

DOWNFALL

by

JOE RENDACE

Joe Rendace
(631) 889-4090

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Blinding high beams separate the darkness. A taxi stops in front of a small, dark, deserted tiny shack nestled between trees.

JOE VINCENT, 35, smooth as a Ferrari, with the combustion of its engine, steps from the taxi. He leans in at the DRIVER, 28.

JOE

Are you sure this is it?

The Driver nods before screeching away. No cars or signs of life exist in the vicinity. A dim light appears in the shack window.

The woods speak. A SHRIEK, followed by ruffling in the trees. Joe looks around and jogs to the shack, slow at first, then quicker before he hastily pushes the door open.

INT. TINY SHACK - NIGHT

Bright lights nearly blind Joe. He stands in a large high school gym decorated for a reunion. An ENORMOUS WOMAN, 36, garbed in a lime green polyester jumpsuit sits on a chair behind a table.

ENORMOUS WOMAN

Hell yo, fleas die thin.

JOE

Excuse me? I'm just looking for --

ENORMOUS WOMAN

Hello, please sign in.

Joe's confusion is exasperated by an OLD MAN, 90, in an oversized Zoot suit. He sits next to the Enormous Woman, head back and eyes closed. He looks dead.

The Enormous Woman reaches under the table and cradles a piglet. She feeds the pig a baby bottle and sings a French lullaby.

Joe notices the last name tags on the table. H.Lector. J.Dahlmer. T.Bundy. He smirks at the sight of his name tag.

He pins it on and walks through the decorated gym. Party people everywhere, he halts and looks up to the rafters.

A huge banner: "WELCOME SERIOUS THRILLERS. CLASS OF 66 - 96."

A TEXAN, 37, personality as big as his body and cowboy hat, lumbers his huge arm around Joe's shoulders.

TEXAN

Grant Colepepper, you wily som' bitch! I haven't seen you in a dog's life! Hey, come meet a few of mah buddies from around the horn.

JOE

I'm not --

The Texan leads Joe toward a group of people. MARGARET, 61, manners first, JAMES, 43, executive material and KILLER, 34, his "Dr. Decapitation" tattoo has Joe coil back. Killer snarls.

KILLER

That's my specialty.

Killer reaches for Joe's throat before Margaret sternly scolds.

MARGARET

Oswald, show some manners.

Like a child reprimanded, Killer lowers his head.

KILLER

Yes ma'am.

MARGARET

So, what do you do, young man?

JOE

(dazed)

Uh. I... kill people.

The group all quietly look at each other, then begin to laugh.

MARGARET

Silly boy, of course you do. We all do. I meant in your spare time.

Joe's loss for words goes unnoticed by the group.

MARGARET

James is a Wall Street analyst. He loves to gut out the homeless. Oswald escaped out of Riker's tonight to be here. He killed three policemen on his way out.

KILLER

(proudly)

Four, and the cook.

MARGARET

I'm sorry dear. It was *four*,
and the cook. I am the high
school biology teacher.

(beat)

Aside from a rock concert,
there's no better place to
chop up young bodies.

The group laughs while the Texan throws his arm around Joe.

TEXAN

This here's Grant Colepepper.
We used to chop us up some UPS
delivery guys. Remember? We would
mail the body pieces back to
their families in FedEx boxes!

Joe pushes away. He's done.

JOE

I'm not Grant Colepepper, you fat,
obnoxious fool! My name is Joe
Vincent, and you people are all
fucked in the head!

A deranged gaze appears on their faces. Joe looks up at the
banner. It now says "WELCOME SERIAL KILLERS, CLASS OF '66-96".

JOE

Oh... no.

Tex pulls out a big knife and tips his cowboy hat to the group.

TEXAN

Excuse me, y'all. MY bad.
This one's mine.

Joe's eyes widen. He's gone in a beat. Tex in pursuit. The 60's
song 'NOWHERE TO RUN, NOWHERE TO HIDE' plays loudly.

MARGARET

Bring me back a finger!

As Joe runs for the door he notices a pie-throwing carnival
booth, using baseballs instead of pies, hitting people in the
head. He passes the sign-in table and sees the Enormous Woman as
she turns a knife in the Old Man's back.

Joe flings the front door open. AMANDA VINCENT, 33, simple in
nature, if nature was simple, looks surprised.

AMANDA

Joseph!

JOE

Amanda! We've got to get out --

His words cease. Blood spews from Joe's mouth.

Both Joe and Amanda's eyes widen together, hers quickly losing his fear. A silver and black switchblade is in Joe's stomach.

AMANDA

Didn't they tell you not to
escape? You just have to break
the rules, don't you?

Joe's breath ceases. She tightens her grip and shoves it deeper.

AMANDA

Goodbye, Joseph.

Joe's face freezes.

INT. WHITE ROOM - JOE'S SUBCONSCIOUS

An empty area. Joe's face is still frozen until he slowly relaxes to normal. He stands alone as he rubs his eyes.

WOMAN (O.S.)

And that's how it happens?

JOE

Usually. Most of the time.

A WOMAN, 36, professional and proud of it, slowly circles Joe.

WOMAN

Were the players the same?

JOE

Yes. Well, most of them. The Wall
street analyst. I don't remember
him. He was new.

WOMAN

You mentioned you're a killer now.
Could you elaborate on that?

JOE

(beat)

There really isn't much to say. At
some point, things happen. I --

WOMAN
What's wrong?

Joe looks past her. A small radio floats in the air. It plays the 'NOWHERE TO RUN' song.

JOE
I've got to go.

WOMAN
I'll be here.

END SUBCONSCIOUS

INT. SUV - DAY

Joe jolts awake. He sweats profusely. His car radio blares 'NOWHERE TO RUN'. He shuts it. Joe puts his glasses on.

The newspaper on his dashboard flaps open. An article headline shows "ANALYST ARRESTED FOR MURDER". The photo shows James.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Perfect ranch style home. Joe dials his cell phone as he walks.

JOE
Scott. It's me. Listen, I forgot my data sheet. I'm stopping home. We don't need any surprises later.

Joe hangs up and stares at the house. It bears an updated resemblance to the shack from the Serial Killer Reunion dream.

Hand on the knob, he hesitates before opening the door quickly.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Amanda, switchblade in hand, jolts Joe backward.

JOE
Christ!

Amanda's perplexed. She glances at the blade and rolls her eyes. A piece of mail is in her other hand. She cuts the mail open.

AMANDA
I thought I heard you pull up.

Amanda walks away. A deep breath later, Joe follows her in.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Amanda hands the switchblade to Joe. They exchange a kiss.

AMANDA

You keep losing your precious
blade, hon. Take care of it.

Amanda shuffles through the mail. Joe walks to the bar.

AMANDA

You blacked out again, didn't you?
That ridiculous High School reunion
nightmare?

Joe smirks while he pours a drink. He downs it.

AMANDA

Speak of the devil. Here it is.

She hands the opened mail over to Joe. He looks at the letter.

JOE

Cordially invited? A bunch of
overweight, bald, drunken guys
getting together to ogle the same
women who ignored them twenty years
ago shouldn't start an invitation
with "Cordially invited". In any
case, I'm out. I'm not going.

Amanda stops in front of him. She lightly pokes his stomach.

AMANDA

Oh, c'mon. Why not? Five years of
marriage to Mr. Mysterious hasn't
exactly been on the edge of my seat
conversation. It'll be fun to get
some *juicy* information on you at
your high school reunion.

Joe's cell phone RINGS.

JOE

Hello? Yes, I got the file.

Joe hangs up and lifts an envelope from the desk up to Amanda.
He winks and taps his watch as he heads for the door.

JOE

Sales figures. *Juicy* information.

AMANDA
 Don't forget we're having
 dinner with my boss tonight.

Joe's back remains toward Amanda as he stops dead.

AMANDA
 What? Oh please, don't start again.
 He's happily married.

Joe walks back over and bangs out another drink. She sticks her tongue out in disgust.

AMANDA
 How do you drink that awful stuff.

JOE
 (beat)
 Practice.

A glance and a phony smile exchanged, Joe leaves.

EXT. BUSINESS OFFICE - DAY

Drab. Decorated by the slush of winter.

INT. BUSINESS OFFICE - CUBICLE - DAY

A maze of cubicles, Joe's cube is his prison. Flushed, somewhat drained, he sits and puts his head down on his desk.

MARCUS (O.S.)
 I don't want any surprises at the
 meeting. You better know what you're
 doing by having Scott run it.

Joe raises his head to see MARCUS PEERMAN, 48, Napoleon in ego and stature, twice as nasty.

JOE
 He'll be fine.
 (beat)
 Hello. I'm fine. Thanks for asking.

Marcus shrugs off the sarcasm.

MARCUS
He'll be fine? I don't pay you as
 head of Sales for bullshit answers
 like that. Keep the bullshit in
 your sales pitch.

Marcus storms out. Joe drops his head back down.

TONY (O.S.)
Take a ride. I'm hungry.

TONY ADONIS stands in front of Joe's desk. 37, resistance in the presence of his explosive personality is futile.

JOE
Please Tony, not now.

A moment. Maybe two. Silence. Joe looks up at a stoic Tony.

TONY
Now.

JOE
I've got work to do and I can't be late tonight. I still owe you programming specs from the contract last week. Where are you on it?

Tony lifts Joe's steel ruler and effortlessly twists it in to the shape of a T.

TONY
You writing a book? Leave that chapter out.

Tony's stiff lip attempts a grin. Joe sighs and rises.

INT. SUV - DAY

Tony drives. Nothing said, silence consumes. A red Corvette zooms by. Joe's brow lowers.

JOE
Do you mind a personal question?

TONY
Depends. You wired?

Joe looks surprised. Tony lights another cigar.

JOE
What would you do if someone hit on your wife?

Tony's bored face suddenly shows interest.

TONY
 My wife? You mean someone
 with a death wish?

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Tony's SUV rolls up to the drive through ordering board. The GUY ATTENDANT, 25, statically blares through the board speaker.

GUY ATTENDANT (O.S)
 Welcome to Wendy's.

INT. SUV - DAY

Tony blows a puff of blue smoke from his cigar.

TONY
 So your wife's boss thinks
 he's a player? He's hit on her?

JOE
 At her company office party
 last month. She laughed it
 off to save embarrassment.

Through the speaker, the Guy Attendant voices his impatience.

GUY ATTENDANT (O.S)
 Welcome to Wendy's. What
 do you want?

Tony GLARES at the speaker. Putting his cigar tip out on the intercom, he turns back to Joe.

TONY
 What's with you? Where's your
 balls lately? Back to back
 Bullshitter of the year awards
 and you turn to shit?

JOE
 Salesman. Salesman of the year.
 So you're saying I shouldn't worry
 about him? Trust my wife?

TONY
 Wake up. Trust no one.

JOE
 (beat)
 Even you?

TONY
(grins)
Especially me.

Joe turns away, stares in the distance. Tony looks at the outside menu. He orders in the intercom.

TONY
Give me two Mega meals with cokes.

JOE
I'm not eating.

TONY
I didn't get to you yet.

GUY ATTENDANT (O.S.)
That'll be \$12.60. Drive around.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

Tony starts driving around to the pickup window. The static cuts the Guy Attendant's voice before he is heard in mid-sentence.

GUY ATTENDANT (O.S.)
-- Yeah, I know. I'll bet he shits
like an elephant, too.

INT. SUV - DAY

Joe's eyes widen. He looks at Tony, who shows no sign of anger. Tony pulls close and takes the food bag from Guy Attendant, who leans out his restaurant window. Tony looks in the bag.

TONY
Shit. I hate when this happens.
You forgot something.

INT/EXT. - SUV - DAY

Tony holds the open bag towards Guy Attendant, who looks puzzled.

GUY ATTENDANT
Really? What did I forget?

TONY
You forgot to give this
elephant his peanut.

Tony grabs Guy Attendant by the neck and pulls him out of the restaurant window. Joe moves to intercede, yet stops.

Guy Attendant's body dangles against the outside of the truck, his head in a choke hold underneath Tony's massive arm.

TONY
You think I didn't fucking
hear you? Open your mouth.

Tony removes a gun from under his seat and shoves it down the stunned Guy Attendant's throat.

TONY
Bye, bye, asshole.

Joe's face freezes.

INT. WHITE ROOM - JOE'S SUBCONSCIOUS

Tony and the attendant are frozen on the front seat of his SUV. Everything else is gone. Car, restaurant, everything.

The Woman walks around the two men and carefully studies a frozen Tony.

WOMAN
Looking back, do you blame your
murderous rampage on influences
such as this...man? This monster.

Joe walks next to her and squints at Tony.

JOE
He's not -- well, not completely.
You don't know him. Do you see
the newspapers?

A newspaper appears in Joe's hand.

JOE
Every day people are arrested for
murder. People of all kinds.
Mothers. Fathers. I even remember a
story about a 61 year old school
teacher grandmother...
(beat)
Don't judge. You don't know him.

WOMAN
Do you know him? Really know him?

JOE
Does anyone really know anyone?
There's a madness to his method.

WOMAN
I believe the saying is "A method
to his madness."

Joe studies the frozen Tony.

JOE
No. Look at him. I said it right.

WOMAN
Such anger. Such brazen disregard
for human life. It's...

JOE
(curious)
What?

WOMAN
Hypnotic.

END SUBCONSCIOUS

INT. SUV - DAY

Joe's face focuses on Tony as he pulls the trigger. The back of the gun clicks up a tiny flame.

The attendant faints. Tony calmly lights his cigar with his gun lighter before staring at Joe.

TONY
It all comes down to respect.
Without that, you're nothing.
Make sure her boss and
everyone else knows that.

Tony drops the attendant out of the window and pulls away.

TONY
Remember, never stop until
the job is done.

EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY

They pull away. A photo of a man is taped on the drive through window. It says "WANTED FOR MURDER". It's a picture of Killer.

EXT. BUSINESS OFFICE - DAY

Tony pulls into the handicap spot. Joe steps out of the SUV slightly miffed. He looks at his watch.

JOE
 Why can't you grasp the concept
 of a one hour lunch. I wanted to
 get some work done before Scott --

SCOTT PRESCO, 35, good looking and knows it, pulls up in his Jaguar, almost hitting Joe.

JOE
 What the-- Is everyone trying
 to scare the hell out of me?!

Scott removes his shades.

SCOTT
 It would take a team of mother-in-
 laws working around the clock to
 scare that much hell out of you.
 Hop in.
 (to Tony)
 Man mountain.

Tony blows a ring of smoke. He returns the nod.

INT. SCOTT'S CAR - NIGHT

Scott drives. Joe sits shotgun with his head back, eyes closed.

SCOTT
 The nightmare? Again? Who had the
 pleasure of killing you this time?

Joe puts the envelope and his eyeglasses on the dashboard. He rubs his eyes.

SCOTT
 Look, dreams are just that. Dreams.
 Man is not as he thinks, but
 as he does. Or something like that.

JOE
 When did you become deep?

SCOTT
 Me? I read it in a fortune cookie.
 Listen, take an extra two minutes
 (MORE)

SCOTT(cont'd)

in the shower tonight to get in touch with yourself. That always cures what ails me. But for now...

Scott raises the envelope from the dashboard.

SCOTT

You won't be sorry. Letting me run lead is going to open some eyes around the office.

Joe looks in the visor mirror. His eyes are bloodshot.

EXT. HOTEL - PARKING LOT - DAY

They exit the car. Scott pitches Joe's glasses. Joe catches.

SCOTT

Here, before you walk into the wall. Stop losing them.

Miffed at himself, Joe quietly puts his specs back on.

INT. HOTEL - HALLWAY - DAY

Scott looks at his watch as they move quicker through the hall.

SCOTT

Shit, we're late.

Joe opens the meeting room door. A group of perturbed MANAGERS sit around a large table. They all turn and stare at Joe and Scott. About to speak, Scott is held back by Joe's arm.

JOE

(whispers)
My fault. Allow me.

Joe adjusts his speckled rims.

JOE

Gentlemen, can someone please tell me whose secretary didn't inform us of the new meeting time?

The managers look surprised. Joe points his hand to his left, outside of the room and the sight of the managers.

JOE

If this young lady of yours didn't happen to notice us waiting in the lobby, well...

Joe allows the silence to make its presence.

JOE
...that wouldn't benefit any of us.

A confident smile later, Joe extends his hand out of the manager's sight.

JOE
Thank you, son. You're sharp eye
will not go unappreciated.

Joe fakes a handshake motion with no one in the hall. The managers mumble amongst themselves. MANAGER X, 50, speaks.

MANAGER X
Our apologies, gentlemen.
Please, let us begin.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

Joe and Scott enter. Joe leans over to Scott.

JOE
It's all yours. Time frame?

SCOTT
Three hours to nail the deal. An
hour to get to Happy Hour, leading
to last call for alcohol by 2AM.

JOE
Jesus, just promise me no wolf.

Scott winks.

INT. HOTEL - BAR - NIGHT

A crowded, dimly lit hotel bar partying during Happy Hour.

Scott slides in on the marble tile entrance and lets out a wolf howl. The entire bar stops dead. Scott raises his arms.

SCOTT
Ladies and gentlemen! Drunks
of all ages! All aboard the
intoxication express!

The crowd roars. Scott and Joe sit at the bar and get drinks.

JOE
(toasts)
Thanks for keeping it low key.
Here's to the contract. Signed,
sealed and deceitfully delivered.

SCOTT
Stop, you said "I do" at your
wedding, right? You're the pro.

Joe reacts to the word "wedding". He suddenly notices his watch.

JOE
Shit, we've got to go soon.
I've got to make this dinner.

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Scott trails a staggering Joe. Scott makes eye contact with
CANDY, 26, as bright as her name, who stands by the bus sign.

SCOTT
Oh, crap.

Candy waves to Scott and jiggles her way over by his car.

CANDY
Scottie! Baby! Hi!

Scott cringes out of her view. He turns with his game face on.

SCOTT
Candy! How are you beautiful?

CANDY
I was catching the bus to -- hey! I
called you twice last week!

Joe catches Scott's eyes. Hand out to Candy, Joe plays his part.

JOE
Hello. Joe Vincent.
(to Scott)
I really need to get back to
my car at the office. ASAP.

SCOTT
Right. Candy, I'll call --

CANDY
Great! My apartment is on the way!

Candy pulls open the passenger door and flips the seat down. Joe and Scott exchange looks.

INT. SCOTT'S CAR - NIGHT

Slumped in the back seat, Joe rests his head. Candy blathers incessantly to Scott from the front passenger's seat.

CANDY

And I broke a nail! Twice on the headboard! Can you believe it?

Scott nods politely, yet his attitude surfaces. He pushes a CD into the radio. SUMMER WIND by Frank Sinatra begins.

SCOTT

Shh, this is...Sinatra.

CANDY

(beat)

So I said to him, no more hotel rooms. I want --

Scott makes the radio louder. She can't take a hint.

SCOTT

Like painted kites, those days and nights, they went...flying by...

Joe closes his eyes as Candy babbles. Hearing shuffling, Joe opens his eyes. Continuing to sing where the song has stopped, Scott ejects the CD, grasping it between his two fingers.

SCOTT

The world was new, beneath the blue, Umbrella sky...

Without hesitation, Scott SLASHES the CD disc across Candy's throat. Blood spurts from her neck. She turns and gags to Joe.

JOE

What the -- Holy Christ!

Her jugular sprays blood all over Joe, none on Scott. Still singing, Scott calmly wipes the blood off the CD with her leg.

Scott returns it back into the player, the song picks up where Scott left off. Coiled back, Joe watches Candy die.

Scott looks back at Joe, now soaked in blood.

SCOTT
Stop for donuts?

Joe is in shock. Scott shrugs and turns back to drive.

SCOTT
Okay, no donuts.

INT. WHITE ROOM - JOE'S SUBCONSCIOUS

Joe sits in the same position minus the car, blood and people.
The Woman sits next to him.

WOMAN
You're obviously getting worse at
this point. Didn't you see it coming?

JOE
Sometimes I believe I did. Other
moments I felt lost in my own mind.
Like a bystander watching my life pass.

WOMAN
What you're suppressing, we need to
bring it to the surface. I can't
help you if you don't help yourself.

JOE
Help myself? Everything I am,
everything I've earned has been
because I helped myself.
(beat)
I'm sorry. For those who continue
with the notion that they'll be
cured, then this might work for
them. But when you believe that
some things are just meant to be,
you're already lost.

She pauses, looks at a frozen Scott.

WOMAN
Why is this moment happening? Does
this one hold the key to your sanity?
To what set you off?

Joe stares at Scott.

JOE
No. I...don't know. His confidence.

WOMAN
 What you've lost? What have you
 replaced it with?

A floating car radio starts to play SUMMER WIND at a low volume.

JOE
 (beat)
 Misery.

END SUBCONSCIOUS

Joe jolts awake. His sweat draws Scott and Candy's attention.

SCOTT
 Are you okay?

EXT. BUSINESS OFFICE - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Scott drops Joe off and leaves with Candy. Joe rubs the sweat from his head, starts to make a call when he notices something.

Flipping the phone closed, he jogs to his car and pulls off a parking ticket that a uniformed METER COP just finished writing. She's just about to get in her work vehicle.

JOE
 Excuse me!

The Meter Cop ignores him as she opens her door.

JOE
 I said excuse me!

METER COP
 What.

JOE
 What? Can you tell me what this is
 for? What's violation 1034C?

METER COP
 Parking outside the yellow lines.

Joe is flabbergasted. He holds his hands out toward the ground.

JOE
 The whole lot is spray painted
 yellow! It's under construction!

METER COP

The law is the law. We done here?

Her eyes call him out. School yard rules. Wanting to react, wanting to lash out at her, Joe says nothing. She smirks.

METER COP

Yeah, that's what I thought.

She drives off, leaving Joe to just stare. His brow lowers. Unaware at first, Joe realizes his clenched fist is shaking. He takes a deep breath, opens his fist and walks around his car.

JOE

What the... Oh, c'mon!

He notices a wheel lock on his front tire. He tries to make a call, but his cell blinks low battery. He drops to the curb.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Aggravated, Joe trudges in. Pissed, Amanda waits.

AMANDA

We needed to leave by seven. I had to call my boss and tell him eight.

Joe stops. He turns, about to comment, he doesn't.

AMANDA

Don't do that. I'm not in the mood for games.

Joe's brow lowers. His voice is cold. Different.

JOE

Do I look like a pair of dice?

AMANDA

Please don't start again. Again; he's happily married.

JOE

Like us?
(beat)
Give me ten minutes.

Silence. Amanda leaves the room. Joe sits quietly.

EXT. HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Dressed and possessed, Amanda stands waiting with attitude. Joe walk out of the house. He stops.

JOE
The truck or the car?

Amanda squeezes her eyelids low.

AMANDA
The truck. If the conversation moves to the parking lot, we want the better vehicle with us. A blue six year old Toyota doesn't impress.

JOE
I'm impressed.

AMANDA
I learned from the best. Life is a sales pitch, right?

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Amanda drives. Joe's stares out the window.

AMANDA
Her name is Dora.

Joe's perplexed expression forces a sigh from her.

AMANDA
Really? My boss. His wife. I want you to act like you have some interest in being there. You know Jim is in line for V.P. If I can remain his Administrative Assistant when he moves up, it will be a fantastic position.

Joe's thoughts are clearly written across his face.

JOE
(under breath)
What position secures the job?
Missionary or doggie style?

Surprising himself, Joe cringes because he knows it's coming. Amanda slams on the brakes. Cars screech around their SUV.

AMANDA

What did you just say?
Are you calling me a slut?

The passing billboard penetrate Joe's senses. His mind lost in the advertisement for A GETAWAY VACATION TO THE BAHAMAS.

JOE

What? No. Look, I'm sorry.
It's one of man's fatal flaws.
We can take any comment and
turn it sexual. Add the time
delay between our brain and
mouth, and the combination
is deadly.

AMANDA

(beat)

Listen, I know you're tired.
I know how important your job is.
But so is mine. Don't say anything
to embarrass us and I won't make
the end of your nightmare come
true. Deal?

Joe glances at her for a smile. Doesn't see it.

JOE

Deal.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Joe and Amanda eat dinner with JIM NEBILL, 52, aged arrogance wrapped in the testosterone of an immature teen, and wife DORA, 48, who sleeps with a wine bottle due to Jim's disinterest.

Joe seethes as Jim fawns all over Amanda and ignores his drunken wife. Jim laughs while he continues to pat Amanda's hand.

JIM

She's certainly a beauty, Joe.
Hold on to her.

Joe's eyes. If looks could kill.

JOE

I intend to. There are too
many wolves out there.

AMANDA

Wolves? Don't be silly.

Amanda tries to laugh it off. Dora doesn't.

DORA
In sheep's clothing.
Cheap wool suits.

Jim glances down as his phone lights.

JIM
Are the pay phones in the back? I
dropped my cell and speaker's bad.

AMANDA
Yes, by the bathrooms.

Dora finishes her wine and staggers slightly as she rises.

DORA
Speaking of which, nature calls.

As they both leave, Amanda's mood changes. Joe is prepared.

AMANDA
What the hell was that about?

JOE
And I have a cynical mind?
This son of a bitch won't stop
until he gets in your pants!

AMANDA
Where is this coming from? Is
it so inconceivable to you
that he respects my mind?

JOE
Oh, come on! It's even blatantly
obvious to his drunk wife! He's
done this before. She's married
to his money.

AMANDA
You're insane. Since when did
you turn into a jealous psychopath?
You go from ignoring me lately
to now treating me like your
property ?

Joe surprises by a soft touch of her hand.

JOE
No, like the woman I love.

AMANDA

(beat)

Are you OK? You want to know the truth? I've been worried about you lately. You haven't looked well. I wasn't sure if it was the job, or something else. But now, now you seem even more...

Joe watches Jim walking back. His anger returns.

JOE

Listen Amanda, I know his kind. He knows women love older men with salt and pepper hair. They find it distinguished. He's banking on it. All the signs are there. The way he always tightly shakes my hand is to tell me that he works out. This prick is a walking mid-life crisis. Trust me.

AMANDA

Trust you? Is that what's eating you lately? What? You're having a pre-crisis at 35? Is that it?

Joe removes his hand off hers. He picks up his steak knife.

JOE

You want more proof?

Joe whips the knife up and moves it towards Amanda's neck.

Amanda doesn't react before Joe uses the tip of the knife to flick the top button of her blouse open, revealing even more of her cleavage. Jim and Dora return to the table seconds apart.

Jim's eyes instantly stare at her forbidden fruit, holding his gawk a moment extra, bordering on disrespect.

JOE

Would you like fries with that?

Joe leaps and flips the table, food everywhere. Amanda screams while Dora nabs the wine bottle out of the air.

Joe pulls a gun out, shoving it between Jim's stunned eyes.

INT. WHITE ROOM - JOE'S SUBCONSCIOUS

Everything gone except Joe holding the gun on a frozen Jim. The Woman stands between the gun and Jim. She studies Joe's face.

WOMAN

Fries with that? Would you really have said that?

JOE

Yes. No -- I don't know. When I envisioned doing it at that moment, you have to assume I'd have the perfect line at the perfect time. Usually you think of it afterwards when it's too goddamn late.

WOMAN

So why didn't you do this? It wasn't a nightmare. This was a thought. A feeling.

JOE

(beat)

For one thing, I didn't have the gun at this point.

The gun slowly disappears from Joe's hand.

JOE

The knife wouldn't have had the same effect. That prick!

WOMAN

But the thought was there.

JOE

(beat)

Yes.

END SUBCONSCIOUS

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Joe holds the knife still. As Amanda notices it pointed at her, her stare forces Joe to lower it.

JOE

I'll get you your proof.

Jim and Dora return to the table seconds apart.

JOE
Jim, was that your mini-van with
"Jimmy B Good" on the plate?

JIM
(irked)
No, mine is the candy red
Corvette. Brand new. I picked
it up two months ago.

DORA
"SlimJim" is OUR plate.
Isn't it, Jimmy.

Joe smiles at Amanda.

JOE
Oh, very nice.
(under breath)
Prick.

EXT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The couples say goodbye and move toward their vehicles.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Joe and Amanda get in. Amanda drives. Joe leans back.

AMANDA
All in all, that could have been
worse. Thanks for not making a
scene.

JOE
I told you I wouldn't say a word.

Amanda sees Jim yelling by his Corvette. Amanda pulls up to Jim.

AMANDA
What happened?

EXT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jim screams as he points at his car door. Dora laughs.

JIM
Goddamn vandals! Look at my car!
Someone keyed my car!

DORA
You mean OUR car, Jimmy.

AMANDA
That's horrible. I'm so sorry.
Is there anything I can do?

JIM
No. No. Have a good night.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Amanda slowly drives away as she does a double take on the scratch in Jim's door. Joe closes his eyes.

JOE
Was it a deep scratch?

AMANDA
Yes.
(beat)
It was a word.

JOE
(opens eyes)
Word? What word?

Amanda squints at Joe. She motions to speak but does not.

EXT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - PARKING LOT - JIM'S CAR DOOR - NIGHT

The word PRICK is key scratched into his door in big letters.

INT. JOE'S CUBICLE - DAY

Scott juggles two stress balls. Joe sits, stares at a newspaper.

SCOTT
"PRICK", huh? Original. Look,
you're in a funk. It happens
to all of us. I know you'll
pull out of it.

JOE
I wanted to scratch "PRICK" in
his forehead.

No joke detected in Joe's tone, Scott is unsure how to answer.

SCOTT

Listen, we're salesmen. Trained to conquer our own fantasy world. The state we live in? Denial. Don't forget our code.

Joe stares at an article headline showing a photo of Tex.

"SERIAL KILLER'S FAMILY SHOCKED. CLAIM GOOD FAMILY MAN."

JOE

Lie till we die.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joe adjusts his tuxedo in the mirror. Amanda walks in.

AMANDA

The limo is here.

JOE

I'm sorry you can't come tonight.

AMANDA

I know. It's work.

Amanda remains quiet. Joe struggles for words. She kisses him.

JOE

What do you got going on while I'm gone tonight?

AMANDA

Me? Just some leftover work to do down at the office. Nothing special. You know. It's work.

Surprised, Joe sneers. Amanda notices.

JOE

Right.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Stepping out the front door, Joe and Amanda turn their attention to Scott standing next to a stretch limo. Scott bows.

SCOTT
 (to Amanda)
 M'Lady, our chariot awaits.

Laughing, Amanda walks over and kisses Scott on the cheek.

AMANDA
 You know you're all nuts, right?

SCOTT
 Salesmen or just men?

Still irked, Joe steps in front of the conversation.

JOE
 Same difference. By the
 way, nice tuxedo.

Scott looks at his tuxedo, which is almost identical to Joe's.

SCOTT
 One of us should look good in it.

Amanda chats with Scott in the background. Joe stares at them.

EXT. NEW YORK HARBOR PIER- NIGHT

The skyline backdrops a docked luxury liner. Spotlights shine bright for a gala holiday party. Limousines line the pier. Joe and Scott step out of a limo and scope the perimeter.

INT. LUXURY LINER - LARGE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Filled with guests dressed to impress. People find seats. Scott leads Joe through the crowd toward a partially populated table.

JOE
 We're at table Six. Do you see it?

SCOTT
 Yes. Follow the blue cigar smoke.

Larger than life, Tony's monstrous laugh and the blue smoke from his cigar fills the air. Hanging his arms around TWO BIMBOS, he sees the men approaching all the way.

SCOTT
 (under breath)
 I see you've been out with Goliath
 more and more lately.
 (MORE)

SCOTT(cont'd)

I can't believe he allows you into his head. He's a secretive prick.

Joe's eyes react to Scott's words. He shakes it off. Tony takes a puff of his cigar. He blows a blue circle of smoke.

JOE

He has his extracurricular activities. Still, that's his business. He's the best software writer we got. The man is a whiz with code. Even those cigars. He mixes his own chemicals to produce the effect. He's an enigma.

SCOTT

What? What are you? A schoolgirl with a crush? You know he's insane, don't you? I've seen him choke an attendant off his feet at Burger King for screwing up his order.

JOE

(beat)

He's not as crazy as you think.

They arrive at the table. Tony finishes his story to the Bimbos.

TONY

He told me I wasn't on the list. I grabbed him by the neck and told him he was going to be on St. Peter's list if he didn't let me in.

JOE

Tony Adonis. What a surprise. You didn't mention you were coming. So, who repaid a debt by inviting you here tonight?

Tony removes his cigar. Calm, his attitude is ever present.

TONY

I'm an invited guest of the programming department. You got a problem with that?

Though their banter is harmless, the bimbos look concerned.

SCOTT

You'll have to excuse them, ladies. They interpret "Have a nice day" as throwing down the gauntlet.

The women look confused by the remark. Tony shakes his head.

TONY
 Know your audience, hot shot.
 They think the Space Shuttle
 flies from New York to D.C.

Scott looks at the clueless women and laughs while Tony amazes them with his cigar smoke rings.

TONY
 You boys find your date?

JOE
 No. Have you seen Sinclair yet?

Tony checks his watch. He flicks his ash in one of their drinks.

TONY
 By now, his helicopter landed.
 Stopping for a few customary
 handshakes with the captain and
 his crew, he should be walking
 through the door behind you,
 right about...

Tony points to the entrance as JONATHAN SINCLAIR, 42, born an heir raised not to care, enters waving to a standing ovation with his EUROPEAN MODEL WIFE, 34.

TONY (CONT'D)
 ... now.

SCOTT
 Joe, let him settle in and do what he
 has to do. We'll just keep an eye on
 him until the time is right.

Joe nods as he looks back at Tony, suddenly deep in thought.

INT. LUXURY LINER - LOUNGE - NIGHT

The bar is full. Jonathan sits at an open booth between Joe and Scott. Scott pitches work. Joe drinks. Jonathan looks bored.

SCOTT
 Joe. Joe?
 (motions with his finger)
 Another round?

Staggering to rise, Joe's drunken mind is on fire.

JOE

Sure.

(winks)

Make sure this reflects in my tip.

Turned away from them, Joe's face drops the smile as he walks.

BAR AREA

Joe's eyes can barely focus. He staggers over and catches the end of Tony's slightly inebriated conversation to a REDHEAD, 24.

TONY

Listen honey, I am not being rude. The body is capable of bending in positions that you're not even aware of.

The REDHEAD slaps Tony. Paying her no mind, Tony turns to a BLONDE, 34, who sips her drink and listens.

BLONDE

How double jointed are you?

Tony attempts to bend his finger backward until he grits his teeth and snaps it in completing the exhibition.

The BLONDE shakes her head and laughs. She turns to Joe.

BLONDE

Hey sailor, you want to dance?

Joe looks at the crowded dance floor. He shakes his head.

JOE

I do not do crowds. You never know who's around you. Someone could stab you right in the back and they would never catch the killer.

BLONDE

(laughs)

Men. You're all insane!

She leaves. Tony sticks his swollen finger in his drink.

TONY

Make a killing yet?

JOE

What? Kill who?

TONY

Nice. Have a drink. How many fingers do you see?

Tony sticks his large middle finger in Joe's face. Joe sneers and leaves. Tony watches Joe return to the table with beers. Scott meets Joe half way.

SCOTT

I need to hit the bathroom. I'm going to be sick.

JOE

You never could hold your alcohol.

SCOTT

Listen, are you OK? You better keep Jonathan interested. He's boring quickly.

JOE

Interested? This isn't a peep show.

SCOTT

Just watch him. You know he's a devious one. Don't let him bait you.

Scott leaves. Joe downs his drink and returns to the booth.

BOOTH AREA

Jonathan stares at his phone.

JOE

It looks like Scott had a disagreement with his dinner. I told him not to match Tony Adonis. Ten steaks will kill most men.

JONATHAN

Your partner? Yes. He is an interesting one. But you and I. We have not talked on anything more than a business level lately. How are you feeling?

JOE

How am I feeling? Let's just say I have a higher tolerance for pain than Scott.

Joe begins to look uncomfortable. Jonathan notices.

JONATHAN
I see. How well do you know Scott?

JOE
Scott? We've been friends and
co-workers for a few years.

JONATHAN
Fascinating. He comes across as the
dominant type.

Deep down, he knows he shouldn't ask. The alcohol needs to know.

JOE
Is that so? And me?

Jonathan smiles. He slows his rhythm for effect.

JONATHAN
You? The type that has been
controlled his entire life.

Jonathan toasts Joe.

JOE
Come again? What did you say?

JONATHAN
From our limited conversation,
I gather that you are not the
man Scott is, Mr. Vincent.

JOE
I... excuse me? Am I supposed to
take that as a compliment?

JONATHAN
One man's compliment is
another man's insult.

Eyes on fire, Joe opens his mouth, hesitates, but there's no
turning back.

JOE
And one person's wife is
another man's whore.

JONATHAN
Excuse me?

JOE
Forget it.

JONATHAN

No. What did you just say!

Through the haze, Joe's mind tells him to just walk away.

JOE

I need to go. Now.

Infuriated, Jonathan rises and grabs Joe's arm.

JONATHAN

I said what are you insinuating,
you drunken fool!

The people in the bar look over. Joe yanks his arm back.

JOE

Your whore of a wife is banging
every male model on the strip!
Do you read the fucking papers,
you manipulative asshole! What kind
of man... let's... his... wife...

Spoken out loud, it's clear Joe's words are self directed.

JOE

...cheat.

Jonathan straightens his suit. Regains his posture.

JONATHAN

Controlled your entire life.

Joe squints as Jonathan heads for the door. Stopping ten feet from the dartboard, Jonathan turns and picks up three darts.

JONATHAN

Do you know what the difference
is between someone of your
stature compared to mine?

Firing off three dead center corks, Jonathan walks up to the dartboard and holds his palm underneath the center cork.

JONATHAN

Harvard dart master. Everything I
do comes out on target. I will
always prevail in the end.

Furious, Joe picks up a sharp steak knife. Grabbing the tip of the blade between his fingers, he sets the knife in motion.

It flies right toward Jonathan.

INT. WHITE ROOM - JOE'S SUBCONSCIOUS

The knife remains frozen in the air. Joe walks up to it. A frozen Jonathan stands in the knife's path. Nothing else around.

JOE

Look at him. The smug, callous bastard! What gives him the right... to talk to me like that? Do you know why most people never commit a crime? Never commit murder? Do you think it's because they know right from wrong? Maybe. But more than that, what keeps them on the path of a model citizen, is fear. Fear of losing everything they've worked so hard for. Fear of losing their career, their... families. But in the end, once that is threatened...

The Woman steps from behind Joe.

WOMAN

What gives you the right to judge him? To jury him?

JOE

To execute?

A thought. Joe looks around and sees the frozen crowd appear one by one. Each face froze, each face stares at him.

Joe reaches out and moves the path of the blade off an inch.

JOE

Not yet.

END SUBCONSCIOUS

BACK TO BOOTH

The knife hits dead center on the board, scattering the darts, Jonathan looks to have peed himself.

JOE

Knife wielding New York teenager.
And always remember; lives, like
darts, can quickly fall to pieces.

Jonathan hastily exits through the outside doors. Slowly clapping, Tony is impressed.

TONY

That was almost worth wasting
my time here tonight. Where did
you pick up that trick?

Joe grabs a napkin and wipes his forehead.

JOE

High school carnival. I was
friendly with the girl in
the knife tossing booth.
(curious)
Why exactly are you here?

Joe feels Scott approach and they move to the booth.

SCOTT

What the hell is going on?
Where's Jonathan?

JOE

I'll explain later. Are you okay?

SCOTT

(perturbed)
I gave the last two steaks back
praying to the porcelain God.
(beat)
What just happened?

Joe stares at the dartboard before focusing on the exit. He calmly uses his arm to lead Scott toward another exit.

JOE

Justification.

FADE OUT

INT. LUXURY LINER - POOL AREA - DAY

Joe jolts awake on a lounge chair to the sound of a vacuum. He looks around. The area is attended to by the cleaning crew.

INT. LUXURY LINER - HALLWAY - DAY

Joe steps out into the hallway where lines of people prepare to disembark. Scott, bag packed, comes from behind.

SCOTT
Hey, slow down, sloppy Joe.

JOE
What's going on?

SCOTT
It's time to disembark. What happened to you last night?

JOE
I...what do you mean?

SCOTT
You were going to run up to see if there was a late night buffet. When I woke this morning, you were gone.

JOE
Oh, right. I didn't find one.
(beat)
I passed out on a lounge chair.

Scott does a once over on Joe's ragged appearance. Skeptical.

SCOTT
Right. Send a search party out for the shower you lost.

Joe looks towards the front of the line.

JOE
Why is security by the exit?

SCOTT
(smiles)
Maybe they finally caught Tony.

JOE
Wait here.

Joe slowly walks ahead to the front. Tony watches him approach.

JOE
What's up with the cops?
Did you confess?

Tony chomps on his cigar.

TONY
If I were you, I'd lay low.
Your hot shot client is missing.

The words attack Joe's body. His eyes search for an exit ramp.

JOE
Uh, well. I guess his wife threw
him overboard. Maybe it was
Professor Plum, in the Library,
with the lead pipe.

They both engage in a phony grin. Tony stops dead.

TONY
Or maybe it was salesman
Vincent, in the Promenade lounge,
with a dirty steak knife.

An uncomfortable stare down later, Tony laughs.

TONY
Who knows. The prick probably
shacked up with some whore after
he left the bar last night.

JOE
Did... his wife notice he was gone?

TONY
Yeah, she notified their people
this morning.

Tony's cell phone rings. He turns away from Joe and answers it.
Joe is oblivious to his actions, almost speaking to himself.

JOE
So what are they going to do,
detain and question everyone?

SCOTT (O.S.)
No, there's no proof that he's
actually missing. This ship is set
to sail to the Bahamas later today.
They can't hold everyone up.

Joe flips around to Scott as the loudspeaker blares the
STEWARD'S voice.

STEWARD (V.O.)
Attention. Anyone with information
on Jonathan Sinclair, please report
to the Concierge's desk.

SCOTT
Are you OK?

Joe looks around, catches Tony's wink. They exit the ship.

EXT. PIER - DAY

Scott and Joe, travel bags in hand, walk towards the curb.

SCOTT
We need to talk later. I hope
you didn't kill the deal.

Joe stutter-steps near the limo. Scott walks to the taxi line.

JOE
You're not coming back with me?

SCOTT
No. I've got things going on in the
city. We'll definitely talk later.

Joe stands alone in the crowd of people leaving.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Amanda sits on the couch, drinks tea and reads the paper. Joe
walks into the house, his mind preoccupied.

AMANDA
Hey stranger, how did it go?

JOE
I've... had better meetings.

Joe sits next to her. She allows him to melt into her arms. His
head on her shoulder, Joe takes a deep breath.

JOE
I... we need to talk.

AMANDA
Honey, what's the matter?

Joe notices two wines glasses on the table. Lipstick's on one.

His eyes remember. He leans up; attitude changes.

JOE
Worked hard last night?

AMANDA
Excuse me? I don't appreciate the
tone of your voice. Linda worked
late with me. We came to unwind.
(beat)
Is that dried blood on your
sleeve? Are you OK?

Joe stares at the blood. A long, decisive stare.

JOE
I cut myself. I'm going to bed.

He climbs the steps. Amanda watches him leave.

INT. BUSINESS OFFICE -CUBICLE - DAY

Marcus storms in, catches Joe by surprise.

MARCUS
What the hell happened at the
Sinclair meeting!

Joe's anger surfaces, but vents it with a smile.

JOE
What's that? Yes, I'm great!

MARCUS
Listen, when I assign you as lead, I
expect the contract signed unless I
get a coroner's note telling me
otherwise! I'd expect to see it on my
desk tonight, but I've got a gala to
attend in my honor. Something you'll
never have to worry about.
(snarls)
Look at you. You've been losing
your edge. Get it back or I'll
replace you quicker than your suit
went out of style.

Joe watches Marcus storm out. He looks at his suit before he
removes his glasses and rubs his squinting eyes in the mirror.

JOE
Joe, you need coffee.

INT. OFFICE - KITCHEN - DAY

Joe flavors a cup of coffee with a bottle of creamer adorned with a taped sticky note on it reading "JOE. HANDS OFF".

CAROL, 40, walks in. She makes a cup of coffee.

CAROL

Good morning. Hey, are they still using all your creamer?

JOE

No. Your note idea has kept the vandals at bay. How's your new position?

CAROL

Human resources is a paperwork nightmare. They make us rotate the 12-9 shift to handle requests. But then, it could be worse.

JOE

How's that?

CAROL

I could be in sales.

Joe turns to look at her. She grabs the cup and leaves giggling.

INT. OFFICE - TONY'S CUBICLE - DAY

Joe walks into Tony's cube as he hangs up the phone.

TONY

Hey. Joe the Ripper! How's it hanging?

JOE

Don't start already, Tony.

TONY

Aw, what's the matter? You can bust my balls all the time, but I can't have a little fun with you.

JOE

What happened to your finger?

Tony glances at his bruised knuckle.

TONY
I broke it at the bar on the boat.

JOE
What? When you did that double
jointed trick? You're amazing.
Aren't you going to have a doctor
look at it?

TONY
For a finger? I got bullet wounds
the size of your head.

Lightning fast on the keyboard, Tony stops when Joe looks down
at Tony's monitor.

JOE
Is that the payroll database?

Tony turns the monitor away. Joe picks up a a small cell phone-
like device off Tony's desk.

JOE
What this?

Tony stands up and rudely snatches it back.

TONY
Chapter 2 of my autobiography,
"Mind your fucking business."

Joe looks confused. Tony reads his expression to be true.

TONY
A tracking device. If someone's
wired, I'll know.

Joe shakes his head and laughs.

JOE
Jesus, are you paranoid? Who the
hell do you think is wired?

Tony turns it on and scans Joe's body. The red LED stays on. The
green LED stays off. Joe's mouth is agape.

TONY
Everyone.
(beat)
I need to flood the pipes.

Tony grabs a newspaper. He smiles.

TONY
Your boy made the cover.

The headline reads; TOP EXECUTIVE MISSING OFF LINER.
Joe squints. Tony looks at Joe curiously. Joe notices.

JOE
I figured he turned up by now.

TONY
He'll turn up. The tide turns
shit up everyday.

Joe squints at Tony. Tony voice is hypnotic.

TONY
That was a cute knife trick
on the boat. Memorable.
(beat)
Fuck. Can you see without your
glasses? Must have been hard to
toss him over when you're blind.

Tony winks as he leaves. Joe notices a second tracker in Tony's
bottom drawer. He grabs the tracker, turns it on.

The LED doesn't light. He flips it over and sees it's missing
two batteries. Joe puts it in his pocket. Tony returns.

TONY
Let's go.

JOE
Go? Go where?

TONY
Lunch.

JOE
Lunch? It's 10:30 in the morning.

Tony leans into Joe's face with nostrils flaring.

TONY
And?

JOE
(beat)
No drive through food. I don't
feel like getting incarcerated
on an empty stomach.

EXT. SUV - DAY

Tony drives. Joe sits shotgun.

TONY

The cops will question everyone.
If Sinclair's dead, you need
to be smart. Tell them nothing.

JOE

Why are you so concerned?

TONY

Listen to me. Family. Friends.
Fuck 'em. Doesn't matter who it
is. I told you before. Trust no one.

JOE

You don't think I did it, do you.

TONY

Another question?

Tony studies Joe's face. There is honesty in his tone.

TONY

Act in the heat of the moment?
That's one sale I don't think
you can sell.
(beat)
Let's find out.

EXT. WATERFRONT HOME - BACKYARD - DAY

Tony's SUV crawls along a graveled driveway and stops behind a weather beaten garage.

INT. SUV - DAY

Tony puts the car in park. He turns to Joe as he exits.

TONY

Wait here.

EXT. SUV - DAY

Tony glances around the edge of the garage. Angered, he walks to the SUV trunk and removes a duffle bag. He taps on Joe's window.

TONY
Follow me.

EXT. WATERFRONT HOME - BARGE - DAY

Both men walk on the wooden dock towards the speedboat tied to the pier in the water. Joe looks around worried. No witnesses.

EXT. SPEEDBOAT - DAY

JIMMY, 42, a human lie packaged under a bad toupee, and his big haired BIMBO, 30, enjoy a drink on the back end of the boat.

JIMMY
Did I tell you this was a thing
of beauty or what! This baby can
out race a jet, while sleeping
two comfortably.

BIMBO
It's great, Jimmy.

INT. SPEEDBOAT - DAY

Tony jumps in the boat and moves fast toward Jimmy.

JIMMY
Oh, shit! No!

Jimmy pushes the bimbo in Tony's path and runs in the boat cabin. The door locks. The Bimbo screams as Tony lifts and guides her into Joe's unready arms just as he steps on boat.

TONY
Watch her. Don't let her leave.

Joe unconsciously holds his arms around her frantic body with his hand over her mouth.

JOE
Wait, Tony!

Tony splits the cabin door open with the palm of his massive hand and enters. A thumping noise comes from inside the cabin.

JOE
Shit!

The Bimbo lets out a muffled scream as Tony tosses Jimmy out of the cabin towards their feet.

JIMMY

Tony please, I swear on my kids,
I'll have the money tomorrow!

TONY

You don't have the money you owe,
but you got enough for this boat!

JIMMY

No, no! It's not mine! I swear,
it's my mothers' boat!

Furious, Tony stands over Jimmy.

TONY

You think I'm screwing around?

Tony puts his large boot on Jimmy's neck. He tosses Joe a gun.
Confused, Joe grabs it while still grasping the Bimbo.

TONY

Get rid of her.

She freaks out, struggles to escape as Joe attempts to process.

JOE

Get -- wait, what?

Tony grabs the duffle bag and removes a gas-powered chainsaw.

Tony starts it and holds the weapon above his head and squeezes
the handle as he moves it down toward a SCREAMING Jimmy.

JOE

Tony!

Tony brings the chainsaw down hard. It immediately cuts through
the fiberglass bottom. While continuing to hold Jimmy down with
his foot, Tony uses his immense power to saw the boat in half.

The water starts to flood the boat.

JOE

Let's go! Up!

Joe pushes the Bimbo up on the wooden dock as he climbs out of
the boat while it begins to sink. Jimmy slides in to the water.

EXT. WATERFRONT HOME - BARGE - DAY

Joe reaches and helps Tony get on the dock. Tony looks back.

TONY
You got until tomorrow. You
hear me, you water rat!
I'll fucking cut you in two!

Jimmy looks numb and in shock.

JIMMY
To...morrow!

The Bimbo runs away screaming. Her hair a mess.

TONY
I told you to handle her.

Gun still in his hand, Joe looks down at it.

Lightning fast, Tony grasps Joe's gun hand in his massive palm and forces Joe to aim at the fleeing Bimbo.

JOE
Wait... I...!

TONY
Pull the trigger!

INT. WHITE ROOM - JOE'S SUBCONSCIOUS

Joe and Tony stand frozen in their position. The Woman, less graceful, somewhat ragged, stands next to them.

WOMAN
Here! This was it! Whether Jonathan
was subconsciously an accident or
not, this... this in your doing!

Joe steps out of his position. Tony remains frozen.

JOE
My doing? Pay attention! Look at
me! I'm being controlled! Again!
Again just like Sinclair said! I'm
done! Done with everyone running my
life! It's going to be on my terms
now! I'm in control!

The Woman smirks. She nods in Tony's direction.

WOMAN
Are you?

Still frozen, Tony's eye suddenly blinks. Slowly, as if being thawed, his huge arm begins to move. Joe's eyes widen.

JOE

No...

END SUBCONSCIOUS

EXT. WATERFRONT HOME - BARGE - DAY

Tony holds his fist around Joe's hand, gun still aimed on the fleeing Bimbo. Joe's mind runs rampant. He cries out.

JOE

No! I'm not shooting her!

Tony looks in Joe's eyes. He has his answer.

TONY

Right.

Squeezing his eye to aim, Tony pulls the trigger with Joe's finger. Click. It's empty. Joe drops to the ground.

TONY

Any other questions?

Tony calmly walks back to the truck. Joe looks back and forth between the fleeing bimbo and Tony, the gun still in his hand.

TONY

Leave her. Who's going to listen to someone with hair like that.

Tony calmly lights a cigar as he enters his truck.

Deep in thought, Joe stares at her in the distance. He takes a long, hard look at Tony and the gun and puts it in his pocket.

INT. BUSINESS OFFICE - CUBICLE - DAY

Joe enters exhausted. He finds a CD on his desk. Curious, he plays it on the PC. His eyes, half closed, suddenly spring open.

JOE

Oh, no.

ON THE MONITOR SCREEN

Random shots from a home video of the night on the luxury liner. Jonathan Sinclair stands alone against the side railing.

Shrouded in the shadows, a man in a tuxedo enters the view. Sinclair turns, surprised by the man. He coils in horror as the man delivers a blow on Sinclair's head with a small axe.

Jonathan falls over the rail.

END MONITOR VIEW

BACK TO JOE'S CUBICLE

Joe is startled when his cell phone rings. He answers but says nothing. BLACKMAILER, 27, speaks slowly with a Spanish accent.

BLACKMAILER (O.S.)
Mr. Vincent. Might your silence indicate that you have watched the video?

JOE
Who is this? What do you want?

BLACKMAILER (O.S.)
Who I am is not important.
What I have given to you is.

JOE
That so? What have you given me?

BLACKMAILER (O.S.)
A future spent behind bars.

JOE
(beat)
I watched your video. It has nothing to do with me. Shouldn't you be sending this to the police?

BLACKMAILER (O.S.)
Let us not play games. That is you on the ship. If you rewind, you might want to stop at the moment the axe is lifted into the light.

Joe does so.

BLACKMAILER (O.S.)
Even in the darkness, that unique wedding band of yours comes out quite clear.

Joe looks down at his band of gold on his finger.

INT. WHITE ROOM - JOE'S SUBCONSCIOUS

Joe stands with the Woman. They stare at his ring.

WOMAN (O.S.)
And there it is, isn't it?

Joe lowers his head.

JOE
Yes.
(beat)
No more lying. Denying.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Every person has a breaking point.
A moment of absolute, brutal truth.

Joe goes to speak to her, but doesn't find her anywhere.

JOE
Where are you?

WOMAN (O.S.)
Where am I? I'm wherever you
want me to be. Whatever you
want me to be.

Her laughter begins to fill the room. His anger rises.

WOMAN (O.S.)
Where do you think I am, you
lunatic? Turn around.

Sweating, Joe spins to find a large mirror. Surprised by his own reflection, she steps out from behind his mirrored self.

She morphs into a series of people in one continuous sentence.

AMANDA/MARCUS/SCOTT/TONY
You can't escape me. I
will...kill...you.

Raising a gun, Joe shoots the mirror. The white room shatters.

END SUBCONSCIOUS

BACK TO JOE'S CUBE

Joe sits angered. He looks at his band of gold on his finger.

JOE
What do you want?

BLACKMAILER (O.S.)
Ah, I see the denial dissipates.
The authorities are unnecessary,
Mr. Vincent. I do not have a problem
with what you did to Mr. Sinclair.
If it was not you, it would've been
someone else. I applaud your courage.

Joe stands up and looks around.

JOE
Great. I'll sign you an autograph.
Why don't you drop by my desk,
you seem to know where I sit.

Joe walks from his cube.

INT. TONY'S CUBICLE - DAY

Joe enters Tony's empty cube. He looks over the top for anyone.

BLACKMAILER (O.S.)
You have a good sense of humor,
Mr. Vincent. I would hate to see
it go to waste in a federal prison.
I am willing to sell my only copy
to you, for \$50,000 dollars.

Joe stops, thinks about it. a snarl forms.

JOE
I can't afford your ransom. You
won't net a penny turning me in.
Twenty thousand. That's my life
savings. Take it or turn me in.

BLACKMAILER (O.S.)
(beat)
Twenty thousand will be sufficient.
Like I said, I am not looking to
seem unreasonable.

JOE
Aren't you a fucking sport.

BLACKMAILER (O.S.)
 My, your demeanor has certainly
 changed from what I saw of you
 before your little show. Quite a
 liberation, wasn't it?

Joe remains silent. In Tony's cube, he opens Tony's drawer,
 grabs a handful of bullets underneath a box. Loads his gun.

BLACKMAILER (O.S.)
 You will bring the cash to Uncle
 Nemo's boathouse in Freeport at
 8:00 P.M. Are you familiar with
 the place, Mr. Vincent?

JOE
 The old abandoned warehouse next to
 Dock 14? You expect me to walk into
 that boarded up shack to get ambushed?

BLACKMAILER(O.S)
 There is no ambush, Mr. Vincent.
 If anything, I am the one in danger.
 After all, you are a murderer. I am
 merely a businessman providing for
 my family. I'm sure your wife would
 expect you do the same.

The phone goes dead. Joe clicks it off.

INT. JOE'S CUBICLE -DAY

Joe enters and sits, Scott enters and throws a newspaper at Joe.

SCOTT
 What the hell happened between you
 and Jonathan? Have you seen the
 news? Why didn't you call me back?

Joe hides the gun between his legs. He lifts the paper.

JOE
 I've been busy.

SCOTT
 What going on? I need answers. Now.

JOE
 (irked)
 Where would you like me to start.

Scott notices Joe's switchblade on the desk. In one fluid motion he grabs, clicks it open and slams the blade in front of Joe.

SCOTT

Why don't you start with this!

Initially surprised, Joe's expression changes. His tone follows.

JOE

Scott, do you think I'm responsible for Sinclair's disappearance?

SCOTT

Come again?

Joe rises with the gun behind his back. He moves on Scott.

JOE

Let's drop the attitude. Spare me the showmanship! Do you fucking think I'm responsible for his disappearance!

Their eyes remain locked. Scott lowers his stare.

SCOTT

No. Of course not.

JOE

Your eyes say different. The windows to the soul.

(beat)

For now, stay clear of me. It's in your best interests. You and everyone else.

Scott sits speechless. He takes a deep breath.

SCOTT

What happened to you?

Joe sits across the desk and points the gun at Scott under it.

JOE

That's a loaded question and I'm holding the gun.

The two men remain silent in their thoughts.

SCOTT

Look, I have to rush down to D.C. The Grickman account is in danger of falling through. We'll sort this

(MORE)

SCOTT(cont'd)

out when I get back tomorrow. Don't do anything until I get back. Okay?

JOE

Fine. Knock 'em dead.

Scott fakes a smile. He makes a gun sign with his hand.

SCOTT

Hey, I always do.

Scott leaves. Joe lowers the gun.

INT. BUSINESS OFFICE - HUMAN RESOURCES DEPT - DAY

Carol sits behind a mountain of paperwork. Joe enters.

JOE

I'm leaving. I'm sick.

CAROL

Something must be going around.

She raises her Styrofoam coffee cup.

CAROL

I think I took your cup this morning by accident. I hope I don't catch what you've got.

Joe tilts his head. He makes an attempt to focus on his thoughts before shaking it off.

JOE

Listen, if I wanted to raise my life insurance policy, what would I have to do?

CAROL

Well, see me and sign. But I came across your file. You're at the maximum. A pretty big sum, at that.

JOE

My job has me flying a lot. Who knows what could happen. I want to make sure my wife is secure.

CAROL

That's sweet, but don't be so paranoid. You sound like you've seen your last day.

Joe politely grins as he turns to leave. He mumbles to himself.

JOE
It just might be.

EXT. BUSINESS OFFICE - PARKING LOT - DAY

Joe reaches his truck as Detective PLUSCATI stands waiting, 38, a nose for deceit with an ego to do something about it.

PLUSCATI
Excuse me, Mr. Vincent? Detective
Pluscati. Third Precinct.

Pluscati shows his badge. Hesitant, Joe shakes his hand.

JOE
Detective.

PLUSCATI
I'd like to ask you a few questions
about Jonathan Sinclair.

Joe's eyes read like a murder mystery. Pluscati takes note.

JOE
Did he show up?

PLUSCATI
So you are aware he's missing?

A light drizzle begins to fall. Joe shakes his head and laughs.

JOE
We both know I was on the boat.
So let's cut the shit, detective.

PLUSCATI
(amused)
This is standard procedure, Mr.
Vincent. Is there a problem?

Joe gets in his truck, starts the engine and opens the window.

JOE
It's standard procedure to
harass all twelve hundred people
from the ship?

Pluscati politely grins. His smile disappears.

PLUSCATI
No. Just those who throw a
steak knife at a dartboard.

Joe's grip on the wheel tightens. He kills the engine and steps from the car. He stands face to face with Pluscati.

JOE
You have a point, detective?

PLUSCATI
So you don't know what happened
to Jonathan Sinclair?

JOE
You wouldn't be here if I did.

Joe's headache resurfaces and it's bad. The rain increases.

PLUSCATI
Are you well, Mr. Vincent?

Joe welcomes heaven's fury unleashed.

JOE
Right as rain.

The opponents lock stares. Pluscati flashes a quick grin.

PLUSCATI
Thank you for your cooperation,
Mr. Vincent. I'll be in touch.

Pluscati stands by as Joe gets back in and starts the car. RIDERS ON THE STORM by THE DOORS plays. Joe drives away.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Joe enters his house. He's soaking wet.

JOE
Amanda? Are you home?

Joe waits. No response. He removes an envelope from his jacket and fans through a wad of cash.

Joe opens the hall closet and stuffs the cash in a money belt. He see the red blinking light on his answering machine. His finger motions to play the phone messages when the phone rings.

JOE
Hello?

A click is heard. The line goes dead. Reaching into his coat, Joe removes the gun and checks the chamber. He closes it.

Joe takes a hit of the Vodka bottle. He stares in the mirror.

JOE
The games end tonight.

EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

A dimly lit area, the harbor is home to a few docked boats. Joe walks in the graveled parking lot as it begins to snow.

Parked far away, Joe walks up to entrance and removes his gun.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A dark interior. Joe enters. The Blackmailer sits at a dimly lit table between two candles. He sips from a cup.

BLACKMAILER
Good evening Mr. Vincent.
So glad to see you again.

Joe lifts his gun and aims. His eyes begin to twitch.

JOE
Where is your backup?

BLACKMAILER
You're making a mistake. There
is no need to make this any
harder than it has to be.

JOE
I'm going to count to three.
Where is your backup?

BLACKMAILER
I am here alone, Mr. Vincent.

JOE
One.

BLACKMAILER
This is unnecessary. Put the gun
down so we can conduct our
business. Someone in your condition
shouldn't be playing with guns.

Joe shoots a candle. The blackmailer nervously spills his drink.

JOE

Two.

BLACKMAILER

Mr. Vincent! This is --

JOE

-- thre --

A shot rings out. The bullet's path is above Joe's head.

A red laser dot appears out of the darkness, on the center of Joe's chest. The sound of a cocked gun is heard from the darkness, but no one emerges. Joe looks at the dot.

JOE

Well, well.

BLACKMAILER

The benefits of an accomplice. Let us just move on with our business.

The blackmailer places a videotape on the table as Joe takes an envelope out of his pocket. Joe takes the tape and staggers backward. The red dot remains on his chest.

BLACKMAILER

Is it possible that you're thinking you can shoot your way out of this? Mr. Vincent, let me assure you I do not leave anything to chance.

Turning on a flashlight, the Blackmailer shines it toward the opposite location where the gun shot came from. In a semi visible view, Scott is tied up to a chair and gagged.

Disheveled and bleeding, he is barely conscious.

Joe's shaken, but regains his composure.

JOE

Scott...

BLACKMAILER

It was a pleasure, Mr. Vincent.

JOE

You're playing the wrong game with the wrong person.

A look of curiosity crosses the blackmailer's face.

BLACKMAILER

Murder is not a game, Mr. Vincent.
You truly do not realize what you
have done, do you?

His laughter penetrates Joe's soul. Backing up toward the exit, Joe stares at Scott. For one brief second, their eyes make contact. Joe leaves.

EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

Joe runs past an unknown minivan and to his car in the distance.

INT. JOE'S SUV - NIGHT

Joe enters and puts his head back and tosses the tape on the seat. It clanks on a metallic object. He reaches over to the passenger seat and finds a metal garage door opener.

JOE

What the --

He pushes the button. Seconds later, the warehouse explodes. His car rocks as the blast scatters debris all over.

JOE

Jesus Christ!

Hypnotized by the beauty of the flames, Joe hears the sirens and drops the remote like it was a hot match. He screeches away.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Joe drives on the highway. The snow makes a mess of the roads.

INT. JOE'S SUV - NIGHT

Joe pounds the dashboard. His cell phone rings and he answers.

JOE

Talk to me.

PLUSCATI (V.O.)

This is Detective Pluscati.

JOE

How the hell did you get this number?

PLUSCATI (V.O.)
(beat)
I need to meet with you tonight.
It's very important.

JOE
Tonight? About what?

PLUSCATI (V.O.)
I think you know about what.
Jonathan Sinclair.

Joe's grip tightens on the wheel. He looks down on the gun.

JOE
Where?

PLUSCATI (V.O.)
Belmont Park. The boarded up
concession stand. One hour.
Come alone.

The phone goes dead. Joe makes a call on speakerphone.

JOE
C'mon, Amanda, answer.

EXT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Joe does a double glance as he spots a blue Toyota parked next to a red Corvette with a piece of taped cardboard over the door.

JOE
Son of a bitch!

Joe screeches into the parking lot and jumps out of his SUV.

He peers in the window. Joe sees Amanda and Jim at the bar. Jim looks to his flashing phone and heads out of sight.

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Joe slips in behind Jim on the pay phone. No one is around.

Joe grabs the receiver from Jim and batters his skull with a rapid succession of blows from the receiver until he falls.

JOE
(in the phone)
He'll call you back.

Joe leans down and wraps the steel phone cord around Jim's neck.

JOE
 You couldn't leave it alone,
 could you! Did my wife make
 you feel young again! I should
 scratch PRICK into your forehead!

JIM
 I... You don't --

Joe puts his gun in Jim's face. He sees a shadow approaching.

JOE
 Shut up! If you come near my
 wife again, I'll kill you.
 (beat)
 Look in my eyes. I will kill you.

Joe drops Jim on the floor and walks out.

EXT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Joe walks from around back, putting his gun in the back of his pants. His eyes suddenly light up in anger. The Meter Cop stands between both their vehicles. She writes a ticket.

Joe makes a face from her alcohol breath. Her uniform still on, it hangs disheveled. She smugly grins at him. He doesn't.

JOE
 Don't do it.

METER COP
 People like you think you can just
 keep breaking the law.

She rips the ticket out of the book and gives it to him.

JOE
 Go back in the bar. The others
 drunks need an ear to cry in.

Looking up from the ticket book, she squints her eyes.

METER COP
 What did you say to me?

Joe reaches behind his back.

JOE

I'll say it one more time. Void the ticket or I promise you won't be writing any more today.

METER COP

Who the fuck do you think you're talking to? You better get your puny ass out of my face now!

Joe pulls out his switchblade. He clicks it open. Her eyes show her first sign of fear. Gripping the blade, he lunges it at her frozen body, passing her and jamming it into her tire.

Joe's gargles deeply and spits right in the center of her forehead. Frozen in complete shock, she closes her eyes as Joe slams his ticket in the center of the mucus on her head.

Grabbing the ticket book from her stiff arm, he tosses it in a two-foot pothole filled with sludge.

JOE

Like I said, you won't have to worry about writing anymore tickets out today.

Joe calmly climbs in his truck and intentionally nails the pothole. It kicks mud all over the Meter Cop's body.

INT. JOE'S SUV- NIGHT

Joe drives. His eyes focus on nothing in particular until he noticing a FLYER on his seat, he turns the SUV around.

EXT. FOREST AREA - NIGHT

Blinding high beams separate the darkness. Joe's SUV stops. He steps out and puts his gun behind his jacket.

People walk up and cars park in front of a large, brick High School. Two large spot lights criss cross in front of the doors.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Joe enters the front hallway. A SKINNY WOMAN, 36, well dressed, sits on a chair behind a long table. She beckons to Joe.

SKINNY WOMAN

Welcome back!

JOE
What? Back to what?

SKINNY WOMAN
(perplexed)
Um, back to High School? Reunion?
Do you mind signing in?

JOE
Oh. Right.

Joe signs his name. Grabs his name tag. Walks away.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Joe enters, the bright lights and decorations nearly blind him. He shades his eyes and turns when a hand touches his shoulder.

CANDY
Joe! Wow! What a surprise!

Candy, in a stunning dress, sports a glass of wine.

JOE
Candy? What are you doing here?

CANDY
I know! Blah! How dull, right?

Joe follows her lead. She walks toward a group.

CANDY
I graciously agreed to escort my
boyfriend to this "party".

Candy motions to the man straight ahead. Marcus turns, his brow lowers, smile disappears. Joe is surprised. Standing by Marcus's side is JIMMY WICK, 48, average in every way.

CANDY
Hey guys, this is...

MARCUS
What the hell are you doing here?
(to Candy)
How do you know him?

JOE
Well now, how did we not know
that's we're alumni?

Candy looks confused. Jimmy, feeling uneasy, puts his hand out.

JIMMY

Jimmy Wick, class of 66. So Joe,
what do you do for a living?

JOE

Joe Vincent. '94.

(beat)

Haven't you heard. I kill people.
I'm the prime suspect in a murder
investigation.

All are surprised. They remain silent. Marcus growls.

MARCUS

Careful, Vincent...

A smirk crawls across Joe's lips.

JOE

Jonathan Sinclair. A client of
Marcus and mine. Oh, I'm sorry
Candy, didn't you overhear Scott
mentioned him before? Maybe while
you broke a nail on his headboard?

Candy's eyes lower.

MARCUS

Scott? What the -- what
the hell is going on here!

Joe heads out for the door. He turns back to Candy.

JOE

Oh, and I don't know how much
Marcus is paying you to play "arm
Candy" for the night or if you're
actually dating him, but make sure
you caught the untanned mark where
his wedding ring usually is.

Marcus awkwardly moves his hand behind his back.

MARCUS

You son of a bitch.

Joe walks toward the exit. Whispers and eyes appear from the
crowd. Joe pushes the door open.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DECK - NIGHT

A second level with a pond view, Joe walks out, stands at rail overlooking the water. Snow falls. Marcus storms over.

MARCUS
Vincent!

Joe doesn't bother to turn. Marcus reaches the rail.

MARCUS
Don't ignore me, you dumb bastard!
You put the nail in your coffin!

Joe ignores him.

MARCUS
Do you hear me! You're through!
You're fired!

Marcus gets no reaction back. Joe finally turns.

JOE
That felt good, didn't it?

Joe reaches around for his gun. Grips his hand on it.

JOE
See, that's what they don't
understand. Don't comprehend. They
think only a monster could kill,
but there's more than one way to
slay someone. You know what I'm
talking about, don't you.

Marcus steps back as Joe nears.

MARCUS
You're... insane. Scott was right.

Joe's eyes blink. He cocks his head, deep in thought. A moment later, he seizes Marcus by the back of his neck.

JOE
No, I'm finally thinking clear.

Joe slams Marcus's head into the steel railing. A moment after Marcus pops up dazed, Joe SLAMS it a second time. Blood appears.

Marcus falls to one knee but remains upright due to Joe's grip.

JOE
 Whoa! Let me help you.
 C'mon, you can make it.

Joe helps Marcus walk back toward the door. He hears music.

JOE
 Hey, I love this song. A little
 Sinatra, "Fly me to the moon". Do
 you like to fly, Marcus?

Joe stops, turns them back toward the rail.

MARCUS
 I -- no. I'm --

JOE
 --sorry? I know. It just doesn't
 matter anymore. Buckle up.

Joe grabs Marcus from under his arm and forces him to run with Joe toward the rail. At the last moment, Joe stops and shoves Marcus over the rail. Marcus falls two levels into the water.

JOE
 One down. One to go.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

The blowing snow hampers the visibility of the deserted park. Trees stand like statue guards amid the darkness.

Joe stands in the shadows and aims his gun. A car door slams out of sight. Out of the darkness, Pluscati emerges. He's not alone.

Tony walks out of the shadows, next to Pluscati. Surprised, Joe lowers the gun. He puts it away.

JOE
 Tony?

Close enough to now see Joe, Tony and Pluscati have different expressions. Pluscati is calm.

TONY
 Joe? What the hell are you
 doing here?

Joe and Tony are both confused. Tony turns towards Pluscati. His anger evident. Pluscati steps away.

TONY
 Pluscati! You're playing games with
 me? You fucking --

PLUSCATI
 Now! Now! Move in! Now!

Two cop cars screech in sight . Tony remains still. Joe inches
 backwards. Four uniformed cops jump out with guns up.

PLUSCATI
 Up against the wall!

Tony calmly puts his hands on the wall. Joe follows his lead.

TONY
 (to Joe)
 Keep your mouth shut. We'll be
 out in an hour. He's got nothing.

Tony is handcuffed. Pluscati moves closer, smiles wide.

PLUSCATI
 Nothing, Tony? Did you really
 think you could put me on your
 payroll? If it were just this minor
 sting tonight, maybe your lawyer
 would have you out in no time.
 (beat)
 But you see Tony, murder is a
 different story. They pulled Jonathan
 Sinclair's body out of the water.

Joe's eyes beam. Tony is patted down. Joe is not.

TONY
 Sinclair?

Tony realizes Joe isn't cuffed. Pluscati grabs and shakes Joe's
 hand and pats him on the shoulder before Joe can react.

PLUSCATI
 Good work, Mr. Vincent. With
 your information, we're finally
 going to put this monster away
 for a long time.

Like a puppet, Joe is lifeless; speechless. Tony is not.

TONY
 Vincent, you son of a bitch!
 You fucking fingered me? Me!

Hesitant to answer, a second is all it takes to condemn himself.

JOE

Never let them see you sweat, Tony.

Tightening his massive body, Tony's rage snaps the cuffs. He tosses the cops aside and charges Joe. He's dazed, doesn't move.

Tony lifts Joe into the air by his neck. Pluscati pulls his gun.

PLUSCATI

Drop him, Adonis!

Joe gasps for air. Tony calms down. He releases his grip, dropping Joe to the ground. He bends slowly and whispers.

TONY

You're a dead man, Vincent.
That's a promise.

Pluscati stops his aim and lowers his gun.

PLUSCATI

Thanks for adding resisting arrest to the list, Tony. Guys, put another set of cuffs on and shoot him if he resists again.

Tony leans up and turns. The cops cautiously cuff him. Tony never removes his attention off Joe.

TONY

Never stop.

Tony gets in the car and both cop vehicles leave. Joe stands alone with Pluscati as the Detective picks up Tony's fallen cigar and lighter. He lights it. The blue smoke rises.

PLUSCATI

Do you know what's better than smoking a fine Cuban cigar? Smoking a fine Cuban of an incarcerated Anthony J. Adonis.

JOE

What happened here? Why the hell did you have me come down here?

PLUSCATI

We've been after Adonis for a long time. Between his racketeering and
(MORE)

PLUSCATI(cont'd)

a half dozen other illegal operations, he's far more dangerous than you realize.

JOE

You used me. I'm innocent.

PLUSCATI

Innocent? We've seen you with Tony; you're only innocent until someone catches you.

JOE

Time spent with him is not a crime. Just stupidity.

PLUSCATI

We found it a little coincidental that Tony was on the ship when Jonathan Sinclair was murdered.

(beat)

There was little evidence to convict him until we received two anonymous calls. They described Adonis to a tee as the perpetrator.

Joe's baffled.

PLUSCATI

You were there for business. Tony had no valid reason for being on that ship. Did you see anything suspicious happen after you left the bar?

JOE

(beat)

No. Nothing.

PLUSCATI

He's up to something. A man like him, in an office? Why? I'm under the impression that you know more than Tony wishes you did. What are you hiding? Adonis is too smart to lose his head.

Joe's eyes are blank.

JOE

I know nothing. Even less.

PLUSCATI

I've seen his kind before. Betrayal. There's nothing worse in their book.

(MORE)

PLUSCATI(cont'd)

If you come forward with any information on his activities, we might be able to work out a deal.

JOE

Fuck you, detective.

Pluscati laughs and blows a blue smoke ring.

JOE

You can't protect me from Adonis under any circumstances, no less if he thinks I betrayed him. The truth is irrelevant at this point.

Pluscati tosses Joe the lighter.

PLUSCATI

Here. Keep it as a memento. I'm sure he'll be looking for it, and you, soon enough. Think about it. You won't last a week on the street.

As Pluscati leaves, his back to Joe, Joe removes his gun and aims it at the fading cop.

JOE

(to himself)

You won't last another minute, Pluscati.

Fading from sight, Pluscati's words trail off.

PLUSCATI

And thank your wife for giving me your cell number.

Joe's hand shakes. Hesitant, he lowers the gun before raising it. Pluscati is gone. Joe drops his head as he stands alone.

FADE OUT

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Joe walks up to his front door. He takes a deep breath.

INT. HOUSE -LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joe enters. A thrown vase grazes his head. Blood drips from his wound. Amanda enters and throws another. He ducks and closes in.

AMANDA

You bastard! How dare you!
Jim told me everything!

JOE

He was still able to speak?

AMANDA

How dare you lay your hands on him!

JOE

Did you make the prick happy? Not
only don't you deny it, you've
got the audacity to defend him!

AMANDA

You're insane and delusional!
You don't even know what you're
talking about!

Joe's deranged facial expression freaks her out. He moves closer to her, as she throws a glass. As he ducks, he charges her.

INT. HOUSE - STAIRS - NIGHT

Amanda runs, makes it up half the flight before he grabs her leg. A struggle ensues.

AMANDA

Get off! Are you crazy?!

JOE

All... I've wanted...

Joe reaches back for his gun before he pauses. She grabs a loose wooden stair rod and slams his head. Joe drops down the stairs.

Blood runs from Joe's head. Amanda cries, gathers herself before she slowly walks down toward his still body. He lunges up.

Amanda screams in a desperate attempt to run but he grabs her leg, causing her to crash into the phone table. The phone drops.

Climbing up top of her, Joe puts both hands on her shoulders.

JOE

All I've wanted was the truth!

She frantically squirms and moves her fingers to search the floor. She grasps the answering machine, raises it to his head.

Click. Her finger plays the message.

AMANDA (V.O)
Hey, it's me. I called you
at work but there was no answer.
The office is having a going away
party for Linda at Don Luigi
after work. Stop by later. Call me.

Joe looks down at her. He removes his hands and stares at them
as if they weren't his. Joe rises and staggers toward the bar.

Amanda crawls upward and rubs her shoulders. She stares outside.

AMANDA
Fired. He didn't allow me to even
clean out my desk.

Joe runs his hands across his face. The fight has left his body.

JOE
Amanda, I -- I'm sorry.

She sits and sobs.

AMANDA
I guess I knew deep that you were
right about Jim. But nothing was ever
going to happen. But you know what? At
least someone was showing an interest.

JOE
I've... done my best to be there.

AMANDA
Have you? By shutting me out? And
now this insane jealousy? Why can't
you share what's really eating you?

JOE
You... don't want to know.

AMANDA
Stop saying that! Stop shutting me
out! I need us to be open if this
is going to work anymore!

JOE
What I've been through...

Joe quietly walks over to touch her. She pulls away.

JOE
I ...need to go to the bathroom.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joe enters his bedroom and throws his jacket on the bed.

ATTACHED BATHROOM

He enters and removes his glasses. Splashing water on his face, he looks deeply at his reflection.

BEDROOM

He exits and notices Tony's tracker half revealed from his coat pocket. He shakes his head.

JOE
(to himself)
Paranoia is contagious.

Joe picks it up and opens the back panel. He reaches into his night stand drawer and pulls out two batteries.

Once in the tracker, he turns it on. The LED remains red.

JOE
Completely paranoid.

He tosses it on the night stand and picks up a travel magazine. His sad smile gazes at a beautiful photo of the Bahama Islands.

Amanda leans in the doorway.

AMANDA
You promised me life would never
come between us. Work, friends,
anything. That we could just pick
up at any moment and escape from it
all. Do you remember that promise?

He gazes deeper at the Bahamas picture.

JOE
I remember.
(beat)
I'll be down in a minute. No more
secrets. I promise you that.

Amanda wraps her arms around herself, saddened by his pain.

AMANDA
Your body is here, but your mind is
elsewhere. Do what you need to do.

She leaves. Joe looks at the photo, squinting this time. He reaches into the bathroom for his glasses and puts them back on. He looks at the magazine while walking back to the night table.

Joe sits back on the bed and removes his glasses and rubs his eyes. His hand rests on the tracker. He squeezes the remote.

The LED turns green.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Amanda is dialing the phone when she suddenly senses someone. She flips around and finds Joe standing there.

AMANDA

Jesus! Don't do that to me.

His eyes are lifeless. She suddenly feels her heart pound.

JOE

I've finally able to face the truth. I've lost my mind.

AMANDA

What? Don't say that.

JOE

It's true. I know that now.

AMANDA

Joseph, where is this coming from?

JOE

Nowhere.

(beat)

Everywhere. Things have a way of catching up to you.

Joe raises his concealed gun from his side. Her eyes panic.

AMANDA

Oh my god! What are you doing!

JOE

Making things right.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The shadows conceal a FIGURE who sits silently in a parked car.

EXT. HOUSE - STREET - NIGHT

The parked car is across from the house. A scream and a gunshot ring out. A flash of light brightens the darkened living room.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joe walks from the steps. He sits down on the couch. A calmness resides over him. He picks his glasses up off the table.

Blood on his hands, he puts his glasses on. He looks at the Bahamas magazine again. He lifts his gun to his head.

JOE
It ends now.

EXT. HOUSE - STREET - NIGHT

A gunshot ring out. A flash of light again brightens the darkened living room. The shadowed Figure grabs at their ear, exits the car and walks to the front door.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The figure enters. Joe is slumped, head back out of view. Blood near Joe's head and couch. His gun sits in his opened palm.

The Figure reveals to be Scott. He walks out of the shadows into view, a gun at his side. He shakes his head.

SCOTT
You poor bastard.

Scott looks around. He puts his gun on the table and rummages through Joe's bar. He lifts the bottle of Vodka Joe uses.

A shadow appears behind Scott. He senses it a second too late.

JOE (O.S.)
What's in it Scott? What did you
poison me with?

Frozen for a brief second, Scott calmly turns and faces Joe. Joe's gun now pointed on Scott.

SCOTT
Always check the body is dead.
(sighs)
When did it click?

Joe removes the tracker from his pocket. As he raises it to his glasses, the LED goes from red to green. Scott grins.

SCOTT

That hulking prick gave you a tracker? Paranoid to the end. I'm amazed it took you this long.

Joe removes his glasses. The black plastic tip on the arm of the frame is broken open. A small electronic device is embedded in it. Like a heartbeat, its green LED rhythmically pulses.

Scott slowly points to his ear. He removes a miniscule earpiece. He pushes it back in his ear.

SCOTT

You almost blew my eardrum. Listen to me. There's not much time. There's a lot of money at stake.

Joe's sneer consumes his face. He tightens his grip on the gun.

JOE

My life! My sanity!
All this over money!

Scott raises his hands slowly in a show of respect of Joe's gun.

SCOTT

The root of all evil.
(beat)
Hear me out. Tony's lawyer sprung him from jail already. He's been planning to embezzle the company's funds for months now. That's why he took the job last year. I knew he was up to something.

JOE

You're lying. It's impossible.

SCOTT

Is it? Think about it. All funds are nothing but electronic bits in a database nowadays. You said it yourself, there's no one more talented with a computer.

Joe finds truth in his opponent's eyes.

SCOTT

It's been a bitch staying one step behind him, but I've learned enough to beat him at his own game. With his own software.

(beat)

I'm out of time. I need his files.

JOE

Why Sinclair? The blackmail?

Scott hesitates. Joe sneers and aims the gun higher on Scott.

SCOTT

Sinclair was planning a hostile corporate takeover. The systems would have changed. He had to be eliminated before the two companies merged. Tony must have been on the ship to find out if blackmailing him was possible.

(beat)

I had a better plan.

FLASHBACK

INT. LUXURY LINER - CABIN - NIGHT

Joe is passed out on the bed. Scott removes Joe's ring.

EXT. LUXURY LINER - DECK - NIGHT

Jonathan is looking over the railing. No one is around. It is dimly lit. In the shadows, Scott holds an axe.

Scott steps closer and looks up to the higher deck. He nods to Blackmailer, who holds a camcorder. Scott raises the axe.

FLASHBACK ENDS

BACK TO HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Joe grits his teeth as he tightens his grip on his gun.

JOE

Who was your lackey?
If I had woke...

SCOTT
"Ifs" will kill you. I had met him
a few months ago in a bar Downtown.
When he mentioned that he worked on
the ship, well, obviously the
wheels began to turn.

Joe's envisions every word. Realizes the next obstacle.

JOE
The explosion at the warehouse?

SCOTT
A work of beauty.

QUICK FLASHBACK

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Scott places the detonator on Joe's passenger seat while Joe can
be seen out the SUV window heading towards the warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Scott shoots the laser gun before sitting back down as if he's
tied to the seat.

Joe leaves, Scott shoots the Blackmail before leaving out back.

FLASHBACK ENDS

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Scott smiles while he keeps his hands raised.

SCOTT
Framing Tony temporarily got him
out of the way. Two anonymous calls
to the cops. As simple as that.

Joe's eyes piece together the details. Enraged he kicks over the
coffee table in front of him. The glass vase shatters on Scott's
shoes. The TV remote bounces end over end near his feet.

JOE
Why! Why me? You son of a bitch!

Scott inches his left foot forward.

SCOTT
I needed a lackey. Candy almost blew everything. The poor thing. She was really just trying to help you.

JOE
The whole time. I was innocent.

SCOTT
Innocent? You killed your wife.

The tip of Scott's shoe hovers over the TV remote.

SCOTT
Like Pluscati told you, you're only innocent until someone catches you.

Joe's visual pain transforms into a smile. Surprised, Scott stops his moving foot.

JOE
You're right.

Joe's eyes direct Scott to look toward the top of the steps. Stepping out of the shadows, Amanda appears holding a camcorder.

AMANDA
Smile, you son of a bitch.

THROUGH CAMCORDER VIEW

The lens zooms in on Scott's shocked facial expression.

Joe holds the end of his glasses with the chip in his palm. He closes it tight.

JOE
Just long enough to tell her the truth.

Scott's anger is clear. He steps on the TV remote and it turns on. Joe shoots the TV out. Scott lunges toward Joe. He tackles him and knocks the gun to the floor. Amanda screams. Joe yells.

JOE
Run! Get out of here!

Unsure of which way to go, Amanda hastily exits from view. Joe kicks Scott off him. Scott grabs his gun.

Joe rolls and grabs his own gun. Scott aims at Joe.

Joe leaps without grabbing the gun and barely escapes behind the wall separating the living and dining room.

Scott shoots the edge of the wall and narrowly misses Joe.

SCOTT
Thanks for the money at
the boathouse. Drugging you
hasn't been cheap.

Joe sees Scott through a wall mirror's reflection. Scott grabs the vodka and pours it down the bar sink.

JOE
My vodka. You knew she
didn't drink it.

SCOTT
Don't forget your note on your
precious coffee creamer at work.
That kept it safe to drug just you.

Joe lowers his head, pissed at the idiot he's played.

SCOTT
Your mind. The drugs. The anguish
you've been under. Left to your own
devices, the damage has been
extraordinary. You were so lost in
yourself, you never realized
Amanda's pain.

Scott smacks the telephone off the hook. Joe steps deeper into the darkened dining room, away from Scott. About to step in the dining room, Scott suddenly turns toward the stairs and sighs.

SCOTT
Her cell phone.
(to Joe)
I'll be right back.

Scott runs up the steps. Joe peers around the wall to follow. Scott shoots the edge of the wall as he climbs the steps.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Amanda frantically hits the phone receiver. A loud busy signal blares through the phone. The camcorder hangs from a strap around her neck. She grabs her bag off the bed and rummages.

AMANDA
Come on! Damn it! Where's my phone!

The bedroom door handle jiggles until a large hole is blown through it. Amanda screams. Scott kicks the door in.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Scott yanks a screaming Amanda down the steps at gunpoint.

SCOTT

Face it Joe! People like us,
we're very similar. We live
for the game! Without that,
we cease to exist!

Scott hears noises to his left, then the right. He aims the gun in both places. Nothing appears. He hold it back on Amanda.

Joe slowly emerges from the darkness with his hands raised. Scott rips the camcorder from the strap around Amanda's neck. He smashes it on the floor and stomps it.

SCOTT

Last chance. Tony likes to keep
everything in his head. But I know
that paranoid bastard has all his
files on a chip somewhere. It's not
in his cube and he wouldn't hide
it near his family. Where is it?

Joe looks perplexed.

JOE

Why ask me? It's your
game, isn't it?

Scott shoves the gun deepen into Amanda's neck. She gasps.

SCOTT

Don't make this worse on her.

Joe's eyes direct Scott toward the large stereo speaker inches from Joe's hand. Joe's glasses are perched right on it.

JOE

Everyone plays the puppet. The
trick is finding the one
pulling your strings.

In rapid movement, Joe smacks the power button on and spins the large volume knob. Blaring loud music plays in the living room.

Scott screams and grabs at his left ear. He lets Amanda go as he uses his hand to paw at his bloody ear and rip the earpiece out.

Amanda lunges out of sight. Scott raises the gun at Joe. Joe releases his switchblade. It flies across the room, end over end, until it strikes Scott in the chest.

Scott drops the gun and grabs at his bleeding chest. His glazed eyes look puzzled, unsure. He staggers toward Joe, almost collapsing against Joe's chest. Joe shows no emotion.

JOE
Bull's-eye.

Scott drops to the floor. He dies. Amanda looks to Joe. They embrace. Joe looks down at the broken camcorder.

JOE
I have no luck with electronics.

Amanda takes one last hug before she looks at Joe and smiles.

AMANDA
I do.

Amanda smiles and pulls out the tape from her pants pocket. POLICE SIRENS are heard in the distance. Joe's grins.

JOE
Nice. Where's the spare camcorder?

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Cops walk in and out of the house. Cop cars are scattered about. Joe sits in the back of an ambulance. His minor wounds tended to. Detective Pluscati appears. He raises the tape.

PLUSCATI
Early parts of it weren't clear.
I could swear I heard him mention
Tony Adonis's name.

JOE
Three taped murder confessions,
Detective. Smile.

Joe grins. Pluscati looks at him with a disbelieving eye.

PLUSCATI
I'm not going to ask.

JOE
I'll take that as an early
Christmas present.

Pluscati almost grins. He walks away. Amanda approaches.

AMANDA

Why did you distort the tape?

JOE

There's not enough evidence to nail Tony. I'd rather see the look on Marcus' face when he brings the whole place down.

Amanda shakes her head. She sits next to Joe and rests her head on his shoulder. Joe looks up to the sky. The moon is bright.

AMANDA

What now?

Joe stares ahead. A cab is parked across the street. There's an advertisement saying "HOLIDAY IN THE ISLANDS". The picture shows palm trees and a beautiful sunset. Joe smiles.

EXT. BLUE SKY - DAY

A plane descends from the clouds. Lands in the tropics.

EXT. BAHAMAS RESORT - SUNSET

Joe and Amanda rest on the beach, holding hands.

QUICK MONTAGE

-Scenes of lovemaking.

-Christmas with simplistic presents.

-Laying in a beach hammock.

END MONTAGE

INT. BUNGALOW - NIGHT

Wooden hut hotel room. Bed, kitchenette and desk.

Joe adjusts the bow tie on his white tuxedo in the mirror. Amanda exits the bathroom, twirls in her backless evening gown.

AMANDA

Hey, good looking! Boy, a few weeks in the sun has done you wonders. Me?

JOE
 You look fantastic. The only
 thing that you can look better
 in is maternity clothes.

She pats her stomach while catching sight in the mirror.

AMANDA
 After the last few weeks? Maybe.

ON THE TV

Marcus yells. The words "FINANCIAL SCANDAL" appear under him. A police mug shot of Tony with words "PERSON OF INTEREST" under.

JOE
 Wow. That son of a bitch. I still
 can't believe Tony pulled it off.

AMANDA
 He really made his cigars produce
 blue smoke? Crazy! All set?

Joe looks down. He sees his wallet on the night stand.

JOE
 Did you see Tony's cigar lighter
 and my blade? It's usually next to
 my wallet.

Amanda stops halfway out the door before leaning back in. Joe sees it under the bed. He lifts Tony's lighter and flicks it on.

AMANDA
 Did you say something?

JOE
 Nothing. Paranoid. Forget it.

EXT. RESORT - BAR AREA - NIGHT

SUPER: "December 31, 2011 11:57 P.M."

A frenzied gala New Year's Eve celebration in progress. The dance floor is packed. Amanda tries to lead Joe into the crowd. Joe hesitates.

Amanda lovingly smirks at him. He smiles. She squeeze them towards the front. The crowd roars. The countdown begins.

CROWD
TEN... NINE... EIGHT...

Joe and Amanda gaze into each other's eyes.

AMANDA
I love you.

CROWD
SEVEN... SIX... FIVE...

JOE
I love you.

CROWD
FOUR... THREE...

AMANDA
Are you happy?

CROWD
TWO... ONE...

JOE
I couldn't be happier. In your eyes, I see everything worth living for.

CROWD
Happy New Year!

As everyone sings Auld Lang Syne, they kiss as the balloons and streamers drop from above. The fireworks decorate the sky.

JOE (V.O)
When crowd starts their celebratory frenzy, there is nothing to prevent it from happening. That is when it happens.

Joe grasps Amanda. His eyes bulge.

JOE (V.O)
I truly believe the first time it went in, I didn't feel a thing.

Amanda sees blood from his mouth. She screams. Joe twitches.

AMANDA
Oh my god, what's wrong!

Joe's body rises up as the top of his ATTACKER's bald head is barely seen behind Joe. Joe falls backward on to the ground.

Chaos ensues. The crowd parts. Women scream, men point in different directions. Amanda kneels beside him, holds his hand.

AMANDA

Hold on! Please baby, hold on!

Joe struggles but pulls out the bloody object from his side. It's his switchblade. All sounds are now faintly heard.

Amanda fights back the tears as Joe faintly mouths, I love you. Joe's eyes shut for good.

FADE OUT

INT. BAHAMAS POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Not much, but enough to pass for a cop house. A few officers toil in the background. Amanda sits in a chair, lifeless. Her blood stained gown a mess. Her mascara has run.

DETECTIVE HARA, 43, would have retired if he could have retired, delicately records her answers with a typewriter.

HARA

You're certain your husband
hasn't had any words with
anyone since you've been here?

Amanda fights each sob back. The words are painful.

AMANDA

No. No one.

HARA

Anyone from back home? Someone
with a reason to come down here?
Nothing was missing? A robbery --

AMANDA

I just lost my husband.

HARA

I'm sorry, Mrs. Vincent. You're
right. We'll talk tomorrow. I'll
drive you back. Here's your
husband's personals.

Amanda rises as Hara stands and hands her an envelope. He turns to WOMAN COP, 34.

HARA

Cross reference her husband's name
in our database. See if we get
lucky.

WOMAN COP

Will do, boss.

EXT. RESORT - BAR AREA - NIGHT

The club is dimly lit, empty. The wall clock reads 2:45 A.M.
Aside from the bartender and one person sitting at the counter,
there is nothing going on. Amanda trudges in. Hara follows.

HARA

If you think of anything,
call me at this number.

She reaches for his card and drops the envelope. It splits open.
Joe's wallet, a pack of gum and some loose change falls.

OHARA

Let me help you with that.

Ohara picks stuff up. Amanda raises her brow.

INT. BAHAMAS POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The Woman Cop types V-I-N-C-E-N-T into the database. Data starts
running across the screen. Her cell phone rings.

EXT. RESORT - BAR AREA - NIGHT

AMANDA

Wait. Something is missing.

INT. BAHAMAS POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The officer looks around at the other cops. They are all busy.

WOMAN COP

Yes. I'll be right there.

She ends the call and quietly walks to the back door.

INT. BAHAMAS POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Amanda becomes hysterical. She frantically looks around.

AMANDA
My husband's lighter.

OHARA
What?

AMANDA
My husband's lighter!

Amanda sees blue smoke as it rises in the air. It's from a man who sits in the shadows at the bar. She runs over and grabs the guy off his seat.

EXT. BAHAMAS POLICE STATION - BACK - NIGHT

The Woman Cop exits the back door to the desolate back ally.

INT. BAHAMAS POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The database on her desk stops. Next to Joe's picture is the photo of one man. Tony.

EXT. RESORT - BAR AREA - NIGHT

Amanda pulls the guy into the light. He's a DRUNK, 37, scared.

AMANDA
Where did you get that cigar!

Hara pulls Amanda off him. The drunk stutters to answer.

DRUNK
I just found it in the
ashtray! It... it was put
out with a lot left!

Amanda looks around, her face shows the fear of the truth.

EXT. BAHAMAS POLICE STATION - BACK - NIGHT

The Woman Cop looks around and approaches a black limo with black tinted windows. The rear window opens.

WOMAN COP
I can lose my job, y'know.

The Woman Cop holds her palm out where the lighter rests square in the middle. A large hand extends out as the window rolls down. Tony's hand takes it.

TONY
For the money I paid you, find
another island to retire on.

INT. LIMO - NIGHT

Tony sits comfortably. He uses his thumb to bend the back metal of the lighter up. A green LED blinks in the open lighter.

A small circular disc is embedded in it. He removes and sticks the disc in a laptop. Data flashes by. He grins, lights a cigar.

TONY
Remember, never stop until
the job is done.

A New York newspaper sits next to Tony. An article headline reads. "SALESMAN QUESTIONED FOR SERIES OF SLAYINGS".

It is accompanied by a picture. Joe Vincent's picture.

FADE TO BLACK