

The List

Written by
Stan Everett

© 2016

Stan Everett
5846 S Flamingo Road, #612
Cooper City, FL 33330
stan@staneverett.org

FADE IN:

INT - BACK SEAT OF CADDY - AFTERNOON

EVERETT MORRIS, 39, chiseled, seasoned, sporting a day's beard growth, holding a handheld mini video recorder.

He is sitting in the back seat of a Cadillac. Our viewpoint is the through the lens of the camera. He focuses on the rear view mirror and we see a heavy set black woman sitting in the driver seat, duct tape around her mouth and shoulders.

She is slowly gaining consciousness.

EVERETT

There she is folks back with us.
Ladies and Gentlemen, your postal
tax dollars at work, Mrs. Sheniqua
Washington.

He focuses the camera back on the mirror to himself.

EVERETT

(continuing)

This fat, black bitch thinks she
can treat people like shit because
she's a government worker, she
is...the Post Office.

Focuses back on rear view mirror.

EVERETT

(continuing)

You don't remember, do you? That
boisterous laugh of yours, always
making fun of people, taking
breaks when someone is waiting in
line right of fun of you!?

He slaps the car's seat right next to her and gets his face as close as he can to her.

EVERETT

(continuing; yelling)

But you aren't laughing now are
you, you dumb bitch!

He lays his hand on top of her head.

EVERETT

(continuing; back to
camera)

But first, we have to tell the
people what you did and what I'm
doing. I mean, I don't want people
to think I'm a racist.

Pausing to think a moment before speaking.

EVERETT
 (continuing; deep
 breath)
 This is the most critical thing I
 will tell you..."This is not a
 random act of violence..."

Sheniqua grimaces in fear. He grabs her by the face and tells her shhhhh...and kisses her on the cheek.

EVERETT
 (continuing)
 When they make a movie about this.
 This will be the ultimate movie
 quote.

EVERETT
 (continuing)
 "This is not a random act of
 violence; this is a purposeful act
 of vengeance."

CUT TO:

INT - BATHROOM - EVENING

Everett is standing in front of the bathroom mirror holding his "steady cam." He is naked but we only see him from behind. The bathroom is steaming.

EVERETT
 Ok, I want you to understand what
 I'm doing and why I'm doing it.
 I'm 39. I figure that basically
 two-thirds of my life is gone. My
 life sucks and I've decided that
 I'm going to exact revenge on the
 people who have tormented me in
 the past or the people who have
 made my life the way it is. Now,
 I realize that some of you
 watching this are stupid, so I
 will spell it out for you. I'm
 going to kill the people who have
 bothered me and bullied me in the
 past...I made a list. A couple of
 things for you to know; first, I'm
 very smart. The only reason I'm
 documenting this is because the
 police would never figure it out
 and I'm not a serial killer.
 (more)

EVERETT (cont'd)

I'm a serial *thriller*. Second, the people I'm going to kill, in the end, will know it's me. They will suffer and they will repent, or not, and they will all die. Last, don't judge me. Do you remember? Do you remember the kid in high school that taunted you? That asshole kid. The kid that made our life a living hell? The bully.

EVERETT

(continuing; makes quotation marks with his hands)

"The Charlie Cupka?"

EVERETT

(continuing)

Well, he's our first double V - Vengeance Victim. Yup, there he is in your mind. Guess what, instead of thinking about them and the pain they caused you and me, I'm going to show you what we do to bullies. We hurt them, we punish them, we make them realize the error of their ways...then we kill them. Yes, it's been 23 years since the incident. Does time make things easier? No, it doesn't and it damn sure won't for Charlie.

He walks with the camera to his closet.

EVERETT

(continuing; laughing)

Witness, counter intelligence.
Savant genius.

There are different size T-shirts, jackets, shoes, different types of cigarettes, some used in a bag.

He holds up the used cigarette butts, that are in a see through plastic baggy, to the camera.

EVERETT
 (continuing)
 I've read all the books and done
 my homework on FBI profiling.
 These little gems will be used on
 our various scenarios. Got these
 cigs from different bars in my
 travels. Looks like a DNA
 nightmare doesn't it.

Turns camera to himself.

EVERETT
 (continuing;
 whispering)
 And I don't even smoke.

Pans camera back to closet. There is a plethora of white T-shirts in different sizes.

EVERETT
 (continuing)
 Do you know what the most common
 color thread is and the most
 difficult to trace?

Turning the camera towards him.

EVERETT
 (continuing)
 White.

EVERETT
 (continuing)
 There is one thing though. We need
 to interrupt our plan. Well, you
 see, it's this lady at the post
 office. I blame it on Affirmative
 Blackaction. No, I didn't misspeak.

INT - POST OFFICE - LATE EVENING

Everett is filming.

EVERETT
 (pointing to his PO
 Box)
 Ok, notice. Some asshole has
 removed the number from my post
 office box. Clearly, we can see,
 it didn't fall off. Let me show
 you every other post office box...

Camera pans to rows and rows of PO boxes.

EVERETT

(continuing)

Now, if I could have caught the little fucker that did this, we would be having a lot more fun. But I didn't...This leaves me with the extreme misfortune of dealing with Sheniqua. Are you calling me a racist? It is related to the affirmative blaction comment? Then why did you know the person was black when I said Sheniqua? Anyway, I need to see her to get this issue straightened out with my PO box. As you can see, they have cameras, my number didn't just fall off, someone tampered with the mail, isn't that a federal offense? Well, don't worry, we will get it all handled tomorrow. I will use my "hat cam" for that one.

INT - POST OFFICE - DAY

Everett enters the post office wearing his hat cam. He opens the door and there are 19 people in line with only 1 lady, Sheniqua, working behind the counter.

EVERETT

And they wonder why the post office is going under.

Sheniqua is laughing and cutting up, while eating a biscuit. She laughs boisterously as she yells out the customers private information. A customer is trying to quietly ask her why her letter was returned.

SHENIQUA

(loudly)

Well you didn't put enough postage on it Sweetie! You know we goin unda, we gotta get paid.

LADY CUSTOMER 1

(softly)

Can you please tell me how much more it would be.

SHENIQUA

We got a scale right over there, go weigh it and come back. I can't keep all these peoples waiting...NEXT!

Everett is waiting in line and it is almost his turn.

SHENIQUA
 (continuing; to the
 back room)
 Where's my gottt dammm relief, it
 my break time!

The guy ahead of the guy in front of Everett steps to her.

SHENIQUA
 (continuing; yelling
 across the room)
 I didn't call you yet. It's 9:15
 a.m., it's my break time. If they
 aren't gonna relieve me, it's not
 my fault.

She picks up her drawer and walks out. A new guy walks out to help. Everett is hoping to get him but Sheniqua comes back just as it is his turn. She has a big stain on her big-breasted shirt.

SHENIQUA
 (continuing)
 Next ON line.

EVERETT
 (to himself)
 Fuck.

SHENIQUA
 (she starts trying to
 clear her throat)
 Help yous?

EVERETT
 (softly)
 Hello, someone removed the number
 from my PO Box and I'd like to
 figure out why?

SHENIQUA
 (loudly)
 You pay the bill?

EVERETT
 Do you remove numbers from the PO
 boxes that haven't paid their bill?

She looks up, wiping crumbs off her shirt.

SHENIQUA
 Nope.

EVERETT
So...can you tell me why the
sticker was removed from my PO Box.

SHENIQUA
What the number?

EVERETT
292576.

She looks up at him again.

SHENIQUA
Tell me again.

EVERETT
2-9-2-5-7-----6

SHENIQUA
Computer shows bill was paid.

EVERETT
I know the bill was paid, that's
not what I was asking, I said
someone removed the sticker from
my PO Box.

SHENIQUA
We don't remove stickers.

EVERETT
Then why did you ask if my bill
was paid?

EVERETT
(continuing)
Is there a supervisor I can speak
to.

Sheniqua closes her drawer and locks it. She goes back to the back room and jokes with her supervisor. A collective groan goes throughout the crowd because there is no one else to serve the customers. She is laughing so loud everyone can hear her. After about 10 minutes she comes back.

SHENIQUA
No one available, write your name
and number down someone will call
you back.

EVERETT
You see my concern is...

SHENIQUA

Next!

CUT TO:

INT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Everett is holding the camera on himself.

EVERETT

(to camera)

Don't worry, I'm not going to spend the whole Thrillumentary, filming myself. But I do require editorial license...

EVERETT

(continuing; focus on his high school yearbook)

First asshole that needs a lesson. Though Sheniqua got her big black ass bumped up.

EVERETT

(continuing; back to mirror)

Class bully.

He focuses the camera on the yearbook picture of Charlie Cupka. Then himself, Charlie Cupka then himself.

CUT TO:

INT - HIGH SCHOOL GYM - DAY

Classic high school gym. Bully has gathered a group of kids together. Reluctantly, they comply. They know they could just as easily be the target. The game is dodgeball. He and his clan gather, all at once unleash a volley of kickballs against their target. Being pelted, he cowers in pain.

EVERETT

Do you see the difference here? Do you see how big he is and how small I am? That's classic bully; he won't pick on anyone else in the class his size, he chose me. The new kid. Now, this is where we associate with each other. We all had a bully. THINK! Think back in your life to the time where you were bullied...

EVERETT

(continuing; playing
soundclip from
Jeopardy)

Do do do do, do do do, do do do do
dup, de da da da da...

EVERETT

(continuing)

Bingo! That's them. That's your
bully.

EVERETT

(continuing)

Now what is the difference between
you and me? Well, not a lot.
Except, you think about him or her
from time and time and I am going
to find them, punish them and kill
them or at least Charlie Cupka
that is. You've only wondered what
your bully turned out like. Well,
I've done the research and I've
found mine and guess what? Not
surprisingly, he turned out to be
a real dick. The difference is
now, he's going to suffer. He will
pay and beg absolution for which
he will not receive.

EVERETT

(continuing; back to
camera)

This will take time, but this will
be fun. Gotta go to sleep, got my
new job at the construction site
starting tomorrow.

EXT - CONSTRUCTION SITE - MORNING

Typical construction site with numerous workers. 4 story
office building, lots of glass. Then we see him, heavy set,
tall, white, age 42, CHARLIE CUPKA, rebel flag bandana, beer
gut, chew in back pocket, John Deere logo hat, yelling at the
top of his voice.

CHARLIE

God Damn it! You damn wetbacks
don't speak English do you!?

The predominantly Mexican group of construction workers look
at him with fear.

CHARLIE
 (continuing)
 You assholes No Habla do you?!

Everett slowly approaches, he has grown beard.

EVERETT
 (softly)
 Excuse me Sirrrr?

Charlie whips around angrily.

CHARLIE
 What the Fuck do you want?

EVERETT
 Ummmm, I was told to report to you.

CHARLIE
 What!@? Those asshole project
 managers didn't tell me anything
 about this.

CHARLIE
 (continuing)
 OK, fine, look here limp dick, go
 work with Pedro the Rafter.

CHARLIE
 (continuing; yelling)
 PEDRO!

PEDRO
 (under his breath)
 Puta, de Madre...

PEDRO
 (continuing; loudly)
 Si, Senor.

CHARLIE
 Pedro, take this asshole and put
 him cleaning toilets or something,
 he obviously ain't no carpenter.

INT - CONSTRUCTION SITE - AFTERNOON

Everett is five stories up on the construction site looking
 out over an empty framed-out block window peering down at the
 portable toilet.

Hurriedly walking towards the porta-john is Charlie with the
 newspaper under his arm.

EVERETT
 (grabbing a piece of
 a cement block)
 Instant classic.

He licks his thumb and holds it over the edge of the slab to check the wind direction.

Slow mo...

He launches the block and it is slowly but surely "floating" towards the target.

It lands unnoticed with a massive thud about 3' from the porta-john target.

EVERETT
 (continuing)
 Slight wind and size adjustment.

He selects another piece of broken block and repeats his steps.

This piece of block hits the target with perfection. The porta-john absorbs the impact bellowing out its occupant with his pants around his knees.

The crowd of Mexicans see this and cross themselves to say "Ave Maria" and start smiling.

PEDRO
 Caramba mierda!

Everett is alone, holding his hands victoriously in the air.

EVERETT
 (tearing slightly
 releasing years of
 angst)
 Feels soooo goodddd. Suffer in
 that shit you bastard.

INT CONSTRUCTION TRAILER - NIGHT

Everett checks the trailer to ensure no one is there except Charlie. Everett is and has been wearing a hat with a couple days beard growth so as not to be recognized.

He knocks on the door to Charlie's office.

CHARLIE
 Who the fuck is it?

EVERETT

Excuse me sir.

Charlie is trying to bandage the side of his face from the porta-john incident earlier in the day.

CHARLIE

What the hell do you want!

Everett takes a seat across the desk from him.

EVERETT

Sir, I was wondering if I could have a raise I've...

CHARLIE

(yelling)

What!? You fucking newbie moron. You've only been here a week. No one gets a raise unless I get a piece of that action.

Charlie put his hand on the desk rubbing his 3 fingers together making a "money motion."

Everett clenches his fist alongside the hammer hanging along his toolbelt.

Charlie stands up and places both his hands flat on the desk to lean closer to him.

CHARLIE

(continuing; laughing heartily)

You don't understand how things work around here do you bitch!? Everybody gives Charlie a piece of the action, especially the wetbacks and you ain't much better.

EVERETT

(slowly removing hat)

You don't remember me, do you?

Charlie squints to look closer then his eyes get real big remembering high school.

At that moment, Everett pulls the hammer from his belt and slams it down on his hand, then holds his other hand down and slams the hammer again harder.

EVERETT

(continuing)

Now who is the bitch!?

Charlie falls to the floor writhing in pain.

Everett walks over and locks the door, then walks back to Charlie.

EVERETT
(continuing)
I had a long plan for you, but I
just can't wait any longer.

Everett kicks him in the gut. Then goes to the mini fridge where Charlie keeps some hidden beer.

EVERETT
(continuing)
You and I are going to have a beer
and talk about the good ole days.

INT - 42ND FLOOR CONSTRUCTION SITE - MIDNIGHT

Charlie is sprawled out on the floor. Everett is filming with hat cam, spreading beer cans about. He has a Pick Stick (handled lever used to pick up garbage in a park), he is using it to pour beer into Charlie's mouth. Charlie is bleeding from the beating.

Everett has himself harnessed by a safety belt to the structure. They are dangerously close to the edge.

CHARLIE
(moaning, moving
slightly)
What the fuc...

EVERETT
(straddling him like
a hunter straddles
a deer)
Whoa, whoa, whoa big boy. I
wouldn't want you to kill
yourself. That's my job.

CHARLIE
You asshole. You'll never get away
with it.

EVERETT
Charles. So pessimistic. Just like
high school.

He pours some more beer into his mouth with his pick stick.

EVERETT
(continuing)
I need you to focus on your
situation.

He rolls him to the side so he can see the 42 floors below
where there is a small image of a dumpster.

EVERETT
(continuing; pointing
to his harness)
Yes, yes, yes. O.K., now look at
me. Harness for Everett. No
harness for Charlie. Charlie, have
you been drinking on the job site
again?

CHARLIE
(spitting)
Let me go you son of a b...

Everett punches him in the ribs. He winces in pain.

EVERETT
Uh oh. Looks like you broke some
ribs in the fall.

CHARLIE
(starting to cry and
realizing his fate)
Please let me go Everett...please,
I won't tell anyone I swear to
God...

EVERETT
Just like I didn't tell anyone how
you bullied me. You remember the
locker room? The shower where you
thought it was funny to throw
toilet water on me and take my
clothes. Then you and your stupid
friends kicked me in the balls,
you sick, twisted fuck.

Everett punches him again in the ribs.

EVERETT
(continuing)
Remember Gayle?

CUT TO:

INT - HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

High school classroom. Girl gets up to take her homework to the teacher. Unfortunately for her, her period has come early, evidenced by her skirt. More unfortunately than that, bully sees it and tells everyone about it and points to it laughing.

CHARLIE
 (quickly defending
 himself)
 That wasn't my fault Everett. You know that.

EVERETT
 (angrily, yelling)
 Yes it was! 9th grade girls already have a low self esteem. She's dead because you made fun of her! You treated everyone like garbage. How ironic in this coincidental twist of fate that you will end up in the dumpster.

Everett moves away from him.

EVERETT
 (continuing)
 On your feet big boy, and be careful you've been drinking. I'm going to give you a chance.

Charlie tries to stand up, dangerously close to the edge with his back to the edge of the open building, facing Everett.

CHARLIE
 (standing)
 I knew you'd never amount to anything but a little piece of shit.

EVERETT
 Charlie. That hurts my feelings. Oh, by the way, I forgot to mention. While you were unconscious and taking sips of beer, it seems as if you've taken 3 Xanax tablets...you know the ones on your bedside table next to the ashtray.

Charlie blinks heavily trying to clear the fog.

Everett extends out the pick stick and moves closer to him.

EVERETT

(continuing)

I want you to remember this moment. It's going to take you 9 - 10 seconds until you hit the dumpster. This is for everyone that you've ever bullied.

Everett then takes a step back, looks at him sternly.

CHARLIE

(laughing)

You were bluffing. You got me you little bastard. I was really worried.

He tries to move forward but staggers a little and starts to fall. He reaches for Everett who is within arms reach.

Everett slides his feet back ever so slightly.

EVERETT

No, Charlie. I wasn't.

Charlie plummets 42 floors to his death hitting a floor or two here and there.

EVERETT

(continuing; let's
out big breath of
anxiety plus years
of anger)

I had to start the list with you.

Switches to handcam view.

EVERETT

(continuing)

Now, back to the task at hand.
Post justice crime scene 101.

He scans the floor area. 3 cans of beer lay scattered about amongst miscellaneous trash.

EVERETT

(continuing)

Poor Charlie's drinking problem seems to have gotten the best of him. Miscellaneous beer cans scattered about. Don't worry when he was dreaming I used construction work gloves and put the beers cans in his hand so only his fingerprints will be on them.

Moves camera to reveal what's in his pockets.

EVERETT
 (continuing)
 Step 2. Cigarette butts, again,
 Charlie's, taken from outside the
 trailer. Habitual smoker. Bad
 habit.

Scatters 2-3 butts about the area.

Moves camera to reveal his shoes.

EVERETT
 (continuing)
 Step 3. Construction work boots.
 Do you know how common these are?
 Of course, these are a size 9.
 It's important for you to know,
 I'm a size 11.

Moves camera to himself.

EVERETT
 (continuing)
 Last step. See this scruffy beard
 and hat? They will both be gone
 soon. Everyone here knows me as
 Pete, Pete Justice that is. As in,
 Poetic Justice. Did you know
 construction sites typically pay
 their laborers in cash. No ID
 needed, no social security number,
 no background check.

EVERETT
 (continuing)
 Now time for me to clean up, I
 have an internship to get to!

INT - OFFICE BUILDING BATHROOM - MORNING

Everett is double-checking himself in the office building
 bathroom mirror. He is clean shaven and his previously
 scraggly hair is close cropped and neat.

BATHROOM MAN
 Job interview?

EVERETT
 Yessir.

BATHROOM MAN

Good luck. Good company to work for. Have you met the big boss yet?

EVERETT

Not yet.

BATHROOM MAN

(lowers voice,
leaning in close)

Ummmm, he's a tough one.

EVERETT

Thanks for the heads up.

Bathroom man extends hand.

EVERETT

(continuing; shaking
his hand)

Joseph, Joseph Josten.

INT - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Typical conference room with long oval table and six chairs. Everett is being interviewed by BILL BAXTER, 65, older worker, business suit who wishes he was able to retire years ago because he works for a heartless tyrant.

BILL

So, Mr. Josten, you are here for the internship. What do you know about our company?

EVERETT

(sarcastically)

Well, first let me say thank-you for the opportunity. HE Enterprises was formed in the early nineties. It is a breakaway piece of the Hill family enterprises which was originally founded on Christian principles and family values to provide low cost mortgages to the less fortunate.

(more)

EVERETT (cont'd)

HE Enterprises, founded by Randall Hill, is a real estate investment company that participates in hostile takeovers of small unsuspecting property owners by providing them false earnings potential while securing high cost balloon mortgages that inevitably causes the property to revert to the company. This company operates as a dichotomy to the original. In essence, you are a high-priced loan shark. You loan money at such a high interest rate that people will never be able to pay you back. Then, when they fall behind and are at their lowest, you foreclose and take their property.

Bill closes the file and is preparing to end the interview.

BILL

Mr. Josten, it's obvious that this is not the place for you.

RANDELL "RANDY" HILL, 42, thick bodied, fat, short, blond streaked - disheveled hair, dressed in sweatpants, wrinkled long sleeve shirt, looks like he just rolled out of bed. Has a "Take No Prisoners" cliché tattoo scripted on his chunky arm. He is a wanna be player, silver-spoon-fed, rich boy who has only been given credence because of his daddy's money. People pretend to like him and kiss his ass.

He is on the phone with his dad, the founder of the company.

RANDY (O.S.)

Dad, I don't care if you know them or not. This is my company now and I run it the way you should have!

Randy enters the room shaking his head.

RANDY

(brashly)

Old school!? What can you do?

BILL

Mr. Hill I don't think Mr. Josten...

RANDY

(cutting him off)

I'll handle this Bill.

RANDY
(continuing; to
Everett)
Josten, huh? When I was younger
there was this ring company.
Anyway, I guess that isn't you
because if it was you damn sure
wouldn't be here would you? Do you
know this is an unpaid internship?

EVERETT
Yes, I...

RANDY
I don't like to waste time. I'm
slow to hire and quick to fire. I
built this company into a million-
dollar company based on my
business sixth sense. I don't have
time to waste with assholes.

Pointing to his tattoo.

RANDY
(continuing; to
Everett)
You see this? This is my motto.
Take no prisoners.

EVERETT
Very impressive Sir.

BILL
Mr. Hill I don't think Mr.
Josten is a good fit for the
company.

He stares him down.

RANDY
(condescending)
But you aren't sure, are you Bill?
Well I am a decision maker and you
aren't, that's why I pay myself
the big bucks. It's an unpaid
internship, who cares, if he wants
to learn, great, if not, I'll let
you fire him.

He gets up to walk out.

RANDY
 (continuing)
 You start tomorrow.

CUT TO:

EXT - HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

High school students walking out to their cars to go to lunch. Most of them are used, second-hand pieces of crap. Not the rich kids. They all park their cars together so they can compare sized. He, i.e., the bully, has the "new" classic car. 1969 Camaro SS. Fully restored. He revs his car loudly and all the students gather around. He's ugly but he gets all the girls because of his daddy's money.

EXT - MIDDLE CLASS HOUSE - DAY

Everett is waiting outside, clean cut, clean shaven, wearing a suit. Randy pulls up in his Bentley. Steps out of the car on the phone, wearing sweat pants, T-shirt, gold chain.

RANDY
 (on phone)
 Bill, I told you to foreclose that bastard, listen to what I'm telling you...hold on, hold on a second...

Looking at Everett.

RANDY
 (continuing)
 Where's your car?

EVERETT
 I don't have one.

RANDY
 How the hell did you get here?

EVERETT
 I rode the bus, then my bike.

RANDY
 Are you a tree-hugger?

EVERETT
 No sir.

RANDY
 Environmentalist?

EVERETT

No sir.

RANDY

Gay?

EVERETT

Sir?

Randy picks up call again.

RANDY

Bill, I'm going to have to get back with you. I have a lot of training to do here.

RANDY

(continuing)

Ummm, you wear a suit on a bike? How the hell can you sell if you don't have a car. Alright, anyway look, pay attention, don't say anything, just follow my lead.

They walk up to the front door of one of their clients home that they are foreclosing on.

INT - MIDDLE CLASS HOME - DAY

The family, young white husband, DAVE and very pregnant Asian wife, MELODY. Earnestly looking for way out of their financial problems. They are seated around a small kitchen table. Everett is sitting across from Randy with Dave and Melody at either end of the table.

DAVE

Mr. Hill, we didn't know when we financed this pool that we were putting our house on the line. We need money for our new baby. Right now all we have is a big concrete hole in the ground.

MELODY

And with your lien we cannot get a loan.

MELODY

(continuing; rubbing her belly)

We are having twins and this is a risky pregnancy.

MELODY
(continuing; looking
to Everett)
Can you please help us?

EVERETT
Well, I'm sure Mr. Hill...

Randy quickly cuts him off.

RANDY
(looking at Everett
angrily)
I am not a social service agency.
Did you sign the paperwork for the
pool remodel or not.

DAVE
Yes but...

RANDY
But what? You don't know about
birth control!? Why does this now
become my problem. I run a
business. My business is built on
business deals.

He catches Everett's glance and points to his tattoo.

RANDY
(continuing)
Now either you make the payments
or we foreclose the note, that's
the bottom line.

Gets up to leave.

RANDY
(continuing)
Now, if you will excuse us, we
have other clients to deal with.

He and Everett walk outside to the Bentley.

RANDY
(continuing; to
Everett)
You see this is the art of the
deal. No emotions, business is
business.

EVERETT
But Sir, those people could lose
their house over this.

RANDY

I don't give two shits about them. They should have thought about this before they signed the paperwork. Besides, I don't like that sort of thing.

Makes a motion towards the couple.

EVERETT

That sort of thing?

RANDY

You know what the hell I'm talking about. Mixed race stuff. Those people are baby makers. They should have planned better. Now, let's go, there is money to be made. Plus, I filed the foreclosure paperwork two weeks ago.

Randy speeds off in his Bentley leaving dust and dirt to settle along Everett and his bike.

Melody approaches.

MELODY

You don't have the heart for this.

EVERETT

Excuse me, Ma'am?

He starts to walk away.

MELODY

I could see it in your eyes.

EVERETT

Well, it's my first day on the job. So, I guess I will...

MELODY

Will what? Get used to being racist? Get used to taking advantage of people?

EVERETT

No, I could never get used to that.

MELODY

Isn't that what's happening here.

She moves closer to him.

MELODY

(continuing)

We are educated people. We spoke to an attorney. He told us we can try to fight him but he wanted a \$5,000.00 retainer. Do you know what the rich always win? The poor can't afford a long drawn out court case.

EVERETT

Well, I'm sure the judge will see what's really going on here.

MELODY

Guess who was one of the judges biggest political supporters?

She looks him closely in the eyes.

MELODY

(continuing)

He has a street named after him next to the courthouse. And you want to talk to me about justice?

INT - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Everett enters and Randy is sitting at the conference table.

RANDY

There is no need to sit down.

Randy gets up and approaches him.

RANDY

(continuing)

Did you not think I would do my homework.

EVERETT

I'm not sure what you are referring to?

Randy throws a file on the desk in front of him. Everett approaches cautiously.

There are some photos.

EVERETT
(continuing; serious
then slightly
smiling)
What are these? Surveillance
photos?

RANDY
(pointing to his
tattoo)
I told you. I take no prisoners,
not from customers or my
employees. Even those that work
for free.

EVERETT
Is this me with Dave and Melody?

RANDY
Yes! Exactly. Why do you know them
by first name?

EVERETT
I was trying to get to know them
to see how we could help them.

RANDY
(poking him in the
chest)
We aren't here to help people, we
are here to make money!

EVERETT
They are being foreclosed on, they
are having twins.

RANDY
So what!? You're no good to
me...You're useless!

EVERETT
I've only been here a week, Sir.
I really need more experience.

RANDY
Too fucking bad.

EVERETT
(sarcastically)
You sure you won't change your
mind?

RANDY
Get the hell out of here.

CUT TO:

EXT - MANSION POOL - NIGHT

Well appointed mansion, pool, lushly landscaped gardens and landscaped waterfall flowing into the pool. It is one of Randy's mansion.

Super hot Blond BIMBO, 25, not his wife, topless in the water in between his legs. He is sitting alongside the pool, near the waterfall.

BIMBO
(rubbing her breasts
along his legs)
Why don't you ever come in the
pool with me Baby?

RANDY
I like to watch you swim.

BIMBO
We don't get much time together.

She turns her back on him looking at waterfall.

BIMBO
(continuing; covering
her breasts now)
And I hate spending what time we
do have in *her* house...Besides,
you said you were going to get *me*
a house with a pool.

RANDY
Don't worry baby, I've got a nice
little place picked out for you.
I just need to evict these losers
and it's yours.

BIMBO
It better be. If I can't swim,
then I can't get into my bikini.
And if I can't get into my bikini,
then neither can you.

She gets up to go inside.

BIMBO
(continuing)
I'm going in, you going to join me?

RANDY

Sure babes. Let me finish my cigar.

He watches her walk in. Topless, with a string bikini bottom and shakes his head and smile.

We see some very close-up shots of the waterfall. The camera pans and we see the outline of a man's head with goggles, eyes closed, the camera pans back, then eyes open.

Everett has been waiting in his white boxers for two hours hidden within the waterfall. He has goggles on.

He lunges out of the waterfall and grabs Randy to pull him into the water.

Randy flails wildly. Everett has him in a choke hold. There is a small clear step that he has hidden in the pool that he is standing on.

EVERETT

Guess who?

RANDY

Intern?

EVERETT

Bingo! That's all I am to you, the intern.

RANDY

Now take it easy. We can work this out.

EVERETT

No, not this time.

RANDY

What do you want, asshole.

Everett pushes him under for a minute.

EVERETT

Now, Randy. That's not nice. I've been waiting in the waterfall for 2 hours...

RANDY

What do you want. Money?

EVERETT

First rule of negotiating, figure out what the other side wants.

RANDY

Standard business practice. I can teach you that...

EVERETT

Except you can't buy your way out of this one because what I want you can't give.

RANDY

Bullshit. Everyone has their price.

EVERETT

Except in this case, my price is your life because I want you to die.

Everett pushes his head under the water and thrashes him around violently, pushing him under, then allowing him to breathe, then back under.

RANDY

(gasping for air,
choking on the water)

Stop. Please, I'll give you whatever you want. We can work this out.

EVERETT

Second rule of negotiating, false sense of security allows for further evaluation.

Everett thrust him under again.

RANDY

You'll never get away with it. I've got cameras everywhere.

EVERETT

Last ditch effort to save the deal. Threaten.

Everett pulls from his boxers, an alarm remote in a zip locked bag and holds it in front of his face so he can see the contents.

EVERETT

(continuing; flapping
ziplock bag)

It's the remote from the Bentley. House and cameras are disarmed.

EVERETT

(continuing)

Now this is the important part. Do you remember Everett Morris?

RANDY

No, no, no I don't.

EVERETT

Well, he remembers you and your Camaro. Remember the kid who didn't have a car? The one day he got to drive to school, he drove his mom's station wagon. You didn't want it parked near your Camaro.

RANDY

I still have the Camaro, it's yours. Take it.

Everett pushes him under, then back up.

EVERETT

It's not about the car. It's about justice. It's about Everett, Steve, Greg, all those people in high school that you made fun of...

Randy opens his eyes wide.

EVERETT

(continuing)

Well, guess what. This one kid, he didn't do to bad. He has a masters degree in business. He's bored but he remembers people like you.

Everett swims around to face him and lifts goggles to look at him face to face.

EVERETT

(continuing)

He also remembers that your mommy got you excused from PE class because you don't know how to swim.

Everett pushes him away from him into the deep end.

Randy struggles to stay afloat, going under, then briefly grabbing a bit of air.

Everett starts timer on his watch.

He meticulously wipes the bike down then leans it next in the pile so it will be the first chosen.

He picks up a shirt and some pants that are drying on the fence near the camp and begins to walk home.

He finds a sock discarded along the way and places it into his pocket.

EVERETT
(continuing; holding
the sock up)
DNA gold.

As he is walking..

EVERETT
(continuing; to hat
cam)
You didn't think I forgot about
this did you?

He pulls the file Randy had on him from his pants.

EVERETT
(continuing)
Now, I need to rest and plan.
Vengeance takes a lot out of you.
Plus this next most deserving
victim is a real bitch.

EVERETT
(continuing; pauses,
smiling)
Instead of being voted prom queen
she should have been voted queen
B. We don't discriminate based on
race, color, creed or gender.

MORE.

ROLL CREDITS.