

Eagle Playhouse

"Mr. Henderson"

an original teleplay by
Joseph Johnston

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EXT. AFTERNOON - RESIDENTIAL AND DOWNTOWN STREETS

EXTREME WIDE, MOVING, FAVORING PAUL AND HIS DAUGHTER BUT WITH TRAFFIC, OTHER PEDESTRIANS VISIBLE

PAUL, a man in his early thirties, and his daughter, about 6 or 7, walk hand in hand, with ice-cream cones, crossing streets, slowly making their way from a small downtown area into a residential area and finally to their home. We HEAR Paul singing during this montage.

PAUL (V/O)

(singing)

One summer day...she went
away...gone and left me...she's
gone to stay...she's gone...but I
don't worry...I'm sittin' on top of
the world.

They walk up the front stoop and into the home.

INT. NIGHT - DAUGHTER'S BEDROOM - SOME TIME LATER

Paul is kneeling at his daughter's bedside, tucking her in for the night.

PAUL

And God bless Daddy and me

DAUGHTER

And God bless Daddy and me

PAUL

And everybody

DAUGHTER

And everybody

PAUL

Good night little Jesus. See you
tomorrow. Help me be good.

DAUGHTER

Good night little Jesus. See you
tomorrow. Help me be good.

Paul stands and adjusts the covers once more.

PAUL

How about tomorrow we go for
another ice cream?

DAUGHTER
Thanks, Daddy.

PAUL
And then maybe we can head over to
the park. I don't have to work
again tomorrow.

DAUGHTER
Yeah!

PAUL
And maybe...maybe...if you're real
good...we'll go to the toy store.

DAUGHTER
Oh, can we please, Daddy?

PAUL
We'll see. If you're good.

DAUGHTER
Oh, thanks, Daddy.

PAUL
Alright. Get some sleep,
sweetie. I love you. I'll see you
tomorrow.

DAUGHTER
I love you too, Daddy.

Paul hugs his daughter and begins to exit. As he places his
hand on the wall switch,

DAUGHTER
Daddy?

PAUL
Yeah?

DAUGHTER
Can I just have one more hug?

PAUL
Of course.

Paul hugs his daughter again, tucks her in, and turns out
the switch. He lingers in the doorway.

DAUGHTER'S POV OF PAUL IN THE DOORWAY.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - LATER THAT EVENING

EXTREME CLOSE UP:

A rocks glass hits the kitchen counter, some ice cubes are tossed in, and the neck of a bottle of Wild Turkey bourbon comes into frame, filling the glass until the ice cubes float.

WIDE:

Paul finishes pouring his bourbon and re-caps the bottle.

SLOW CROSSFADE TO:

INT. NIGHT - DINING ROOM - LATE THAT EVENING

Paul is seated at the dining room table amidst a mountain of financial documents...files, bills, bank statements, etc. There is a laptop computer, a portable file box, calculator, etc.

MONTAGE OF EXTREME CLOSEUPS ON BILLS, SHOWING HUGE BALANCES OF \$10,000, \$20,000, ETC. SOME ARE STAMPED "2ND NOTICE," "FINAL NOTICE," ETC.

Paul is passively punching numbers on the calculator, shaking his head.

QUICK CUT TO:

Paul is on the phone

PAUL

You have to give me an extension. Listen, I'm out of work, I just can't make the minimum this month.

(pause)

Well, let me pay half the minimum.

(pause)

What do you mean you can't take less than the minimum?

(pause)

The day supervisor is just going to say "no" too! I want you to say yes!

QUICK CUT TO:

Paul punches more numbers on the calculator and takes a drink of his bourbon. He shakes his head.

PAUL
Christ.

QUICK CUT TO:

Paul is clearing up the bills, putting them back in the portable file box, placing the calculator in the box, etc.

SLOW CROSSFADE TO:

INT. KITCHEN - LATER THAT EVENING

Paul is hand-washing a stack of dirty dishes. After a plate or two, he looks over at a bottle of Wild Turkey in the corner of the counter. He grabs the bottle, opens it, takes a pull, recaps it and sets it down.

He continues to wash dishes.

EXTREME CLOSE UP:

The water coming out of the faucet. The sponge scraping dried tomato sauce off a plate.

WIDER:

Paul continues to wash. He pauses, removes the cap from the Wild Turkey again and takes a much longer pull.

SLOW CROSSFADE TO:

INT. NIGHT - PAUL'S LIVING ROOM

The glow from the television is all that illuminates Paul, seated on a stuffed chair with a blanket over his legs and a magazine on his lap, as he begins to doze off.

CLOSER:

Paul's eyes close.

DREAM SEQUENCE

NOTE: The following should be shot on both DV and Super 8, with the intention of hand-processing the Super 8 footage.

The dream sequence is a series of highly stylized images quickly intercut with standard images of Paul sleeping on the stuffed chair, illuminated by the television.

The major focus of the dream sequence is Paul's POV as he walks along a riverbank, struggling to stay on land, tripping on branches and rocks. Paul will occasionally see a man directly in front of him, urging him to keep going, urging him that home is not too much further, home is just ahead, he just needs to keep going, QUERENCIA exists, but just over the horizon, etc.

Occasionally the focus will shift via a WHIP PAN to the reverse angle, i.e. the POV of the man just ahead of Paul, only to quickly WHIP PAN back again to Paul's POV.

In a few of these reverse angles, the man will become Paul.

It will quickly become clear to Paul that he keeps going over the same area again and again.

Intercut with this main dream will be the sub-dream, a more straightforward deep-conscious memory of a conversation between Paul and KUBIAK:

INT. NIGHT - BAR (WITHIN DREAM SEQUENCE)

Paul and Kubiak are standing at a bar clad in loosened neckties and suits. Both are smoking and drinking and the dimly lighted surroundings barely illuminate the belligerent conversation.

KUBIAK

Fuckin' punks. I swear. None is older than fifteen.

PAUL

Christ, fifteen?

KUBIAK

Yeah. And their shitty customers coming and going in their shitty cars mostly. Full of more kids. Strung out. Some moms and pops. Babies in the car.

PAUL

What the fuck is the world coming to?

KUBIAK

They must rake in millions, too. You know how many fuckers are on meth these days?

PAUL
Millions. Millions on meth.

KUBIAK
You and I could rob that meth
house. Easy.

PAUL
Yeah?

KUBIAK
Hell yeah. Easy. I swear, none of
'em is older than fifteen. You'll
see.

INT. NIGHT - PAUL'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Paul awakens by merely opening his eyes. There is nothing but static on the television. He arises from the stuffed chair, opens a bureau and removes an address book. He looks up a phone number, picks up the phone and dials the number.

PAUL
Kubiak, it's Paul. Are you awake?

INT. NIGHT - KUBIAK'S LIVING ROOM

Kubiak is seated at his dining room table, cutting pieces of construction paper into a pile.

KUBIAK
Yeah. I'm awake.

INTERCUT PAUL/KUBIAK

PAUL
You doing anything tomorrow?

KUBIAK
Hadn't planned on it.

PAUL
Why don't you come down?

KUBIAK
What's going on? You need to get
drunk or something?

PAUL
 Nope. You remember that meth lab
 you told me about at Steve's
 wedding?

KUBIAK
 Yeah?

PAUL
 You really think we could knock
 that place over?

Kubiak smiles into the phone.

SLOW FADE

INT. MORNING - PAUL'S BATHROOM

A shaving mug hits the bathroom counter and a montage of Paul shaving begins, with the brush creating a lather in the mug, steam rising from the foam, extreme closeups of the razor slicing Paul's cheeks, Paul wiping the leftover lather from his cheek, etc.

EXT. MORNING - THE FRONT OF PAUL'S HOUSE

Paul and his daughter walk out to Paul's car. She is dragging a little girl's suitcase. Paul places her suitcase in the boot and helps his daughter into a back booster seat. He then takes his place in the driver's seat.

THROUGH PAUL'S GLASSES WE SEE HIS DAUGHTER REFRACTED IN THE LENS.

Paul adjusts the mirror to more clearly see his daughter.

THROUGH WINDSHIELD.

PAUL
 Promise to be good for Grandma,
 okay?

DAUGHTER
 I will.

PAUL
 When I pick you up tomorrow we'll
 go for that ice cream, I promise.

DAUGHTER

It's okay, Daddy. I'm sure I'll have ice cream at Grandma's.

PAUL

I know. But I want to take you out for ice cream tomorrow too.

DAUGHTER

Don't you think that's too much ice-cream?

PAUL

No. There's no such thing as too much ice-cream.

Paul's daughter smiles. Paul smiles back. He starts the car.

REVERSE ANGLE

The car starts and drives away.

SLOW FADE TO:

INT. DAY - PAUL'S DINING ROOM - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

Paul is seated at the table with his head in his hands when he is interrupted by a DOORBELL. He rises and goes to the front door to answer it. Standing on the stoop outside the door with a satchel in one hand and a 12-pack of Icehouse beer in the other is Kubiak.

PAUL

Kubiak. How are you?

KUBIAK

Broke and pissed, the usual.

PAUL

Yeah. Yeah, me too.

KUBIAK

Hey, I'm...I'm sorry about your wife.

PAUL

It's...it's okay. Don't mention it. Seriously.

KUBIAK

Alright, I won't. I don't...I'm not...I don't know what to say.

PAUL

It's okay, Koob. Really. Don't mention it.

KUBIAK

Alright.

PAUL

Well, c'mon in. We've got a lot of work to do I guess.

They walk into the house.

SLOW CROSSFADE TO:

INT. DAY - HENDERSON'S KITCHEN

MR. HENDERSON chooses an empty plastic two-liter soda bottle from several neatly arranged with their labels removed in a drying rack in the sink. He takes the bottle over to the kitchen table and sets it down, then returns to the counter and selects a large utility knife from a knife block. As Henderson stares at the knife,

RACK FOCUS FROM THE BLADE TO HENDERSON'S OLD, WRINKLED EYES.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. DAY - PAUL'S LIVING ROOM

Paul is seated in the stuffed chair while Kubiak paces the floor.

PAUL

Koob, we really should have a driver. If you and I both go in, and I think we should both go in, we don't want to waste time fumbling with the car keys when we run out.

KUBIAK

You're probably right. Getaway driver'd be good.

PAUL

You know anybody up there that would do it?

KUBIAK

My nephew Vince would be perfect. He's always looking for extra dough. Where's your phone? I'll give him a call.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. DAY - HENDERSON'S KITCHEN

Mr. Henderson, seated at his kitchen table, slowly and methodically slices the tapered top off the empty two liter bottle and places it aside. He rises from his seat and slowly walks toward the counter to retrieve some scotch tape in a dispenser. He takes the dispenser and another two-liter bottle back to the table and sits.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. DAY - PAUL'S LIVING ROOM

PAUL

You're sure these kids don't have guns? How do you know?

KUBIAK

I just know. I'd have heard gunfire by now. These kids are careless, I swear. You'll see.

PAUL

Just so no one gets hurt. We're not going to be armed, you're sure they're not armed. No one will get hurt.

KUBIAK

No one's gonna get hurt.

PAUL

Fine. I mean, all we need is whatever money they have lying around, right? We don't want their drugs. We don't want to call the cops on them. They'll understand and just hand over the money, right?

KUBIAK

I don't see why they
wouldn't. They're just
kids. They'll be scared we'll call
the cops on them. Beer?

PAUL

No.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. DAY - HENDERSON'S KITCHEN

Mr. Henderson takes an apple from a basket of fruit on his kitchen table and slices it into quarters. He takes one of the quarters and slices it in half. He takes another quarter and consumes a large bite. Then he places a chunk into each two-liter bottles. He rises from his seat with the two-liters and walks over to his refrigerator where resting atop is a box of red wine. He dispenses a couple of splashes into each one.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. DAY - PAUL'S LIVING ROOM

PAUL

What if they're connected to a gang
or something?

KUBIAK

These idiots? They're not
connected. If they were connected
they'd be a lot more discreet.

PAUL

They sound pretty stupid.

KUBIAK

They'll probably have the money
bagged up and ready for us to
take. (pause) But we should have
a gun anyway.

PAUL

NO. No guns. I mean it.

KUBIAK

If we have a gun, we have the upper
hand.

PAUL

No fucking guns, Koob. I mean it. If it doesn't look like we'll have the upper hand we walk away. No one gets hurt.

Kubiak finishes his beer as Paul delivers his last line.

KUBIAK

If we have a gun, they won't pull any stupid shit.

PAUL

And what if they DO pull stupid shit? What, are we going to shoot them? I'm not prepared to do the time for that, Koob. No. No guns. If they have guns, then we...we knocked on the wrong door and we walk. If it looks like they could take us, we walk. If it looks easy, we steal all the money we can find and run. But no one gets hurt. I'm not doing this if there's any chance anybody will get hurt.

Kubiak and Paul stare at each other for a few beats.

KUBIAK

Alright, fine. You sure you don't want a cold one?

PAUL

No thanks.

Kubiak heads off for another beer.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. DAY - HENDERSON'S KITCHEN

Mr. Henderson places the cone he's cut off from the top of the two-liter bottle upside down into the bottle, pulls of a length of scotch tape from the dispenser and tapes the inverted top back onto the bottle. He repeats this process with the second bottle.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. DAY - PAUL'S LIVING ROOM

KUBIAK

No, we don't want to just walk up whenever, we gotta wait until a customer leaves, then we'll know at least *that* money won't be hid.

PAUL

Good point.

KUBIAK

I know the perfect little spot we can park and wait...perfect view.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. DAY - HENDERSON'S KITCHEN

Mr. Henderson punches out "MADE BY LEWIS HENDERSON" on an old-fashioned Dymo labelmaker, cuts the label to size and affixes it to one of the two-liter bottles.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. DAY - PAUL'S LIVING ROOM

PAUL

Then we drive straight down here. Let's not stay up there. We'll come back here to cool out. Make sure everything shakes out fine.

KUBIAK

And count all that damn money. Punks.

PAUL

It's worth a shot. If it works, it works. And if not, we're no worse off then we are right now.

KUBIAK

Gotta decide what I'm going to do with my share. House needs a new roof, but it's needed a new roof for about 10 years.

A SLOW ZOOM ON PAUL'S FACE, STARING AT SOMETHING, AS KUBIAK CONTINUES TO RANT.

KUBIAK

I haven't had a new goddamn TV in about 15 years either and it's about damn time. Roof can wait. Of course the windows are shit, too.

REVERSE ZOOM ON THE OBJECTS PAUL IS STARING AT, A COUPLE OF HIS DAUGHTER'S ITEMS (DOLLS, COLORING PAPER, ETC) ON THE TABLE.

KUBIAK

New windows might help me sell the joint someday. Fuck, I don't know. Depends on how much we get. What are you going to do with your share? (pause) Paul?

TWO SHOT, BREAKING THE STARE

PAUL

Listen, I can't get caught.

KUBIAK

We won't get caught!

PAUL

You don't understand...there is no fucking way I can get caught. That would ruin everything.

Mr. Henderson enters the front door without knocking, which makes both Paul and Kubiak jump.

PAUL

Jesus Christ, Mr. Henderson! You scared the crap out of me!

HENDERSON

Oh, I'm...I didn't mean...you okay, Pete?

PAUL

I'm fine, Mr. Henderson. You just...you should knock first.

HENDERSON

Oh, I...don't know. I don't know. You okay?

PAUL

Yes. This is my friend, Jim Kubiak.

HENDERSON
How do you do, Jim?

KUBIAK
Mr. Henderson? How do you do.

HENDERSON
I'm just bringing you a fruit fly trap.

PAUL
A what?

HENDERSON
Ain't the fruit flies driving you crazy?

PAUL
Not really.

HENDERSON
This will trap them.

PAUL
Yeah?

HENDERSON
Oh yeah. They smell that red wine and apple inside and fly in but they can't fly out. It traps them.

PAUL
Well I'll be.

KUBIAK
No kiddin'.

HENDERSON
Yeah! Not bad for ol' Henderson, huh? (he laughs, pleased with himself.) I still got a lot of tricks up my sleeves. (laughs again.)

PAUL
Not bad at all, Mr. Henderson. I sure do appreciate it.

HENDERSON
Somebody's got to take care of you, son. Since I don't see your wife around anymore.

PAUL

Mr. Henderson? Jim and I were just heading out, actually. Going up north for the rest of the weekend. Try to get some fishing in. I'll be back in a couple of days. Thanks for the fruit fly trap.

HENDERSON

You know, I've got about fifteen or seventeen old fishing poles around the house. You boys want me to get those ol' fishing poles for you?

PAUL

That's okay, Mr. Henderson.

HENDERSON

I'm worried about you, son.

PAUL

I'm fine, Mr. Henderson. Everything's great. I'll check in on you when I get back in a couple of days, okay? Bring you some groceries.

HENDERSON

Okay, son. I'll see you then.

Mr. Henderson exits.

KUBIAK

Crazy old fool!

PAUL

He's alright. Just lonely I guess. He looks in on me and my girl every now and again. I bring him his groceries, make sure his heat stays on in the winter. I don't think he's got anyone else.

KUBIAK

We better skate if we're gonna do this tonight. I told Vince we'd pick him up around 7:00.

PAUL

Yeah.

KUBIAK
I'll drive.

SLOW FADE TO:

EXT. AFTERNOON - RURAL ROAD

An older car driven by Kubiak and carrying Paul speeds past.

EXT. AFTERNOON - RURAL HOUSE

Kubiak pulls the car into the driveway. A young, fresh faced man of about 20 runs out to the car with a large pair of binoculars around his neck. He climbs into the back seat behind Kubiak. This is Kubiak's nephew VINCE.

INT. AFTERNOON - KUBIAK'S CAR

Vince takes his seat in the back. Kubiak pulls the car back on the road and drives off.

KUBIAK
VINCE! How's your poor mother?

VINCE
She's fine, Uncle Jim. She's fine. Wishes you'd stop by once in a while.

KUBIAK
HA! Vince, this is my old friend Paul Stewart.

PAUL
How do you do, Vince?

VINCE
Just fine. Brought my binoculars.

PAUL
Good. Your uncle tell you what we've got cooking tonight?

VINCE
Oh, yeah. The big heist.

PAUL
No, this is not a big heist.

VINCE

Oh, I know, Mr. Stewart. I was just kidding. It's just that...for this area...well, you know...I'm kind of excited.

PAUL

All we need you to do is drive. Keep the car ready to drive and then go when we say go.

VINCE

Sure, Mr. Stewart

PAUL

Just call me Paul. Listen, don't think of this as a heist. All we're doing is scoping this place out. If something doesn't feel right, we'll just drive on home. But if we can, your uncle and I will walk up and scope it out a little closer. Again, anything seems dangerous, we just walk back to the car and you drive us home. But maybe, and this is a big maybe, we get inside and take some money. Money they shouldn't have anyway. If this happens, we run like hell back to the car and you drive like hell out of there. Think you can handle that?

VINCE

Oh, yeah. No problem.

PAUL

You don't do meth, do you Vince?

VINCE

Oh, god no. Have you seen those meth punks? No way. I've got plans way bigger than that.

KUBIAK

Oh yeah, Paul. He's got big plans.

PAUL

Yeah? What are your plans, Vince?

VINCE

Well, after I finish this semester, I'm going to take a semester off

VINCE

and apprentice with a guitar maker up here. He's going to teach me how to build and repair guitars. After that I'm going to move down to the city and get a job at a music store fixing guitars. But I'll build my own guitars at night and once I have six or seven built I can start selling them.

PAUL

Wow. Just like that, huh?

VINCE

Oh, yeah. But if the guitar thing doesn't work out my mom's boyfriend makes this awesome eyeglass cleaner out of Windex and handsoap. He wants me to travel with him and help him sell it at gun shows and NASCAR races and stuff.

KUBIAK

Wow, that sounds like a sure bet.

VINCE

Oh, Uncle Jim, I helped him at this one knife show a month or two ago and made a thousand bucks in one weekend.

KUBIAK

No shit?

VINCE

Oh, yeah. It's easy money. Of course I could always go back to school. Finish my bachelor's degree, get a job down in the city as an engineer, play it safe like that.

PAUL

Safe like that, huh?

VINCE

Oh, yeah. Safe, steady income. Regular job. But I don't know if that's "me", you know? I don't know what I want to do. I'm still young, don't want to get tied

VINCE
down to anything if I don't have
to.

PAUL
The world is yours, eh?

VINCE
Pretty much.

The car swerves slightly.

KUBIAK
You fucking bitch!

PAUL
What?

KUBIAK
Bitch just cut me off!

PAUL
Shit.

KUBIAK
Teach that bitch a lesson. Vince,
get my gun.

VINCE
Sure, Uncle Jim.

Vince reaches below the driver's seat and pulls out a small handgun. He starts to hand it to Kubiak when Paul intercepts it.

PAUL
Jesus fucking christ, Kubiak! Are
you fucking crazy?

KUBIAK
I wasn't going to shoot, I was just
going to scare her!

PAUL
You are fucking certifiable! I
told you, no fucking guns, and the
whole time you've got a fucking
pepperbox under the seat! You just
forget to tell me about that?

KUBIAK
Christ, Paul, it's not a big deal,
I just keep it for protection.

PAUL

And scaring the crap out of other drivers, too, huh? You are fucking insane. God, no wonder you wanted to drive.

KUBIAK

Alright, I'm sorry I didn't tell you about my gun. Just give it back to Vince and he'll put it away.

PAUL

No. No fucking way. I keep the gun. You are a goddamn loose cannon, Kubiak. I keep the gun until we are safe back downstate.

KUBIAK

Fine, goddamit.

PAUL

Maniac.

Paul inserts the gun into his inside jacket pocket. The three men exchange nervous glances.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NIGHT - WOODED CLEARING

The car pulls up and stops. The three men exit and stand in front.

PAUL

Give me those.

Paul takes the binoculars from Vince and looks through them.

PAUL

Which one is the house?

KUBIAK

Straight through these woods. That white one clear off on the other side of the field. Pickup truck in the front.

PAUL

Street light in the alley?

KUBIAK

That's the one.

PAUL

Christ.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

A slow pan across the front of the car. Vince is pacing near the passenger door. Kubiak is seated on the hood, scratching off some lottery tickets. Paul is staring intently through the binoculars, visibly nervous.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

A slow pan from the other direction. Paul is leaning against the driver's side door, arms folded, anguished, and pushing dirt around with his feet. Kubiak and Vince are seated on the hood.

KUBIAK

So these guitars you're going to build...how much will they sell for?

VINCE

Oh, a handcrafted guitar? Probably ten grand apiece.

KUBIAK

And how long will it take you to learn how to do that?

VINCE

Well, the apprenticeship, if I do it, is something like a month or so. It's only going to cost me five hundred bucks, too. My mom's going to pay for it.

KUBIAK

Shit.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

A slow pan from the other direction. Paul has moved further from the hood of the car (closer to the meth house) and is intently staring through the binoculars again. Vince and Kubiak remain seated on the hood.

VINCE

I had an awesome idea about three or four days ago to make miniature

VINCE
 replicas of all the barrels that
 have gone over Niagara Falls and
 then set up a booth at the Falls
 and sell them.

KUBIAK
 Now that's your best idea yet. How
 much would something like that cost
 to get started?

VINCE
 I don't know, Uncle Jim, I haven't
 done the research. But it's a
 dynamite idea. Maybe I could just
 sell the idea, you know?

KUBIAK
 Sell the idea?

VINCE
 Oh yeah. Dynamite idea like
 that? Venture capitalists kill for
 ideas like that. I could sell the
 idea and that would set me up for
 the next ten years at least. Won't
 have to think about working or
 nothing.

PAUL
 Will you two shut the fuck up? Just
 shut the fuck up already.

KUBIAK
 Christ, Paul, take it easy.

PAUL
 I won't take it easy. Come on,
 it's time to do this. It's now or
 never. Vince, get in the car and
 start it up.

Vince enters the car and starts the motor. Kubiak retrieves
 a couple of empty bags from the back seat. He puts his arms
 on Paul's shoulders.

KUBIAK
 Sure about this?

PAUL
 I'm sure. Let's go.

The men walk off through the woods towards the meth house.

WIDE: THE MEN WALK TOWARDS THE CAMERA

REVERSE ANGLE: THE MEN ENTER THE WOODS

MEDIUM: NERVOUS VINCE BEHIND THE WHEEL

SLOW FADE TO:

Kubiak and Paul come running out of the woods with their bags.

PAUL

HA HA!

KUBIAK

C'mon, Vince, let's get the fuck out of here!

Paul and Kubiak struggle with the door handles.

KUBIAK

Vince, unlock the goddamn doors!

Vince unlocks the power locks and Paul and Kubiak jump in the car. They peel out and drive off.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NIGHT - PAUL'S LIVING ROOM

The front door opens, the lights come on and and Paul, Kubiak and Vince traipse in noisily, giddy with excitement. Paul carries a 24 pack of beer, Vince carries a grocery sack full of chips and Kubiak carries the two satchels. They make themselves comfortable.

PAUL

Shut the fuck up! I cannot get caught!

KUBIAK

Christ, take it easy, Paul.

PAUL

You don't think that cop at the gas station suspected anything? Seriously?

KUBIAK

Of course not! If he did, he would have stopped us. That was a half hour ago...we're fine.

PAUL
 Fuck. We shouldn't have stopped
 for this shit. What the fuck was I
 thinking?

KUBIAK
 Paul...

PAUL
 We should take this money out to
 the woods, bury it, come back for
 it in a week or something.

KUBIAK
 Paul, take it easy,
 man. Everything's
 okay. Everything went according to
 plan. Ta-ta, we're fine. Listen,
 why don't you go change your shirt,
 put that beer in the fridge...Vince
 and I will count the money. Relax,
 we're in the clear, man.

Kubiak places his arms on Paul's shoulder. Paul exhales,
 nods, then exits. Kubiak dumps the money out on the
 floor. It's mostly one dollar bills. He and Vince start
 collecting it into piles.

VINCE
 Shit, this doesn't look like much,
 Uncle Jim.

KUBIAK
 (disappointment filling his
 face)
 Just count it, Vince.

VINCE
 There's probably only like six
 hundred dollars here! This looks
 like my old paper route money.

KUBIAK
 Vince, goddamit...would it kill you
 to work for a living? Count the
 goddman money.

They resume counting. Suddenly the front door opens and Mr.
 Henderson enters with a couple of fishing poles.

HENDERSON
 Did you boys forget the fishing
 poles? I told you you could borrow

HENDERSON
mine. Say, where'd you boys get
all the money, did you rob a bank
or something?

We hear a GUNSHOT. Blood starts staining Mr. Henderson's shirt and he falls backward.

REVERSE ANGLE: Paul stands in the doorway to the hall, holding Kubiak's gun, blank expression on his face. All remain frozen for a good, long moment.

KUBIAK
Vince...

Kubiak nods toward the door and he and Vince run out. Paul remains in the doorway to the hall and slowly drops his arm with the pistol.

SLOW DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NIGHT - PAUL'S BACKYARD

Paul struggles to drag Mr. Henderson's body from his back steps out into his yard. He stops, kneels on the ground and begins digging into the earth with his bare hands. He runs to his garage and returns quickly with a round-point shovel and begins stoicly digging.

We hear a POLICE SIREN in the distance, getting louder and stopping, obviously in front of Paul's house. We see the flashing red and blue lights of a police car reflected on the trees, shrubs and vinyl siding of Paul's house. Paul very calmly and simply, stops digging and shakes his head.

FADE TO BLACK