

"HEADS OF MY ENEMIES"

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INT. BARD SOFTWARE - COMPUTER BULLPEN -- DAY

Row upon row of personal computer workstations with SOFTWARE ENGINEERS in identical white shirts and black pants. The cubicles give the impression of a hive, the Engineers worker bees.

Bard Software CEO TROY ELLINGSWORTH, late 20's, tall, goatee, suit without a tie, open collar, is in the middle of addressing his employees. Comfortably in charge, Troy's attractive, fit, a Hipster God.

TROY

The Underwriter's informed us it's just a formality, this "cooling off" period and once we reach it's conclusion the IPO will take Bard Software to the next level.

Standing on the side are members of Troy's Board Of Directors, all late 20's - NICOLE FLECK, tall, average looking with buzzed side cut and dyed blue hair and nose ring, SHAUN McGUIRE, long beard clearly steamed straight, pudgy, Shorts, Birkenstocks, BRANDON CASEY, tall, long hair in a Man-Bun, light beard, JARED OLIVER, short, glasses, vaping like a special effects smoke machine and VERONICA MARCUS, intelligence and model looks.

Nicole begins clapping.

NICOLE

WHOO-HOO!! YEAH!!
(to employees)
Let's hear it!

The floor applauds lightly.

TROY

We have the #1 seller on AppKing...

Nicole claps again.

NICOLE

Yeah!

RANDAL, a software writer, leans back in his chair, checks out the empty workstation two seats down, makes eye contact with STACEY, another software writer. A third software writer, AARON, slides into frame, references the vacant work station between he and Stacey.

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AARON

Guess they maybe shouldn't have
fired Pete, then, eh?

Nicole snaps her fingers, points for them to slide back into
their cubicles. They reluctantly do as they're told.

TROY

Keep it up, guys.

The Board applauds as Troy walks past them. The enthusiasm
dwindles as the Board exits. All resume work.

INT. BARD SOFTWARE - CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

A large conference table with speaker phone, water pitchers,
glasses. A giant picture window provides a view of the
sidewalk and street.

Troy enters, followed by the others. All take their seats
with Troy at the head, flanked by Veronica and Nicole to
each side, Brandon and Shaun, then Jared.

TROY

Those monkeys need to pick up the
pace, deliver an app as good as
Pete's.

BRANDON

They're not as good as Pete.

NICOLE

Then we'll get new monkeys.

JARED

Doesn't the Underwriter want us to
downsize?

TROY

He does. I'm waiting for one of
them to deliver an app to follow up
our best seller first. At least
that's the hope. We need to address
the Pete issue. He WAS the best but
he created dissension and we can't
have that in a work environment.

NICOLE

Didn't Veronica say she could
control him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAUN

She did.

BRANDON

Then why does he keep harassing us?

They turn to her.

VERONICA

Fuck you all. I got him in here, I can't make him stay. It's not my fault he and Troy got into a pissing contest!

NICOLE

Someone's triggered.

TROY

Look, the point is - he doesn't work for us and can't work for anyone else. Either he goes away or we marginalize him with legal. Jared?

JARED

On it, boss. I'll text him to set up a meeting.

TROY

Do it off site. I don't want him in here.

EXT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL -- DAY

A bus pulls to a stop and PETE LEAR, 20's, tall, lanky, gets off. He's carrying a duffel bag and a backpack, walks towards the building in the distance.

EXT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - 2ND FLOOR WALKWAY -- DAY

LARRY MACDUFF, 60's, tube attached to his nostrils leading to an oxygen tank, leans against the railing smoking a cigarette. Pete ascends the stairs, works a key into the doorknob at the room next to Larry's.

LARRY

Moving in?

PETE

Yes, sir. I am.

Larry smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

You don't seem happy about it.

PETE

I'm sorry. I don't want to come across disrespectful. I promise I'll be quiet, keep to myself.

LARRY

No one's happy about moving into the Taj. Lose your job? Low on money?

PETE

Pretty much, yeah.

LARRY

Yeah. You're bright, son. You'll bounce back. Keep your chin up. Your family know you're here?

PETE

Just my mom. It was hard to tell her. She relies on me. Feel like I'm letting her down.

LARRY

Ah, I'm sure she'll be fine.

PETE

She won't be. We really needed the money and this company, they don't understand.

LARRY

They never do. I'm right next door. You need anything, just knock, okay?

PETE

Thank you.

Larry winks at him as Pete pushes through the door.

INT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - PETE'S ROOM -- DAY

Pete enters, takes a look around. Bed, table, refrigerator, very small stove. Basics of survival. His phone vibrates. He sets his bags down, looks at the screen.

EXT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - 2ND FLOOR WALKWAY -- DAY

Pete exits, locks the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

Taking off?

PETE

Yeah, one of the guys who fired me wants to meet, talk about the situation.

LARRY

Don't let them take advantage of you, son.

PETE

But they have all the power.

LARRY

Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin, as self-neglecting.

Pete stares back at him.

LARRY

Stand your ground, son. Make your mother proud.

EXT. SIDE STREET PARKING LOT -- NIGHT

Pete sits on a curb. In the distance, he sees a small bright light moving towards him. It's Jared on an electric scooter.

Jared rides onto the sidewalk, slows to a stop amongst other electric scooters scattered on the ground. Pete stands, walks toward him.

Jared's busy on his phone. Holds up a finger to stop Pete.

JARED

This app's ripping me off. It's not supposed to charge me 'cause my father's an angel investor. Geez!!! Two Dollars!!

Jared shakes his head in disgust.

JARED

They're gonna regret this.

Jared finishes texting, dramatically taps the screen as if firing a missile. He steps from the scooter, lets it fall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JARED

The Board met and we all agreed you need to go away, Pete.

PETE

That's what you're leading with? Really? Not "hey, we know you wrote all the best selling apps and currently have the #1 - "

Jared's phone pings. Again, he raises a finger, glances at his phone, smiles.

JARED

That's more like it.
(looks up)

REFUND!

(chuckles)

Pete. You signed a contract giving Bard Software ownership of whatever you created as well as a non-compete clause should we terminate the relationship.

PETE

I really need the money, Jared. I don't have a father who can angel invest me onto a board whenever I get out of rehab. I actually have to work for a living.

JARED

Yuck. I hate that phrase. Does it hurt to say? I mean 'work for a living'?

Jared shivers.

PETE

I need that money.

JARED

Should've known your place.

Jared opens up the scooter app on his phone.

PETE

You're making a killing off my work.

A scooter's green light illuminates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JARED

Should've thought about that before
you pissed us off.

Jared picks up another scooter.

PETE

You guys are treating me unfairly.

Jared stares at his phone, doesn't look up at Pete.

JARED

It must suck to realize you're not
as cool as you thought you were.

Pete flashes back to Larry...

LARRY

*Self-love, my liege, is not so vile
a sin, as self-neglecting.*

Extremely angry, Pete grabs one of the scooters,
aggressively approaches Jared.

JARED

Maybe next time? Don't lose your
head, hmmm? Off you go...

Jared's eyes go wide as Pete swings the Scooter at him.

INT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - LARRY'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Larry sleeps in his bed, nose tube still attached to the
oxygen tank. The sticker on the tank reads "*Verona
Veterinarian Hospital*". The room's well lived in. He's
been here a long time.

Light from a tv breaks up the darkness. The volume low,
barely audible.

CHARACTER ON TV

...kept to himself, was very
quiet...

Juicy sawing's heard through the wall. Not like someone
sawing a piece of wood. This sounds a little - wet. Larry
wakes up, listens, squints, tries to figure out what it is.

EXT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - 2ND FLOOR WALKWAY -- NIGHT

Again, Larry stands outside smoking a cigarette. Pete exits, sweating, anxious, tired. He sees Larry, closes the motel door, turns away to check his hands, shirt.

LARRY

You're clean.

Pete glances at him suspiciously. Larry offers a cigarette. Pete sees the oxygen tank, the hose, the extended pack of smokes.

PETE

I'm good.

Larry slips them back into a pocket. Pete keeps his distance, leans against the railing, stares off.

LARRY

Be sure to use a lot of bleach.

PETE

Excuse me?

LARRY

Not splash bleach. Hardcore bleach.
Like from Dollar Tree.

(holds hands up, sing
song)

Dollar Tree To The Rescue!!!

Larry smiles. Pete ignores him.

LARRY

For the tub. Be generous with it.

PETE

I don't know what you're talking
about.

LARRY

Yeah, you do. Gotta say - not
original. I don't blame you for
going with the tried and true but if
you're gonna stick with it, don't be
a copy cat.

Pete turns to him confused.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

Bundy. He used a hacksaw.

Larry imitates the sound and motion of physically hacksawing through something.

LARRY

Just do me a favor? If you're gonna go through the greats, skip Dahmer with the home cooking okay? Last thing I need's my place to smell like an episode of ID Discovery.

PETE

I don't know what you're talking about.

Pete's getting nervous, checks out his surroundings for cameras, passersby.

LARRY

No surveillance cameras or security if that's what you're looking for. They gave up on that years ago. Financial savings. Everything's money-money-money these days, am I right?

Pete turns to Larry, sizes him up.

LARRY

I'm not a threat there, son.
(points to chest)
Lung cancer. Could drop any day. That's why I don't bother recording tv shows anymore. I'm like, what's the point?

Pete settles, leans back against the railing, rubs his head.

LARRY

You seem like a good kid. I'm just concerned for you is all. Listen - you wanna Bundy some guy? I'm sure he had it coming. I can tell it doesn't sit well with you.

PETE

I got a lot to figure out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

Okay. I don't know how long I have. Really. No idea. Each day for me is like a FAST AND FURIOUS sequel. Didn't expect it but okay, I'll check it out. See what happens. Tell you what - let's both get some sleep. Tomorrow, I'll help you get rid of whatever you need to get rid of and then you and me'll hit the cafeteria. Sound good? In fact - cafeteria's on me.

PETE

Yeah, okay.

Pete watches Larry roll the oxygen tank into his room, turn to him.

LARRY

See you tomorrow.

Larry closes the door.

INT. BARD SOFTWARE - COMPANY KITCHEN -- MORNING

Troy's pouring grounds from a bag of HIPSTER ROAST into a filter fitted on a crafted glass carafe. Veronica enters, takes a mug from a cabinet.

TROY

Those monkeys better get productive real soon or we're in trouble.

VERONICA

Did you hear from Jared?

TROY

Not yet. I'm sure he downed a few too many craft beers. He'll show up eventually. Probably at a rehab.

Troy pours water into the carafe.

VERONICA

Does the underwriter know Pete's not with the company anymore?

TROY

What are you up to, Veronica?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONICA

Nothing.

TROY

Bullshit.

VERONICA

What the fuck, Troy? I brought you Pete.

TROY

Yeah and you said 'don't worry, he's a pencil neck just happy to have a job. Gonna be our App Monkey, you watch'. Sound familiar?

VERONICA

And he fucking was until you pushed him too far.

TROY

YOU were supposed to keep him in line. Now YOU'RE worried about the Underwriter? What are you up to?

VERONICA

Fuck you, Troy.

Troy pauses. Something occurred to him.

TROY

You think he's still writing apps? Like at home?

VERONICA

Probably, yeah.

Troy fills up his coffee, walks away from her.

VERONICA

What are you thinking?

Troy doesn't stop, merely raises his mug up in salute.

INT. CAFETERIA -- DAY

If the Taj Mahal's a welfare motel, this is a welfare cafeteria. Their clientele's barely making it and here's where they dine.

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Larry and Pete push their trays along the rails of a self serve cafeteria. Larry's putting food on his tray no problem. Pete, though, appears out of it, possibly remorseful.

Larry smells a plate of food, loves it, sets it on the tray.

LARRY

This place is great. Especially for short money.

Larry sees Pete's empty tray.

LARRY

Here. Try this. And this. This is pretty okay...

He begins setting plates on Pete's tray. They reach the Cashier. Larry pays for them both, leads them to a booth by a window looking out at the street. They sit.

Larry rubs his hands together, digs in. Pete's distraught, disturbs Larry's culinary bliss.

LARRY

(setting fork down)
What's up?

PETE

I lost it. He got me so mad I lost it. Lost myself.

LARRY

You're looking at this the wrong way, son.

PETE

(softly, intense)
I have his head in my freezer! What does that say about me?

LARRY

It says you FOUND yourself. He pushed you to be the person HE needed you to be, who YOU needed to become. Did us all a favor, you ask me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

I appreciate you helping me get rid of....most of....Jared. But I gotta turn myself in. My mom's gonna be so disappointed.

LARRY

And then what? They win? They get your work AND your money? Is that what your mom would want? See, when I was growing up, they didn't raise pussies. Nowadays, all you idiots are bunching your hair at the back of your head like a giant wad of kumquat, sucking on douche flutes and playing spin-the-bottle with the "trigger of the day". Buck up, Princess. You can "okay boomer" all you want but -

Reaches into a pocket for his phone.

LARRY

Here. Look at this. I checked that AppKing thing - YOU are number one. Did you know that?

PETE

Yeah, I knew that.

LARRY

They're gonna make alotta money off you.

PETE

Why do you think I'm so pissed?

Pete's phone rings, shows a picture of Troy. Panicked, Pete looks up at Larry.

PETE

It's the head of the company! What do I say?!?! They're gonna ask about - THEY KNOW!

LARRY

They don't know. That's why they're calling.

Larry reaches over, sets his hand on Pete's.

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CONTINUED:

LARRY

I'll tell you what to say. Trust me. This is gonna be fun!

INT. CAFETERIA - LATER -- DAY

Larry sits inside eating and watching Pete pace outside while speaking with Troy.

PETE

No. He never showed. Nope. Which doesn't surprise me 'cause you guys have been jerking my chain for weeks. When? Yeah, I guess. I mean it's not like I have anything better to do. Oh, wait. I do. I'm getting evicted. I guess instead of meeting with you all I could start moving my stuff out of my apartment.

Pete exits frame, re-enters the cafeteria, sits across from Larry.

PETE

I feel SO MUCH better. Thank you.

LARRY

See. You got it. You do. Damn. I wish I had your guts when they fired me at Lockheed. Envy ya', son.

PETE

Really?

Larry nods. Pete fills with empowerment, sits straighter, smiles.

PETE

Screw those guys!

LARRY

Screw 'em! Okay. This is what we do....

INT. BARD SOFTWARE - CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

We're staring at a check for \$202.12.

PETE

Wow. Two hundred, two dollars and twelve cents.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pete sits opposite everyone except the missing Jared and Brandon, the man bun executive.

NICOLE

That's what we owe you.

PETE

Yeah.

Pete slides the check along the table, leans back in his chair.

PETE

Cashing that check puts an end to this, huh?

He looks around the table. Silence.

PETE

I think we all know I'm not cashing anything until you put a few more zeroes and a couple more commas on that thing.

Troy stands, moves towards Pete.

TROY

Listen to me. YOU are a little man. Little, little man. You have NO power here! None! You're gonna sign this check and get out of here so we can get on with our lives.

Troy slams a pen on the desk. Intimidated, Pete picks up the pen. Hand shaking.

PETE

I only wanted what was fair.

Pete's phone buzzes.

PETE

Excuse me.

Troy walks away as Pete sticks in an ear bud. A visual call opens up. Larry's staring at the camera. He moves aside, revealing Brandon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

Caught him going through your hard drives. What I tell you? They have brought a plague on both our houses!

Pete glances at the board, ends the call.

TROY

Sign it!

PETE

Eh, I don't think so.

He rises, moves towards the door.

TROY

You walk out that door, we're gonna be forced to take this to a new level.

Pete glances back as an *overlay of his Jared encounter twists through frame.*

JARED

Maybe next time? Don't lose your head, hmmm? Off you go...

Jared's eyes go wide as Pete swings the Scooter.

Still staring at everyone, Pete suddenly bursts out in laughter, exits the conference room.

INT. PETE'S APARTMENT -- DAY

We're looking at Brandon's pants, brown shoes, man bun. He's bound to a chair.

LARRY

I don't get it. Style, right? It's just a style thing?

Pete's loading his things into shopping cart. Hard drives. Clothes. Personal belongings.

PETE

Yeah, I guess.

LARRY

What about the pony tail ball thing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

The man bun?

Larry studies it, flips it with a finger.

LARRY

Guess I can't criticize. Kinda envious, actually. Cancer takes that option away from a guy.

Brandon mumbles, darts his eyes downward. Pete pulls the gag out of his mouth.

BRANDON

I get outta here I'm gonna take a lot of pride not only in making sure you never work again, but generating as much money off your-

Pete sticks the gag back into Brandon's mouth.

PETE

Wow! Guess I better make sure he doesn't get outta here.

LARRY

Guess so!

Pete reaches into the shopping cart, pulls out the hacksaw. Larry sees it.

LARRY

What'd we talk about, huh?

PETE

Look - Bundy's thing was a VW Bug and restraints. I looked it up - he used a hacksaw once. ONCE.

LARRY

(pointing at Pete
matter of factly)
Ahhhh.....

PETE

Help me get him in the bathtub.

Larry pulls out his phone, scrolls to a song.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

Here. This should help throw off
the neighbors.

He plays the song - music with a revving chainsaw sounds.

PETE

Good looking out!

They drag Brandon and the chair into the bathroom.

INT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - PETE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

The Freezer's open and in big ziplock bags, both Brandon and Jared's heads stare at us, extreme looks of surprise on their faces.

LARRY

He that dies, pays all debts.

Larry closes the freezer door. Pete's taking things from the shopping cart, placing them on shelves, drawers.

PETE

What's our next move?

LARRY

Gotta make sure they know you're serious. They're not gonna want this to get out.

PETE

How can you be sure?

LARRY

"If money goes before, all ways do lie open".

PETE

I don't understand that one.

LARRY

Shakespeare. The Merry Wives of Windsor, Act 2, Scene 2. It means they're greedy bastards. Their IPO's based on company stability. If the public learns of their Anne Boleyn situation.... Say - can you get into that building?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

Yeah. Yeah, I think I can.

EXT. GARBAGE DUMP -- MORNING

The next day. Two LITTLE BOYS run across frame. We PUSH PAST THEM, OVER A HLL, see two headless bodies down below.

INT. BARD SOFTWARE - CONFERENCE ROOM -- DAY

Brandon and Jared's seats are empty. The rest of the board sit staring at TWO POLICEMEN standing by the door.

POLICEMAN #1

His significant other filed a missing persons report. Man by the name of Richard Barrett.

POLICEMAN #2

Said they were supposed to have their weekly date night and this Brandon fellow never showed.

TROY

I thought Brandon was straight.

NICOLE

Why's that matter?

TROY

It doesn't. Just curious.

SHAUN

Stay woke, man.

POLICEMAN #2

His OTHER significant other said he never made it home last night. She was unaware of his...options.

POLICEMAN #1

Who has time to check out everyone's ass?

POLICEMAN #2

Apparently this Brandon guy does.

POLICEMAN #1

Must be nice.

Policeman #2 shoots him a look of shock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POLICEMAN #1

Any of you know his whereabouts?

All eyes dart to Troy. Troy shakes his head 'no'.

POLICEMAN #1

If you hear from him, tell him to call his significant other.

POLICEMAN #2

As well as his OTHER significant other.

They exit.

TROY

(to Shaun)

I'm very woke.

Troy rises, heads out of the conference room. The others follow.

INT. BARD SOFTWARE - COMPANY KITCHEN -- DAY

Troy goes for the coffee carafe. Empty.

NICOLE

You know Brandon was at Pete's.

SHAUN

Bet he never made it outta there.

TROY

We don't know that.

Troy grabs the bag of Hipster Roast, starts pouring grounds into the filter.

NICOLE

And what about Jared? He's missing, as well.

VERONICA

I think we all need to calm down. I'm sure Troy's gonna get to the bottom of all this and -

Brandon's man bun tumbles from the Hipster Roast bag into the carafe filter. All stop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHAUN

Is that - ?

NICOLE

I'm getting the cops!

She moves to leave.

TROY

Stop! All of you!

Everyone freezes. Turns to their leader.

TROY

That's not what we're gonna do.
We've got a bullpen full of monkeys
cranking out software. We have the
most popular app on the market.

VERONICA

Technically, it's the second most
popular. Dropped to number two this
morning. But what the fuck do I
know. Go on.

TROY

We're the core group of this board.
As such, we have to stay focused,
(to Shaun)
- stay woke -
(to group)
- and make the best decisions no
matter what. We'll figure this out.
But we need to remain calm and stick
together.

Troy scoops the man bun back into the bag.

SHAUN

That's quite the flex for Pete.

NICOLE

Should Veronica double check Pete's
apartment for hard drives?

VERONICA

Fuck you, Nicole.

TROY

Waste of time. I'm sure they're
long gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICOLE

He tries anything like that with me
I'm kicking his ass.

SHAUN

What do you need us to do?

TROY

First off - no one goes to the
police. We're at war. War has a
body count. Tomorrow, our
Underwriter's paying us a visit. We
keep things positive, we cover for
Jared and Brandon, we don't give the
public any reason to doubt us and in
a couple weeks - we make a lot of
money.

INT. CAFETERIA -- DAY

Larry and Pete sit at their booth.

PETE

You eat here every day?

LARRY

Just about, yeah. Short money, you
know. Between getting fired for
getting sick and all. You know,
when they cancelled my insurance -

PETE

(coughs out food)
You don't have health insurance?

LARRY

Son, I had insurance I'd be living
at a much different Taj Mahal,
believe you me. Anyway - when they
cancelled my insurance -

PETE

That's messed up, man.

LARRY

Yeah, well, this ain't Canada. Can
I finish my story?

Pete waves him on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

When they cancelled my insurance -

PETE

I'm sorry. I just can't get over how they can do that to someone in your condition.

LARRY

THEY can do whatever they want to us. Until we rise up and stop them.

PETE

Are we gonna do that? Rise up and stop them?

LARRY

Soon as I finish my story. Scout's honor.

PETE

So. They cancelled your insurance.

LARRY

Yes. And -

PETE

Was it 'cause you were still smoking? I'm guessing you shouldn't be smoking, right?

LARRY

I have one lung, Pete. Of course I shouldn't be smoking.

PETE

Well, why are you smoking?

Larry sighs, cracks his neck.

LARRY

Because. They cancelled. My insurance. It became unbearably stressful and I resumed smoking.

They stare at each other.

PETE

What?

Larry slides out of the booth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

Hey, where you going?

EXT. CAFETERIA -- DAY

A match ignites. Larry lights a cigarette.

PETE

You're not gonna tell me that 'when they cancelled my insurance' story are you?

Larry exhales.

LARRY

This cigarette? Could kill me. It really might be the one. I'd like to enjoy it in silence.

EXT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL -- DAY

A public transportation bus pulls up, opens its door. Larry and Pete get off, head for the Motel.

LARRY

When they cancelled my insurance, they hoped I'd go away and die. I have no living relatives nor do I have any friends. For fifteen years I've made ends meet here at the Taj Mahal, doing odd jobs to afford my oxygen tanks and watching murder shows on ID Discovery. No one expected me to live this long. I didn't expect to live this long.

Pete stops, fixated on something in the distance. Larry squints in the direction Pete's staring.

LARRY

Who the hell is that?

An older woman stands on the second floor knocking on Pete's door. A pair of suitcases rest near her.

PETE

My mom.

INT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - PETE'S ROOM -- DAY

The door closes. Pete and his MOM, 60, stand on one side of the room, the freezer poised in the background between them. Larry's across from them by the door.

PETE

Larry's been something of a mentor
to me.

She sniffs. Glances at Larry's oxygen tank, hose leading to his nose.

MOM

Do you smoke?

PETE

They cancelled his insurance.

MOM

Was it 'cause you were smoking?

Larry rubs his eyes, sighs, resigned.

LARRY

It was nice meeting you.

Larry exits.

PETE

He lives next door.

INT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - LARRY'S ROOM -- DAY

Banging on the door. Larry opens it. In full panic mode, Pete enters carrying the two ziplock bags with the heads. He struggles to get past Larry to the freezer.

LARRY

WHOA-WHOA-WHOA-WHOA!!!!

PETE

Please?!?! My mom's taking a bath.
You have to help me!

LARRY

I don't have to help anyone!

PETE

Look, I can't keep them in my
freezer - she'll find them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

She loves you, Pete. I'm sure she'll understand.

PETE

What am I gonna tell her? That I've been killing people and sawing their heads off?

LARRY

Good parents like their children taking initiative. I'm sure she'll be proud.

Pete continues to try and push by him.

LARRY

What if you get caught and the cops find them in MY freezer?

PETE

What do you care? You don't have any friends or family and they cancelled your insurance so you're gonna die soon.

Larry ponders this.

LARRY

Damn...okay...

He relaxes. Pete opens the freezer, sets the heads inside.

LARRY

I'm probably looking at this the wrong way. I would have access to better healthcare in prison so....

PETE

Right!?!?

LARRY

So what does she know? What'd you tell her?

PETE

I'm in negotiations with the company and you're advising me.

Larry contemplates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

It's pretty accurate.

LARRY

It IS pretty accurate.

PETE

Hey, you by any chance know where I can get some bunk beds on the cheap?

LARRY

I'll keep an eye out.

PETE

Thanks, buddy.

They exit Larry's apartment.

EXT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - 2ND FLOOR WALKWAY -- DAY

Pete and Larry stand by the railing. Relax.

LARRY

She's why all this happened, huh? You needed money to take care of her?

PETE

My mom was gonna lose her house. I put everything I had into that app, needed it to help her. Company didn't care, said I signed an agreement which gave them 100% ownership of everything I created and if I left the company I couldn't create any apps nor could I work for anything computer or internet related for the rest of my life. In essence, I was their servant.

LARRY

Did you? Sign the agreement?

PETE

I did. And I own that I did. What I asked for was a loan based on what I brought to the company. I didn't ask for a piece of the profits. Didn't ask for a raise. I asked for a loan.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE (CONT'D)

They "politely declined" and I got really depressed. Couldn't think, couldn't create. They gave me an ultimatum to deliver and when I didn't - they fired me. Troy, the CEO, said I was "challenging his authority" and needed to make an example of me.

LARRY

They say the best art comes out of the lowest depths. Maybe it's time for a new app, Pete. One based on your CURRENT predicament. Keep that company going, give you some time to change the course of things.

PETE

You're a wise man, Larry.

LARRY

It's the extra oxygen.

EXT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL -- MORNING

The next day.

INT/EXT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - PETE'S ROOM -- MORNING

Larry stands in the doorway waiting for Pete and his Mom.

LARRY

There are five steps in the IPO process.

Larry counts them off on his fingers.

LARRY

Select a bank. Due diligence and filings. Pricing. Stabilization. Transition.

INT. BARD SOFTWARE - CONFERENCE ROOM -- MORNING

Nicole and Shaun set up the conference room, wipe the table.

EXT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL -- MORNING

Larry, Pete and his Mom walk through the parking lot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

The first step stays with you throughout. Choosing an investment bank to advise the company and pretty much babysit you through the process. Depending on how young the company is and how experienced the bank is dictates who has the power. In this case, I'd bet my only lung on the Underwriter.

INT. BARD SOFTWARE - CONFERENCE ROOM -- MORNING

Troy, Veronica, Nicole, Shaun all rise as the door opens and THE UNDERWRITER, 50's, portly, serious, menacing enters. He strolls to the head of the table, nudges Troy from his chair. Troy slides over to Nicole's, she slides down as does Shaun.

The Underwriter notices the two missing Board Members. Only Veronica makes eye contact with him. That bright smile. The Underwriter nods, smirks.

INT. CAFETERIA -- MORNING

Larry hands Pete's Mom and Pete a tray, grabs one for himself.

LARRY

My guess is they're in the "cooling off" period of the IPO. Lasts about 25 days. Pete, your App is dropping on AppKing. You have maybe less than two weeks left.

INT. BARD SOFTWARE - CONFERENCE ROOM -- MORNING

The Underwriter opens an iPad, flips it around, slides it down the table. A chart shows the App - and the Company's value - at risk of plummet.

INT. CAFETERIA -- MORNING

Pete's Mom, Pete and Larry go through the line, put plates of food on their trays.

LARRY

Which means with less public presence, less public *profile*, they have nothing to lose by turning you in.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY (CONT'D)

You need to act now, get another app
on that chart to increase your
value.

MOM

Won't it increase their value as
well?

PETE

I don't think I have much of a
choice, mom.

INT. BARD SOFTWARE - CONFERENCE ROOM -- MORNING

UNDERWRITER

I suggested downsizing.
(points to empty
seats)
Were they a part of that? 'Cause
the bullpen out there's pretty
crowded.

Nicole bolts from her chair, exits.

TROY

They'll be in later.

VERONICA

They're working from home.

Suspicious, The Underwriter raises an eyebrow.

NICOLE (O.S.)

You. You. You three. You guys.
You four. Get out!! NOW!!!! Pick
up your things and GET
OUUUUUTTTTTTT!!

A moment passes and Nicole re-enters, stands by the window
blinds, smiles.

NICOLE

It'll just be a sec.

In the background, fired workers exit along the sidewalk,
cross the street. Suddenly, WE HEAR a car screeching as it
locks up its breaks, skids into frame, nails Aaron, a
Software Engineer from the beginning, sends him over the
hood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICOLE

Technically, he's been off payroll for 30 seconds so it's really not our problem.

Nicole snaps the blinds closed.

INT. CAFETERIA -- MORNING

Larry leads them to their booth.

LARRY

You should contact the Underwriter. Introduce yourself as the App author, say you're writing a new app to help the company. I doubt they've alerted him to your departure. In this situation, he's either Obi Wan or Vader. Anyone's guess.

INT. BARD SOFTWARE - CONFERENCE ROOM -- MORNING

In the darkness, it's clear The Underwriter's not Obi Wan. He rises, exits the conference room. Listen closely and you can hear Vader's deep breathing. The door's barely closed when the Board erupts in chaos.

Except for Veronica. She remains seated amidst the others' fury, stares right at us.

VERONICA

It is what it fucking is.

INT. CAFETERIA -- DAY

They've finished eating.

LARRY

Cowards die many times before their deaths. The valiant never taste of death but once.

MOM

Julius Caesar? Act 2, Scene 2?

LARRY

(excited)

That's correct! Ah, if only I'd met you when I had two lungs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There's a connection between them, both smile. Pete swivels between them.

PETE

Okay. I gotta make a phone call, guys.

LARRY

I might need an extra air tank soon.

MOM

I might be going to get it for you.

Pete stands. They continue staring at each other.

PETE

Can we go? Please?

His mom keeps eyes on Larry, bites her lower lip as they slide from the booth.

EXT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - 2ND FLOOR WALKWAY -- DAY

Shaking his phone in frustration, Pete approaches Larry.

PETE

The Underwriter's blowing me off.

LARRY

How so?

PETE

I called that guy like three times. His secretary put me on hold for 15 minutes each time. I'm so pissed off right now. Guess they're not taking me seriously again, huh?

LARRY

Guess so.

We hear the Chainsaw song start.

EXT. VARIOUS STREETS -- DAY

Troy casually strolls down the sidewalk. Pete appears. Follows. Stalking him. One corner. Another Corner. Stops at a Newsstand. Pete still follows. Troy turns down a deserted side street.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pete watches, gets ready to pounce - suddenly, a hand grabs his shoulder. He turns - Veronica. She smiles, glances back, sees a Police Cruiser, immediately lip locks Pete, pulls him back to the other street. Still kissing him, she watches the Cruiser pass Troy.

VERONICA

He's trying to draw you out in public. Set you up.

Pete sees Troy step into the middle of the road, look around, shake his fists and scream to the heavens.

TROY

WHERE ARE YOU!!!!

PETE

WOW!!!

VERONICA

Yeah. He's really losing his shit.

PETE

Wait - I think he's coming this way. We should do that kiss thing again.

She hits his shoulder, walks off.

PETE

I'm serious! It's a great strategy!

INT. CAFETERIA -- DAY

Veronica holds up a small one inch by one inch gps tile.

VERONICA

Troy has us all tiled. Me, him, Nicole, Shaun. You and your oxygen tank buddy took out Jared and Brandon didn't you?

PETE

How'd you know about -

VERONICA

You came here. I know. I've been following you. I sat right over there.

She points to a far booth. We FLASHBACK to a quick glimpse of Larry & Pete's first conversation but from her POV.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

It says you FOUND yourself. He pushed you to be the person HE needed you to be, who YOU needed to become. Did us all a favor, you ask me.

VERONICA

What's going on, Pete?

PETE

You guys took advantage of me.

VERONICA

You fucked us, Pete. Not the company. You and me. You fucked US. If you'd just been patient instead of acting like a little bitch.

PETE

I didn't create this situation.

VERONICA

It's BUSINESS, Pete. BUSINESS.

PETE

All I did was do a great job. Just like when I tutored you in college. Got you through everything math related and in return you hook me up with these guys?

VERONICA

You needed a job. I got you a job. And yeah, you helped me graduate. So fucking what? It's real life, Petey. Pull up those Batman boxers and grow a pair.

PETE

Why are you here?

VERONICA

Look - you wanna collect the heads of your enemies? Huh? Do you? Yeah? Great.

(leans in close)

I wanna help. This IPO's gonna be over soon.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Troy's afraid of going to the police and turning things sideways. He wants the money. We all want the money. But if you're gonna do this - you gotta do this now and you gotta do it right.

She turns on the charm. Pete's a goner.

VERONICA

You and I? We can do this.

PETE

Did you like me at all in college? Even a little?

VERONICA

I like you a lot more now I see what kinda man you've become.

They stare at each other. He. Is. Into her.

VERONICA

I gotta get going.

PETE

How do I do this if they're tiled?

She rises, smiles, winks.

PETE

Wait. I thought you were gonna help me?

She exits, waves passing the window. Pete's phone rings.

EXT. CAFETERIA - SIDEWALK -- DAY

Veronica speaks to Pete while walking down the sidewalk.

VERONICA

Pick up that napkin.

INT. CAFETERIA -- DAY

Pete sees she left a napkin on the table. Lifts it up, reveals a tile, broken in half.

EXT. CAFETERIA - SIDEWALK -- DAY

VERONICA

That was Shaun's. He's at home now.
Should be taking a shower in about
30 minutes.

INT. CAFETERIA -- DAY

PETE

How can you be sure?

EXT. CAFETERIA - SIDEWALK -- DAY

VERONICA

'Cause I told him I'd fuck him in 45
minutes but he had to shower first.

INT. CAFETERIA -- DAY

Pete nods his head. Seems legit.

PETE

Nice!

EXT. CAFETERIA - SIDEWALK -- DAY

VERONICA

You have his address in the employee
directory. Don't let these fuckers
get away with it.

INT. CAFETERIA -- DAY

Pete turns and hunches, speaks softly.

PETE

You know, when most women swear,
it's kind of a turn off, but when
YOU swear....

EXT. CAFETERIA - SIDEWALK -- DAY

VERONICA

Well, maybe when we get through this
you can watch me swear. Like a
fucking lot...

She hangs up.

INT. CAFETERIA -- DAY

Pete sets his phone down.

PETE

I am so turned on right now.

EXT. SHAUN'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Pete strolls down the walkway, checking numbers on doors.

PETE

9. Nope. 9. Nope.

He stops. The door has a handwritten "6" next to a metal gothic "9".

PETE

Big surprise.

Pete looks around, slips on a black ski mask, enters.

INT. SHAUN'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Pete closes the door. A shower's running in the distance. Pete takes in the apartment. Monied hipster. Concert posters in elaborate frames. Basketballs with metal plaques in glass cases. Giant tv with multiple player game remotes. Hookah pipe, intricate bongos of all sorts, is that a Komodo Dragon dry humping a rock?

Pete enters the hallway - photos of Shaun playing golf, piloting a yacht, standing with superstars. If there's a rich hipster activity - he's got a framed snapshot of it.

Pete approaches the bathroom door, pushes it open revealing Shaun washing his hair. With the shower curtain between them, Pete grabs him. They struggle until Shaun pushes Pete backwards. He falls, knocking his head HARD on the counter.

The shower curtain covers Pete as Shaun runs from the bathroom. Pete staggers to his feet, stumbles into the hall. He sees a terrified and naked Shaun run out the front door.

Pete's vision blurs, twists, slowly lowers to the ground and FADES OUT.

INT. SHAUN'S APARTMENT -- DUSK

It's later. Pete comes to, hears the shower still running. The front door's still open. He rises, touches the back of his head - ouch. He enters the bathroom, turns off the shower, notices the broken counter.

Pete steps back into the living room, removes a frame from the wall, breaks it, rips out the poster. The Komodo Dragon watches with curiosity as Pete flips the poster over, grabs a pen, writes on it then sticks it back onto the frame.

EXT. SHAUN'S APARTMENT -- DUSK

Pete exits, props the poster frame by the open door. As he walks away, we read what he wrote: GONE TO FIND MYSELF. EVERYTHING I HAVE IS FREE! PEACE OUT, BITCHES!!!!

INT. RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Pete slides into a booth, a picture window behind him with a dumpster in the back of a parking lot. A WAITRESS hands him a menu.

WAITRESS

Would you like a drink to get you started?

PETE

Just a water but I'm ready to order.

The Waitress takes our her pad, clicks her pen.

PETE

Lemme grab a #6 with fries, extra pickles and -

The Waitress's focus is behind him. Her expression turns from curious to terribly inquisitive. The order pad lowers, her grip on the pen loosens. Pete turns to look out the window as Shaun, still naked, pushes up the dumpster lid, climbs out, drops to the ground.

PETE

Make-it-to-go-I'll-be-right-back-thank-you!

Pete darts from the booth. We hear a door open and close, see Shaun register shock, take off out of frame as Pete sprints after him.

EXT. BUSY STREET -- NIGHT

Cars whiz back and forth at high speed. From around the corner, Pete appears, dragging Shaun's lifeless body with one hand, a to go bag from the restaurant in the other. Shaun's heavy and Pete pauses, hands on knees, panting.

Someone else grabs Shaun's other arm, prepares to help. It's Pete's Mom.

MOM

This isn't what I envisioned when Larry said you were "negotiating".

PETE

I know, mom.

MOM

This is very F'd up, Peter.

PETE

I know, mom. I know. But these assholes -

MOM

Language, Peter.

PETE

Mom...

MOM

I raised you better than to use language like that.

PETE

(pointing at passing vehicles)

Mom, please.

MOM

Put your hand out.

PETE

What?

MOM

Put your hand out.

PETE

Mom, this is a busy road. And THIS?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE (CONT'D)

This is a dead body! You think they don't SEE it?

MOM

Hand out.

Pete extends his hand, palm down, smirks at her like 'sure, this is gonna hurt...' She slaps him in the face.

PETE

MOM!

MOM

Don't you use that kinda language around me and don't you disobey your mother again.

PETE

Okay. I'm sorry. Can we get going? We're really kinda out in the open right now.

MOM

Well, maybe NEXT time you decide to kill someone? Kill them in an alley or a basement. Have you never watched ID Discovery?

They resume dragging the body.

MOM

Is this one of those jerks who messed with ya'?

PETE

Yeah, he's an...A....hole. Hey. How'd you find me?

MOM

You know how you put that Family Finder thing on my phone to keep track of me? It keeps track of you, too, Mr. Internet.

Pete's taken aback. She's Aaronr.

MOM

I'm glad to see you taking initiative. Makes me proud.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOM (CONT'D)

And if these jerks stole from my boy
then I have no pity for them.

INT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - LARRY'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Larry's sitting watching television. Through the wall he hears the Chainsaw song. A moment later, a knock on his door. He opens it - Pete's Mom. He looks at the wall, back to her. Concerned. Worried. She kisses his cheek.

MOM

Thank you for helping my boy.

She winks. Walks away. Larry's moved, smitten. He leans out the door.

LARRY

Hear my soul speak. Of the very
instant that I saw you. Did my
heart fly at your service.

Pete's Mom smiles, continues walking, doesn't look back.

MOM

The Tempest. Act 3. Scene 1.

She enters Pete's Motel Room. Larry giggles like a little boy with his first crush. Closes his door.

EXT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL -- MORNING

The next day.

INT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - PETE'S ROOM -- MORNING

Things have been rearranged. There's a desk with a computer and bunk beds with make shift inscriptions: on the top bunk - "*PETER*", on the bottom bunk - "*MAMA BEAR*". Pete sleeps in his bed.

Mom surfs the internet. Finds the Bard Software Company page. Clicks on the Board Members. Clicks on Troy's picture. Writes down his name.

MOM

Troy. Ellingsworth. Even his name
is annoying.

She does a google search. Finds his parents' address, writes it down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pete's Mom tapes a note on the bunk bed PETER sign -
 "Running an errand. Back later. Love, Mom".

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND VERONA VETERINARY HOSPITAL -- DAY

Peter and Larry walk down the alley. Larry pulls his cart with the Oxygen tank.

LARRY

What's your mom up to today?

PETE

No idea. She left me a note saying she had an errand to run. Probably getting spaghetti. She knows it's my favorite. Look, I got a lot of stress and pressure with this company and the heads thing, so would you mind maybe not hitting on my mom? And where is this place?

LARRY

It's right up here and I'm not hitting on your mom. I'm *talking* to your mom.

PETE

You quote Shakespeare to her, pal. And not the "Out Damn Spot" kind.

LARRY

We're up here.

PETE

What is this place?

LARRY

Well, when they cancelled my insurance -

PETE

Forget it. Don't wanna know.

Larry knocks on the door. A CLERK opens it, looks around, gives Larry the nod.

LARRY

We gotta do this real jiffy, okay?

Larry hands him some cash, unhooks the hose. They exchange tanks. The door closes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pete sees the Verona sticker on the tank.

PETE
This is a veterinary clinic?

LARRY
One sec.

He quickly re-hooks the tube, spins the tank dial and breathes deeply. It works.

LARRY
Yes. Actually a step up for me. I used to get them filled at an auto parts store. You do what you gotta do when they cancel your insurance.

EXT. TROY'S MOTHER'S HOUSE -- DAY

Damn. This is some money. Expensive neighborhood. Manicured lawn, bushes, trees. Pete's Mom rings the bell. TROY'S MOTHER, 60, extremely well taken care of, perfect hair, perfect make up, opens the door holding a martini glass, complete with an olive on a toothpick.

EXT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - 2ND FLOOR WALKWAY -- DAY

Pete and Larry head for Pete's room.

LARRY
How's that new app coming along?

PETE
Finished.

LARRY
Really?!?

PETE
Yep. Uploaded it last night.

Pete opens the door, sees his Mom, her back to us in the bathroom, hunch over the tub sawing away. He slams the door shut. Turns to face Larry.

LARRY
What is it? Is she okay?

PETE
Uh...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Larry pushes past Pete, opens the door - sees the same thing. Slams the door shut. Turns to Pete.

PETE

Is she -

Pete pantomimes sawing. Larry vehemently nods his head up and down.

LARRY

Oh, yeah.

INT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - PETE'S ROOM -- DAY

Pete and Larry enter.

PETE

Mom?

She doesn't turn around, continues sawing.

MOM

I'm busy, honey. Can it wait?

PETE

You...uh...need a hand, mom?

MOM

No, honey. Just think about whatcha boys want for dinner. I was thinking 'bout spaghetti. But I can make whatever you like. As long it's spaghetti.

She giggles.

PETE

That sounds great, mom.

LARRY

(softly to Pete)

I'm gonna go wash my hands over at my place.

He pats Pete on the shoulder, exits.

INT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - PETE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Later. Spaghetti and meat sauce on the table. The three of them are having dinner. Mom has her back to the bathroom as she serves them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOM

Did you know that Peter put himself through school?

LARRY

I did not.

MOM

Yes. Student loans. Working nights. All by himself. I'm very proud of my boy. I followed that - what is called? AppKing? Yes? I followed that. I saw his App reach the top and it made me angry how *someone else's* son would take advantage of what *my* son created.

(to Pete)

You remember what your father used to say? Before he left us for that colored girl?

PETE

Asian, mom. And it was a guy.

MOM

Do you remember what he used to say?

PETE

Mom? Please?

MOM

He used to say 'I'm only guilty of the things I'm caught for'. THAT - is the underlying motto of business. And if you can't prove these boys stole from you, then as far as anyone's concerned - they DIDN'T steal. And *you're* the liability.

(points to bathroom)

That boy's mother? She told me-

EXT. TROY'S MOTHER'S HOUSE -- DAY

Troy's mother stares right at us, eats the olive off the toothpick, mouths Pete's Mom's dialogue.

MOM (O.S.)

Prove it.

INT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - PETE'S ROOM -- DAY

MOM

Not 'are you sure'? Not 'what are you talking about'? Not 'my son wouldn't do that'. Not even 'F you, jack'. She said -

EXT. TROY'S MOTHER'S HOUSE -- DAY

Again, Troy's mother stares right at us, mouths Mom's dialogue.

MOM (O.S.)

Prove it.

Troy's mother slams the door in Pete's Mom's face.

INT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - PETE'S ROOM -- DAY

MOM

Well, we can't prove it 'cause we can't afford a lawyer. So we turn to vengeance. Peter, if, as Martin Luther King said, *a riot is the language of the unheard*, then I say VENGEANCE is the poor man's justice.

(to Larry)

Parmesan?

Larry holds up his plate. She sprinkles it on his pasta.

LARRY

If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge.

MOM

Merchant Of Venice. Act 3, Scene 1.

(offering Pete

parmesan)

Peter?

Pete holds up his plate. His mom raises an eyebrow. He sighs, and like a 5th Grader working on his homework assignment monotonizes his response.

PETE

At this hour lie at my mercy all mine enemies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOM & LARRY
The Tempest! Act 4, Scene 1!

MOM
VERY GOOD, PETER!

They laugh as she sprinkles the parmesan. In mock celebration, Pete twirls his fork in the air.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. GARBAGE DUMP -- DAY

Again, we PUSH OVER THE HILL, see the body of Troy's Mother atop those of Jared, Brandon and Shaun. Standing on the hill looking down, Veronica's shocked.

VERONICA
Fuck. Me. Running.

EXT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - 2ND FLOOR WALKWAY -- MORNING

Alone, Larry stands outside smoking a cigarette. Veronica storms up the stairs, referencing her phone as she checks room numbers.

VERONICA
Fuck-fuck-fuck-fuck-fuck...

She passes Larry, stops just past his room, turns back, zeroes in on Pete's door.

INT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - PETE'S ROOM -- MORNING

Pete and his Mom sit at the table eating cereal. Veronica storms in.

MOM
EXCUSE me?!?!?

Pete stands.

VERONICA
Are you fucking kidding me?!!?

PETE
Hey, babe. Kidding you about what?

His mom stands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONICA
(through gritted
teeth)
Troy's mother.

PETE
(oh shit)
It was....Troy's mother?

VERONICA
Do you not know who you're
profilng? What the fuck, Pete?

PETE
Uh...how do you know, anyway?

VERONICA
(holds up her phone)
I put you on Family Finder before
you left the company.

PETE
What?!?!

VERONICA
And I put myself on hidden, Mr.
Internet.

MOM
It wasn't him.

VERONICA
Who the fuck is she?

PETE
My mom.

VERONICA
(rubs eyes)
Jesus Christ. Okay. If it wasn't
him, Pete's Mom, then who was it
that killed our CEO's Mother!!!

Pete's Mom stands straight, poises defiantly.

VERONICA
You gotta be fucking kidding me.
(to Pete)
Is this an apple not falling far
from the tree equation?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

I like to think of more as the
Fibonacci Sequence.

VERONICA

Funny. But don't start with me on
that.

Pete's Mom has a revelation, starts pointing at Veronica.

MOM

I know you. I know who YOU are.
You're that tramp my Peter tutored.
You let him get you through school
but he's smarter than you.

VERONICA

Smarter than me? Yeah, sure, lady.
He's brilliant. But have you seen
his handwriting? Worse than a 3rd
Grader's. About as legible as
monkeys throwing shit.

PETE

It's not that bad. I mean, monkeys
throwing shit?

VERONICA

Monkeys. Throwing. Shit.

Larry knocks on the door, enters.

LARRY

Everything okay in here?

VERONICA

Who the fuck is this guy?

MOM

You have a dirty mouth.

VERONICA

Pete likes my dirty mouth.
Don'tcha, Pete?

MOM

Peter?

PETE

Well, it doesn't really SOUND like
swearing the way she says it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Veronica high fives Pete.

VERONICA
Fuck yeah, babe.

MOM
You're a tramp.

VERONICA
You trying to hurt me? Well, answer me this, lady. You think it'll hurt more or less after you go fuck yourself?

LARRY
Pete? A word?

PETE
Can it wait? I'm kinda refereeing something right now.

Larry shrugs.

LARRY
It's good news.

Pete turns to the ladies. Mom motions for him to go.

VERONICA
We'll be okay, babe.

She winks. Pete steps outside with Larry, closes the door.

EXT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - 2ND FLOOR WALKWAY -- MORNING

Larry pulls out his phone, searches for a webpage.

LARRY
I checked on AppKing just before that wicked pretty girl with the challenging vocabulary showed up. Your new app? It's number one on their Hot Rush projections.

PETE
Seriously?

Larry hands him the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LARRY

Don't stay on too long. I'm low on data.

INT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - PETE'S ROOM -- MORNING

MOM

I'm gonna do everything in my POWER to get you out of his life.

VERONICA

Good luck with that.

MOM

I'm his MOTHER.

VERONICA

Yeah? Well, I'm gonna blow him. Unless you wanna take that over, too?

Mom struggles to find a response.

VERONICA

No? Hmmmm. Well, if not, then I'm guessing he's choosing ME over YOU. Every. Single. Time.

Pete and Larry re-enter.

PETE

(holding up Larry's phone)

My new app's number one on Hot Rush!

LARRY

Watch the data, Pete.

MOM

That's great, Peter! What's Hot Rush?

Larry takes the phone, shuts it off.

LARRY

It's AppKing's projection of new apps and their potential. I checked it this morning. I can explain further if the kids wanna be alone and you come have breakfast with me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

What'd I say about hitting on my mom?

VERONICA

He can hit on her if your mom doesn't mind.

Veronica turns to Pete's Mom.

VERONICA

Do you mind?

MOM

Not at all.

VERONICA

Let him hit on her, Pete.

MOM

Thank you.

VERONICA

No worries.

MOM

Still think you're a tramp.

VERONICA

Fuck off.

MOM

Your mother should've done a better job raising her daughter.

VERONICA

You kidding me? You raised a serial killer. This guy's a next gen Ted Bundy.

PETE

Bundy used a hacksaw once. Once!

Larry silent agrees, mouths once, holds up a single finger.

PETE

I looked it up.

Veronica sighs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONICA

Fuck me. Okay..... Pete? We gotta figure this out. Your mom killed Troy, the CEO of the company I'm desperately trying to keep alive for us - killed his mom. We're talking SERIOUS damage control. Serious. MOVING. FORWARD. Let's keep the head hunting to just the Board, okay?

She scans the room.

VERONICA

Everyone agree?

Pete smiles.

PETE

I'm in.

Mom, proudly, reluctantly, nods. Larry fiddles with his oxygen tank.

LARRY

I'm sorry. I wasn't paying attention.

VERONICA

What the fuck is up with this guy?

She turns back to Larry.

VERONICA

Are you okay, buddy?

LARRY

Eh, I have -
(takes deep breath)
One. Lung.

VERONICA

You have insurance?

Pete waves her off.

LARRY

They cancelled my -

PETE

Where do we go from here, Veronica?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONICA

Honestly?

MOM

There's a first time for everything.
Why not give it a shot?

Veronica's had it.

VERONICA

I gotta make a phone call.
Afterwards - Pete? Walk me through
this app.

She glances around the room inquisitively.

VERONICA

You should really leave the door
open. It smells like an episode of
ID Discovery.

She covers her nose, exits. Larry, Pete and his Mom extend
their necks, sniff.

MOM

Peter, I don't trust her.

PETE

I'll talk to her, mom. I gotta see
this thing through. I have the
apps. I just need to finish off
this Board and meet with the
Underwriter.

MOM

Will he approve of -

PETE

He only cares about money, mom.
He's a businessman. You know how
that goes. Don't worry. We're
gonna own him, mom. Promise. Now,
lemme pop a quick shower.

MOM

Of course.

Pete enters the bathroom, shuts the door. Mom sniffs the
air again, turns to Larry.

MOM

It doesn't smell in here. Does it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Larry points to his oxygen nose hose, shrugs.

INT. CAFETERIA -- DAY

Pete and Veronica sit in his regular booth. They're referencing the app on her phone.

VERONICA
What's the app called?

PETE
Heads Of My Enemies.

VERONICA
Catchy.

PETE
You like it?

VERONICA
I do.

PETE
It's kind of a cross between Pokemon and Google Maps. You can play with your friends or people you're not particularly fond of.

VERONICA
What's the interface like?

PETE
These drop down menus here? This one - you choose weapons. The more people you kill, the cooler the weapons you earn.

VERONICA
Are there in app purchases?

PETE
Yep. Right here. You unlock the next level with the points you earn and only then are you allowed to purchase the more intricate stuff. Wanna buy a Glock 19? Gotta get to level 3. Want a Microtek Tanto Out The Front knife? Level 4.

Pete scrolls closer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

Check this out - another set of drop down menus offer in app purchases to defend yourself. Kevlar vest? Gotta survive 3 levels. Base jump parachute? 5 levels.

VERONICA

That's amazing! And you just go after each other online?

PETE

Nope. That's the cool part. It interfaces with whatever gps or map application you're using. You can go for the kill, but only when you're near the person.

VERONICA

Pete, this is brilliant.

PETE

I know, right?!?! And check out the tutorial.

He opens it up.

VERONICA

Those avatars look familiar. Me, Troy, Nicole. I guess I'm flattered.

PETE

Yeah, I know. I'm using the public to decide on Nicole. Check it out.

Pete glances at the stats.

PETE

Oh - she's home. Cool. Guess it's in the kitchen.

VERONICA

Do you have more ideas for other apps?

PETE

Of course.

VERONICA

You gotta finish cleaning house.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Then we'll be free to run the company ourselves. Get your mom her home back. Get that crazy guy a new lung.

PETE

What do you get?

VERONICA

I'll be happy seeing the little guy finally win. Look - I'm sorry about that contract you signed. We'll have to do something about that.

PETE

It's okay.

Pete stands.

PETE

Welp. I gotta go kill Nicole. Call you later?

VERONICA

Of course, baby.

He kisses her cheek, exits, waves as he crosses by the window. A moment passes and Troy sits down in his place. Veronica continues to play with the app.

TROY

That looked cozy. Any news? 'Cause I don't think we're gonna make it through this stage of the IPO without something on the charts.

Veronica continues to play with the app.

TROY

Veronica?

She looks up.

TROY

You with me?

VERONICA

Mmmm-hmmm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TROY

I gotta make this quick. I haven't heard from my mother and I'm worried she may have hit the Xanax and vodka a little too hard.

Veronica snickers at the app.

VERONICA

(to herself)

This is amazing.

TROY

Veronica!

VERONICA

Troy!

TROY

You wanna tell me what you're playing that's more important than us folding our company and going to the police?

VERONICA

He's in violation of his contract. And it's empowering him over us.

TROY

How do you know?

VERONICA

'Cause he wrote a new app that's number one on Hot Rush. Just downloaded it. Guess he hacked into our server and uploaded it from Bard Software's IP.

She turns her phone around for Troy to check out.

VERONICA

We're back on top, kids!!

TROY

Holy shit! Any downside for us?

VERONICA

None that I can see. Unless having an ex-employee sell an app through the company he was fired from's a downside. Not sure how the Underwriter would feel about that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TROY
Well, don't tell him, Veronica.

Troy stands.

TROY
I gotta go check on my mother. Call you later?

VERONICA
Of course.

He kisses her on the lips, starts to walk away.

VERONICA
Oh.....Troy?

Troy stops, turns around.

TROY
Yeah, babe?

VERONICA
About your mom.

INT. BUS - MOVING -- DAY

We're at the very back of a public bus as it makes frequent stops. It's crowded and we slowly MOVE FORWARD as PASSENGERS get on and off. All focused on their phones. All playing Pete's app. We pass through groups of people, moving side to side, pseudo killing and surviving in a virtual reality.

At the front of the bus, we make out Pete's Mom. She's watching everyone, glancing at their screens, hearing their joy. We get closer to her, see she's holding an extra oxygen tank near her chest. She's happy, proud of her son.

INT. NICOLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN -- DAY

Carrying a tray with a drink and a sandwich, Nicole enters from the kitchen, sets it down in front of her husband HUBERT "HUBBY" FLECK, 30's, football fit, muscular, a big boy. He doesn't move. We only see him from the waist up.

NICOLE
Feeling any better?

HUBBY
Eh. Still hurts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NICOLE

You need anything, give me a holler.

As she returns to the kitchen, Hubby takes a giant bite of the sandwich. From the sliding glass door, Pete enters carrying his hacksaw.

PETE

Hey. Nicole around?

Hubby's confused, tries to sit up.

HUBBY

(with mouthful of
sandwich)

Kitchen.

PETE

This way?

Hubby nods. Pete walks away.

HUBBY

Do I know you?

Pete enters the kitchen, immediately attacks Nicole. Hubby struggles to stand, hobbles around the couch revealing an extremely large cast covering his entire leg.

Pete and Nicole fight. She's had some gym membership training. This isn't gonna be easy for Pete. He gets an upper hand but with her cardio, this is gonna be tough.

She breaks away from him and Pete steps backwards, right into the Hubby. The Hubby grabs him, Pete spins out, kicks the leg cast HARD!

HUBBY

AHHHHHHHH!!!!

Hubby falls to the ground in pain as Pete chases Nicole, grabs her by the hair.

EXT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - STREET -- DAY

An expensive car idles by the bus stop bench. It's Troy. A bus pulls up, parks at an odd angle to the front of Troy's vehicle.

The bus door opens, letting out the Software Engineers terminated by Nicole.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They're carrying suitcases, backpacks duffle bags.

Randal notices Troy's car.

RANDAL

Ha! Hey, guys! Check out who
stopped by to rub it in?

Randal kicks the grill, walks away, followed by all the other Engineers, kicking, punching, spitting on the car as they pass.

The group moves on and we wonder why the bus door hasn't closed until Aaron, who was hit by a moving vehicle after getting fired, struggles to get out.

Aaron's in a funky arm and neck cast with a rod mounted on his side to keep his arm raised. He has difficulty navigating the bus door, finally makes it to the street and rushes to catch up with everyone else.

The bus moves on.

INT. NICOLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN -- DAY

Nicole achieves the upper hand. Hubby gets close again, Pete kicks his leg.

HUBBY

AHHHHHHHH!!!!

Once again, Hubby hits the deck in pain. Nicole and Pete continue to struggle as Hubby uses the counter to stand up.

HUBBY

Why are you doing this?

PETE

She more or less stole my money.

HUBBY

Nicole, is that true?

NICOLE

Yeah. It's true.

HUBBY

Why would you do that?

NICOLE

To be richer!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HUBBY
I'm calling the cops.

NICOLE
Don't bother. I'm gonna kill this
monkey.

She screams, pushes Pete backwards until they both CRASH onto a glass table, shatter it to the ground.

EXT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - STREET -- DAY

The emergency flashers on, Troy steps to the sidewalk. He focuses on the 2nd Floor, starts walking towards the Taj Majal.

INT. NICOLE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN -- DAY

Nicole's on top, Pete struggling. Hubby's kicking Pete with his good leg. Pete pushes Nicole off, puts everything into a kick to Hubby's cast, THE CAST SHATTERS!! The leg re-breaks, the bone sticking out at an awful angle.

Hubby cries out in pain as Pete mounts Nicole, starts strangling her.

NICOLE
You'll...always...be...a monkey.

WE FOLLOW Hubby feebly crawling away, blocking our view of Pete strangling Nicole. A moment later, Pete rises, relaxed, sees Hubby crawling into the living room.

Pete pulls a knife from a wooden kitchen block, walks past the hacksaw towards Hubby.

FADE OUT:

INT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - PETE'S ROOM -- DAY

Troy enters quietly. The bathroom door is cracked open, the shower running. Troy sees the "Mama Bear" sign and a form beneath the covers. He approaches the bunk, whips off the blankets - it's Larry with an oxygen tank coming right at us.

BAM!!! In Troy's face! Troy staggers backwards, falls over the table. Larry clumsily gets out of bed, holds the tank defensively. As Troy rises, Mom opens the bathroom door. Troy rushes towards her as she SLAMS the door closed and locks it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Troy throws a shoulder against it as Larry shuffles about, trying to get a good angle. BAM! Larry hits a shoulder with the tank. Troy pushes him back, continues working at the bathroom door.

BAM! Larry hits the back of Troy's head. Troy falls to the ground as outside light suddenly fills the room. Pete's entered, a bagged head in each hand.

Pete does the math - closed bathroom door, Larry holding the tank offensively, Troy on the ground. He kicks the door closed. The light on Troy turns to shadow.

Troy rushes past us.

EXT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - PETE'S ROOM -- DAY

The door EXPLODES as Troy bursts through it, runs for his life, quickly pursued by Pete. Larry exits, watches them dart down the hallway and stairs. Mom exits the bathroom, stands by Larry as they rush through the parking lot. In the distance, Parking Enforcement's writing Troy a ticket.

EXT. STREET -- DAY

Pete chases Troy past his car, through PASSERSBY on the sidewalk. Troy runs by another bus bench, Pete sees it, jumps on it, runs and launches himself, flying through the air. Obviously, he's gonna land and tackle Troy.

Until Troy accelerates and Pete lands on a CHARACTER ARTIST's easel, crushing it - and him - to the ground. Troy looks back, sees Pete struggle to get to his feet, turns around and SMASHES into a WOMAN exiting a store. Troy careens into a meter, lands on the ground.

Pete approaches, helps the woman to her feet as Troy struggles to catch his breath.

TROY

You made this personal.

PETE

If you'd treated your employees fairly your mother'd still be alive.

The Woman glances at them both, rushes away.

PETE

Incidentally, I'm really sorry about that. I wasn't aware it was happening until -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pete flashes on opening the motel door, seeing his mom sawing away in the bathroom.

PETE

- Never mind.

TROY

You're going to prison for what you did.

PETE

No, I'm not. You may kill me. But you won't call the cops.

TROY

How can you be so sure?

In the deep background, the Woman speaks with the Parking Enforcement person, points at Pete and Troy.

PETE

'Cause you're greedy. You say it's just business but for us, the ones you kicked to the curb - it's personal. Only reason we're talking on the street and not a courtroom's you need what I have to offer. I'm suddenly a threat to your livelihood. And you know what?

Pete gets really close to Troy.

PETE

I like it. I'm down to one head to complete my collection. Yours.

Pete sees the Parking Enforcement person speak into a radio.

PETE

See you soon, douche bag.

INT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - PETE'S ROOM -- DAY

Pete enters, picks up the heads, places them in the freezer. His Mom and Larry sit on the bottom bunk.

PETE

We're gonna need a bigger freezer.

Pete straightens one of the chairs, takes a seat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

You guys okay? Mom, you okay?

Pete sees the additional oxygen tank.

PETE

Why do you have an extra oxygen tank?

Larry looks away. Pete notices the disheveled bed, his mom in a robe, Larry in boxers and a t-shirt, Larry's hand resting gently on her thigh.

PETE

Oh my God.

Larry removes his hand. Pete's mom puts it back on her thigh.

PETE

Can you....can you please not do that? Mom, it's kinda freaking me out.

MOM

Peter, you know how many times I walked by your room with clean laundry, heard you masturbating and didn't disturb you? Lots, Peter. Lots.

PETE

I...really don't think I had to hear that.

LARRY

To be wise and love, exceeds man's might. Troilus & Cressida. Act 3, Scene 2.

PETE

Really? 'Cause I thought that sounded more like Grits Sandwiches For Breakfast. Kid Rock. 1990.

Pete exhales.

PETE

Mom? Are you happy?

She smiles. Blushes.

EXT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL -- NIGHT

Very quiet. No movement.

INT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - PETE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Pete's alone in the upper bunk. The lower bunk is empty. There's a soft banging noise coming from the wall he shares with Larry. Pete can hear muffled Shakespeare quotes and moaning.

His feet land on the ground. Moments later, he exits his motel room.

INT. BARD SOFTWARE - CONFERENCE ROOM -- NIGHT

Veronica sits. Troy paces. He speaks methodically. Calmly. As if he's already thought this out and is presenting his theory for clarity, affect.

TROY

I'm wondering how we've come to this point. You and I. How this company we founded and built, is now at the mercy of an ex-employee.

Troy stands by Jared's chair

TROY

Jared. Trust fund baby. Drug addict. Alcoholic. His family? Wealthy for generations. Used to brag they built the Nina and Pinta, out sourced the Santa Maria. Is it bullshit? Probably. Makes a great story. Regardless - his father provided substantial angel investor financing in exchange for this very seat. And our best efforts to keep him away from Craft Beers. Like that was possible.

Troy moves on to Shaun's chair.

TROY

Shaun. Quote unquote Former Sex Addict. The Teflon John as his long standing therapist refers to him.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TROY (CONT'D)

Arrested for soliciting prostitution so many times, local police would put him in a cruiser, drive across state lines and drop him off in the nearest red light district just to avoid the long term hassle and court expense caused by his power couple parents who own the most successful International Law Practice on planet earth. In exchange for unlimited complimentary legal services - and a promise to make sure we did our due diligence to keep a steady supply of condoms at easy reach of their blue balled baby boy - this very chair.

Troy moves on to Nicole's chair.

TROY

Nicole. Miss "did you just assume my gender" 2021. Daughter of one of the most powerful leaders in the New York Feminist Movement until she fell for a running back with the New York Jets and pulled a train on Duran Duran at Live Aid. Luckily it was before the internet. Wrote a tell all book, sold the movie rights and boo-yah! Media sensation. Moved in with a well known Publicist who promised good press no matter what, if - for a sizable investment - we guaranteed this very chair for his daughter. Ironically, Nicole marries Hubert "Hubby" Fleck, son of the aforementioned New York Jet running back. Go figure.

Troy crosses behind Veronica. Stands by Brandon's chair.

TROY

Brandon. His dream was to own a beard oil company and name it Man Bun & Beard. If Hipster had a patron saint, it would've been Brandon. Loved everything about the lifestyle, but mostly the aversion to using deodorant since Mother Love magazine said the chemicals in deodorant made their way through the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TROY (CONT'D)

genital area, down the shower drain, into the water table, up through the soil, the plants and finally, yes, into your mouth. Who wants that? Not Brandon nor his significant other nor his OTHER significant other. Never got a clear answer on where his money derived from, we only knew it was a steady stream and purchased not only the building in which we based our company but the entire block. In exchange for the guarantee that should this business grow we would source - and rent - leases from him, we were given this facility and all accompanying utilities - gratis. OH - he also asked for a chair at the table. I stand before said chair.

Troy crossed back to his place at the head of the table. Sits down.

TROY

Which brings us to you, Veronica. You have no influential family. No seed money to invest, no power players, no connections. What you have is a keen mind, incredibly good looks - leaning towards gorgeous - and the ability to manipulate and lure talent to work ungodly hours for very, very little. For those skills, and other side interests you stealthily offer me on occasion, you were provided the chair in which your heavenly carved ass currently resides. So tell me. With everything we've gone through, how do you plan on getting us in from the cold?

VERONICA

You're gonna need to send a text message. You'll have to renege on it before the Underwriter learns of it, but never the less - you have to send a text message.

TROY

To who?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONICA

It's whom, Troy. Guess mommy and daddy donating \$8 million to get you into Harvard doesn't mean you'll actually learn anything AT Harvard now does it?

TROY

To *whom* am I texting?

VERONICA

The monkeys.

EXT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - STREET -- NIGHT

Pete sits on the bus bench, lost in thought. Behind him, we see the Software Engineers, led by Randal and Stacey, moving from the Motel. Randal stops, says something to the group, points at Pete. They head over.

RANDAL

Pete?

Pete turns around.

PETE

Oh, hey guys. How's it going? You all just move in?

RANDAL

Yeah. Earlier today.

Randal sits down. The others stand around the bench.

RANDAL

We couldn't sleep 'cause some lady was moaning really loud while this other dude quoted Shakespeare.

STACEY

Wasn't sure if it was real or just some freak show looping a clip off Porn Hub.

RANDAL

We're gonna head to the cafeteria and grab something to eat if you wanna join us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

I think the Cafeteria closed like an hour ago.

STACEY

Oh, it did. But they throw away the unused food in the dumpster by their alley. We should dip before the feral cats get all the solid stuff.

RANDAL

(standing)

Want us to bring you back something?

PETE

I'm good.

RANDAL

Alright, man.

The group heads down the sidewalk. Pete faces back around. A moment later, Aaron appears, moving as fast as his cast will let him to catch up with the others.

INT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - PETE'S ROOM -- MORNING

Pete's in bed. At the door, we see shadows, hear muffled voices. A note slides underneath.

INT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - PETE'S ROOM -- MORNING

Later.

Pete, his Mom and Larry sit at the table with the note.

LARRY

I think you're looking at this the wrong way, Pete. You ask me, it kinda kills two frogs with one brick.

PETE

How so?

LARRY

Well, frog one - this Troy fellow gets his hands dirty.

PETE

And the second frog?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOM

That tramp's out of your life.

PETE

I'm getting her back, Mom. I need you to accept it.

MOM

Do I have to like it?

PETE

No.

MOM

Okay, then I accept it. The bright side's it keeps the option open for me getting her out of your life. You know my birthday's just around the corner?

PETE

Mom? Please?

MOM

Okay, Peter. I'm sorry. Where are we meeting him?

PETE

We're not meeting him, mom. I'M meeting him - tonight at Hipsterpalooza.

MOM

You can't go alone, Peter.

LARRY

I'll go with him.

Pete's Mom ignores Larry.

MOM

You can't go alone, Peter.

PETE

I'm not, Mom.

MOM

Then who are you going with?

EXT. HIPSTERPALOOZA -- NIGHT

We're across the street. A velvet rope runs parallel to a line of HIPSTERS vaping, stroking beards.

Pete enters frame, looks both ways before crossing. A couple seconds later, the Software Engineers follow him. Just as everyone's about to the other side, Aaron rushes into frame trying to catch up. He suddenly freezes on the tips of his toes as a car skids to a stop, lets him pass.

INT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - PETE'S ROOM -- DAY

We jump back in time a little bit.

MOM

Can you trust these people? I mean, I'm assuming they hate her and Troy.

PETE

Only you hate her, Mom.

MOM

Hmpf.

INT. HIPSTERPALOOZA -- NIGHT

Vape clouds from a Vape Wars competition. Numerous Craft Beer stands. Beard competitions. Beard Oil displays. Name That Gender Identity wheels.

Pete and the Software Engineers enter.

PETE

Damn! Doesn't anybody use deodorant anymore?

RANDAL

Bad for the environment, Pete.

STACEY

Stay woke, Pete.

Through the crowd, Pete sees Troy holding Veronica. Hipsters move about, blocking his view. A few more passes - Troy and Veronica vanish.

Pete pushes through the crowd, followed by the group of Engineers. Sees Troy and Veronica, follows, loses them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Troy pushes Veronica further into the room, finds a corner, turns back, pulls out his phone, sends a text.

Pete continues searching the crowd as each member of the Engineers stops to check their phones and iWatches. They read the text message, look to one another for direction. Randal and Stacey make eye contact. Silently reach a decision.

Pete hits an impasse, turns around. He tries to look between the group of Engineers but with the influx of vape clouds and their bodies his view is blocked.

PETE
Guys, I can't see.

He takes a step forward, they don't budge.

PETE
What gives?

RANDAL
Sorry, Pete.

STACEY
Troy promised us our jobs back.

He tries to break through but they rush him, take him to the ground, dog pile him. Even Aaron, who clumsily tries to stay on the pile.

INT/EXT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - PETE'S ROOM -- DAY

Again, going back in time a little.

Larry and Pete's Mom are seeing him off.

LARRY
These are desperate times. Only a day or two left on the IPO.

MOM
The end is nigh, Peter.

She kisses him on the cheek.

MOM
Be careful.

PETE
Hey...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE (CONT'D)
 (opens arms wide)
 ...Do I look like an idiot?

INT. HIPSTERPALOOZA -- NIGHT

Moving towards the front, the Engineers carry Pete above their heads like he's crowd surfing.

PETE
 I am such an idiot.

They reach the door as a group, easily slip through, except for Aaron whose arm cast doesn't make it, painfully catching the frame. He cries out in pain, adjusts, goes through sideways.

EXT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - 2ND FLOOR WALKWAY -- NIGHT

Larry and Pete's Mom wait anxiously for Pete's return. The bus pulls up and the Software Engineers get out, moving towards their rooms.

There's no sign of Pete and the group refrains from eye contact.

MOM
 I don't see him.

LARRY
 Wait, there's one more -

Aaron clumsily exits sideways, steps to the ground. He doesn't make it far enough and the bus doors close on his arm cast.

He bangs on the door as the bus shifts into gear, drives forward, pulling him a few yards. It hisses to a stop, opens the doors to release him, drives away. Aaron rushes through the parking lot to catch up as Larry escorts Pete's Mom into the room, shuts the door.

INT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - PETE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Larry and Pete's Mom sit at the table waiting. Pete's Mom uses a knife to whittle sharp points at the end of a three foot branch. Numerous others lay about.

There's a knock on the door. She perks up expectantly. Larry places a hand on hers, rises to answer it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As he opens the door, his expression sinks.

LARRY

Et tu, Brute? That's Shakespeare.

VERONICA

Really? I thought it was Kid Rock.
Get the fuck out of my way.

She pushes into the room, sees Pete's Mom.

VERONICA

They have Pete.

MOM

They were supposed to have you.

VERONICA

Yeah, well, they have him now.

MOM

You know, earlier today, my boy was
standing almost exactly where you
are right now. He's not here. But
hey, I lucked out. I got you.

VERONICA

Look, dick, we can bitch at each
other or we can figure out how to
get him back.

There's a silence. Veronica sits.

VERONICA

I'm supposed to tell you where to
find Pete, come with you to rescue
him at which point Troy'll capture
and kill you.

LARRY

Yeah, that's gonna be a no for me,
dog.

They glance at him.

LARRY

I used to watch a lot of American
Idol. Go on.

MOM

I don't like that plan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERONICA

Yeah, it blows. Which is why I came up with this other thing.

(pauses, looks at them both)

Hey - are you guys hooking up?

(realizes)

You are, aren't you? Good for you.

MOM

(genuine)

Thank you.

VERONICA

(also genuine)

You're welcome.

MOM

Still think you're a tramp.

VERONICA

Go fuck yourself. I thought you seemed a little less bitchy than the last time I was here.

MOM

What's your plan?

INT. TROY'S MANSION -- NIGHT

How do you make enough money for a place like this? Bound to a nearby chair, Pete watches Troy unroll layers of black plastic tarp.

PETE

Gotta say, this is a very nice mansion. Is it yours?

TROY

Yes?

PETE

Really?

TROY

Well, technically it's my parents'. But they prefer the other mansion so...

Troys removes tools from a plastic shopping bag, drops them on the tarp.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They're still ziptied to cardboard with barcode stickers.

TROY
(holding up new
hacksaw)
Got this for your mom.

PETE
Very thoughtful. Her birthday's
coming up. Might wanna hide it so
you don't give away the surprise.

TROY
Funny. Full disclosure? I don't
want you to wonder what I'm gonna do
to her. Sooooo I'm gonna let you
watch. Thank me, later.

PETE
Oh, I will. I promise.

TROY
Did you you really think you were
gonna end up with Veronica? She has
no interest in you. She doesn't
really have any interest in me. Her
only interest - motivation, really -
is money.

PETE
That's funny cause it seems like
that's the kinda common ground you
two'd build a solid relationship
foundation on.

TROY
Can't blame you, though. She's
really hot. You know, she made me
promise not to say anything but
really, like it matters. She was
very intent on us locking you up in
that contract. The rest of us were
like 'no way he signs this'. But
you did. Tell me. What would make
you sign a contract like that?

PETE
It was my mom. She lost her job to
someone half her age and twice her
appearance. Had to take out a
second mortgage on her house.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE (CONT'D)

Veronica said she was in with this company, it was going places, and I could be a part of it. Right out of college I have a job writing software, creating apps, taking care of my mother.

TROY

NO intention of getting with Veronica?

PETE

I did, sure. But it was 98% protecting my mom's future. Not mine.

TROY

Well, good on you for that. 'Cause Veronica had zero intentions on you. She pushed you as what she referred to as our hero "app monkey". Said you'd generate product for us - which was true - and that she'd control you - which was not true.

Pete takes it in, tries to hold it together out of pride. His heart is breaking.

TROY

Is it true your dad left your mom for a guy?

PETE

Absolutely true. My little league coach, actually. And I gotta tell you - he was never happier. My parents fought a lot but once they split up - he was really happy. I love my mom but it hurt when she cut them out of my life. I really enjoyed going over to his house. Finally seeing him happy. I miss him.

A doorbell rings.

TROY

That must be your mom. Let's tell her that together, huh?

Troy moves towards the vestibule.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

Troy?!?!

Troy pauses.

PETE

Please don't hurt her. I'll do what you want, write apps for you, you don't have to pay me. Just - please, man? You got the house. You got the money. You got the family power. All my mom and I have is each other.

TROY

You know what *my* father used to say? He used to tell us we were better than the working class. The "app monkeys" if you will. He'd say "unfortunately, there's no lifeguard in the gene pool".

PETE

Troy -

TROY

Hold that thought.

INT/EXT. TROY'S MANSION - VESTIBULE -- NIGHT

Troy opens the door with a smile - it quickly dissipates. All the Engineers bum rush him, push their way in. Again, Aaron misjudges the width, bangs into the wall, screams in pain, has to enter sideways.

INT. TROY'S MANSION -- NIGHT

Later.

Pete and the Engineers watch as Randal and Stacey finish securing Troy to the chair. The group celebrates like frat boys, cheering, pumping fists.

PETE

Great work, guys. Makes me really wanna give you a pass after fucking me over at Hipsterpalooza. Seriously. Thanks, guys.

RANDAL

Sorry about that, Pete. He promised us our jobs back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STACEY

We got families, Pete. Student loans. You understand.

PETE

I do.

RANDAL

Veronica told us "*Troy's so full of shit his eyes are brown*". Thank God for her.

PETE

Yeah. Thank God. Welp. You all may wanna take off.

Pete grabs the hacksaw from the floor, pulls on the zipties.

PETE

I gots some personal bizz-nezz to settle with our CEO.

The Engineers stop cheering. Silence.

PETE

What?

INT/EXT. TROY'S MANSION - VESTIBULE -- NIGHT

The Engineers head for the door, carrying Pete above their heads like at Hipsterpalooza.

RANDAL

Veronica says he's gotta stay alive until the IPO's done.

STACEY

We're really sorry, Pete.

All make it out the door, clear the front sidewalk as Aaron exits, bangs his arm cast in the doorway, screams, carefully goes through sideways, pulling the door closed behind him.

AARON

Guys, he's still tied up! Are we supposed to leave him tied up?!?

He checks to make sure the knob's locked.

AARON

Guys?!?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He rushes to catch up with the others.

INT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - PETE'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Pete's Mom, Larry and Veronica jump to their feet as Pete enters. He's embraced by his mom, Larry's close by, Veronica smiles from her place at the table. They settle down, Veronica sitting with her back to the bathroom.

MOM

Are you okay, Peter?

PETE

I am. The guys saved me.
 (to Veronica)
 Wouldn't let me deal with Troy
 'cause of girlfriend here.

VERONICA

It's -

PETE & VERONICA

- Just business.

PETE

Got it. Lot of that going around.

Pete sits at the table across from her, flanked by his Mom and Larry.

PETE

Troy had a lot to say. A lot.
 About me. About you, really,
 Veronica. But indirectly about me.

VERONICA

He's a fucking liar.

PETE

Well, the thing is - yes. He is a
 liar. But he's an honest liar.
 It's clear what he wants and he's
 either too stupid to hide why he's
 lying or he just doesn't care. I
 think he just doesn't care.

VERONICA

He doesn't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

You, though - are really smart. You covered every angle on this.

VERONICA

Thanks, Pete!

PETE

Except one. You were never good at math. Remember when I tried to teach you the Fibonacci Sequence?

VERONICA

I don't think this has anything to do with what we're dealing -

PETE

It has everything to do with it.

(to his Mom and Larry)

The Fibonacci Sequence is everywhere - nature, the stock market. It best approximates what's called the "Golden Ratio". Technical Traders utilize the mathematical relationships between the numbers in Fibonacci sequences more than the numbers themselves. They take the extreme points on a stock chart, such as the low and high price levels of a long-term trend, and divides the vertical distance between them by the Fibonacci ratios of 23.6%, 38.2%, 50%, 61.8%, and 100%. Once the ratio levels are identified, horizontal lines representing the ratio levels are drawn on a chart, indicating possible support - price stops going lower - and resistance - price stops going higher - levels. You also find it in nature. The number of petals on a flower, for instance, will often be a Fibonacci number. The seeds of sunflowers and pine cones twist in opposing spirals of Fibonacci numbers. Even the sides of an unpeeled banana will usually be a Fibonacci number - and the number of ridges on a peeled banana will usually be a larger Fibonacci number.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Veronica turns to the others.

VERONICA

Like I could ever remember all that.

PETE

That's precisely my point. You just couldn't grasp it. You figured out how to pass the test but you never understood it. And you deal with people the same way.

Pete adjusts his chair.

PETE

You knew you had an in with me. And everyone else at Bard. You just had to figure out to play us all, how to roll that number like Fibonacci to your benefit - 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, 89, 144... What you didn't consider was what we do for a living. Eventually, someone like you - will get the math wrong. We know software and hardware. How to hack into just about anything. Those guys Nicole fired? Those "monkeys" as you called them? You're not hiring them back are you?

VERONICA

Honestly?

MOM

Why start now?

VERONICA

(to Pete's Mom)

Fuck off.

(to Pete)

I would LOVE to. But it's not up to me, Pete. It's -

PETE

Business. Yep. Well, we hacked into that system and not only did we lock everyone and everything out of it, we did a deep search into your pages. And We. Know. EVERYTHING.

Veronica's taken aback. Ponders how to play this. She finally panics - darts for the door, opens it - blocked six

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

deep by the Engineers. They immediately start mimicking and moving like caged monkeys. We PUSH INTO her face -

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

INT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - PETE'S BATHROOM -- NIGHT

We PULL BACK from Veronica's face. She's on her back, secured to a chair in the bathtub.

VERONICA

Don't be an idiot, Pete.

PETE

That's exactly what I'm trying not to be. And staring at you like this? It's hard.

Veronica pouts, smiles.

PETE

My mom was right. You never cared for me. Only cared for what I could do for you.

VERONICA

Well, maybe if you weren't such a mama's boy.

PETE

If I weren't such a mama's boy, I wouldn't have an objective opinion and it'd be me in the bathtub, not you. Oh - incidentally, security systems these days are amazing. So many redundant layers they're quite nearly impenetrable. You were literally 30 seconds from convincing me I was wrong about you. 30 seconds!

VERONICA

You gonna kill me? You really think you have the balls to do that?

PETE

No. I don't. But my mom does.

Pete puts the gag in her mouth, stands. Larry hits play on the chainsaw music as Pete's Mom steps past them with the hacksaw, bends over to start sawing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOM

Sweetie, you may wanna stay still.
This is gonna sting.

Pete and Larry exit, close the door.

EXT. TAJ MAHAL WELFARE MOTEL - 2ND FLOOR WALKWAY -- NIGHT

LARRY

You gonna be okay?

PETE

Yeah. After tomorrow.

Larry glances past Pete. Pete sighs.

PETE

Will you guys PLEASE take off? I'll
see you in a couple days, okay?

The Engineers stand a few feet away.

PETE

GO!

They push past each other, file down the stairs, towards the street. Aaron bangs his arm cast into a box holding a fire extinguisher, knocks it askew, tries to fix it.

PETE

Leave it.

Aaron continues to struggle with the box.

PETE

Leave it, Aaron!

Aaron walks away, rushes down the stairs to catch up with the others.

INT. UNDERWRITER'S KITCHEN/DINING ROOM -- MORNING

A coffee machine percolates. In his robe, the Underwriter enters his kitchen, he has the Heads App open, yawns, fills up his coffee, grabs his morning paper. He notices some movement on the app. Curious, he turns around, grabs his coffee, enters his dining room.

He stops in his tracks. All the heads Pete collected are mounted on pikes his Mom was making. All placed around the dining room table similar to the Bard Conference Room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At the far end, Pete sits at the head of the table, flanked by his Mom and Larry. The chair at the opposite is empty, flanked by a bound and gagged Troy on one side, Veronica's head on the other.

The Underwriter sees all the heads in DUTCH ANGLES, we look at him in a DUTCH ANGLE. As he calms himself, the DUTCH ANGLE LEVELS OUT. He snickers.

UNDERWRITER

This supposed to intimidate me? I call this a Tuesday.

PETE

Have a seat. Please.

The Underwriter sits.

UNDERWRITER

I don't usually conduct business in my home.

PETE

I'd invite you to my mom's but...

MOM

It's been foreclosed.

The Underwriter raises his coffee mug, motions to Troy.

UNDERWRITER

Thanks for not killing him. His father's a very powerful man. Those other Man Bun, Craft Beer, Gender Identifying, Douche Flute vaping pussies? Ah, I could go on. But you, Pete. You're the currency of operations like this. And what you've shown here? Resiliency. Adaptation. Passion. That's the good news.

MOM

What's the bad news?

UNDERWRITER

Well, Pete's mom, the bad news is I own all his creativity. Which I plan to exploit to its fullest. So. What can I do you for, Pete?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PETE

I want my job back. And I want a piece of what I create.

UNDERWRITER

First part - no problem. Second part's gonna be a little tricky.

PETE

Look, I'm tired of guys like you taking advantage of guys like -

UNDERWRITER

Guys like me always win, Pete. Always. Workers of the world unite? Great slogan. You know what else are great slogans? Just Do It. The Quicker Picker Upper. Fly The Friendly Skies. You Deserve A Break Today. *Business* slogans.

PETE

What's to keep me from putting your head on a pike with everyone else's?

UNDERWRITER

You kidding me? Pete, world we live in, the one, true world we live in, you need to create value for yourself. All this -

(motions to the heads)

Impressive. Dramatic. However, extremely counter productive. You know that saying "*a sucker's born every minute*"? Well, an asshole's shit out every second. There's more of us than there are of you. And we'll gang up on you with our lawyers and our money and -

(glances at Veronica)

Our beauty. You really had to kill her? She was so hot. Gonna miss looking at her fo' sho'.

He sips coffee, continues.

UNDERWRITER

We intimidate you into thinking you're worthless and you all believe us. Always. This time next week?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UNDERWRITER (CONT'D)

I'll have five more heads attached to five more bodies doing the grueling work of keeping you monkeys down. Now, I'd like things to remain civil, Pete. I'd like to keep the company going and keep you happy. I'd even be willing to keep your secrets and I'll promise that this asshole to my right keeps them, too, since it looks like that's all who really know. But you gotta get back to work and more importantly, you gotta clean up my dining room before it starts smelling like an episode of ID Discovery. Okay? We good?

(motions towards Pete)

You're either a servant in heaven -

(motions towards himself)

- or a king in hell. Now, get to work.

He rises, takes one last look at Veronica.

UNDERWRITER

What a shame.

He walks into the kitchen, approaches the coffee maker. As he refills his mug, we see his hand is shaking. He's scared. We hear the chainsaw song.

UNDERWRITER

I didn't say play music -

He turns around. Pete's standing in his face.

PETE

I'd rather be a king.

It's over.

INT. CAFETERIA -- DAY

Pete, his mom and Larry sit picking at their food.

EXT. CAFETERIA - SIDEWALK -- DAY

A match ignites. Lights three cigarettes. All three of them lean against the glass, smoking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOM

Larry?

LARRY

Yeah, babe.

MOM

Henry V. Act 4, scene 3, please.

LARRY

If it be a sin to covet honor. I am
the most offending soul.

MOM

I'm proud of you, Peter. Let's go
home.

They toss their cigarettes, walk up the sidewalk. We FOLLOW them, fall behind, BOOM DOWN, see Larry's right hand pulling the oxygen tank, PAN TO THE LEFT, see him holding hands with Pete's Mom, CONTINUE PANNING, see her holding hands with Pete, CONTINUE PANNING, see Pete carrying a large duffle bag full of the heads of his enemies.