

THE AMATEUR

James Grayford
323.807.8599
jamesgrayford@mac.com

Black Screen.

JON (V.O.)
I used to be a nice guy. It didn't
get me very far.

FADE IN:

新生
Xīnshēng
Rebirth

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. BANK - DAY

A HOMELESS MAN sits against a line of windows. His
outstretched hand goes unnoticed by PEDESTRIANS.

Through the glass behind him, we see a SECRETARY lead JON
TIERNEY, late 30's, working class, Carhartt hat & jacket,
construction boots, bushy hair - this man *works* for a living.

She pauses at an office entrance, waits for Jon to pass
before closing the door and walking away. Jon shakes hands
with DAVID PRESCOTT, 40's, the Loan Officer, sits opposite
him.

INT. BANK - PRESCOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

Later. Prescott's perusing Jon's file.

PRESCOTT
Jon, I appreciate your predicament.
However, it doesn't change the
ledger. We gave you the loan,
you're not paying it back.

JON
This last year has been....hard.
I went through a divorce, been
difficult finding a job -

Prescott glances at his watch, leans back. Jon stops mid
sentence. He can see Prescott's lost interest. Prescott
smiles, encouraging him to continue.

JON (CONT'D)
 (resigned)
 You're not gonna help me are you?

PRESCOTT
 You don't come up with the money
 the bank will take your house.

EXT. BANK - DAY

We're outside again as Jon leaves the office, exits the bank. He pauses, glances at the Homeless Man who extends his palm to him. With nothing to give, Jon's hands remain in his pockets. The Homeless Man watches him walk away.

INT. WELFARE OFFICE - DAY

An LED displays the number 57. Jon sits amidst a group of people waiting their turn. Jon holds ticket 58.

A MAN stands in front of a glass partitioned service window opposite a WELFARE WORKER, 50's, female.

WELFARE WORKER
 Your aid's exhausted. I'm sorry.

She slides a couple print outs, circles addresses.

WELFARE WORKER (CONT'D)
 Here are the closest soup kitchens
 and these are homeless shelters.
 They only have so many beds. For
 the best chance at getting one
 arrive before 6pm.

The Man takes the papers, walks away. The Welfare Worker looks up at the number - it changes to 58.

WELFARE WORKER (CONT'D)
 58.

Jon's gone, his number left on the chair.

WELFARE WORKER (CONT'D)
 58?

She changes the LED display.

WELFARE WORKER (CONT'D)
 59.

INT. DINER - DAY

Jon enters, heads for a booth where his ex-wife, MICHELLE TIERNEY, late 30's, definitely not wearing Carhartt, probably wouldn't get caught dead in it, sits with a cup of coffee. He scans the diner.

JON
Where's Dylan?

MICHELLE
With his stepfather.

JON
Beau isn't his stepfather. Why isn't Dylan here?

MICHELLE
'Cause you're behind on child support.

JON
Can we not do this? You know I've been out of work since the pandemic hit. You know how I know? 'Cause that's when you jumped ship to someone else. And let's be honest - it's not like you need the money.

A WAITRESS approaches, smiles at Michelle, glares at Jon.

WAITRESS
Are we ordering today or doing water again?

JON
Water, please.

She walks away.

MICHELLE
You get caught up, you get to see your son. It's pretty simple, really.

JON
Michelle, you think I want to be struggling? You think I want the bank to evict me? Can I please see my boy? I know he misses me.

MICHELLE
No. You can't. Not until you pay me what you owe me.

She rises from the booth, takes cash from her purse.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
I'll get my coffee. Again.

She sets a twenty on the table.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
You brought this on yourself, Jon.

JON
How?

MICHELLE
By failing me.

The Waitress sets down Jon's glass of water, continues on her way. Michelle slips on her sunglasses, heads for the door.

The entrance bell rings. We're behind ADAM SINGER, 30's, nice suit, as he walks in the diner. He pauses, holds the door for Michelle, looks toward the booths. Though he's sitting in the middle booth, Jon's unseen, tucked to the side, blocked by the angles of tall, louvered walls.

Adam heads for the left booth, slides in. He's sitting back to back with Jon, the wall separating them. The Waitress swings by, sets down a menu, walks away. There's a buzzing, vibrating. Adam pulls out his phone, answers it.

ADAM
I can't really talk, I'm in a diner.

There's an indistinguishable voice on the other end.

ADAM (CONT'D)
We have a complication.

Though Adam's speaking softly, Jon hears him through the wall.

ADAM (CONT'D)
My contractor's either off the radar or ghosting me and the Mark's gotta be fulfilled ASAP or we have a problem.
(lowers voice more)
It's a straightforward hit. One target. Civilian.

Adam looks up, sees no one, continues.

ADAM (CONT'D)

He's gonna be arrested, that's the problem.

Jon glances around as well like "anyone else hearing this?"

ADAM (CONT'D)

Yes, the contractor accepted the deposit.

Aggressive, angry dialogue can be heard from the caller.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I can't do the hit myself. I don't have time. No. No. I don't have time.

The caller hangs up. Adam sets the phone on the table.

Jon continues to listen, hears Adam open the menu, flip the plastic pages back and forth. The Waitress returns.

WAITRESS (O.S.)

We ready?

ADAM (O.S.)

Club Sandwich. No mayo. Iced Tea.

He returns the menu and she passes Jon's table. Jon contemplates, impulsively rises, steps over to Adam's booth. Adam looks up. Jon's incredibly nervous.

JON

I could do it.

ADAM

I'm sorry?

Though she can't hear from the order counter, the Waitress turns as she places the tag on the swivel, spins it around while watching the interaction.

JON

I...overheard.

Jon points at the phone. Adam becomes unsettled, agitated.

JON (CONT'D)

I really need the money. I'm desperate.

ADAM

I don't know what you *think* you may have heard.

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

But trust me when I encourage you to walk out that door and forget you heard *anything*.

The Waitress calls from the counter.

WAITRESS

Is he disturbing you?

(to Jon)

Please don't bother the paying customers.

ADAM

It's okay, really. This gentleman was...(to Jon)...leaving.

Jon nods, drops his head, shamefully exits. Adam watches as he walks past the line of windows.

WAITRESS

Sorry about that.

ADAM

He in here a lot?

WAITRESS

Used to come in all the time with his wife and kid. Not so much anymore. I think he's, you know, kinda scraping by now.

INT. JON'S TRUCK - DINER PARKING LOT - DAY

Jon closes the door, sticks the key in the ignition. Adam knocks on the window, motions for him to roll it down. Adam holds up a napkin.

ADAM

You know what this is?

Jon squints. There're numbers and letters scrawled on it.

JON

My license plate.

ADAM

Right. Which means I know who you are, where you live. You know who I am or where I live?

Jon shakes his head.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Hiring an amateur's against my
better judgment. Here. Take this.

He hands Jon a phone.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Keep it with you. Wait for a text.

Jon studies it.

ADAM (CONT'D)
You do know what you're getting
yourself into?

Jon stares back at him, nods.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Of course you do. You overheard my
phone call. Glad we understand
each other.

JON
How much do I get?

ADAM
We're already out of pocket
so...not as much as usual.

Adam points at the phone.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Wait for the text. When you've
completed the assignment, text
back, we'll get you paid.

Adam takes a step away, turns as an afterthought, points
aggressively at Jon.

ADAM (CONT'D)
And keep your mouth shut!

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The burner phone rests on the kitchen table. Jon sits
staring at it.

Later.

Jon stands by the counter, still staring at the phone.

Later.

Jon sits on the counter sipping a glass of water, stares at the phone.

Later.

Jon's in the chair again, leaning back, rocking slightly, eyes glued to the phone. A light comes on, it vibrates. Startled, Jon nearly falls backwards, catches his balance, stands.

He's scared, takes a moment, decides whether or not to touch the phone, gently reaches for it, turns it over, lifts it up.

He scrolls through a series of texts - a name, an address, pictures of the Mark who's a PHOTOGRAPHER, early 40's, rail thin, bald, not the least bit physically intimidating.

Jon lowers the phone. Shit just got real.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

On Jon's bed is the burner phone and an old Glock. Jon pulls on his weathered Carhartt jacket, flips up the collar. He turns, sees the gun on the bed, picks it up. He stares at it as if deciding whether or not to do the job, slips it in his pocket, grabs the phone.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jon rummages through a drawer, finds a screwdriver, exits the house. Through the kitchen window, we see him get in his truck, drive away. We PULL BACK, rest on a photo of a young boy, DYLAN, 8.

INT. JON'S TRUCK - DRIVING - DAY

Jon drives past The Photographer's house. No cars out front, no activity inside. He pulls off the road, backs into the woods, turns off the engine.

Through the foliage he has a view of the house. He lights a cigarette, hangs his arm out the window.

The cigarette burns.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. JON'S TRUCK - NIGHT

The cigarette's a long ash. We hear Jon wake and as his hand shakes, the ash falls off. Jon stares at the house - it's still dark inside however there's a car out front.

Jon checks he has his Glock and screwdriver, gets out.

EXT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S HOUSE - ROAD/DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Jon approaches the driveway, gets a good view of the car, the front of the house. He's nervous, scared. He looks around, attempts to step forward, freezes. He can't do it.

INT. JON'S TRUCK - NIGHT

We hear crunching gravel as Jon approaches, gets in the truck, puts the key in the ignition, pauses. He flashes on the loan officer's lack of empathy, Michelle sliding her sunglasses on at the diner, his son DYLAN, 8, blowing out birthday candles then hugging him and finally Adam holding the napkin with his info on it.

Jon removes the key, sits back. An eerie calm washes over him. He's serene, focused, intent.

He gets out of the truck.

EXT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jon sneaks past the car, carefully ascends the creaking steps, pulls out his screwdriver. He sticks it into the keyhole, wiggles it around to no avail, pulls it out.

As he wedges it between the door and the frame, a light turns on inside behind him and we see TINA, 30's, a husky, muscled woman, move about. This is definitely not the Photographer from the text pictures.

Tina pauses, hears something, exits frame. Suddenly, the door opens startling Jon. He looks up - Tina towers over him, her t-shirt emblazoned with the words *BAD MOTHERFUCKER*.

She push kicks him backwards down the stairs, the screwdriver flying from his hands as he lands HARD on his ground. Tina descends on Jon, mounts him and begins pounding her fist into his face.

Jon gets her off, rushes inside, locks the door.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jon steps back, catches his breath. Before he can recover, Tina kicks the door open, busting its hinges. Jon pulls out his Glock but Tina knocks it to the floor, rushing Jon and tackling him through another room.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S HOUSE - PHOTO STUDIO - NIGHT

They land on the floor surrounded by photo lights, backdrops, camera stands. Tina lifts Jon by his lapels, his hands struggling to disengage hers as she spins him around, tosses him back into the kitchen.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jon reaches for his gun - Tina stomps hard on his arm. He screams, recoils, kicks his boot into her right knee, turning her around.

She attempts to face him and Jon lands a football kick to her head, sending her off balanced into the hall. He rushes her this time, the force carrying them through yet another room.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S HOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Jon ends up rolling over her, stopping against the far wall. Tina rises, runs towards him as he yanks a power cord, tripping her into a bank of computers.

Trying to stabilize, she grabs the shelves, pulling the whole set up down onto herself. Jon picks up a desktop computer, proceeds to slam it repeatedly on her head until she stops moving.

He pushes the equipment off her - she's bloody, cut, fading but throws a fist into his groin. He falls to his knees. As she struggles to stand, he pushes her to the ground, mounts her, pinning her arms and choking her.

It's no longer tongue in cheek - this is murder now. Tina pulls on his arms, slaps them, fighting for her life as Jon's intensity pours everything he has into throttling her. Once she's motionless, eyes staring vacantly, he relents.

PHOTOGRPAHER (O.S.)

Tina?

Hearing the voice, Jon staggers to his feet, slides slowly along the wall, peeks through the broken door.

The Photographer from the text photo sets a small box and paper bag on the table, glances into the photo studio.

PHOTOGRAPHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Tina?

INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Photographer's standing at the door to the studio as Jon calmly steps into the hallway, the creaking floor startling the Photographer. He turns, sees Jon, his lungs heaving.

Jon grabs him, pulls him into the office. As Jon pummels the man, we move into the kitchen, settle on the pistol.

The background sounds silence and Jon limps into frame, reclaims his weapon. As he exits the house, we move to the side, notice a piece of fabric torn from Jon's clothes hanging on the edge of the table.

EXT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jon descends the stairs, tired and beat up, walks from the house, the pounding of his heart growing, the sound louder and louder until it overtakes all noise.

He retrieves the screwdriver, heads for the road.

INT. JON'S TRUCK - NIGHT

Jon approaches the truck. The heartbeat continues to pound as he opens the door, gets in, slams it shut - the beating sound ends.

He starts the truck, drives away.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Jon's in the shower, crying uncontrollably.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jon sits at the kitchen table, burner phone in hand. He texts "*it's done - when can I get \$\$\$*". He sets the phone down, moves into the bedroom, goes to sleep.

FADE OUT:

EXT. BEAU'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Upscale. Manicured lawns. Wealthy. Parked in the driveway, Jon's truck is very much out of place. Jon stands on the front landing, knocks.

BEAU STANTON, late 30's, tall, well groomed, handsome, answers the door.

BEAU

Jon?

Though cleaned up, Jon's still bruised, a little out of sorts. He hands Beau a manilla envelope full of money.

JON

I'd like to see my son tomorrow.

Beau takes the envelope, nods, looks Jon in the eye.

BEAU

Jon - this isn't my doing. I'll never get between you and your boy, keep him from you. I hope you know that.

Jon respectfully nods.

JON

Tomorrow?

BEAU

I'll let her know.

EXT. DINER - DAY

BILLE SPEARS, 40's, approaches the front door.

INT. DINER - DAY

Jon sits in the middle booth, the Waitress approaches.

WAITRESS

Lemme guess - water.

JON

Two menus please. And I'll have a large iced tea.

WAITRESS

Is your wife meeting you? Who's paying for this?

Jon throws a hundred dollar bill on the table.

JON
Ex. Wife.

Skeptical, the Waitress sets down the menus, leaves.

The entrance bell rings. Bille steps in, heads for Jon's booth. Jon looks up as she slides in, smiles.

JON (CONT'D)
Can I help you?

BILLE
I'm good.

Jon's a little uncomfortable.

JON
I'm waiting for my son.

Bille continues to smile.

JON (CONT'D)
I'm sorry, do we know each other?

BILLE
Kinda...

Bille leans in, speaks quietly.

BILLE (CONT'D)
I'm the one you pinch hit for.

EXT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S HOUSE - ROAD/DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

After the murder. As Jon walks down the road we pull back, reveal Bille watching. She heads down the driveway to the house.

BILLE (V.O.)
Yeah. *That* job.

INT. DINER - DAY

Realization hits Jon.

JON
You here to kill me?

BILLE
Thinking about it.

Jon's terrified.

BILLE (CONT'D)
I'm kidding. I mean, I'm supposed
to, but...I don't think so. Not
anymore.

The Waitress returns with Jon's tea and a straw.

WAITRESS
(to Bille)
Can I get you anything?

BILLE
I'm good, thanks.

The Waitress walks away.

BILLE (CONT'D)
You didn't do much homework, huh?
Didn't figure out the who-what-
where-when-how am I not gonna get
caught.

JON
You want the phone back?

Bille shakes her head, a bit endeared by how green he is.

BILLE
I have my own, thanks.

JON
I don't want it. Here.

He pulls it out, extends it to her.

BILLE
What? Did you think you were just
gonna take somebody out, make some
money and disappear? Yeah? Well,
you can disappear but it's forever.

She pushes his hand away.

BILLE (CONT'D)
Keep the phone. You're gonna need
it. And next time? Be humane.
Use the gun. Most of these folks
have it coming but still. You
know? And wear latex gloves.
(holds up hands, wiggles
fingers, whispers)
Fingerprints.

JON

What if I throw it away? Or leave
it off?

BILLE

Look, buddy, I just work here. I
didn't create the menu. I'm just
handing you the lunch tray.

The entrance bell rings. Bille glances to the side.

BILLE (CONT'D)

Awww...is this your little guy?

Jon sees Dylan and Michelle step inside. He swiftly turns
back to Bille.

BILLE (CONT'D)

Relax. I'm not an asshole.

Bille and Jon stand as Dylan and Michelle approach. Michelle
sees Jon's bruises.

MICHELLE

What happened to you?

BILLE

He had an accident at his new job.

She winks at Jon, heads for the door.

MICHELLE

Who was that?

Jon has no idea what to say.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

She helping you get back on your
feet?

JON

Yeah. She's an....independent
contractor.

MICHELLE

7pm?

Jon takes a moment to get his head back in the game.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

You'll bring him back at -

JON

Sorry. Of course. 7pm.

MICHELLE
You alright?

JON
7pm. You got it.

Michelle slides her sunglasses on, descends to Dylan.

MICHELLE
Gimme a hug.

Dylan embraces his mother, stares at Jon. They share a smile.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Jon sits on a bench watching Dylan play with a bunch of other kids. We hear a vibration. Jon pulls out his personal phone - nothing. The vibration continues.

Jon mini-panics, realizes it's the burner phone. He glances over a shoulder, checks the burner - "*one new message*", stares at it, turns the phone off without opening the text.

Dylan runs up with another little boy, JEREMY, 8.

DYLAN
Dad, can Jeremy come to dinner with us?

JON
Jeremy? I'm Dylan's father.

Jon extends his arm for a fist bump. Jeremy has no idea what he's doing.

DYLAN
Like this.

Dylan fist bumps his Dad. Jeremy smiles, fist bumps Jon as well, laughs.

JON
Where are your parents, Jeremy?

DYLAN
His dad leaves him and takes off. I think they just moved here.

JON
(to Jeremy)
When's your dad coming back?

Blank stare from Jeremy.

JON (CONT'D)
 Maybe next time, Dylan.
 (to Jeremy)
 It was nice meeting you, Jeremy.

Jeremy extends his arm to Jon, fist bumps him then does the same to Dylan.

INT/EXT. JON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM/KITCHEN - MORNING

Someone's banging on the front door. Jon wakes, pulls on sweat pants, steps into the kitchen. Through the glass on the front door, we see the top of a Sheriff's hat.

Jon nearly shits, glances out the kitchen window, sees a Sheriff's car and what looks to be a regular sedan. He opens the door. A DEPUTY SHERIFF stands with Prescott the loan officer.

DEPUTY SHERIFF
 You Tierney? Gotta put this on your door.

He places a "5 Days Notice To Pay Or Quit" notification on it, steps back.

DEPUTY SHERIFF (CONT'D)
 Might as well pack your things and start getting.

JON
 Says I have five days.

DEPUTY SHERIFF
 You ain't paid it yet, what makes you think it's gonna suddenly appear in five days?

Jon starts to close the door, opens it back up, rips off the "Pay Or Quit" notice and returns inside.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Jon sets the notice on the table. Thinks.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Moments later.

Jon turns the burner phone back on. Clicks on the "one new message", responds "Gotta be more than last time". He waits. A new message appears "Alright. Needs to be done ASAP!"

A flurry of information texts scroll through with a name, address, picture, etc.

EXT. PROFESSIONAL MAN'S APARTMENT BLDG - MAIL BOXES - DAY

Jon walks down the length of mail boxes, searching for a name. He finds the correct box and with rubber gloves, uses a small crowbar to pry it open and steal the letters.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Sitting at the table and wearing rubber gloves, Jon sifts through the mail - spam for Senior Living, a postcard from a relative, etc.

He opens a letter from a Cardiology Institute. It's an invoice for Cardiac Resynchronization Surgery. Jon sets it aside, collects the others into a single file.

He lifts up the phone, finds the picture. It's a PROFESSIONAL LOOKING MAN, 50's, clean cut.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. WOODED PATH - DAY

The Professional Looking Man walks down a wooded foot path. Jon's following him. Quickly, we pull way, way up, see the footpath as well as a busy street and a series of apartment buildings.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

A map on Jon's kitchen table. There's a circle with the hand written note "apartment building" and a line drawn with the notation "morning walk" leading to the footpath. Various times in different colored inks.

Between the house and path is a very small road with "park truck here" and an arrow. Upon the footpath is a red "X".

FADE OUT:

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Everything's cleaned up and cleared off. Everything's neat. Coffee mug drying, pot in sink, water slowly dripping from the faucet.

EXT. PROFESSIONAL MAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

The Man leaves his apartment, locks the door.

EXT. PROFESSIONAL MAN'S APARTMENT BLDG - MORNING

The Man crosses the street, follows the route from Jon's map.

EXT. PROFESSIONAL MAN'S STREET - MORNING

The Man reaches the other side. We see Jon's truck parked in the background as The Man makes his way to the footpath, starts his morning walk.

EXT. WOODED FOOTPATH - MORNING

We're pushing down the footpath from the opposite direction, see The Man in the distance. Jon steps into the POV. He's walking with his hands in his pockets, The Man approaching from far away.

Jon glances behind, cranes his neck to see forward. No one's around. As he's reaching The Man, he removes two very large stun guns, clicks them both on. Again, he's wearing latex gloves.

He pushes the stun guns HARD into The Man's chest, electric current surging into his heart and short circuiting the pacemaker.

He slowly collapses, clutches his chest, tries to push the stun guns away to no avail, losing the battle and going limp. Jon feels for a pulse, puts his ear to the man's chest - nothing.

EXT. WOODS - MORNING

Jon rushes through the trees.

EXT. PROFESSIONAL MAN'S STREET - MORNING

Jon's in his truck, disassembling the stun guns. He starts the truck, pulls out - HONK!!! - a car flies past, nearly clips him.

EXT. VARIOUS ROADS - MORNING

Jon tosses out the disassembled parts. He pulls over, removes the rubber gloves, tosses them from the truck. He texts "*it's done*" and drives away.

INT. BANK - PRESCOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

Money wrapped in the "Pay Or Quit" notice lands on Prescott's desk. He looks up.

PRESCOTT

You need to take it to -

He sees Jon's intensity.

PRESCOTT (CONT'D)

You know what? Lemme get this going for you.

He rises, grabs the money, heads for the Tellers.

PRESCOTT (CONT'D)

I'll be back with your receipt.

There's a vibrating sound. Jon glances around, is anyone watching, stealthily pulls out the burner phone. Nothing. The vibration continues. He digs out his personal phone, answers it.

JON

Hello?

INT. WORKSITE - TRAILER - DAY

A worksite trailer at a construction site. REED SMITH, 50's, sits at a desk, bouncing a bit in his chair, projecting his voice into a speaker phone.

To his right EDDIE VELEZ, 40's, stands near the door. To his left, BOBBY JOHNSON, 40's, portly, leans against the file cabinets, holding a beer can wrapped in a paper bag.

REED

Jon! How you doing buddy?!?!
Listen, things are picking up now
that the Mask Mafia's backed off.
Could use your hammer on site here
part time. You up for it?

INT. BANK - PRESCOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

Jon stands by the window.

JON

Absolutely. Yes, sir.

INT. WORKSITE - TRAILER - DAY

REED

Great. Swing by tomorrow and we'll
get you back on payroll.

Reed punches a button, hangs up.

EDDIE

Part time?

Reed smiles. They all laugh.

EXT. BANK - DAY

Prescott hands Jon the receipt. Jon exits, relieved, pulls
out the burner phone, turns it off. He glances down at the
Homeless Man, reaches into a pocket, pulls out some bills and
hands them to him as he passes.

EXT. TRAFFIC INTERSECTION/CROSS WALK - DAY

Jon stands on the corner waiting for the light to change.
Bille appears next to him.

BILLE

You're really racking up the body
count there, aren't ya', Jon?

The walk signal turns green and Bille moves into the street
amongst the public. Jon falls into step with her.

BILLE (CONT'D)

Stun guns? Nice. How'd you know
he had a pacemaker?

JON
Stole his mail.

BILLE
Careful using your personal
vehicle. An accident like the one
you avoided places you at the
scene.

She hands him the piece of fabric torn off in the
Photographer's house.

BILLE (CONT'D)
Clothes, too.

Jon slows as Bille continues, disappears.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Jon watches Dylan and Jeremy play. They run up to him for a
water break. Jon hands them bottles. They fist bump him.

JON
Your dad here today?

Jeremy shakes his head before he and Dylan head back to play.

EXT. BEAU'S HOUSE - DAY

Dylan enters the house, disappears. Beau's at the door with
Jon.

JON
She around?

BEAU
Pilates.

JON
She doing pilates?

BEAU
This week, yeah.

They share a laugh. Jon hands over a manilla envelope.

JON
I wanted to tell her I'm a little
short.

Beau pauses.

BEAU
Can I make it up and you get me
back next time? You know how she
can be.

Beau's sincere. Jon weighs the offer.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Neither you nor me wanna....hear
it. Am I right?

Jon smiles, nods.

JON
Appreciate it.

Beau extends his hand. They shake.

INT. JON'S TRUCK - DRIVING - BEAU'S HOUSE - DAY

Driving off, Jon waves as Beau shuts the door.

EXT. WORKSITE - BUILDING - DAY

Jon and other CONSTRUCTION WORKERS build the skeletal
structure.

EXT. WORKSITE - BUILDING - DAY

The Workers sit, legs dangling, lunch boxes open. Jon holds
his paycheck and payroll envelope, turns to a CO-WORKER.

JON
Have your checks been off? Like a
lot?

The Co-Worker shakes his head. Jon leans back, calls to the
others.

JON (CONT'D)
What about you guys? Your checks
off? Like a lot?

Nope. Everyone's whole. Jon's taken aback.

EXT. WORKSITE - BUILDING - DAY

The end of day horn sounds.

EXT. WORKSITE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Jon walks to his truck, opens the door, pauses, shuts it. He turns to the Worksite Trailer, thinks.

EXT. WORKSITE - TRAILER - DAY

Carrying the check and envelope, Jon heads toward the trailer with purpose.

INT. WORKSITE - TRAILER - DAY

Jon enters. Reed's behind the desk, Eddie's at his spot directly to Jon's left and Bobby's to the right clutching his paper bagged beer by the file cabinets.

Jon holds the paycheck and envelope.

JON

I think there's a mistake. My checks...don't seem right.

REED

Checks are right. I do them myself.

JON

It's actually off by -

REED

(interrupting)

Jon, if you're unhappy with what you're paid - the door's right there.

JON

You brought me back part time.

REED

That's correct.

JON

And for a while, I worked part time.

REED

That's also correct.

JON

But the past few weeks, you've been having me work full time.

REED
3 for the 3.

EDDIE
You're on a roll there, Jon.

JON
But you're still paying me part
time.

BOBBY
Damn, Jon, I think you just hit for
the cycle!

Bobby, Reed and Eddie laugh.

JON
Look, I'm grateful to be working
again. But I'm doing it full time.
I'm behind on my mortgage, my child
support. My Ex is gonna keep my
kid from me. Can I get paid for
the work I'm doing?

REED
Pandemic took a big piece outta us,
Jon.

BOBBY
We all gotta make sacrifices.

JON
What's your sacrifice? Cheaper
beer?

BOBBY
Why you think it's in a bag?

The group laughs again.

REED
Got a line of guys willing to fill
your spot. Say the word.

JON
I'm gonna be living out of my
truck.

REED
Glad we're on the same page.

Jon looks around the room. They're all smirking.

EXT. WORKSITE - TRAILER - DAY

Jon heads for his truck, hears laughter break out inside.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Jon enters. Beau's waiting for him. Jon sits, holds his hands out like "what's up?".

BEAU

She found out. Looked at the bank accounts. Confronted me. I had nowhere to go so I lied to her. She doesn't know we're having this conversation. I don't know how much longer I'm gonna be able to -

JON

It's okay. Thanks for all you've done. Appreciate it.

BEAU

I'm confused as to why she has it out for you, Jon. I really am.

JON

She resents me for not providing her with the life she has with you. Wish she would've given me a heads up before we had Dylan.

BEAU

He's a good kid. And you're a good father.

Jon nods.

BEAU (CONT'D)

Can I buy you a drink?

JON

I should get going.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN/BATHROOM - NIGHT

The burner's on the kitchen table. Jon stands contemplating it. Takes his time, picks it up, studies the phone, holds it then roughly sets it back down.

He steps into the bathroom, leans on the sink, stares into the mirror. Who is he? Turning on that phone means....but he really needs the money.

He pushes off the sink and we rush towards him as he quickly steps to the table, grabs the phone - pauses - turns it on.

The phone registers a signal. He stares, waits. No text.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jon's asleep. In the kitchen, the phone illuminates and begins vibrating. Jon doesn't wake. Info scrolls along the screen - name, address, picture of the PONZI MAN, 30's, average build.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PONZI MAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

We're watching through a long POV as the Ponzi man drives up to an apartment building, parks his car and walks to the structure. He carries a fast food bag and cardboard drink container.

INT. JON'S TRUCK - DAY

Jon's observing through binoculars, sees the Ponzi Man check out his surroundings before entering the apartment.

EXT. LARGE PARKING LOT - DAY

An older model car pulls in and parks. The OWNER gets out, walks away, passing Jon who's heading straight to it.

He pulls out a Slim Jim, glances around, slips it between the window and driver's door, opens it, gets inside, drops from sight. Moments later the engine starts, Jon reappears, drives off.

INT. GUN SHOW - DAY

Aisles of independent and sponsored stalls. If you've heard, read or seen a weapon it's for sale here. Jon wanders the aisles, stopping to browse, hold, inspect various pistols.

He's accosted by an older vet, GEORGE, 60's, long grey hair, weathered beret.

GEORGE
Anything particular, son?

JON
Looking for an inexpensive 9mm or
45. Something if I lost I wouldn't
be too upset.

GEORGE
You fired a weapon before?

JON
Many times.

GEORGE
Armed Forces?

Jon nods.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Thank you for your service.

George directs him to a glass case, lifts it up.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
Paying cash?

JON
Preferably.

George smiles.

GEORGE
Why don't you check these out.

Jon gazes into the case, eyes a 45.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
It's missing the serial numbers.
(lowers voice)
I can also get you ghost guns.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Pull back from the 45 resting on a map of an apartment
building located next to a bike path. Jon runs a finger up
the path until he reaches a street, circles it.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Newspaper's taped to the stolen car's windows. Wearing a
KN95 mask and goggles, Jon repaints the vehicle.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Later.

The repainted car behind him, Jon sits smoking a cigarette, the goggles hang around his neck. In the distance, he sees a CYCLIST ride by. Jon smiles, gets an idea.

INT. GOODWILL - DAY

Jon buys used clothes.

EXT. JON'S HOUSE - DAY

We follow as a POSTMAN approaches Jon's house, drops letters into a mailbox, walks off. We continue pushing towards the house, society unaware of him pursuing his new profession inside.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Wearing rubber gloves, Jon wipes off the 45 and shells, carefully loads them into the magazine, slides that into the weapon. Everything's neat, meticulous, organized. He rises, walks away, removing the gloves.

We push in on the table - weapons, keys, lock picks, pictures, maps with writing, arrows, times, etc.

He's ready.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

杀手
Shāshou
Killer

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

In his Goodwill clothes, Jon pulls a tarp from the stolen car, pops the trunk and puts a bicycle inside.

EXT. FAST FOOD DRIVE THRU - DAY

Ponzi Man receives his order from the CASHIER.

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

In the stolen car, Jon observes Ponzi Man pull into traffic. He follows.

EXT. PONZI MAN'S APARTMENT BLDG - DAY

Ponzi Man pulls into the parking lot. Jon continues driving.

EXT. ROAD NEAR BIKE PATH - DAY

Jon parks on the side street. He removes the bike from the trunk, rides down the path.

EXT. PONZI MAN'S APARTMENT BLDG - OTHER SIDE - DAY

Jon gets off the bike, sets it against the building, heads for the stairwell.

EXT. PONZI MAN'S APARTMENT - STAIRWELL - DAY

Jon lower his mask, silently ascends the stairs to Ponzi Man's door. He takes out his lock picks, slides them into the door handle, trips the pins, opens it.

INT. PONZI MAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

The apartment's bare - a couple boxes propped up as a table, plastic chairs which look like they were stolen from a porch, garbage on a counter.

Jon enters, hears a slight creak. He pulls out his weapon, moves through the apartment, sees the Fast Food on a box.

From the hallway, Ponzi Man can hear Jon, however Jon's closer to the table than he is. Jon enters frame, walks around the table, looks straight at us - Ponzi Man's in full view.

Trapped, Ponzi Man raises his hands. Jon FIRES two shots into his chest. Ponzi Man falls to his knees then the ground. Jon steps over, finishes him with a bullet to the head.

A ringing deafness from the shots fill our ears. Jon picks up a shell, searches for the other two. Frustrated, he removes his mask.

As he finds the shells, a door slowly opens to the side and a person cautiously enters the room - Jeremy, the boy from the park. He stares at Jon, extends his arm for a fist bump.

Jon flashes back to his surveillance - *Ponzi Man driving alone, Ponzi Man exiting and entering the apartment alone, multiple times at the Fast Food place* - always alone.

Until Jon's recollection zooms into the cardboard drink carrier - *two drinks - one large, one small*. Always two drinks. We push into the drink carrier on the table - two drinks - one large, one small.

Jon stares at Jeremy. Jeremy's looking at his father on the ground, turns back to Jon, the little arm still extended.

EXT. PONZI MAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

A flash from gunfire. Moments later, Jon appears, mask on, exiting and rushing down the stairwell. He mounts the bike and pedals away.

EXT. JUNKYARD - DAY

Jon parks, quickly wipes down the car, pulls the plates, takes out the bicycle and rides off.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

Jon uses a rat tail file to scrape the ballistic fingerprint from his gun's barrel. He tosses the 45 into the water, gets back on the bike and pedals.

EXT. VARIOUS ROADS - DAY

Jon tosses evidence as he rides.

EXT. SKATEPARK - DAY

Jon abandons the bicycle amidst various others, passes some skateboarders in the park.

EXT. FIELD - DUSK

Jon stands by a large trash can fire and feeds his Goodwill wardrobe into the flames.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jon sits at the table, a beer in his hand, staring catatonically. He's again recalling the preparation, the maps, the car, the cups, the park with Jeremy and Dylan "*his father leaves him and takes off*", killing Ponzi Man, Jeremy fist bumping at the park, Jeremy stepping out of the room, the cups, Jeremy extending his arm, the cups, Jeremy staring at him...

The burner phone buzzes, stops, buzzes, stops.

DYLAN (O.S.)
Dad? What's wrong, Dad? Dad?!?

EXT. PARK - DAY

Jon's on the bench. Dylan stands in front of him. Jon turns to the side, sees Jeremy next to Dylan, a bullet hole in his forehead, extending an arm for a fist bump. Jon begins to raise his arm but Jeremy dissolves - it's a vision.

DYLAN
Dad, are you okay?

Jon turns to Dylan, trying to hold it together, failing disastrously.

EXT. BEAU'S HOUSE - DAY

Michelle opens the door. Dylan stands on the landing, confused. We hear a SCREECH. They turn as Jon speeds away.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - DAY

An absolute disaster area. No cleaning whatsoever. Fast food wrappers, pizza boxes, empty beer bottles. It's almost like an episode of **HOARDERS**.

Looking like he hasn't shaved in a while, Jon enters from the bedroom, grabs his jacket off the chair, pulls it on. In the door window, we see the Sheriff's hat followed by knocking.

Jon doesn't flinch. He grabs his keys, opens the door forcing the Deputy Sheriff to step away with the PAY OR QUIT notice. Jon locks the door.

PRESCOTT

You were doing so well, Jon. What happened?

Jon pauses as machine gun fast flashbacks go through his mind - *the BMF, Photographer, Professional Man, Ponzi Man, Jeremy*. He pushes past them to his truck, drives off.

EXT. WORKSITE - BUILDING - DAY

Jon's in his own world, going through the motions.

EXT. WORKSITE - PARKING LOT - DAY

From high above, we see THREE LARGE MEN enter from the bottom of frame, fan out a bit. Reed, Eddie and Bobby are standing by the worksite trailer. They approach the Large Men who don't wait for conversation and proceed to get physical on their way to the building.

EXT. WORKSITE - BUILDING - DAY

The Three Large men enter the construction area. The Other Workers back off. Jon looks up, sees the Men triangulate around him. He attempts to fight but is quickly overpowered.

EXT. WORKSITE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Jon's dragged by Two of the men into a waiting car. The Third finds Jon's truck and follows.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jon lands in a chair. Across from him sits Bille.

BILLE

You really need to lay off the junk food.

She uses her gun to clear a space on the kitchen table, sets down a manilla envelope full of cash.

BILLE (CONT'D)

When you don't collect the money owed you, people start asking questions and worse - come up with their own answers.

Jon doesn't respond.

BILLE (CONT'D)

So. Why you going all hockey stick, huh?

Nothing.

BILLE (CONT'D)

C'mon, Jon. *Talk* to me.

More silence.

BILLE (CONT'D)

You know, when I fell into this line of work and had my first crisis, they brow beat the *shit* out of me.

JON

That why you're here? To brow beat the shit out of me?

BILLE

Oh, no, I'm definitely here to kill you. These days they don't screw around with shit like this. Only reason you're *not* dead is they happened to give *me* the assignment and these fat fucks owe me a solid.

She turns to the Three Large Men behind her.

BILLE (CONT'D)

Amiright?

They avoid eye contact, move about uncomfortably. Bille turns back around, leans forward, cups a hand over her mouth, whispers.

BILLE (CONT'D)

(softly)

That's a yes.

She smiles, leans back.

BILLE (CONT'D)

Now what's going on with you?

Jon gets serious, morose.

JON

I fucked up. I should've known the kid was there.

BILLE

Oh, no one cares about that.

Jon's taken aback.

BILLE (CONT'D)

They're worried it's fucked your head up so bad you'll start talking. Look - for the record - the guy was an idiot. The people he crossed? You don't grab your kid and hit the road. You leave your kid and hit the road. He brought that boy thinking it'd help save him. Buy him time. That kid was as good as dead as soon as his father packed his bag and buckled his seatbelt.

Jon starts to drift. Bille snaps her fingers at him.

BILLE (CONT'D)

Stay with me, here. You work construction? Right? You build shit? You ever ask 'hey, who owned this land before we started digging?' You ever ask 'they get a fair price? Was it in someone's family? Are their cultural or religious elements tied to it?' No. You don't. You punch in. Move some shit. Hammer some shit. Punch out. Go the fuck home. That's all you do. That's all *any of us* do. We get hired to do our part. And we do it. We move on. No one cares, really. You think that guy fucking your ex-wife is going -

(mimics thrusting)

'Oh, I'm hurting Jon's *feelings*...'

The Three Large Men snicker.

BILLE (CONT'D)

You ever hear the phrase 'nice guys finish last'? You're the person the rest of us take things from.

(MORE)

BILLE (CONT'D)

Our line of work doesn't pat everyone on the back as they hand out participation trophies. So stop living your life with the expectation you'll wake up the next day. 'Cause there's a much greater mechanism at work, Jon. We're just spare parts. Don't get yourself replaced.

Bille rises, looks around the kitchen.

BILLE (CONT'D)

Is there a clean glass around here *anywhere?*

(to Three Large Men)

Help me find a glass, guys.

The Three Large Men move to the cabinets.

JON

Top left.

They look to the right.

JON (CONT'D)

Top *left*. Other left.

Bille opens the correct cabinet, grabs a glass.

BILLE

I got it.

They keep looking.

BILLE (CONT'D)

Guys! I got it!

She turns on the water, fills the glass.

BILLE (CONT'D)

Why don't you all step outside for a bit. Maybe daisy chain it until you hear the door open or a shot go off.

The Three Large Men exit.

BILLE (CONT'D)

See what I have to deal with? Fuck me.

Bille takes a drink, sits back down.

BILLE (CONT'D)

Lemme tell you a story, okay?
Remember when we were kids and
every year we'd have those school
photos taken? Picture day! Yay!
We'd get sent to school with those
forms and a check from our parents?
They'd dress us in something
extremely hideous and embarrassing,
we'd have to line up in the hallway
for the older kids to ridicule and
bully? I'll never wear polka dot
again, I swear....

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - HALLWAY/CLASSROOM - DAY

We rush past students standing in line for their photos,
enter a classroom set up with a background and lights.

BILLE (V.O.)

Well, there's this man who was
taking those photos at this
particular school. He'd talk to the
vulnerable, cute and shy kids.

The Photographer is our guy from earlier. He snaps a shot of
a YOUNG BOY. Off to the side, Tina stands watch by the
equipment. The Photographer smiles at the boy.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

BILLE

He'd tell them how special they
were and how he was gonna take some
cooler photos for their parents
which the kids were *sworn to*
secrecy.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - HALLWAY/CLASSROOM - DAY

The Photographer's smiling right at us as he mouths Bille's
line.

BILLE (V.O.)

'Cause it's a surprise!

EXT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S HOUSE - DAY

BILLE (V.O.)
 Only instead of a nice Christmas
 type photo...

INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S HOUSE - PHOTO STUDIO - DAY

We push into the front, move slowly towards the studio, see
 lights flashing, get closer, closer, are about to turn into
 it when Tina exits, closing the door behind her.

BILLE (V.O.)
 ...they're the kind of pictures you
 only see in evidence with black
 bars over the eyes or, if you're a
 piece of shit, for sale on the Deep
 Dark Web.

We follow Tina into the office with the mainframe computers,
 see her slide an SD Card into a slot - hundreds of photos
 begin appearing on the computer screen.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

BILLE
 One of the kids, he talks. So they
 surveil the photographer. They
 have everything they need to make
 an arrest. But this one set of
 parents - they don't wanna drag
 their kid through the court system,
 put him on the stand, have that
 follow him his whole life.

Jon knows where this is headed.

BILLE (CONT'D)
 So they find a guy who knows a guy
 and someone, like yourself, gets an
 assignment. Was it Marx who said
 'Everything contains its own
 contradictions'? Capitalism makes
 a lot of wealth but then creates a
 lot of poor people. Same thing
 with predators and prey.

JON
 We're the predators.

BILLE

Wrong. We're the *bridge* between predators and prey. The predators, they feed on the prey, the weak, the powerless, the poor, the unconnected. We help level the playing field, give the prey a voice. If not for us, it'd be chaos, anarchy. There'd be no checks and balances. We provide a very necessary service.

(Bille looks down, reaches into her coat)

Kinda blows it's illegal, but hey....

She pulls out a copy of **THE BOOK OF FIVE RINGS**, tosses it to him.

BILLE (CONT'D)

Jon, you wanna evolve. Within your current identity. Become ruthless. But not heartless. The goal is this: *'he was very quiet. A good neighbor. Kept to himself.'*

Bille stands.

BILLE (CONT'D)

Next time?

(picks up gun)

I might not get the text.

She glances at a take out bag. Snickers.

BILLE (CONT'D)

Their new sauce *is* pretty awesome.

She winks at Jon, heads for the door, stops and turns.

BILLE (CONT'D)

That boy? How did he know you were there?

JON

Heard the shots.

BILLE

You didn't have a silencer?

Jon stares back.

BILLE (CONT'D)

Rookie move. Well. At least you used a gun this time, right? Get your shit together. We need you out there.

She exits, closes the door behind her.

BILLE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Ah, Jesus Christ, you sick fucks!!
I was joking!!!! C'mon, man, there could be children around here!!!

INT. BANK - PRESCOTT'S OFFICE - DAY

Another batch of cash wrapped in the "Pay Or Quit" notice hits the desk. Jon's cleaned himself up.

JON

We good?

PRESCOTT

Yeah...I'll just...take care of this for you.

INT. GUN SHOW - DAY

Jon watches as George bags a variety of weapons, hands them over. George studies Jon inquisitively.

GEORGE

You still remember your combat training?

JON

Most of it. Why?

GEORGE

You in the market for some extra scratch?

INT. ILLEGAL FIGHTING - NIGHT

The CROWD cheers as Jon and OPPONENT #1 trade fists. Jon's competitive but taking a few too many body hits and drops to a knee. The informal REFEREE waves off the fight.

INT. ILLEGAL FIGHTING - NIGHT

Later. Jon and George stand to the side. The Crowd cheers on another fight.

JON
Sorry. Been awhile.

GEORGE
You did okay, son.

JON
(smiling, skeptical)
You sure?

GEORGE
Of course.

A RANDOM GAMBLER approaches, hands George some cash.

GEORGE (CONT'D)
'Cause I bet against you.

He extends part of it to Jon. Jon laughs, waves it off.

JON
Next time I'm winning.

GEORGE
You better. I'm going double or
nothin' for the knockout.

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Jon fires one of the weapons he purchased. Sets it down, picks up another, chambers a round, fires.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

Jon pushes a shopping cart down an aisle.

MICHELLE (O.S.)
You missed his birthday.

Jon looks up. Michelle's standing there.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
You wanna drop out of my life?
Okay. But you have -

Jon pushes his cart past her as if she's a stranger.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Don't you walk away from me!

Jon continues.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
I'm talking to you!

Other SHOPPERS look up. He makes the crazy gesture, twirls his finger next to his head.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
I'm not crazy!!!

Shoppers pass her, avoid eye contact.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
I'm not!!!

EXT. SUPERMARKET - PARKING LOT - DAY

Jon's loading his bags into the truck. Michelle calmly approaches.

MICHELLE
He asks about you. All the time.

Jon ignores her.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
He knows *your* birthday's coming up.
What should I tell him?

Jon reaches into the glove compartment, pulls out an envelope of money, pushes it into her, backs her up until he can shut the door. He walks around the truck, gets in, drives off.

INT/EXT. WORKSITE - TRAILER - DAY

Eddie and Bobby watch Jon cross the lot towards a rather large shed. He enters, closes the door behind him. Eddie turns to Bobby.

EDDIE
He's spending a lot of time in the machine shop.

Bobby shrugs.

EXT. WORKSITE - MACHINE SHOP - DAY

Eddie approaches, pulls on the door. It's locked. He hears grinding, walks around to the side window. He can't really see what Jon's doing but he's fabricating something.

INT. WORKSITE - MACHINE SHOP - DAY

Printed out instructions and diagrams match what Jon's grinding - a silencer.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jon washes a dish, sets it to dry next to a mug and a spoon. Nearby on the counter, the burner phone lights up with a text - he has a new assignment.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Holy shit he's advanced - 3D model of a building. Worksheets with just about everything you need to know about a person.

Photos of the Mark, a FIT MAN, 30's, in his every day life - shots of his car, information regarding the man's skills, sexual preferences, vices, hobbies, regular activities. Nothing's left to chance. All laid out on foldable foam core.

Beneath the table's a magnetic rig, attached is a pistol with the silencer attached.

Jon's in the bedroom. We see him pull on his jacket, enter the kitchen shutting the bedroom door behind him.

EXT. CROWDED SIDEWALK - DAY

The Fit Man's walking past other PEDESTRIANS. Jon appears, following behind. The Fit Man works his way through the crowd, turns a corner. Jon follows. This goes on for a bit until the Fit Man suddenly vanishes.

Jon slows, peers through the crowd, stops. He looks around - the Fit Man's gone. Jon continues much slower. Once he's passed us, the Fit Man appears, watches Jon continue walking, smiles, now he's the one doing the tracking.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Jon reaches his truck, looks around, gives up. He gets in and drives off. Unbeknownst to him, he passes the Fit Man who zeroes in on Jon's plate.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jon enters carrying a six pack of beer. He puts it in the refrigerator, walks around the table, places his jacket on the chair and his gun on the magnet.

He flashes back to when he left, securely closing his bedroom door. Now, it's cracked open behind him, and as Jon turns, the Fit Man suddenly bursts through, rushing towards him.

He tackles Jon into the table, knocking it over and sending Jon's research to the floor. Jon pushes him off. They both stand.

The Fit Man sees the pistol attached to the magnet. He's closer to it than Jon and makes a play for it. Jon grabs the mug from the counter, throws a fast ball right into the Fit Man's head, knocking him off course.

Jon grabs a table leg, pulls the table towards him. As he reaches for the pistol, the Fit Man kicks the table leg nearest the gun down, pinning Jon's arm.

As the Fit Man reaches for the gun, Jon grabs him with his free hand. They struggle upwards, the Fit Man moving off the table leg. Alternating between grappling and punching, they land between the bedroom and the kitchen.

Jon's able to take his back, get him in a choke hold. The Fit Man struggles to pull Jon's arms away but to no avail. He goes out but Jon continues the hold until he's certain the man is dead.

Jon releases the hold, pushes the Fit Man off. He rises, moves into the kitchen, picks up the table and merely sets the broken leg in place.

He stands in the middle of the room. There's shit everywhere. Moving to the counter, Jon texts "*it's done*" on the burner phone. He grabs a glass, fills it with water, takes a sip and glances out the window.

He nearly chokes on the water. He sees Beau parking next to Jon's truck. Dylan and Michelle get out. Jon zooms into the body by the bedroom, the papers strewn on the ground, the broken table.

He rushes to the body, drags it into the bedroom, runs back to the kitchen, scrapes up all the surveillance, glances out the window - Beau, Michelle and Dylan and taking a cake and birthday accoutrements out of the car.

Jon dumps the surveillance in the bedroom, shuts the door, picks up the chairs and squats to retrieve the gun. He's too late. Dylan's busting through the door.

Dylan rushes to him.

JON
 Hey...what did we say about -
 (Dylan plows into him)
 Knocking!?!)

Beau and Michelle enter. Michelle's clearly not happy to be there, sets the cake on the table. It's a little rickety.

JON (CONT'D)
 I need to fix the leg.

MICHELLE
 You think?

She moves the cake to the counter. Beau closes the door.

BEAU
 Dylan thought it'd be a good idea
 to surprise you.

MICHELLE
 Surprised?

Dylan moves to the counter to help with the cake.

JON
 Oh, yeah. Very much so.

BEAU
 (softly)
 Sorry. He really misses you.

MICHELLE
 Beau, can you give Jon a hand
 stabilizing that table?

Beau turns to Jon.

JON
 Let's just throw a couple nails in
 it for now.

Jon moves over to the cabinet, grabs a hammer and a couple nails. Beau drops to a knee, looks at the leg, notices the pistol with the silencer. Before he can rise, he sees Jon's lower body pass by.

Beau looks up. Can't really play it off but is gonna do his best. He holds the leg and table.

BEAU

Wanna hammer a couple those in
while I hold it?

They keep eye contact with each other, wonder what the other's gonna do. Jon hammers one nail, then another.

JON

We good?

Beau stands. They speak in guy code. We see the subtitles.

BEAU

(I didn't see a thing)
Got a beer?

JON

(good)
I do.

BEAU

(let's forget it happened)
I could really use a beer right
now.

JON

(forget what happened)
Let's have one.

Jon opens the fridge.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

The Fit Man's dead eyes stare straight at us. We can hear the group in the other room singing Happy Birthday to Jon.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The weapon still hangs beneath the table.

On top of the table's a birthday cake decorated with candles. Jon, Dylan, Michelle and Beau all wear pointed Birthday hats. They finish the song and Jon attempts to blow out the candles.

BEAU
(to Dylan)
Go on. Help your Dad.

Dylan blows out the remaining candles, fist bumps Jon. Jon briefly flashes seeing a bullet hole in Dylan's forehead.

Michelle cuts pieces of the cake, hands them out.

MICHELLE
It's nice to see you've at least
been able to keep our house.

JON
It's my house, actually.

MICHELLE
Mmmmmmmmm....I let you have it.

BEAU
Babe?

MICHELLE
Yes?

BEAU
It's his birthday. Please?

Beau motions with his eyes towards Dylan.

MICHELLE
Whatever.

Jon removes his hat. Beau sees the moment's gone south.
Fast.

JON
I should get back to work.

MICHELLE
Oh you're *working* now?

JON
Yeah.

MICHELLE
Where? 'Cause you're not at the
construction site that much.
(she licks frosting from
knife, winks at him)
I checked.

JON

Well, today I've been working from home.

MICHELLE

Really?

Jon glances at her, flashes to *killing the Fit Man*, chuckles.

JON

Oh, yeah.

Jon stands.

JON (CONT'D)

I appreciate this. But it did catch me off guard and I really should get on with my day.

DYLAN

What about the cake?

JON

You should take it home with you buddy.

(looking at Michelle)

Maybe have your Mom cut you a piece. It'll give you a chance to show her where the kitchen is.

Before Michelle can wind up, Beau rises.

BEAU

Dylan, help us clean the table and wish your Dad a Happy Birthday.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN/BEDROOM - DAY

Beau, Dylan and Michelle head towards the car with the rest of the cake. Jon closes the door. Bee lines it to the bedroom. He struggles to get the body on the bed. As he rolls it into the blanket, we hear the kitchen door open and slam shut.

Quickly, Jon exits to close the bedroom door but not before Dylan sees into the room from the kitchen.

DYLAN

Is that....

Jon's in full panic mode.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
....a girl?

Jon's shock/relieved.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Was she sleeping in there the whole
time?

He smiles, holds his hand to his mouth, chuckles.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
It's okay, Dad. I won't tell Mom.
I promise.

JON
I'd really appreciate it if you
wouldn't.

Dylan extends his arm. Jon fist bumps him. Dylan holds a wrapped present.

DYLAN
This is for you, Dad.

Jon takes it, drops to a knee, embraces him.

DYLAN (CONT'D)
Happy Birthday.

JON
I'm sorry I missed yours.

DYLAN
It's okay. Will you come see me
more?

JON
I want to, buddy. Believe me, I
want to. It's just...I gotta work,
you know? I gotta provide for you.

DYLAN
I don't care about the money, Dad.
I just really miss you.

INT. BEAU'S CAR - JON'S HOUSE - DAY

Beau and Michelle are in mid disagreement.

MICHELLE

Well, it *should* be my house. Or at least half of it. I don't know why I gave it up.

BEAU

Because you wanted to live in *my* house in *my* zip code.

MICHELLE

I'm gonna call my lawyer in the morning.

BEAU

When we get home we're having a serious conversation about where this relationship is headed.

MICHELLE

We can have it right now if you want.

Dylan exits the house.

BEAU

Not in front of Dylan.

MICHELLE

Why? You don't think he -

BEAU

Please.

Dylan gets in the car. Beau changes his tone to happy, upbeat.

BEAU (CONT'D)

You give your Dad his present?

Dylan shuts the door.

DYLAN

Yep.

He looks down at his feet. Very sad.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN/BEDROOM - DAY

Jon's on the phone, watching Beau drive away. We only hear his side of the conversation.

JON
Uh-huh.....uh-huh....well, I really
need it delivered today.

From the bedroom, we watch him pace by the kitchen counter.

JON (CONT'D)
I'll pay a premium if that's what
it takes. How about this - ask
them how much to deliver after
hours.

Jon looks out the other kitchen window, sees his NEIGHBORS
gathering around a fire pit.

JON (CONT'D)
Just a monetary figure - and I'll
pay it. Really? Thank you.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

We pan across the bedding, sheets, pillows strewn on the
floor, lower, mid, upper body barely covered in a blanket,
rise up, find Jon on the mattress, hacking away to carve out
a traced outline of the Fit Man.

INT. BED, BATH & BEYOND - DAY

Jon holds a clear mattress cover, searches shelves. A CLERK
approaches.

CLERK
Can I help you, sir?

JON
Yeah, do you have these in
something other than clear?

CLERK
We carry it in ONE other color.

EXT. JON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jon pulls up in his truck. There's a party around a fire pit
in the yard next door. There's also a Mattress Delivery
Truck in his driveway and a new mattress leaning against the
front door.

The TWO DELIVERY GUYS are dinking beer with the NEIGHBORS.

EXT. FIRE PIT - NIGHT

NEIGHBOR #1 taps DELIVERY GUY #1, point at Jon. He glances over, sees Jon getting out of his truck.

DELIVERY GUY #1
Yo. Gotta go.

DELIVERY GUY #2 turns, hands his beer to NEIGHBOR #2. The Delivery Guys head over to Jon's house with Neighbor #1 who grabs a can from a cooler on the way.

EXT. JON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jon's got the front door open and struggles with the mattress. The Delivery Guys take over.

DELIVERY GUY #1
We got it.

NEIGHBOR #1
Incoming!

Jon turns, catches a beer. The Neighbor steps over, stands between Jon and the entrance.

NEIGHBOR #1 (CONT'D)
Hey, I hope the noise doesn't become a problem.

Jon watches the Delivery Guys straighten the mattress, pick it up.

JON
No worries.

Jon tries to hand the beer back and get to the door.

NEIGHBOR #1
No, you keep it. Gonna be a long, loud one!

JON
I'm good thanks.

Neighbor #1 takes a big chug, waves Jon off.

NEIGHBOR #1
They got it. Let 'em earn their money. You're paying 'em extra, right?

Jon tosses the beer back, turns as the Delivery Guys enter the house.

DELIVERY GUY #2
We got it, sir.

NEIGHBOR #1
Don't see your wife and kids much anymore.

Jon's waiting to get around the Delivery guys.

JON
Yeah, didn't work out.

NEIGHBOR #1
That blows, man. I'm sorry.
You're more than welcome to swing by tonight or any night for that matter.

JON
Appreciate it.

The Delivery Guys have cleared the door.

DELIVERY GUY #1
(calling from inside)
Bedroom in the back?!?

JON
Yes, but -

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jon rushes inside, tries to cut around the kitchen table as Delivery Guy #1 approaches the bedroom. Jon can't make it in time and the door's swung wide open.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room's cleaned up, no body, bed meticulously made.

JON
Please!?!?

The Delivery Guys stop.

JON (CONT'D)
I gotta figure some shit out. Just leave it there.

DELIVERY GUY #1
Disposal's part of the service.

JON
Appreciate it. Really. But I
gotta...you know...strip the
bed...all that.

He motions to the front.

JON (CONT'D)
All good

The Delivery Guys look at each other, shrug, lean the
mattress against the wall.

EXT. JON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jon signs the paperwork, receives his copy, watches the
Delivery Truck leave. He turns towards the fire pit party.
How's he gonna get this old mattress - and what's inside it -
out of here?

EXT. FIRE PIT - NIGHT

A bunch of camping chairs surround the fire pit. Some people
stand, others come and go inside the house. Neighbor #1 and
Neighbor #2 sit with NEIGHBOR #3.

NEIGHBOR #3
She was hot man. I...kinda miss
her!

The other two laugh, shake their heads.

NEIGHBOR #1
Dude....

NEIGHBOR #2
I'm telling your wife.

In the background, we see Jon reverse his truck to the rear
of his house.

NEIGHBOR #3
What's going on over there?

Neighbor #1 turns around, sees Jon park the truck and enter
the back of the house. A moment later, Jon reappears,
struggling with the old mattress now in a pink mattress
cover.

NEIGHBOR #1
I'm gonna give him a hand.

Neighbor #3 calls to him as he walks towards Jon's house.

NEIGHBOR #3
Hey, if that's the mattress his
smoke show wife was on bring it
over here!

NEIGHBOR #2
I'm *definitively* telling your wife.

EXT. JON'S HOUSE - BACK - NIGHT

Jon's got the mattress angled so the body won't fall out. In the distance, Neighbor #1 jogs over.

NEIGHBOR #1
Need a hand there?

JON
I got it, thanks.

Neighbor #1 walks over anyway, aggressively grabs an end, helps Jon raise it to the truck bed, changing the angle so the body's pushing into the mattress cover on Jon's side.

Jon tries to push it back in, then pulls the bottom of the mattress, slides it across the bed while getting the body back into the cut out section.

The mattress lands flat, the body unnoticeable.

NEIGHBOR #1
Phew! I didn't realize how heavy
these things were.

JON
I know, right?

Neighbor #1 high fives Jon.

NEIGHBOR #1
You good?

JON
So good.

NEIGHBOR #1
Swing by if you can.

JON
You got it.

Neighbor #1 jogs back to the fire pit. Jon nearly has a heart attack.

INT/EXT. JON'S TRUCK - DRIVING - ROAD/EMPTY FIELD - NIGHT

We're following Jon's truck, the pink mattress cover slapping in the wind. Jon sees an empty field, pulls in and parks. He turns off the engine, gets out, walks to the back.

As he's about to lower the truck gate, he hears faint dog barking, sees distant house lights turn on. Dogs exit the house, run toward him. He gets back in the truck, peels out.

EXT. DUMP - NIGHT

Jon drives down the road towards us. He pulls up and parks, gets out, looks around - pauses to listen. Approaching the entrance fence, he sees a chain locked through the openings and a sign - "**24 HOUR VIDEO SURVEILLANCE**".

EXT. VARIOUS ROADS - NIGHT

Jon drives aimlessly, looking for a place to get rid of the mattress. He passes a sign "**STATE LINE**".

EXT. LAKE/RESERVOIR - NIGHT

Jon creeps along, searching, his headlights crossing various tents and campsites. He drives off.

EXT. OVERPASS - NIGHT

Frustrated, Jon pulls to the side of the road. He sighs, gets out, slams the door, gives the mattress a nasty look. He's in the middle of nowhere.

He sits on the cement wall running the length of the overpass, lights a cigarette, scratches his forehead, thinks.

Behind him in the far distance, we see a very small light, hear a whistle. Jon glances over a shoulder, squints. It's a train. And it'll go directly under where he's sitting.

He quickly moves off the wall, rushes to the truck. He starts it, repositions the vehicle perpendicular to the wall, parks.

He rushes out of the cab, hops onto the truck bed, struggles to drag the mattress to the wall and slide it so it hangs off the overpass.

As the train passes beneath, he pushes the mattress over the edge, sailing it down onto the roaring train.

Jon rushes to the other side of the overpass, watches the train whisk the pink mattress away. He slowly smiles, whoops it up in relief.

JON
FUCK YEAH!!! FUCK YEAH!!!

The train disappears into darkness.

EXT. DINER #2 - NIGHT

Jon pulls into the parking lot.

INT. DINER #2 - NIGHT

Jon enters carrying **THE BOOK OF FIVE RINGS** Bille gave him. There's a cook in the back and a waitress, ANNIE, late 20's, girl next door wholesome.

ANNIE
Wherever you like.

Jon slides into a booth. Annie swings by with a coffee pot, sets down a menu, turns over the mug on the place setting, fills it up.

JON
I'll have the breakfast plate.

ANNIE
Eggs?

JON
Please.

ANNIE
(smiles)
No - how would you *like* your eggs.

JON
Oh. Of course. Over easy.

ANNIE
You got it.

Jon hands the menu back. Annie studies him.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

You okay?

JON

Yes. Just a rough day. Thank you for asking.

He looks away.

ANNIE

Hey.

He turns back to her.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

You're gonna be fine. You will.

Jon really needs to believe this.

JON

You think so?

ANNIE

I do.

She walks to the back, puts his order in. Jon pulls out his burner phone, texts "*its done*", sets it on the table, rubs his eyes. He glances at his watch, picks up the book.

INT. DINER #2 - NIGHT

Later.

The burner phone vibrates on the table. Jon's asleep. Annie's hand reaches into frame, gently touches his shoulder.

ANNIE

Hey.....

Jon wakes up.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Your phone's been vibrating.

Startled, Jon takes in his surroundings, sits up, looks at the table - there are two breakfast plates, two cups of coffee. Confused, he glances at Annie.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 You've been out awhile. Your
 food's cold. I had them fix you up
 another.

She picks up the cold plate and mug.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 Go on.

She takes the order into the back. Jon checks the burner
 phone, there's a message "thx". He slips the phone in his
 pocket, picks up a fork, starts on his breakfast.

Annie slides into the booth.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 Better?

She smiles.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 You were out. And so peaceful,
 tranquil. You work around here?

JON
 Passing through.

She picks up the book, flips through it, realizes she's
 overstepping her bounds.

ANNIE
 I'm sorry - I just grabbed your
 book without -

Jon smiles.

JON
 It's okay.

She raises her eyebrows as if asking "you sure?". Jon waves
 her on with his fork. She checks out the cover, flips
 through the pages.

ANNIE
 You a ninja?

Jon shakes his head, grins, sips from his mug.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
 Are you a...
 (playfully dramatic)
 ...killer?

Jon spit takes coffee all over her face. She's shocked. He's mortified.

JON

I am so, so sorry!

She's very entertained as he rushes to the counter, grabs napkins from each place setting, returns to her holding them out. She raises a small towel, wipes her face. Jon sits.

Annie pulls out her order pad and pen, writes on the back of his check, sets it down in front of him. She rises from the booth.

ANNIE

I'm gonna hit the ladies room.
Clean off my face.

She exits. Humiliated, Jon pulls out his wallet, looks at the check. She's written "*don't be late - Annie*" with a heart drawing.

JON

Don't be late? What the.....?

He drops a bunch of twenties on the table, leaves.

EXT. DINER #2 - PARKING LOT - DAY

Jon reaches his truck. There's a napkin under a wiper blade. He pulls it off. It's a note.

ANNIE (V.O.)

I put my number in your phone while you were asleep. I hope that's okay. You looked so adorable I was like '*I gotta get to know this guy*'. If you feel the same, lets go out Saturday afternoon. 4pm. Call me.

Jon glances back at the diner. Annie's resetting the counter tops with napkins. He pulls out his burner phone, opens the contacts - '*ANNIE*' is in there.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Jon stands in the kitchen drinking coffee. Annie's note is on the table next to the burner phone and his hard hat. The phone buzzes. It's a text from Annie - "*Good morning*". He smiles.

EXT. WORKSITE - BUILDING - DAY

Lunch. Another buzz text - a photo of Annie being silly at work.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Unable to sleep, Jon impulsively gets out of bed.

EXT. DINER #2 - NIGHT

Jon sits in his truck parked close enough to see Annie yet far enough to remain undiscovered. He's smitten.

EXT. JON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jon returns from work, gets out of his truck with a six pack. He enters his house, drops his lunch box and hard hat on the table, exits towards the fire pit and Neighbors.

EXT. FIRE PIT - NIGHT

Later.

Jon's sitting with the Neighbors. Neighbors #2 and #3 are bullshitting. Neighbor #1 and Jon watch entertained.

Jon's burner phone buzzes. He smiles, expecting it to be Annie. It isn't. It's a new assignment. His demeanor changes. Neighbor #1 notices.

NEIGHBOR #1

You okay?

JON

Yeah...

He shakes phone, stands.

JON (CONT'D)

I should get going.

Jon heads for his house. The banter stops between Neighbors #2 & #3.

NEIGHBOR #2

What's up?

Neighbor #1 shakes his head, shrugs.

NEIGHBOR #3

I know that look. Gotta be the ex.
Swear.

NEIGHBOR #1

Will you stop with his wife?

NEIGHBOR #2

She was....pretty hot.

NEIGHBOR #3

Right?!?!?

NEIGHBOR #2

(snapping fingers)

What's that joke? Wait - I got it.
Show me a smoking hot chick and
I'll show you a guy who's sick of
her shit.

He points at Jon as he enters his house. They all laugh.

EXT. WORKSITE - DAY

Jon's phone buzzes. Nervous, he steps away from his Co-Workers, looks at the text - it's Annie. Relieved, he replies "*work's starting to pick up - see you Saturday*". She texts back with both sad and happy face emojis.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Once again, the kitchen table's a war room. Maps, photos of the COUNTERFEITER, 30's, a matchbox model of the man's car, literature on counterfeiting. We push in on pictures of fake money.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. CASINO CASHIER - DAY

Money's laid down on the counter. CASHIER #1 pulls it into the cage, slides chips out to the Counterfeiter.

INT. CASINO CASHIER - DAY

The Counterfeiter watches a shift change, walks over to exchange the chips for money with CASHIER #2.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL SPACE - DAY

We recognize the Counterfeiter's car from the Matchbox on Jon's table. It's parked on the street. From the opposite side, we push forward, over the car, settle on a basement window.

Jon steps into frame, peers in. The Counterfeiter has printing presses generating counterfeit currency. In the corner's a futon, bedding, suitcases. He's squatting here as well.

INT. GUN SHOW - DAY

Jon checks out an older pistol.

GEORGE

This one makes things a bit....messy. Plus side's you only need one.

JON

How you mean?

GEORGE

Very odd but the best round for it's a hollow point. Which, in these parts, are illegal and hard to find.

JON

I'm guessing they're expensive.

GEORGE

Well, yeah.

JON

Does it accept a silencer?

GEORGE

If you make it right, sure. Another good thing about this pistol's the accuracy. Especially if your target's far away.

Jon lays down some cash on the table.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

That's too much.

JON

I think if you recount it you'll see it's right.

George nods, reaches beneath the table, sets a box of hollow points next to the weapon.

INT. WORKSITE - MACHINE SHOP - DAY

Jon fabricates a silencer for the new pistol.

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Jon's at the end of the stalls, far from prying eyes. He glances down the line, screws the silencer into his weapon takes aim and fires.

His target's further from the others and the bullet blows the center out of the paper. It hurts his hand, he wasn't expecting that much power.

INT. INDUSTRIAL SPACE - DAY

Jon stands inside the basement. He's wearing Goodwill clothes, a mask and holds his weapon with the silencer.

He slowly spins around - all the Counterfeiter's belongings are gone. Just some garbage, printing presses, clothes dyer, ink containers.

Jon picks up a strewn magazine in a pile of others - all antique related. He drops it back to the ground.

The Mark's vanished.

EXT. INDUSTRIAL SPACE - DAY

Jon crosses to a non-descript car, drives off.

EXT. SIDE STREET - DAY

Jon wipes down the inside of the car, pulls the plate, flings it into the woods and walks away.

EXT. FIELD - DUSK

Jon drops the clothes he wore for the Counterfeit hit into the fire. He pulls out his burner phone, texts "*Mark's a ghost - need help*". A moment later he receives a reply "*understood - will source*".

INT. JON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Jon lays in bed. His phone buzzes, he grabs it off the night stand. It's Annie "*don't be late*" and a happy face, immediately follows with "*please drink your coffee BEFORE picking me up*". Jon laughs, texts back "*you got it*".

He sets the phone down, rolls over. The phone buzzes again. He smiles, grabs phone - it's not from Annie. "*Have lead. Needs to happen today or trouble for all*".

INT. JON'S HOUSE - DAY

Later.

Jon packs his hit bag - gun with silencer, latex gloves, bleach, mask.

EXT. JON'S TRUCK - JON'S HOUSE - DAY

Jon places the hit bag behind the driver's seat.

EXT. ANNIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Jon pulls up, sees Annie wave from the window. He receives a message on his phone "*Mark's phone pinged the following address*". It opens Google Maps - an antique store.

INT. ANNIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Annie welcomes Jon inside.

ANNIE

Come meet my roommate.

We push in on her roommate RACHEL, 20's, healthy weight, the gatekeeper, cordial but never gonna be your friend.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

This is Jon. Jon, this is Rachel.

JON

Nice to meet you.

Rachel nods, doesn't give an inch.

RACHEL

Annie says she met you at work.

JON
Her work, yes. The diner.

RACHEL
She works pretty late.

JON
She does.

ANNIE
I do. Not a morning person.

She chuckles.

RACHEL
(that tone)
What do you do, Jon?

JON
I work construction.

RACHEL
Construction.

JON
How about yourself?

RACHEL
I'm a project manager.

JON
That's great.

There's a tense silence. Jon's phone buzzes a new text "*clock's ticking*". He turns to Annie.

JON (CONT'D)
Maybe we should do this another time.

RACHEL
It was nice meeting you.

Annie turns to her.

ANNIE
We're gonna take off, Rach.
(to Jon)
You good? I'm good. Whaddaya say we get outta here? Yeah?

She moves Jon towards the door, glares at Rachel.

INT. JON'S TRUCK - RACHEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

ANNIE

I'm sorry. She's....overprotective.
My last boyfriend wasn't so great a
guy. So - girlcode - you're in the
shit for a bit.

JON

Makes sense.

He starts the truck, puts it in gear.

JON (CONT'D)

I need to check this antique store
real quick.

ANNIE

You okay? Did she ruin this for
me? I've really been looking
forward to seeing you.

JON

No, no, no. I'm dealing with work
stuff. That's all.

ANNIE

You being honest with me?

JON

Swear. Work stuff.

ANNIE

Well, alright....

INT. ANTIQUE STORE - DAY

The Counterfeiter's at the register with the Matriarchal Co-
Owner of the store, MA, 70's. A small hawk sculpture's on
the table.

MA

We've had this for quite a while.
Will be very sad to see it go.

COUNTERFEITER

It's quite expensive.

MA

Yes, it is. However, we've had it
so long we haven't done a revalue.
You're getting quite a deal. Are
you a collector?

COUNTERFEITER

Not a....refined....collector. I
travel and when I see something I
like, I invest.

EXT. ANTIQUE STORE - PARKING LOT - DAY

The parking lot's empty with the exception of an older model sedan and the Counterfeiter's car. Jon pulls in, parks to the right of the Counterfeiter.

Jon and Annie get out. Jon stands, looks around the area, takes in the environment. Annie waits patiently.

ANNIE

We going in?

Jon turns to her, processes the question.

JON

Of course.

They walk towards the entrance.

ANNIE

Never had a guy take me to an
antique store before.

He opens the door for her.

INT. ANTIQUE STORE - DAY

The Counterfeiter's paying with his hundreds. PA, 70's, the Co-Owner joins them. Ma looks at him as she counts the bills.

PA

Got a lot of hundreds there, son.

Jon and Annie enter, head towards the back. The Counterfeiter immediately clocks them, watches in the mounted shoplifting mirror.

COUNTERFEITER

You have the certificate of
authenticity?

PA

Ta-da.

He holds it up, the Counterfeiter snatches it.

COUNTERFEITER

You can keep the change, thank you.

In the back, Jon's phone buzzes "*got him*"? He texts back "Y". He whispers to Annie.

JON

I'll be right back.

ANNIE

Where you going?

JON

Left something in truck. Keep looking at stuff. Be right back.

Jon moves towards the front as the Counterfeiter exits.

EXT. ANTIQUE STORE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Jon exits. The Counterfeiter frantically starts the car, peels out in reverse, Jon opens the truck, pulls out his gun, screws in the silencer, starts shooting.

He hits the Counterfeiter and the car pulls forward in the distance, slows to a stop. Jon runs to it. Meanwhile, Annie and Ma exit, see Jon finish the Counterfeiter off.

MA

(yelling towards door)
Call the police!

BAM! Her blood splatters all over Annie's face like Jon's coffee at the diner. Pa exits with a phone in his hand. Shot in the head, knocked off his feet.

Annie turns toward Jon. They hold each other's gaze. She knows it's not good. Jon raises the pistol.

INT. ANNIE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Rachel's on the phone.

RACHEL

'Cause she doesn't listen! She jumps from one relationship to another. Never takes any time. And this asshole?!? GRRRRRR. I'm gonna give him a big what for talking to.

She hears Jon's truck pull up and a door shut.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Lemme call you back I think they're home.

She hangs up, walks to the door as Jon opens it, steps in. Rachel winds up to talk, takes two silencer shots to the chest, falls backwards to the floor. Her lungs heave for air. Jon steps up - BANG! Shoots her in forehead.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - DAY

The truck's parked as cars whiz by.

INT. JON'S TRUCK - DAY

Jon texts "*it's done. Phone compromised. Wiping*", gets a reply "*understood*". He opens up settings, resets it, snaps off the back, removes the battery and sim card.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jon stares at Annie note, burns it in the sink, sees the Neighbors by the fire pit, walks to his bedroom and lies down.

FADE OUT:

EXT. JON'S HOUSE - MORNING

Jon exits and we follow his boots to the truck, see him open the driver's side door - there's a new burner phone in a hard plastic covering on the seat.

The outside garbage bin opens, the burner drops in, the bin closes.

EXT. WORKSITE - BUILDING - DAY

The construction workers are having lunch. Jon finishes, closes his lunch box, walks away.

EXT. WORKSITE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Jon heads for his truck. Reed exits the trailer.

REED

Hey. Hey, Jon, where you think you're going?

Jon continues to his truck, opens the door.

JON

Home. You pay me part time, I work part time.

REED

You go home when I say you go home. Now get your ass back out there.

Jon slams the door, turns, walks straight at Reed. Reed's defiance diminishes as Jon gets close. Jon slows, his face inches from Reed's.

JON

I'm taking a sick day tomorrow. And maybe a couple days after that. Gotta see.

REED

We....we don't pay...

Jon raises an eyebrow. Reed lowers his gaze, nods.

JON

And I'm working part time until my checks reflect full time.

Jon gets in his truck, pulls out. Eddie and Bobby exit the trailer, watch Jon drive away.

EDDIE

Really put the screws to him, there, Reed.

REED

He's not the same guy.

BOBBY

How so?

REED

He's fuckin' crazy.
(turns to them)
He's fuckin' crazy, now.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Jon's painting his truck a different color. He flashes on entering the antique store, seeing the Counterfeiter, the antique thrown at him, shooting the Counterfeiter point blank, shoot Ma and Pa, staring at Annie, Michelle saying he owes her money, Jermey at the park, Jeremy extending his arm, hugging Dylan and hearing "I don't care about the money".

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Later.

Jon sits in the bed of the newly painted truck smoking a cigarette.

EXT. JON'S HOUSE - DAY

Jon pulls up to the house. Michelle's alone, leaning on her car. No longer in designer clothes, she's back to jeans, cowboy boots and Carhartt jacket. Jon parks next to her. She leans in the passenger window, comfortable, friendly.

MICHELLE

You put new locks on the door.

Jon stares at her, turns off the engine.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Can we talk? Inside?

She hands him the burner phone, still in the packaging.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

This was on your steps.

He takes it, gets out, throws it away in the garbage bin, heads for the front.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

You painted your truck.

JON

Yeah, I needed a change.

MICHELLE

Yeah, me too.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jon enters, drops his things on the table.

JON
All I have is beer and water.

MICHELLE
I'm fine.

She takes off her jacket and sets it on a chair. Could her sweater be any tighter? Jon cracks a beer.

JON
How can I help you?

MICHELLE
Beau and I split up.

JON
Lucky him.

MICHELLE
I've been thinking about you. A lot. About what a nice guy you are and how maybe I didn't show you enough appreciation.

She's moved in front of him.

JON
I'm not a nice guy anymore so maybe you should pass on this whole seduction thing.

She kisses him. He lets her, then raises his hand to her neck, aggressively moves her against the wall. A bit rough but not too rough. She likes it. He pulls her hair back, kisses her.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Clothes are off. They're going at it. On top, Jon pulls away from her, flips her over. She rises, grabs the bedpost. She's smiling, aroused.

MICHELLE
I missed our bed.

JON
This isn't our bed. I got rid of our bed.

MICHELLE
Why?

JON
I owed you money.

Jon's rhythm completely stops. He's repositioning. Her expression changes. She's not into what's going on now however neither is she protesting.

Jon continues, she endures until he climaxes, crawls off the bed, pulls on his pants and re-enters the kitchen.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Michelle enters wearing her t-shirt and panties. Jon stands by the sink with his beer.

MICHELLE
You think we could move back in for a bit? I really don't want to go to my mother's.

JON
You should probably take off.

MICHELLE
Excuse me?!?!?

JON
Yeah. And don't come back unless you wanna do more of that again.

He motions with his beer towards the bedroom before finishing it and dropping the bottle in the trash.

JON (CONT'D)
I'm gonna take a shower. Lock the door behind you.

He heads for the bathroom on her shocked expression.

INT. ILLEGAL FIGHTING - NIGHT

Jon fights as the Crowd cheers. He's avoiding shots, jabs OPPONENT #2, goes for the hook and knocks the guy out. The Referee pushes Jon away, checks on Opponent #2.

Jon looks to George.

JON
I wanna go again.

GEORGE
Jon, I don't think -

JON
I said I wanna go again! Now!

George is taken aback, nods, waves to someone in the crowd.

GEORGE
Lemme make it happen.

EXT. JON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jon returns home, waves to the Neighbors by the fire pit. Once again the burner phone's on his steps and once again he tosses it out.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jon opens the door. It's a PIZZA DELIVERY KID. Jon takes the pizza box and the Kid bends down, picks up the burner and hands it to him.

Jon points at the garbage bins, shuts the door.

INT. ILLEGAL FIGHTING - NIGHT

Jon's hitting OPPONENT #3 over and over, not stopping. The Referee tries to pull him off to no avail, MEMBERS from the crowd move in to help, he starts fighting them as mayhem breaks loose.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jon enters. The burner phone's now on his table next to an old pizza. He grabs a couple beers from the fridge, opens the pizza box, sticks a slice in his mouth, drops the phone in the box and heads out the door.

EXT. JON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jon drops the box in the garbage, heads for the fire pit.

EXT. FIRE PIT - NIGHT

Jon sits down bruised, a little worse for wear from fighting.

NEIGHBOR #1
Dude.

Jon burps.

JON

You should see the other guy.

Neighbors #2 and #3 cheer him on, clink bottles.

NEIGHBOR #2

That's what I'm talkin' about!!

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Coffee's finishing brewing. A hand enters frame, pours a mug then another.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Jon wakes, sees the burner phone at the foot of his bed with pepperoni and pizza sauce on it. Bille's at his bedroom door sipping coffee.

BILLE

Don't make me go through your - or your neighbor's - trash again. Please. Swear to God, the stuff they have in there? That one guy? I'm just *waiting* to get a text with his photo. Plus - these phones? Not. Cheap. Get up and put some clothes on.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Jon enters pulling on a t-shirt. Bille hands him a coffee mug. He opens the fridge, searches for a beer. There are clear containers with half eaten salads, sandwiches, etc.

BILLE

Man, you eat some questionable lettuce. Swear to God. Some of the lettuce you eat - it's grown legs. I'm surprised it hasn't walked outta here and earned a G.E.D.

Jon pours out the coffee, cracks a beer, fills the mug.

JON

Where're the wild things? No back up today?

BILLE

No. Just us today. Grooming me for management. Probably take the place of your first contact. He's been a little "talky" since hiring you. Gotta see.

They both sit at the table. Bille takes in the place. Worse than before.

BILLE (CONT'D)

This place smells like gunpowder and homemade beer. I'm guessing you never worked in food service.

Jon stares back. She looks at him with compassion.

BILLE (CONT'D)

(motions to surroundings)
'Cause of the girl, huh?

JON

I want out.

BILLE

Not possible.

JON

Why?

BILLE

You killed too many people.

JON

How many is too many?

BILLE

One. One is too many.

JON

This isn't who I am.

BILLE

It is now.

JON

I'm making a lot of mistakes which affect innocent people.

BILLE

You are. There's no training course for this line of work. We have to figure it out on our own.

JON
 Did you make mistakes when you were
 starting out?

Bille stares at him.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Bille approaches a house. No lights on inside or out.
 Driveway clear. She picks the lock, screws a silencer into
 her pistol, pulls down her mask, reaches for the door knob.

INT. NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Bille enters. Suddenly, the lights turn on and TWENTY PEOPLE
 shout HAPPY BIRTHDAY!!!! She's standing with a gun,
 silencer, wearing a mask. There's a collective "WHOA!"

Headlights appear. Bille glances outside as her MARK drives
 by, sees her at the door with a pistol. He hits the gas and
 speeds off.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

BILLE
 Not that I recall.

JON
 Really?

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE - STREET - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Bille's sprinting scared shitless as the Twenty People run
 into the road after her.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

BILLE
 Yeah. Look. You either develop
 into a professional or...

JON
 Or what?

BILLE
 Or.

She lets the word hang there.

JON

Those are not good choices for me.

BILLE

You no longer have choices, Jon.
 You can't have two lives, two
 priorities. Your former life?
 It's a liability for those hiring
 you. You need to leave it behind.
 You need to become more clever in
 your assignments. It's not only
 about completing the job, it's
 about how you complete it. Your
 last couple? A little messy.
 Though I have to say -
 (slight chuckle)
 That train thing? Quite inspired.
 Fella's a Jon Doe on ice outside of
 Indianapolis! Really logged in
 some frequent flyer miles.

Bille rises, rinses her mug, sets it out to dry.

BILLE (CONT'D)

Look - in our business, you don't
 see the pink slip coming. Become
 cold. Become precise. And you'll
 move up the ranks. You'll leave
 this town, transition to a bigger
 market, work less for more money.

She turns to him.

BILLE (CONT'D)

These HR sessions of ours?
 Concluded. I promise you -
 there'll be no more pep talks.

JON

Why didn't you kill me when you
 first met me?

BILLE

I was curious how a man like
 yourself got caught up in this line
 of work.

EXT. PARK - FLASHBACK - DAY

Jon plays with Dylan at the park. From a far, Bille stands
 by the fence, watching, touched.

BILLE (V.O.)
And I respect anyone who'll do
whatever it takes for their kid.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

BILLE
Especially when it means never
seeing them again.

Bille moves to the door, notices something on the ground.

BILLE (CONT'D)
Are you fucking kidding me!?!?

She picks up **THE BOOK OF FIVE RINGS** from beneath a pile of
trash, turns to Jon shaking it like an angry teacher.

BILLE (CONT'D)
Jon. You need to study this.

She tosses it to him.

JON
I really liked her.

Bille nods.

BILLE
I'm sure you did. Those things?
Girlfriends, family? They're not
for us. They're not for you. Not
anymore.

Bille leaves. Jon rises, pours the mug of beer into the
sink. He rinses the mug, shakes out the water, sets it on
the counter. A moment later, he gently begins pushing
everything on the counter to the floor. Everything.

He opens cupboards, slides all the contents - dishes, spices,
plates, etc - to the floor. Same thing with the
refrigerator.

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

Jon fires various rifles and pistols.

INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

Jon sits down in a BARBER's chair.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Jon pulls everything from his closet - Carhartt jacket, shirts, pants - tosses them to the floor.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - DAY

Jon walks around removing all sentimental items, photos, etc. Anything with his boy is carefully set in the cardboard box he carries, everything else hits the floor.

INT. GUN SHOW - DAY

George and Jon conclude a sale. George hands him an address on a scrap of paper.

GEORGE
Swing by tonight.

JON
Fight?

George shakes his head.

GEORGE
Hardware. You'd be surprised how many of these guys have a box of grenades hid under their kids' bunkbeds.

INT/EXT. JON'S HOUSE - DAY

Jon uses a push broom to clear everything from his house. Furniture, clothes, garbage, food - everything strewn across the yard, piles and piles of stuff.

He steps back inside. The house is empty. Clean. All rooms devoid of furniture. Nothing on shelves, nothing in closets.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Jon repaints a stolen car. We pull back, there are two others with newspaper taped to the windows awaiting new color.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

His closet's modified. A couple shelves attached to the wall with small, neat piles of black t-shirts, black long sleeves, black sweatshirts. On one side hangs a few suits, on the other hang different jackets.

A suitcase on a small table with jeans, socks, underwear, undershirts, handkerchiefs - all black.

On the floor - various types of shoes, sneakers, work boots, dress shoes - all black.

Deep to the side's an extremely large safe.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - DAY

Jon runs on a treadmill. We pull back, reveal his living room is now a mini gym with treadmill, weight bench, dumbbells.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jon pulls out a chair, sits at the table. Opens **THE BOOK OF FIVE RINGS**, begins reading. The heading on the first page is "The Ground Book".

JON

Strategy is the craft of the warrior. Commanders must enact the craft, and troopers should know this Way.

INT. BASEMENT GUN SALE - NIGHT

George leads Jon down a flight of stairs to a large open room. A small group of GUNBUYERS and GUNSELLERS mill about, perusing clearly illegal weapons.

Jon drifts through the group as George smiles, converses demonstrably with some friends in the background. Jon stops, something catches his eye. We push in on an AR-15.

GUNSELLER

That there's a cash only, no receipt, wipe my fingerprints kinda handshake deal, my friend.

INT. BASEMENT GUN SALE - NIGHT

Later.

Now wrapped in brown paper, Jon picks up the AR-15, walks away with George.

JON

You find your hand grenades?

George smiles. Shakes the small cardboard box he carries. The Gunseller calls from the back.

GUNSELLER

Careful with those, George!

George and Jon share a laugh, ascend the stairs.

EXT. VARIOUS STREETS/PARKING LOTS - DAY

Jon stashes the newly painted stolen vehicles.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

A metal table's replaced the wooden. There's a large roll of tracing paper on one end, stretched across the top. Jon sits studying various books and manuals on weapons, strategy, maps, technique.

INT. WORKSITE - MACHINE SHOP - DAY

The door's opened and Eddie enters. Jon stops what he's doing, removes his safety glasses, strolls toward Eddie.

EDDIE

Jon, the Boss says if you're not gonna work here you can't use the machine shop.

Jon places a single finger on Eddie's chest, walks him outside, shuts the door, locks it. He lowers his safety glasses, returns to work.

INT. ILLEGAL FIGHTING - NIGHT

Jon wins another fight.

INT. STORAGE AREA - DAY

Pull back from grenades, AR15, ammunition, bomb making supplies, pistols, bullet proof vests, camouflage clothing, etc.

We exit as Jon lowers the door, double locks it.

INT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

Jon's turned around in the barber chair as the Barber removes the cape. His bushy cut's been streamlined.

EXT. BARBER SHOP - DAY

Jon steps outside. From bottom to top he's a new man - shiny leather shoes, slim black suit, well groomed hair. He's focused, fit, intense as he slides on his sunglasses, walks away.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

蒸発
Jōhatsu
Begin anew with no trace

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Jon arrives in his truck, parks. He takes out his weapons, including the AR-15 in a padded rifle case, sets them on the bed. As he gets his things arranged, an unmarked police sedan pulls up across the lot.

The doors open and from the driver's side steps TONY DEFAZIO, 30's, tall, clean cut, sunglasses, baseball hat, jeans and t-shirt.

You can not only tell this guy's a cop from a mile away but know if he pulls you over you're either getting a ticket or hit on.

Jon sees the Police, tactfully puts the AR-15 back.

Three other POLICE OFFICERS including SCOOTER DANIELS, 30's, Tony's partner, exit the vehicle. All wear off duty t-shirts and baseballs hats with front and back police logos.

Tony holds his hand up to block the sun, seems to recognize Jon. Scooter stands next to him.

SCOOTER

That's the guy isn't it?

TONY

That's him all right.

While the other Two Cops pop the trunk and pull out their firearms, Scooter and Tony watch Jon carry his weapons towards the entrance.

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - JON'S STALL - DAY

Jon target shoots. On the opposite end, Tony and his guys good ole boy it up - loud, boisterous, arrogant.

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Jon returns to his truck. There's a ticket on his windshield. Jon pulls it off - "*broken turn signal*". Intentionally fractured pieces of colored plastic lay on the ground.

Jon turns, sees Tony and his Crew drinking beer by their car. Tony raises a bottle, calls to Jon.

TONY

Have a nice day!

The other Cops laugh. Jon gets in his truck, drives away.

BEAU (O.S.)

Thanks for showing up.

INT. BAR - DAY

Jon sits opposite Beau.

BEAU

Michelle's gotten herself in a situation.

JON

How so?

BEAU

This new guy of hers. The Cop?

The realization hits Jon, he smiles, shakes his head.

BEAU (CONT'D)

What?

JON

I met him a couple days ago.

BEAU

Yeah? Me, too. Pulled me over, gets to my side of the car and tells me both his cruiser and lapel cameras were malfunctioning then proceeds to threaten me if I go anywhere near her which, mind you, I have zero intention of doing. He make contact with you as well?

JON

If busting my turn signal and ticketing me for it counts then yeah, he contacted me.

BEAU

I'm sorry.

JON

(shrugs)
He's a cop.

BEAU

That's not cool, Jon.

JON

The guy's an asshole.

BEAU

Yeah. He is. And he was an asshole *before* he became a cop. I know a lot of decent people in law enforcement. He's not one of them. Just as there's many good people forced into situations where they have to do bad things.

Jon stares at him. Does he know?

BEAU (CONT'D)

Look, he treats Michelle and Dylan like shit. Which is an odd contradiction, don't you think? She hooks up with a Cop for safety and security, gets the opposite? Anyway, I thought you should know. Let's hope she gets tired of his shit before things get really bad. For our boy - *your* boy's - sake.

Beau downs his drink, rises.

BEAU (CONT'D)

I'm gonna get another one. Nice haircut. You're looking good.

Beau walks over to the bar, leaves Jon with a lot to think about.

INT. JON'S TRUCK - DRIVING - DAY

Driving, Jon glances into his rear mirror, sees the cop car from the shooting range drifting in and out of traffic.

He continues driving, glances into the mirror again - the cop car's directly behind him now - red and blue lights turn on then the siren. Jon pulls over.

EXT. SIDE OF ROAD - DAY

Parked on the side of the road, Jon watches Tony exit the cop car, approach him. Tony's in full police regalia. Scooter's out of the car on the passenger side.

JON

What seems to be the problem officer?

Tony smirks.

TONY

Shut up.

He leans in close to Jon.

TONY (CONT'D)

Our cruiser and lapel cameras? Yeah, they're malfunctioning right now. Gotta get 'em fixed.

JON
 (agreeable)
 You should do that.

TONY
 In the meantime -

JON
 'Cause how you gonna explain rear
 ending a civilian during a routine
 traffic stop?

TONY
 What are you talking -

Jon slaps the truck in reverse, backs into the cop car once,
 twice.

JON
 Damn, officer. I may have
 significant back injuries from you
 ramming me.

As Tony reaches for his sidearm, Jon lays on the horn.
 Scooter glances around, see PEOPLE step from houses, traffic
 slows down to observe.

JON (CONT'D)
 License and registration please.
 Oh - tell Michelle I said hello,
 will you buddy?

Frustrated, Tony walks back to the Cruiser. Scooter holds up
 his hands confused. Through the mirror, Jon smiles watching
 an unhappy Tony call it in.

EXT. FIRE PIT - NIGHT

Beer in hand, Jon sits next to Neighbor #1. Neighbor #3's
 across from them however the attention's on the nearby house.
 We see Neighbor #2 having an argument with his wife in the
 kitchen.

NEIGHBOR #1
 He's getting screwed over at work.

JON
 What's going on?

NEIGHBOR #3

He was up for a promotion but one of the higher ups dropped his son in there instead. Guy has it out for him, now.

NEIGHBOR #1

His wife's worried he'll get fired and they'll lose the house.

The door flies open and Neighbor #2 walks out, heads for the fire pit. As he gets close, Neighbor #1 tosses him a beer. Neighbor #2 pops it open, sits down.

NEIGHBOR #3

You okay?

NEIGHBOR #2

This - *motherfucker*. He wants to fire me so he can hire his buddy. He'd ruin *my* life to make *his* life cooler. Maybe I'm built different than you all but I could totally kill him and not lose a second of sleep.

Neighbor #1 and #3 exchange a look as Neighbor #2 chugs his entire beer.

NEIGHBOR #3

You think, maybe, you should *talk* to someone about this?

Neighbor #2 crushes the can, shakes his head "no" and waves for a new beer. Neighbor #1 tosses him another.

NEIGHBOR #2

I'm living paycheck to paycheck. I need to do something drastic. I mean, he's such an asshole. He tells the Barista at the coffee shop next door how to make his coffee. Every. Single. Day. *Then* - doesn't tip her. He's the kinda guy who'd make his girlfriend have an abortion so his *boyfriend* wouldn't find out. Only problem -

He points at Jon.

NEIGHBOR #2 (CONT'D)

He's your size and build.

NEIGHBOR #3
Plus - you're a pussy. So....

NEIGHBOR #2
Fuck you, man. I get the chance,
I'm killing him!

Jon finishes his beer, stands and walks away without a word.
The conversation stops as they watch him go. They lower
their voices.

NEIGHBOR #1
(to Neighbor #2)
What the hell is wrong with you?

NEIGHBOR #3
Yeah, I think you freaked him the
fuck out.

NEIGHBOR #2
I'm pissed off. It's not like I'm
actually gonna do it.

NEIGHBOR #1
He doesn't know that. Look, I get
it, you may have to find another
job but he lost his family, man.
Have you seen his kid around? No?

NEIGHBOR #3
I miss not seeing his -

NEIGHBOR #1
Enough with the wife, okay. He's a
nice guy. A *nice* guy.

NEIGHBOR #3
He is pretty quiet.

NEIGHBOR #2
Keeps to himself.

NEIGHBOR #3
A good neighbor.

NEIGHBOR #1
I had to *make* him let me help him
with that mattress. He would've
never asked for help and lemme tell
you - that thing was *heavy*.

NEIGHBOR #3
Probably never gonna hang out with
us again.

NEIGHBOR #2

I-I-I-

NEIGHBOR #1

Shut up, man.

NEIGHBOR #3

Yeah, just shut the fuck up.

Neighbor #2 cowers in his seat, cradle sips his beer.

NEIGHBOR #1

I half expect to see someone do a welfare check on him.

NEIGHBOR #3

Or worse, we have to call an ambulance after hearing a self inflicted gunshot.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Holy shit! The house is the same but the way it's decked out - amazing. Extremely clean, antiseptic. Each door has a key code. Spot lighting. Alarms. Jon's peering at the fire pit from the kitchen window, closes the louvered blinds.

He opens a kitchen drawer, reaches inside and a panel pops out. He removes the burner phone.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jon's asleep. On the nightstand, the phone light comes on and it vibrates. Jon wakes, grabs the phone. It's a new assignment. He yawns, stretches, heads to the kitchen. He sets the phone on the table, starts the coffee maker.

Messages scroll on the screen - a group of SIX FRATBOYS, website links, etc.

INT. SUSHI RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The Fratboys sit at a large table, drinking, celebrating, being obnoxious to the STAFF.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jon's back is to us as he prepares something at the counter. We move across the metal table and the papers scattered all over it - printed photos of the Fratboys in regular life, their mugshots, court documents...

EXT. FISH MARKET - DAY

Jon browses various stalls. We see him speak to FISH VENDOR #1 who points Jon to another stall.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - DAY

Jon continues what he's doing as we continue across the documents. Police reports, autopsy photos of a girl with dark bruises, bloody lips...

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

Jon pulls up in a utility truck. He gets out wearing overalls, carries tools and a take out box from a sushi restaurant.

INT. SUSHI RESTAURANT - NIGHT

OLDER MEN in expensive business suits arrive. They're directed to the Fratboys' table where they're greeted like heroes with hugs and handshakes.

INT. SUSHI RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Later.

All the Fratboys and Older Men hold shots in the air.

FRATBOYS & OLDER MEN
NOT GUILTY!!!

They down their shots. A HOSTESS walks by and one of the Fratboys pulls her to his lap, keeps her from getting up.

As a WAITRER moves to intercede, Fratboy #1 and Fratboy #2 step up, blocking him.

FRATBOY #1
Back off.

FRATBOY #2
We're bulletproof.

The Hostess pushes off the Fratboy, rushes away.

EXT. FISH MARKET - DAY

Jon sees a few Blowfish on ice. He gets the attention of FISH VENDOR #2 and points at them.

JON
I'd like two of these please.

Fish Vendor #2 wipes his hands off, walks over to Jon.

FISH VENDOR #2
You know how to prepare them? Very dangerous.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - DAY

We finish crossing the table of documents, settle on the sushi restaurant take out box.

EXT. SUSHI RESTUARANT - NIGHT

The Fratboys rowdily pile out of the restaurant and into a waiting limousine.

EXT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

The Fratboys rowdily pile out of the limousine and into the Frat House.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

Two of the Frat Boys pull beers from the refrigerator, see the take out box. One of them grabs it, checks the sides.

FRATBOY #1
No name -

FRATBOY #1 & FRATBOY #2
Fair game!!!

They dig in, start eating. The other Fratboys enter and it becomes a decadent free for all to consume the fish and pound the beer.

EXT. FISH MARKET - DAY

Fish Vendor #2 is pointing specifically on the blowfish.

FISH VENDOR #2

Here. The bladder. Careful when
you cut around it. Tetrodoxin's
inside.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - NIGHT

Later.

A few bodies on the ground, motionless, eyes open. Fratboy #1 appears, stumbles, in a lot of pain, clutching his stomach. He slides down a wall, stops breathing, stares lifelessly.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Jon puts money into his safe.

EXT. MOBILE HOME PARK - NIGHT

Jon's running for his life past a series of mobile homes. A bullet shatters a window and he ducks around the corner.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - DAY

Jon's clearing the Fratboy materials from the table. He rips the paper with his Fratboy notes and pulls fresh paper across the surface.

INT. CAFE - DAY

Jon receives a new text on his phone.

EXT. MOBILE HOME PARK - AROUND CORNER - NIGHT

Leaning against the wall while catching his breath, Jon's phone buzzes with a text - "*Mark aware there's been a hire*". Jon reacts with frustration like "no shit", hears the MOBILE PARK MAN running.

EXT. MOBILE HOME PARK - NIGHT

The Mobile Park Man creeps past the shot out window, turns the corner - no Jon. He looks around, listens. Jon's gone.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - DAY

Jon's new prep work is on the table. Google Maps of the Mobile Home Park, references to the Mobile Park Man's trailer. We push into it and -

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOBILE PARK MAN'S TRAILER - NIGHT

The Mobile Park Man rushing inside.

INT. MOBILE PARK MAN'S TRAILER - NIGHT

The Mobile Park Man grabs his Go Bag, calms himself, steps to the door.

EXT. MOBILE PARK MAN'S TRAILER - NIGHT

The Mobile Park Man slowly opens the door, sticks his head out and looks around. He steps down to his car, quietly gets in and peels out.

As the Mobile Park Man drives away, he passes a stolen car we saw Jon paint earlier. Hiding behind it, Jon waits until the Mobile Man turns onto the main road then gets in and follows.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Jon follows the Mobile Park Man, sees the brake lights flash as the vehicle slows. Jon slows with it and they come to a complete stop.

Jon glances back - no other vehicles in sight. There's movement in the Mobile Park Man's car. The back left window rolls down then the door's flung open.

A moment later, the Mobile Park Man opens the driver's door and fires his weapon, using the back door as cover. Bullets shatter Jon's windshield and back window.

Jon struggles with his seat belt, drops to the floor. He's still, holds his pistol in position. He hears a magazine hit the ground as the Mobile Park Man reloads.

Again - more gunfire and then silence. Jon can hear footsteps slowly approach, aims his pistol upwards. The footsteps stop. He hears nervous breathing, then sees a muzzle appear - two shots fire, barely misses him.

Jon hears the magazine eject, quickly rises, levels his weapon and - as the Mobile Park Man frantically attempts to reload - shoots him three times, vaulting him backwards.

Later.

Jon drags the body to the car.

Later.

As the Mobile Park Man lays in the front seat, Jon rips part of the guy's shirt off.

Later.

The torn fabric sticks out of the gas tank. Jon lights it on fire.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

We're moving away from the car fire, pull through Jon's shattered back window, across the seats, past Jon, through the shattered front windshield, settle on Jon as he drives, the blaze far behind.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Jon puts more money into the safe.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jon grabs a beer from the fridge, pops it open, tosses the cap in the garbage, sits at the table. There's a layout of a two story house with notes for key elements "bathroom with walk in shower", "bedroom door at top of stairs".

EXT. TWO STORY HOUSE - NIGHT

In the woods opposite the house, Jon looks through night vision binoculars, sees a couple having intercourse. The MISTRESS gets off the bed, walks to the shower while the HUSBAND grabs a remote and turns on the tv.

Jon writes on a pad illuminated with a red light "*cleans herself after sex*", "*man stays in bed, turns on television*".

INT. JON'S HOUSE - DAY

The phone rests next to a tv remote in store packaging. A text on the phone reads "*be sure mistress discovers body*". Wearing latex gloves, Jon grabs the phone and the tv remote.

INT. TWO STORY HOUSE - NIGHT

The couple finish having intercourse. The Mistress rises, heads to the shower. We hear the water running. The Husband grabs the remote and turns on the television, sets the remote on the covers.

The volume begins increasing. The Husband reaches for the remote, stops when he sees Jon in the doorway. Before he can react, Jon rushes towards him, hops on the bed and smothers him with a pillow.

EXT. TWO STORY HOUSE - NIGHT

Jon climbs past where he did his surveillance. Behind him, we see the Mistress exit the shower, grab a towel and enter the bedroom. She sits on the bed, touches the Husband and, terrified, falls backwards in terror.

She frantically grabs her things and rushes out.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Jon puts money into the closet safe.

INT/EXT. ELDERLY MAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

We push towards a window and a hand pulls back the curtains. It's raining outside. We're way up, looking down at a bus stop, see Jon sitting alone. The curtains close.

Hands fill up a kettle, put it on a stove to boil.

INT. HERBAL APOTHECARY - DAY

Jon steps up to the register, sets down a series of herbs. The CASHIER, 40's, maternal, picks them up.

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

Jon's sitting in the pouring rain. An ELDERLY MAN appears. Jon glances up.

ELDERLY MAN

You're him.

Jon looks away.

EXT. PARK - DAY

We're a great distance away. Jon watches Dylan play in the park while Michelle sits at the bench.

Jon's phone buzzes a text. He glances at it. Sees a photo of the Elderly Man, turns back to the playground.

Tony's car pulls up and parks. He gets out, calls to Michelle. Michelle sees him, calls to Dylan and they exit the park. Tony's not happy and we can tell by the body language Michelle's scared. Dylan stands behind her and she has her arms extended protecting him.

Jon's phone continues to buzz. He ignores it.

Tony grabs her shoulder and she pulls away. He points an angry finger at her and she drops her head, nods. She passes by him, gets in the car with Dylan. Tony drives away.

Jon looks down at the texts, sees "...pass in his sleep...", "...as painless as possible...".

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

The Elderly Man sits.

ELDERLY MAN

It's okay. I hired you.

INT. ELDERLY MAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jon slips in through the door.

INT. ELDERLY MAN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jon replaces tea with the herbs.

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

Jon turns to the Elderly Man.

ELDERLY MAN

It's alright, son. I'm ready.

Jon's confused.

ELDERLY MAN (CONT'D)
Life takes its toll. You outlive
your friends, your dreams, your
hope.

JON
There must be someone who -

The Elderly Man smiles, endeared by Jon's naïveté.

JON (CONT'D)
What if I helped you? What if -

ELDERLY MAN
It's my time.

He pats Jon's shoulder, rises, walks across the street and enters the building. Jon looks up towards the apartment window.

INT. ELDERLY MAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

We hear the kettle whistling as the Elderly Man slips in through the door.

INT. ELDERLY MAN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The Elderly Man's hands take the kettle from the stove, turn off the flame.

The Elderly Man's hands prepare the tea from the same dispenser of contents Jon replaced.

The Elderly Man's hands gently shake as he raises the tea cup to his lips.

INT. ELDERLY MAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Elderly Man lays down, turns off the light.

INT. HERBAL APOTHECARY - DAY

The Cashier's separating the herbs into two different bags.

HERBAL CASHIER
Keep these separated, you
understand? You accidentally
combine them you'll never wake up.

EXT. BUS STOP - NIGHT

Jon texts "*it's done*", rises, walks towards us in the rain.

INT. DINER #2 - NIGHT

Jon's blurry POV as he opens his eyes. Annie's softly shaking him awake.

ANNIE

Hey. You dozed off again.

She sits down as he raises a cup of coffee.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

So you are a killer.

INT. JON'S TRUCK - NIGHT

A POLICE OFFICER's tapping on his window. Jon wakes, rolls it down.

POLICE OFFICER

You alright?

JON

Yes, it was...raining really hard.

POLICE OFFICER

Still is. You been drinking or the like?

Jon shakes his head.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

You okay?

Jon nods. The Police Officer shines a flashlight in Jon's eyes, angles it away.

POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

You wanna call someone?

Jon's waking up, clearly lucid, not under the influence.

JON

I'm good. Really.

POLICE OFFICER

Maybe I follow you for a bit. Make sure you're alright.

JON
I'll be fine.

POLICE OFFICER
Please get home safe, you hear?

JON
Will do. Appreciate it.

Jon drives away as the Police Officer heads to his cruiser.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Jon's been up all night. He's sitting at the metal table, the burner phone in front of him. He's holding his pistol's magazine, thumb on the top bullet, staring blankly.

The number on the side of the magazine displays 10 rounds.

INT. ELDERLY MAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

The Elderly Man lays motionless.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Jon's thumb slides a bullet out. It lands near the burner phone.

INT. TWO STORY HOUSE - BEDROOM - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

The Husband stares at us, the pillow in the same position as when the Mistress discovered him.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Another bullet slides from the magazine, lands near the burner phone.

EXT. FREEWAY - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

The car fire rages.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

The bullets in the magazine rise as another's ejected. The number now reads 7.

INT. FRAT HOUSE - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Fratboy #1 lifeless eyes stare straight at us, white foam's collected at his mouth.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Another bullet lands near the phone.

INT. ANTIQUE STORE - FLASHBACK - DAY

Jon's POV of Ma, Pa and the Counterfeiter as he enters.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Jon's thumb slides a bullet out.

INT. ANNIE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - FLASHBACK - DAY

Annie introduces Rachel.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

The bullets in the magazine rise as another's ejected. The number now reads 4.

EXT. OVERPASS - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

The pink mattress cover travels on top of the train.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Another bullet bounces near the burner phone.

INT. PONZI MAN'S APARTMENT - FLASHBACK - DAY

Jeremy extends his arm for a fist bump.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Jon's thumb pushes out another round.

INT. PHOTOGRAPHER'S HOUSE - PHOTO STUDIO - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

The Photographer and BMF lay in the computer debris.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Jon pushes out a bullet. It lands near the phone. The magazine shows one round left.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - FLASHBACK - DAY

Bille's standing at the door.

BILLE

I promise you - there'll be no more
pep talks.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Jon continues to stare aimlessly, slides the magazine into the pistol, chambers the round.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - FLASHBACK - DAY

Bille sits across from Jon.

BILLE

One. One is too many.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Jon places the barrel under his chin. Behind him, we see the Sheriff's hat again. BAM! BAM! BAM! He startles Jon.

EXT. JON'S HOUSE - DAY

Jon opens the door, scaring the Deputy Sheriff as he hangs another "Pay Or Quit" notice. Prescott's getting out of his car.

PRESCOTT

Hey-hey-hey-WRONG HOUSE!

The Deputy Sheriff glances at the notice, squints at Jon's house number.

DEPUTY SHERIFF
(to Jon)
This ain't you?

Jon looks at it.

JON
No.

The Deputy Sheriff scratches his head.

DEPUTY SHERIFF
Hmmm. You know this guy?

Jon angrily turns to Prescott.

EXT. JON'S HOUSE - DAY

Later.

Jon watches the Deputy Sheriff and Prescott arguing with Neighbor #2. His Wife looks over his shoulder, TWO KIDS at her legs.

EXT. JON'S HOUSE - STREET - DAY

We're staring at Jon's house from far away as he exits, gets in his truck and drives past us. We pull back to Scooter sitting in a car wearing street clothes. He talks into a radio.

SCOOTER
He's heading your way.

EXT. ANOTHER ROAD - DAY

Jon drives past us. A car pulls out, follows him.

INT. FOLLOW CAR - DRIVING - DAY

We're keeping Jon in view.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Jon puts on his blinker, pulls in. The Follow Car drives past.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

CHAD and DALE, late 20's, clean cut, young, arrogant, entitled professionals, enter, stand in line.

CHAD

You'll get used to having to tell them every, single day how to not fuck up your order.

DALE

Well, it's not like you need an Ivy League education to do this.

CHAD

Actually, I think you do.

As they laugh, we push past them to Jon sitting listening.

EXT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

We're watching from across the street as Chad and Dale exit.

DALE

I was thinking, that HR lady? She could go. Then we could get Becky in.

A moment later, Jon exits, follows them. We begin moving down our side of the street.

SCOOTER (O.S.)

He's coming towards you.

INT. FOLLOW CAR - STREET - DAY

We're looking through a rear view mirror, see Chad, Dale and Jon walking towards us. The POV gets out of the car, comes around the front to the sidewalk.

Chad and Dale pass by. Jon's looking right us as Tony enters frame. He's wearing street clothes. Jon watches as Chad and Dale continue further away.

JON

I don't have time for this.

He tries to push by Tony but Tony grabs him.

TONY

Where are they?

JON
Go fuck yourself.

Jon sees Chad and Dale turn a corner. He disengages, continues his pursuit. Scooter screeches his car to a stop, gets out in front of Jon, pulls his badge. Jon slows down, turns as Tony approaches.

TONY
You're gonna tell me where they are.

JON
No idea who *they* are.

TONY
They're not at your house I know that.

Jon realizes who Tony's referencing, smiles.

JON
For once she made a good decision.

Tony swings at Jon and a fight ensues. Scooter wasn't expecting this, glances around. PEDESTRIANS stop. PEOPLE rush to windows.

SCOOTER
Hey - hey Tony?

Scooter tries to break it up.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Later.

Other Police Vehicles, POLICE OFFICERS and a POLICE CAPTAIN, 50's, are on site. It's now a thing.

Jon's sitting on the curb, hands cuffed behind him. The Captain's speaking with Scooter to one side, Tony's further down the sidewalk, leaning on a cruiser's hood amongst other Police Officers. He's dabbing his nose with a handkerchief.

It's clear from Scooter's body language he's intimidated by the Captain and the circumstances. The Captain motions for Scooter to walk away, turns and looks at Jon.

He steps over, helps him up.

CAPTAIN
Take a walk with me.

The Captain leads him from the others.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

I'm gonna deny having this conversation.

(motions with his head)

That - is not a proper representation of the thin blue line. And I apologize, but until he does something truly egregious, his badge brethren will do their best to keep him from public scrutiny and, hopefully, from doing something as *stupid* as this again. Professionally, I'd appreciate it if you'd walk away and move on with your life as best you can. Personally, I wouldn't blame you one bit if you filed a complaint and took his badge. It'd lift a giant weight off my shoulders, believe you me, son.

The Captain removes Jon's handcuffs.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

The choice is yours.

Jon locks eyes with Tony. Tony's not gonna let this go. Jon turns to the Captain, makes his decision.

JON

Appreciate it.

Jon moves off in the opposite direction. The Captain returns to Tony and the other Police Officers.

TONY

You're letting him walk? He assaulted an officer of the -

CAPTAIN

Would you shut up? This is the last break you get. I am tired of cleaning up after you. You know, having you on the force is, well, it's like sending two people home.

(to other Officers)

Will you all please keep him from making us look any worse than we do already? Now, get him out of here.

INT. JON'S TRUCK - DRIVING - DAY

Jon's phone buzzes *"Five-0 interaction too hot. Get rid of it or..."*. Jon replies *"or?"*. The phone buzzes with an all caps response *"OR"*. The connection disappears and the screen reads *"No Service"*.

Jon contemplates his strategy, *sees a side of beef swinging from a large tree branch*, continues driving, *sees a syringe going into an arm*, continues driving, *sees struggling as pliers work inside a mouth*, continues driving, *sees his house go up in flames*, continues driving...

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Jon's truck quietly moves away from us.

INT. GROCERY STORE - MEAT SECTION - DAY

Jon sifts through packages of beef.

BUTCHER

Finding everything alright, sir?

JON

I'm looking for a much, much larger chunk of beef.

BUTCHER

How much larger?

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jon sits at the table with a syringe extracting blood from his arm. He removes the syringe, pops out the vial, places it in a holder with three others.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Jon stands with the AR-15. Wearing latex gloves, he loads a single round, raises it into position. He looks through the scope, exhales.

The POV is a side of beef hanging from a branch in front of a large tree. Jon fires. The round blows through the beef.

Jon bends over, picks up the shell.

EXT. WOODS - BASE OF TREE - DAY

Still wearing the gloves, Jon clears the pieces of meat off the ground. He pulls out a buck knife, digs the bullet from the tree, scrapes meat off the bark.

Jon opens a vial of his blood, drips it into the bullet hole, on the ground, flicks some onto the bark, wipes it as if attempting to quickly clean it off.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Still sitting next to the holder with the four vials of blood, Jon picks up his personal phone, dials a number. Tony answers.

JON

Tony. It's Jon. Look, I understand what you're going through. Michelle put me through the same thing, made me fall for her, took off, made me think I'd done something wrong, all that shit. Only I was never able to win her back.

Tony sighs on the other end.

JON (CONT'D)

I wanna help.

TONY

(skeptical)
That so.

JON

Yeah, I do. I really do. I think the best thing's for us all to sit down, work out our differences. If you're open to it, I can talk to Michelle and we can all meet at the cabin where she and Dylan are staying.

TONY

I don't think so.

JON

No?

TONY

No. I think you need to tell me where the cabin's at and I'll take it from there.

Jon pauses.

JON

If I do this, can I count on you to not tell her it came from me?

TONY

Of course.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Jon transfers all the money from his safe to an old school gym bag.

INT. DINER - DAY

Jon's in the same middle booth as the beginning. There are two menus on the table. The Waitress sets down a coffee.

WAITRESS

You ready to order?

JON

Waiting on a friend.

Jon slides a ripped off half of a hundred dollar towards her. She smiles playfully, like she's part of a game.

WAITRESS

What's this?

JON

What's it look like?

WAITRESS

Half a hundred dollar bill.

JON

That's correct.

WAITRESS

Where's the other half?

JON

There's a bank on 5th and Central. In the morning, you'll find a homeless man sitting near the door.

(MORE)

JON (CONT'D)

I gave him a whole hundred plus the other half of that ripped one. Now, you can do one of two things: you can throw that away and continue ignoring how sometimes people fall on hard times, or tomorrow, you can head over there and give him the other half.

WAITRESS

Why are you doing this?

JON

Because I used to come in here with my son. And when I fell on hard times, you treated me poorly in front of him and his mother. Maybe if you choose the second option, actually go out of your way to give this homeless man your ripped half, you'll realize how much better it feels to help someone than shit on them.

The entrance bell rings. Beau enters.

JON (CONT'D)

My friend's here. Give us a few.

She walks away as Beau approaches, reveals he has a shiner and a cut lip.

JON (CONT'D)

You kidding me?

BEAU

Guess who left her cop boyfriend?

Beau sits down, sees the gym bag.

BEAU (CONT'D)

What's this?

JON

I need to trust you. Help me take care of Dylan.

Jon opens the top, shows him the money. Beau scans the diner for onlookers, turns to Jon.

BEAU

I guess this is where I stop asking questions?

JON

Remember when you said there are people who do bad things but deep down are good? Do you believe that?

BEAU

I believe that, yes.

The Waitress returns, humbled, reserved.

WAITRESS

Can I get you gentlemen anything?

Beau turns to Jon who waves him off.

BEAU

Water, please?

WAITRESS

Of course.

She heads for the kitchen. Jon rises, extends his hand. Beau shakes it. It lasts a bit, like a goodbye. As Jon leaves, Beau calls to him.

BEAU

Jon? You need me to help?
With...whatever?

Jon nods to the bag.

JON

Take care of our boy.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Faced away from the table, Jon sits hunched over in a chair looking at pictures and mementos of Dylan, dropping each to the floor. We begin to slowly pull back, the ground completely wet.

EXT. WOODS - SHOULDER PARKING - DUSK

Tony parks next to Jon's truck. He gets out, looks around.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jon's going through photos, sees something endearing, smiles, drops it to the ground. We continue pulling back...

EXT. WOODS - SHOULDER PARKING - DUSK

Tony dials Jon's number, walks around as it rings, glances in Jon's truck, sees keys in the ignition.

EXT. WOODS - BASE OF TREE - DUSK

Jon's personal phone's near the tree. It lights up, starts ringing.

EXT. WOODS - SHOULDER PARKING - DUSK

Tony hears a phone ringing, turns, tries to figure out where it's coming from, exits frame. We push into the back of his car, focus on the license plate.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - DAY

Earlier. Jon groans, winces as he struggles to pull his own tooth. Blood drips into the sink. Bloody pliers land on the porcelain.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

We continue to pull back from Jon.

EXT. WOODS - BASE OF TREE - DUSK

Tony finds the phone, picks it up, scans the woods. From the other side of the tree, we see the bullet hole from earlier and Jon's blood.

EXT. CHAD'S APARTMENT - DAY

Chad steps up to his door, places his key in the lock. Jon grabs him from behind.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

We pull back past a table leg, Jon's still in the chair going through mementos.

EXT. WOODS - SHOULDER PARKING - DUSK

Tony trudges from the woods, walks to Jon's truck, takes the keys from the ignition, throws them.

He gets in his car, backs out towards us - his license plate's missing. He speeds off down the road.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Earlier.

Jon pours gas over everything.

INT. GUN SHOW - DAY

George hands over a manilla envelope. Jon flips the end open, checks the contents - new Birth Certificate, Driver's License, Car Registration, Passport, Credit Cards.

GEORGE

You fight like shit by the way.

JON

Appreciate it.

They hug before Jon walks into the crowd.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

We finish pulling back, reveal Chad dead, facing us, blood dripping from his mouth to a small pool on the floor.

INT. JON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Earlier.

Jon places his tooth at the base of the kitchen counter.

INT. TONY'S CAR - DRIVING - JON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tony drives down Jon's road. As he approaches he sees flames from the house.

EXT. JON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tony walks from his car towards the inferno. He hears loud voices, turns as the Neighbors rush from their homes. Tony runs to his car, does a U-turn and peels out - again, his back plate is missing.

As Neighbor #1 reaches the house, he sees something on the ground and picks it up - Tony's plate. Neighbors #2 & 3 catch up to him.

NEIGHBOR #2
Fire department's on the way.

NEIGHBOR #3
What's that?

Neighbor #1 shakes his head, hands the plate to him.

EXT. TONY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Knocking on Tony's door. Tony opens it, sees the Captain standing there, Scooter, and a dozen other Police Officers with corresponding vehicles.

CAPTAIN
Morning, Tony. Can we see your car? Oh - this is an official request. If you'd prefer to wait for a warrant, say the word and we'll go that route.

EXT/INT. TONY'S HOUSE - GARAGE - MORNING

The garage door opens, revealing the car with no plate.

CAPTAIN
Hmmm. Don't suppose you know where the plate is?

Tony looks at him blankly, shrugs.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Scooter.

Reluctantly, Scooter raises an evidence bag - the plate's inside.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Mind opening the trunk?

We push in as Tony opens the trunk - AR-15, spent shell, pliers with blood on them.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Tony, you remember that gentleman? The one who used to be married to your girlfriend?
(MORE)

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

The one you picked a fight with in public and rear ended during a "routine traffic stop"? Well - he's dead. At least we think it's him. Gonna have to wait for the tooth we found in the rubble since all his other teeth are missing.

TONY

I didn't -

CAPTAIN

We pinged his phone. Don't suppose you know where it might be? I should tell you, the first ping we got was in a wooded area where we found his truck. Not far from that, his keys that had some familiar fingerprints on 'em.

Tony knows he's fucked.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Scooter?

Scooter calls it. A ringing's heard. The Captain walks over, sees Jon's phone on the passenger seat.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Let's read him his rights and cuff this son of a bitch.

As the Police Officers follow orders, Tony turns to the Captain.

TONY

You don't really believe I did this?

CAPTAIN

Personally? No. I don't. I think you're a fucking idiot. The evidence, though, believes otherwise.

EXT. AMAZING CAR - DUSK

The trunk opens and a nice suitcase is set inside next to a duffle bag with a tactical shotgun on top of it.

INT. AMAZING CAR - DUSK

The driver's door shuts. Hands check a gun's loaded, attaches it to a magnet beneath the steering console.

EXT. AMAZING CAR - DUSK

Tires peel out.

EXT. PARK - DUSK

Michelle sits at the bench Jon used to watch Dylan from. Dylan runs around the playground with other the kids.

EXT. PARK - FURTHER AWAY - DUSK

Jon leans against the Amazing Car, tailored suit, well groomed, sunglasses on, a different man than we met at the beginning. For the last time, he watches his boy play.

EXT. PARK - DUSK

As if sensing something, Michelle's expression changes. She glances over a shoulder, looks in the distance as the Amazing Car drives away before she turns back to watch Dylan.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - DUSK

Quiet. Serene. We hear an engine sound grow as the Amazing Car roars by us.

INT. AMAZING CAR - DRIVING - DUSK

THE BOOK OF FIVE RINGS rests on the passenger seat.

Jon places his burner phone in a dash holder. It beeps, displays "*Service Restored*". A text message appears "*Welcome back, Jon*".

EXT. ROAD - DUSK

Jon rides off into the sunset.