

# DEBT COLLECTOR

Pilot  
"NO BREAKS"

by  
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FADE IN:

An erratic VIBRATING Rorschach inkblot fills the screen. There's no jumping the gun here. Making tits or ass out of this blob is futile.

Some could swear they see the face on the moon, while others feel like they're looking into the abyss of outer-outer space.

In either mind fuck scenario, it's so in our face we can count the TREMBLING pixels. It's sublime.

Suddenly, the inkblot forms into a horizontal line, GROWING at a steady WEAK haunting tempo.

THUMP... THUMP... THUMP...

INT. LOS ANGELES INTENSIVE CARE UNIT HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: Toes wiggling, sticking out from under covers.

SLOWLY PULLING OUT:

This room is congested with a gang of folks that look like they just got off a public LA bus. It's clear all of them are going somewhere, but only have a bus token in common with the chum to the left. The room reeks of spiteful energy.

The gang takes mental wagers on the beating heart monitor. A label above it reads, "FLETCHER, LLOYD. Caucasian, male. 28 years old."

It's hard to tell how these people feel about Lloyd.

LLOYD'S POV: BLURRY TO NORMAL VISION WITH EYE BLINKING EFFECT

Scanning the room.

First up, BENJAMIN DOSS, supporting his stunning doll of a wife, LINDA. She's a true pinup gal.

But, these aren't Lloyd's late middle-aged parents. Moms don't usually roll their eyes at their son strapped into a hospital bed. And Dad's would show some sign of concern.

Next up, by the window, is a man who looks one step away from being homeless; ELLIOT FLETCHER. Judging by the ash tray in his hand he's burning through his fourth cigarette. It's a slow day for this Dad of the year.

ELLIOT FLETCHER

Son.

He lights up his last smoke and rests it in Lloyd's mouth.

ELLIOT FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
There you go. Breathe it in boy.

LINDA DOSS  
Really? Now?

ELLIOT FLETCHER  
Hey, I think we could all use something to mellow out.

LINDA DOSS  
Why don't you offer him some of your weed?

ELLIOT FLETCHER  
Benny, tell your old lady to give it a rest, eh.

LINDA DOSS  
He got them from somewhere!

Ben holds his arms up to her.

BENJAMIN DOSS  
Why don't we get some air?

LINDA DOSS  
No. What? I'm not going anywhere damn it. Are you taking his side?!

Lloyd coughs up mucus. Elliot takes the cigarette for himself and orders---

ELLIOT FLETCHER  
Don't waste it.

STACEY FLETCHER, walks out of the bathroom. Her blue eyes are bloodshot, curly blond hair a wreck, clothes wrinkled but damn it, this is an angel in this group of freaks. She runs to Lloyd aka the luckiest guy in the world.

STACEY FLETCHER  
*Lloyd---*

She hesitates, skips kissing his chapped lips and goes for a safe long peck on his forehead. Elliot expresses his son's rejection with his flaring arms.

END POV.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
 You guys didn't all have to come  
 down.

BENJAMIN DOSS  
 I tried to tell her that.

Linda pinches Ben's forearm.

LINDA DOSS  
 Stop it. When did you start using  
 pot?

BENJAMIN DOSS  
 (Whisper)  
 Linda, maybe we should wait---

LINDA DOSS  
 This man is living with our  
 daughter Ben. Look at him. Drugs  
 did this to him. Pretend to be a  
 father for just two seconds.  
 That's all I'm asking for.

STACEY FLETCHER  
 Mom, please...

LLOYD FLETCHER  
 What are you guys talking about? I  
 don't use drugs.

STACEY FLETCHER  
 The doctor ran a lab test on your  
 blood Lloyd. Don't lie. We know  
 everything.

Elliot stands behind the group shaking his head "NO". Not in  
 disappointment, but as a warning -- don't admit anything!

Lloyd takes in the drained expressions on everyone's faces.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
*I'm sorry.*

ELLIOT FLETCHER  
 Ugh.

LINDA DOSS  
 I knew it. You're going to therapy  
 and rehab, and I'm calling my  
 shrink. You need help.

Stacey pulls up a chair to Lloyd's side.

STACEY FLETCHER

How long have you been using for?

ELLIOT FLETCHER

Yeah, son. Don't you think that's something you should have told me? Look at you, you're gonna end up spending all this settlement money on surgery to fix your face. Don't count on health insurance.

LINDA DOSS

Stop thinking you're going to win the lotto. You're not. Money can't fix *this* situation.

Whether Linda meant his face or the bills we don't know.

BENJAMIN DOSS

It might.

Linda gives Ben a once-over. Ben blurts out---

BENJAMIN DOSS (CONT'D)

Well, they need to pay him first. Your father has a good point. This room isn't free.

ELLIOT FLETCHER

There you go Lloyd. Jeez. This is a freaking mess. What else are you hiding?

Lloyd leans back and smiles.

LINDA DOSS

What's so funny?

This is the first time we really look at him. What is known is this: Mike Tyson couldn't beat up a guy any worse. Unless Mike Tyson had a bat, then his victim and Lloyd would have a great deal in common; they would be twins.

Lloyd holds out his hand for his Dad's smoke. It takes a moment before Elliot catches on. Lloyd nabs the cigarette and starts puffing. This offends the women in the room.

ELLIOT FLETCHER

You want one Ben? I can go downstairs---

LINDA DOSS

Unbelievable. Do you know this is a hospital? No smoking allowed.

ELLIOT FLETCHER

Do you know, I think you're acting like a bitch.

LINDA DOSS

What did you say to me?!

BENJAMIN DOSS

Woah, woah. Language Elliot. Please.

ELLIOT FLETCHER

Well, fucking come on. My son could have died. Look at him! I'm sorry if I'm a little jumpy.

LINDA DOSS

You're always jumpy!

Stacey plops her head on the pillow and cries as Ben holds back Linda from clawing out Elliot's jugular.

LLOYD FLETCHER

HEY! HEY!

(The room goes dead quiet)

Everything's gonna work out. I got this babe.

LINDA DOSS

(A moment, then)

Is he still high?

LLOYD'S POV slowly reveal JOSIE JOHNSON aka JJ.

JJ's in great shape for being in his late forties. The way he moves is like he owns the world. JJ chuckles to himself as he pulls out a BURNED TORN PIECE OF A CHECK.

He tilts his head to Lloyd, crumples the check and tosses it as he pats Lloyd's shoulder.

JOSIE JOHNSON

Good to see you pulled through Lloyd.

Lloyd is fixated on JJ. His vision shakes. Lloyd shuts his eyes. Everyone AD LIBBS, but all we hear is LLOYD'S HEARTBEAT slowly FLATLINING.

The HOSPITAL goes nuts as Lloyd goes into cardiac arrest.

SMASH CUT TO:

**END TEASER**

-ACT I-

TITLE UP: "ONE WEEK EARLIER..."

INT. BLACKWELL'S GOLF SHOP - LOBBY - DAY

TIGHT ON:

Lloyd scrapes gum from the heel of his worn out tennis shoe.

LLOYD

Umpa Lumpa comes to mind when admiring his work clothes. Bright navy blue outfit, rocking suspenders, flannel. But this doesn't make him look like a jerk, his hair greased to the side does.

Looking around, we know this dress code is regulation for this high end Golf Store.

Think of a school boy waiting to talk with the principal after cursing in class. That's Lloyd sitting between two empty, yellow plastic chairs, playing with his thumbs.

DANNY KEMPT, slides into the seat next to him. The two are night and day. Danny, is about the same age as Lloyd, late twenties, but is a falling apart rebel. Somehow, this outfit works for him.

DANNY KEMPT

So... did you tell her?

LLOYD FLETCHER

There's just not a good time to say, *"Stacey, our dream home is in foreclosure because we're bankrupt and I can't afford the life I promised for you."*

DANNY KEMPT

Bro, I love you but, you can't hideout at my place forever because of this.

LLOYD FLETCHER

That's not why I'm avoiding her.

DANNY KEMPT

So what's up?

Lloyd dodges the question with---

LLOYD FLETCHER

Blackwell is going to buy me some time. Just watch. This will pass.

(Beat)

I'm so confident I'm throwing a BBQ next week. Come over.

DANNY KEMPT

Dude, I wish I could be you. Stacey's hot. I'd tap that any day of the week and twice in the morning.

Lloyd playfully whacks Danny's shoulder.

LLOYD FLETCHER

Shut up.

The office door swings open.

MR. BLACKWELL O.S.

Lloyd, come in.

DANNY KEMPT

Put in a good word for me -- with Stacey, bro. I need all the help I can get.

Lloyd kicks Danny's shin as he enters the office.

INT. BLACKWELL'S GOLF SHOP - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MR. BLACKWELL, offers Lloyd a Jolly Rancher. Lloyd waves it off. Blackwell has that Father vibe, which Lloyd respects.

MR. BLACKWELL

Lloyd, where do I begin---

LLOYD FLETCHER

I just want to say before you say anything, I know what today is about. Thank you. This job is everything for me. I started here when I was a teen. I worked my way up. And now I'm ready for that next step---

MR. BLACKWELL

We're letting you go Lloyd.

LLOYD FLETCHER

Shut your face.

MR. BLACKWELL  
Maybe you should take a seat.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
(Softly)  
You son of a bitch.

MR. BLACKWELL  
Lloyd.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
Give me the candy. I want the  
candy.

Lloyd takes a fist full of sweets.

MR. BLACKWELL  
Lloyd, please try and understand.  
They bought me out. We're making  
changes around here. Everyone is  
being looked at. This is nothing  
personal. We had to let you go.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
I've been employee of the month  
fifteen times. If anyone should be  
let go, it should be Bob. He  
almost lost an eye last week  
juggling golf balls while doing  
sales. Sales!

MR. BLACKWELL  
You have the least amount of  
education.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
Let me get this straight, you guys  
pay him off not to sue, but really  
it's to keep his mouth shut and you  
fire me? What's wrong with this  
picture?

Blackwell holds out a check. Lloyd glares at the gesture.

MR. BLACKWELL  
You're a young guy. You'll bounce  
back from this. Take the weekend  
to think that over, then get back  
out there son.

Lloyd knocks over the jar of candy as he grabs the check and  
takes off to join the ranks of unemployment.

INT. BLACKWELL'S GOLF SHOP - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

DANNY KEMPT  
That was quick. Stacey into quick?  
Because I am a master at quick.

Lloyd keeps walking as if in a trance.

DANNY KEMPT (CONT'D)  
Lloyd?

MR. BLACKWELL O.S.  
Danny, come in here.

Danny might as well skip into the room.

STAY ON YELLOW CHAIRS.

MURMURS escape the office.

THEN---

DANNY KEMPT O.S.  
WHAT?!... YOU'RE FREAKING KIDDING  
ME!

SMASH! Sounds like the rest of the candy hit the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. COLLEGE CLASSROOM - A LITTLE LATER - DAY

This is the type of classroom Brainiac would call Utopia. Every scholar has more than a few white hairs and wisdom wrinkles to show for their known brilliance.

PROFESSOR GREEN, returns an exam on the cardiovascular system.

Stacey twitches her legs as he comes closer and closer. She's dangerously near becoming the stereotypical blond in the room. Thank God for the soon to be dropouts in the back.

She spots one student thud their skull on the table after getting an 88%. The bar has been set.

Green drops the exam on her desk. She takes a deep breath and flips it over: 74%. It was never going to be above 80%, but she always hopes for the best.

MELVIN, sitting next to her notices. Since we entered this room he hasn't lifted an eye from her, despite the fact this twenty-eight year old alpha male among these Geeks could have any girl there.

MELVIN

Don't worry about it. He grades on a curve.

Stacey sees his exam score: 98%. She shoves her test into her backpack and heads out. Melvin quickly chases after her.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON:

Stacey pretends to text on her cell.

STACEY

Tries hard not to breakdown and cry in front of the CROWDED CAMPUS. Her mission is to find the nearest bathroom and weep in solitude and she knows the way.

She almost makes it when an "Out of Order" sign causes her to search for another sanctuary. Melvin pops up behind her.

MELVIN

Did you want to grab some coffee?

STACEY FLETCHER

I can't. My parents are coming over. I need to pick them up.

Melvin blocks her escape and places his hand on her cell.

MELVIN

Are your parents really coming over or are you pissed that I got a high score?

STACEY FLETCHER

I'm sorry. I've been under the weather all week, I forgot how much your life impacts me.

Melvin touches her forehead. It's a mixture of sexuality with true concern. Stacey loves the attention. His attempt at flirting is attractive in a weird way.

MELVIN

Might be stress.

He drops his hand.

MELVIN (CONT'D)  
I'm putting together a study group.  
Why don't you come over?

STACEY FLETCHER  
You don't need me. I'm the worst  
student in class.

MELVIN  
And I'm the best. And I'm saying I  
need you. We could help each  
other.

He takes out a pen and paper and scratches down some info.

MELVIN (CONT'D)  
This is where we have the meetings  
and here's my number. I'm usually  
up pretty late so... don't be shy.

STACEY FLETCHER  
Should I bring anything?

MELVIN  
Woah, you can bake and run long  
distance? I'm impressed.

She smiles at him, takes it and leaves with---

STACEY FLETCHER  
I'll think about it.

Melvin exhales. He looks like he just asked out a girl to  
prom and she said "Yes."

CUT TO:

EXT. FLETCHER HOME - BACKYARD - A LITTLE LATER - DAY

This home is the epitome of the American Dream: white fence,  
big yard, two stories, and an Oak tree in the backyard.

A DOG'S BARKS are overpowered by a CRASH in the b.g. A  
staple gun flies out of the garage. The dog WHIMPERS.

Soon after, Lloyd stomps out with a golf club. He walks to  
the Oak Tree and hacks away.

The dog charges out. It's no bigger than a small house cat.  
The club breaks. Lloyd throws half over the fence and the  
other at the dog.

We follow Lloyd enter home sweet home.

INT. FLETCHER HOME - LIVING ROOM AREA - CONTINUOUS

It's a good looking place. Lots of room for natural light. Too bad, it's filled with packed boxes everywhere you turn. Boxes, wedding pictures and furniture. It's not too cozy.

Lloyd stops at a table with bills on it. He smirks at them. He spots a box labeled: PC. He heads over to open it.

POV FROM INSIDE BOX:

He reaches in and pulls out golf balls. A snarl takes over his face. Suddenly, he HEARS A CAR PULL INTO THE DRIVEWAY.

LLOYD

LLOYD FLETCHER  
Damn it! Not now.

Lloyd ducks behind a stack of boxes while accidentally knocking over the box of golf balls. The balls roll out.

Lloyd resets, gathers any guts he has left, crawls to the nearest window and peeks outside.

LLOYD'S POV:

It's Stacey... with her parents.

BACK ON LLOYD

Lloyd bolts for an open window through the kitchen. He jumps out just as Stacey lets in her folks followed by the dog.

The dog sniffs around for Lloyd. His BARKS ECHO throughout the house.

EXT. BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Lloyd knocks over the trash can as he spills to the ground. He quickly sets it back in place and hides. Not all of the trash made it back inside. One piece of information sticking out is a PREGNANCY TEST.

Lloyd grabs it, mimes crushing it, then tosses it back in the dumpster. We have no idea if the result is positive or negative, regardless Lloyd didn't like it.

INT. FLETCHER HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LINDA DOSS  
 Sweetie, you must hire a maid.  
 You've been here for three months.  
 Someone needs to unpack this.

Stacey rolls her eyes then spots the golf balls. She calls upstairs---

STACEY FLETCHER  
 Honey, you home?

No answer. Stacey starts cleaning up the mess as Benjamin gives Linda a come hither kiss with his eyes.

LINDA DOSS  
 It's that damn mutt sweetie. You  
 should put him down before he  
 multiplies.

Stacey ignores her. Linda offers a seductive finger for Ben to follow. It leads them to---

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

LLOYD'S POV:

Linda and Benjamin get frisky. They give any horny teen a run for their money.

Linda shoves Ben against the towel rack and starts sucking on his neck. She stops for air and yells---

LINDA DOSS  
 The mutt didn't leave a mess here.

And then goes right back to work as if his neck were her reason for being.

EXT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lloyd can't believe how X-rated they're getting. He knows he should look away, but what the hell, he doesn't.

That is, until he thinks Ben sees him. He ducks. His cover is blown, it has to be. But Lloyd won't give himself up.

The dog starts biting at Lloyd's shoe.

STACEY FLETCHER O.S.  
Jasper! Enough already! Jeez.  
Come here boy.

Lloyd kicks him away, looks down the street where his car is parked and jumps the fence for freedom.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. DANNY'S PLACE - APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

TIGHT ON: Snorting drugs.

"TYGA: RACK CITY" is BLARING throughout the complex.

Lloyd's outside pounding his fists on the door calling for Danny.

JUMP TO:

DELILAH ROSE, twenty-five but looks seventeen, is wearing clothes a size too tight for her and it works. She shuts off the radio, grabs a tire iron near the door and looks through the peephole.

PEEPHOLE POV:

Lloyd holds the Classified section of a newspaper as he knocks.

DELILAH

Drops the tire iron and lets him in.

DELILAH ROSE  
Hey sugar.

She gives him a long hug. Danny isn't jealous. The guy could use this type of embrace. We all could. And she's a pro at making men feel better.

DANNY KEMPT  
Bro, I was gonna give you a ring,  
but I didn't. I'm glad you're here  
though.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
I need your help.

Danny slides over a line of cocaine. Lloyd looks at it, but doesn't touch it.

DANNY KEMPT  
Not a problem, it'll be just like  
old times.

Delilah sits next to Lloyd resting her hand on his shoulder.

DELILAH ROSE  
What do you need?

LLOYD FLETCHER  
I just need to borrow your computer  
for a bit. I'm going to make a  
resume.

Danny starts laughing then stops when he realizes he's  
cracking up alone.

DANNY KEMPT  
Oh, you're serious. Why?

LLOYD FLETCHER  
Because I will never be Bob. I'm  
not completely comfortable jumping  
into oncoming traffic or in his  
case, poke out an eye just to scam  
someone to get some sort of break.

DANNY KEMPT  
Lay off Bob dude, he could have  
died. Serious.

Lloyd scoffs. Delilah grabs the laptop.

DELILAH ROSE  
You can use me as a reference.

Lloyd appreciates her offer, but doesn't say much. He lays  
out the newspaper and types away. Danny leans over and  
points out---

DANNY KEMPT  
When were you a manager at Chuck E.  
Cheese?

LLOYD FLETCHER  
What?

DANNY KEMPT  
You wrote Chuck E. Cheese. I  
didn't know you did time there.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
It's a lie Danny. I'm lying to  
fill up the page.  
(MORE)

LLOYD FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
 I can't give up and I don't have  
 time to party. I have  
 responsibilities, no offense. I  
 could lose Stacey all over again.

DANNY KEMPT  
 Oh, right. Cool.

Lloyd starts expanding his lie. He can feel Danny reading  
 over his shoulder.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
 WHAT?!

DANNY KEMPT  
 Well... never mind. Actually, why  
 don't I introduce you to my Uncle.

Lloyd scrunches his face.

DELILAH ROSE  
 Oh my God, yes babe! Lloyd, meet  
 him. He's such a good guy. He got  
 me my first break. He knows  
 people.

Simultaneously, the guys' eyebrows rise at her idea of a  
 break.

DANNY KEMPT  
 I don't know babe. Now that I said  
 it, I think it's a bad idea.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
 Danny, stop messing with me. What  
 does he do?

DANNY KEMPT  
 He owns his own business. I know  
 he's looking for people. I was  
 going to call him this weekend and  
 see what's up.

Delilah gives Danny a stern look and mouths, "Come on."

DANNY KEMPT (CONT'D)  
 You know what, you should meet him.  
 I bet he could find something for  
 you.

No word from Lloyd. Delilah nudges Danny's arm.

DANNY KEMPT (CONT'D)

You can still show him the resume  
if you're worried about not putting  
to use all that hard work.

(A moment, then)

Dude, you are awesome and I'll tell  
him that. You have my word. He's  
a cool guy. He'll get you.

LLOYD FLETCHER

Alright. Let's make it happen.

Delilah jumps to her feet clapping at the news.

DANNY KEMPT

Cool man. You're joining the  
family business. I like that. I  
was getting worried there. When I  
saw you come through that door, I  
naturally thought the worst.

Lloyd isn't sure what that means.

DANNY KEMPT (CONT'D)

Drink sir. Drink.

Danny hands him a cold brewski. Delilah turns back on the  
MUSIC and lets the party kick off.

Danny takes out a disposable camera and snaps pictures of the  
group having a blast.

POV OF CAMERA:

QUICK FLASH CUTS OF PICTURE STILLs INTERWEAVING WITH REAL  
TIME ACTION:

1. A Facebook worthy picture of Delilah gearing up for a  
strip tease for the guys as she sets up a strip pole. Danny  
loves it, Lloyd looks away.
2. The gang taking shots of Tequila.
3. TIGHT PICTURE of Danny taking a hit from a bong and  
filling the room with it's smoke. Lloyd doesn't partake in  
this adventure.

LLOYD

Takes out his cell phone. Stacey's calling. He ignores it.  
Looks like it's the third missed call from Wifey.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FLETCHER HOME - NIGHT

Lloyd creeps inside.

The way he locks the door is like brain surgery. He's delicate. Slick. Ninja status silent. That is, until he turns around and bumps into a box. He catches it from falling and making too much noise.

He waits to hear if anyone is startled. He's in the clear. His wits are in high alert.

He makes his way upstairs, carefully stripping off his clothes as he goes. He's heading to the master bedroom.

He's almost in the bedroom when---

BARK! BARK! BARK!

Jasper would never let him get away that easy. Lloyd jumps back cracking his foot on the door.

LLOYD FLETCHER

Shit!

BARK! BARK!

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stacey flicks on the light.

STACEY FLETCHER

Were you sneaking in?

LLOYD FLETCHER

This is my house. Why would I be sneaking in?

Stacey looks confused by her semi-nude husband having a tug war with the family dog over a dirty sock.

STACEY FLETCHER

Where were you? You missed my parents. I was waiting for you.

Stacey rolls out of bed clearly agitated. She heads to the bathroom. Lloyd slumps on the foot of the mattress. He opens his mouth as if about to give away all the "good news" today brought him, but doesn't.

Stacey stands in front of him. She gets a whiff of Lloyd.

STACEY FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
 You're drunk. You helping Danny  
 deal with something again? Hmm.  
 That's why you don't even want to  
 look at me?

LLOYD FLETCHER  
 No... I mean yes.

STACEY FLETCHER  
 Whatever. It's late and I'm tired.  
 Are we going to do this or what?

She starts taking off her clothes. It's not really hot  
 enough for us to get turned on by it though. Lloyd is  
 surprised and fighting back a grin, but isn't anywhere near  
 ready to leap on her. Stacey doesn't have time for this.

STACEY FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
 It's Friday. We made a promise. I  
 intend to keep it.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
 You're not mad?

STACEY FLETCHER  
 I'm pissed.

She takes charge diving on top of him.

The lip action kicks off, but before they get wild she gives  
 him a slap across the mouth. Then they go at it.

In the b.g. we hear a BUZZING.

We FOLLOW the noise to Stacey's cell phone.

She has a missed call from Melvin. A second passes then a  
 text arrives.

TIGHT ON: CELL

It reads, "Tonight was fun -- Melvin"

SMASH CUT TO:

**-END ACT ONE-**

-ACT II-

INT. LLOYD'S CAR - PULLING UP TO JJ COLLECTIONS - DAY

Lloyd, meet the ghetto. Ghetto, take a look at Lloyd.

CARS HONK at Lloyd as he pulls up to a building that looks infested with cockroaches. Graffiti covers it chipping brick walls, a few dingy cameras offer little sense of security let alone distract one's attention from the HOOKERS working the corners, GANGBANGERS riding their bikes in the alley, and all the busy TRAFFIC in front of the joint.

This place is an eyesore even for the ghetto.

SAM MILLER, late forties, crooked nose from a lifetime of being a tough guy relying on his fists to survive -- sits in his red 1988 Firebird scribbling away on his notebook. He gives Lloyd the evil eye.

Lloyd nods at him, but gets no validation. Sam leans back to better observe Lloyd.

Lloyd steps out of his car and toward the building with the great big neon sign that reads, "Josie Johnson Collections".

Lloyd makes sure his CAR ALARM BEEPS TWICE before entering.

INT. JJ COLLECTIONS - DAY

JINGLES are heard in the b.g. It's not following any beat, just every now and then -- odd JINGLES.

JOSIE JOHNSON O.S.

This is what you do, you find a way! It's easy. There's always room to sell stuff. Always! Don't tell me no. We don't have time for no anymore.

Lloyd walks up to a desk where the receptionist should be. All that's there is a bell. He taps it. JJ is silent for half a second, then---

JOSIE JOHNSON O.S. (CONT'D)

Hang on!

JJ enters from the back office like a king ready to be entertained. He's "the man" and he freaking knows it. He adjusts his shirt and tie as he approaches Lloyd.

JOSIE JOHNSON  
You Fletcher?

LLOYD FLETCHER  
Yes.

He holds out his hand but JJ doesn't shake it.

JOSIE JOHNSON  
You have ID?

Lloyd lowers his hand and stands there looking confused.

JOSIE JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
Ugh. You're not retarded are you?

LLOYD FLETCHER  
No. Here.

He gets out his driver license. JJ inspects it.

JOSIE JOHNSON  
Great. Danny tells me you're  
looking for work.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
Yeah. I feel I have a ton of  
skills I can offer you---

JOSIE JOHNSON  
Like lying?

LLOYD FLETCHER  
Excuse me?

JJ searches the receptionists' desk. He finds what he's  
looking for -- Lloyd's made up resume.

JOSIE JOHNSON  
Danny sent it to me. You know I do  
background checks on all my  
employees.

Lloyd scans the office. Not a single employee in sight.  
Just empty desks.

JOSIE JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
I gave them the day off for good  
behavior.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
Right.

Lloyd heads to the door. Smirking, Josie stops him.

JOSIE JOHNSON  
I thought you wanted a job.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
I do. I was gonna get my cover  
letter to prove it to you. It  
says, I graduated high school with  
a 4.0. That's half true.

JJ grabs a document from one of the many filing cabinets.

JOSIE JOHNSON  
This is your first mark. She owes  
over ten grand.

Lloyd studies the file.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
She's a senior citizen.

JOSIE JOHNSON  
Great you can read. Think of this  
as a test run. You just got to go  
over there, establish contact, get  
the money and you'll get a  
percentage. Maybe a bonus if  
everything works out.

JJ closes the filing cabinet.

JOSIE JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
Every job is worth a different  
price. And there's always work.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
That's it?

JOSIE JOHNSON  
For now Fletcher.

Lloyd smiles, he's got a job.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
So what am I... like an outdoor  
office assistant?

JOSIE JOHNSON  
We're Debt Collectors. We don't  
ask questions. We just get the  
money. It's straight forward, but  
I'll still show you the tricks of  
the trade.

(MORE)

JOSIE JOHNSON (CONT'D)

Don't worry, you don't need to take any special exam to do this full time. You just need to be a getter.

LLOYD FLETCHER

Wait... Do I get a badge or anything?

JOSIE JOHNSON

Ha, right. Good luck.

Josie motions for Lloyd to leave. Without Lloyd seeing, JJ nods to Sam. It's a signal for Sam to follow their new employee. Sam does as JJ heads to his office.

INT. JJ'S BACK OFFICE - DAY

SECURITY CAMERA FOOTAGE:

On Lloyd leaving and JJ entering the back office.

GO FROM CAMERA FOOTAGE TO REAL TIME:

A techie nerd type guy is tied up to a chair. He's been tortured. JJ picks up a sock full of quarters and whacks the man across the jaw line.

This is where the jingles came from.

Blood splashes everywhere. The gag in the man's mouth falls.

JOSIE JOHNSON

You stiffed me once, you'll do it again. That's what vermin does. It's in your nature.

ADAM HARRIS

I'm sorry! God, I'm so sorry.

JOSIE JOHNSON

How can I possibly believe you now? See what you're doing to us? We need to focus on finding a way to make this work again. We gotta sort this out.

JJ waits a second letting what he said sink in. Then JJ goes to work on him.

WHACK!

The sock bursts open. The quarters fly everywhere, shimmering as they hit the surroundings and we---

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. DOSS' KITCHEN - DAY

Linda's shiny wedding ring. She focuses on it as she cooks chicken soup while chatting on the phone.

LINDA DOSS  
He's not in your will, is he?

BENJAMIN DOSS O.S.  
(Filter: On speaker  
phone)  
Just in a small way.

LINDA DOSS  
You know they're gonna get a divorce. Hopefully soon, while our daughter is still fertile. I know that bastard is cheating on her. I can feel it.

BENJAMIN DOSS O.S.  
The man had to stay late for work. That doesn't mean they're getting a divorce or he's cheating.

LINDA DOSS  
Come on. We made plans. It's not like his job is important. *He* couldn't get away? *Really?*

BENJAMIN DOSS O.S.  
All I'm saying, is maybe we should give him some credit.

LINDA DOSS  
Ugh.

Linda mimes choking her phone.

LINDA DOSS (CONT'D)  
I'm going to have to go now. You're wasting my free minutes. Be home before six.

BENJAMIN DOSS O.S.  
Linda...

LINDA DOSS  
 No, I don't want to do this  
 anymore. You never take my side.

BENJAMIN DOSS O.S.  
 You're not acting reasonable.  
 Look, I have a lot of paper work I  
 gotta do now, let's talk more about  
 this later.

LINDA DOSS  
*Sure.*

BENJAMIN DOSS O.S.  
 I love---

She hangs up on him.

CUT TO:

INT. BENJAMIN'S BMW - PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

Ben pulls up to Blackwell's Golf Shop. He tucks away his  
 cell. He has a nervous smile across his face.

BENJAMIN DOSS  
 (Softly)  
 Prove me wrong son.

Ben takes a breath then heads inside to find Lloyd.

CUT TO:

EXT. NURSING HOME - DAY

Lloyd pulls over in front of a middle class nursing home. In  
 the rear view mirror he sees Sam. He waves for Sam to pass,  
 but Sam doesn't budge. Instead, he parks inches behind  
 Lloyd. Lloyd steps out of his car and heads to Sam.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
 What's up?

Sam rolls up his window and just glares at Lloyd.

LLOYD FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
 Okay?

He shrugs this off, walks past SENIOR CITIZENS and inside the  
 nursing home.

INT. NURSING HOME - CONTINUOUS

Lloyd finds the directory, pulls out the file JJ gave him then looks for a name. His finger stops on: BETH HARRIS ROOM 42B.

He makes his way down the hall, politely nodding at VISITORS as he goes.

He arrives at her door, but before he knocks, he hears GRUNTING. He thinks for a moment then presses his ear against the door.

Something CRASHES in the b.g. Sounds like a struggle.

Lloyd gets startled when an OLD MAN in a wheelchair bumps into him.

OLD MAN  
Sorry. Scott is that you?

LLOYD FLETCHER  
I'm sorry?

OLD MAN  
Scott come here to papa.

Lloyd gently pushes the Old Man's wheelchair down the hall a few feet then turns back to the door to find SOFIA HARRIS, twenty-seven, strong willed, beautiful face, working class girl dressed in scrubs, stands at the entrance.

SOFIA HARRIS  
Who are you?!

Sofia aims a shotgun at Lloyd's chest. With a terrified look, Lloyd backs up.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
I'm a debt collector---

Wrong answer. Sofia cocks the gun. Her eyes are bloodshot.

LLOYD FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
JJ sent me.

SOFIA HARRIS  
You tell that punk to go to hell.  
I ain't paying him a freaking dime.  
*The Diablo* doesn't own me!

LLOYD FLETCHER  
I can't do that.

Sofia presses the tip of the gun to Lloyd's forehead.

SOFIA HARRIS  
You can't do that?!

LLOYD FLETCHER  
Hang on, I don't want any trouble.  
I'm just doing my job.

Sofia tucks the gun behind her back as an OLD LADY walks by and smiles at them.

SOFIA HARRIS  
Hi Mrs. White.

MRS. WHITE  
Hello dear. Lovely day.

SOFIA HARRIS  
Sure is.

Lloyd looks frozen. Sofia sighs then looks down the hall.

SOFIA HARRIS (CONT'D)  
You followed?

LLOYD FLETCHER  
Yeah.

SOFIA HARRIS  
Oh man. You packing heat?

LLOYD FLETCHER  
No and I'm starting to regret that.

SOFIA HARRIS  
Serious? JJ didn't give you a gun?

Lloyd shakes his head.

SOFIA HARRIS (CONT'D)  
Fuck. Well come in.

INT. BETH'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sofia hands him a dolly stacked with coolers. She picks up on Lloyd being confused.

SOFIA HARRIS  
Look, the deal was we stash the product and then I pay. Not a moment sooner.

LLOYD FLETCHER

Ummm... so you have the money?

BETH, late seventies, sweet face but a hard ass like you wouldn't believe, comes out of the bathroom.

BETH HARRIS

Of course I have the money you cunt. But I ain't handing it over for you to get some god damn vaginal reconstruction surgery. My girl wants to see the world. That's where it's going fuck face.

SOFIA HARRIS

Grandma---

Lloyd's eyes are wide.

BETH HARRIS

You eyeballing me fuck face?!

Beth reaches for her cane and takes a swing at Lloyd.

SPLASH.

She misses by a foot, hits the coolers and knocks over the dolly. Organs spill out of the coolers and land all over the floor. Lloyd's eyes drop then he looks up at Sofia and Beth.

LLOYD FLETCHER

(A moment, then)

Excuse me.

BETH HARRIS

Pussy.

Lloyd stiffens up. He's two steps from leaving when Sam walks in and shoves him flat on his ass.

SAM MILLER

Where are you going?

Sam slams the door behind him and whacks the shotgun out of Sofia's hand.

SAM MILLER (CONT'D)

What are you doing with this? Were you born stupid?

BETH HARRIS

Fuck you bitch! You can't talk to her like that.

SAM MILLER

Hey!

Sofia hushes up her grandma as Sam raises his hand as if warning her. He resets, grabs Lloyd and leads him inside the bathroom for some privacy.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

LLOYD FLETCHER

Was that a heart?

SAM MILLER

Shut up. Don't ask questions. You wanted this job. Now finish it.

LLOYD FLETCHER

Or maybe I go to the cops instead.

Sam punches Lloyd in the gut so hard he dry heaves.

SAM MILLER

You're free to do whatever you want.

Sam reveals the butt of a gun attached to his waist. He's ready, willing and able to use it on Lloyd.

LLOYD FLETCHER

Why don't we just take the money? She says she has it.

SAM MILLER

Because Josie gave his word. And his word is your air, your reason for being, you. Get it? It's how he does business.

Lloyd nods. Sam opens the door.

SAM MILLER (CONT'D)

Get her air tank. I'll bring the car around. Between the three of us we should be good.

SOFIA HARRIS

Please. She's weak.

BETH HARRIS

Fuck face can carry me.

Sam grins at Sofia as she lower her eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAILER - BACKYARD - EVENING

This is a poor trailer community near the desert. Three cars are parked outside a trailer. Each car has their trunk open. Each trunk is filled with coolers.

Lloyd and Sofia follow Sam approach a dug up hole in the ground where a steel door is. Sam uses a crowbar to open it. It's a small fallout shelter turned into a freezer.

SAM MILLER

After it's full we'll cover it.

Sam nods to Lloyd to go to the car and grab the stuff.

QUICK FLASH CUTS:

1. Sam is like a prison guard watching the two form a chain to get the coolers in the ground. In the b.g. Beth watches from inside the car. Sam pulls out a cigarette and puffs smoke in her direction. She grins and motions for a smoke of her own. Sam gives her one.

2. Lloyd and Sofia are in the final stages of filling the shelter with coolers. Lloyd pauses when he gets a text from Stacey that reads: "Dinner at 7. Be here. We need to talk." He dismisses the message.

3. The shelter is full and Lloyd and Sofia are covering it with dirt. Sam is nowhere in sight. Not far, he spots Beth give him the finger. Lloyd tosses his shovel to the side.

END CUTS.

LLOYD FLETCHER

I'll be back tomorrow.

SOFIA HARRIS

Don't go. These guys are ruthless.

LLOYD FLETCHER

And you're not?

SOFIA HARRIS

I did this to get money for my mom. She's sick. Leukemia. What's your excuse?

Lloyd walks away as Sofia continues digging.

CUT TO:

INT. FLETCHER HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A plate is laid out for Lloyd, but he's a no show. The damage has been done, Linda and Ben are finishing their last bites of homemade meatloaf.

Stacey can't look away from the empty chair. Ben tries to ease the deafening silence.

BENJAMIN DOSS

You know what Howard told me at work today?

His voice is wavering. The girls don't care.

BENJAMIN DOSS (CONT'D)

He told me they might be merging the law firms. Might mean more work.

Linda sighs.

LINDA DOSS

(To Stacey)

Do you have any more wine sweetie?

STACEY FLETCHER

Sure.

As Stacey gets up, Lloyd shuffles inside treading dirt with every step. He looks like he's been digging his own grave.

LLOYD FLETCHER

Hi.

BENJAMIN DOSS

Lloyd! There you are. Why don't you take---

STACEY FLETCHER

I saved you a plate in the fridge.

LLOYD FLETCHER

Stacey, I'm sorry---

She pushes past him. Linda gets up to follow her, but not without taking a jab at Lloyd.

LINDA DOSS

You know, I made a list of everything about you I don't like. I came up with a hundred and fifty four things. That means at least once every few days you do something I don't like. Today you're on a roll.

Linda doesn't wait long for a response. She follows Stacey.

BENJAMIN DOSS

Lloyd, come here son.

Ben leads Lloyd outside, Jasper darts inside.

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

A full moon illuminates their conversation.

BENJAMIN DOSS

Don't let her get to you. She's upset about the meatloaf.

LLOYD FLETCHER

I should probably talk to Stacey.

BENJAMIN DOSS

Yeah, I could see that. But what's the rush? What do you plan on telling her?

Lloyd slumps ever so slightly.

BENJAMIN DOSS (CONT'D)

I stopped by your work today. Thought I'd pick up some new clubs.

Ben mimes hitting a golf ball into the open green grass.

BENJAMIN DOSS (CONT'D)

Anything you want to tell me?

LLOYD FLETCHER

I thought you were a tennis guy.

BENJAMIN DOSS

Right. Well, the guys told me you took a half day. I used to take half days, used to work overtime too.

Ben rests a hand on Lloyd's shoulder. A moment passes.

BENJAMIN DOSS (CONT'D)  
Am I going to have to kick your  
teeth in?

LLOYD FLETCHER  
What?

BENJAMIN DOSS  
Stacey's a good girl. She is. I  
know you love her and I get it. I  
do. I've been there myself. More  
than once. Extenuating  
circumstances. I understand. A  
little piece of advice, it never  
works out. An affair is only fun  
for so long---

Ben points to Linda inside the house sipping on a glass of  
wine comfortably judging the boys with her eyes.

BENJAMIN DOSS (CONT'D)  
Eventually, they find out and never  
let you forget. You understand?

Lloyd is blown away by his confession.

BENJAMIN DOSS (CONT'D)  
Alright, good talk. We're gonna  
head out soon. You take care of  
your business son.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
Ben---

BENJAMIN DOSS  
Yeah?

LLOYD FLETCHER  
How'd you guys get through it? The  
secrets.

Ben shakes his head as if remembering something funny.

BENJAMIN DOSS  
I never told her about the second  
girl.

With authority, he points his index finger at Lloyd. It  
looks like he might punch his eye out, but he quickly  
switches gears.

BENJAMIN DOSS (CONT'D)  
Come here.

Ben hugs Lloyd and messes up his hair, then heads inside. Lloyd watches as Linda and Ben exit.

Stacey and Lloyd catch each other's eyes. She ignores him and starts to clean the dinner table. Jasper is by her side.

INT. FLETCHER HOME - DINING ROOM TO KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lloyd picks up a dirty dish and follows Stacey to the kitchen sink. He locks Jasper in the pantry.

STACEY FLETCHER

My mother said I can move in with her anytime I want. She pointed out the cars are under her name.

LLOYD FLETCHER

Come on, don't be dramatic.

STACEY FLETCHER

She also threatened to kill you.

LLOYD FLETCHER

I really think I'm growing on her.

Stacey hides a smile and starts scrubbing away at the plates.

STACEY FLETCHER

MCATs are coming up. I don't know how I'm going to get through that.

Stacey nods at the Medical College Admission Test guidebook on the counter. It's twice the size of the Bible.

STACEY FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Maybe I should do something easy. I was looking at what Vets do. It's kind of similar to this.

Stacey looks at Lloyd for approval.

STACEY FLETCHER (CONT'D)

A lot cheaper too.

LLOYD FLETCHER

Maybe you should take the easier route. Give yourself a break.

Stacey throws a dish on the floor.

STACEY FLETCHER

Why? You don't think I can do it?

LLOYD FLETCHER  
 Woah. You're the one who said---

STACEY FLETCHER  
 I'm just venting Lloyd.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
 Well, I'm just trying to be supportive.

STACEY FLETCHER  
 Then be here!

Stacey holds up another dirty plate, but drops it in the pool of soap in the sink.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
 Oh, I'm sorry I missed dinner with your parents. Sorry, okay. Excuse me if I had more important things to do then be lectured by your mom!

STACEY FLETCHER  
 It's not just that! Look at you!

Lloyd looks himself over. He doesn't see a problem with the dirt all over his clothes and body.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
 What?

STACEY FLETCHER  
 You're turning me into one of those paranoid wives who thinks their husband is a serial killer or having an affair or something.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
 Right. Why don't you just ask me why I look like this?

STACEY FLETCHER  
 Because I want you to tell me. We're supposed to be a team.

Stacey rests a hand on Lloyd's face.

STACEY FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
 Open up to me. Please.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
 I was digging.

Stacey drops her hand.

STACEY FLETCHER  
That's it? That's all you got for  
me? When did your life become so  
exciting?

DING-DONG!

Lloyd and Stacey stare at each other.

DING-DONG!

STACEY FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
We're not done talking.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
I love you. That's what you want  
to hear and it's true babe.  
Nothing will ever get between us.  
I know I've been acting weird---

DING-DOOOOOOONG!

LLOYD FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
But we're okay.

ELLIOT FLETCHER O.S.  
Lloyd! You up!

LLOYD FLETCHER  
Oh crap.

Lloyd and Stacey turn to the front door, Elliot's face is  
pressed against a window spying inside like a total creeper.

ELLIOT FLETCHER  
Lloyd, open the door. We gotta  
talk.

Elliot pushes the doorbell several more times. Lloyd heads  
to the entrance. Jasper has just broken free of his prison  
and is playing the role of annoying guard dog for Stacey.

STACEY FLETCHER  
Don't let him in here. He's drunk.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
I don't think the neighbors want to  
hear him.

STACEY FLETCHER  
I don't want him in my home.

Elliot finds an unlocked window and crawls inside. He trips  
over the frame and falls to the ground.

ELLIOT FLETCHER

Ouch!

As he crashes a revolver falls from his waist. Lloyd helps his Dad up. Stacey picks up the gun.

ELLIOT FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Did you guys have Linda over here?  
I think I saw her drive by me. She  
gave me the finger.

Elliot almost holds up his middle finger but Lloyd stops him.

ELLIOT FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Bitch. Your mom's a bitch Stacey.

Elliot reaches for his flask and takes a swig.

LLOYD FLETCHER

Come on Dad, let me take you home.

STACEY FLETCHER

Maybe you should spend the night  
there too. Or kick him out and  
spend it with me.

LLOYD FLETCHER

He has a problem. I can't just  
kick him onto the street. He needs  
help.

STACEY FLETCHER

And when did everyone else's  
problems become ours? We have  
problems right here that you don't  
pay attention too. You have time  
for everyone but us.

Lloyd tries to lift Elliot but his Dad slaps him away.

STACEY FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Great. Hit him again.

Lloyd turns to Stacey. His eyes are full of rage.

LLOYD FLETCHER

Could you just stop nagging me! I  
mean, damn it Stacey. Really. You  
want to go move back home then go  
ahead, I'm not stopping you. But  
just know, I'm not the one  
threatening to walk away!

Lloyd gets his Dad to his feet.

ELLIOT FLETCHER  
 (Loud Whisper)  
 Lloyd, I'm getting a cramp in my  
 leg.

Stacey's eyes fill with water. Lloyd takes the gun from her and ironically, walks away with Elliot as Stacey slams the door behind them.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Delilah cuts through an alley with two brown bags in her hand. She's smart enough to walk quickly through this shortcut, though her XXX outfit suggests otherwise.

A car pulls up behind her. The headlights blow her out. She turns to see who it is, but the lights are too strong. The car pulls alongside her.

The windows lower. Delilah isn't scared... anymore.

DELILAH ROSE  
 Hey sugar.

DANNY KEMPT  
 Did you remember to get the Milk  
 Duds?

DELILAH ROSE  
 Ugh. Danny, that's not what you're  
 supposed to say.

DANNY KEMPT  
 Del, please. This is serious. I'm  
 starving.

She reaches into one of the bags and pulls out the Milk Duds.

DANNY KEMPT (CONT'D)  
 Oh, thank God. Let me have it.

DELILAH ROSE  
 No. Screw you.

She playfully drops it in the bag and leaves. Danny tries to keep up by tapping the gas and slamming on the breaks.

DANNY KEMPT  
 (Teasing)  
 Get in that car or I'll kidnap you.

DELILAH ROSE  
 Fine. My legs are tired from  
 dancing all night anyway.

Delilah gets in.

WIDE SHOT: Danny's car in alley. The headlights turn off.

DELILAH ROSE O.S.  
 Ugh. You're so boring. I bet  
 Lloyd would play along with me.

DANNY KEMPT O.S.  
 (Harsh tone)  
 What did you say? What does that  
 mean? You think I like hearing  
 that?

DELILAH ROSE O.S.  
 Babe, I was just kidding.

DANNY KEMPT O.S.  
 Well stop it. He's my best friend.  
 It's weird when you say stuff like  
 that.

DELILAH ROSE O.S.  
 Babe...

We hear her kiss him followed by the sounds of a Milk Dud  
 being unwrapped.

DELILAH ROSE O.S. (CONT'D)  
 There you go.

Danny loves it. In a word, it's heaven.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOT'S SMALL APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lloyd helps Elliot crash on the couch. The place is  
 decorated with LAPD awards, an officer uniform mounted on the  
 wall and pictures of Elliot in the force with a twelve year  
 old Lloyd dressed as a cop.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
 Go to sleep Dad.

ELLIOT FLETCHER  
 I don't want to sleep. I came over  
 to tell you something.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
You still have more to say?

ELLIOT FLETCHER  
I messed up. Real bad this time.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
You're just drunk.

Elliot points to a table with some late notices spread out.  
Lloyd reads a few.

LLOYD FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
Why are my names on these?

ELLIOT FLETCHER  
I needed some cash. You know gas  
and stuff. I thought I could pay  
it back in time, but I fell behind.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
Dad... this is a lot more than gas  
money.

ELLIOT FLETCHER  
Everyone's behind. I'm no one.  
I'm trying to go straight, you know  
that. But every time I do, they  
mess with me Lloyd.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
This is identity theft. You were a  
cop, you should know this is wrong.

ELLIOT FLETCHER  
I wasn't the best cop. You know  
that.

Elliot takes out his flask but before he can drink it Lloyd  
downs the entire bottle.

ELLIOT FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
*Oh.*

Elliot's heart breaks. He starts crying, he grabs the flask  
and doesn't let go. Neither does Lloyd.

ELLIOT FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
Put that down son. Come on. We  
can figure this out. Don't punish  
yourself all over again, I'm the  
one who messed up.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
It's just a sip Dad.

ELLIOT FLETCHER  
You know you can still join the  
academy if you want to. Be like  
your old man. But better. Do the  
right thing. Just go for it son.

Lloyd pulls away from him. This speech is nothing new.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
You always told me right and wrong  
are what we make of it.

Elliot passes out. Lloyd throws a blanket over his Dad.  
Lloyd picks up the gun resting on the floor and looks through  
the chamber. It's loaded.

POV OF GUN: LOOKING THROUGH BARREL

Pointing at Elliot, Lloyd, then us.

LLOYD

The city lights wrap around Lloyd as he sits down in a wooden  
chair built like a throne. He grips the side arms as tight  
as he can, but he isn't strong enough to break it.

He stares off into the city, leans back and closes his eyes.

SMASH CUT TO:

**-END ACT TWO-**

-ACT III-

INT. ELLIOT'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING

Lloyd catches himself drooling. He lets out a BITTER MOAN when he realizes the hell hole he's waking up in. He finds the time. Damn it, he's late.

We follow him rush to the kitchen sink and splash cold water across his mug. He opens the fridge to find nothing but an empty pizza box with a half-eaten pickle sticking out. He passes on the gourmet meal.

His Dad's SNORING his head off. He turns back to him with a face that says it all, "typical." He's about to head out when he stops and thinks for a moment.

He turns around and stares at the revolver.

CUT TO:

INT. LLOYD'S CAR - DRIVING PAST TRAILER - DAY

"THE BEATLES: COME TOGETHER" is playing softly in the b.g.

Lloyd hits a pothole as he drives past the trailer. Something isn't right. He catches a glimpse of SOMEONE inside the place wrecking it.

He spots Sam's car parked in the same spot as yesterday. He slowly pulls to the side of it -- there's no sign of him.

SMASH!

POV REAR VIEW MIRROR:

Sofia is getting roughed up outside by THUGS.

LLOYD

MUSIC GROWING LOUDER.

Looks down the street. He could get away and no one would know. This is his chance and he knows it. His eyes bounce back and forth between Sofia and freedom.

He presses on the gas but doesn't get far before pulling over. He leans his head on the steering wheel, takes out the gun and hits the wheel a few times.

He looks over the gun. It's still loaded. His hand shakes for a moment then he catches his eyes in the rear view mirror. He rests his forehead on the barrel and whispers a prayer to himself. He's calm now.

He steps out of the car and advances down the middle of the street towards the trailer -- think Old Western Movie.

There's not a person in sight.

INT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

The MUSIC is jamming in full effect now. Lloyd kicks down the door.

BANG!

SLOW MOTION:

He nails a guy right in the temple. Bullets start flying. Lloyd leaps for cover Matrix style.

END SLOW MOTION.

Lloyd starts offing guys like a pro assassin. It's all 007 status.

Too bad... it's all in his head. Lloyd blinks as we---

END DAY DREAM.

BLAST CUT TO:

EXT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Lloyd steps out of his car and walks to the trailer. He pauses when he sees Beth dead in the car with a bullet through her head.

He takes a deep breath, braces himself and kicks the entrance, but instead of it flying open, Lloyd kicks a hole in the door. He scrambles backwards falling on his ass.

THE SONG STOPS.

POV HOLE IN DOOR LOOKING OUTSIDE AT LLOYD

ADAM HARRIS O.S.  
What the hell?

Lloyd hustles for his weapon.

LLOYD

The door opens -- a Thug see's Lloyd holding the gun. He fires at Lloyd but misses. Sand smacks Lloyd in the face.

ADAM HARRIS O.S. (CONT'D)  
What's going on out there?

BANG! BANG!

Lloyd ditches the gun and runs for cover. He trips over the grave they were working on yesterday. The shooting stops. Out walks ADAM HARRIS. We know this man, he was the man JJ beat the shit out of.

Behind him are three Thugs. Adam kneels down to Lloyd.

ADAM HARRIS  
You alive?

Lloyd shakes his head. Adam leans back and gives him a punt worthy hit in the gut. Adam notices the grave. He brushes off the dirt with the heel of his boot.

ADAM HARRIS (CONT'D)  
Get him a shovel. We found it.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAILER - BACKYARD - DAY - A LITTLE LATER

Lloyd is standing in the shelter. Next to him is an open cooler with lungs inside it. Adam gives one of his Thugs a hand signal. They come back with a can of gasoline and pour it on the coolers. Lloyd jumps out.

ADAM HARRIS  
Where's my sis?

Sofia is escorted outside. She's tied up.

ADAM HARRIS (CONT'D)  
You sold your soul to the Diablo  
and I paid the price. Now it's  
your turn.

Adam takes out a cigarette.

SOFIA HARRIS  
Adam, please. You know why I'm  
doing this.

Adam backhands Sofia splitting her lip wide open.

ADAM HARRIS  
Mom's dead. Let nature take its  
course you stupid bitch.

SLOW MOTION:

Adam flicks the smoke into the grave.

FOLLOW the burning ash touch the fuel. It catches on fire in  
the blink of an eye.

END SLOW MOTION.

Adam waves the black fog deep into his lungs.

ADAM HARRIS (CONT'D)  
Take it in boys. That's what a  
million dollars smells like.

Adam glares into Lloyd's eyes.

ADAM HARRIS (CONT'D)  
Don't get it twisted. I'm doing  
you both a favor. The Diablo set  
you up to get rid of this stuff.  
This is all part of the plan.

Lloyd searches Adam's eyes for more of an explanation.

ADAM HARRIS (CONT'D)  
I'm setting you free.

Adam raises his gun towards Lloyd. This is it.

LLOYD'S POV:

Adam is in a silhouette. Our focus goes past him towards the  
sky. The black clouds are gradually eclipsing the sun.

SLOWLY TILTING DOWN to the gun with a bullet that has Lloyd's  
name all over it.

BANG!

Adam looks at his piece. He never fired. His shirt turns  
moist with blood.

BANG! BANG!

Two more rounds. Execution style.

LLOYD

Looks around. He spots Sam set up like a sniper on top a neighboring trailer. The Thugs don't see him. They start aiming their gun in every direction.

BANG!

Now only two Thugs remain. Forget this! Their bullets start flying. Lloyd tackles Sofia saving her life from a round. He quickly unties her.

SOFIA HARRIS  
You saved me.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
Yeah, I'm a real hero.

SOFIA HARRIS  
Listen to me, here---

Sofia reaches into her boot and hands Lloyd a check for over ten grand.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
What is this?

SOFIA HARRIS  
A deal's a deal. And I don't want to piss off the Diablo anymore.

They duck as bullets soar over their heads.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
What about your mom?

SOFIA HARRIS  
I don't know. But I'm not much good to her dead. I'll take whatever's left in that bank account and figure something out.

Lloyd stares at the check.

SOFIA HARRIS (CONT'D)  
Take it. Don't be a hero, be smart. I wouldn't help you.

Lloyd shoves the check in his pocket. Sofia scans the area, she spots an opening.

SOFIA HARRIS (CONT'D)  
Good luck fuck face.

She shoves Lloyd into the open then bolts for freedom. The bullets hunt for Lloyd as he runs inside the trailer.

INT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Bullets let light bleed into this death breathing tin can.

Lloyd needs a way out. He goes to the window, but they're barred. He can't escape. He's stuck in this mousetrap.

The front door is no option either. Or is it? He notices a shovel near the entrance. Against logic, he grabs it. It cost him a flesh wound on the shoulder.

He starts whacking the ground with the shovel. The bullets are getting heavier. Streaks of light are coming in more and more. It's chaos.

LLOYD FLETCHER

Come on!

Good enough. Lloyd dives into the crawl space.

EXT. UNDER THE TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Lloyd is on all fours wiggling his way past the rats trying to survive. He sees his chance and runs with everything he has -- but it's in the opposite direction of his car.

He whips out his phone and dials a number.

LLOYD FLETCHER

Danny, I need a favor.

WIDE SHOT: TILTING UP

Lloyd runs away as an apocalyptic rainbow of dark smoke creeps towards the Heavens.

JUMP CUT TO:

INT. DANNY'S CAR - DRIVING DOWN STREET - DAY

DANNY KEMPT

Want a smoke?

LLOYD FLETCHER

You know I never smoke. Those things will kill you.

Danny lights one up for himself. Lloyd is locked on him.

LLOYD FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Did you know what JJ does?

DANNY KEMPT

Not the specifics. I'm busy with work, so I don't ask too many questions, ya know?

LLOYD FLETCHER

What do you mean, you're busy with work?

DANNY KEMPT

Mr. Blackwell gave me a raise. Your job is a lot more tedious than I thought.

LLOYD FLETCHER

*What?!*

DANNY KEMPT

I thought you knew. This is old news bro. I thought we were cool. Don't make this weird.

Lloyd punches Danny causing him to swerve on and off the road while ruining people's fresh green lawns.

LLOYD FLETCHER

How could you!

DANNY KEMPT

Bro, relax. I was just trying to help you. You know I have your back.

LLOYD FLETCHER

Look at what you sent me into.

DANNY KEMPT

It's an opportunity. Some people wish they could be so lucky.

Lloyd is silent. Until he starts crying very softly.

DANNY KEMPT (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

LLOYD FLETCHER

Shut up and drop me off.

Lloyd continues to cry.

DANNY KEMPT

A thank you would be nice.

Lloyd punches Danny's shoulder.

DANNY KEMPT (CONT'D)

Ouch!

LLOYD FLETCHER

I hate you.

DANNY KEMPT

We're still best friends.

LLOYD FLETCHER

Shut up.

CUT TO:

EXT. JJ COLLECTIONS - PARKING LOT - DAY

Danny pulls up to the office. The two notice Lloyd's car there. Lloyd looks around the area.

DANNY KEMPT

Well... you going in?

LLOYD FLETCHER

You're not?

DANNY KEMPT

This was my lunch break bro.

Lloyd steps out of the car slamming the door on Danny. Danny rolls down the window and says---

DANNY KEMPT (CONT'D)

Pay him the money and get your take. That's all you gotta do.

LLOYD FLETCHER

Get out of here.

Lloyd kicks the side of Danny's door as he speeds away.

He notices a few unmarked white vans and a tow truck in the parking lot. A couple of MEN in HAZARD SUITS are about to take off. One gives Lloyd a friendly nod.

Now it's just him and the building. The rest of the world doesn't matter. He tucks in his shirt, grabs his wounded shoulder and makes his way to the entrance.

CUT TO:

**-END ACT THREE-**

-ACT IV-

EXT. FLETCHER HOME - A LITTLE LATER - DAY

Danny pulls into the driveway. He looks himself over making sure every hair is where it's supposed to be. It is.

He pops his trunk and pulls out a large package poorly wrapped in Christmas paper. He doesn't get a chance to open the door before Stacey runs out to greet him.

DANNY KEMPT  
Sorry I'm late. I couldn't get  
away.

Danny notices Linda inside spying on him through the blinds. He waves to her, but she turns her back to him.

STACEY FLETCHER  
What'd you tell Lloyd?

DANNY KEMPT  
Lloyd is so busy lately, I don't  
even think he notices me.

STACEY FLETCHER  
I know the feeling.

She smiles at Danny and leads him inside.

INT. FLETCHER HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stacey admires the wrapping.

DANNY KEMPT  
I felt it was appropriate.

STACEY FLETCHER  
Set it down.

She rips it open. It's a crib needing to be built.

STACEY FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
Do you think he'll like it?

DANNY KEMPT  
Yeah.

STACEY FLETCHER  
I wanted to tell him in front of my  
parents but he kept blowing us off.  
(MORE)

STACEY FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Do you know what's going on with  
him Danny?

Danny searches her eyes. He holds all his thoughts to  
himself and shrugs his shoulders.

DANNY KEMPT

I need to use the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Danny stares at himself in the mirror then takes out his cell  
and texts JJ: "It's done." Danny resets as he takes out his  
wallet and snorts a line of blow.

Sticking out of his jacket is a folder. He forcefully takes  
it out and examines the contents.

They're random pictures of Lloyd partying with Delilah that  
out of context look inappropriate.

KNOCK... KNOCK...

STACEY FLETCHER O.S.

(Confused)

It says we need a philip screw  
driver?

Danny pulls out tape from the same jacket pocket and places  
one picture onto the back of the toilet water tank.

DANNY KEMPT

Hang on.

He exits the bathroom.

INT. FLETCHER HOME - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Linda almost bumps into Danny as she tries to get into the  
bathroom.

LINDA DOSS

Excuse me.

DANNY KEMPT

Sure thing.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Linda washes her hands and takes out her chuck berry red  
lipstick.

In the reflection of the mirror, she notices the edge of the photo. She investigates, leans over and rips it off.

She wants to scream at the top of her lungs but all that comes out is a silent WHISPER and---

LINDA DOSS

I knew it!

She jumps up and down at the evidence she discovered while making obscene gestures and mouthing, "Suck it!"

She searches around the toilet to see if she can find more goodies. No luck. This will have to do.

She crumples the photo and charges out of the bathroom.

INT. FLETCHER HOME - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

STACEY FLETCHER

Everything okay Mom?

LINDA DOSS

No sweetie.

STACEY FLETCHER

What's wrong?

Linda takes a long moment then smiles at her.

LINDA DOSS

Nothing you need to worry about.  
I'll take care of it. But I'm  
afraid I can't help you with this  
right now.

STACEY FLETCHER

You're leaving?

LINDA DOSS

I'll be back love.

She kisses Stacey on the forehead then exits. Danny and Stacey look at each other.

DANNY KEMPT

That was weird.

STACEY FLETCHER

Yeah. She usually leaves by  
telling me how much she hates  
Lloyd.

DANNY KEMPT  
(Sarcastically)  
Hmmm, our Lloyd?

STACEY FLETCHER  
Right. He must be growing on her.

The two get back to work.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDA'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Linda drives like a crazy woman. She almost rams into a van but manages to dodge it at the very last second. She keeps calling Lloyd but getting his answering machine.

She dials another number.

LINDA DOSS  
Ben, do you know where Lloyd is?

BENJAMIN DOSS O.S.  
(Filter: On phone)  
At work.

LINDA DOSS  
Don't lie to me. I'm calling our insurance company to see where the car is. I told you installing that GPS tracker would pay off.

BENJAMIN DOSS O.S.  
Wait, what? Linda, you didn't really do that, did you?

LINDA DOSS  
Oh for Heaven's sake.

She's stopped at a red light. She hangs up and searches the glove compartment for her insurance papers and dials the number.

FRIENDLY FEMALE OPERATOR O.S.  
Hello---

LINDA DOSS  
Yes, hi. I just wanted to make sure my kid didn't take the car again, could you please tell me its location.

FRIENDLY FEMALE OPERATOR O.S.  
Do you have your policy number?

LINDA DOSS  
Yes, I do.

CUT TO:

INT. JJ COLLECTIONS - DAY

Josie and Sam are having a beer. JJ reads a text on his cell then puts it away and holds out a cold draft the moment Lloyd walks in.

JOSIE JOHNSON  
There he is. Sam told me what you did. You. A little unexpected but got the job done. We were gonna come back later and move the product. I guess this works too. Our competitors lost a lot of money today.

JJ takes out a roll of hundred dollar bills and places them on the counter near a small stack of money.

JOSIE JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
That's your bonus. Where's the money?

Sam lights up a cigarette and rests his lighter on the counter.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
I have a few problems with what happened these last few days.

JJ lets out a deep laugh.

JOSIE JOHNSON  
This is a tight niche group Fletcher. Everyone has a role and no one skews from the plan. You go out and collect debt. Some of them we have deals with, some we need to get creative and make deals with. All the leg work has been done for you. You just need to be able to close. And when you do, you get a cut. Why complicate things with feelings? We won.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
And the money?

JOSIE JOHNSON  
Yeah, well. She had to pay. Well,  
we wanted her to pay. I mean we  
did get a generous finder's fee,  
but why stop there right? That  
doesn't happen every time, ya know.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
So we didn't even need her money?

JOSIE JOHNSON  
Hand over the check Fletcher.

JJ holds out his hand for the payment. Lloyd doesn't move.  
He looks at Sam then JJ.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
I didn't get it.

JOSIE JOHNSON  
What?

Sam puts out his smoke.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
In all the gun fighting she got  
away.

JJ nods to Sam.

SAM MILLER  
I know where to find her.

Lloyd steps in Sam's way. Sam pushes him back, but Lloyd  
counters and decks him.

JOSIE JOHNSON  
Ha! Nice.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
I'm sorry.

It doesn't hurt Sam just ticks him off. Lloyd can't believe  
he did that. He runs behind the counter for safety. Lucky  
for him JJ holds back Sam.

JOSIE JOHNSON  
Feeling lucky today are we?

LLOYD FLETCHER  
 She's gone. Dead by now. She was  
 shot. And you said it yourself.  
 We get paid either way, why chase  
 her down?

JOSIE JOHNSON  
 It's a matter of principle.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
 We got paid.

JOSIE JOHNSON  
 (A moment, then)  
 Alright. But this falls on you  
 Fletcher.

Sam grits his teeth as Lloyd rubs the hand that decked him.

JOSIE JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
 Want to put some ice on that?

LLOYD FLETCHER  
 Can I use your bathroom?

Josie takes a moment to consider.

JOSIE JOHNSON  
 Sure. It's in my office.

Lloyd walks away. The keen eye will notice something is  
 missing from the counter -- Sam's lighter.

JOSIE JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
 Hey, Fletcher... we cool?

LLOYD FLETCHER  
 (Beat)  
 Yes.

INT. JJ'S BACK OFFICE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lloyd takes out the check. He stares at it for a long moment  
 then takes out Sam's lighter. He burns the edges and dumps  
 it in the toilet.

STAY ON TOILET

Lloyd flushes and leaves, but the check doesn't go down. He  
 has no idea.

INT. JJ COLLECTIONS - CONTINUOUS

Lloyd enters to find the money on the counter missing. JJ picks up on his look. Lloyd's shoulders lower as he bites his tongue and heads to the door.

JOSIE JOHNSON  
Hey, look, you get a badge.

Josie hands him a shield. Lloyd only gets a chance to admire it for half a second when JJ grabs hold of Lloyd's wrist.

JOSIE JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
You have a problem with the way I work, but when the money was there I didn't see you turning it down.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
I earned it.

JOSIE JOHNSON  
*Right.*

Lloyd tries to break free but can't.

JOSIE JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
What makes you so desperate?

LLOYD FLETCHER  
I'm not.

JOSIE JOHNSON  
No? You don't think it has something to do with your wife and you afraid she might leave you because you can't afford to live in that fancy house anymore?

Lloyd raises both eyebrows at him.

JOSIE JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
I warned you. I research all of my employees. Don't worry---

JJ lets go of his wrist.

JOSIE JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
Keep your head down, do the fucking job and you'll get paid and you're lady will be happy. You have my word. Or you can quit now. Your call.

Sam grins at Lloyd. A moment passes.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
What time do I start tomorrow?

JOSIE JOHNSON  
You sure? I wouldn't want you to  
do something you didn't wanna do.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
What time?

LLOYD FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
Take a day, then check in around  
ten.

Lloyd exits.

JOSIE JOHNSON  
I think I'm going to like him.

SAM MILLER  
He hit me.

JOSIE JOHNSON  
I know. It was great.

JJ finishes his beer. He tosses it in trash.

JOSIE JOHNSON (CONT'D)  
I gotta take a piss.

He heads to his back office.

INT. JJ'S BACK OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JJ enters the bathroom.

JOSIE JOHNSON O.S.  
Son of a bitch.  
(A moment, then)  
Hey, Sam.

JJ comes out to find Sofia being lead in the room. Her face  
is bleeding as if someone attacked her with paper cuts.

JJ looks over her shoulder and spots Sam out gunned by FOUR  
ARMED GUYS.

A seductive, calculating, woman in a classy black dress, mid-  
thirties, named APRIL leads Sofia in as she smiles at JJ. We  
can immediately sense JJ's fear rising.

APRIL  
I think this belongs to you.

April runs her hand through Sofia's hair.

SOFIA HARRIS  
Please. I came to ask for  
forgiveness---

APRIL  
Shh...shhh...shh...

Sofia does her best to fight back tears.

JOSIE JOHNSON  
I was gonna call you---

APRIL  
Why does everyone always call me  
when they have problems? I never  
get any good phone calls anymore.  
No one ever calls to say, "*Diablo*,  
just calling to say have a lovely  
day." It makes me sad.

JJ and Sofia lock eyes. April pulls out a pistol and points  
it at JJ.

JOSIE JOHNSON  
Wait, now come on. I can get---

BANG!

At the last second she pivots and fires a round through  
Sofia's head. Her brains scatter all over the office. April  
looks up at JJ.

APRIL  
You owe me. This shit won't happen  
again right?

JJ nods as she cleans the heel of her shoe on Sofia's carcass  
and smiles at JJ.

APRIL (CONT'D)  
I like you JJ, but that doesn't  
mean I'm open to being screwed.

As she walks out she kisses JJ on the cheek.

CUT TO:

EXT. JJ COLLECTIONS - DAY

Lloyd makes it to his car but doesn't open the door. A HORN  
in the b.g. goes off as a car runs a red light.

He drops his keys on the floor, stares at the traffic and watches as people quickly dodge cars crossing the street.

A crazy look forms in his eyes. He makes a fist and walks toward the intersection.

HONK!

Lloyd is about to walk into oncoming traffic but his nerves get the best of him. He laughs to himself then gets a grip. He turns back to his car and sees someone in the distance.

LLOYD FLETCHER  
(Softly)  
Bob?

BOB, is a fat middle age SOB, with a patch over his right eye. He's currently paying off a HOOKER. He's still in work uniform. Lloyd can't take the cash Bob's waving around.

That crazy look comes back twice as strong. Lloyd quickly pivots towards the street and walks into oncoming traffic as if he were Jesus walking on water. One truck misses him, then another van, but this won't last.

Lloyd spots an unsuspecting victim.

INT. TAXI CAB - SAME TIME

The DRIVER isn't focused on the road. He's reaching for a bag of chips on the passenger side floor. He accidentally taps the radio on.

"THE OFFSPRING: NO BRAKES" starts playing.

The music is so loud it mutes the horns outside. He sits up. Everything happens so quickly.

POV TAXI DRIVER:

Swerving into the car next to his, but not in time to save Lloyd.

WHAM!

LLOYD POV

Rolls over the top of the car, doing a 360 before crashing to the ground.

BIRD EYE POV:

Lloyd is on his stomach. Blood is dripping from his eyes, nose and ears. He looks lifeless. Suddenly, he gasps.

A WOMAN SCREECHES for help in the b.g. A CROWD forms around Lloyd's corpse like body.

A lane away, another car burns rubber the hell out of there. It's Linda.

The TAXI CAB DRIVER AD LIBBS his apologies and cries for someone to call "911!".

The noise slowly fades out.

We're in LLOYD'S HEAD. All we hear is his WEAK HEARTBEAT.

THUMP... THUMP... THUMP...

PUSHING IN ON LLOYD'S FACE.

He isn't moving a muscle. He's hardly breathing. Blood is oozing across his face. The Driver says---

TAXI DRIVER

I'm sorry, I have insurance. I'll  
pay for everything. Just don't  
die.

TIGHT ON: Lloyd forming a bloody smile.

It's the type of smile a man has when he wins the lotto.

FADE OUT.

**-THE END-**