHEN

Rob moves into the kitchen, opens one of the cabinets, and pulls out the pistol.

IN THE GARAGE

The lawn mower continues to roar. The room is now filled with thick smoke.

Kain crouches down as low as possible trying to get away from the smoke but the smoke is everywhere.

Kain coughs violently.

KAIN

You let me die they're not going to give you one cent!

ROB (O.S.)

You're not going to die.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Rob stands braced to fire, aiming the pistol at the door.

All he can hear is the roar of the lawn mower and the hacking cough of Kain.

Finally, the coughing stops.

Rob goes back into...

THE GARAGE

Rob cautiously turns the lawn mower off and opens the back door.

Smoke pours out into the backyard.

Rob points the gun towards Kain as he cautiously moves in.

As the smoke clears Rob gets a good look at Kain.

Kain is pale and struggling to breathe, but he's still alive.

Rob cuts him loose from the steering wheel.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jacquelin and Dixon sit in the front seat.

A young, naïve, energetic cop named JIM HASSLUP sits in the back. He's wearing an Izod shirt and Khaki pants. He's eager to learn and even more eager to please.

Jacquelin holds up a picture of Rob.

JACQUELIN

It's his aunt's house. He's out on bail so he's not breaking any laws.

JIM

Got it.

Dixon holds up a picture of Kain.

DIXON

This is the one we want.

JACQUELIN

We found a kilo of cocaine at his office. You don't want this scum on the street, do you?

JIM

No, ma'am.

DIXON

If you can get a look at him, we'll have just cause. We'll get a warrant and we'll arrest him.

JIM

Aye, aye captain.

Jim starts to get out of the car.

DIXON

Hold on there a second, son.

Jim stops.

DIXON (CONT'D)

This is the difference between a good cop and a bad cop.

JACQUELIN

The good cop will get into that house no matter what.

DIXON

The bad cop will come walking back over here with his tail between his legs.

JACQUELIN

Lives will be lost if we don't get this guy off the street this morning.

JIM

Don't worry. I did door to door sales in college. I was number one in my region for eight consecutive months. I can talk my way into any house.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Rob has screwed a massive metal ring into the floor. He zip ties Kain to it.

Kain looks terrible. He's pale and drenched in sweat and barely conscious.

He slumps against the wall, a beaten man.

ROB

Why are you still fighting me?

Kain struggles to catch his breath.

KAIN

It's five hundred fucking grand. I'm not going to let you just walk away with it.

ROB

Why not? Don't I deserve it?

KAIN

If you can get it, you deserve it.

Rob binds Kain's feet together with a zip tie. He pulls the zip ties extra tight. Kain winches.

KAIN (CONT'D)

You know what? I'm glad you drilled holes in my foot and nearly gassed me to death.

ROB

Yeah, right.

KAIN

No, really, I am. It's those painful moments in life where you get the most clarity.

ROB

Now you're just fucking with me.

KAIN

No, I'm serious. I know I'm a borderline sociopath --

ROB

You're not borderline.

KAIN

No, seriously, I am. I took this online test once. I was borderline. I lack a conscience, have no empathy, and I suffer from narcissistic personality disorder, but a full blown sociopath is very impulsive and acts without considering the consequences. I spend my whole life considering consequences.

ROB

(rolling his eyes)
I stand corrected.

KAIN

I don't feel guilty for any of the things I've done. And I don't feel guilty about not feeling guilty. But I wonder. I wonder how far I could have gone if I'd spent the same amount of time pursuing a legitimate career. And I wonder if maybe it's not too late for me.

ROB

It's not. It's not too late for any of us.

KAIN

For you, maybe.

ROB

You can do what you want. But if I get this money, I'm going to do it right and slip away to a third world country and live quietly.

Kain looks at Rob as Rob pulls the zip tie tight around his legs.

KAIN
Part of me hopes you do.

ROB
Yeah, it's the other part I'm worried about.

KAIN
No, I'm serious. It's a romantic idea. It doesn't mean I'm going to make it easy for you, but I hope you get it.

ROB
Thanks.

Suddenly there is a KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK on the front door.

Rob sticks a thick piece of duct tape across Kain's mouth.

Rob tucks the pistol into his pants and cautiously moves to the front door and opens it a crack.

Jim stares in at Rob.

JIM
Hey there, partner. Name's Jim Hasslup. I'm a local realtor. Could I come in for a second?

ROB
No, I'm kind of in the middle of something.

Jim tries to peer into the house but Rob keeps the door nearly closed.

JIM
Listen, I've got this nice young couple who really loves the neighborhood and thinks this house is a perfect fit for them.

ROB
That's great.

JIM
I think they're going to make an offer this afternoon.

ROB
I'll let the family know.

JIM
But I need to snap a few pictures
for them.

ROB
Sorry, it's a mess right now.

JIM
They won't care. They just want to
get a feel for the layout.

ROB
Can you come back this afternoon?

JIM
No, I'm running an open house on
the other side of town. I'll be
tied up all afternoon.

ROB
What about tomorrow?

JIM
Not in this market, fellow, I don't
want to let a buyer sit on it
overnight. They're ready to make a
deal. We'll be in escrow by
tomorrow.

Rob's not sure what to do.

JIM (CONT'D)
Come on, it'll just take a second.
What, do you got a dead body in
there?

Rob looks over to the corner where Kain lies on the ground.

ROB
Listen, bud, I can't let you in.
It's really not my call. I'm just
the cousin, you know? Trying to
clean the place up a bit. Call
Michael, that's her son, maybe
he'll let you in.

Jim pulls out his cell phone.

JIM
I'd love to. I'll call him right
now. What's his number?

ROB
I lost my phone, so I don't have
his number on me. Sorry.

Rob shuts the door and waits.

ON THE PORCH

Jim moves to a window and tries to peer in but the blinds
block his view.

Finally, he turns and walks down the steps.

ON THE STREET

Jim walks to the dark sedan.

IN THE SEDAN

Jacquelin and Dixon wait. Jim gets in.

DIXON
That's it? That's your fucking
"number one sales men for six
straight months" effort?

JIM
It was eight months.

JACQUELIN
That's a pretty weak effort,
officer. You might want to
reconsider your career choice.

JIM
He slammed the door in my face.
What could I do?

Dixon and Jacquelin turn around, leaving Jim alone in the
backseat.

JACQUELIN
If Lawton's in there with him, we
need his help.

DIXON
Let's call his lawyer and tell him
we'll sweeten the deal.

JACQUELIN

Yeah, offer him like eighty grand a year and a full three bedroom house.

JIM

Are you guys authorized to do that?

Jacquelin and Dixon turn back around and look at Jim.

DIXON

The question is not are we authorized to do it. The question is, is he dumb enough to believe it.

JACQUELIN

The whole witness protection program is only quasi legal anyway.

DIXON

By the time he realizes he's going to be living in a shitty one bedroom condo for the rest of his life, he'll have already testified.

JACQUELIN

And a very bad man will be serving three to four life sentences.

DIXON

We'll just apologize and tell him it was a clerical error.

JIM

You can do that?

JACQUELIN

Do you want the criminals to win?

JIM

No, of course not.

DIXON

Jesus. You got a lot to learn about law enforcement.

JIM

Sorry. I just didn't know that's how it worked.

Jacquelin pulls out her phone and dials.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The duct tape hangs loosely from Kain's mouth. The color has returned to his face and he looks as feisty as ever.

Kain spits, hard, and the duct tape falls away.

KAIN
Hey, Rob-butt?

Rob enters from the kitchen.

KAIN (CONT'D)
Did they call yet?

ROB
Not yet.

KAIN
I hope you're ready to die.

ROB
I am. Thank's for asking.

KAIN
Good. Because that's exactly what's going to happen.

ROB
We'll see.

KAIN
I'm serious, Rob. These guys are fucking animals. I'm not trying to be an asshole here. But if you want to live, you should get the hell out of here right now.

ROB
And do what? Go back to my apartment and wait for you to kill me?

KAIN
Yeah, I probably wouldn't go back to the apartment.

ROB
I've got no other options. This is my one chance and I'm taking it. It might not work, but then again, it might.

KAIN

You're not thinking clearly. But
it's your decision. Just don't say
I didn't warn you.

ROB

Believe me, I won't.

KAIN

Help me to the bathroom. I got to
take a piss.

ROB

You can wait.

KAIN

Like hell I can. Get the fuck over
here and help me to the bathroom.

There's a loud KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK at the front door.

ROB

Jesus!

Rob puts the tape back across Kain's mouth and moves to the
door and looks out.

It's Gina.

ROB (CONT'D)

Oh, shit.

Rob opens the door.

ROB (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

GINA

Nice to see you, too.

ROB

Sorry, but it could be dangerous.

GINA

No, shit, that's why I'm here to
get you.

ROB

It's almost over. They're bringing
the money this morning.

GINA

Your lawyer just called me.

Rob looks over at Kain who's trying like hell to get the tape off his mouth.

ROB
(to Gina)
Close your eyes.

GINA
What?

ROB
Just close your eyes and come with me to the kitchen.

Gina closes her eyes.

ROB (CONT'D)
Are they closed?

GINA
Yes.

ROB
Keep them closed until I tell you, okay?

Gina nods and Rob leads her into the house.

As soon as she's in the house she opens her eyes and sees Kain tied up in the corner.

GINA
Jesus, Rob, what are you thinking?

ROB
I told you to keep them closed.

Kain finally wiggles the tape off his mouth.

KAIN
Hey, Gina.

GINA
Hey, Kain.

Rob quickly leads Gina towards the kitchen.

EXT. BACKYARD

Rob closes the door behind them as they exit.

ROB
What did the lawyer want?

GINA

He said they're sweetening the deal. They're going to give us eighty thousand dollars a year and a full stand alone house, not some cheap condo.

Rob thinks about this for a moment.

ROB

Are you sure?

GINA

Yes. And we won't be fugitives and we won't have to worry about Kain trying to find us.

ROB

Believe me, if I flip on Kain, we'll have to worry about him.

GINA

He'll be in jail.

Rob sits down on the back porch steps, trying to figure out his next move.

ROB

Eighty thousand dollars a year?

Gina sits down next to him, wraps her arm around him.

GINA

And a nice house, too. We'll be able to live comfortably for the rest of our lives.

Rob thinks about the offer for a beat. Finally he starts shaking his head.

ROB

I'm not a rat, Gina. I'm sorry.

GINA

You've got to get over this macho, honor among thieves bullshit.

ROB

When I went to work for Kain that was the one thing he made me promise. I would never flip.

GINA

He tried to kill you.

ROB

And I knew he would. That's part of the deal. And now I'm trying to pinch him for the money.

GINA

It doesn't have to be this way.

ROB

He's a lot of awful things, but he'll never go to the police and tell'em I kidnapped him and try and have me arrested. He'll handle it himself. And that's what I'm doing.

Gina sighs.

ROB (CONT'D)

You're asking me to do the one thing I can't do. It might not be right. It might be totally stupid.

GINA

It is.

ROB

But I'm just not going to do it. Where would I be if threw away the one rule that I have?

Gina leans in and rests her head on his shoulder.

GINA

Oh, shit, Rob. Just be careful, okay?

KAIN (O.S.)

Hey! Get back in here and help me to the bathroom. Now!

INT. LIVING ROOM

Rob watches as Gina gets into her car and drives away.

KAIN

I haven't pissed my pants since the first grade!

Rob shuts the door.

KAIN (CONT'D)

Get me a fucking bottle and I'll piss right here.

ROB
You need to shut the hell up.

Rob slaps Kain across the face.

KAIN
You did not just slap me!

Rob slaps Kain again, harder.

KAIN (CONT'D)
Oh, no you didn't!

Rob wraps a piece of thick duct tape around and around and around Kain's whole head and across his mouth, silencing him.

KAIN (CONT'D)
Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!

EXT. BANK - DAY

Scotty and Darren exit carrying a black canvas bag.

They move to the car and Scotty drops the sack of money into the trunk.

INT. SCOTTY'S CAR

Scotty stuffs another black bag with newspaper. Darren nervously watches.

SCOTTY
We go in with the bag of paper. If everything checks out, we'll come back and get the money.

DARREN
Got it, mate.
(and)
We really going to give it to him?

SCOTTY
It's Kain's money. So it's Kain's call. We work for him, remember?

DARREN
Yeah, yeah, believe me, I remember.

Scotty zips up the bag, pulls out his phone and dials.

INT. KITCHEN

Rob answers the phone.

ROB
You got the money?

SCOTTY (V.O.)
Yeah, we got it. Tell us where you
are.

INT. SCOTTY'S CAR (MOVING)

Scotty steers the car out of the parking lot.

DARREN
I've been thinking. I'm not sure
this is the life for me.

SCOTTY
What the fuck are you talking
about?

DARREN
The sneaking around. The guns. The
killing. And the knives. Fuck me, I
never thought we'd be involved in
some hand-to-hand combat, mate.

SCOTTY
What'd you think, we were selling
Girl Scout cookies?

DARREN
I haven't slept a wink since I
started.

SCOTTY
Oh, fuck me. You're serious?

DARREN
Yeah. This shit just ain't for me,
mate. I wasn't cut out for it.

SCOTTY
Okay, fine, but you're telling
Kain.

DARREN
I know.

SCOTTY
He's going to go ape shit on you.
And he may not let you quit. You
know that, right?

DARREN
Yeah, I know.

SCOTTY
Shit. Now I got to find someone
else and train'em. Thanks for being
a big fat unshaven pussy.

DARREN
Sorry, mate.

SCOTTY
This is going to push my promotion
back at least another couple of
months. Jesus Christ.

Scotty pounds on the gas and they pull out into traffic.

EXT. STREET

Scotty's car pulls to a stop in front of the house.

They get out.

Scotty carries the bag filled with paper.

Darren takes a deep breath trying to relax.

SCOTTY
You better get your shit together
and man up. Understand?

DARREN
Of course.

SCOTTY
If I get so much as a scratch, and
it's your fault, I will pound you
into the pavement. Got it?

DARREN
Got it.

They moves towards the house.

ACROSS THE STREET IN THE DARK SEDAN

Jacquelin, Dixon, and Jim watch as Scotty and Darren move up the front porch.

JACQUELIN
What the hell is going on now?

DIXON
Maybe they're paying him off.

Dixon turns around and looks at Jim.

DIXON (CONT'D)
Are you ready to redeem yourself?

JIM
I- I guess so.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Rob paces back and forth.

Kain yells at Rob through the duct tape.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

Rob stops dead. He stares at the door.

Finally, Rob moves to the door, opens it and quickly backs up as Scotty and Darren enter.

They see Kain gagged and tied to the ground.

Scotty shuts the door behind him and engages the lock.

ROB
Let me see the money.

SCOTTY
Sure. Have a look.

Scotty holds up the bag and takes a big step towards Rob.

Rob takes a quick step back and rips the plastic sheet off the shopping cart.

The cart is filled with a large homemade bomb. Several large metal gas cans have been strapped together with a mess of wires and batteries plugged into the top.

Rob holds up the small remote control.

DARREN
Is that a bomb?

ROB
Big enough to blow this house and
everything in it to pieces.

Scotty takes a step backwards.

ROB (CONT'D)
Throw the bag over here.

Scotty tosses the bag to Rob, hard.

Rob bobbles the remote control, almost drops it, but manages to keep control of it.

DARREN
What the fuck, mate, you want to
get us all killed?

SCOTTY
Sorry. I don't know my own
strength.

Rob kneels down and starts to open the bag. But he can't get the zipper open while holding the remote control so he sets it down on the floor.

Scotty unbuttons his jacket, his knife tucked neatly in to his belt.

Darren nervously looks out the window. And then does a double take as he notices something.

Scotty looks at Kain. Kain gives him a nod.

Rob slides the zipper open...

Scotty slides his hand into his jacket and tightens his grip on his knife.

Rob sees the stacks of newspaper.

ROB
Hey, what are you trying to pull?

DARREN
We got company!

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK. Someone bangs on the front door.

Rob scoops up the remote control and stands up.

JIM (O.S.)
Any chance I could get those
pictures now?

ROB
Oh, shit.

SCOTTY
(whispering)
Who the fuck is that?

ROB
(whispering)
Shhhh... it's the realtor. Just be
quiet and he'll go away.

JIM (O.S.)
I can hear you.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK as Jim hits the door again.

JIM (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm not going away until you let me
in there and let me get some
pictures.

SCOTTY
That's not no fucking realtor.

And with one swift motion Scotty pulls out his large knife and opens the front door, grabs Jim by the neck, pulls him into the house, and stabs the knife deep into his throat.

But before he can push the door shut gunfire erupts from the sidewalk.

BAM! BAM!

EXT. STREET

Jacquelin and Dixon dash towards the house, guns blazing.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Bullets pierce Scotty. He falls backwards, dead.

Rob dives to the ground, the remote control goes sliding across the floor.

Rob scurries off down the hallway.

KAIN
(muffled)
Cut me loose.

Darren grabs Scotty's knife and cuts the zip ties that hold Kain.

Kain is loose.

Bullets blast through the room.

KAIN (CONT'D)
Hold them off here!

Darren just stares at Kain, scared shitless.

KAIN (CONT'D)
Do you hear me? Hold them off here!

DARREN
Okay.

Kain crawls off into the kitchen.

Darren pulls out his gun and slowly starts to stand up.

A moment later Jacquelin kicks the front door the rest of the way open and bursts in.

But before Darren can get a shot off Jacquelin fills him with lead.

Darren falls on the ground next to Scotty, also bloody and dead.

Jacquelin moves off cautiously down the hallway.

IN THE KITCHEN

Kain limps towards the back door but then he sees Dixon coming around the side of the house outside.

Kain ducks down behind the counter.

As Dixon barrels in Kain leaps up...

Dixon is taken off guard.

Kain grabs Dixon's gun hand.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Dixon squeezes off a few shots but Kain is able to keep the gun aimed away from him.

Kain squeezes the gun out of Dixon's hand.

Kain flips Dixon over and throws him on the ground.

Kain scoops up the gun and shoots him square in the face.

BAM!

IN THE BEDROOM

Rob scurries into the small closet and closes the door behind him.

Jacquelin enters, gun pointed ahead.

The room is empty, only a few packed boxes and a broken down bed sit in the corner.

She moves to the closet and swings the door open.

JACQUELIN

Come out of there, now!

Rob discreetly sets the gun on the closet floor. Jacquelin doesn't notice.

Rob stands up and puts his hands in the air.

BANG!

Jacquelin fires off a shot, missing Rob, as Kain grabs her from behind.

Kain quickly grabs her gun and aims it at Rob while wrapping his other arm around Jacquelin's neck.

Jacquelin kicks and claws and tries to get loose, but Kain is much too big and strong for her.

Kain tightens his arm around her neck.

Jacquelin continues to kick and swing her arms around, trying to get loose.

KAIN

Get a good look at this, 'cause
it's going to be you in a minute.

Rob makes a move for the closet.

BANG!

Kain fires a shot that hits right in front of Rob.

Rob freezes.

Jacquelin lets out one final burst of kicks and punches and then her eyes start to glass over and her body goes limp.

Kain drops her. She hits the ground with a dull thud.

KAIN (CONT'D)

That was fun. But not as much fun
as I'm going to have killing you.
How do you want to die?

Kain, in obvious pain, limps in towards Rob.

Rob cowers backwards, hits the wall, has no where to go.

KAIN (CONT'D)

Maybe I'll kick your head in... or
slice an artery and let you bleed
out... or twist your head off with
my bare hands. You should have let
me take that piss 'cause no matter
how I kill you, the first thing I'm
going to do when I'm done is take a
nice long piss on your dead body.

Kain takes another painful step towards Rob.

Rob tries to move away but he has no where to go and Kain keeps the gun barrel right in front of his face.

KAIN (CONT'D)

Let's start with a bullet to the
gut.

Kain aims the gun at Rob's stomach and his finger tightens around the trigger... and tightens... and tightens...

CLICK. The gun is out of ammo.

Kain tosses the gun aside.

KAIN (CONT'D)

Looks like I'm going to have to do
this old school. A nice
strangulation sounds about right.

Rob lunges for the closet...

Kain lunges after him...

Rob comes up with the pistol hidden in the closet...

BAM!

A bullet blasts into Kain's shoulder sending him backwards and to the floor.

Rob slowly stands up keeping the gun carefully aimed at Kain.

Kain holds his wounded shoulder trying to stop the bleeding.

KAIN (CONT'D)

Well?

Rob stands over Kain aiming the gun down at him.

KAIN (CONT'D)

Don't be a pussy.

Rob tries to gather his courage. He tenses up and aims the gun carefully. He's got a clean shot at Kain's head.

KAIN (CONT'D)

Don't fuck it up. You're not going to get this chance again.

Rob's finger tenses against the trigger.

KAIN (CONT'D)

Do it!

Finally, Rob lowers the gun.

ROB

You were right. I wasn't meant for this. I don't have it in me.

The tension dissipates. Kain breathes a sigh of relief.

KAIN

So what? You're going to take the plea bargain and turn me in?

ROB

No. I'm not a rat.

KAIN

What are you going to do?

ROB

I don't know.

Rob steps out into the hallway.

KAIN

I should have promoted you. You're cagey as fuck and damn loyal.

ROB
It's a little late.

Rob turns to leave but Kain calls after him.

KAIN
Hey! Don't forget the money. You
deserve it.

This stops Rob and he turns back towards Kain.

ROB
It was newspaper.

KAIN
You don't bring the cash into a hot
situation. But you keep it close in
case you need it. Check the trunk.

EXT. HOUSE

Rob backs his car out of the driveway.

He stops at Scotty's car.

INT. BEDROOM

Kain pulls himself up.

He notices several rounds of ammunition strapped to
Jacquelin's belt.

He has an idea.

He quickly picks up the discarded pistol, drops the empty
shells out, and loads it with fresh rounds.

KAIN
Sorry, Rob.

EXT. HOUSE

Rob pops the trunk of Scotty's car and sees the bag of money
sitting in it.

Kain steps out of the house as Rob sets the bag of money in
his car.

KAIN
It's five hundred grand! I can't
let you just walk away with it.

Kain levels the gun at Rob and opens fire. BANG! BANG!

Rob ducks into his car, reaches for the small remote control lying in the passenger seat and presses the button.

BOOOOM!

The off screen sound of the house exploding.

Smoke fills the car as an eerie silence falls over the neighborhood.

Rob wipes his face and coughs and fans the air.

EXT. FLEA BAG MOTEL - DAY

Rob knocks on a door.

A moment later the door opens and Gina sees him.

They share a long look and finally a big hug.

GINA

Thank, God.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Rob's car roars past a sign that reads, "Last Exit before Mexican Border."

ROB (V.O.)

So that's it. That's my story. I had spent my entire adult life pursuing something I never really had any chance of succeeding at. What a waste.

INT. ROB'S CAR

Rob drives. Gina sits in the passenger seat.

ROB (V.O.)

We got the money, sure. But in the end I just got lucky. Which is fine. At least I learned something.

Gina reaches over and holds Rob's hand. They share a warm smile.

EXT. TROPICAL BEACH - DAY

Rob and Gina lounge and sip colorful drinks from tall glasses.

The blue waves crash into the sand.

Rob extends his hand and Gina takes it.

ROB (V.O.)

I'm not sure if five hundred grand is going to last us the rest of our lives or not. Who knows, maybe I can turn my story into a half way decent screenplay. How hard could it be to sell a script to Hollywood?

The End

Fade Out.