

EXT. NIGHT - FRONT DRIVEWAY OF A FANCY HOUSE

A van pulls up with two wide-eyed men dressed in all black, stare in awe at the house.

GEORGE

So this is the house, huh.

MATT

Yep. This is the house.

GEORGE

And you're sure this is gonna work?

MATT

George. He's not even gonna miss it.

GEORGE

But how does someone not miss eight hundred thousand dollars?

MATT

Because he's too rich. It's like change to him. He's exactly what's wrong with this country, just hoarding so much cash he doesn't know what to do with it, you know?

GEORGE

Yeah. Yeah.

MATT

And getting this cash back into circulation is actually good for the economy.

GEORGE

Yeah, you're right. We're actually helping the economy, really.

MATT

Yep. And your daughter will finally get to go to Disney, and who knows? Private school? You've been talking about that since, forever.

GEORGE

Yeah, yeah, yeah, I have. You swear you've never done this before?

MATT

Gone into a house for a second and and grabbed something real quick?

GEORGE

Come on, Matt, you know what I mean.

MATT

George, it's gonna be fine. It's 2 minutes. In and out.

GEORGE

I know. Yeah, it's gonna be fine.

EXT. NIGHT - BACKYARD OF FANCY HOUSE

A man, GEORGE (30's), with an invisible earpiece on and a small tool bag has been picking the lock of a mostly dark house.

In a nearby inconspicuous van is MATT, who is the mastermind of the whole sting, voicing through George's earpiece.

GEORGE

...and (click) we're in. Okay, where am I going?

MATT - V.O.

Okay, go to the left and go up the stairs.

George hurries up the stairs..

GEORGE

Can't believe we're 2 minutes away from being filthy rich.

MATT - V.O.

Yes we are. Okay, go past the first door on the left, the second door is the office.

GEORGE

Okay, I'm up.. second.. door. Yes, it's already open.

MATT - V.O.

Nice, wow, that's easy for the home office of an investment banker. Okay, go to the desk in the corner.

GEORGE

Okay.. I don't see it.

MATT - V.O.

What do you mean? There's a huge gaudy desk basically right in front of you.

GEORGE

This.. this is a bedroom.

Suddenly a door is heard opening down stairs and a man, STANLEY's voice is heard talking with someone.

GEORGE

Shit! Matt! What's going on?? You said the coast was clear!

MATT - V.O.

What?? It is! I see nobody- oh no.. oh no, what house are you in??

GEORGE

I'm in 737 Hillbrook, Matt. 737 Hillbrook, you must have said 737 Hillbrook like, 10 million times.

George is panic-sprinting from one corner of the room to the other, while the voice of the talking man gets closer and closer.

MATT - V.O.

I said the BACK of 737 Hillbrook George, the BACK! The guest house-

GEORGE

I went in the *back*! The back door of the *main* house.

George glances out the window to see the guest house where he's supposed to be.

GEORGE (CONT)

Shit shit shit!! Get me the hell out of here! Oh my god! My first robbery and I'm going to jail forever, how the hell did I EVER get talked into this? Why didn't I just finish school? Ughhhh my dad was right I'm amounting to nothinggggggg!!

Desperately scrambling for any place to hide, George picks up

a towel contemplating hiding somehow behind it.

MATT - V.O.

Calm down George! I will get you out of this, I promise. Just talk to me, let me know what's going on.

Just then the door bursts open, the man talking on the phone sees George, but looks completely unalarmed.

STANLEY

.. and she's a good student, she is, but she's lazy and she thinks she can get away with it-.. (to George) Sorry I'm late, I see you're getting ready, that's great. Where's your table?- Actually, let me just finish this call real quick and we'll do proper introductions, okay?

GEORGE

Great!

The man exits the room.

MATT - V.O.

What happened??

GEORGE

He thinks I'm here for something.. A table! He asked me about a table.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRONT OF THE HOUSE

A young man has pulled up in a car and is pulling a massage table out of his car.

INT. VAN OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

MATT

Shit. A massage table.

GEORGE - V.O.

A massage table?

MATT

A massage table. Hold on.

Matt quietly gets of the van, and starts walking toward the

young man while he's pulling his table out of the car.

GEORGE - V.O.

Hold on? This is NOT the time to hold on. I'm gonna make a run for it.

MATT

NO! No, you stay put. He's seen your face, stay there. I'll get you through this.

GEORGE - V.O.

Oh god.

Matt yells to the man on the street...

MATT

Excuse me! Hey there..

MESSAGE GUY

.. Hello.

MATT - V.O.

.. Is that? Is that table for sale? I'm looking for one, about that size.

MESSAGE GUY

Um, no, it's not. But you can get them-

Just then, Matt punches the guy in the face and knocks him out.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM

GEORGE

What was that? What's going on?

MATT - V.O.

Don't worry about it, but I got a table! I got the table!

GEORGE

You, just found a massage table? From.. where?

CUT BACK:

EXT. OUTSIDE NEAR THE VAN

MATT - V.O.

Don't worry about it George, christ,
just be thankful I got you a table.

Matt is now handcuffing the knocked out massage therapist to the inside of his car before scribbling a note on a post-it.

MATT - V.O.

Sorry about this buddy, it's just for
an hour.

INT. BEDROOM

George is nervously, impulsively cleaning the room.

The man walks in and sees what he thinks is George making the bed.

STANLEY

Oh, are we... using the bed?

... Okay cuz I'm fine with
it I just

I have nothing against...

Because if we have to...

GEORGE

What? No...

No no..

No no no I have a table, I
have a table...

...I'm not like that,

I just like a clean space.
to.... cleanse the space?...
for serenity.

STANLEY

Ah. Okay, makes sense.

MATT - V.O.

Okay, according to my
search, you need to ask him
if he needs to use the
bathroom, to freshen up..

GEORGE

.... So, if... you need to
use the bathroom to freshen
up, now would be the time,
and I'm gonna get my table.

STANLEY

Oh okay, will do. Thanks.

The man exits into a nearby bathroom. George starts making

his way down stairs.

MATT - V.O.

Okay go get the table, I left it at the front door.

GEORGE

This is too crazy, I'm leaving.

MATT - V.O.

No!

GEORGE

Are you out of your mind? I'm not gonna break into a guys house and then give him a massage! I don't know *anything* about *massage*, Matt!

MATT - V.O.

I have google! I will google everything you need to know! Do NOT leave, we can still get into the guest house-

GEORGE

No way.

MATT - V.O.

Think about it! The perfect cover is being handed to you! You're already in! He already trusts you! More money than you've ever seen and he won't even miss it.

George sees the table leaning against the glass door. He plans on walking right by it, but reluctantly stops.

MATT - V.O.

...let's just get through this.

GEORGE

Ugh, fine, but you better make me look like a freakin massage god.. you know, without having to touch too much.

MATT - V.O.

You're gonna be great.

George grabs the table and runs upstairs to gets the table set up. Just then, the STANLEY re-enters the room.

GEORGE
 Okay, are we ready?...

.. please lay face down on the table with your head on.. there- this end, that thing, while you turn away-
 ...while I... turn away.

MATT - V.O.
 Okay, tell him to please lay face down on the table with his head on the end with the circular part, while you turn away...
 ... No! While YOU turn away.

George turns away. The man starts to get undressed.

STANLEY
 Great, and my skin is pretty sensitive, so feel free to be pretty liberal with the body lotion.

George's eyes pop open at the word, "Body Lotion," .

GEORGE
 Yes. Of course. The body lotion.

MATT - V.O.
 Shit. Body Lotion. Um... the lock lube! There's lock lubricant in your tool bag. Use that.

GEORGE
 (To Matt) Are you sure that's a good idea?

STANLEY
 Uh.. is too much body lotion ...dangerous?

No, I meant.. uh...(George quickly sees a picture of the man shaking George W Bush's hand) being "pretty liberal" in these times.. heh..

...
 ...
 ..

...

Oooh! Haha, well, I'm safe in that area. As long as nobody is breaking in and looting my house I'm a-okay with anyone.

.... ah. Gotcha.

George gets the lock lube out. He stares at the man. Then pours lotion into his hands, and decides to start with his feet.

GEORGE

Okay, I'm just going to start with your...

MATT - V.O.

Whatever you do don't start with the feet...

George hands suddenly snap up from the STANLEY's feet.

MATT - V.O. (CONT)

... start with his back.

GEORGE

...your back.

George hesitantly pours some lock lube onto the man back, and starts spreading it around.

STANLEY

Not the usual stuff huh? I can tell.

GEORGE

It's a... special... formula.

STANLEY

Smells.. pretty strong.

GEORGE

It's ... mechanic, which is like organic, but... even better.

STANLEY

Oh, nice. I'll have to get the name of it before you go.

GEORGE

It's called...

...lock lube? It really locks in the ... serenity.

MATT - V.O.

Call it Lavendar! Or, Jasmine! No Petuli! Say Patuli!

Welp, we're all going to jail. I supposed I should say goodbye to my wife now, it was nice knowing you George-

STANLEY

-nice! It feels great.

MATT - V.O.

Okay! But *enough* with the improv. Now, it says begin with your hands parallel to each other and slide them down each side of the spine, massaging all the way down to the lower... buttocks.

GEORGE

Jesus Christ.

STANLEY

What?

GEORGE

Oh, nothing, just saying a prayer first. Something I do to make sure my clients... have.. the most.. you know... serene experience.

George starts with the mans shoulders, and slowly works his way down his back, clearly repulsed, his hands slide further and further.

STANLEY

You can remove the towel my friend. It's not my first massage.

GEORGE

Great. Okay. I'll just... remove the towel then..

George slowly removes the towel..

GEORGE

Aaaand there's your bare ass. Great.

STANLEY

Are you okay?

GEORGE

Yeah! Yep! Just .. giving you a totally naked massage right now.

STANLEY

It's a great school. I can always tell when someone is passionate and I can tell you are passionate about your work. You're gonna help so many people.

GEORGE

Yep, it's my passion.

MATT - V.O.

Okay, now, put your hands over your partner's hips and gently pull up towards the spine.

STANLEY

So are you graduating soon?

GEORGE

Oh, hell no I'm not doing that.

MATT - V.O.

Why? Just close your eyes and just do it!

STANLEY

You're not gonna graduate?

GEORGE

Oh no, I meant.. um.. not right now, soon though.

MATT - V.O.

What? Well *when* do you plan on doing it then if not now?

STANLEY

Oh, I gotcha.

GEORGE

Oh my god, be quiet.

MATT - V.O.

Don't get testy with me, I'm saving your life here.

STANLEY

Oh my gosh, I'm sorry. I'll zip it so you can concentrate.

GEORGE

Oh, haha, not you.

MATT - V.O.

Oh okay, I didn't think so, because I'm sitting here thinking, I can't believe I knocked out a massage guy for you-

STANLEY

Oh, o.. kay?

Just then, the man's phone rings.

STANLEY

Oh, shoot, I'm sorry my friend, I need to get this, it's my wife.

George hands the STANLEY his phone and faces the other way to respect the STANLEY's privacy.

STANLEY

Hey... what? You're kidding.. in his car?.. Our back door? No, I didn't even notice it. - (to George) she's watching our camera footage, sorry, she's a little shaken up-

GEORGE

I should let you guys deal with this-

STANLEY

-nono, I'm sure it's-... a bald guy? with a beard.... Huh. Well I'm okay honey, everything's fine...

He hangs up the phone. And starts quickly getting back on his shirt and clothes.

STANLEY

We've gotta cut this short, my friend. My wife needs me. But listen, I let all the students know that if you ever need anything - I know how hard school can be - or if you need a place to stay, my guest house is available, okay? I've been blessed and I like to give back whenever I can. So, let's reschedule this for.. what? tomorrow?

MATT - V.O.

Yes! Perfect! Do it! Yes!
Yes!

GEORGE

Noooo!... Problem. No problem, can't wait.

STANLEY

Great! See you tomorrow. You can let yourself out right? Thanks... I didn't catch your name.

GEORGE

Oh, it's Geor-

MATT - V.O.

No!!!

-reagan. GeorReagan.

The man looks confused.

GEORGE

Uh.. like Oregon? But with a G Goregon. It's .. actually pronounced *jorgón*, it's very common in, uh, Cuba-

MATT - V.O.
Just stop. Oh my god.

STANLEY
Well, Jor- Jorgen? Jorgen, I'll see
you tomorrow.

The man turns towards the door revealing a giant black oil stain that has soaked through his shirt. At the door, the man turns around one more time.

STANLEY
...and listen, I'm serious, if you
need anything, if you're hungry, if
you need money, hell if you like a
painting, take it. I'm retired and way
too blessed and it warms my heart to
give. Thanks again new friend.

The man leaves the room.

GEORGE
Oh my god, Matt. This man has got a
heard of gold. I really don't feel
right about what we're doing anymore.

MATT - V.O.
George. Do NOT get soft on me, this
could be-

Suddenly a huge tumbling crash is heard.

GEORGE
Uh oh.

MATT - V.O.
Uh oh.

GEORGE
What was that?

MATT - V.O.
I don't know.

George slowly walks out to the hallway until he sees, the man lying at the bottom of the stairs unconscious.

GEORGE
Shit.

MATT - V.O.

What?

GEORGE

Shit, shit, shit!

MATT - V.O.

What, what, what??

GEORGE

He's.. he fell down the stairs or something.

MATT - V.O.

Oh no.

GEORGE

The oil.

MATT - V.O.

On his back?

On his foot.

George runs to the STANLEY, checks his pulse.

GEORGE

He's.. I think he's dead.

MATT - V.O.

That's horrible! Wait, that's great.
Just go to the guest house.

His phone, which has fallen nearby, starts buzzing.

GEORGE

His wife is texting.

MATT - V.O.

What is she saying?

GEORGE

Let me check- shit.

He picks up the phone but it slips out of his greasy hands.

GEORGE

Hold on, I almost.. got it.. Okay it says..

GEORGE
...she's almost here.

MATT - V.O.
She's almost here.

Matt sees a woman outside getting out of her car.

MATT - V.O.
Mayday! Mayday! She's outside right now!

GEORGE
What do I do!

MATT - V.O.
I don't know!

GEORGE
You said you would get me OUT of this situation Matt!

MATT - V.O.
I said I would get you past the massage part and I did that! I didn't know the damn guy was gonna CROAK!

GEORGE
Quick! What do I do!!

MATT - V.O.
Okay! Okay! Okay! Let me think!....
Okay, I got it! Text her back from his phone and tell her to meet him somewhere else.

GEORGE
Okay..

GEORGE
.... Shit, his phone is locked.

MATT - V.O.
Use his face! Open it with his face.

GEORGE
Yes! Wait he's face down. Oh god..
Okay..

George starts wiggling the man's face trying to face it away from the floor. Lock lube is getting all over the man's face and hair. He starts pulling the man head up by his hair.

GEORGE

Oh man.. I'm so sorry about this....
Yes! it opened!

He let's go of the man's head and his face bonks back against the floor.

GEORGE

Oh my god I'm going to hell.

George texts, "Hey honey, I'm not ghome." and presses send, but the phone autocorrect a misspelled word, which now somehow reads, "Hey Honey, I'm not gay."

GEORGE

Dammit!

MATT - V.O.

What? It's working. She's looking at her phone.

GEORGE

I accidentally.. uh, I mean it sort of autocorrected.

MATT - V.O.

I'm sure she gets it... although she definitely looks confused.

George fumbles with the now greasy phone.. He starts frantically texting again with greasy hands. "Im notghome" In his attempt to erase, he sends another text, which autocorrect to "I am gay."

GEORGE

No!! Oh god! *why* is this phone obsessed with the word GAY??-

Just then, the phone slips out of his fingers and under the couch.

MATT - V.O.

What? What did you say to her? She looks.. actually really devastated. She's going back to her car. Good job!

GEORGE

Yeah. Great. Okay, what do I do?

MATT - V.O.

Well, we have to make it look like an

accident.

GEORGE

It was an accident.

MATT - V.O.

Yes but we have to make it look like one. I've got it. If you leave, then it will look like you never saw it!

GEORGE

So.. your big plan to make the accident look like an accident is to just leave?

MATT - V.O.

I'm just saying, is his fall on camera from what you can tell?

GEORGE

No.

MATT - V.O.

And if you leave, you can pretend to say bye to him while you're on camera.

GEORGE

Okay, that's actually pretty good.

Suddenly a woman is standing in the doorway screaming.

WIFE

AH!!!!!!

GEORGE

AHH!!!!!!

WIFE

AHH!!!!

GEORGE

AHH!!!

MATT - V.O.

AHH!!!

WIFE

What is going on??? My Stanley!! What happened???

GEORGE

He! He! Well he! He threw himself down the stairs!!

WIFE

What?

GEORGE

He was so devastated! He said he couldn't bare breaking your heart!

WIFE

What? Oh.. Oh no.. Honey, I would have.. well I would have been.. I am devastated. I'm hurt. But I love you. I would have accepted your lifestyle. I had no idea. There was just no signs- wait.. who are you?

MATT - V.O.

You're Goregon.

GEORGE

I'm Goregon.

WIFE

Goregon? That's a fancy name. Oh, that must mean... you, and my Stanley.

GEORGE

What? No..

WIFE

It's okay. It's okay Goregon. I'm hurt but I just didn't know sweetie. If I had known. It's not your fault.

GEORGE

No, nononono... I think you are misunderstanding.

WIFE

I think you will be surprised, what a loving man he is.

She walks out of the room.

MATT - V.O.

What the heck is going on?

GEORGE

I think she thinks I was this ol' guys side chick. I mean, on the one hand I'm deeply offended because he's not young and beautiful, but he is super

wealthy and really nice. So, you know what? I'm actually flattered. She's hot and that must mean she thinks I'm as hot as she is. Wow.

MATT - V.O.

Yep. Wow. Great. Wonderful. Where is she??

The woman returns with an envelope.

WIFE

I didn't understand why the last few years, he kept getting these massages. He said he loved the school. But now I understand. This "donation" must be for you.

She hands George an envelope. He opens the envelope and sees a cashier's check for two million dollars.

GEORGE

Oh. Oh my.

MATT - V.O.

What? What's going on?

GEORGE

That is very, very generous.

MATT - V.O.

How generous? How GENEROUS!

GEORGE

Very.

WIFE

It all makes sense now.

GEORGE

I just couldn't...

MATT - V.O.

BUSCUSE ME?

WIFE

Oh please Goregón, he said it was going to a "massage school." All the fancy lotions. They probably weren't even lotions were they? You probably aren't even a massage therapist, are

you?

GEORGE

Well, ya got me there.

WIFE

I feel like, I finally know my Stanley the way that he was. Poor, poor Stanley! I wish it wasn't like this, but things don't always unfold the way we planned, do they Goregón?

GEORGE

No, they certainly don't.

WIFE

Well, the police are coming to help me figure out what to do now. Do you want to stick around or do you need some time to process?

MATT - V.O.

Did She say police?

GEORGE

The police? Uh, yyeah, um, yeah I think I need some time to... just process. Such a loss you know?

MATT - V.O.

Yes, let's get to processing please.

As George slowly backs away...

GEORGE

Okay, I should go. Thanks again for this (the envelope), and uh, ugh, such a .. bummer about Stanley, such a great guy, a love, my... love.. my gay love as a gay person, personally.. the love of my life- our lives! Yours and mine .. Okay, bye.

George Scurries out of the house. As he's walking back to the Van...

GEORGE

I'm out! and I got it!

MATT - V.O.

EXT. IN FRONT OF THE HOUSE

The young massage guy's car is still parked on the curb. One hand is still handcuffed to the inside of the door.

There are 3 police cars parked up and down the street.

MESSAGE GUY

Hello? Hello! Is anyone out there??

Help! Is anyone there??

He notices a sticky note on the seat that says, "sorry buddy, nothing personal" with eighteen dollars and some change next to it.

MESSAGE GUY

Oh, nice, so not a total waste of a night.

END - for real.