

(BLOWBACK: PAGE 5-9ISH)

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Gunnar peeks his head into the hallway, looking to the group of kids that just knocked on his door.

None of them can be older than fifteen years old, and one of them might be prepubescent.

GUNNAR  
What do you want?

JOE  
Shit, Tyler, I thought you said  
this was the guy.

MAX  
This is a mistake. Sorry to bother  
you.

TYLER  
Will you pussies relax?

Tyler, the ringleader of the group, and the youngest looking of the bunch steps forward and extends his hand for Gunnar to shake.

TYLER  
Hi, I'm Tyler. I was referred by  
Corey Berkowitz to--

GUNNAR  
I don't know who that is.

Gunnar begins to close the door.

TYLER  
Wait!

The door stops just before it closes, and Gunnar peeks back out.

TYLER  
He told me to tell you...shit, what  
was it?

JOE  
Something about a bird?

(CONTINUED)

TYLER

Yeah, something gay like that.

JOE

Don't be homophobic, Tyler.

TYLER

Your mom is homophobic.

MAX

The caged bird sings with fearful  
trill of the things unknown but  
longed for still.

The other two stop bickering as Max recites the rhyme.

There is a pause before Gunnar closes the door.

Tyler slaps the back of Max's head.

TYLER

Dammit, Max. You blew it.

JOE

Yeah, Max, you idiot!

The sound of the door chain can be heard from the other side  
of the threshold before it swings open.

GUNNAR

You guys suck at this. If you're  
going to do illegal things, don't  
name drop your friends.

Gunnar points to Joe, who flinches.

GUNNAR

You look like you listen to a lot  
of 21 Savage. You should know  
better. And, you!

Gunnar points to Tyler.

GUNNAR

You seem like you're a little  
asshole. You're small now, it  
sucks. But you won't be forever.  
Stop taking it out on your friends,  
you dick. And, you!

Gunnar points to Max, who cowers.

Gunnar's hand unfolds as he waits for a high five.

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GUNNAR

Nice job with the password, kid.  
Next time start with that.

Max high fives Gunnar with a bashful smile.

TYLER

Wait, so you *do* sell fake ID's?

GUNNAR

Look at me, of course I do.  
Alright, so there are three  
packages available for purchase:  
Standard, deluxe, which is black  
light safe, and super deluxe, that  
boy can get you anywhere.

TYLER

(condescending)

Deluxe and super deluxe? You  
couldn't come up with another name?

GUNNAR

Hey, who makes the ID's here?

MAX

We want whatever will get us booze.

GUNNAR

Three super deluxes it is. Super  
Deluxe is \$99.99 a pop. With the  
referral, I can knock ten dollars  
off for each of you.

JOE

\$89.99 a piece!?

TYLER

That's like 400 bucks!

GUNNAR

Not quite.

MAX

I knew this was a mistake.

GUNNAR

Well, easy now. Let's just talk for  
a second. I'm a reasonable guy.  
Maybe we can strike a deal.

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TYLER

Jesus Christ, is this some Dahmer  
Shit?

GUNNAR

Wow, that did sound creepy. Sorry.  
What I meant was, I can give you  
guys a group rate, you get all  
three for \$150. But, you have to  
give me whatever cool shit you've  
got.

The kids look to one another.

Gunnar puts out his hand, awaiting it to be filled.

GUNNAR

Come on, fork it over.

Max pulls a few Pokemon cards from his pockets.

GUNNAR

You got Pikachu in there?

Joe hands over a few firecrackers and a vape.

GUNNAR

Firecrackers, sick! What about you,  
*Damien?*

TYLER

I don't have anything.

JOE

Come on, dude. Just give it to him.

Tyler sighs, angry, pulling out a police-issued stun gun.

GUNNAR

Holy shit! Someone has bad parents.

Gunnar grabs the stun gun and pretends to shoot someone down  
the hall.

GUNNAR

This is sick. Alright, cool. For  
the stun gun, I'll knock it down to  
\$100.

Gunnar pulls a one step camera from behind his back.

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5.

GUNNAR  
Now, smile!

FLASH