THE MEANS

~Pilot~

By

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INT. WHITE VAN, YONKERS HORSE TRACK - DAY

ANGELA, 30s, Asian-American, all business no bullshit, sits in driver's seat, headphones connected to handheld radio.

TERRENCE, 30s, vain white guy, spends as much time looking in the mirror as he does working out.

NATE, early 20s, mixed race, underestimated - even by himself.

They all wear dark grey coveralls, purple latex gloves.

TERRENCE
And Gary Oldman plays the dirty cop, only you don't know he's a cop 'til later on. In the beginning he comes for his stash of cocaine--

NATE
The one where he gets killed by Christian Slater? He plays like a crazy guy who thinks he's black or whatever?

TERRENCE
Nah, that's True Romance. He's only got a brief role in that one. He's the main villain in The Professional, playing this psycho dirty cop.

ANGELA
Would you two shut up? I can't hear anything...and he's a corrupt DEA agent in The Professional, not a cop.

TERRENCE
Sorry, *DEA Agent*, and he kills this dude. Then, Jean Reno, who's this like, elite level hit man, takes the dude's daughter under his wing.

NATE
Gary Oldman's daughter?

TERRENCE
No man, the guy Gary Oldman kills, he takes his daughter, trains her to kick ass.

NATE
Is Tony Soprano in it? That scene where he beats the shit outta that actress, or whatever?

TERRENCE
No man, that's True Romance.

NATE
You sure?

TERRENCE
I'm positive. Man, you might have the worst memory of anyone I know.

NATE
These movies are from the nineties. Maybe you just have a penchant for remembering useless information.

ANGELA
Hey, Dumb and Dumber, it's go time.

Terrence and Nate pull germ masks over their mouths.

TERRENCE
Ready.

ANGELA
Heads down, hands in pockets.

EXT. YONKERS HORSE TRACK - MOMENTS LATER

Nate follows Terrence out of the van, onto the grounds of the horse track. The stadium is crowded with spectators.

They zig zag through foot traffic, make their way to the facility's main office.

EXT. BET-TELLER BOOTHS, YONKERS RACE TRACK - SAME TIME

LEROY and BILLUPS, two security guards in full uniform, load bundles of cash into a large duffle bag. Billups is older and black, Leroy is younger and white.

LEROY
Shit, bet you won't be missing this.

BILLUPS
Back's been acting up 15 years now.

LEROY
Wanna hit the bar tonight, celebrate your retirement?

BILLUPS
Eh, I don't know if I have it in me.

LEROY
C'mon, Billups, you're not *that* old.

Duffle is loaded.

They each take one strap of the bag, carry it between them.

BILLUPS
Ain't you ever heard of an Irish Goodbye?

LEROY
That's right I forgot - you're black Irish.

BILLUPS
Hah, alright alright. I'm in for drinks.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING, YONKERS RACE TRACK - SAME TIME

The two guards navigate a series of hallways until they reach a main corridor. At the far end is a large steel door that reads VAULT ROOM.

LEROY
They'll probably bump me up to lead-security now that you're leaving, right?

BILLUPS
Think you're getting a little ahead of your--

Terrence and Nate emerge from behind a hallway bend.

Terrence takes a stun-gun out of his pocket, stuns Leroy who hits the floor in a fit of jitters.

Nate kicks Billups in the back of the knee, sends him to the floor, duct tapes both guards' mouths shut.

Terrence restrains theirs hands with zip-ties.

Nate takes a garbage bag from his pocket, shakes it open.

Terrence pours the cash from the duffle into the garbage bag.

Nate slings the bag over his shoulder. They walk out calmly.

INT. WHITE VAN, YONKERS HORSE TRACK - DAY

Angela opens a small black case, removes a pill cutter and a prescription pill bottle. She takes a small blue pill from the bottle, loads it into the cutter, slices it in half.

She sees her accomplices approach, loot in hand.

Angela pops the half pill in her mouth, chews it, grimaces at the gross taste, takes a swig of Snapple, starts the van.

Terrence and Nate climb in. Angela hits the gas, they drive away slowly, as POLICE SIRENS BLARE in the distance.

Nate opens the garbage bag, examines the bundles of cash.

ANGELA
How'd we do? Any hiccups?

TERRENCE
Went exactly how it was supposed to go.

NATE
Looks like...I don't know, maybe a quarter million?

ANGELA
Split five ways, not bad.

TERRENCE
Not bad at all.

INT. BEDROOM, HOME OF ETHAN STRAND, QUEENS - DAY

ETHAN STRAND, mid 30s, pulls a peacoat over his button down shirt and loose tie. He takes his detective badge from the dresser, clips it to his belt next to his holstered gun.

Strand opens the top drawer of his dresser, pulls a miniature camera from beneath his underwear, sets it atop his dresser, hidden among his many knickknacks. He turns it on, takes out his smartphone, opens the corresponding app, checks to make sure the camera's view of his bed is unobstructed.

INT. KITCHEN, HOME OF ETHAN STRAND - MOMENTS LATER

KATHY, late 20s, focuses on the omelette she cooks like she's the Van Gogh of breakfast.

Strand enters.

KATHY
Breakfast, hun?

STRAND
Nah, got that thing this morning. Remember?

KATHY
Oh, that's right. Home for dinner?

STRAND
Might be late, I'll text you.

EXT. ETHAN STRAND'S HOME - MOMENTS LATER

Strand walks across the street of this quiet Queens neighborhood, puts his cell to his ear.

STRAND (ON PHONE)
Hey partner. Meet for breakfast?

He climbs into his car.

INT. JAY'S CAR - SAME TIME

JAY MORRIS, 30s, handsome black guy, dressed similar to Strand but with higher fashion.

JAY (ON PHONE)
Can't do it today, Ethan. Got that thing this morning, didn't I tell you?

Jay finds a spot to park his car.

INT. STRAND'S CAR - SAME TIME

Strand reclines his driver's seat, gets low.

STRAND (ON PHONE)
Oh that's right, I think you did. Meet me after.

Strand hangs up, watches Jay walk up the block, approach Strand's home. Kathy opens the front door, lets Jay inside.

STRAND
Motherfuckers.

Strand opens the app on his phone that leads to the live-stream of his bedroom. A message pops up on his screen:

"WOULD YOU LIKE TO RECORD?" He clicks the 'Yes' option.

Shortly thereafter, Kathy and Jay enter Strand's bedroom, make out and undress each other.

Strand moves his hand toward his gun, caresses the handle for a moment. He puts the phone down, drives off.

INT. BEDROOM, NATE'S PARENTS HOUSE - DAY

Nate lays on his bed, eyes closed, headphones on. His feet bop up and down to the music. He rocks an old school New Jersey Nets Starter Jacket over a short sleeve button down.

The window is cracked open, a rolled up towel lays across the bottom of the bedroom door.

RICHARD, mid 50s, crew cut, well-kept, military-vibes, bursts into the room.

RICHARD
What did I tell you about smoking in this house?

Richard grabs Nate's sneakers, throws his feet off the bed.

NATE
I wasn't smoking, it's incense--

Richard takes a half-step toward Nate, towers over him, Nate flinches.

RICHARD
Do not talk back to me in my own home. Your mother's an incredible woman, but she raised one disrespectful son. Quite frankly it's bewildering. I told you, you had one month to find a job. I gave you an extra week, even.

NATE
I've been looking--

Richard slaps Nate across the face.

RICHARD
You're a liar now, too?

Nate goes stiff as a statue, eyes radiate like they might burst out of his skull.

NATE
I'm not lying.

RICHARD
I looked you up on LinkedIn, you haven't even made an account.

Richard removes his belt from around his waste.

NATE
Please, no. I-I-you probably aren't using the website correctly.

Richard whips Nate across the face, gashes his bottom lip.

RICHARD
You're gonna lie to me about it? In my own home? Under my roof!

Richard winds up for another swat of the belt - Nate rolls off the bed onto the floor, crawls to the radiator, climbs up, steps through the bedroom window--

EXT. NATE'S PARENTS HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

--Nate climbs down the facade of his parent's brownstone, lands on the stoop, cuts across the street of his busy Brooklyn neighborhood.

He puts his cell to his ear.

NATE (ON PHONE)
Yo, any chance you can pick me up? Or I can come meet you?

INT. MORGUE - SAME TIME

Terrence stands next to the MORTICIAN, looks over a gurney. Atop the gurney is a lifeless body, covered by a bed sheet.

TERRENCE (ON PHONE)
I'm busy now, I'll holler in a bit.

He hangs up, pockets his cell.

TERRENCE
Overdose?

MORTICIAN
Yes. High levels of Fentanyl in his blood stream. Likely thought he was shooting regular dope.

TERRENCE
The one thing he was an expert on was dope. Ya know, I always pictured these places to be shinier. Like the morgue in Bad Boys 2?

MORTICIAN
Never saw that one. Don't get out to the movies much. Would you like to take a moment to collect yourself--

TERRENCE
Let's get this over with.

Mortician pulls the sheet.

Terrence's expression doesn't change.

TERRENCE (CONT'D)
Yeah. It's him.

He turns to walk out.

MORTICIAN
Um sir, the arrangements? You've got decisions to make--

TERRENCE
Incinerate him.

He leaves before the Mortician can get another word in.

EXT. SIDE WALK, BROOKLYN - DAY

Nate leans against the brick facade of a building, puffs on a crappily rolled joint.

Terrence pulls up in his car.

TERRENCE (FROM CAR)
Let's ride.

INT. TERRENCE'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Nate climbs into the front passenger seat.

TERRENCE
What I tell you about getting high before a job?

NATE
I'm not high, just had a couple puffs.

TERRENCE
What happened to your face?

NATE
What happened to *yours*?

TERRENCE
Funny. Old man tune you up again? Or this some neighborhood shit?

NATE
Don't worry about it, let's go.

They drive on.

TERRENCE
You ever see the movie, *This Boy's Life?*

NATE
That the one where his father keeps kicking the shit outta him? Puts his hand on the TV to see if it's warm or whatever?

TERRENCE
Stepfather, but yeah.

NATE
Stepfather. Man, you always gotta be such a know it all?

TERRENCE
I mean, how on earth do you remember that he checked the TV to see if it was still warm, but you can't remember it's his stepdad--never mind.

NATE
Yeah I saw it, when I was a kid.

TERRENCE
You're still a kid. Reason I bring it up - De Niro didn't stop kicking Leo's ass 'til he stood up for himself.

NATE
Pretty sure he stopped kicking Leo's ass cause Leo's mom finally got them the hell outta there.

TERRENCE
Yeah well, he fought back too. C'mon, I'm making a point.

NATE
Well, my mom's sure as hell ain't leaving my stepdad. So the point is moot.

TERRENCE
Moot. You're pretty smart for a little delinquent, ya know?

NATE
If I'm a delinquent, what are you?

Terrence ponders that a moment.

TERRENCE
I'dno, whatever a delinquent grows up to be. You want me to beat the shit outta your old man? Stick a gun in his mouth?

NATE
As lovely as that sounds, I'll handle it.

TERRENCE
Suit yourself. You ready to work?

NATE
Yeah, had to leave my crib in a pinch though, couldn't grab my piece.

TERRENCE
It's fine. You're only doing recon on this one.

NATE
Who's the target?

INT. BLACK SUV - DAY

FOX, early 20s, slight in size, burly in confidence. She drives the SUV, listens to her car-mate complain.

MACK, 20s, overweight, built like a bear. He's too big for the shotgun seat, pours out of it in all directions.

MACK
Shit. It be way too hot in the spring for no air conditioning.

He struggles to get comfortable.

FOX
Alright, big boy. Maybe you stop fidgeting around so much, maybe drop a couple LBs, you won't be overheating so easily.

MACK
Yeah and maybe this system just be outdated as hell, ever think about that?

FOX
Paper's coming in, is it not? Roll down the damn window how about.

Mack rolls his window down, sticks his face out.

Fox pulls the SUV over.

A TEENAGED BUYER climbs into the back seat.

BUYER
What's good?

FOX
How you doing?

BUYER
All good, and you?

FOX
Same shit, different basket. What do you need?

BUYER
Lemme get an eighth of weed and a gram of blow.

Mack turns the nobs on the SUV's air conditioning - pulls it right out of the dashboard, along with the entire center console, reveals a hefty stash of drugs behind it.

Fox grabs a bag of weed, a bag of cocaine, trades it with the buyer for a handful of cash. The buyer tries to open the back door to leave - the door's locked. Fox counts the cash out.

FOX
Alright, we good.

She stashes the cash with the the drugs. Mack fits the center console back in its place.

Fox unlocks the back door, the buyer leaves.

INT. HALLOWEEN STORE COSTUME SHOP - DAY

ED MEYERS, 60s, bald, ugly bastard, sits behind the checkout counter. He flips through an old gun magazine, folds over the corner of the pages that interest him.

Terrence and Nate enter.

ED
The hell took so long? I been sittin' here picking my asshole.

TERRENCE
I had to run an errand this morning, sorry.

ED
Oh, you had to run an errand? I gotta couple a errands I need ran, myself.

TERRENCE
Alright, alright. I'm sorry.

ED
Tell me, how'd the kid do?

TERRENCE
He was professional.

NATE
Piece of cake, Ed.

Ed stares at Nate like lasers might shoot from his eyes.

ED
You didn't tell the kid my rule? I got one rule, my only rule. You didn't tell him?

TERRENCE
You got plenty of rules, man. That one must have slipped my mind.

ED
Plenty of rules? I got one rule, you don't say my name. You don't *ever*. Say. My name.

NATE
Uh-s-sorry, my bad.

ED
Yeah, it is your bad. But it's also his bad, cause he should'a told you. You got your cell phone on you?

NATE
No sir.

ED
Good, cause that's my other rule.

Terrence smirks.

TERRENCE
So, what are we here for?

ED
First thing's first, the kid.

NATE
Yeah?

ED
Take this burner, there's one phone number programmed in there. You're gonna call it, you're gonna ask to meet them on the corner somewhere - probably near Alphabet City - then you're gonna make a controlled buy. You know what that is?

NATE
Like, how the narcs do?

ED
Exactly. Buy some weed, ask what other drugs they got. Tell 'em, you just want the weed, but tomorrow you'll call again for some coke, or some ecstasy, or whatever the fuck you kids are blowing up your snouts these days. Capeesh?

NATE
Got it.

ED
Here.

Ed hands Nate a flip phone and some cash.

ED (CONT'D)
Take note of where they keep the drugs, under the seat? In the cup holders? The money, too. Be observant. Go on, get outta here.

Nate dips.

TERRENCE
What about me?

ED
Not here. Let's go for a walk.

TERRENCE
You are one paranoid old man, ya know that?

Ed picks up a duffle bag. Terrence follows him out the door.

EXT. SIDEWALK, OUTSIDE HALLOWEEN SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

They walk down the block. Ed hands Terrence the duffle.

ED
For the security guard. He's waiting for you on the East River, off Carl Schurz Park.

TERRENCE
Got it. Where's Angela at?

ED
I got her staking out our next target.

INT. BODEGA DELI/GROCERY - NIGHT

Angela pulls an energy drink from the fridge, moves to the checkout counter. She takes a pack of matches from the bowl of free matchbooks, surreptitiously plants a small LISTENING DEVICE on the back of the checkout computer.

BRODY, 20s, behind the checkout counter, is none the wiser. His surf-bro vibes feel out of place in an NYC bodega.

BRODY
That all for you?

Angela nods, hands him a five dollar bill.

ANGELA
Keep the change.

She leaves.

INT. STATION WAGON - MOMENTS LATER

Angela climbs into a station wagon parked down the block. A SCREWDRIVER has been jammed into the ignition tumbler - this car is stolen, hot-wired.

She gets comfortable in the driver's seat, pulls on over-the-ear HEADPHONES, listens...

INT. BODEGA DELI/GROCERY - SAME TIME

MARIO, 30s, exceptionally well-dressed, out of place in this bodega for very different reasons than Brody.

MARIO
Shit, white boy. You should've invited that cute little Asian piece to the basement.

BRODY
My bad, yo. I thought it was a guys-only sort of affair.

MARIO
Well it is, but we could've gave her a tray with some drinks on it. Had her walking around in a tight little dress or something.

INT. STATION WAGON - SAME TIME

Angela rolls her eyes.

She removes a small notepad from her inner jacket pocket, along with a pen.

She jots down, "Bodega Basement?" Underlines it.

EXT. EAST RIVER BOARD WALK, UPPER MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Billups sits on a bench, faces the river. A walking cane lay across his lap.

Terrence approaches from behind, leans against the railing, looks down on the river, takes a cigarette out.

TERRENCE
Pretty far from Yonkers.

BILLUPS
Think I'd be stupid enough to meet you somewhere private?

TERRENCE
You got the wrong idea.

Terrence drops the duffle, lights his cigarette.

BILLUPS
Your boy dislocated my knee.

TERRENCE
Would you have preferred to get tased like your partner?

BILLUPS
A little heads up would've been...more professional.

TERRENCE
For the cameras, Billups. It couldn't look like you were anticipating it.

BILLUPS
Cops chewed us out regardless.

TERRENCE
I assume I don't have to tell you--

BILLUPS
Which one of us has the wrong idea?

Terrence finally turns, looks at Billups. He takes a long drag from his cigarette, blows smoke at the older man.

TERRENCE
Stay out of the city. Til the investigation's closed.

Terrence kicks the duffle bag over toward Billups, walks off.

Billups pulls the duffle up onto his lap, looks left, looks right, unzips the bag, smiles at the pile of cash inside.

INT. BLACK SUV - NIGHT

Mack pours a handful of skittles into his palm, picks out the yellow ones, pops them into his mouth.

Fox drives, looks over at Mack in disgust.

FOX
Don't know how you keep eating that shit, big man. *Cannot* be good for you.

MACK
I don't be commenting on how you start your mornings with a diet soda, lemme eat my candy in peace.

FOX
You gonna be resting in peace, you don't start eating some carrots or some shit.

Fox pulls the car over in front of a fire hydrant, answers her buzzing phone.

FOX (INTO PHONE)
Yeah, black SUV. In front of the hydrant...yeah.

She hangs up.

MACK
Who is this guy?

FOX
Not sure. Said he got our number from Ed.

MACK
Which Ed?

FOX
I didn't ask.

The back door swings open - Nate climbs in.

NATE
What's good?

MACK
Not a whole lot.

NATE
Warm in here.

Mack looks at Fox.

MACK
See?

FOX
What do you want, then?

NATE
Can I get a quarter of kush, please?

Fox nods at Mack, who pulls the center console out, fishes a bag of weed from the stash, hands it back to Nate.

FOX
Ninety.

NATE
Shit, I was told eighty.

FOX
You were told wrong. Take it or leave it.

NATE
Okay, okay. Ninety it is. That's fine.

He forks over his folded cash.

NATE (CONT'D)
You two got white girl?

FOX
How much you want?

NATE
None right now, gotta club thing tomorrow night though. Maybe I'll get some more cash, call you tomorrow?

FOX
Maybe you will.

Mack puts the cash in with the drugs, places the center console back over the stash spot.

NATE
Thanks a lot. Appreciate it.

Nate gets out.

MACK
That boy be too polite, ya know?

FOX
Sketchy.

They drive on.

INT. 1ST FLOOR, NATE'S PARENTS HOUSE - NIGHT

Nate slips in through the front door, shuts it gently, like he's afraid of setting off an IED. He peers around the hallway corner - the coast is clear.

He tiptoes upstairs.

INT. NATE'S ROOM, HIS PARENTS HOUSE - NIGHT

Nate removes the cover of his radiator - reveals his hiding spot. Inside is a revolver, bundle of cash, a couple joints. He puts the weed he bought from Fox and Mack between the joints and currency, replaces the radiator cover--

RICHARD
What in the hell is that?

BUSTED. Richard's in his bedroom doorway.

NATE
What-uh-nothing.

Nate frantically seals the radiator in place - it's fruitless. Richard's behind him in a split second, shoves him out of the way, peels the cover back off the radiator.

RICHARD
Drugs and a *weapon*? In *my* house?

NATE
It's none of your business, don't you ever knock--

--That's met with a swat across the face from Richard.

RICHARD
I don't need to knock in my own house.

NATE
This is my mother's house - you just moved in, like a bum!

Another swat - followed by a headlock.

INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY, NATE'S PARENTS HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Richard drags Nate into the hall, throws him down the stairs.

NATE
Ahhh!

Nate tumbles down, crashes to the first floor with a THUD.

INT. NATE'S ROOM, HIS PARENTS HOUSE - SAME TIME

Richard grabs the small waste basket from the corner, gathers Nate's illicit belongings, tosses them in the trash.

RICHARD
You will not live in this house if you are going to waste your life playing gangster!

Richard ties off the trash bag, storms down the stairs.

INT. 1ST FLOOR, NATE'S PARENTS HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Nate picks himself up off the floor, just in time for Richard to swing the trash bag at him, knock his ass back down.

RICHARD
You want to be a criminal? Go live outside - with the criminals!

Richard hurls the trash bag out the front door, stands in the doorway, waits for Nate to get up and leave.

INT. EAST HARLEM GROCERY STORE - NIGHT

Strand takes a break from jotting notes down in his notepad, rubs his eyes with both hands.

MR. KIM, 60s, Korean, apron and glasses, stands with his arms crossed, looks at Strand like he's useless.

MR. KIM
I already spoke to you people, two times already.

STRAND
I understand that, but I'm with the Detective Bureau. We deal specifically with this sort of thing.

MR. KIM
But everything you've asked me, I already told the other police. You can just ask them.

STRAND
I have asked them, Mr. Kim. I've obtained their notes from the crime scene, but it's still important for me to get a look.

The bell on the front door of the grocery rings - in walks Jay Morris. As Strand turns to see his partner, Mr. Kim scurries behind the deli counter, gets back to work.

JAY
Ethan.

STRAND
Took you long enough.

JAY
Better late than never, right?

STRAND
Depends.

JAY
On?

STRAND
Whether or not you'll finish up here while I go meet my C.I. across town.

JAY
Damn, that would be *really* nice of me.

STRAND
As nice as me covering for your late ass every damn day?

JAY
Shit, what's got you in a mood?

STRAND
Fucking Deli Man giving me that whole, *you people* routine.

JAY
That's just cause you don't speak his language.

STRAND
You speak Chinese?

JAY
He's Korean...and no.

Jay directs his attention to Mr. Kim behind the deli counter.

JAY (CONT'D)
Yo, lemme get a ham and Swiss on a roll. Little bit a honey mustard.

Mr. Kim nods.

JAY (CONT'D)
See? Simple as that.

STRAND
You're a real man of the people, Jay.

JAY
You know it. Tell me about the 10-2-1.

STRAND
Same pattern. Perps hammered in through the ceiling, landed in the back room. Maybe your new friend here will show you the entry point when he's done making your dinner.

JAY
You should know, word came down.

STRAND
On what?

JAY
We've got one month to put together something concrete on Ed Meyers, or they're shutting down the task force.

STRAND
You kidding me?

JAY
I know, kiss all that over time goodbye.

STRAND
The guy's a parasite.

JAY
Yeah well, we got diddly-squat. Maybe he really is retired.

STRAND
I find that hard to believe. Alright, I'm gonna go put the screws to my CI.

JAY
Good luck.

STRAND
I don't believe in it.

INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

Angela, parked outside Mario's Bodega, headphones on, still eavesdropping.

She removes the pill bottle from her pocket, along with a knife.

She jams the butt-end of the knife into the bottle, crushes the remaining half pill to dust.

She uses the blade of the knife to pry the mirror off the inside of the sun visor, lays the mirror on the car's center arm rest, pours the crushed pill onto the mirror.

Angela snorts the crushed pill up her left nostril.

INT. STRAND'S CAR - NIGHT

Strand pulls his car over in front of a fire hydrant. The front passenger door opens, Nate climbs in.

NATE
What took so long? You got me waiting out in the open. Someone could see.

STRAND
Relax, this is my girl's car. Totally unregistered. Anyone asks, say I'm your weed guy.

NATE
People don't ask, they just make assumptions.

STRAND
You're fine, Nate. What do you got for me?

NATE
Nothing yet, and if you'd let me connect with you, other than through this damn Chess App, I could'a spelled it out.

STRAND
Don't BS me, Nate. Three high-profile heists in two months and you got *nothing*? You know what happens if I decide you're not a worth-while informant?

NATE
Yeah yeah, I heard it before.

STRAND
Yeah well, you might not hear it again if you're gonna continue to punk me like this.

NATE
What can I say? The race track must've been an outta town gig.

STRAND
I didn't say anything about a race track.

NATE
Shit man, I read the papers.

STRAND
The papers? Which one?

NATE
Saw it on Instagram. Don't do me like this. Why would I lie?

STRAND
Good question.

NATE
What about like, drug dealers?

STRAND
What about them?

NATE
I know of a couple. Move pretty good weight.

STRAND
Just weed?

NATE
Everything. Weed, coke, Molly.

STRAND
I want Meyers.

NATE
If I had something on him, I'd give it to you.

STRAND
You've been rolling with his crew for ten weeks now.

NATE
They send me outta the room every time they talk. All I do is run errands.

STRAND
You better not be lying to me. Ed tell you he did time?

NATE
Ed doesn't really talk to me much. That doesn't surprise me, though.

STRAND
Yeah well, might surprise you to find out what he was in for.

NATE
Enlighten me.

STRAND
Possession of child pornography.

NATE
No kidding?

STRAND
For him, plenty of *kidding*.

NATE
That's not even funny. Why's he outta jail?

STRAND
The other inmates caught wind of his...preferences. Couple of Chechens caught him in the showers, cut off his penis.

NATE
Stop. Now you're messing with me.

STRAND
Almost bled to death. 16 months in the hospital. Gotta slick lawyer, convinced the judge he suffered enough, plus without a cock or balls he isn't exactly equipped to--

NATE
They cut his balls off, too?

STRAND
I mean, yeah, that was the word on the street anyway. What, you think they'd cut his dick off but leave the balls?

NATE
I don't know, shit. Alright I get it. He's bad news. Listen, I need help with something. Something separate.

STRAND
Help?

NATE
With my stepdad.

STRAND
He's who fucked up your face?

Nate looks away, ashamed.

STRAND (CONT'D)
This ain't family court, Nate. Hell do you want me to do? Arrest him?

NATE
I don't know--

STRAND
Get me something concrete on Ed Meyers and this crew you're rolling with. Then we'll talk. In the meantime...

NATE
Yeah?

STRAND
Give me the dirt on these dealers and then get outta my car.

INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

Angela, headphones still on, goes for a sip of energy drink - but it's empty.

She yawns, rubs her eyes.

BRODY (O.S.)
Mario, one of our blackjack dealers called. Says something came up with his kid. Needs someone to cover for him.

MARIO (O.S.)
Did you tell him that's unfuckingacceptable? Jesus, your whole generation seems to think going to work everyday is optional.

Angela jots down the word, "blackjack?" into her notepad.

In the rearview mirror, a black SUV pulls up behind her.

INT. BLACK SUV - SAME TIME

Fox puts the car in park.

MACK
Damn, this bitch in our spot.

FOX
She's not a bitch, she's a woman. And you're a Fat Albert-looking oversized greaseball.

MACK
Least I ain't a bitch, though.

FOX
I'm gonna let that go, cause you're slow, and I know it's hard for you to produce big words from that pea-sized brain of yours.

INT. STRAND'S CAR - NIGHT

Nate exits the car, slams the door behind him.

Strand takes his phone out, watches the video recording of his wife, Kathy, banging his partner Jay. The video gets pretty graphic. Strand looks around, makes sure no one is near by, unzips his fly, masturbates to the video.

INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT

Still parked at the fire hydrant in front of the bodega, *Angela sleeps*, mouth open, forehead pressed to the window, over-the-ear headphones askew. Drool slides down her mouth.

INT. BODEGA DELI/GROCERY - NIGHT

Mario wraps two sandwiches in foil, hands them to Brody.

MARIO
Take these out to Fox and Mack, and bring her a Diet Coke.

BRODY
What does he drink?

MARIO
Eh, his fat ass never stops sweating. Bring him a gatorade.

INT. BLACK SUV - SAME TIME

KNOCK KNOCK - it's Nate, trying to pull the back door open. The door's locked.

Fox unlocks it, Nate climbs in.

NATE
What up, team?

Fox and Mack exchange a skeptical glance.

FOX
What do you need today big spender?

NATE
Gram of blow and two hits of Molly, please.

FOX
Buck-eighty.

Mack does his thing with the center console, produces the drugs, trades them for Nate's cash.

INT. POLICE CAR, OUTSIDE BODEGA - SAME TIME

COP 1 and COP 2 pull up behind the double parked SUV.

COP 1
Crap, we got two cars in our spot.

COP 2
The line for a sandwich is probably long as hell.

COP 1
Hey, what is this? How come we never get road-side delivery?

They observe as Brody exits the bodega, delivers two sandwiches through the front passenger window of the SUV.

COP 2
Pull up when these guys drive off, I'll tell the bimbo in the station wagon to catch her Z's in front of some other fire hydrant.

INT. BLACK SUV - SAME TIME

Sandwiches now on his lap, Mack rolls his window back up.

Fox counts the cash, unlocks the backdoor when she finishes.

FOX
You're good.

NATE
Cool, see you next time.

EXT. OUTSIDE BODEGA - MOMENTS LATER

Nate slams the door of the SUV - he's immediately startled by the presence of the cop car.

NATE
Oh shit.

The SUV drives off, the cop car pulls up.

INT. POLICE CAR, OUTSIDE BODEGA - SAME TIME

Cop 2 rolls the front passenger window down, reaches out, taps the driver's side window of the station wagon.

COP 2
Wake up, you're parked--holy shit.

He sees the screwdriver jammed into the ignition.

COP 2 (CONT'D)
Stolen car.

COP 1
What?

COP 2
That's a stolen car!

EXT. OUTSIDE BODEGA - SAME TIME

Nate watches as the cops jump out of their squad car. He looks around, frantic. *What to do?*

NATE
Crap, crap, crap.

Nate picks a RED PLASTIC NEWSPAPER DISPENSER up off the ground, hurls it onto the hood of the station wagon.

INT. STATION WAGON - SAME TIME

Angela explodes awake as the newspaper dispensed splinters the windshield.

ANGELA
What the--

At the sight of the cops, she grabs her note pad, scoots over to the passenger seat, climbs out the window.

EXT. OUTSIDE BODEGA - SAME TIME

Cop 1 runs after Nate.

Cop 2 runs after Angela. She sprints up the block, cuts through traffic, crosses the street, darts down into the subway.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Cop 2 hot on her trail, Angela leaps over the turnstile.

Cop 2 tries to jump it as well, catches his legs on the metal prongs, falls over, lands on his back.

Angela leaps down onto the subway tracks. A TRAIN IS COMING.

Cop 2 gets himself up, runs over to the edge of the platform, considers jumping down, but hesitates--Angela runs across the tracks, hoists herself up onto the opposite platform. The train passes through the station, cuts Cop 2's pursuit short.

COP 2
Damn.

INT. HALLOWEEN STORE COSTUME SHOP - DAY

Terrence walks into the shop. Ed's behind the counter.

TERRENCE
What's so urgent, man?

ED
Loose ends.

TERRENCE
Which?

ED
Outside.

EXT. SIDEWALK, OUTSIDE HALLOWEEN SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

They emerge from the shop.

TERRENCE
So, what's up?

ED
The security guard.

TERRENCE
Billups? I told him when I saw him--

ED
Doesn't matter what you told him. Yonkers' Finest been sitting on his house since the job.

TERRENCE
Shit. Doesn't mean he squealed, though.

ED
You don't need to tell me what it does or doesn't mean. Just take care of it.

TERRENCE
Take care of it?

ED
Permanently. And bring back his cut, too.

TERRENCE
That's not what I do.

ED
You think you're the only guy who can snatch money and put it in a bag?

TERRENCE
We talked about this last time, didn't we?

ED
You talked. You do a lot of talking. And you know what, all that talking could really make a guy nervous.

TERRENCE
A'right, a'right. Relax.

ED
Tonight.

TERRENCE
What about the SUV-job?

ED
Angela's got it covered. She'll take the kid with her.

TERRENCE
It's a three-man job.

ED
Not anymore. They're gonna follow the dealers in a stolen car, pop out Wild West style, disappear into the subway.

TERRENCE
That's bold. Think Angela's up for it?

ED
It was her idea.

INT. BODEGA DELI/GROCERY - DAY

Mario stands in the store window, stares out at the police tow truck as it hoists the station wagon up and away.

Brody enters the store.

MARIO
You hear anything?

BRODY
Just that it was stolen. Thief had an accomplice, they both got away on foot.

MARIO
Can't be a coincidence. Here? With Fox and Mack right outside?

BRODY
I don't think it went down until they left.

MARIO
Still.

BRODY
What are you thinking?

MARIO
Call Fox.

EXT. OUTSIDE COFFEE SHOP - AFTERNOON

Terrence stands outside the coffee shop, leans against the front window, observes the passersby.

He takes note of a MAN doing a poor job parallel parking his Subaru, a hundred feet up the block.

The man completes the park, gets out of his car, heads for the coffee shop.

Before he reaches the shop, the Man takes his key-fob out of his jacket pocket, locks his Subaru, pockets the fob, enters the coffee shop.

Terrence waits a beat, follows him in.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

The man approaches the counter, Terrence hot on his tail.

MAN
Hey can I get a large caramel macchiato, and uh...

Terrence bends over, pretends to study the baked goods.

TERRENCE
Their cookies are great.

He taps the glass with his right pointer finger, points to the cookies, the Man's eyes follow. Terrence's left hand slips down into the Man's jacket pocket.

MAN
Alright then, one chocolate chip cookie. Thanks.

Terrence winks at the man.

EXT. OUTSIDE COFFEE SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Terrence emerges from the coffee shop, key fob in hand, smirk on his face, approaches the Subaru.

EXT. HOME OF ETHAN STRAND - NIGHT

Strand stands outside his house, peers through the window, watches his wife cook dinner.

He takes his phone out, watches the recording of her having sex with Jay. He looks at her through the window, then back to the explicit video, then back at his wife.

He pockets the phone, charges inside.

INT. HOME OF ETHAN STRAND - MOMENTS LATER

Kathy is surprised to see him. She half-turns in acknowledgement, but then continues cooking.

KATHY
Hey baby, I didn't think--

Strand walks right up to the back of his wife, grabs her by the hips - she drops her cooking materials. Strand rips open Kathy's pants, pulls her underwear down. He undoes his belt, drops his pants. Kathy's surprised - but she embraces it.

Strand pushes her up against the counter, starts to have sex with her - it's raw, it's dirty, it's hot, it's...over in seven seconds.

Shame engulfs Ethan Strand, he could cry.

A look of disappointment spreads across Kathy's face.

INT. JEEP, CITY TRAFFIC - NIGHT

Angela drives, Nate rides shotgun.

NATE
What exactly is the plan here? Compared to the horse tracks, this feels...like some cowboy shit.

ANGELA
A job like the race track takes months of planning, or a reliable inside man. Or both. That kind of timeline is expensive.

NATE
And with this?

ANGELA
With this, there's no armed security, cops don't care about a couple drug dealers getting ripped off.

NATE
Still feels like small potatoes.

ANGELA
That's cause it is. Sometimes the small jobs *fund* the big jobs.

NATE
Interesting.

ANGELA
Plus, the guy who runs this operation, the guy these two lackeys in the car work for, Ed's got beef with.

NATE
Why?

ANGELA
No idea. Terrence might know.

NATE
I thought you've been with Ed longer.

ANGELA
I have but...

She considers her words, *carefully*.

NATE
What?

ANGELA
Just, Ed's the kind of guy you want to keep at an arm's length. Understand?

NATE
Interesting.

ANGELA
Just be ready with that little pea-shooter you got. Soon as they're stopped near a subway, I'll give you the signal. You hop out, I'll ram them, we'll take the stash, disappear undergound.

INT. STOLEN SUBARU - NIGHT

Terrence has driven to Yonkers, pulled over to the side of the road.

Up the block, a POLICE CAR sits across the street from a raggedy old house.

Terrence opens the glove box, finds a pack of cigarettes and a matchbook. He lights himself a cigarette, savors each puff. Terrence bends open the matchbook so it's flat, places it on the front passenger seat.

He takes one final drag from the cigarette, lays it down atop the matchbook, angled upward. He gets out of the Subaru, walks across the street, takes cover behind a parked car.

The ember from the cigarette comes in contact with the matchbook - the matches all light simultaneously. A small fire erupts on the front passenger seat of the Subaru.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

As the fire grows, a MALE NEIGHBOR in a robe runs outside.

MALE NEIGHBOR
Holy shit, honey! Call 9-1-1. And get the fire extinguisher!

Terrence looks up at the cop car parked outside the raggedy house.

A few moments pass, and the TWO POLICE OFFICERS get out of their car, jog back toward the burning Subaru.

A FEMALE NEIGHBOR runs outside with the fire extinguisher, hands it off to one of the police officers.

Terrence is no longer behind the parked car...

INT. LIVING ROOM, RAGGEDY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Terrence climbs in through a back window, removes a pistol from his waistband, inches around the dark house, follows the only source of light - the living room TV.

Terrence finds Billups in a chair in front of the television.

He places the barrel of his gun to the back of Billups' head...Billups doesn't react.

Terrence walks around to the other side of the retired security guard - **Billups is dead**, pale as a ghost, with a needle sticking up out of his arm.

A hype kit sits on the living room table.

Terrence tucks his gun back into his waistband, wipes the sweat from his forehead.

TERRENCE
Christ.

INT. KITCHEN/BEDROOM, RAGGEDY HOUSE - SAME TIME

Terrence opens up every cabinet and drawer in the bedroom and kitchen.

He checks the fridge and freezer, rifles through each drawer, digs through the closet...nothing.

INT. LIVING ROOM, RAGGEDY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

He creeps up to the living room window, looks out - the two police officers climb back into their squad car.

Terrence scratches his head. He turns, finds the bathroom, enters.

INT. BATHROOM, RAGGEDY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Sure enough, tucked in a black bag beneath the bathroom sink is Billups' share of the race track loot.

Terrence grabs the bag.

EXT. STREET/SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Fox & Mack sit on the ground, hands cuffed behind their backs.

Ethan Strand stands in the gutter, hands on hips, watches as FIVE UNIFORMED COPS pull the SUV apart, bit by bit.

FOX
You think, maybe you fucked up piggy?
Maybe you're wasting everybody's time?

MACK
Money, too. He be wasting his
department's *precious resources*.

Fox chuckles.

FOX
Hah! That's good, big man. Sometimes you surprise me.

STRAND
What do we got?

UNIFORMED COP 1
We got nothing, Detective--

UNIFORMED COP 2
Wait, hold on.

Uniformed Cop 2 pulls the center console out of the SUV.

Strand struts over, head held high, leans into the car--

INT. BLACK SUV - SAME TIME

Strand peers into the hiding spot behind the center console.

STRAND
What the--

UNIFORMED COP 2
They must've emptied it already.

STRAND
Yeah, you think?

EXT. STREET/SIDEWALK - MOMENTS LATER

Fuming, Strand storms back over to Fox and Mack.

FOX
Look big man, piggy got steam coming out his ears.

MACK
Dude looks like a cartoon character--

Strand kicks Mack in the face, stomps him out.

FOX
Oh, you've done it now.

The Uniformed Officers converge on Strand, pull him away.

INT. JEEP - SAME TIME

Angela and Nate watch through the windshield of the stolen jeep, as Strand throws a fit.

ANGELA
Jesus, copper is losing it.

NATE
Some timing, huh?

ANGELA
Looks like the uniforms are letting them go.

NATE
Maybe they couldn't find the stash spot behind the center console?

ANGELA
Or maybe they did and it was empty--oh shit.

Strand looks directly at them, charges over toward the Jeep.

NATE
Shit, shit, shit. Book it.

ANGELA
In this traffic? We won't get anywhere, too many jakes. Play it cool. We're not doing anything illegal.

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE JEEP - MOMENTS LATER

Strand tries to pull open the passenger side door - it's locked. He hits the window.

STRAND
Open this door, Nate!

INT. JEEP - SAME TIME

Nate holds the door's lock down in place.

ANGELA
How does he know your name?

NATE
Uhh, I--

STRAND USES HIS COLLAPSIBLE BATON TO SMASH-IN THE GLASS.

EXT. STREET, OUTSIDE JEEP - SAME TIME

Strand grabs Nate by the neck, pulls him out through the broken window, drops him on the concrete.

STRAND
You give me the run-around, you little punk?

Strand flips Nate over onto his belly, cuffs his hands behind his back, stands him up, marches him over to a squad car.

Strand turns around, back toward the Jeep - Angela's disappeared.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE MORGUE - NIGHT

Terrence leans against the limestone facade of the building. He runs his hands through his hair, checks his watch.

Mortician exits the morgue, walks right by Terrence without noticing him.

TERRENCE
Excuse me, sir?

The mortician stops, turns.

MORTICIAN
Yes? Oh, it's you. I thought I might see you again.

TERRENCE
Is it too late? Has he been cremated already?

MORTICIAN
It's scheduled for tomorrow afternoon. Did you...change your mind?

Terrence nods.

MORTICIAN (CONT'D)
Why don't you call the office early tomorrow. We'll make new arrangements.

Mortician takes a business card out of his wallet, hands it over to Terrence.

TERRENCE
Thanks.

MORTICIAN
Have a good night.

The mortician walks off.

Terrence's phone buzzes, he answers.

TERRENCE (ON PHONE)
Yo--wait, what?

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Terrence ushers Nate down the steps of the precinct like a disappointed father.

NATE
You bail me out?

TERRENCE
I didn't have to, there weren't any charges filed.

NATE
You mean, I could've just left?

TERRENCE
They *could* hold you up to 48 hours. But Ed has a guy in this precinct.

NATE
Lucky me.

TERRENCE
I wouldn't be so sure.

NATE
What do you mean?

TERRENCE
Whatever happens next, Nate. It's important that you start telling the truth. The whole truth.

NATE
Terrence, I...

A red escalade pulls up, the back door swings open.

INT. RED ESCALADE - MOMENTS LATER

Angela drives, Ed is in the middle of the third and final row of seats, Nate and Terrence take the second row.

ED
How much does he know?

Nate looks at Terrence for guidance, gets nothing.

NATE
Who?

ED
You have the *gaul* to play dumb with me? We just picked you up from the precinct, kid. Angela heard that detective use *your name.*

Nate swallows hard.

NATE
I haven't told him anything about you. He thinks I just run errands...I...I had to give him *something*, he was breathing down my neck. So I gave him the dealers.

ED
You little shit. What if that police raid went down five minutes later, you and Angela could've been arrested.

NATE
I wasn't gonna let that happen--

ED
In case you haven't realized, kid, you're not the one pulling the strings around here.

NATE
I never said a word to him about you. I swear, I swear, I swear.

ED
Oh, you swear? And your word should mean...what to me, exactly?

TERRENCE
I believe him.

ED
You just continue to sit there silently, you big dumb oaf. You're the one who recruited this little rat.

NATE
I didn't rat, I didn't. The only thing I ever gave him were those two dealers.

ANGELA
How'd you get involved with him, anyway?

Nate opens his mouth, nothing comes out.

ED
It's now or never, kid. I've got decisions to make, and right now, it's not looking so hot for you.

Nate swallows hard again, then--

NATE
A couple years ago, the first time my stepdad put his hands on me, my mother called the cops. I was 18. So they would only arrest him if I pressed charges. She got cold feet, begged me not to, told me it wouldn't happen again. *She promised.* One of the cops who came to my house, introduced to me to Detective Strand. He started keeping tabs on me, got me out of a few jams over the years. Always referred to it as *favors*. Said I'd have to pay them back one day.

TERRENCE
I believe him, he can make this right.

ED
Angela, pull the car over.

She complies.

ED (CONT'D)
Terrence, get out.

TERRENCE
He can make this right--

ED
Get out of the car, Terrence.

Terrence complies. They drive off, leaving him on the sidewalk.

NATE
Please, please, I can make this right, I swear I can. I'll make this right.

ED
You will kid, you will.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Strand struts down the hall, fresh cup of coffee in hand.

VARIOUS POLICE OFFICERS and DETECTIVES shoot him quizzical looks.

He turns into an interrogation room - storms back out a second later.

DETECTIVE RANDLE walks out of an office, approaches Strand.

RANDLE
Ethan, what happened at the--

STRAND
You see where my detainee went?

RANDLE
That kid you brought in? Nah.

STRAND
He just up and walked outta here? No, someone must've let him go.

RANDLE
I don't know nothing about that, but you got bigger problems on your hand.

STRAND
What are you on about?

RANDLE
Word around the precinct is, Rat Squad is looking for you.

STRAND
I.A.?

RANDLE
That's what I heard.

STRAND
What do they want?

RANDLE
Apparently...your gun and badge.

Strand storms off.

INT. BODEGA DELI/GROCERY - DAY

Mario enters, struts passed Brody like bodega-royalty, approaches one of the drink fridges at the back of the store.

He pulls the handle on the only fridge that is completely empty. He steps inside of it - pushes passed a black curtain, finds himself on a staircase that leads down to the basement.

INT. BASEMENT OF BODEGA - MOMENTS LATER

Mario walks down the steps, looks out over the large basement, set up with poker and black jack tables, a roulette wheel and a full bar.

MAURICE stands behind the bar, arranges the liquor bottles.

MARIO
How's it going Mo?

MAURICE
It's going, it's going. Heard Fox and Mack got picked up?

MARIO
Yeah, but the jakes ain't find shit.

MAURICE
So they good?

MARIO
Yeah, they good. Well...Mack got his teeth kicked in. Other than that, though.

MAURICE
Big fella had some crooked ass teeth to begin with.

MARIO
Was thinking the same thing. Either way, should probably set him up with a dentist appointment.

MAURICE
Want me to arrange it?

MARIO
That'd be great. And hey, we're short a card dealer for tonight. Your cousin still looking to earn a little extra scratch?

MAURICE
You know it.

MARIO
Alright, give him a call.

EXT. HOME OF ETHAN STRAND - NIGHT

Jay approaches Strand's front door, hood up, head on a swivel. He knocks twice.

Kathy opens the door, ushers him inside.

INT. STRAND'S CAR - SAME TIME

Strand watches from across the street.

He takes his phone out, opens the live recording of his bedroom, watches the tryst between his wife and partner unfold.

Strand unzips his fly, masturbates. He can't get it to work...maybe it's a blood-flow issue?

He tosses his phone to the floor of the car, disgusted with himself.

He slaps the front driver's side window. Smashes it with a closed fist. Elbows it. He tries to rip off the steering wheel.

STRAND
Ffffuck.

He pulls his gun out from the holster.

STRAND (CONT'D)
Think you can fuck my wife?

Strand adjusts the rearview mirror, looks at himself.

STRAND (CONT'D)
You're just gonna fuck my wife - *behind my back*? You two...you two think you can just fuck around behind my back, and there won't be *consequences*?

He kills the engine, climbs out of the car.

EXT. STREET/SIDEWALK, OUTSIDE HOME OF STRAND - MOMENTS LATER

Strand holds the gun down by his side, tunnel vision as he walks across the street.

Ten feet from his front door...

STRAND
Gonna fuck around behind my back? I'll give you something to suck on--

MUFFLED VOICE
Hey!

Startled, he turns around--**BANG!** A bullet pierces his chest.

A MASKED MAN stands before him, smoking gun in hand.

Confusion...Strand doesn't move, he just looks down at his chest.

He slowly raises a hand up to the bullet wound - he finally falls over, hits the pavement with a THUD.

The Masked Man takes off running.

EXT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

The Masked Man does a baseball slide under the turnstiles, sprints onto the train, just before the doors close.

The train pulls away from the subway station.

He takes his mask off - it's Nate.

INT. 1ST FLOOR, NATE'S PARENTS HOUSE - NIGHT

Nate pops his head in through the front door - sees no one. He enters, tip-toes into the living room, eyes the stairs, leans that way, changes course.

He inches on over to the television set, touches his hand to the top of it, feels its warmth.

He walks toward the stairs with purpose.

INT. NATE'S PARENTS' ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

NATALIE, late 40s, Nate's mother, sleeps in the Queen-sized bed next to Richard.

She's asleep on her side, Richard on his back.

Nate stands over them, on Richard's side of the bed, barrel of his revolver two inches from his stepfather's nose.

NATE
Time to wake up.

Richard's eyes pop open, flutter, close again - then pop back open and remain that way.

RICHARD
Nate--

The hammer of the revolver cocks back, silences him.

NATE
You do a lot of talking, Dick. You ready to pack up and leave?

RICHARD
If your mother wakes up--

NATE
She's a heavy sleeper.

RICHARD
A gunshot will definitely wake her up. And then what? You gonna shoot her, too? I'm not leaving, Nathaniel. So, shoot me if that's what you want to do. But this is my house now. And I'm not leaving.

Richard closes his eyes, pretends to go back to sleep.

Nate's face turns dark read, his grip on the revolver tightens, his forehead breaks out in sweat.

He caresses the trigger. His whole body vibrates.

He moves his off hand to the gun, both palms wrapped around the handle of the revolver. His vibrations increase, then...nothing.

He drops his hands, lowers his head, walks out of the bedroom in shame.

Richard's eyes pop back open, he sits up in bed, horrified, pulls the comforter off, looks down at his soil pajamas.

INT. NATE'S ROOM, HIS PARENTS HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Nate throws a backpack on his bed.

He packs up his laptop, some clothes, stick of deodorant, his tooth brush, heads out.

EXT. SIDEWALK, OUTSIDE NATE'S PARENTS HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Nate walks out, shoulders slumped, head down.

He doesn't notice Terrence's car idle nearby.

TERRENCE (FROM CAR)
Yo, Nate.

Nate approaches, sticks his head in through the open window.

NATE
What are you doing here?

TERRENCE
Looking for you, what else?

NATE
I...I got nowhere--

TERRENCE
Get in.

Terrence leans over the shotgun seat, pushes open the door.

THE END.