

Double Jeopardy - Episode #4

by

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OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - RUSSIA - MIDDAY

Flashback: Slow reveal of a younger Richard Whitehouse beating up a man in a suite in a fancy hotel room. The room is filled with russian STYLING and a strange looking USSR flag can be seen out of the window.

Once Whitehouse finishes beating the man up he begins to search the room, finding money in a duffel bag from under the bed. He takes the money and leaves the room, not looking back and slamming the door behind him.

INT. RICHARD OFFICE - AFTERNOON

As the door slams, jump cut to present day. Richard Whitehouse is snorting a line of what looks like blue cocaine.

A knock at the door, Richard finishes his drug and leans back in his seat. A younger woman in a suit comes in, not making eye contact, places papers on his desk, and heads to leave the room. As she reaches the door, Richard calls after her.

RICHARD

Is that all?

The woman stops at the door, hand on door knob, ready to step out. There is silence for a short second.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

That was a question.

Without moving, she mutters a few words, sounding slightly annoyed.

ASSISTANT

Was there something else you needed?

Another painful pause.

RICHARD

No, not at all. Just thought it would be nice to have my secretary ask me, not the other way around.

Without speaking, she leaves the room. Richard lets out a sort of triumphant laugh.

Richard picks up the report on his desk to reveal it is a mission report from Veronica. He skims the report, opens a drawer in his desk that contains only a pair of glasses and puts them on.

INT. LANGLEY DEBRIEF ROOM

As Richard puts the glasses on it is revealed to put him into a bright, plain room. The floor, ceiling, and walls are all uniform except for one door, one mirror, and a camera in one of the corners.

Sitting at the table in the center is Veronica, in the flesh. Across from her is a developing projection of Richard Whitehouse, coming into view.

RICHARD  
Mission report: May 11, 2125

Veronica hesitates to respond.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Veronica, darling, we've been  
through this how many times now?

He pauses, waiting for a response. He moves from a smirk to a serious, stale face.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Mission report. May 11. 2125

VERONICA  
Mission Report: May 11, 2125; I  
was tasked with keeping an eye on  
a mafia related arms deal. I was  
told no contact, no witnesses. If  
I am seen, close the chain and get  
out.

RICHARD  
And?

VERONICA  
I wasn't. No contact was made. The  
tip we received for the deal was  
not accurate. You should really  
check your sources.

RICHARD  
I should? If I do recall you  
yourself said his other  
information checked out just fine.  
(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Besides, my sources are brought to me by others like you. People are so easy to control when you have the bigger shoe.

VERONICA

I guess what they say about big shoes must be wrong then.

RICHARD

Maybe I'll just decide to shove it down your fucking throat if you prove useless again. Don't fucking patronize me and expect it to slip on by.

Veronica shifts in posture, seeming to regret her words.

VERONICA

I just meant to say that you don't have to trust everything he says.

RICHARD

Much better, continue.

The two carry on as if nothing happened.

VERONICA

The supposed "large explosives" we were expecting turned out to be nothing more than HE and incendiary grenades, maybe a few thermal mines, some hollow point rounds, a small amount of loose powder. Maybe they're making explosive tips at the worst. Nothing to be worried about.

RICHARD

Unless you're one of the fucks I'll send on the raid. That's going to be fun to watch.

VERONICA

How fun will it be to see your private pussies shoot unsuspecting people in the back.

RICHARD

I never said I would let them know what the other side was armed up with. That's the fun part.

Veronica stifles a look of disgust.

VERONICA

Other than that, the mission was a success. In and out with no contact, retrieved a shipping manifest, and noted the parties present. Anything else?

Richard doesn't seem convinced but shrugs it off.

RICHARD

Lovely work, I guess. Maybe one day you will let me down enough that I'll find another use for that slender body.

Veronica looks defeated, but not discouraged as he removes his glasses.

INT. RICHARD OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

As he removes his glasses a sweeping look of annoyance is revealed. He reaches over and presses a button on his desk phone.

RICHARD

Bonnie, I need you to make a few calls. See who Dennis has on the table for me. Tell him I need someone good at "Discrete Marketing"... but I'll also need someone that he's looking to let go soon. I could use some flexibility here.

Without even waiting for a response he clicks to hang up the phone.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Maybe I won't need to hold her prize here much longer if I break her first.

Richard spins around in his chair and walks away from his desk, revealing a wall of giant, test tube-like pods with different humans in them. Some old and many young. The one he is currently in front of is labeled "Veronica's Prize".

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Let's hope mommy values your life more than her dignity.

He teases the glass, as if trying to pinch the baby's cheeks. Immediately replacing the fake, baby smile with mundane annoyance.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - THE NEXT NIGHT

Veronica is standing outside the entrance to one of the mafia hideouts. She knocks on the door and a slot slams open in the door revealing a pair of bloodshot eyes.

???

Who the fuck is it.

VERONICA

Who do you think? Open the door  
before I pull your fat ass through  
this hole.

The eye opening slams shut and a few clicks and scrapes from many different locks can be heard. The door flings open with a loud squeak.

INT. MAFIA HIDEOUT - CONT.

Veronica enters the hideout, looking around at the numerous hookers sitting around the room, different amounts of clothing, sharing needles and shooting up large amounts of a purple fluid.

Veronica heads to the back and enters a room filled with guns, money, and packaged drugs.

VERONICA

Some crowd you've got out there.

MAFIA DUDE

If I had my way, you'd be my  
personal fuck toy. I don't know  
what boss sees in you, I mean, I  
know what I'd like to see.

He looks Veronica up and down with a disgusting/rapey, look on his face.

VERONICA

I'm sure "boss" wouldn't  
appreciate you saying that now  
would she.

His expression changes to anger but he looks down and seems to understand.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

Back to the real reason I'm here,  
who's this new guy?

She sounds annoyed as can be. A voice calls from a neighboring room.

???

Don't mind that man, come on in.

Veronica follows the voice into the other room.

??? (CONT'D)

Take a seat, take a load off.

He gestures to someone at the door and they close it without hesitation.

The man is sitting in the corner of the poorly lit room. He wears a trench coat, a bowler type hat, and is smoking from what looks like a bong but the smoke is a mixture of colors and changes to a thick, brown color when he exhales.

??? (CONT'D)

You know how this goes. From the top, what you told and who you told.

VERONICA

I'm sorry but, who are you?

???

Oh, how rude of me!

The man stands up and places the bong apparatus to the side, removing his coat and hat.

??? (CONT'D)

My apologies, I had forgotten this was our first meeting. I'm what's known as the... well I have a few different names. The cleaner, the fixer, the repair man, but just call me Joe.

VERONICA

Okay... Joe. So who are you and why should I give a damn?

JOE

Well, I can be one of your biggest assets or biggest regrets. Since this is our first time meeting I'll take this all as...

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

witty banter and call it a day. I make things happen. I make things disappear. Problems, people, whatever is standing between me and what I have been paid handsomely to get.

Veronica changes her posture to a more interested and attentive attitude.

VERONICA

Understood, I'll make sure to stay on your good side then.

JOE

Perfect! Now back to the reason as to why we have had this introduction, brief me on your previous debrief if you would be so kind and, and please, ignore the formalities. I'm not one for proper speeches, just don't leave anything important out and all well. Yes?

Perking up a little bit.

VERONICA

Well, I met with Richard Whitehouse-

JOE

Ooh, interesting character!

He realized he has interrupted her.

JOE (CONT'D)

Continue, continue.

VERONICA

...or at least a projection of him. He wanted to know what all happened the last mission I had which was to get information on that arms deal from a couple days ago. The one with the Ukrainian guys and the hallow points.

JOE

Oh yes, yes! I know just the one.

VERONICA

He wanted to know exactly what it was you guys moved and if I had any contact while I was on the ground.

JOE

And! Don't keep me waiting!

Joe is getting more animated.

VERONICA

And I told him that I had no contact and swiped a shipping manifest. Said all you had were some grenades and possibly some mines, I said that the powder was just for explosive rounds which also explained the hollow points. I turned over the forged manifest and he seemed to buy it.

JOE

Out-standing! Great work. Very creative disguising the lanthanum powder as nothing more than a munition! So glad we have brought you into our little team. So as far as you know is he, Richard Whitehouse, aware of our very small but very powerful nuclear surprise?

VERONICA

As far as I know, he has no idea. I don't know how long that will last exactly because that was what I was getting to next.

JOE

Oh no! A twist!

VERONICA

He spoke of sending his private police out after the matter. He said, don't know if this was jokingly or not, that he wouldn't warn them about the arms I told him about and that it will be fun to watch. So it'll need to seem like you guys don't know they were coming but I don't think they'll be in Jacks or anything so it should be an easy trade.

JOE

Oh how I love putting on a performance. This has been most helpful it indeed has. Anything else my dear?

VERONICA

That's all I've got for you. Besides the fact that he wants me as his own personal fuck toy.

Joe continues as if he didn't hear or doesn't care about that last part.

JOE

Splendid, now if you could please close the door behind you I will begin work and make some phone calls.

Veronica leaves the room, closing the door behind her, and looks very confused about what just happened.

INT. RICHARD OFFICE - THE NEXT MORNING

Richard greets a man at his desk.

RICHARD

Take a seat.

The man sits without a word.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Now, I have a problem. I really hate problems.

The man sits there, unblinking.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

It seems that one of my assets is not performing their job as I would like. Now, I need to know why.

The man writes something down in a notebook.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

There have been lies, there has been deceit, and I want no more of it. Your task is to follow around this asset and report back to me every day and after every mission.

(MORE)

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
If she leaves her house, takes a  
shit, bats an eye, I want to know  
about it.

Richard slides the man a manila envelop with Veronica's  
name on it.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Are there any questions?

The man doesn't say a word. Richard smiles.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
You see, this is why I love  
Dennis. He just makes things  
happen with no BS and his people  
are just- perfect!

Richard flips around some papers and starts to get back to  
work.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Alright that's I've got for you.  
Now get the fuck out of here.

The man leaves methodically, almost like a robot.

EXT. OUTSIDE OFFICE BUILDING - SHORTLY AFTER

The unnamed man who was just in Richard's office exits the  
building. As he steps outside he methodically puts on a  
pair of sunglasses that aren't quite necessary for the  
weather. He walks to a blacked out car with no identifying  
marks and slides in as if he'd done in 1000 times before.

The man pulls a recorder of sorts from his pocket and holds  
it to his mouth. His voice is robotic, fake.

HUNTER  
Mission report: May 13, 2125.  
Richard Whitehouse has assigned  
Hunter 72375 to follow and report  
on the whereabouts and actions of  
some Veronica \_\_\_\_\_.

Hunter removes the manila envelope from his coat and  
studies its contents.

HUNTER (CONT'D)  
Target seems well versed in  
burgling, stealth, and is not to  
be taken lightly.  
(MORE)

HUNTER (CONT'D)

It is suspected that the target has connections within the mafia but those connections are unknown. This is a no contact mission. Report everything, do not act on anything. End report.

With one motion hunter stops the recorder, puts it away, starts his car, and pulls of, quickly but with no squealing a rubber. A true professional.

INT. SUBWAY - LATER

Veronica is in what looks like an under construction subway tunnel. No one is directly around her but she isn't alone. People from the mafia are setting large cases labeled "explosives" and with different types of mines or grenades marking the exterior.

Veronica is watching from a far as they work when she pulls out her phone pressing the single programmed speed dial button.

[RINGING]

VERONICA

\*Click\*  
Whitehouse?

No response.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

This is Chained Eagle. I have eyes on the whereabouts of where they are moving the previous manifest.

RICHARD

What is your location?

VERONICA

The 10th street subway construction zone. Mile marker 38 to my right and 39 out of sight to my left.

RICHARD

How many disposables?

VERONICA

(quickly counting 37 people)

20, at most. I don't have the best view but this seems like they don't expect anything to go wrong with the way they've been acting. No one is on guard but everyone is armed as per the usual.

RICHARD

The show will begin shortly.  
\*Click\*

Veronica puts two fingers to her lips and lets out a howling whistle. Everyone looks up and begins to scramble. They leave crates open and stage a perfect scene.

INT. SUBWAY CAR FURTHER DOWN TRACKS - CONT.

Hunter sits alone inside the cart, watching through an eye piece with a device meant to magnify sound at a distance. He pulls out his tape recorder and holds it to his lips.

HUNTER

Mission report: May 13, 2125.  
Continued.  
It seems the target has called Whitehouse and has purposefully miscounted individuals. The manifest seems to be oddly staged as well. Hunter will call and correct the situation.

Hunter switches his tape recorder for a phone.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

\*Click\*  
Mr. Whitehouse it seems that you were not told the situation here with accuracy. There are 37 Mafia associates here, Veronica, and many cases that seem to be strangely staged. This is not as it seems to have been reported to Hunter's knowledge.

There is a silence over the phone for a few seconds. Hunter doesn't flinch.

RICHARD

Fuck yes, I knew it. The situation will be dealt with. Keep on it and let me know if anything changes slick.  
\*Click\*

Eyes still on Veronica, Hunter replaces his phone into his pocket.

HUNTER

Hunter appreciates the humor  
Whitehouse is providing and looks  
forward to the show.

Hunter clicks off the tape recorder and returns it to his pocket.

INT. SUBWAY - LATER

The mafia has finished their staging and continues to act as if they are taking inventory and reorganizing boxes. A rubble can be heard from above the subway ceiling. Everyone stops and looks around.

MAFIA VOICE

Ready everyone! Prepare to fight!

A marching of footsteps can be heard nearing. Heavy and large in sound.

Gunfire starts at the first sight from the steps down to the subway. Men in Jack suits pour down the stairs in a line 4 people wide. They reach the bottom, unharmed and spread out, firing upon the mafia who are helpless to defend.

Fifty men come down the stairs. Upon seeing this Veronica quickly moves to leave. As she hops down from her perch, a bag is thrown over her head and she blacks out.

INT. THE DARK ROOM - MUCH LATER

The lights are off but it is clear Veronica is calling out from within the darkness. She sounds tired and exhausted.

VERONICA

Just let me out! I swear I didn't  
double cross you!

There is a break of silence.

VERONICA (CONT'D)

I would never double cross you!  
Where would you even get that  
idea? You've heard my phone calls  
to Whitehouse!

A door squeaks open, silhouetting its master in harsh, golden light.

JOE

It seems you HAVE indeed crossed us Ms. Veronica. It makes me sad though, there was great potential-

Veronica interrupts Joe.

VERONICA

I didn't!

JOE

Veronica this is bad enough for you as it is do not make this personal by interrupting me darling. I don't like to have to raise my voice.

Joe closes the door and turns on a single light over Veronica's head, illuminating the room.

The room is empty except for the heavy metal door, the single metal chair bolted in the center with Veronica strapped to it, the single light suspended from the ceiling, and a table with a few small cutting tools on it.

JOE (CONT'D)

Now, we did hear your phone calls and we know what you reported. So our question was "Why did Richard react in such a way." Surely he doesn't think fifty well armed men with, not explosive gear or gear for hallow points, which would be warranted for our suspected manifest, but instead full Jack suites. The very thing you had said were not going to be used.

VERONICA

That's what I'm trying to tell you I don't know how he knew but he did! Maybe he was hoping for a bigger body count or just assumed there would be more than I told him but-

Joe holds up a hand as if to stop Veronica.

JOE

See, we went back and checked the longs from that area, and it seems an encrypted call from another phone was sent from that same area immediately after yours had ended.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

Now, it only makes sense for it to have been someone else right? There's no way you could have done this whilst we watched you I mean, we could hear everything you said so how COULD you have.

Joe begins to play with some of the cutting tools on the table.

JOE (CONT'D)

My way of looking at it, someone as crafty as you would never risk making such a call herself, no! There must have been another person. But how would such a person know where we were? Why, only if they were on the inside loop with one of our own that knew the when and where for our little... get together. So now we must have a little talk about where to go from here.

Joe grabs Veronica by the back of her hair and pulls her head back, cutting utensil in hand. As he raises his hand to Veronica he points upwards towards the ceiling, shushing Veronica silently with the scalpel. She looks confused back at him as his phone rings.

JOE (CONT'D)

Well, this is embarrassing.  
Please, do excuse me.

Joe steps aside and takes the call, Veronica looking confused and panicked.

JOE (CONT'D)

Yes, this is he.

Joe pauses between each line, as if listening, reacting to each line.

JOE (CONT'D)

Uh huh.  
[Pause]  
So you don't say.

He looks at Veronica and gives her an enthused look.

JOE (CONT'D)

So you are our mystery man!

Veronica perks up, her exhaustion fading instantly.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Oh really? Right now?

Joe looks slightly concerned and angered.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Well sure, I'm sorry I must do  
this but I assure you, its nothing  
personal.

Joe pulls a large handgun from his waistband and fires into the ceiling once. A large crash ensues. A man falls through the ceiling, a single hole through his head.

JOE (CONT'D)  
So it seems this is our  
connection. Now, I recognize this  
man. We have similar professions.  
Although his is usually one that  
gets called before before mine is  
needed. Those extra men and  
armaments were the sent by  
Whitehouse after he placed the now  
not so mysterious call.

Joe rolls over the body with is foot, it isn't Hunter.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Now, I'll be honest, I never would  
have imagined anyone would make it  
this deep into our hideout. This  
is concerning for two reasons.  
This means that either A, you have  
let more slip than we thought, or  
B our security has failed after  
over sixty years without issue.  
Which do you think I am leaning  
towards?

Veronica shakes her head and mouths no.

JOE (CONT'D)  
Now as much as I think that this  
is your doing, I can't shake the  
feeling that there is something  
off about all of this. It seems  
strange that not only were our  
plans sabotaged but a poorly  
attempted rescue plan as well? My  
friend, we are both being played.

INT. RICHARD OFFICE - MUCH LATER

Richard is sitting at his desk as Hunter takes a seat.

RICHARD  
Mission report: May 13, 2125.

Hunter hands Richard the recorder. Richard looks at the recorder and gestures it towards Hunter.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
I like you.

Richard gives Hunter a creepy smile, fit for a man such as him.

INT. RICHARD OFFICE - MUCH LATER

Veronica steps into Richard's office.

RICHARD  
Look who is alive and well!

Veronica glares at Whitehouse and takes a seat.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
I grew worried when my men  
couldn't find you at the scene. My  
little puppy being lost from me.

VERONICA  
My position felt compromised so I  
had to bail.

RICHARD  
Really? You missed quite a show.  
The weapons they had been  
transporting I guess they didn't  
expect to be using them anytime  
soon because the looks on their  
faces when my "private pussies"  
came in was priceless. I've never  
seen so many incompetent fuck ups  
walking around with their dicks in  
their hands. They might as well  
have given up. It's a good thing I  
trusted my gut to go with Jack  
suits instead of the lighter  
gearing eh?

VERONICA  
Right, very good call.

RICHARD

No need for a mission report,  
anything I needed I got from my  
PP's body cameras, and oh my, I  
hope you enjoyed your present as  
much as I am mine. I cannot tell  
you how wonderful it is to watch  
these people just die!

Richard stands and punches his desk as he says this.  
Veronica stands up and leaves the room quickly as Richard  
yells behind her.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Don't you fuck with me girl! I'm  
on your ass like the shit between  
your teeth! I know what you're up  
to more than you know!

EXT. ALLEY WAY - SHORTLY AFTER

Veronica has red eyes as if she's been fighting back tears.  
She is on the phone.

VERONICA

I don't know how he knows but he  
knows. Who ever it was that you  
killed, that wasn't the right  
person, he was meant to be there  
and he was supposed to get shot.  
He called him my "present".  
Richard just, he knows. He told me  
he knows. He said he hoped I  
enjoyed my present. I don't know  
how much he knows but he knows  
more than he is letting on. We've  
missed something.

There is silence over the line for a second.

JOE

Veronica, there is a reason that  
we ended our talk so early after I  
had to discharge my weapon. Once I  
saw who it was I knew it was not  
something you were in control of  
darling do not worry. There are  
much bigger cogs in motion than  
you are aware of my dear.

VERONICA

What do you mean?

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONT.

JOE

The man that was killed, he was one of Richard's own. The setup, the "spy" all of it, its too bold. He is letting us know that he knows but he isn't putting a stop to it. This is worry some but never fear, this is why I am here. I fix things. I make the good things happen and the bad things disappear. These things take time and sadly time means lives with these situations, but yours is not up for grabs.

VERONICA

So you knew the whole time?

JOE

I suspected but I didn't know who was watching until know. It seems he is focused on you and you alone. He may have other tabs on us but he is assuring he knows what you see as you see it. It's like a game of cat and mouse, you aren't allowed to lie anymore. Whether or not you want to you being here tells the truth to Richard.

EXT. ALLEY WAY - CONT.

VERONICA

How does he know that though? Who else does he have?

JOE

Darling there is a whole world of crime you have never even heard of before. Even as deep as you have gone, there is an ocean beyond that my dear. The man he has sent after you, his name is Hunter 72375.

VERONICA

Hunter... what? What kind of name is that?

JOE

Well, to put it frankly, he hunts.  
He was designed to hunt.

VERONICA

Designed? You mean like raised to  
be an assassin?

JOE

I don't think you understand. He  
is literally a machine meant to  
hunt. He has the biological motor  
functions we humans have, but the  
cognitive abilities of a machine.  
He cannot lie, he sells to the  
highest bidder, and is like a  
death taxi for his creator.

Veronica looks terrified.

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONT.

JOE

But you mustn't worry! All you  
need to do is report truthfully  
with Mr. Whitehouse from now on  
and that will be the end of it. We  
will just have to be creative with  
what we expose you to and keep you  
an honest woman! If you just  
stopped cold turkey then you would  
be putting yourself at more risk  
than I think you are okay with.

VERONICA

Is he still after me? Is he here  
right now?

Veronica looks around concerned.

EXT. ALLEY WAY - CONT.

JOE

Stay calm my dear I'm sure he is  
but he is simply following you.  
Just go home, get some food,  
relax, watch some telly and that  
is all you can do. Hunter will  
not touch you until given the word  
and if you play along with what  
Mr. Whitehouse wants and no harm  
shall come to you.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

If I'm being honest he's more of a  
stalker than a hunter with this  
job!

Veronica does not look pleased by that.

She looks down the alley and sees a man sitting in a black  
car, staring at her from the other side of the street at  
the end of the alley. She clicks off her phone and walks  
toward to car.

CROSS-FADE BACK TO  
RICHARD WHITEHOUSE  
LEAVING HOTEL IN  
PAST:

EXT. RUSSIA - DAY

Richard Whitehouse is leaving the hotel that he had just  
beat up the men and taken the money from. He gets into a  
black sedan and they drive off.

INT. SEDAN - CONT.

Richard throws his bags in the back and speaks to the  
driver in Russian.

RICHARD

  ?  
Is that the last run for today?

MAN

Should be. Boss wants us back.  
He's making his move to america  
soon and this'll be the last bit  
of money he'll need for now.

RICHARD

He's gonna need more than this  
actually.

As the man turns to look at Richard and question him,  
Richard puts a single slug through the mans skull from his  
pistol bringing the car to a stop.

Richard opens the driver side door, kicks the body out, and takes off.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
 Fuck this country. I don't need a bunch of dickless fucks to put me in power.

Richard drives off toward the airport.

CUT BACK TO PRESENT  
 DAY:

INT. SEDAN - DAY

Richard is on his way to meet with his drug dealer downtown, driven by an older man who's only identifying feature was his balding head.

DRIVER  
 Same place as usual Mr. Whitehouse?

RICHARD  
 You know the place.

Richard stares out the window, watching the city he looks at all day blend into depressing huts and smaller buildings falling apart under the extensive roadway built above.

Some time passes and the car comes to a halt.

DRIVER  
 We're here sir.  
 Welcome to little Russia.

Whitehouse gets out of the car and sheds his suit jacket and leaves it in the car. The driver locks the doors behind him.

Richard walks confidently up to a house, one of the larger ones on this particular street. He walks up to the front door and goes right in.

VOICE  
 Who the fuck is there?

RICHARD  
 Its me boss.

A man peeks his head from a back room.

VOICE

RICHIE!

He comes forward as if to hug Richard.

RICHARD

Are we gonna do this every time  
Boss?

The man loses all playfulness

VOICE

Well fuck you too.

RICHARD

I just want me shit. Nothing else.

BOSS

Fine, what grade?

RICHARD

I need something stronger. That E  
shit isn't enough.

BOSS

I can't go much higher without  
just giving you the pure block  
man. If you grind up this straight  
ice it'll fuck you up.

RICHARD

Look, the effects aren't strong  
enough anymore. I can't keep this  
up without it.

BOSS

I tried to tell you, its easier  
selling than using.

Boss hands him a few bags of ice cube looking blocks.

RICHARD

We've been through this, I always  
come out on top.

BOSS

Pretty soon you'll be lower than  
you've ever been before if you  
keep this up.

RICHARD

If you didn't make such weak shit  
I wouldn't need to see your face  
so often.

BOSS

Oh how I look forward to seeing  
you each and every week my friend.

Richard glares at him and walks away.

BOSS (CONT'D)

!

Goodbye!

Richard gets back in his car and they drive off.

As they begin down the road, Richard pulls out a board with  
a grinding pistol and grinds up one of the cubes. He sets a  
portion aside in a line and snorts the much more clear  
powder than before.

Richard coughs and seizes after he snorts. The driver  
doesn't question it and continues to drive. Richard lets  
out a grin as he regains control and prepares another line.

FADE TO BLACK:

END