

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

FRANK, pacing back and forth, with the phone glued to his ear. He quickly checks his watch.

FRANK
That soon?...I'll head over now.

Frank ends the call, locks the phone, and slides it into his back pocket.

He quickly pats himself, looking for his keys while scanning the room. No luck. He leaves and heads into-

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frank walks into the dark room with a single glow of light coming from the kitchen adjacent to it.

CLICK. A table lamp turns on.

Frank's heart jumps from his chest but he's able to keep it together, mostly.

JEN sits, legs crossed, on an armchair next to the table lamp. A glass of red wine in her hand.

FRANK
Oh, hey babe. I thought you had to work tonight.

JEN
I decided to work from home.
(a beat)
Heading out?

Jen gets up and walks past Frank into the kitchen, sipping her wine. Frank follows her. The game has begun.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The kitchen is neat and tidy, with an island in the middle. Next to the sink is a dry rack, with plates and mugs in it.

Jen moves past the kitchen island, towards the fridge.

Frank's eyes still searching for his keys.

FRANK

Yea, gotta take care of something.
Might run a little late.
(pause)
You've seen my keys?

JEN

Nope.
(a beat)
Why don't you stay in? I poured us
some drinks.

FRANK

Sorry, I'm not in the mood for
wine.

Jen slides him a glass of beer across the island. He catches it. Jen takes another sip of her wine, staring into Frank's soul.

The distance between them is a small kitchen island, but it feels more like the Atlantic, and as cold too.

JEN

Ya know, the strangest thing
happened to me today.

Forget the keys, Frank needs a weapon.

JEN (CONT'D)

I went to the store to buy a few
things and our debit account was
cleared out.

A KNIFE. That's what he needs. His eyes quickly glance across the counter to see - an empty wooden knife holder. Crap.

FRANK

Yea, don't you remember? I told you
the other night, I had to move a
few things around for my new
business venture.

A GUN. Frank keeps a gun in the drawer next to the fridge, just in case.

He makes his way around the island towards the fridge. Jen counters his movement, walking away from the fridge.

JEN

I remember saying we needed to
discuss it more before we did
anything.

FRANK

Right. But something came up and I needed to make a move.

Frank opens the drawer and sees - an empty gun holster. Shit.

Frank hears the jingle of keys, as Jen spins them around her finger.

FRANK (CONT'D)

I thought you hadn't seen my keys.

JEN

Oh, did I say that? Sorry, I have your keys right here.

Jen SLAMS the keys on the kitchen island. No more games.

JEN (CONT'D)

I need that money, Frank.

FRANK

Well, I don't have it anymore, Jen or should I call you, Sypher?

Jen lets loose a crooked smile.

JEN

Finally. Now we can stop playing pretend -

She puts her wine glass down and pulls out Frank's gun from behind her, pointing it at Frank.

JEN (CONT'D)

And get down to business. Where's the money, Frank?

FRANK

Gone.

JEN

Well, then you'll have to get it back.

FRANK

I don't think so, sweetheart. See, I figured out who you really are and what you're planning on doing weeks ago.

Frank, behind his back, pulls out his phone and unlocks it, without Jen noticing.