EXT. FRONT PORCH- NIGHT

MIKE, 40s, salt and pepper hair, wears a black turtleneck, sits in an open van and stares at an unseen picture in his wallet. As his eyes water, it’s like no one else is around, he is completely focused on what he’s looking at. A tear exits his eye as he takes a gulp and puts the wallet away. He stops for a second and lets out a long breath. He looks up at a picture in front of him, it’s a picture of an OLD MAN, 60s, dressed in a suit in the picture. Around the picture lays a blueprint to a mansion, a computer that has the alarm system on it, and on the floor of the van lies a bunch of files, one that reads “eviction notice.” Throughout looking around Mike’s expression of sadness turns into determination.

He turns towards another man, who wears the same turtleneck, but also a ski mask. He motions for Mike to step up.

Mike nods as he puts a ski mask over his head with one pull. He puffs up his chest and walks over to the front door, where kneels down to it and sticks a pick in the door. After a few seconds, he looks up at the other guy with a vulnerable confidence and nods. The other guy leans back and kicks down the door. They both aggressively enter the house.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

They barge into the house and make their way around the living room. They are both throwing as many things that might be worth money into their duffle bags. Around the mansion living room lies pictures of the old man.

Mike sees an artifact above the fireplace, and as he reaches for it a boom is heard from the upstairs. The men both stop immediately and glare towards where they heard the noise. The other man motions for Mike to go up and investigate it, while Mike nods and turns to make his way up a grand staircase.

Once he reaches the top, he looks around for the source of the banging, and starts to make his way down the hall. As he is marching, he bangs his crowbar slowly and methodically.

He reaches a door at the end of the hallway and aggressively kicks it open. This reveals a LITTLE GIRL, around 7, in a nightgown, she lays on the ground but her upper body is propped up by the bed. She is weeping as he kicks open the door, and when he points his gun at her, she just moves back in fear.

He looks with an expression that reads stun and he doesn’t move a muscle. She starts to cry even more as blue and red lights start to shine through the window. The lights break him out of his stunned state. He looks around in confusion. From downstairs, you hear the muffled yelling of the other guy, that is followed by him entering the room behind him. He grabs him and starts yelling into his ear, still only muffled screaming is all that is heard. After a split second, the other guy turns with his duffle bag and runs out of the room. Mike seems fixated on the little girl.

MIKE (MOUTHS)

I am sorry.

He drops his gun, and tosses her his duffle bag, she stays crying against the wall. The silence is broken by one gunshot, and as Mike looks around in confusion, he ends his search at his stomach, where one lone gunshot wound hit. He looks at the girl and then falls to the ground. Standing behind him is a cop with his gun still pointed and smoking.

Out of Mike’s pocket falls a picture, the picture of an 8 year old girl. A tear quickly fades from Mike’s eyes, which is followed by his life.

FADE OUT.