

VOLATILE

by
William C. Martell

You only have six hours to live...

William C. Martell
11012 Ventura Blvd #103
Studio City, CA 91604
818.497.2707
wcmartell@ScriptSecrets.Net

VOLATILE

INT. FACTORY -- DAY

The TIME CLOCK ticks away until quitting time.

At 5pm, work-worn hands shove time cards with a company logo into the slot, punching out. Hands and time cards.

One time card has a post-it attached: "See Mr. Tagget."

EDDY HEUER peels off the post-it and smiles. Dependable, good-natured, a bit of a smart-ass - the factory cut-up.

EDDY

Pro-motion time.

Eddy punches out, dances down the hall to the offices.

INT. OFFICE -- DAY

Mr. TAGGET, the boss, looks up when Eddy knocks and enters.

EDDY

This about that shift manager opening?

MR. TAGGET

No. We're eliminating positions, Eddy. They're closing us down.

EDDY

Are there gonna be transfers?

MR. TAGGET

When the economy went south they decided to move everything overseas.

Eddy points to a framed photo of shark-like CEO MICHAEL COURTLAND on the wall behind Tagget's desk.

EDDY

I thought that guy was gonna stop them from doing that, George.

MR. TAGGET

He's the guy who sent your job and everyone else's to Thailand. Company made me put that thing on my wall.

Mr. Tagget points to a magazine cover photo of twinkle-eyed Santa Claus ROY WITTNAUR in a cheap frame.

MR. TAGGET

That's the guy who wants to save our freakin' jobs. Wittenaar. But the board of directors didn't --

EDDY

You know I don't care about company
crap, just want to punch in and do
my job and punch out.

MR. TAGGET

In two weeks we all punch out for good.

EDDY

So my twelve years means nothing?
The double shifts? Hell, two years
ago we all took pay cuts...

Mr. Tagget tries to calm him.

MR. TAGGET

I thought you deserved to hear this
from me, in person, Eddy.

EDDY

Come on, I've got a wife and kid...

Mr. Tagget looks at the papers on his desk.

MR. TAGGET

I'm sorry.

Eddy walks out in a daze, his whole life has been pulled out
from under him. Fasten your seat belts - this is a dark
ride. The shitty side of life, not some Hollywood crap.

INT. HEUER HOME - KITCHEN -- DAY

Over a year later, Eddy, in a daze and unshaven, sips coffee.
The walking dead - when he walks into a room it turns gray.

JENNIFER HEUER, the love of Eddy's life, looks across the
breakfast table. Smiling eyes, spontaneous and intelligent,
she's never lost her sense of fun... until now.

JENNIFER

I talked to Parker yesterday about
filing for divorce.

EDDY

Jen, this is just a bump. We'll get
over it. I'll find a job and --

JENNIFER

The plant closed over a year ago.

EDDY

Things will turn around. They always
do. We just have to wait this out.

JENNIFER

I'm through waiting, Eddy.

EDDY

The recession's not my fault, is it?

JENNIFER

It's not my fault, either.

EDDY

What about Bobby - is it his fault?

JENNIFER

This is between you and me, okay?
You think this is easy? That I like
this? I've done everything possible
to support you. What have you done?

EDDY

Please... I need you.

JENNIFER

And I need you. But you're not trying
anymore, you're just... marking time.

She turns away.

Eddy turns away... sees his 12 year old son BOBBY in the doorway. Looking at him as if he's a complete failure. Before Eddy can say anything, Bobby bolts.

HALLWAY

Eddy chases his son down the hallway...
Gets Bobby's bedroom door slammed in his face.

EDDY

Bobby? Bobby, please...

A voice behind him startles him.

JENNIFER

I'd like you to move out. Tonight.

Jennifer turns, leaving him alone in the hallway.

EDDY

Where am I supposed to go?

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM -- DAY

A crappy one bedroom apartment someplace downtown. Eddy wakes up on the second hand sofa, rubs sleep from his eyes. A wheeled suitcase near the sofa contains everything of value in his life - photos, trophies, keepsakes... and his clothes.

His friend, PAUL, looks at him as he eats a bowl of cereal.

PAUL

How much longer you gonna be here?

EDDY
Just another week. Maybe two.

PAUL
Make it one.

EDDY
Paul, give me a break, here --

Paul grabs an envelope from the table, tosses it to Eddy.

PAUL
This came for you yesterday. Maybe
you can help out with some bills.

Eddy looks at the envelope: from the State Employment
Development Office. Inside is an unemployment check, and a
form letter stating "This is your final Unemployment Check".

EDDY
Shit.

INT. CHECK CASHING SERVICE -- DAY

Eddy slides his last unemployment check and his ID through
the slot in the bullet-proof glass.

CHECK GUY
Minus three percent leaves two hundred
and sixty five dollars.

The CHECK GUY slides the bills through the slot.

Before closing his wallet, looks at the photo of Jennifer
and Bobby... things he's lost.

EXT. CITY STREET -- EVENING

Eddy steps out of the Check Cashing Service, looks up and
down the street. Where do you spend your last check?

EXT. ROLEX BAR -- NIGHT

Red light strobes across Eddy's face - like a beating heart.
He looks up at the bent neon - ROLEX BAR - COCKTAILS.

INT. ROLEX BAR -- NIGHT

Neighborhood bar. Pool table in the back. People laughing.
A drunk or two argues about sports. No one here owns a Rolex.

Eddy sits at the bar, a pyramid of empty beer glasses in
front of him. Carefully balances the latest empty on top.

SEYELLA (O.S.)
That's quite an erection.

Eddy glances at SEYELLA, on the stool next to him. Sly smile, eyes that show some secret knowledge. Dressed down in jeans and a shirt, but if she's a cocktail waitress she'll be able to retire on her tips. She's smokin' hot.

Eddy makes a big deal of glancing at his lap before...

EDDY

Oh, the glasses? One of those skills I picked up over the past ninety-nine weeks.

SEYELLA

Will it get much bigger?

Eddy opens his wallet, still filled with twenty dollar bills.

EDDY

All the way to the ceiling. Ready for another?

Seyella finishes her drink, nods. Eddy notices the mark on her ring finger where a wedding band was a minute ago.

EDDY

Carl! One more, one for her.

SEYELLA

Seyella.

EDDY

Pretty name. I'm just Eddy.

They shake - sparks of attraction.
BARTENDER breaks it up.

BARTENDER

And I should be cutting you off.

EDDY

Give me a break, Carl. I live three blocks away. I walked here. What's the worst that could happen?

BARTENDER

You puke on the floor, you're gonna clean it up, okay?

The Bartender comes back with the drinks, Eddy pays him with one of his crisp twenties. Seyella clinks glasses in toast.

SEYELLA

To interesting times.

EDDY

But not too interesting.

Each sips.

SEYELLA
You aren't looking for adventure?

EDDY
What do you have in mind?

She laughs.

SEYELLA
Something other than nine to five.
Time clocks and mortgages. All of
that day-to-day shit.

EDDY
I haven't punched a clock in exactly
ninety-nine weeks. I can sleep late.
Drink as much as I want. Stop shaving.

SEYELLA
You win the Lotto?

EDDY
Got one of those sixty million dollar
"retention bonuses".

SEYELLA
Banks and car companies got the bail
outs and we got screwed.

EDDY
Ninety-nine weeks. Ninety-nine percent.

SEYELLA
Ninety-nine luft balloons.

Eddy carefully balances his empty on top of the pyramid.

EDDY
Ninety-nine bottles of beer on the
wall. Ready for another?

SEYELLA
You buying?

EDDY
Let me check my net financial worth.
(checks his wallet)
Carl! Another round!

INT. ROLEX BAR -- LATER

Eddy and Seyella are sitting closer.

EDDY
My job isn't exactly lost, it's in
Thailand someplace.
(MORE)

EDDY (CONT'D)

Went to some other plants, those jobs are in Thailand, too.

SEYELLA

Everything's going overseas.

EDDY

I could go overseas, get my job back, they'd pay me in Bahts or something.

SEYELLA

Don't you like Thai food?

EDDY

It's the plumbing I have issues with. Another?

Seyella nods. Eddy waves to the Bartender.

INT. ROLEX BAR -- LATER

The pyramid is one glass taller. Seyella takes a drink.

SEYELLA

They don't see you as a person. You're just legs and tits.

EDDY

Least you get tips.

SEYELLA

Tips? I work in an office. Salary every two weeks - no O.T. and they think they own you. Grab your ass --

EDDY

I hate that.

SEYELLA

-- Expect you to flirt with clients. Buy gifts for their wives --

EDDY

Remember when the grand plan was to pay a guy enough money so that he could buy the crap he was making?

Eddy pops open his wallet - checks his net financial worth. The photo of Jennifer and Bobby peeks out.

EDDY

Another?

SEYELLA

Let's get out of here.

EDDY

I've kind of got roommate issues.

SEYELLA

Me, too. Looks like you have enough
for a motel, though.

Eddy looks from his money to Seyella to her ring finger.

EDDY

Shit, why the hell not?

EXT. CRAZY EIGHT MOTEL -- NIGHT

Seyella stops at the motel - not the worst place you've ever
seen, but close. Eddy spins into her arms, kisses her.

SEYELLA

No reason to tell them I'm here.
Save yourself a little money.

Something about that sounds wrong. Red flags popping up.

EDDY

Someone after you?

SEYELLA

What makes you say that?

Eddy just shrugs. She's married - where's her husband?

EDDY

Back in a flash.

Eddy heads to the Motel Office... sees Seyella reflected in
the window as she sneaks into the motel complex.

EXT. MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Seyella hides in the shadows as Eddy slides the key into the
second floor door. Once the door is open, Seyella glides
past him. Eddy looks at the parking lot - a car pulls in.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Eddy reaches for the light switch before closing the door.

SEYELLA

Let me get the curtains first.

Waits until she draws the curtains, then clicks on the lights.

SEYELLA

I've just never done anything like
this before. No tell motel.

She laughs, Eddy fakes it.

EDDY

First time for me, too.

SEYELLA

You've never been with a woman?

EDDY

Please, be gentle.

SEYELLA

This is your lucky night.

Then she begins a slow, sexy strip. Eddy forgets about the missing wedding band, the closed curtains, the car that pulled into the parking lot... he can't take his eyes off her.

When she gets down to her panties she reaches for him.

SEYELLA

Come here.

Eddy obeys. Seyella begins stripping him, licking every new bit of flesh she uncovers. When he's down to his shorts, she glides her hand inside. He slides his hand inside her panties, and they kiss.

Seyella gently pulls his hand out of her panties and slowly licks his fingers. Pushes him onto the bed.

Seyella kisses down his chest, removes his underwear and continues kissing.

Licking.

Sucking.

Eddy runs his fingers through her hair: silky, smooth, soft.

Headlights splash across the curtains - someone pulling into the parking lot? Maybe Seyella's jealous husband?

Eddy kisses her, tongue tracing down her body, from nipple to nipple, then past her navel until his face is buried between her legs. Seyella moans, thrusting against him.

SEYELLA

I want to feel you inside me.

Pulls him up, flips him onto his back, straddles him.

A crashing sound from outside the door - maybe someone dropping a piece of luggage... maybe someone getting ready to kick the door down.

EDDY

Hear that?

SEYELLA

Only thing I hear is the beating of my heart. Feel it?

She puts his hand on her breast. Seyella rolls him over so that he's on top of her, moves her legs up over his shoulders.

SEYELLA

Yes. There. Right there.

Guides him inside. Deep, deep inside.

A car on the street backfires. Or is it a gun shot?

Eddy's eyes shift to the door - is someone coming in?

Seyella pulls Eddy's face down to meet hers.

Making him forget about the door.

Their tongues dance together.

Eddy doesn't care about the door...

Then the explosion hits!

Eddy and Seyella's passion explodes simultaneously.

No one comes through the door. No one fires guns at them.

Afterwards, they lay next to each other, naked and glistening.

SEYELLA

If I died now, I'd be happy.

Seyella rolls off he bed.

SEYELLA

Getting a glass of water. Want one?

EDDY

Sure. Thanks.

Eddy watches her walk into the motel bathroom. Can't believe his luck. Where was this woman a year ago?

Seyella comes back with two plastic cups of water, hands him one. Eddy downs it. Seyella takes the glass from his hand, sets it on the table, kisses him... and clicks off the lights.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- DAY

A slice of light streams through a gap in the curtains. Eddy wakes up, groggy.

EDDY

Shit.

Hung over.

Sits up.

Grabs his pounding head.

His hands are wet.

He looks down at them.

They're bloody.

Sheets are bathed in blood.
The mound under the sheet next to him doesn't move at all.

EDDY

No. No.

Eddy pulls back the sheet...
...Exposing...
...A pair of bloody pillows.

Seyella is gone.

Where did the blood come from?
Eddy looks down at his naked torso.
Fresh stitches just below his ribs.

EDDY

Bitch stole my kidney!

Runs his fingers over the stitches.

The phone rings loudly, startling him.
Eddy picks it up, angry.

EDDY

What the fuck --

An electronically modified voice, we'll call it CONTROL.

CONTROL (V.O.)

Listen carefully to me. We have
planted an explosive device inside
of you. If you do not do exactly as
I say, you will explode.

EDDY

What?

CONTROL (V.O.)

I am activating the timer now.

Eddy feels something strange...
Just below the incision a red LED timer glows red through
his skin: 59:59... counting down second by second!

EDDY

What the fuck?

CONTROL (V.O.)

Listen to me. You are not to go to
the police. We are watching you.

Eddy looks out the curtains - the motel parking lot is empty.

CONTROL (V.O.)

You are not to tell anyone about the
device. We will be listening.

Eddy starts looking around the room for microphones.

CONTROL (V.O.)

If you try to remove the device, you will explode. You will have one hour to complete your task --

EDDY

Man, I'm covered in fucking blood!

59:13. 59:12. 59:11. 59:09. 59:08. 59:07. 59:06.

CONTROL (V.O.)

You'll have time to shower. Be careful not to tear open the stitches.

Eddy looks at the LED counting down: 58:43, 58:52...

CONTROL (V.O.)

When you leave the motel, throw your cell phone into the street. Do not use your car --

EDDY

I didn't drive here --

CONTROL (V.O.)

From this point on you will be taking public transportation. There is a pad and pen on the desk.

Eddy pulls the phone to the desk - cheap motel stationary and a ball point pen.

CONTROL (V.O.)

Your task is to enter the office building at 1440 Decatur Street at the Loma Vista Business Center. If you are not wearing a black or dark blue conservative cut suit and tie when you leave, you will explode.

EDDY

Wait, wait, wait. Where do I get the suit?

CONTROL (V.O.)

You steal it from someone. Make sure it fits properly.

EDDY

Should I bring a tailor?

CONTROL (V.O.)

There is a phone booth on the corner of Washington and Decatur Street.

(MORE)

CONTROL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 You will answer the phone by the
 tenth ring or you will explode.

EDDY
 1440 Decutar. Washington and Decutar.

Eddy looks back at the red LED glowing through his skin:
 58:07, 58:06, 58:05...

CONTROL (V.O.)
 You must answer by the tenth ring.
 Do you understand your task?

EDDY
 Yes. Why? Why the fuck are you
 doing this to me? What have I --

CONTROL (V.O.)
 You're wasting time.

Dial tone.
 Eddy looks down at his hour - ticking away.
 Hangs up the phone and runs to the bathroom.
 The shower turns on and Eddy rinses off the blood.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

Eddy jogs out of the Crazy Eight Motel.
 Takes a look around to see if anyone is watching him.
 It seems like everyone on the street is looking at him.
 Pulls his cell phone out and tosses it into the street.

A Delivery Truck runs over the phone, smashing it into a
 million pieces. The car behind it finishes the job.

EDDY
 Who was left to call?

Eddy jogs down the street to the Bus Stop at the corner,
 passing vacant buildings. Half of the little businesses on
 the street are closed, just shells... like Eddy's empty life.

EXT. CORNER BUS STOP -- DAY

A bus bench in front of a corner gas station. A dozen BUS
 RIDERS mill around, waiting for the bus. The graveyard shift
 with lunch pails or cleaning supply caddies just off work.
 Forty year old guys filling out fast food job applications -
 some in suits gone to seed. Welcome to the real world.

Eddy looks at the sign - bus numbers but nothing that says
 "Decutar". He approaches a SQUAT WOMAN in a maid uniform.

EDDY
 You know what bus goes to Loma Vista
 Business Center?

SQUAT WOMAN

Where is that?

Eddy ignores her, turns to a kid in a BURGER KING uniform, taps him on the shoulder... when he turns, he's Eddy's age.

EDDY

The bus to Loma Vista?

BURGER KING

Gotta cross street? Gotta have a cross street, my friend. Can't go anywhere without a cross street.

EDDY

Anybody know the bus to Loma Vista?

Nothing but shrugs - nobody knows.
Eddy looks at the gas station.
Looks down the street - no bus coming.
Jogs to the gas station.

EXT. GAS STATION -- DAY

Eddy knocks on the plexiglass window, the CASHIER looks up from his tattoo magazine.

EDDY

You got a bus map?

CASHIER

Street map's all we have.

EDDY

Can I look at it?

CASHIER

For two dollars fifty.

Eddy looks at the street - a bus is coming - pulls three dollars from his wallet and slides it through the glass.

The Cashier dog-ears his place in the magazine and takes his time spinning around on his chair to get the map.

The bus is getting closer.
Closer.

EDDY

That as fast as you can move?

The Cashier takes his time ringing up the map.

CASHIER

Here you go.

Squeezes the map and two quarters through the slot.

The bus stops at the corner, doors opening.
People begin shuffling on.

Eddy yanks the map out of the slot, spraying his quarters
across the gas station, races to catch the bus.

INT. BUS 5252 -- DAY

Eddy waits behind the Burger King, who inserts individual
coins into the meter, mumbling a count. Every coin is sacred.

BURGER KING

Seventy. Seventy five. Eighty five.

Eddy signals the BUS DRIVER.

EDDY

What's the fare?

BUS DRIVER

Buck thirty five, fifty cent transfer.

Eddy squeezes by Burger King, tries to give the Bus Driver
two dollars.

BUS DRIVER

You gotta wait your turn... and you
need exact change.

Eddy digs in his pocket for a quarter and dime, has to wait
until Burger King is done. What a loser - working fast food.

Eddy's dollar is crumbled, won't slide into the meter.
He irons it with his fingers.

The machine accepts his money, he grabs a schedule and seat.

The bus starts moving.

Eddy unfolds his map - a maze of streets and fine print.
He's lost.

Flips over the map to the street index.

Finds Loma Vista Business Center, finds the street he's on -
Charleston.

Goes to the map and traces over from M and 7 until he finds
Decutar, then traces to his finger to Charelston...

Just as the bus turns onto a side street.

EDDY

What street is this?

The tired Graveyard shifters ignores him.

Grabs the bus schedule, looks at the route map on the back.
Finds the turn, traces down to a street a couple of blocks
from Charelston.

Flips through to find the arrival time: 11:37...

Pulls up his shirt - 49:23
His life is ticking away.

The bus pulls to the curb and stops.
Doors open.
People shuffle on...
Slowly.

The bus pulls away from the curb and re-enters traffic.

Eddy looks from the ticking LED to the stitches above it.

EDDY
Damned good work.

The stitches look professional. Glances at the LED and decides to try to remove it. Picks at the stitches. It hurts like hell. Rips a few stitches out, tries not to scream. Then a couple more come out on their own...

And a couple more.
Blood trickles out, pushed by something...

Eddy suddenly fears all of the stitches will come out and his guts will spew onto the dirty floor of the bus.

EDDY
No. No. No.

Eddy tries to put the loose stitches back into his skin. Pulls his shirt down and holds his guts inside.

At the next cross-street, the bus pulls over and stops. Doors open and people shuffle on slowly.

EDDY
Come on. Come on.

The bus doors close and they pull away from the curb.

After a while in traffic, they pull over at the next corner. Bus doors open... and the handicapped ramp grinds down.

EDDY
(sotto)
You're kidding me, man.

A guy in a WHEELCHAIR rolls on.

The Bus Driver has to flip up a seat for wheelchair access. WHEELCHAIR GUY slowly rolls his chair down the aisle.

EDDY
Can't that thing move any faster?
Some of us have places we gotta be.

BUS DRIVER

Could you take your seat, sir?

EDDY

Why don't they have a special bus for these guys? Why hold the rest of us up? We all get fucked because of one guy....

BUS DRIVER

Maybe you'd prefer the company of the passengers on the next bus?

Eddy looks round the bus for support - everyone's looking at him like he's an asshole... including Burger King. Wheelchair Guy sneers at Eddy as he locks his chair in place.

BUS DRIVER

I think this is your stop, sir.

Eddy pushes open the door and exits the bus, holding in his guts.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

Eddy races out of Bus 5252 - running for his life. Hand clamped against his stomach.

Unfolds the map, trying to find the best route to Decutar. Runs right into a FEDEX GUY with a hand truck of boxes. Eddy sprawls onto the sidewalk, straining stitches.

EDDY

Watch where you're going!

Scrambles to his feet, races down the street. Lifts his shirt - 44:03

Consults the map again as he takes a turn - against the light! Cars race at him - he vaults over the hood of a Toyota, almost gets hit by a pick up truck, horns blast, Eddy spins away from a Garbage Truck at the last minute.

Makes it across the street.

Runs down to the next corner - Decutar!

EXT. CRAZY EIGHT MOTEL -- DAY

A car driving past the motel turns the wreckage of Eddy's cell phone into even smaller pieces.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- DAY

A knock at the door.

MAID (O.S.)

House keeping.

Keys in the door. It opens and a MAID enters, whistling. She takes one look at the bloody sheets and screams.

EXT. LOMA VISTA BUSINESS CENTER -- DAY

A plaza filled with trees, park benches, and people surrounded by six chrome and glass office buildings.

Eddy stops, looking from one cold building to the next. He spots 1440, crosses the plaza to the stone steps. As he climbs the steps, BUSINESSMEN in suits pass him. He looks at the suits.

EDDY
Anything in my size?

BUSINESSMAN
Excuse me?

He gets to the front doors of the building and stops.

EDDY
This is bullshit.

Eddy looks around the plaza - are they really watching him?

On the opposite side of the plaza - a POLICEMAN on patrol.

EDDY
How could anyone be watching me?

Eddy starts walking down the steps, across the plaza, toward the Policemen.

EDDY
That guy doesn't control me.

Halfway across the plaza, a whirring from his stomach. He pulls up his bloody shirt to check the time...

The LED is speeding up - numbers spinning at warp drive!

40:30

40:15

40:00

39:45

39:30

39:15

39:00

38:30

38:00

37:30

37:00

36:00

35:00!

Eddy starts backing away from the Policemen at high speed. Waving his arms.

EDDY

Okay! I'm sorry! I was just testing.
Please, make it go back!

Keeps backing away from the Policeman.

EDDY

Stop, okay? Just stop!

Eddy gets all the way back to the 1440 steps before the timer begins to slow down. In a moment, it's back to normal:

31:42, 31:41, 31:40, 31:39...

Eddy lowers his shirt, looks around the plaza, tries to spot the look out.

Business people eating an early lunch, talking on cell phones, a janitor sweeping up a mess, and the Policemen...

Who is staring right at Eddy.

The Policeman begins walking across the plaza toward Eddy.

EDDY

Shit.

Eddy looks away, pretends to study the sign in front of the building. Has the Policeman changed directions?

A whirring from his stomach.
He pulls up his bloody shirt.

30:30

30:15

30:00

29:45

29:30

29:15

29:00

28:30

28:00

27:30

27:00!

Eddy turns, Policeman only a few feet away.

POLICEMAN

Something wrong, sir?

EDDY

Nothing.

POLICEMAN

That blood on your shirt?

EDDY

Wine. I spilled some Merlot at lunch.
I have to go in and change my shirt.

The Policeman locks eyes with Eddy. He knows it's a lie.
Knows it's not red wine.

POLICEMAN

So you've been drinking?

EDDY

A glass with lunch. I'm not driving.
The only heavy machinery I'm going
to operate is the elevator.

The Policeman continues looking him over.

EDDY

Look, I'm going to be late for my
meeting. Can I go, officer?

POLICEMAN

Where did you have lunch?

EDDY

Please. I'm going to run out of
time, here, and have to go to my
meeting like this.

POLICEMAN

Okay. Be careful.

The Policeman waves him off and walks away.

Eddy races up the steps to the front doors of the building.

Makes sure the Policeman isn't looking before lifting his
bloody shirt, looking at the timer glowing through his skin.

Winding back down to normal speed...

18:22, 18:21, 18:20, 18:19, 18:18, 18:17, 18:16, 18:15, 18:14.

He's running out of time...

And he still needs to steal the clothes off a man's back.

Eddy opens the door and enters 1440 Decutar Street.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING -- DAY

A reception desk, complete with SECURITY GUARD.

Eddy ignores the front desk, makes a bee-line to the registry.
Pretends to look for a company, as he watches the Guard eat
his lunch reflected in the glass.

Eddy doesn't notice the COMPANY LOGO - very similar to his
old company's. Strange.

The Guard's cell phone rings.

GUARD

Hello, Bobo. We still on for Sunday?

Eddy slips past the Guard to the elevator banks.

Hits the UP button and dives into the first set of open doors before the Guard notices him.

INT. ELEVATOR -- DAY

Eddy isn't alone.

A businessman in a BLUE SUIT nods to him.

BLUE SUIT

What floor?

EDDY

Twelve.

Blue Suit hits the button and the elevator ascends.

Eddy sizes up the Blue Suit - is he the right size? Faces him to compare height and shoulder width. Blue Suit turns away - people don't face each other on an elevator.

When his floor comes, Blue Suit bolts out of the elevator.

Eddy steps out on the 12th floor.

INT. 12TH FLOOR HALLWAY -- DAY

Eddy walks down the hall as if he belongs - shirt bloody.

Every time he passes a BUSINESSMAN he sizes him up - checking height and shoulder width and basic size and weight. Would this guy's suit fit me?

He passes a SHORT BUSINESSMAN - no way.

Walking toward him is a FAT BUSINESSMAN - about the right height, but way too big for Eddy. The Fat Businessman scowls.

FAT BUSINESSMAN

Something wrong?

EDDY

I'm way too thin.

Glances down at his shirt and the glowing red numbers.

Time - 14:13.

Every BUSINESSMAN he passes is the wrong size. Eddy checks them out - looking at their shoulders, waist size, builds.

One BUSINESSMAN notices Eddy checking him out and winks.

BUSINESSMAN

How you doing today?

Eddy looks away quickly and increases speed.

A door at the end of the hall says: "Stairs". Eddy opens it, starts climbing before the Gay Businessman asks him out.

INT. 14TH FLOOR HALLWAY -- DAY

Eddy exits the stairs and walks down the hallway.

Approaching a BUSINESSWOMAN about his height, weight, body size - except for the shape. She notices him checking her out and smiles. He returns the smile... would her suit fit?

BUSINESSWOMAN

Hello.

EDDY

How you doing?

Eddy shakes his head as he passes her. She stops and watches him walk way - why the head shake?

Eddy passes more BUSINESSMEN of the wrong size - examining each as he walks towards them. Checking them out. Freaking some of them out - he's looking at their waist / crotch area.

At the elevator banks, company reception desks on four sides.

One of the companies - SANFORD INSURANCE - has a logo similar to his old manufacturing company's. Eddy studies the logo.

EDDY

Thought those things were copyrighted.

RECEPTIONIST

Excuse me?

EDDY

You guys do manufacturing?

RECEPTIONIST

International insurance and investment.

EDDY

The three eyes. Thanks.

Eddy joins a group of BUSINESS MEN & WOMEN from the elevator - returning from lunch - and slips past a reception desk to the other side of the hallway. Following the group, he sizes each one up until he finds a BUSINESSMAN in his size.

Eddy follows the Businessman down the hall.

INT. 14TH FLOOR HALLWAY -- DAY

One-by-one the other Business Men & Women enter offices,
until it is only Eddy and the Businessman in his size.

Eddy follows, looking for the right time to make his move.

No one is around.
He reaches to grab him.
Gets cold feet.
Pulls his hands back.

The Businessman turns a corner in the hallway.
Eddy follows, trying to work up the courage to attack.

Time - 11:13.

The Businessman enters the MEN'S ROOM.
Eddy continues a few steps, stops, returns to the Men's Room.
Gets ready to push open the door, when it opens...
A MAN steps out, gives Eddy a look, leaves.

Eddy backs into a doorway and waits.

Businessman exits the Men's Room, continues down the hall.

Eddy follows the Businessman around another corner.

When is the right time to attack a man and steal his clothes?
Eddy looks down at his hands - can he do this?

Eddy lifts his shirt. The blood has crusted over the
stitches, but it doesn't look pretty.

Time - 9:57.

Ahead: a green Exit sign points to a stairway door.

Eddy walks a little faster, closing in on the Businessman.

The Businessman hears Eddy, looks over his shoulder.

BUSINESSMAN

Pardon me?

Eddy grabs him, roughly slams him through the stairway door.

INT. STAIRWELL -- DAY

The Businessman crashes into the stair railing, bounces off
the wall, almost falls down the stairs... hits the floor.

Eddy bursts in, reaches down, grabs the Businessman's lapels.

BUSINESSMAN

Are you crazy? Do you know who I
am? My attorney is --

EDDY
Take off your clothes.

BUSINESSMAN
Pardon me?

EDDY
Take off your fucking clothes! Now!

BUSINESSMAN
I will not.

Eddy punches him in the face.

EDDY
Don't bleed on the shirt. I need it.

BUSINESSMAN
Why?

EDDY
Take off the damned jacket, okay?

Eddy raises his fist.
The Businessman takes off his jacket, confused.

EDDY
Now the shirt and pants. What size
are your shoes?

BUSINESSMAN
Ten.

EDDY
You can keep 'em.

The Businessman hands his shirt to Eddy. Hesitates before
taking off his pants.

BUSINESSMAN
I'm not homosexual...

EDDY
That's good, neither am I - now get
your pants off. Hurry up.

The Businessman takes off his pants, hands them to Eddy.
Wearing only white briefs and black socks, on the floor.

BUSINESSMAN
Why are you doing this to me? What
did I ever do to you?

EDDY
Not a damned thing.

Eddy kicks off his shoes, drops his pants. A moment where the Businessman worries. Then Eddy pulls on the black slacks.

BUSINESSMAN

Why me? There has to be some reason.

EDDY

You're my size.

Eddy replaces his bloody shirt with the clean white one.

The Businessman sees the red LED through Eddy's skin.

Time - 6:55.

BUSINESSMAN

What's that?

EDDY

Tattoo. None of your business.

Eddy buttons up the shirt quickly.

BUSINESSMAN

That's a brand new suit. It's tailored.

EDDY

You think the world makes sense?
Listen, buddy, sometimes God just
shits on you. You're minding your
own business and you get fucked.

BUSINESSMAN

There's always a reason.

Eddy puts on the neck tie, buttons the jacket. He looks like a whole new person.

EDDY

You're my size - that's the reason.
I wish your feet were size eleven.

Eddy grabs the briefcase (to fit in) and races away.

INT. 14TH FLOOR HALLWAY -- DAY

Eddy races down the hall to the elevator banks at warp drive. Looks like a businessman, except for the tennis shoes.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING -- DAY

Eddy bursts out of the elevator, rushes to the doors.

The lobby is wall-to-wall windows, but the SECURITY GUARD is standing in front of the glass doors - looking out.

Blocking Eddy's exit.

Time - 3:17.

Eddy pushes the Security Guard aside.

EDDY
You look through a window, you walk
through a door.

Blasts out to the plaza and...

EXT. DECATUR STREET -- DAY

Office complex behind him, Eddy runs down the sidewalk.
Time running out.

A group of PEDESTRIANS blocks the sidewalk in front of him.
Eddy expertly weaves between them, like it's an Olympic sport.

EDDY
Excuse me. Pardon me.

Ahead: a major cross street.
The sign says: Washington Blvd.
He's going to make it!

Three WOMEN walking side-by-side block the entire sidewalk.
They see Eddy coming toward them - and do nothing.

EDDY
Excuse me.

The Women continue forward, on a collision course with Eddy.
Eddy has to shove one aside to get past.

EDDY
It's a sidewalk. Pick a side! And
start walking!

WOMAN
How rude.

Eddy gets past them and races to the corner...
...Hears the phone ringing...
...Where is it?

Spots the phone booth in front of a drug store.

A HOMELESS MAN looks at the ringing phone. Picks it up.

HOMELESS
Hello?

Eddy yanks the phone out of his hand.

EDDY
It's for me.

Eddy looks at the time - 00:02.
 Then the LED goes dark.
 The timer shuts down.
 He is free!

HOMELESS

Not even gonna say thanks? What
 happened to manners in this --

Eddy pushes him away.

EDDY

Just fuck off, okay?

Homeless guy looks hurt, shuffles away.

EDDY

(to phone)

Sorry, some homeless guy.

CONTROL (V.O.)

All you have to do is pick up the
 phone by the tenth ring. You're
 still wearing tennis shoes --

Eddy looks around the intersection.

Everyone on the street is suddenly suspect: A guy painting a
 sign, a power company guy up a pole, a woman walking her
 dog, a gangbanger chain smoking and reading a comic book.

EDDY

I couldn't get the shoes. But that's
 your fucking fault. I didn't ask
 for that cop to come over --

A woman with a stroller? Guy in a wheelchair waiting for a
 bus? People in parked cars? It could be anybody.

CONTROL (V.O.)

You are wasting my time.

EDDY

I did what you asked, how do I get
 this damned thing out?

Eddy looks at the stitches - a doctor's work.

CONTROL (V.O.)

The timer is reset. Your next task --

The LED starts ticking at 59:59!

Once more, his life has a limit: 59:58, 59:57, 59:56, 59:55.

EDDY

What the hell?

CONTROL (V.O.)

Listen to me -- Your next task is to steal a late model Mercedes, Lexus, Jaguar, BMW or Rolls Royce.

EDDY

Hummers and SUVs not good enough?

CONTROL (V.O.)

You won't be going off road.

EDDY

Steal a man's suit, steal a man's car, what's next? Steal a man's house? Steal his wife?

CONTROL (V.O.)

Listen to me --

EDDY

Why are you doing this to me? Did I insult you or cut you off on the freeway or screw your wife or --

CONTROL (V.O.)

You are wasting time.

EDDY

It's my time, isn't it? I'm the one who blows up, right?

CONTROL (V.O.)

The car will be black. Nothing over two years old.

EDDY

Why steal an old car?

CONTROL (V.O.)

You will drive the car to the corner of Washington and Beauchamp --

EDDY

Where there's a pay phone.

CONTROL (V.O.)

Answer by the tenth ring.

EDDY

You never answered my question: What the hell did I ever do to you?

Dial tone.

Eddy hangs up, checks the...

Time - 56:23.

INT. MOTEL ROOM -- DAY

Detective ELI RESCH pops open his ID for a UNIFORM Police Officer guarding the front door, moving like a center trying to make a basket before the buzzer. Constantly in motion.

DETECTIVE RESCH
Resch, Homicide.

Glides around the Uniform to the crime scene where a CSI TECH is dusting the headboard for fingerprints.

CSI TECH
Thought you were taking time off?

DETECTIVE RESCH
They're trying to force me to use my vacation time - three years worth.

CSI TECH
Three years? Why not take it? Go fishing or something.

DETECTIVE RESCH
Think today's contestant will mind?

CSI TECH
Ask him.

Resch looks beyond the bloody bed at... nothing.

DETECTIVE RESCH
Hey. Where'd he go?

UNIFORM
You're the detective. I was thinking this is just a crime scene and we're --

DETECTIVE RESCH
(puts on rubber gloves)
Who discovered this lack of body?

UNIFORM
Maid. She's downstairs. Doing her rounds and --

Resch looks under the bed, using a pocket flash. Dust bunnies, cigarette butts, used rubbers. Pops to his feet.

DETECTIVE RESCH
Chief wants me to do yoga, can you believe it? Who has time for that? The dead guy, wherever he is, isn't going to wait for me to take deep breaths and stretch and shit.

Detective Resch continues searching the room - very thorough.

CSI TECH
No shortage of prints. Both with
and without blood.

Looks over the bloody sheets and pillows.

DETECTIVE RESCH
Now that's what I call a blood pool.

There is a lot of blood... all of it Eddy's.

CSI TECH
Medical Examiner says he'll be here
as soon as you find a body.

DETECTIVE RESCH
Can't wait.

Detective Resch studies the bloody sheets and bedding.

DETECTIVE RESCH
Think that's more than two quarts?

CSI TECH
Looks like it.

DETECTIVE RESCH
More than two we got a homicide.

The Uniform Officer tries to earn brownie points.

UNIFORM
Nobody heard anything. No screams,
no gunshots, no fighting.

DETECTIVE RESCH
Place is a no-tell motel. Nobody
ever hears. Worried someone might
hear them: Yes! Oh, Yes! Right
there! My wife never lets me do
this at home! Oh, baby!

Resch pokes around in the bathroom, finds some bloody towels.

DETECTIVE RESCH
Looks like the guy took a shower
after he died.

CSI TECH
Or the killer did.

Detective Resch opens the closet.
Stops dead.
Bends down to examine the contents.

DETECTIVE RESCH

What's this? Anarchist's Bible.
Bomb making supplies. Caps, wires,
some R/C equipment... and C-4.

CSI TECH

Damn.

UNIFORM

You think the killer is some kind of
terrorist? Home grown Al Qaeda or --

Resch turns away from the closet.

DETECTIVE RESCH

Two and a half million people. One
of them's got a bomb. And a target.

UNIFORM

What do you think he wants?

DETECTIVE RESCH

I'll ask when I catch him.

CSI TECH

We're going to need someone from
Homeland Security down here.

DETECTIVE RESCH

You call 'em. I don't have the time.

Detective Resch glides around the Uniform at the door, leaves.

INT. MOTEL FRONT DESK -- DAY

Behind the counter, a shaggy DESK CLERK slowly digs through
the registration files. Yawns. Finds the card.

DETECTIVE RESCH

What's the name on the registration?

DESK CLERK

Edward Alan Heuer.

Hands him the card, along with a Xerox of his license.
Resch studies Eddy's driver's license photo for a moment
before jogging to his unmarked police car.

INT. PARKING GARAGE -- DAY

Eddy walks through an underground parking garage, shopping
for a black late model Lexus, Mercedes, Jag or Rolls.
Briefcase in one hand, a brick in the other.

Finds a black Lexus in the far corner.
Makes sure he's alone.

EDDY

My luck, I get the only guy who comes
running when his car alarm goes off.

Wham!

Slams the brick through the passenger window.
Glass shatters and the car alarm blares.

Eddy calmly reaches in, unlocks the door. Climbs into the
car and looks under the dashboard.

There really are a bundle of wires down there...

EDDY

Just like on TV.

But what wires do what?

EDDY

Red wires.

No tools, has to tear off insulation using his teeth and
fingernails. Touches the two red wires together...
Nothing.

EDDY

Green wires?

Gives that a try - no spark, no ignition.

A car engine echoes through the parking lot - someone coming.

Eddy dives out of the Lexus, skittering a couple of rows
away to hide behind a Van... just as the car glides past.

A new dark blue Mercedes.

The Mercedes parks, the Driver gets out and walks past Eddy.

Eddy steps out from behind the Van and follows.

Driver walks past the Lexus with the blaring alarm, scowls.

Eddy follows a couple of feet behind.

Driver continues to the elevator alcove, pushes the button.

Eddy follows him into the alcove, hefts the brick.

EDDY

Gimme your keys.

DRIVER

Excuse me?

EDDY

I said: Give me your car keys.

DRIVER

Fuck you. Help the economy - buy
your own damned car.

Eddy looks from the brick to the Driver - can he do this?
Lowers the brick.
The elevator doors open, the Driver steps inside.

DRIVER

You coming?

Eddy shakes his head.
Elevator doors close over the Driver.
Eddy drops the brick.

Walks out of the garage - alarm blaring behind him.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

Eddy walks down the sidewalk - no car.

Time - 35:17.

A dark colored Jaguar is tooling down the street.

Eddy steps onto the street, hand up to stop the car.
The Jaguar skids to a stop...

The JAG DRIVER sticks his head out the sun roof.

JAG DRIVER

Get out of the road asshole!

EDDY

Gimme your keys and nobody gets hurt.

JAG DRIVER

You want the car? Thought you were some
homeless creep looking for a hand out.

EDDY

The keys!

JAG DRIVER

Nobody gets hurt?

EDDY

Right.

JAG DRIVER

Wrong.

The Jag Driver sits back in the seat, fastens his seat belt,
roars the engine, pops he clutch...

The Jaguar ROARS at Eddy!

Eddy dives out of the way at the last second.
Lands HARD on the sidewalk as the Jaguar roars off.

A BYSTANDER looks down at Eddy.

BYSTANDER
You is the worse fucking jacker I
ever seen. But I'll take your wallet.

Grabs Eddy's coat in one hand, the other turns to a fist.

EDDY
Okay, man. Okay.

Pulls out the suit owner's wallet.

BYSTANDER
Better be some scratch in here, or I
be back to stomp your face.

Bystander walks away with the wallet.

Eddy drags himself to his feet, checks his own wallet - a few bucks left. Looks at the photo of Jennifer and Bobby for a moment. Light from the timer glows through his shirt.

EDDY
Fuck you.

Takes his time looking at what he's lost. Replaces the photo, pockets his wallet. Eddy walks down the street - no car.

Time - 24:53.

Then he sees the solution to the problem:

EXT. RESTAURANT -- DAY

A Man hands the keys for his brand new Escalade to a 20 year-old Mexican Kid. The Mexican Kid drives off with it!

EDDY
They just give you the keys.

The valet station is unattended for a moment, employee vest draped over the key rack. Eddy jogs over, looks for keys with a BMW, Rolls or Mercedes emblem.

BANDITO VALET
Excuse me?

A VALET with a bandito moustache - right behind him!
Eddy takes off his jacket and puts on the vest.

EDDY
Sorry I'm late.
(MORE)

EDDY (CONT'D)
 (extends his hand)
 Eddy - they hired me yesterday.

BANDITO VALET
 Knew Estephen was looking, didn't
 think he'd found anybody.

EDDY
 He is kind of picky.

BANDITO VALET
 What's with the suit?

EDDY
 Interviewing for a better job later.

Bandito nods - this job sucks, minimum including tips.
 A Woman leaves the restaurant, waves her ticket at them.

BANDITO VALET
 You take this one.

Eddy puts on a smile and takes the woman's ticket.

EDDY
 Have it for you in a second.

Eddy takes the ticket to the key rack, searches for the
 corresponding other half. Hopes for a BMW or Mercedes emblem
 on the key chain - no such luck. Notes the hook number the
 keys are on - 17. Runs down the parking ramp.

INT. PARKING GARAGE -- DAY

Eddy runs down to the section of the parking lot reserved
 for valet parking. Which car is it?

Searches for a moment.
 Notices the parking spaces are numbered.
 Finds #17 - a bright yellow pick up truck.
 The keys fit.
 Climbs in and drives it up.

EXT. RESTAURANT -- DAY

Eddy hands the keys to the Woman, and she hands him \$5.
 Not bad.

EDDY
 Thank you.

An SUV drives up, and Eddy opens the door for the driver,
 hands him his half of the valet ticket, gets in, drives off.

A moment later he's jogging up the ramp with the keys and
 other half of the ticket, which he puts on the key rack.

Time - 14:37.

Another Businessman hands Eddy his ticket.
 They ticket matches the keys for space 37.
 Eddy jogs down, hoping for something from his list.

INT. PARKING GARAGE -- DAY

Space 37 - a pink Volvo. Pink?
 Eddy gets in the car, drives it up the ramp.

EXT. RESTAURANT -- DAY

A \$1 tip from the Businessman.

Time - 12:59.
 He's running out of time!

That's when the black Mercedes pulls up and the Slacker Driver hands Eddy his keys.

SLACKER
 Brand new. Park it someplace safe.

EDDY
 I'll take good care of it.

Eddy hands him half the ticket and gets in the car.

INT. MERCEDES -- DAY

Eddy stalls to let the Slacker Driver enter the restaurant.

Jumps out for a moment to grab his jacket.

Climbs back in the Mercedes, roaring off down the street.
 On the passenger seat: \$18 in tips.

Eddy checks the time - 10:23.

EDDY
 Washington and Beauchamp. Twenty
 blocks. Should be easy.

At the intersection in front of him, the light turns red.
 The car in front of Eddy stops.

Eddy pumps the brakes - looks at the sidewalk - will the Mercedes fit between the newspaper machines and building?

Eddy gets ready to jump the curb...
 Decides to wait for the light.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

Light turns green.
 The car in front Eddy's Mercedes doesn't move.

WOMAN inside is talking on her cell phone.

INT. MERCEDES -- DAY

Eddy waits a moment before tapping the horn.

EDDY

Put 'em on hold until the next light.

The Woman holds up a finger - just a minute.

Eddy taps the horn again.

The woman holds up a different finger - fuck you.

Eddy leans on the horn, eases forward and taps the bumper.

The Woman flips off Eddy, puts her car in gear, zooms away.

Eddy hits the gas, blasts down the street, timer ticking.
Trapped in the narrow right lane by traffic.

EDDY

Break it up a little.

The door to a parked car opens right in front of Eddy.

EDDY

Look first!

Hits the brakes, waits as the DRIVER gets out of the car,
grabs a bag from the back seat, closes the door. Eddy waits
until the Driver gets out of his way, then hits the gas.

The lane ahead is almost empty - Eddy accelerates.

A NEW CAR swerves from the far left lane into Eddy's lane.

Eddy hits the brakes.

EDDY

If your turn signals don't work,
maybe you should take the car back!

Uses his turn signal and changes lanes.
Glances down to the LED...

Time - 4:17.

Looks up to see a PEDESTRIAN running across the street against
the light to catch a bus. Has to slam on the brakes.

EDDY

Gonna end up a hood ornament.

Eddy brings the car back to speed, checks street signs.
Beauchamp is three blocks away.

Time - 3:43.

The light at the intersection turns red.
 Eddy hits the brakes.
 Waits.
 Waits.
 The cross traffic light turns yellow.
 Eddy gets his foot ready on the gas pedal.

The light finally turns green.
 Eddy zooms into the intersection...
 A car running the red ROARS right at him!

Eddy twist his wheel...
 ...Skidding out of the way...
 ...Sliding sideways across the intersection...
 ...Into oncoming traffic!

EDDY

Shit.

Eddy steers into the slide.
 The Mercedes brushes a Truck going the opposite direction.
 Sparks spray between the two vehicles.
 Eddy gets back in his lane and roars away.

EXT. BEAUCHAMP AND WASHINGTON -- DAY

Eddy's Mercedes stops at the light.

INT. MERCEDES -- DAY

Eddy looks from corner to corner for the phone booth.
 Spots it - on the other side of the street.

EDDY

Left turn from the right lane?

Not a good idea.

When the light turns green, Eddy pulls the Mercedes into the
 strip mall on the right side of the street, scrambles out.

EXT. BEAUCHAMP AND WASHINGTON -- DAY

Light still green - traffic flowing like a river of steel.
 The Don't Walk light bright red.

Eddy gauges traffic and dashes across the street. Cars roar
 at him. He spins away, almost getting hit.

DRIVER

Get out of the fucking street!

EDDY

(to self)

Now I'm the hood ornament.

Halfway across the street he has to deal with traffic flowing the other direction - gauging the space between cars.

From this angle, the Don't Walk light is flipping him off.
Time - 1:23

Running out of time - his life ticking away second by second.

Eddy fights his way across - cars screaming at him.
Gets to the safety of the sidewalk...
The light changes.
The sign says Walk - shows a green dude walking.

Eddy races to the pay phone.
Gets there before it starts ringing.
00:57 seconds to spare.

Eddy picks up the phone on the first ring.

EDDY

I'm really tired of this bullshit.

CONTROL

Listen to me --

The timer stops and goes dark under his skin. Eddy is tired of being a pawn, makes his move to take control...

EDDY

Push the button if you want. I don't give a damn.

CONTROL

Then why race across the street to answer the phone? Why not just wait until the timer hit zero?

EDDY

What the hell did I ever do to you?

CONTROL

You were chosen at random.

EDDY

You want me to go to a specific building where I mug a man for his clothes, and you're not just picky about the make and model of car, you have a specific color in mind. But I've been chosen at random?

CONTROL

Drive to 1437 Paseo Breeze Drive.

Eddy reluctantly scribbles down the address. Pissed off.

EDDY

Where the hell is that?

CONTROL

In the hills.

EDDY

Bet it has a great view of the city.

CONTROL

You will find an office inside the house with an old oak desk. Second floor. Steal the contents of the second drawer down on the right side.

EDDY

Steal from the first drawer I explode?

CONTROL

The phone is at Lorenzi Park, the corner of Washington and Twin Lakes.

EDDY

My son plays baseball there. When is this game over? When do I get my life back?

CONTROL

Do you really want it back?

Click. The phone goes dead...
And the bomb timer activates again.

EDDY

Fuck!

Time - 59:59.

Eddy pops open the phone book and rips out the map pages in front. Then he races back to the stolen Mercedes.

INT. PAUL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Paul in a bathrobe looks at Detective Resch's badge with bleary eyes. Still half asleep.

DETECTIVE RESCH

Out late?

PAUL

I work graveyard at 7-11 full time - 11pm to 8am. Your lucky day, three days a week I drive a cab after that. They used to call that moonlighting. Now it's just life.

Resch shows the motel registration in an evidence envelope. Xerox of Eddy's driver's license on the other side.

DETECTIVE RESCH
Eddy Hauer live here?

PAUL
His things are over there.

Nods to the wheeled suitcase.

DETECTIVE RESCH
You don't want to know what he did?

PAUL
Fell off his barstool? Public
urination? Eddy doesn't do anything.

Detective Resch looks around the one bedroom apartment.

DETECTIVE RESCH
What's your relationship?

PAUL
Think we're fruiterers or something?
Used to work together at Wittnaur.
Closed the plant, Eddy split with
his wife, ended up here.

Detective Resch looks through the suitcase. Photos of
Jennifer and Bobby, cool antique clock, diploma, bowling
trophy, everything else of value you collect over a lifetime.

DETECTIVE RESCH
Was he angry about that?

PAUL
Would you be if someone pulled your
job out from under you?

DETECTIVE RESCH
Angry enough to hurt someone?

PAUL
Know how they say you can only push
a man so hard before he pushes back?
They took all the push out of Eddy.

DETECTIVE RESCH
Who did?

PAUL
The fucking world, man. Work your
ass off for a company, hard times
come, they ask for a pay cut to keep
our jobs. You don't like it, but
you're in this together, right?

DETECTIVE RESCH
What can one man do?

PAUL

Food prices don't go down, gas prices don't go down, but wages go down. Except for the CEOs - they get bonuses.

DETECTIVE RESCH

He ever talk about getting revenge?

PAUL

Revenge? How do you get revenge? Used to be it was about making a good product. Now it's all about making money for the Execs.

DETECTIVE RESCH

Eddy holds them responsible?

PAUL

When things went to hell, they laid off employees and closed plants... and saved enough money to pay back their government loans so they could go back to getting those million dollar bonuses. They ARE responsible.

DETECTIVE RESCH

You some sort of socialist?

PAUL

I work my ass off, I just want my fair share. Why should some CEO get four hundred times what I make? People complain about the government, but the President only makes eight times what I made.

DETECTIVE RESCH

Heuer have any explosives training? Maybe in the military?

PAUL

He worked the line - what would he know about explosives?

DETECTIVE RESCH

Found bomb making equipment in his motel room. And blood. Lots of it.

PAUL

Crap... what the hell happened?

DETECTIVE RESCH

Think he's the kind of guy to snap?

PAUL

Wasn't married to him, just gave him a place to crash. Why not ask Jen?

Resch turns the evidence bag around to the drivers license.

DETECTIVE RESCH
That her address?

PAUL
(nods)
Can I go back to sleep now?

Detective Resch doesn't stick around to answer.

EXT. UNMARKED CAR -- DAY

Detective Resch pops the door, grabs the microphone.

DETECTIVE RESCH
I need an APB on Edward Alan Heuer.
DOB 7/20/67, brown and brown. Subject
considered armed and dangerous.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
Copy Cobra Seven - Edward Alan Heuer.
Armed and dangerous.

DETECTIVE RESCH
I also need a seven man tact team at --
(reads license)
-- 2713 Sahara Avenue.

EXT. PASEO BREEZE DRIVE -- DAY

The stolen Mercedes cruises. This isn't a gated community - every house has its own gate. People living the American Dream while Eddy lives the American Nightmare.

INT. MERCEDES -- DAY

The higher up the hill, the more luxurious the homes. Eventually, you can't see the homes for the gates.

Passes a Jaguar, a BMW, a Mercedes and a Rolls before spotting a gate with "1437" written on it.

EDDY
There we go.

Eddy passes the gate and parks on the shoulder near an "Armed Response" sign for Ray Olen Security.

EXT. PASEO BREEZE DRIVE -- DAY

Eddy goes to the front gate and pushes the com buzzer.

EDDY
Metro Messenger.

Hits the buzzer again. Waits. Still no answer.

EDDY
 Guess nobody's home.

Eddy notices a security camera above the gate and walks away in character instead of climbing over.

EXT. PASEO BREEZE DRIVE -- DAY

Eddy follows the wall a few dozen feet from the street.
 No cameras back here - just a six foot tall wall.

Pulls back his shirt to check the clock.
 Time - 46:23...
 ...46:22...
 ...46:21...

Eddy fills a pocket with stones, climbs a tree next to the wall. A dozen feet up he finds a place to sit, and looks at the multi-story house with the view of the city below.

Pulls a stone from his pocket and throws it at the house.
 Falls short.
 Tries again.
 Still short.

EDDY
 There goes my major league career.

Lowers himself to the top of the wall.

EXT. HILLSIDE ESTATE -- DAY

Eddy drops to the well-manicured lawn and stays still.
 Checks his stitches - raw and bloody and strained.
 Swell.

Looks around for signs of life.
 Carefully creeps closer to the house.

Circles to the garage side of the house, creeps up to the windows to look inside.

INSIDE THE THREE CAR GARAGE

No cars. A pair of custom motorcycles. One wall is converted into the ultimate workshop - every power tool known to man.

A security keypad on the wall near the house entry.

EXT. HILLSIDE ESTATE -- DAY

Eddy creeps to the front door, knocks.

EDDY
 Metro Messengers.

No one is home.

Eddy carefully circles the house, looking for a way in.
An open window. An attic vent. Anything.

Every window has alarm contacts.

Moves around the house, looking for a way in.
Pulls up his shirt to check the...
Time - 42:12.

EDDY

Armed response. What's the response
time? Ten minutes? Five?

Almost all the way around the house, he spots the doggy door.

Eddy bends down to examine it. A typical doggy door.
He pushes it with his finger and it sways back and forth.

No alarms for Fido.

Eddy gives the doggy door a final look before trying to
squeeze through into the house.

INT. HILLSIDE ESTATE -- DAY

Eddy has trouble fitting his human body through the doggie
door - his hips get caught. Has to corkscrew his body to
fit. After his hips clear he continues crawling through...

Until he comes face to face with Fido...
A growling, sharp-toothed, Standard Poodle.
Teeth that could take a big chunk out of Eddy's face.

EDDY

Nice doggy.

The Poodle snaps razor-sharp teeth at him. A blue ribbon on
it's head.

EDDY

Not nice doggy.

The Poodle pounces at him, teeth barred!
Eddy rolls away.
The Poodle slides on kitchen tile.
Paws skittering, the Poodle turns and pounces again.

EDDY

Friggin' evil doggy.

Eddy scurries away from snapping teeth.
Snap!

Teeth tear into his coat, shredding it.
Stitches tearing open again, blood seeping.
Eddy scrambles back.
Snap!

EDDY

Damned drag queen dog!

Eddy keeps scrambling back.
Slams into the refrigerator door.
Trapped.
Time ticking away - 37:42 - his life ticking away.

The deadly doggie snarls, pounces on him!

Eddy tries to use the fridge door as a shield.
Notices half a roast in the fridge.
Grabs it and throws it at the charging dog.

The vicious poodle grabs it out of the air like a Frisbee.
Completely forgets about Eddy.
Lays on the kitchen floor gnawing at the roast.

EDDY

Good drag queen doggie.

Slides out from behind the refrigerator door.

The Poodle growls to keep him away from the roast.

Eddy gives the drag queen dog plenty of space as he makes his way to the door. Pulls up his shirt - some stitches are open and some organ is protruding from the tear...

Time - 35:27.

HALLWAY

Lined with elegantly framed family photos. Smiling Husband. Beautiful Wife. Boy, maybe twelve. Girl, maybe six.

The perfect family for the perfect house. Eddy studies the photos for a moment - the boy reminds him of his son.

THE LIVING ROOM

Massive. Elegant. Formal.

Near the front door a security keypad on the wall. The red "on" light is blinking and the screen reads "All On - Secure". Doesn't seem he's set off the alarm.

Eddy moves back to the hallway, looks for the Study.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET -- DAY

A well manicured home in a quiet older suburban neighborhood. Overly happy sign on the mailbox says "The Heuers". No cars pass the house.

A half block down the street, barricades and a seven man POLICE TACTICAL SQUAD lead by Tact Sgt. ORIS await a briefing from Detective Eli Resch... who jogs from his car.

SGT. ORIS
What's the sitch?

DETECTIVE RESCH
Got a 36 year old male. Edward Alan Heuer. Lost his job two years ago, wife dumped him --

SGT. ORIS
Think we'll cheer him up?

DETECTIVE RESCH
Checked out of his motel room two and a half hours ago - left behind a lot of blood plus some left over bomb making equipment.

SGT. ORIS
What we looking at?

DETECTIVE RESCH
He was working with C4. Hard to tell how much.

SGT. ORIS
Should have called bomb squad. This his residence?

DETECTIVE RESCH
Ex-wife and son. He may have severed ties before moving on to his target.

SGT. ORIS
Which is?

DETECTIVE RESCH
I'm getting a list of every big event going down today. Who knows - maybe the President's in town?

Oris turns his TEAM.

SGT. ORIS
We have a potential hostage situation. Man with an explosive device. Woman and child may be in the residence, so watch your backgrounds.
(nods to team members)
Mextim, Bunz and Mercher - take the back. Raymond - left yard. Cuttron - right side of the house. Aero and Dolan - we'll take the door.

The TEAM MEMBERS split up and jog to their positions.

DETECTIVE RESCH
What do you want me to do?

SGT. ORIS
Stay out of our way.

EXT. HEUER HOME -- DAY

Oris, DOLAN and AERO creep to the front door of the house. Assault rifles ready. Protective visors lowered.

Oris hits the door bell.
No answer.
Knocks.
No answer.

Speaks into his lapel radio.

SGT. ORIS
Going in.

Wham! Dolan uses a ram to break down the door. Oris and Aero move inside, rifles ready for action.

INT. HEUER HOME -- DAY

The entire Tactical Team swarms in, taking it one room at a time. When the room is searched, the officer yells:

DOLAN
Clear!

"Clear!"s from all over the house.

Detective Resch walks through the ripped open front door.

SGT. ORIS
Looks like nobody's home.

DETECTIVE RESCH
Blood? Bodies?

SGT. ORIS
City owes someone a new front door.

DETECTIVE RESCH
Wonder where the wife and kid are?

From the kitchen, Dolan answers.

DOLAN (O.S.)
Lorenzi Park. Softball game.

Resch and Oris move to the kitchen doorway, look at Dolan. Dolan points at the event calendar on the wall.

DOLAN

Right here on the calendar.

Detective Resch jogs to the front door, followed by Oris.

DETECTIVE RESCH

Somebody needs to stay here, case
this guy shows up. He's out there -
don't know his target.

SGT. ORIS

You find him, give us a call.

DETECTIVE RESCH

I don't have the time...

Detective Resch blasts out of the house.

INT. HILLSIDE ESTATE -- DAY

Eddy moves down the Upstairs Hallway, popping open doors
looking for the study and the desk and the second drawer.

Time - 23:17... his life ticking away!

YOUNG TEEN BOY'S ROOM

Frogs and snails and puppy dog tails.
Plus a ton of basketball memorabilia and posters.
An autographed LA Lakers poster - everyone on the team.
A brand new iPod-video, an Xbox-360, every video game made.
Eddy couldn't afford any of this stuff for his kid.

Hears a noise.
The front door closing!

Through the BOY'S ROOM down the UPSTAIRS HALLWAY down the
STAIRS down the HALLWAY past the DINING ROOM to...

THE LIVING ROOM

The security keypad on the wall.
The red alarm light no longer blinks - it's bright red.
The screen reads: "INTRUDER - FRONT DOOR" and large numbers
count down by seconds. Started at 120, now it's at 53.
52.
51.
50.
49.
48.

A beautifully manicured hand taps in the security code,
halting the countdown at 21.

"INTRUDER - FRONT DOOR" is replaced with "READY" and the
light changes from bright red to green.

DOROTHY CASSIO turns from the keypad, a dry cleaning bag with an elegant evening gown in one hand. She's the beautiful wife from the hallway photos.

DOROTHY
Tommy? Deb?

HALLWAY

Dorothy carries the gown past the family photos to the stairs. Climbs... to where Eddy is!

Eddy zips out of the Boy's Room stops when he hears her walking up the stairs toward him.

Trapped.

Eddy sees the top of her head, scrambles back two steps. Pushes the door on the opposite side of the hall.

Locked.

She takes two more steps up, Eddy sees her head top again. He stumbles back a few feet to the next door. Pushes it open. Sees the top of her head again. Dives through the open door.

THE STUDY

Eddy lands quietly on the carpet. Holds perfectly still to prevent noise. Hears Dorothy's footsteps coming down the hall. She will pass the half open door to reach the Master Bedroom.

Eddy lays on the carpet in plain sight. If she looks in - Eddy is screwed. If she comes into the room - Eddy is probably dead.

Dorothy walks past the doorway with the dry cleaning bag. She doesn't stop, she doesn't look in.

When she's gone, Eddy crawls across the room to the huge antique oak desk. Top of the line computer on top.

Eddy glances at the door before easing open the top drawer.

INSIDE: Scotch tape and office supplies.

He pulls up his shirt, pokes the organ back behind the stitches, uses the Scotch tape to wrap around his body, holding him together. Takes the whole roll.

Eases open the second drawer on the right side, looks inside.

INSIDE: a bundle of mail, including several envelopes with his old company's logo and something from a law firm.

Starts to reach inside when he hears...

Dorothy walking down the hallway!

Eddy stays perfectly still - like a statue - as Dorothy stops at the Study door!

DOROTHY
House must be shifting.

Pulls the door closed and continues to the stairs.
Eddy listens to her walk down the stairs.
Then glides the drawer open quietly, pulls out the bundle.

All of the envelopes are addressed to Ronald Cassio, General Manager - Personnel, Wittnaur Industries.

Time - 18:43.

Eddy sits in the executive chair to study the envelopes, but gets distracted by the photos on the walls. Ronald Cassio shaking hands with businessmen, celebrities, politicians... Three Presidents of the United States.

EDDY
Who is this guy?

Suddenly - yelling from downstairs!

DOROTHY (O.S.)
What?! Mr. Diesel, what have you done? Bad dog! Bad dog!

Eddy hears the cross-dressing dog yelp.

DOROTHY (O.S.)
How did you get the refrigerator door open? Outside, Mr. Diesel!

The kitchen door slams shut.

Eddy pockets the envelopes, presses the Internet icon on the computer, gets Explorer....

And a news page. Guess whose photo is under local news along with the headline "Search For Bomb Maker"?

EDDY
Shit.

He Googles Ronald Cassio and Wittnaur. Gets a dozen news headlines and photos:

- 1) "Wittnaur Retires Pension Plan"
- 2) "Ties With Thailand: Wittnaur Outsouces 120k Jobs"

- 3) "Healthcare is History at Wittnaur"
- 4) "Board Wars: Wittnaur Heir Takes On CEO Courtland"
- 5) "Old Guard vs. New Guard at Wittnaur"
- 6) "Courtland's \$6.5 Million Bonus - Who Pays?"

Eddy clicks on "Board Wars", gets a video clip from Bloomberg.

NEWS READER (V.O.)

The biggest battle of the year won't
be in Afghanistan or Syria --

Quickly clicks the video off before the woman hears it.
Stays very quiet for a moment - listening.

Nothing.

Eddy pushes back the desk chair, leaves the room.

Returns with the iPod-video and plugs it in to the computer.

Downloads the video clip.

Downloads the other articles.

Turns off the computer and checks the...

Time - 13:33.

Got to get out of here! Running out of time!

Eddy pockets the iPod, makes sure the room looks untouched.
Leaves quietly.

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

Eddy heads to the stairs and stops, listening.
Dorothy cleaning up.

DOROTHY (O.S.)

Opening refrigerator doors. Maybe I
can get you on Letterman?

Eddy quietly climbs down the stairs.

HALLWAY

Eddy stops at the base of the stairs, listening.
Dorothy is still in the kitchen - the doggy door is out.

Eddy looks down the hall to the front door.

Time - 12:42.

DOROTHY (O.S.)

Tommy?

Eddy hears her walking to the Hallway...
 Quickly zooms back to the stairs and hides.
 Eddy uses the chrome back of the iPod as a mirror.

REFLECTED IN THE IPOD

Dorothy pokes her head out of the kitchen and looks from the front doors to the hallway.

Nobody there.

Dorothy disappears back into the kitchen.

HALLWAY

Eddy lowers the iPod and waits a beat.
 Moves back into the hallway.
 Headed to the front door.

DOROTHY (O.S.)
 Out Mr. Diesel! You're a bad dog!

Eddy jumps. Regains composure and crosses the house.

THE LIVING ROOM

Eddy gets to the front door, reaches for the door knob.
 It starts turning!
 Opening!

Eddy dives behind the sofa just as the door opens and TOMMY enters, backpack slung over his shoulder.

TOMMY
 Mom? I'm home. What's for snack?

Tommy tosses his backpack on the sofa... will he sit down only a few inches from where Eddy hides?

DOROTHY (O.S.)
 Brussel sprouts!

Tommy heads to the kitchen.

When he's gone, Eddy crawls from behind the sofa, heads to the front door.

Takes a look at the doorway to the dining room and kitchen.
 No one there.
 Grabs the door knob and twists.

DOROTHY (O.S.)
 Have any homework?

Coming closer!

Eddy opens the front door and slides through moments before Dorothy enters the living room.

DOROTHY
Tommy! You left the front door open!

EXT. HILLSIDE ESTATE -- DAY

Eddy swings out of sight as Dorothy looks out the front door before closing it. When he's sure she's gone, he jogs down the driveway to the front gate.

Which is locked.

There's a sensor pad in the driveway - tries jumping on it. Nothing.

Then barking.
Turns to see the damned drag queen dog charging at him!

EDDY
Shit!

Trapped.
The dog gets closer.
Closer.
Closer!

Eddy presses against the wall...
And the gate starts to open!

The drag queen dog bounds along side an SUV being driven by the MAID, with DEBBIE CASSIO in the back seat.

Eddy squeezes out the gate before it closes.

The SUV continues down the long driveway to the house with the drag queen dog running along side.

EXT. PASEO BREEZE DRIVE -- DAY

Eddy jogs down to where he's parked his stolen car.
Pulls the keys from his pocket.

INT. MERCEDES -- DAY

Eddy climbs in, tosses the iPod-video on the passenger seat, and pulls up his shirt to check the...

Time - 7:12...
...7:11...

Starts the car and zooms out of there. Can he make it to the pay phone in time? Seconds tick away...

EXT. PASEO BREEZE DRIVE -- DAY

The Mercedes roars down the hill to town.

INT. MERCEDES -- DAY

Eddy clicks on the iPod-video, holding it in his hand as he watches the news clip and drives back to town... against the clock! One eye on the road, the other on the iPod.

ON THE IPOD SCREEN

The Bloomberg News logo... then the screen is taken over by every sort of ticker, graph and border runner leaving only the top left quarter of the screen free for...

A McLaughlin-like NEWS READER in a very conservative suit.

NEWS READER (V.O.)

The biggest battle this week won't be in Afghanistan, it will be at the annual stockholder's meeting of Wittnaur Industries where the fate of one of America's oldest companies hangs in the balance.

Glances at the road just in time to see the sharp curve and correct steering before he flies off the cliff.

Hard to watch the road and that little iPod screen when three quarters of the screen is taken up with tickers.

NEWS READER (V.O.)

It's old school represented by Roy Wittnaur, grand nephew of the company's founder, versus new school slice and dice CEO Michael Courtland.

Even in a quarter of a very small screen MICHAEL COURTLAND looks larger than life. Handsome, charismatic, and slick.

COURTLAND (V.O.)

Wittnaur was a dinosaur. I've turned it around. Even after the economic downturn, this company has seen record profit under my guidance.

Everyone's favorite uncle, ROY WITTNAUR makes Santa Claus look a little mean. He has the eyes of a pixie.

WITTNAUR (V.O.)

Short term earnings are not long term gains. In ten years Courtland has trashed a company which took my family three generations to build.

(MORE)

WITTNAUR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

We had the best healthcare plan - gone. The best retirement package for our employees - gone. In fact, our employees - gone.

Eddy looks away from the screen when he hears the car horn. A gardener's truck coming right at him!

Eddy has crossed the line, on the wrong side of the road. He twists the wheel just in time - the truck zooms past.

NEWS READER (V.O.)

Company CFO, David Lochman, sees it differently.

Young, aggressive, shark-like, DAVID LOCHMAN jumps in.

LOCHMAN (V.O.)

Out-sourcing is a legitimate method of cutting costs. This is a business, not a charity. We're here to make money for the stockholders.

NEWS READER (V.O.)

Personnel GM Ronald Cassio.

Eddy focuses on the little screen - there's the guy shaking hands with Presidents - RONALD CASSIO.

EDDY

Your dog needs counseling.

CASSIO (V.O.)

Our employees used to be our best customers. These days only the CEO with his eight and a half million dollar bonus can afford to buy our products.

COURTLAND (V.O.)

I earned that eight and a half million dollar bonus. Our fourth quarter profits were remarkable. Remarkable!

NEWS READER (V.O.)

But GM Lorenzo Mondaine sees a storm brewing on the horizon.

Cowboy company man MONDAINE adjusts his Stetson.

MONDAINE (V.O.)

So far this year we've had two major product recalls. Profits may be up, but sales are down.

(MORE)

MONDAINE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'm sure that Courtland and his team will fix that by lowering prices - we can afford that with what we're paying those Thais and Indonesians. But the quality of the products?

Eddy looks away from the screen in time to turn onto Washington Street heading toward Lorenzi Park.

Looks at the time glowing through his shirt - 3:16!

3:15, 3:14, 3:13. 3:12. 3:11, 3:10, 3:09, 3:08, 3:07, 3:06!

When he looks back at the iPod, tigress JEAN HANART growls.

HANHART (V.O.)

If the products wear out, people will buy new ones - and our sales will increase. That's just good business.

1970s throwback BART GUBELIN shakes his mega-fro'ed head.

GUBELIN (V.O.)

Good business isn't looking at what's happening next quarter, it's making plans for the next decade and the next century. Tortoise and the hare.

Back to larger than life Courtland.

COURTLAND (V.O.)

Tortoise? Dinosaur? Whatever you want to call them, the stockholders are going to retire them on Friday.

But uncle Wittnaur gets the final word.

WITTNAUR (V.O.)

When my great uncle began this business at the turn of the last century, he wanted to make good products that American families could afford. Courtland and his gang have taken this company down the wrong path, and now, we're gonna throw the bums out.

The McLaughlin-esque New Reader gives his sly smile.

NEWS READER (V.O.)

Will it be out with the new or out with the old at Wittnaur? One thing is for sure - it will be a bloody battle and only one faction will be left standing on election day.

Eddy clicks off the iPod, pulls past a sign: Lorenzi Park.

EXT. LORENZI PARK -- DAY

A typical city park - baseball diamonds and swing sets and an ancient bank of pay phones on the edge of the parking lot.

The stolen Mercedes pulls to the end of the lot and parks.

Time - 0:57, 0:56, 0:55, 0:54, 0:53...

Eddy exits the Mercedes, approaches the bank of pay phones.
Eddy scoops up the phone at 0:01.

CONTROL (V.O.)
Cutting it close --

EDDY
Second drawer - a bundle of mail.
Hope that's what you wanted.

Cheering from the baseball field - someone hit a home run.
Eddy glances at the game for a moment.

Click. The timer starts rolling at 59:59!

CONTROL (V.O.)
Like to know what your next task is?

Eddy has had enough of this shit.

EDDY
Fuck you - push the button.
(smiles)
You can't. You need me. I don't
know why me, but I have the power.

CONTROL (V.O.)
Are you testing me?

EDDY
Blow me up, you have to start from
scratch. Find someone else to steal
your damned mail.

CONTROL (V.O.)
A minor inconvenience for me, death
for you. You are only one man, if
you die there are billions of others.

EDDY
Then push the button.

CONTROL
There is a manila envelope taped to
the shelf under the phone...

Eddy looks under the little ledge - behind the phone book is
a 9x11 envelope - the kind used for interoffice communication.

CONTROL

Break the seal and you will explode.

EDDY

What do I do? Take it to the post office for you? You going to give me extra time to stand in that frigging line?

Eddy slams the receiver down.
The red LED counts down under his skin.
57:32, 57:31, 57:30, 57:29....

He looks at the phone, willing it to ring.

EDDY

Ring, damn it!

No ring.

...56:18...
 ...56:17...
 ...56:16...
 ...56:15...

No ring.

Eddy turns from the phone.
Cheering from the baseball field - someone makes a catch.

Eddy looks at the little league game in progress. The kid in the outfield who made the catch looks like Eddy's son, Bobby. This is what he has to lose. What he leaves behind. He tries not to break down... fails.

EDDY

What the hell have I done?

Ring! Eddy grabs the phone.

EDDY

Okay, tell me what you want.

CONTROL (V.O.)

I want to help you. But you won't let me. You keep pushing me away.

EDDY

You want to help? Take this thing out of me. Now.

More cheers from parents and family at the baseball field. Eddy looks at the field - happy families, they may be broke, but they're still together, having fun...

CONTROL (V.O.)

Think that will solve your problems?

EDDY

Bullshit me on your time.

CONTROL (V.O.)

The Colibri Country Club on Twin
Lakes Drive. A few miles away.

EDDY

Gonna force me to play golf?

CONTROL (V.O.)

The locker room. Place the envelope
in locker number 1573. The name on
the locker is Lochman.

EDDY

How do I get into the locker?

CONTROL (V.O.)

You're motivated, you'll figure
something out.

EDDY

The pay phone?

CONTROL (V.O.)

Corner of Bonanza and Clarkway. You
have less than fifty three minutes.

Click. The phone goes dead.

Eddy hangs up and people cheer from the baseball field again.

He starts to the Mercedes... stops.

Speaks to who ever is watching him (God? Control?).

EDDY

Look, just give me this, okay?

Eddy walks to the baseball field.

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD -- DAY

On the bleachers watching the game is his ex-wife, Jennifer.
The team comes in at the end of the inning - that is Bobby.

Eddy moves to the cyclone fence near the dugout.

EDDY

Bobby?

BOBBY

Dad? What are you doing here?

EDDY

Needed to see you again.

BOBBY

You never come to my games.

EDDY

The biggest mistake of my life. Caught up in the bullshit and missed what's important. Your mom was my one true love and I screwed it all up.

BOBBY

The game's almost over.

EDDY

Bobby, listen to me, okay? People might say things about me - terrible things. They're making me do things I don't want to do.

BOBBY

What are you talking about?

EDDY

You may never see me again...

BOBBY

Dad, you're scaring me.

EDDY

I don't want you to remember me like this. Remember me the way I was.

BOBBY

Are you okay?

EDDY

The Christmas you got the bike and I taught you how to ride it. We ran over the Klein's mailbox. Tried to stand it up and it kept falling...

BOBBY

That was five years ago.

EDDY

Going to A's games. Up in the cheap seats. Playing catch in the yard.

BOBBY

We only went to three games - you were always working overtime.

Jennifer grabs his shoulder, pulls him around.

JENNIFER

Job interview?

EDDY

Jen? I'm so glad to see you. Bad things are happening. Really bad things. Everything is out of control --

JENNIFER

Where did you get that suit?

EDDY

They've pushed me into a corner, making me do crazy things --

She notices a stain on the sleeve.

JENNIFER

Is that blood?

EDDY

A vicious poodle attacked me. Had a blue bow in its hair, but razor teeth --

JENNIFER

(pulls away from him)
You're not making sense.

EDDY

I don't have much time --

JENNIFER

You show up for half an inning, and now you're going to leave?

EDDY

I don't want to leave, they're making --

Every time he moves to her, she moves away - like a dance.

JENNIFER

Great to know you finally got your priorities in order, Ed. Bobby's birthday was last month, we didn't even get a phone call, and now you think this is going to make up for it?

Eddy grabs her arms and shakes her violently.

EDDY

Listen to me! Okay? Just listen.

JENNIFER

Get your hands off me.

Tries to push him away, fails. He grips her arms.

EDDY

This may be the last time I ever talk to you.

JENNIFER
Sounds great to me.

EDDY
Listen damn it!

He's scaring her - but holds onto her. Time ticking away.

EDDY
I'm sorry. For everything. Life tripped me, and instead of getting back on my feet I stayed down. I screwed up, Jen. Screwed up big time.

Lets go of her. She softens.

JENNIFER
Ed, what are you doing here?

Jennifer's cell phone rings. She pulls it out of her pocket, looks at it, clicks it off - this is more important.

EDDY
I just needed to say that I love you. I always have loved you, and always will love you.

JENNIFER
There's no future for us...

EDDY
We have a past. All of those years together weren't a waste of time. They meant something. Didn't they?

JENNIFER
You can't live in the past...

EDDY
They were the best years of my life. I didn't know it, then.

JENNIFER
Those years are over. You have to bury them and get on with your life.

Eddy nods.
Calms down for a moment.
Time ticking away.

EDDY
Look, if something happens to me, I want you and Bobby to --

JENNIFER
What are you talking about?

EDDY

Jen, there's this voice on the pay phone - if I don't do what it says, he'll kill me. He made me fight the poodle and steal this suit and...

JENNIFER

Ed, you're really scaring me.

Looks from his frightened ex-wife to the bank of pay phones.

EDDY

This is part of his plan.

JENNIFER

You sure you're okay?

Eddy smiles, calms down. It all makes sense, now.

EDDY

If I die, just a simple funeral, okay? Don't waste any money on me.

JENNIFER

I can run you to the hospital...

EDDY

Just wanted you to know I was sorry. I figured out life only works if you live it. Now it's too late.

Gently, Eddy embraces her. Kisses her on the cheek.

A moment.

These two really had something, they belong together.

HIS RIGHT HAND drops the iPod into her left coat pocket.
HIS LEFT HAND scoops her cell phone out of the right pocket.

JENNIFER

Take care of yourself, okay?

Eddy turns, puts his hand on the chain link fence. Bobby puts his hand on the other side of the fence - almost touching his father's - but not quite.

EDDY

Don't forget me!

BOBBY

Dad?

Eddy walks away from his wife and son, gets in the Mercedes.

Jennifer and Bobby watch him zoom out of the parking lot. Then she reaches into her pocket for her cell phone...

Not there.
Tries the other pocket and comes out with the video iPod.

JENNIFER

Eddy? Eddy!

The Mercedes zooms away.
Jennifer studies the iPod.

INT. MERCEDES -- DAY

Eddy pulls open his shirt and studies the red LED.

Time - 27:13

EDDY

This one better be easy.

Looks up at the road to see a car coming right at him!
Swerving between lanes - Driver on a cell phone, wildly
gesturing with his other hand. In his own world.

Eddy avoids the oncoming car, almost ditching his Mercedes.
Gravel sprays.

Gets the Mercedes back on the asphalt.

Distracted Driver zooms away, behind him...

INT. UNMARKED CAR -- DAY

Detective Resch passes the Mercedes, getting a good look at
the driver... Eddy.

DETECTIVE RESCH

Where do you think you're going?

Pulls onto the shoulder, looks for traffic, then carefully U
turns to follow Eddy's stolen car.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

The unmarked car follows the Mercedes, keeping a couple of
car lengths between them. Not obvious, but not letting the
Mercedes get too far away.

They twist through the outskirts of the city...

INT. MERCEDES -- DAY

Eddy sees the ornate Country Club sign, pulls through the
gate onto the wide driveway.

EXT. COLIBRI COUNTRY CLUB -- DAY

A luxurious palace surrounded by lush green lawns. The finest
golf and tennis for two hundred miles in any direction.

Eddy doesn't belong here.

EDDY
All this for golf?

The Jaguar in front of him slows to a stop. A VALET jogs up to open the driver's door.

EDDY
Watch it - That's how I got this car.

Driver steps out, swaps the Valet his keys for a ticket. The Valet pulls golf clubs from the trunk, carries them to the front doors, then drives the car away. Another Valet opens his door.

EDDY
It's new, I'd like to park it myself.

VALET
I'll take care of it. Your clubs?

Eddy doesn't know what to say - grabs the envelope.

EDDY
Um... I'm meeting a friend for drinks.

VALET
You are a member of the club?

EDDY
I'm a guest of Bob Rogers.

Eddy reluctantly hands over the Mercedes keys. A Doorman open the club door, forcing Eddy to enter.

INT. COLIBRI COUNTRY CLUB -- DAY

Wealthy Business Owners engage in polite conversation while a String Quartet plays. Eddy goes to the bar.

The BARTENDER sets a wooden coaster in front of him.

BARTENDER
Yes, sir?

EDDY
First time here.

BARTENDER
Martini? Scotch rocks?

On the Bar TV: basketball interrupted by breaking news...

A shot of Eddy's House and the SWAT Team behind a REPORTER who speaks in Closed Captions - TV on Mute. Eddy's Drivers License Photo pops on screen.

The Bartender starts to turn to the TV screen...

EDDY

You have beer?

BARTENDER

Of course, sir. Rodenback Gran Cru,
Hoffmark Engle Boch, Lozen, Malheur --

No Budweiser or Miller or Coors?

On the Bar TV: Eddie's photo is replaced by an interview
with the SWAT Team Leader.

EDDY

Sorry, running late. Which way to
the locker room?

The Bartender removes the coaster.

BARTENDER

To your left, sir.

Eddy nods, walks away. Wealthy men sipping cocktails and
talking about the joys of outsourcing and government bail
outs and laugh about their retention bonuses.

EDDY

Club house. No girls allowed.

Two doors on the left side of the room. Tries one.

INT. BARBER SHOP -- DAY

Soft BUSINESSMEN getting manicures, pedicures and face peels.

COSMO

Here for a makeover? We could do
something fabulous with you!

COSMO, the flamboyant reception-person, comes out from the
podium behind him... startling him.

EDDY

Looking for the lockers.

Cosmo grab his hand to examine his nails. Eddy pulls away.

COSMO

You really must do something about
those hands. Do you use lotions?

EDDY

No...

He gets the hell out of there before he's made over.

INT. COLIBRI COUNTRY CLUB -- DAY

Tries the other door.

INT. LOCKER ROOM -- DAY

Eddy passes a door marked "Laundry" with a big wheeled hamper parked in front.

Rows of lockers.

Eddy picks an aisle, walks down it looking for number 1573.

MEN IN TOWELS move from lockers to showers and back. In his suit, Eddy is out of place - over dressed for a locker room.

BALDING TOWEL MAN

Our class B non-voting shares fell
51 cents on Tuesday and even though
our shares are up 2.4 percent so far
this year, they're looking at closing
a couple of divisions.

HAIRY TOWEL MAN

After the bail out we downsized, and
our operating income rose 29 percent.
Profits are up, too. My portfolio...

Eddy nods at them, wonders what language they're speaking.
Turns the corner to another row of lockers.

Finds #1573.

Checks his time: 19:37.

Tries to open the locker... it's padlocked.
Looks at the vents - too narrow for the envelope.

LOCHMAN

Hey! That's my locker!

Eddy spins. Steel-eyed DAVID LOCHMAN in tennis whites, is
right behind him. They are about the same size and build.

EDDY

Sorry. Dyslexic.

Eddy moves to the end of the row, pretends to open another
locker. Watches Lochman dial the combination lock, open the
locker, put his racquet inside. Then strip off his tennis
whites, close the locker and head to the showers in a towel.

When he's gone, Eddy goes back to the locker. Padlock hanging
through the hole. Pulls it out, opens the locker, exposing
a file of manila envelopes and a dry cleaning bag.

EDDY

My size?

Pulls the suit coat from the dry cleaning bag - matches his pants, so he tries it on. Perfect fit. Puts the doggie destroyed coat in the dry cleaning bag, grabs the manila envelope and...

DETECTIVE RESCH
Eddy? Eddy Heuer?

Eddy turns, envelope still in hand.

DETECTIVE RESCH
Just take it easy and listen to me.

Listen to me? Is this "Control"?

EDDY
Come to check up on me?

DETECTIVE RESCH
You don't have to do this.

EDDY
That thing inside me says otherwise.

DETECTIVE RESCH
I understand you're angry and want to hurt someone. We've all felt that anger growing inside --

EDDY
You think this is my choice? You think I want to do any of this?

DETECTIVE RESCH
You can't blame the world for your problems... or your actions.

EDDY
I don't. I blame you.

DETECTIVE RESCH
You don't even know me.

EDDY
Okay. Then I blame the voice that gives me all of these crazy tasks.

DETECTIVE RESCH
You're hearing voices?

EDDY
Why can't you just leave me alone?

DETECTIVE RESCH
Who do you think I am?

EDDY

You're the guy behind this crazy scavenger hunt.

Detective Resch is completely confused.
Eddy explodes.

EDDY

What the hell did I ever do to deserve this? Sure, I fucked up my whole life - but it's my life, isn't it? I have to live with it. Now fuck off and let me do your stupid job.

Eddy turns back to the locker, takes the envelope and --

DETECTIVE RESCH

Hold it right there.

Turns to see Detective Resch draw his gun.

DETECTIVE RESCH

Put the envelope down.

EDDY

First you want it in the locker, now--

Eddy notices the badge in Resch's other hand.

DETECTIVE RESCH

Detective Resch, homicide.

Eddy's turn to be confused.

DETECTIVE RESCH

Drop it. Kick it over here.

EDDY

I can't. They'll --

DETECTIVE RESCH

Do it!

Eddy drops the envelope, kicks it over.

EDDY

I should have lost time.
(feels his stomach -
no fast whirring)
No one is watching...

DETECTIVE RESCH

People are watching you?

EDDY

I never see them, but they're out there. I do something and they know.

Detective Resch is sure this guy is crazy.

DETECTIVE RESCH
I can help you.

Eddy pulls open his coat, exposing the ticking LED.

EDDY
You can't help me.

DETECTIVE RESCH
What the...?

Detective Resch watches the red LED tick away.
Time - 13:43...

...13:42...
...13:41...

EDDY
They put it inside me. Turned me
into their bitch.

DETECTIVE RESCH
Pennsylvania Pizza bomb.

EDDY
If they see you with me, they'll hit
the trigger. How'd you find me?

DETECTIVE RESCH
Been chasing you all day. Just came
from your house.

EDDY
You know, you can fit your entire
life into one piece of luggage.

DETECTIVE RESCH
I've seen it.

EDDY
Really?
(figures it out)
First you try to keep everything.
Then you make choices. Only take
what really matters. But you can't
take the most important things.
They're taken from you.

Detective Resch picks up the envelope, starts to open it.

EDDY
I have to put that in the locker
before he comes back.

DETECTIVE RESCH
What's in it?

EDDY
They don't tell me.

DETECTIVE RESCH
Who?

EDDY
My wife has an iPod --

Suddenly, Lochman in a towel charges down the aisle at Eddy.

LOCHMAN
Hey! That's my fucking locker!
What the hell are you doing!

Lochman slams Eddy away, coming between Eddy and Resch.

Eddy yanks the towel off Lochman, throws it at Resch.
Takes off running down the aisle.

The towel hits Resch in the face.
He pulls it off him.
A naked Lochman grabs the towel away from Resch.

LOCHMAN
Give me that!

Lochman fights Resch for the towel.
Resch tries to just give it to him and go after Eddy.
Lochman is too busy wrestling for the towel to take it.

Resch pushes him on his ass, chases after Eddy.

CENTER AISLE

Eddy comes to the end of the aisle.
Showers.
A dozen naked MEN.
A dead end.

EDDY
Shit.

Resch races down the aisle toward him.

DETECTIVE RESCH
Hold it right --

Eddy doesn't wait to hear more.
Spins around the last locker and races down the next aisle.
Back to the entrance.

Glances at the Time - 11:16. 11:15. 11:14. 11:13. 11:12.

LEFT AISLE

Eddy runs.

A NAKED FAT MAN blocks the aisle, putting on his socks.

EDDY

Pardon me.

Eddy jumps on the bench, racing across it past the Fat Man.

Detective Resch turns the corner, giving chase.
Gun in hand.

Eddy looks over his shoulder at Resch.
The Fat Man is in the way.
Eddy races to the entrance.

Resch slams into the naked Fat Man as he hops over the bench.
Almost falls down.
Finds his footing and continues the chase.

DETECTIVE RESCH

I don't have time for this.

Eddy looks over his shoulder.
Resch racing down the aisle behind him.
Closing in on him.

Detective Resch sees Eddy ahead of him.
Realizes he has a clean shot.
Raises his gun and aims.
Right down the sights at Eddy's back.

DETECTIVE RESCH

Damn it.

Makes a decision.
Lowers the gun.

ENTRANCE

Eddy gets to the end of the aisle.

The entrance right in front of him.
He's going to escape!

A TOWEL BOY pushes a cart through the doors.
Blocks Eddy's exit.

Eddy can't get around him.
Looks behind him - Detective Resch getting closer!
The door to the Laundry Room a few feet away.
Blocked by a cart full of dirty towels.

EDDY

Just let me go...

Eddy shoves the towel cart down the aisle at Detective Resch.
Grabs the door to the Laundry Room.
Dives into the Laundry Room.

INT. LAUNDRY ALCOVE -- DAY

Not a laundry room with dozens of machines washing towels...
A closet with a chute to the laundry room.

EDDY

Just isn't my day.

Pulls the door closed - Detective Resch only a few feet away.
When the door closes, he can't see Resch... but he's coming.
Eddy is trapped in a closet.
With an armed cop outside.

WHAM! Something hits the door.

Eddy has no choice - he jumps into the laundry chute!

Just as Eddy's feet disappear, Resch yanks the door open.

DETECTIVE RESCH

Stop or....?

The closet is empty.

INT. LAUNDRY CHUTE -- DAY

A funhouse ride.
A dark, narrow slide with a curve or two.
Eddy hurtles down the slide head-first.
Picking up speed.
No idea where he'll land.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM -- DAY

On his face.

Eddy shoots out of the chute into a big cart filled with
smelly used towels. Enough force to tip over the cart, spray
towels over the room.

Eddy removes a particularly gross towel from his face and
staggers to his feet. In pain - stitches stretched out.

INT. LAUNDRY ALCOVE -- DAY

Detective Resch aims his gun into the chute, looks inside.

Darkness.

INT. LAUNDRY ROOM -- DAY

Eddy looks around the dark room - this is where the washers
and driers and carts of dirty towels and uniforms are.

Detective Resch's voice echoes from above.

DETECTIVE RESCH (O.S.)
There's an APB out on you! Armed,
dangerous! They'll shoot on sight!

EDDY
Have to catch me first.

Time - 6:29.
Eddy runs to the door marked with a green EXIT sign.

INT. LOCKER ROOM -- DAY

The door shuts behind Resch. He picks up the manila envelope from the floor near the laundry cart. Opens it, looks inside.

Security reports from Wittnaur Industries - with the familiar logo - about ex-employee Edward Heuer. Clipped are photocopies of threatening letters - typed - from Eddy.

DETECTIVE RESCH
Look here, it's motive.

Closes the envelope, walks back to the lockers and Lochman. Lochman is now dressed in a tailored suit, puts on his Rolex.

LOCHMAN
Did you arrest him?

DETECTIVE RESCH
Got away. Took this from your locker.

Resch hands him the manila envelope. Lochman pulls out the folding file, places Eddy's envelope with the others. The file goes back in the locker, Lochman closes and locks it.

LOCHMAN
Should have shot him.

DETECTIVE RESCH
Maybe next time.

Detective Resch walks away.

INT. COLIBRI COUNTRY CLUB -- DAY

Eddy runs through the clubhouse, Bartender watching him. Bartender picks up the house phone, dials a number.

BARTENDER
Security?

EXT. COLIBRI COUNTRY CLUB -- DAY

Eddy jogs to the Valet, presents his ticket.

EDDY
Black Mercedes. Briefcase on front seat.

VALET
Mercedes. Right.

The Valet walks to the parking lot, taking his time.

Eddy looks down at his shirt, wants to check the time, but the other Valet is standing right there. Peeks anyway...

Time - 3:27. 3:26. 3:25. 3:24. 3:23. 3:22. 3:21. 3:20!

Checks the Valet's progress finding his car - almost there.

INT. COLIBRI COUNTRY CLUB -- DAY

A pair of beefy SECURITY GUARDS in gray step up to the bar. The Bartender whispers. They nod and start to the doors... And the Valet stand.

Detective Resch leaves the Locker Room at the same time.

EXT. COLIBRI COUNTRY CLUB -- DAY

The stolen black Mercedes pulls to the curb in front of Eddy.

EDDY
Sorry, wish in had more.

Tips the Valet a buck (not enough), climbs in and zooms away.

The Valet is joined by the pair of Security Guards... And Detective Resch.

All four watch Eddy's stolen Mercedes speed down the curving drive to the front gates of the Country Club.

Detective Resch pulls out his ticket, hands it to the Valet.

DETECTIVE RESCH
Gray Ford with an onboard computer.

The Valet fetches the car.

INT. MERCEDES -- DAY

Eddy speeds through the gates onto Twin Lakes Drive. Once he's headed in the right direction he lifts his shirt...

Time - 1:43...
...1:42...
...1:41...

When he looks up, he sees a POLICE CAR in his rear view mirror... pulling up behind him. Not Resch - a marked car.

Eddy makes sure both hands are on the wheel. Looks at the speedometer - slows to the exact speed limit. Looks back in the rear view mirror...

The Police Car is still behind him.

Looks back to the street in time to hit the brakes - the car ahead of him driving slow and erratic. Driver using her rear view mirror to put on make up - no hands on the wheel.

Behind Eddy, the Police Car creeps closer to the Mercedes...

EDDY

No mirror in your bathroom?

Eddy tries to be the perfect driver - hands and 3 and 10 on the wheel. Hoping the Policeman won't pull him over.

Time stretches.

Eddy wants to look down at the timer.

Can't without taking his eyes off the road.

The Police car flashers turn on. The siren whoops.

EDDY

"Armed and dangerous."

The Police car creeps forward.

Eddy looks at the gas pedal.

Floor it and run?

Looks at the car in front of him.

Blocking him.

EDDY

Can't out run him.

Hits his turn signal and eases to the side of the road.

The Police Car continues forward... pulling up behind the erratic driver and giving the siren a couple of whoops.

As the Police Car pulls the Erratic Driver over, Eddy pulls back onto the street and continues to his pay phone.

Speeding a little bit.

Time - 00:41. 00:40. 00:39.

EXT. BONANZA AND CLARKWAY -- DAY

The Mercedes pulls up to the light at the intersection. Absolutely no traffic - the Mercedes is the only car.

INT. MERCEDES -- DAY

Eddy can see the pay phone across the street.

The light is red.

Time is ticking away.

Time - 00:11. 00:10. 00:09. 00:08.

EDDY

Come on, come on, come on.

No cars coming at all.
The light is red.

Eddy looks at the cross traffic light - still bright green.
Walk Light, still bright green.

...00:07...

...00:06...

...00:05...

Eddy floors it - running the red light.

Bolting across the intersection, pulling into the Liquor Store parking lot near the phone. Kills the engine, throws open the car door. Looks down at the time.

00:03. 00:02...

He's going to explode!

Then the timer stops at 00:01.
And the pay phone ringing stops.
Eddy prepares to be blown to bits.

DRUNK (O.S.)

Gladys? Is that you?

Eddy looks up to the pay phone - a DRUNK answered it.
Dirty, smelly, grease stained, a 40 of beer in a paper bag.

Eddy approaches the Drunk, smiling.

EDDY

Thanks buddy, that's my call.

DRUNK

I'm the one that answered it.
Finder's keepers, pal.

Eddy pulls a buck from his pocket.

EDDY

Found this in my pocket. Is it yours?

DRUNK

No, pal, I dropped a fiver.

Eddy smiles and gives him a five from his wallet. The Drunk sniffs it in some bizarre authentication process before handing over the pay phone handset to Eddy and leaving.

EDDY

(to Drunk)

Thanks, you saved my life.

CONTROL (V.O.)

You're late.

EDDY

My answering service picked up.

CONTROL (V.O.)

You had better things to do?

EDDY

It's my fucking life.

Click. Whirrrr. The timer begins again at 59:59.

CONTROL (V.O.)

No. It's mine. I press this button --

EDDY

The mail, car, suit, envelope.
Everything really is connected.

CONTROL (V.O.)

Listen to me --

EDDY

You're connected. I'm connected.
Some cripple guy trying to get on
the bus is connected. If you control
me, then I control you. So I'm coming
to get you, asshole - just you wait.

CONTROL (V.O.)

You have no idea who I am.

EDDY

You're the guy who fired me. That's
our connection, isn't it?

CONTROL

You realize how much time this is
costing you?

Eddy glances down at his stomach.

Time - 56:59.

EDDY

It's my time to waste.

CONTROL (V.O.)

You've wasted two years, what's
another hour?

EDDY

What do you really want?

CONTROL (V.O.)

Your next task is to steal a gun.

EDDY

Never shot a gun in my life.

CONTROL (V.O.)

Then you'll probably need two dozen shells, as well. I suggest an automatic, you'll spend less time reloading. Large caliber: 9mm or 45.

EDDY

I'm not killing anyone.

CONTROL (V.O.)

It's your life or their lives.

EDDY

You still think you have the power?

CONTROL (V.O.)

Show up late again and find out. The phone booth is on the corner of Martin Luther King Blvd and Charleston.

EDDY

Without me you're just talk.

Click. Dial tone.

Eddy hangs up and lifts his shirt.
Time - 52:17.

Eddy skips the car and tries the Liquor Store.

INT. LIQUOR STORE -- DAY

Eddy wanders through the store, keeping his eye on the SHOP KEEPER behind the counter. Sizing him up.

SHOP KEEPER

Help you with something?

EDDY

Not the best location, huh?

SHOP KEEPER

Been here twenty years, no complaints. People that live here gotta drink. Other neighborhoods, they may want to drink. Here, they got no choice.

EDDY

Probably get robbed a lot.

SHOP KEEPER

Wall of fame.

Shop Keeper points to a dozen newspaper stories featuring him and his shotgun, plus Poloroids of a dozen dead bandits.

The Shop Keeper points to a couple of pictures.

SHOP KEEPER

Funny thing: These guys were regular customers for years. Half gallon of vodka. Twelver of Bud Light. Recession hit, their lives went to hell, they come here to rob me.

EDDY

They just snapped?

SHOP KEEPER

Had to put 'em down.

Eddy looks at Poloroids of dead guys. The Shop Keeper puts his hand on the pistol under the counter.

SHOP KEEPER

Help you with something?

Looks from the wall of fame to the Shop Keeper's pistol. Does Eddy want to end up on the wall?

EDDY

Gimme a lotto ticket. Quick pick.

Shop Keeper moves to the Lotto machine, punches a button. The machine grinds out a ticket.

Eddy trades a dollar for the Lotto Ticket, leaves.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE -- DAY

Eddy goes back to the pay phone, swings up the phone book. Flips through until he comes to Guns... tears out the page. A quarter page ad for a discount Sporting Goods store.

Climbs into the Mercedes and speeds off.

INT. MERCEDES -- DAY

Eddy heads cross town to the Sporting Goods store. Rush hour traffic on the street.

Eddy grabs the cell phone, flips it open, starts to dial. Stops.

He's driving.

Closes the phone and sets it on the briefcase.

Concentrates on driving.

Time - 46:57.

EXT. SHOPPING CENTER -- DAY

The stolen Mercedes pulls into the parking lot of a huge shopping center featuring the discount Sporting Goods store. Some stores are closed - vacant - out of business.

INT. SPORTING GOODS STORE -- DAY

Eddy walks into the shiny new store, noticing the security camera near the door too late: he's on tape. Everywhere he looks: cameras. A SECURITY GUARD wanders down the aisles.

Eddy heads to the big sign that says HUNTING & FISHING.

Behind the counter: an overly perky SALES GIRL in the store's uniform. She's a bundle of positive energy.

SALES GIRL
Howdy! How you doing today?

Eddy notices a trio of security cameras watching him.

SALES GIRL
Can I help you find something? We
have a sale on Federal shotgun shells -
just in time for Valentine's Day!

A row of rifles and shotguns locked into the rack behind the counter. Handguns are in the locked display case in front of him, each has a trigger lock.

EDDY
I'm looking for a gun.

SALES GIRL
We have Remington rifles and shotguns
on sale this week. The 870 and 1100 --

EDDY
I need a hand gun.

SALES GIRL
Target? Competition?

EDDY
Excuse me?

SALES GIRL
What are you using the gun for?

EDDY
Personal protection.

SALES GIRL
Dangerous world these days, isn't it?

The Sales Girl gives him a knowing smile; unlocks the handgun case, pulls out the most expensive model.

SALES GIRL
What sort of work do you do?

EDDY
Does it matter?

SALES GIRL
If you're transporting jewelry or
valuables, you'll need a carry permit--

EDDY
I just need a gun, okay.

She nods, suspicious. Eddy is acting evasive - like he doesn't know what he's talking about. Instead of handing Eddy the gun to look at, she keeps hold of it.

SALES GIRL
This is the Freedom Silhouette model
83, with a ten inch barrel and
laminated hardwood grips --

EDDY
I need an automatic.

SALES GIRL
You mean, semi-automatic.

His life is ticking away while she does her sales spiel!

Time - 41:03...

...41:02...

...41:01...

...41:00...

...40:59...

EDDY
Whatever. I've got to fire at least
a dozen shots without reloading.

SALES GIRL
Why do you need so many rounds?

EDDY
It's just what I want, okay?

SALES GIRL
(false smile)
Sure. Whatever you say.

EDDY
A 45 caliber or 9 millimeter.

She puts the revolver back in the case... and presses a button on the edge of the counter. The music is interrupted for a moment by a pinging sound. Maybe part of the song?

SALES GIRL

Large caliber semi-automatic?

Eddy notices the Security Guard has wandered over to this department. His hand is near his holstered gun.

EDDY

There was a burglary on my street.
I'm just worried about my wife and
son, okay? Don't want to be reloading
while some creep...

SALES GIRL

Right.

Pulls out another gun, but doesn't hand it to him. She does a full Carol Merrill, pointing out all the features.

SALES GIRL

This is the Astra A-100. It's a
nine millimeter semi-automatic,
standard magazine holds fifteen
rounds. Weighs just under 35 ounces.

Eddy doesn't have time for this shit. He reaches for the gun, she politely pulls it away.

EDDY

You take credit cards?

SALES GIRL

You do know there's a two week waiting
period and a federal background check
for all handgun purchases.

EDDY

Well, I'm just looking today.

SALES GIRL

Right.

EDDY

But, um, I'll take a box of nine
millimeter bullets.

SALES GIRL

Shells.

The Sales Girl grabs the most expensive box of 9mm shells and places them on the counter. Spins the ammunition sales log around for Eddy.

SALES GIRL
Name, address, driver's license.

Eddy looks at the Security Guard watching him, pulls out his driver's license and fills out the ammo log. The Sales Girl carefully compares the license photo to Eddy's face.

SALES GIRL
Edward Heuer.
(smiles)
That'll be \$15.95 plus tax. That's
\$17.25 total.

Eddy opens the wallet - only a \$20 and some singles left.
Hands her the \$20 and she gives him change.

SALES GIRL
Thanks for shopping at Sports Central.

She puts the ammo in a colorful bag, hands it to Eddy.

INT. MERCEDES -- DAY

Eddy tosses the colorful bag onto the briefcase, climbs into the car and closes the door behind him.

The Security Guard stands at the front doors of the store, watching him. Waiting for him to drive away.

EDDY
Don't forget to tell the reporters
about the crazed look in my eyes.

Grabs the yellow page, looking for another gun store.

On the flipside of the page, an advert for Kreb's Pawnshop.
The address is qualified with "Across From The Crazy 8 Motel!"

EDDY
All my life's a circle.

Starts the Mercedes, roars out of the parking lot.

INT. MERCEDES -- DAY

Eddy zooms across town to the Pawn Shop.

Flips up his shirt.
Time - 24:18.

He still needs to steal a gun.

EXT. CITY STREET -- DAY

The Mercedes passes the Check Cashing service.
Passes all of the closed shops and vacant buildings.
Passes the Rolex Bar.

EDDY

Scene of the crime.

The Mercedes tires run over a pile of smashed electronics and plastic that used to be his cell phone.

He spots the Kreb's Pawn Shop sign, pulls into the lot.

It might have been a bank fifty years ago, now offers a different kind of loan.

INT. MERCEDES -- DAY

Eddy turns off the ignition, grabs the cell phone and dials Jennifer as he pops open the briefcase.

As the phone rings, he flips through the stolen mail.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

Heuer residence.

Finds the logo from the parking pass and his time card and the insurance company on one of the envelopes.

EDDY

Connected. You wouldn't know anyone with a gun I could borrow?

Not the law firm envelope... the greeting card envelope.

INT. HEUER HOME - KITCHEN -- DAY

Jennifer, on the kitchen phone, looks at a holstered gun a GUEST is wearing and smiles.

JENNIFER

Funny you should ask.

Bobby sits on a kitchen chair in his baseball uniform, crying.

INT. MERCEDES -- DAY

Eddy opens the envelope and pulls out an invitation.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

Well, Karen, the police are here. Eddy's gotten himself into trouble.

EDDY

There, now?

JENNIFER (V.O.)

Yes. So I'll have to get back to you with details, but the company is having a big stockholder's meeting tomorrow, looks like it could get bloody.

Eddy looks at the invitation - reads the information.

EDDY

No. The blood's flowing tonight.
Stockholder's party for Wittnaur
Industries. 7pm. Rooftop Gardens
of the Biltmore Hotel.

JENNIFER (V.O.)

Both parties will be there?

EDDY

I'm invited... and they want me to
bring a gun.

Eddy replaces the invitation in the envelope.

INT. HEUER HOME - KITCHEN -- DAY

Jennifer turns away from the Guest...
Detective Eli Resch.

JENNIFER

You can't get out of it?

EDDY (V.O.)

I don't know how.

JENNIFER

Well, I'll see what I can do. Take
care of yourself.

Before she can hang up, Resch snatches the phone away.

DETECTIVE RESCH

Eddy? You know I almost shot you?

EDDY (V.O.)

Maybe you should have.

DETECTIVE RESCH

Figured I'd better take my time,
find out what's really going on.

Detective Resch seems to have less nervous energy.

INT. MERCEDES -- DAY

Eddy tosses all of the mail but the invitation.

EDDY

You know those guys who get laid off
from their jobs, come back months later
with a gun and start killing people?

DETECTIVE RESCH (V.O.)

Get at least one a month.

EDDY

I'm that guy. They've given me a list.
A corporate coup. After it's all over,
they push a button, blow me to hell.

DETECTIVE RESCH (V.O.)

Who can tell whether the explosives
were outside or inside?

EDDY

Just another story on the 6 O'clock news.

DETECTIVE RESCH (V.O.)

My advice, drive out into a field
somewhere, wait until your numbers up.

EDDY

I've done enough waiting.

He glances at the LED glowing through his skin.

EDDY

They're on my clock, now... and
they're running out of time.

Eddy hangs up the phone and gets out of the car.

Now he is the one in control...

He goes to buy the gun for "Control" - to use on "Control".

INT. KREB'S PAWNSHOP -- DAY

Eddy pushes open the front doors and finds himself in a cage.
A 6' x 6' "man trap" designed for security.

Beyond the bars, beer bellied bearded good old boy KREBS
looks over the contents of a CUSTOMER's suitcase. Krebs
wears a baseball cap and a half dozen layers of clothes.

KREBS

Well, it ain't worth much.

CUSTOMER

But how much?

EDDY

Excuse me?

Krebs looks up from the suitcase, giving Eddy the eye.

KREBS

You buying or selling?

EDDY

Buying.

Krebs hits the buzzer and Eddy pushes the cage door open.

Everything you could ever want is on display: from electric guitars to samurai swords. In the case under the counter with the rolling suitcase - dozens of handguns.

KREBS

Be with ya'll in a momento.

Krebs draws, then turns back to the Customer.

KREBS

Best I can do is forty bucks for the whole of it. That's my final.

CUSTOMER

Hell, this clock is worth more than that, add in the camera and the --

KREBS

You know what "final" means? It means forty bucks. Want it or not?

CUSTOMER

I guess.

Krebs hands the Customer \$40, who turns to leave... Stopping when he sees Eddy.

The CUSTOMER is PAUL.

PAUL

Eddy? Look, man, I would never have sold your stuff if I knew you were coming back. I mean, you owed me for rent. You know how hard things are, now. I have to work my ass off just to keep my head above --

EDDY

Don't worry about it. Glad I ran into you. Want to thank you for everything you did for me.

PAUL

We're friends. I mean, that's what you do, isn't it?

EDDY

I took advantage of that. Got caught up in my own crap and --

Paul's cell phone rings. Holds up a finger to Eddy.

PAUL

Paul Piccardo. Yeah, speaking. What is this in regards to?

Totally different person on the phone. Paul turns away from Eddy, who looks through the showcase at the pistols.

KREBS

What you looking for? Got plenty electric guitars. Even got me an electric banjo.

PAUL

Need a handgun.

KREBS

(lights up)

Well, well, well. Now we're talking. I have some very fine specimens of small arms weaponry.

Krebs unlocks the display case.

KREBS

Can I ask the purpose of your purchase?

EDDY

Just a little target practice.

KREBS

A little target practice? You going to be shooting at cans?

EDDY

Maybe.

KREBS

Well, I have just the thing.

Pulls out a massive 357 Magnum.

KREBS

This is great for shooting at all kinds of cans. Mexicans. African Americans. Puerto Ricans.

Eddy spots an automatic similar to the Astra A-100.

EDDY

What caliber is this one?

Krebs replaces the 357, pulls out the automatic.

KREBS

That's the Bersa Thunder 9mm. An excellent choice, if I may say so myself. Compact, but packs a punch.

EDDY

How heavy is it?

Krebs hands him the gun.

KREBS

See for yourself. About 27 and a half ounces. Short barrel is mighty helpful if you're trying to get it out of your pocket in a hurry.

Eddy feels the weight of the gun.

EDDY

The clip? How many bullets?

KREBS

Magazine. Holds thirteen rounds.

Krebs shows Eddy how to release the magazine. Eddy ejects it, pulls some bullets from his pocket.

EDDY

It loads like this?

KREBS

Where'd the rounds come from?

EDDY

Oh, not from here. Bought them at a sporting goods store.

Shoves the magazine in the breach, pulls back the slide.

EDDY

Cocks like this?

KREBS

(worried)

Yes.

Eddy points the gun at Krebs' face.

EDDY

I think I'll take it.

KREBS

You know, there's a two week waiting period and some paperwork.

EDDY

Let's skip that part.

KREBS

Well, well, well. Customer is always right, as they say. Only one problem. How you gonna get out of here?

Krebs nods to the mantrap - locked.

EDDY

Who says I'm done shopping?

Keeping the 9mm aimed at Krebs he nods to the display case.

EDDY

Those cuffs, that pepper spray, that cassette recorder, tape and batteries.

KREBS

Recorder's digital. Don't need no tapes. Gotta chip inside --

EDDY

Do I look like I give a damn?

Krebs grabs all of the items, Eddy shoves them in his pockets.

KREBS

You still got a significant impediment to your escape.

EDDY

Really?

Paul flips his phone closed and turns around. Notices Eddy holding the gun on Krebs.

PAUL

What the fuck's going on?

EDDY

Sorry, this is going to be twice. If I'm still alive, I owe you big.

Grabs Paul and shoves the gun into his neck.

EDDY

Now open the fucking cage before I blow his brains all over those nice Fender Stratocasters.

KREBS

No reason to get hostile.

EDDY

Do it!

Krebs holds his hands up and inches to the control button.

Eddy drags Paul back to the mantrap.

PAUL

Look, man, I'm sorry for selling your stuff. I'll give you the forty bucks if you want, just let me go.

Buzzer goes off and Eddy pops the cage door open and drags Paul and himself through - maintaining eye contact with Krebs the entire time. Making sure he doesn't grab one of the other guns in the case or one from under the counter.

KREBS

They're going to catch you, son.
Better make peace with your God,
'cause you'll be seeing him soon
enough. They'll shoot you down like
a dog and I'll be watching it all on
the six O'clock news.

Eddy moves the gun away from Paul's neck to open the door...

Paul spins out of grasp, slugs Eddy full-force in the face.
Eddy slams against the cage.

PAUL

What the hell is wrong with you?

Krebs hits the alarm button, then goes for the guns.

Paul slugs him again - hard. Knocks Eddy to the floor.
Drops on top of him and continues pounding away.

EDDY

You out of your fucking mind?

Yelling over the store's alarm. Krebs pulls the 357 out of the case, yanks a box of shells off the shelf, rips it open. Shells spill over the counter.

PAUL

It was forty fucking bucks!

Eddy blocks Paul's punch and pulls his shirt open for a moment so that he can see the timer clicking down through his skin.

Time - 6:13...

6:12...

6:11...

Paul stops the punch, freaked out by what he sees.

PAUL

Holy shit.

EDDY

If the police ask, remember that it
was on the inside, not the outside.

Krebs gets the gun loaded, closes the cylinder.

KREBS

Nobody takes shots at anyone in my
place except me. Understand?

Krebs takes careful aim at Eddy - ready to fire.

Paul and Eddy scramble out the door before he opens fire.

EXT. KREB'S PAWNSHOP -- EVENING

Store alarm is louder, here.

Paul and Eddy roll onto the sidewalk as gunfire blasts the pawn shop window to pieces. Eddy nods to Paul.

EDDY

Gotta run.

PAUL

What is that thing? You gonna explode or something?

EDDY

Or something.

Eddy jogs to the stolen Mercedes, climbs in, zooms away.

Time - 3:57.

INT. MERCEDES -- EVENING

Eddy zooms down the street to Charleston, passing the service station where he first caught the bus.

A GUY in a parked car throws open his door and steps onto the street right in front of Eddy.

Eddy hits the brakes, tires squealing.

EDDY

Why would you need to look? People will stop for you, right?

The GUY takes his time getting his stuff from the car, closing the door, still in the traffic lane.

Glow from under Eddy's shirt as time is ticking away.

Finally the Guy gets out of the way and Eddy floors it.

EXT. MARTIN LUTHER KING & CHARLESTON -- EVENING

Four pay phones along the side of an industrial building. All four are crusty and strewn with garbage.

INT. MERCEDES -- EVENING

Eddy spots the phones on the other side of the intersection and zooms across on the tail end of the yellow light.

Pulls the Mercedes into a bus stop in front of the phones.

EXT. MARTIN LUTHER KING & CHARLESTON -- EVENING

Eddy gets out of the Mercedes and looks down the street.
A bus is coming - the 5252 he was on earlier.
The phone starts ringing.

Eddy grabs the first phone.

EDDY

Hello?

Nothing. Except a wad of gum on the mouth piece.

The phone is still ringing.

Eddy grabs the next phone... but the ringing continues.

Grabs the third phone.

EDDY

Hello? Hello?

CONTROL (V.O.)

You get the gun?

Eddy watches the timer go from 01:09 to 00:00 and click off.
Lowers his shirt, watches the bus get closer.

EDDY

You weren't watching?

CONTROL (V.O.)

Listen to me -- This will be your
last task. Then you're a free man.

Party noises in the background.

EDDY

You having a good time?

CONTROL (V.O.)

Not until all of this is over. Your
last task is to crash a party. Within
the mail you took this morning you
will find an invitation.

EDDY

Rooftop Garden, Biltmore Hotel.

CONTROL (V.O.)

How did you know --?

EDDY

You think I'm stupid just because I make
less than you? Because I work with my
hands I don't have a brain? I see the
connections, I know what you're doing.

Silence.
 Control may not be in control.
 He's underestimated Eddy.

CONTROL (V.O.)
 Give your car to the valet. You
 won't be the only black Mercedes.

EDDY
 Can we skip ahead to the gun part?

CONTROL (V.O.)
 Listen to me -- The reason for the
 car and the suit is so that you will
 blend in -- appear to be one of us.

EDDY
 I'll never be one of you.

CONTROL (V.O.)
 True as that may be, tonight you
 will act exactly like one of us...

EDDY
 Or you press the button? Might ruin
 that little shin-dig of yours.

CONTROL (V.O.)
 There will be a security checkpoint,
 with armed guards. On the back of
 the invitation there is a bar code.
 Your security clearance.

EDDY
 They won't search me?

CONTROL (V.O.)
 Not with that code. Once you've
 crashed the party, have a cocktail.
 You've earned it.

EDDY
 You're oh so generous!

Control is confused by Eddy's attitude. Doesn't he know his
 place? He's an employee - he should do what he's told...

CONTROL (V.O.)
 In the third stall of the men's room
 you will find a manila envelope behind
 the flush tank.

EDDY
 After a couple of cocktails, I'll
 probably need to hit the head.

CONTROL (V.O.)

Inside are photos of six people. All part of the same little group, probably be standing close to each other.

EDDY

I'm not going to shoot them.

CONTROL (V.O.)

It's you or them.

EDDY

Why does it always have to be them or us? Why can't it be them and us?

CONTROL (V.O.)

You said you aren't a very good shot, so press the gun right up to their face before you pull the trigger.

EDDY

Less chance of accidentally hitting you, right? You're at the party.

CONTROL (V.O.)

Where I am and who I am is none of your concern. Just make sure all six are dead. Then, this is over.

The bus is a block away and getting closer.

EDDY

Aren't you forgetting something?

CONTROL (V.O.)

Your shoes probably won't be --

EDDY

Where's the pay phone?

CONTROL (V.O.)

Of course. The hotel's lobby has a pay phone near the front desk.

EDDY

So I shoot six people then hang around in the lobby waiting for the phone to ring? What about the police?

CONTROL (V.O.)

They will be on their way upstairs to the crime scene - right past you.

EDDY

Then you take this thing out of me?

CONTROL (V.O.)

We'll have no further need for you.
Listen to me - it's you or them.

Eddy doesn't believe a word of it.
Click. The timer is reset at 59:59 and starts counting down.

INT. MERCEDES -- EVENING

Eddy starts up the car just as the bus lays on the horn.
Pulls the car into traffic and zooms away.

EXT. BILTMORE HOTEL -- EVENING

Like a chrome and glass finger flipping off the city.

A line of luxury cars wait for valet parking. Late model
Mercedes, Lexus, Jaguars, BMWs and Rolls Royces. Most black.

INT. MERCEDES -- EVENING

Eddy pulls his black Mercedes into the cue.
It fits in perfectly.

EDDY

Not a single pink Volvo.

As every car pulls up to be parked, dread builds.
Looks at the gun on the seat.
Eddy is going to kill six people.

EXT. BILTMORE HOTEL -- EVENING

Eddy pockets the gun as he gets out of the Mercedes and hands
his keys to the VALET... Who recognizes him.

BANDITO VALET

Estephen's pissed off, man. You
left halfway through the shift.

Eddy hands him a wad of money from his pocket.

EDDY

Sorry. Here.

Bandito Valet is confused, takes the keys and the car.

EDDY

Keep it - I won't need it. You can
have the car, too - but it's hot.

Eddy walks to the hotel's revolving doors.

Every step taking him closer to his destiny.
Every step filling him with dread.

Gun in his pocket weighing him down.

INT. BILTMORE HOTEL -- LOBBY -- EVENING

A sign in the lobby points the way to the Wittnaur party.
Points the way to Eddy's murder spree.
Eddy follows the arrows.

Looks for the promised bank of pay phones near the front desk - of course, they don't exist.

EDDY

Lying bastard.

Follows the arrows to an elevator to the rooftop bar.

INT. ELEVATOR -- EVENING

Eddy and TWO OTHER MEN in suits ride the mirrored elevator to the rooftop bar. The Two Other Men are dressed almost exactly the same as Eddy.

EDDY

We're four of a kind. But you guys probably got the manicure and the full make over, right?

One of the other men gives Eddy a strange look, so he plasters a plastic smile on his face.

EDDY

Ready for the big night?

BUSINESSMAN

These things bore me to death.

Eddy nods, looks at his reflection in the elevator wall.
Are those the eyes of a killer?

A faint red glow from under his coat - time ticking away.
Feels the gun in his pocket.

INT. BILTMORE HOTEL -- SECURITY CHECKPOINT -- NIGHT

The mini-lobby between elevators and rooftop bar is a security checkpoint - roped off areas, THREE ARMED GUARDS.

Eddy gets in line behind the Two Other Men.
Hand in his pocket touching the gun.

GUARD

Next please.

As two of the Armed Guards watch, the Third Guard takes each man's invitation and passes it over a scanner. The scanner beeps and turns from red light to green light.

GUARD

You're okay.

The Guards allow the MAN to pass through to the party.

GUARD

You, sir.

Eddy's turn.

Hands the invitation to the Guard, hoping to be caught.
Hoping to end this day without killing six people.

The Guard runs the invitation over the scanner.
Beep.

GUARD

You're okay.

Allows Eddy into the party.

The man behind Eddy causes a disruption.

CASSIO

I don't have my invitation, but I'm
in the list.

GUARD

Sorry, sir. We need an invitation
for security reasons.

Eddy turns, sees Ronald Cassio and his wife Dorothy in the
evening gown from the dry cleaning bag - she's hot.

CASSIO

There's Courtland. Ask him.

Cassio tries to squeeze past the Guard... who grabs him.

GUARD

Please stay behind the line...

CASSIO

I'm on the list, Damnit! Ron Cassio.
Let go of me. Michael! Michael!

Two Guards drag him back to the elevators. Dorothy calmly
follows, popping open her cell phone and dialing.

DOROTHY

Roy? This is Dorothy Cassio. Yes.
Ron forgot his invitation...

EXT. BILTMORE HOTEL -- ROOFTOP BAR -- NIGHT

Party in progress. Maybe a hundred people. Live music.

A SERVER floats by with a tray of champagne.
Eddy snags a flute, empties it in one gulp.

EDDY

Much better.

Dumps the empty on another SERVER's tray going in the opposite direction and snags another flute. Sips it as he moves through the divided party.

IN ONE CORNER, evil CEO MICHAEL COURTLAND standing in a group of shark-like executives including: Tigress Jean Hanhart and Shark-like Lochman in a loud coat that doesn't match his pants (Eddy's wearing the matching coat).

Others mill around - underlings looking to curry favor.

IN THE OPPOSITE CORNER, twinkle-eyed Santa Claus ROY WITTNAUR and his faction of hippies in suits including cowboy Mondaine and mega-fro'd Gubelin.

EDDY

Well, well, the gang's all here.

Between the two factions, several dozen independents. Here to decide the fate of the company.

Courtland looks right at Eddy, giving him the evil eye. Eddy touches the gun in his pocket and stares down Courtland.

EDDY

Don't push me, asshole - I push back.

Eddy takes his hand off the gun and continues past the Courtland clique to the Men's Room.

INT. MEN'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Eddy hands the flute to the RESTROOM ATTENDANT, goes directly to stall number three. Tentatively pushes open the door. Locked.

The Attendant pushes open the door to stall number one.

ATTENDANT

Sir?

EDDY

I'll wait.

Confusing the Attendant.

The Attendant watches Eddy wait by the third door. Strange.

Flush.

A BUSINESSMAN exits the stall, Eddy enters.

INSIDE THE STALL

Eddy locks the door.

Reaches behind the flush tank.
 Pulls the manila envelope free.
 Drops the tape in the toilet and flushes.

Pulls back his coat - the red LED glows through his shirt.
 Time - 24:32.

Unlocks the stall and leaves with the envelope.

EXT. BILTMORE HOTEL -- ROOFTOP BAR -- NIGHT

Eddy starts to open the envelope.
 To see who his six targets will be.
 When he hears...

CONTROL (O.S.)

Listen to me -- If we stick together
 we can beat these bastards. We're
 doing what's right, even if it is
 unpopular. We have a vision...

EDDY

Time to meet my maker.

Reaches in his pocket and clicks on the recorder.
 Turns to face the evil CEO Michael Courtland.

Except it's not Courtland.
 It's twinkle-eyed Santa Claus ROY WITTNAUR.

Eddy presses through the crowd, gets right in his face.

EDDY

Why are you doing this to me?

WITTNAUR

I have no idea what you're talking
 about, young man.

Eddy grabs his neck tie, pulls him close.

EDDY

Think you're different than Courtland?
 He's just a son of a bitch, you're a
 lying son of a bitch. You betrayed us.

Wittnaur turns to the OTHERS in his clique.

WITTNAUR

Will you excuse us?

1970s throwback Bart Gubelin is ready for action.

GUBELIN

You sure?

Cassio steps forward, looking brave in front of his wife.

CASSIO
I can get security.

WITTNAUR
We'll be by the pool.

The others give them a dozen feet while Wittnaur and Eddy inch to the steaming rooftop pool. Gubelin makes sure they don't see him following them.

WITTNAUR
You think it's easy to fight someone like Courtland? That man would kill his own children if it would increase quarterly profits and his bonus.

EDDY
But you're different?

WITTNAUR
There's no other way. I tried, and lost the company to him. So one man is sacrificed for ten thousand.

EDDY
You aren't the man.

Eddy tears open his shirt so Wittnaur can see the red LED counting down beneath his skin.

Time - 17:39.

WITTNAUR
Listen to me - You're almost out of time.

EDDY
No, you listen to me. You think clothes make a man? A car? A house in the hills? A country club membership? A gun? It's what we do that matters.

WITTNAUR
All you have to do is kill six people and the world is a better place.

On the other side of the pool, Courtland laughs.

EDDY
When your back's against the wall, the decisions you make is who you are.

WITTNAUR
Six vile, despicable people.

Eddy looks at the pack of hyenas: Courtland, Lochman, Hanhart, and Avolub. Lets go of Wittnaur's tie.

WITTNAUR

Think about it. Don't be selfish -
do the right thing.

EDDY

That's the right thing?

WITTNAUR

You'll be saving our company.

On the other side of the rooftop Courtland laughs again...

WITTNAUR

Saving jobs. Saving people's lives.

Eddy looks at the pack of hyenas, feels the gun in his pocket.

WITTNAUR

Just press the gun right up to their
faces and pull the trigger.

EDDY

I can't do that.

But he's considering it... hand on the gun in his pocket.
Eddy feels his control slipping away. He's connected to the
guys in the factory - but not these Corporate Hyenas.

WITTNAUR

They're the ones ruining this country.

Aren't these six the ones who took his job, took his wife
and son, took his life? Pulls the gun from his pocket.
Looks down at his shirt - red LED bleeding through.

Time - 14:39.

WITTNAUR

It's you or them. Someone is going
to die tonight.

A hand touches his shoulder, pushing him aside.
Gubelin ready to hit him?

No...

Seyella hands Wittnaur a drink.

WITTNAUR

You've met my wife, Seyella.

Seyella smiles and sips her drink.

SEYELLA

Cardiovascular surgeon by day.

EDDY

I only know her by night...

Wittnaur puts his arm around her - claiming his property.

Eddie touches Seyella's face - she's the woman in the middle.

EDDY

She use all those bedroom tricks on
you? Makes those sounds with you?

Wittnaur's arm loosens around his wife.

EDDY

She puts her whole body into her
work. She like that with you?

Wittnaur's arm moves away from Seyella. Tension is thick.

SEYELLA

You going to let him talk that way?

WITTNAUR

It's just talk, isn't it.

Might be a statement, might be a question.
Eddy is driving them apart.

Time - 11:18.

SEYELLA

Who's in control, here?

Wittnaur focuses on Eddy.

WITTNAUR

Six people. They ruined your life.
They ruined my life.

EDDY

So they deserve it?

WITTNAUR

We all probably deserve it. But
you're the one with the gun.

Wittnaur pulls the detonator from his pocket - finger hovering
over the button - backing from the pool.

WITTNAUR

Refuse and you're of no use to me.

EDDY

I do this, she'll take it out?

WITTNAUR

You have my word.

Eddy reaches into his pocket...
But doesn't come out with the gun.

Moves forward and cuffs himself to Wittnaur.
Connected by the handcuffs, Wittnaur can't escape.

Time - 09:37.

EDDY

Go ahead. Push the button.

Seyella moves away for her own safety.

WITTNAUR

Honey? Listen to me...

SEYELLA

I'm sorry, Roy. You lost it... Lost
it again.

Seyella waves goodbye, heads to Courtland's side of the roof.

EDDY

Looks like it's just you and me.

WITTNAUR

I control you, damnit!

Wittnaur tries to back away from Eddy and the bomb...
Moving toward the edge of the roof.

Eddy stays close, eyes on the detonator.

EDDY

We're connected.

AT THE EDGE OF THE ROOF

Wittnaur holds up the detonator - finger near the button.
Has he pulled them to the edge of the roof to blow the bomb?

EDDY

If I go, you go.

WITTNAUR

I'm aware of that.

Wittnaur prepares to push the button...

But tosses the detonator over the edge of the roof instead.

Eddy yanks on the handcuff chain.
Pulls Wittnaur off balance.
The detonator falls short.
Lands near the edge.

WITTNAUR

Damnit!

Eddy dives to get the detonator.

Dragging Wittnaur down with him.

They fight for control of the detonator.

Time - 03:49.

Wittnaur grabs it.

Eddy punches him in the face, grabs the detonator.

Wittnaur pulls on it - a tug of war...

With a detonator button in the middle.

WITTNAUR

Damn you.

EDDY

Let go.

Time - 1:27.

Wittnaur's finger almost hits the button.

Eddy slams him with an elbow and yanks the detonator away.

EDDY

Mine.

Eddy comes up with the detonator, yanks Wittnaur to his feet.

Time - 00:39.

EDDY

You can't control me anymore.

Eddy clicks off the timer - the red LED under his skin goes from 00:18 to dark.

EDDY

You're on my time.

Drops the detonator and crushes it under his tennis shoe.

EDDY

Want somebody killed? Do it yourself.

That's when Wittnaur attacks.

WITTNAUR

Can't you people just do what you're told? One simple thing?

Wittnaur punches Eddy in the face.

Eddy slams a fist into Wittnaur's chest.

The two fight on the edge of the roof.

People scream, give them a wide berth.

All of the STOCKHOLDERS watching the fight.

CASSIO

Roy? What the hell are you doing?

The three Security Guards start across the rooftop.

Wittnaur tries to push Eddy over the edge of the roof.

Eddy struggles.

Almost goes over the railing.

Twists around...

Wittnaur jerks on the handcuffs, yanking Eddy towards him.

WITTNAUR

(whispers)

We can still make this work. Just shoot them. The police are going to arrest you anyway.

Eddy pulls the tape recorder from his pocket.

EDDY

But I have your confession.

Eddy plays the recording for the STOCKHOLDERS.

WITTNAUR (V.O.)

All you have to do is kill six people and the world is a better place.

Six vile, despicable people. Think about it. Don't be selfish - do the right thing.

EDDY (V.O.)

You mean: kill them.

WITTNAUR (V.O.)

You'll be saving our company.

Cassio is shocked - as are all of the other STOCKHOLDERS.

CASSIO

Roy... What the hell did you do?

Stockholders move away from Courtland... but not to Wittnaur's group, to the center of the roof. Shocked by both sides.

One man HAS made a difference - Eddy.

The three Security Guards unholster their weapons.

WITTNAUR

You want to be connected to me?

Let's go!

Drags Eddy to the railing, starts climbing over to jump off.

EDDY

No. No.

Wittnaur is almost over the top.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Three shots hit Wittnaur.
He teeters for a moment.
Then falls... over the railing to the street!
Pulling Eddy behind him!

All three Security Guards look at their guns, confused.
They didn't fire.

Eddy digs in with his tennis shoes, as Wittnaur's body drags him to the edge, drags him to the railing, stitches tearing out and intestines pressing out...

Eddy looks in the direction of the gunfire and sees:

DETECTIVE RESCH
(to Security Guards)
You never wanted to kill your boss?

Detective Resch, smoking gun in hand, flanked by Jennifer and Bobby. Everything's going to be okay...

BOBBY
Daddy!

JENNIFER
Eddy...

Bobby and Jennifer run to him...

Then the weight of Wittnaur's body slams Eddy's chest against the railing - click - pulling him over!

Eddy fights the weight of Wittnaur's body.
Hears a noise from his stomach.
The timer has started.
Time - 00:18.

EDDY
No...

His last seconds click away...
Eddy throws the tape recorder to Detective Resch...
Locks eyes with Jennifer and Bobby...
Then...

The EXPLOSION blasts the edge off the roof - a huge fireball - twisting the railing - blasting debris over the shocked Stockholders - sending Wittnaur's body hurtling to the street.

Jennifer, Bobby and Detective Resch watch in horror.
Eddy is dead - splattered all over the roof.

Wittnaur's body hits the roof of a black Mercedes.
WHAAAAM!

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. COLIBRI COUNTRY CLUB -- DAY

Behind the bar, the Bloomberg News Reader fights the dozens of tickers, graphs and border runners.

NEWS READER (V.O.)

Capping off a shocking week for
Wittnaur Industries, Ronald Cassio
was elected Chairman of the Board.

CASSIO (V.O.)

We will no longer cut jobs to create
artificial quarterly profits. The
age of Ponzi Pyramid Economics is
over at Wittnaur. From this point
on, our employees and customers come
first. Without them, we're nothing.

The Bartender clicks the channel to a Baseball game...

EXT. GRAVEYARD -- DAY

Peaceful.
Grass and trees.
Birds chirping.
A sea of headstones.

A funeral in progress. Eddy's funeral. Jennifer and Paul
are there, plus a huge crowd of strangers.

One headstone: Edward Alan Heuer. Date of birth and death.

Bobby touches his father's headstone, tears in his eyes.

BOBBY

I'll remember.

Walks away with his mother, crying... but standing tall.

FADE OUT.