

Final Wire

written by

Alanah Rafferty

DRAFT 2

alanahrafferty@mac.com
914-960-1278

INT. CAR- DAY

It's winter, cold grey. The light and tone in the car reflect the outside world.

POV shots of:

-A silencer being screwed onto the barrel of a gun.

-Rolls of Duct Tape being unwrapped, the plastic crinkling loudly.

-The Duct Tape being dropped into the front pocket of a brand new gym bag. The zipper gets pulled quickly and tightly by a male hand.

In the driver's seat, a YOUNG MAN sits, his tensed jaw the only thing we see. He lets out a few quick forceful breaths, amping himself for whatever comes next.

From the passenger seat, a quiet male voice:

PASSNEGER SEAT (O.S.)

Look, I, I know I'm not being paid
to say this, but, you don't have to
do this.

Young Man in the passenger seat purses his lips.

PASSNEGER SEAT (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

I'm sure if we talk to your-.

YOUNG MAN

Call the number I gave you when I
say so. Make sure he's not there.

Young Man's hand zips the gym bag closed, concealing the guns.

INT. LIVING ROOM- DAY

Queens, NY, 1999

A cozy, very stylish living room, filled with family pictures. The coffee table has books from the best names in fashion- Diane von Furstenberg, Givenchy, a collection of Vogue covers from the first to most recent edition.

MARISSA (O.S.)

See, here's the thing. Getting him to answer the door for himself is next to impossible....because, for the 75th time, he's got Parkinson's...!

MARISSA BIANCHI, mid 50's, raven haired and sharp features, impeccably dressed, huffs into frame, puts her travel thermos down next to the books, drops into the couch.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

My mom can barely move...look, how long does the insurance plan cover it... okay, okay, okay, let me figure something out with my siblings and we'll call you back...thanks, bye- oh yeah, Happy New Year.

She hangs up, throws the cordless telephone onto the couch. She rubs her temples, takes deep breaths.

TONY LOMBARDI, mid 50's, a sweet eyed man with giant glasses in front of them, comes down the stairs, sees her. He nods, makes his way to her.

TONY

Here, babe.

He steps behind her, massages her temple, moves down to her shoulders.

TONY (CONT'D)

Has this one been all morning?

MARISSA

Nah, just since the phone call.

She leans back on the couch, closes her eyes.

TONY

Don't worry. If your brother can't afford to cover any of the costs, I'm happy to.

MARISSA

Babe, it's fine, I can handle it.

TONY

No, seriously. I want to help, you deserve it.

Her eyes shoot open, she looks up to the clock on the wall:
7:45am.

MARISSA

Well, fuck me.

She jumps out of the couch, grabs her coffee, snatches her bag.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

(rambling)

So I'm gonna be running around like
a goddamn headless chicken today.
I've got to pick up dry cleaning,
check the deposit to Mom, Dad and
Lucio's accounts went through.

TONY

Are we still good for dinner
tonight?

MARISSA

What? Dinner. Yes.

She marches towards the door.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Oh shit, the car.

TONY

The car?

MARISSA

Renny's car. He's gotta pick up the
girls tonight but he probably
forgot to take it to the shop.
Shit.

TONY

It's okay, I can call him.

Marissa raises an eyebrow.

TONY (CONT'D)

Okay, maybe you should.

(beat)

Hey, I know I've said this every
time you work late, but if anything
weird happens, or you get into a
situation out there-.

MARISSA

Send 4949 on the page, I know, I
know, I'll be fine.

(MORE)

MARISSA (CONT'D)
 It's New Years Eve, they'll be
 enough cops out there to fill every
 shady massage parlor in Manhattan.

In one sweeping move, Marissa swings the door open, gives
 Tony a kiss, and walks out.

TONY
 Love you!

MARISSA
 Love you too!

EXT. SIDEWALK- DAY

Heels clack against the concrete sidewalks.

Marissa huffs down the sidewalk, reaches into her bag,
 rummages around, pulls out her Nokia cell phone as:

INT. KITCHEN- DAY

The radio plays the local news as a Toaster Strudel pops out
 of a toaster. A wrinkled but manicured and jewel covered
 hands pinches it.

LUCILLE O'BRIEN, late 60's, a short plump woman with a sweet
 smile, crooked teeth, and the thickest Queens accent, throws
 the Toaster Strudel on the plate.

LUCILLE
 Ooooo, hot hot hot!!

Her husband, MICHAEL "MIKEY" O' BRIEN, late 60's- early 70's,
 balding and paunchy, sits in his robe reading the Post,
 drinking from a mug that says "Happy Retirement Mike!! 1964-
 1996", not moving an inch.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)
 Oh, sorry, just the strudel.

She takes a bite, listens to the radio announcements:

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 And as the world prepares to
 celebrate for the New Year,
 government and civil officials
 prepare for the Y2K bug and its
 potential technological issues it
 will cause in almost every major
 sector. Sydney Carpenter has the
 latest details...

Lucille's eyes fill with fear, she walks over to Mikey.

LUCILLE

Have you heard anything from the
guys still at the precinct about
tonight?

Michael shrugs, and only shrugs.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

You know, I was talking to Margaret
Fitzpatrick at the Stop and Shop
the other day, she heard from a
friend of hers that works at JFK
that planes might fall out of the
sky, cause all the plane's
navigation systems will get knocked
out by the Y2K bug.

Michael takes another sip of his coffee.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

(waving her hands)

Just right out of the sky, imagine
that!

Her hand hits the corner of the Post, causing a crease.
Michael takes a long sigh, puts the paper down.

MICHAEL

(flat)

I'm sure it's a bunch of liberal
nonsense.

LUCILLE

It could be, but what if it affects
the banks? What about your pension,
my retirement fund??

MICHAEL

We'll be fine. We got guns and
food. End of the world comes, money
ain't gonna mean much.

MIKEY JR, late 20's, a dopey faced giant, PATRICK, mid 20's,
dripping in the late 90's trends, and KATHLEEN, mid-late
teens, a grunge girl with a constant scowl on her face, all
barrel into the kitchen, clamoring over each other.

MIKEY JR

I'm driving so I get the last
Toaster Strudel.

PATRICK
Not fair, dipshit.

LUCILLE
Kids, language, please.

MIKEY JR
(completely ignoring her)
Tough shit, twerp, I'm the oldest
and I'm driving.

KATHLEEN
Can we please stop by Starbucks so
we can get something? I don't want
to be starving at Lisa's party, she
like never has food.
(beat)
Oh, Mom, can I have some money?

LUCILLE
I thought you got your paycheck and
bonus the other week.

KATHLEEN
I had to use it for presents.
And I owe Devon and Angela for the
stupid high school movie last week.

MIKEY JR
And I need gas money.

Lucille looks to her husband for back up. He takes another
sip of coffee.

MICHAEL
What do I look like, an ATM?

Lucille sighs.

LUCILLE
All right, all right, let me get my
purse.

She walks over to the other side of the kitchen, where her
pink purse rests on the table. She opens it up:

INT. BEDROOM- DAY

NADINE LOMUSCIO, mid 20's, tiny frame with a heart shaped
face, paces back and forth in her bedroom. Clothes pack her
closet and an extra hanging rack, shopping bags sit on the
floor by her bed.

NADINE

Yes, I know the last payment was late too, but there was, um, a family emergency...my grandma died and- oh, I did say that last time, didn't I...okay, look, please, I'll figure out how to pay it by the 2nd!

She hangs up, throws the phone in her bag.

She sits down to her vanity, looks at herself in the mirror, pats her hair down.

NADINE (CONT'D)

Calm, in charge, and fabulous.
Calm, in charge, fabulous.

She begins to smile.

INT. STAIRS- DAY

Nadine tip toes down the stairs, holding her heels in her hand. She looks through the trusses to see:

INT. LIVING ROOM- DAY

JOE and CHRISTINA LOMUSCIO, mid- late 50's, sit on the living room couch watching *The Rosie O'Donnell Show*, sipping coffee.

CHRISTINA

Can't we wait until after the New Year to tell her?

JOE

Why? We've spoiled her rotten, letting her live at home without paying rent, doing whatever she wants. It's a miracle Marissa got her that job or she would've been a total freeloader.

CHRISTINA

She's my best friend, what else do you expect.

(beat)

Look, she's not like her brothers and sisters, we need to give her some extra time.

INT. STAIRS- DAY

Nadine tries to push down the hurt, looks back towards the door, continues to tiptoe, makes it to the last step.

The board under her foot makes a long, loud creak.

Christina and Joe's heads shoot around

CHRISTINA

Oh, honey! I, uh, you're going into work today?

NADINE

Yeah, Joanna had to call out sick so I'm covering for her. Figured the overtime wouldn't be so bad.

Christina nods to her husband- see? Joe shrugs, turns back to the TV>

EXT. STREET-DAY

Nadine, steaming from the ears, rummages around in her bag, pulls out a lip gloss. She unscrews it as:

A KID ON A BIKE, any gender or ethnicity, 11, whizzes by her on a bike. She jumps back, the lip gloss wand and bottle fly out of her hand towards the ground.

Nadine stares at the fallen makeup, her face goes red.

INT. KITCHEN- DAY

A kettle whistles loudly, then quiets down. VIOLET PERTH, mid-late 50's, a short, stern looking woman in a sensible pant suit, pours the water into a mug and a thermos.

She brings the mug over to ANDREA, mid 50's, a long haired natural beauty, sits at the kitchen table grading papers.

ANDREA

Remind me when young people decided that using the phrase "baller" to refer to military generals was an okay thing?

VIOLET

When the Regan admin decided to cut the national education budget.

ANDREA

Mmmhmm.

(beat)

So, did you take a look at the pamphlets?

Violet shakes her head.

VIOLET

It's been really busy at work.

ANDREA

Too busy to pick a place for your Mom? Look, I can pick one if it's easier, but, she's your Mom.

Violet smiles, gives her a kiss.

VIOLET

(changing the subject)

How did I get so lucky?

ANDREA

The Regan admin, that's how.

They both chuckle. Violet grabs her thermos, heads for the door.

VIOLET

I should be back by the third episode.

ANDREA

Sounds good.

(beat)

Leave it.

VIOLET

Leave what?

Andrew raises an eyebrow.

ANDREA

You know. Leave it, you don't need it tonight.

VIOLET

If this bug wreaks have it the way they say it will tonight, they're not going to blame the guy that looks like Brad Pitt.

ANDREA

Vi.

VIOLET
(cutting her off)
I, I'll see you tonight.

She walks out the door, quickly shutting it behind her.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY- DAY

Violet pauses outside her front door, looks left and right. She pulls her coat back, revealing a holster and small revolver. She checks that the safety is on.

INT. OFFICE- BIGELOW AND BLYTHEWOOD MGMT- CR AREA- DAY

It's quiet, completely empty in the Client Relations- aka the CR- area of the office. The hum of the HVAC system fills the staunch, corporate office space.

MEGHAN DONNELLY, mid 40's, sweet eyes and almost no makeup, sits at her desk, looking at the photos on her desk- an old picture of her DAD, early 50's, and her when she was 3, a family picture of her, her HUSBAND, mid 40's, and TWO BOYS, 8 and 5. She gazes at their images, as if trying to figure out what to say.

She looks down at the filed and organized pile of papers in front of her, going over the details.

MEGHAN
(to herself)
You can do this. Just one more day.

She opens the second drawer on her left, brings her hand to the side facing her:

INSERT- DRAWER

On the side of the drawer facing her, a number lock. She enters a series of numbers, a click.

Out of the front of the drawer, a secret compartment slides out, holding a set of files dated "Records '96-'98", sticks in the folder in her hand, labeled "Records '98-'99" on top of it. She closes the secret compartment with another click.

OS: The door opens. Meghan looks up like a deer caught in the headlignths.

INT. MAIN ENTRANCE- DAY

Marissa walks in, Starbucks in hand, sunglasses on. She waves to the RECEPTIONIST, early 20's, all cheeks and glasses, as she turns on her heels towards the CR area.

She takes off her sunglasses, furrows her brows.

MARISSA

Meghan?

INT. CR AREA- DAY

Meghan closes her public drawer, looks up, gives the best nonchalant wave and smile she can.

MEGHAN

Morning! Happy almost New Year!

MARISSA

Happy New Year. What are you doing here so early?

MEGHAN

Oh, Cole crawled into bed with us early this morning and I ended up with a few limbs in my face. I figured if I was already up I'd make my way over here, get a head start.

Marissa nods, buying it for now.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

You ready for the spitstorm?

MARISSA

Are we ever?

They laugh, Marissa walks past her desk towards the door to her office.

INT. MAIN ENTRANCE- DAY

From the other side of the door, a buzzy chatter comes from the elevator bank.

LUCILLE (O.S.)
And, you know, don't tell my
husband, but I read the New York
Times- just occasionally- but they
were writing about this back in
ninety three. Ninety freakin'
three!!

The elevator dings, opens up. Lucille and Violet walk out
towards the door, Lucille's diatribe continuing like a jazz
musician's solo.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)
And he was saying that it's the
computer equivalent of Paul
Revere's "British are coming" ride.

VIOLET
(dutifully nodding)
Oh, wow.

LUCILLE
I know! If they were worrying about
it all the way back then, and we're
still worrying about it now, who
knows what the hell is going to
happen tonight.

VIOLET
Mmmhmmm.

They pass by Meghan's desk.

LUCILLE
Oh, Meghan, sweetie, hello and good
morning.

MEGHAN
Good morning, Lucille, how are you?

LUCILLE
Oh, you know, trying not to worry
about all this millennium bug
nonsense.

She waddles over to her desk. Violet and Meghan give each
other a knowing nod.

INT. MAIN ENTRANCE- DAY

Nadine marches towards the door, cell phone up to her ear,
face in full scowl.

NADINE

I told you, Tiff, I'm not up for it tonight! Because, tonight was supposed to be me and Joey, and that's clearly not a thing anymore, and I picked up some OT at work...Well, your office isn't like my office, let's just put it that way.

She turns the corner, not bothering with the Receptionist. She sees Meghan typing away, Violet and Lucille all settling into their desks, Marissa looking over Violet's shoulder at her computer monitor.

NADINE (CONT'D)

(grumbling)

I gotta go, I'll call you later.

(hanging up)

Good morning, ladies. Surprise!

MEGHAN

Morning, surprise indeed!

VIOLET

Well, hello, Nadine, good to see you.

LUCILLE

(strained)

Oh, hi, Nadine.

NADINE

(to Marissa)

Hey, Aunty Rizz.

MARISSA

(smiling)

Welcome to the Breakfast Club, sweetie.

Nadine walks over, gives Marissa a hug.

NADINE

Happy to help! Joanna sits over...

MEGHAN

Right next to Lucille.

Lucille squeezes her pen extra tight. Nadine forces a smile, walks over to the desk next to Lucille, takes a seat.

Marissa walks to the center of the area, faces Nadine.

MARISSA

All right, ladies, I know we know this like our ABC's, but Nadine should get another rundown of things so we don't get held up.

Everyone turns towards Marissa, listens closely.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

So today, our least favorite day of the year, is what we call the Shithole, or Spithole if you're a classy gal like Meghan. Because today is when all of our lovely, valued clients decide to drop thousands of dollars worth of last minute charitable donations to buy their way into heaven and out of taxes. But the process is like any other transfer:

INT. VIOLET'S DESK- DAY

Violet nods, her head and shoulder holding her phone, her fingers typing away on her computer.

MARISSA (V.O.)

Once a client request comes in for a transfer to a charity's account, Violet goes through the compliance protocols with the bank to verify that this is a client request and not fraud.

VIOLET

Client's birthday is April 30th, 1963, last four of their social is 0113, pass phrase is "Monte Cristo"...thank you.

She hangs up.

INT. NADINE'S DESK- DAY

Nadine's eyes snap back and forth between a piece of paper and her computer screen.

MARISSA (V.O.)

That's where Joanna would come in and verify the funds in the account to make sure the transfer can go through.

Nadine looks at the screen: 5,000.00 USD.

She looks down at the paper, writer \$50,000 USD, signs the document, brings it over to the fax.

INT. MEGHAN'S DESK- DAY

Meghan holds the phone to her ear, smiles and nods.

MEGHAN

Okay great, confirmed. Thanks so much Mrs. Ballantine...you too, now, bye bye.

She hangs up the phone.

MARISSA (V.O.)

After that's completed, Meghan calls the client to verbally confirm the transfer.

She grabs a stamp on her desk, presses down on a piece of paper. She lifts it up, the stamp reads in big red letter "verbal confirmation complete".

INT. LUCILLE'S DESK- DAY

Lucille squints at the screen, types and backspaces, then types, then backspaces.

MARISSA (V.O.)

After verbal confirm, Lucille fills out the ACH request so the bank can virtually transfer the funds.

Lucille presses print, lets out a held breath.

Marissa grabs the sheet from the printer, looks it over, walks over to Lucille's desk.

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

And before we finalize everything, we have to triple check that everything is done correctly.

Marissa points to various points on the sheet, a stern look on her face. Lucille nods, bites her tongue.

INT. MARISSA'S OFFICE- DAY

Marissa signs a document with her signature line reading "Marissa Bianchi, o/b/o Roy Reynolds, Principal, Bigelow and Blythewood Wealth Management". She brings it over to the personal fax machine that sits at her desk.

MARISSA (V.O.)
Finally, after all of that, I sign
it for Roy, and fax it over to the
custodian.

She presses the call button on the fax machine.

INT. CR AREA- DAY

Nadine nods, takes notes.

MARISSA
And that's it, simple. Pain in the
you know what, but simple.

MEGHAN
And of course if you have any
questions, you can ask any one of
us.

Violet nods in agreement, Lucille feigns a smile.

OS: Marissa's phone rings in her office.

MARISSA
Showtime.

She scoots into her office.

LUCILLE
You know, now that we all have a
minute, I wanted to ask-.

Violet and Meghan's phones ring. They pick up, immediately start getting things done.

Nadine's phone rings, she jumps in her seat. She takes a breath, picks up the phone.

NADINE
Hello, this is Bigelow Blythewood
Wealth Management...Uh, yes! I
think so, I mean yes I know so.

Lucille turns towards her computer, tries not to roll her eyes.

SMASH CUTS OF:

-Violet giving various birthdays, SSNs and pass phrases on the phone.

-Lucille squinting, typing the numbers in slowly.

-Meghan hangs up the phone, stamps a piece of paper.

-Another phone call for Violet

-Another stamp for Meghan

-Another number entered by Lucille, slightly more quick this time.

-Nadine signs a document, looks down

NADINE (CONT'D)

Dammit!

She rips it up, tosses it in the trash.

Meghan gets up, walks over to Nadine, puts an assuring hands on her shoulder as she scans her work.

INT. MARISSA'S OFFICE- NIGHT

Marissa, with her free hand, places the last document on her desk into the fax, dials a number, presses SEND.

In the other hand, her office phone is planted against her ear.

MARISSA

I told you like, 10,000 times over
Christmas, take it in before
everything shuts down for the
holidays...look, maybe one of the
girls can... because they're
adults...Okay, then, Tony's free
for the next few- why not...? Oh
for chrissake, Renny, grow up!!

She slams the phone down.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

(under her breath)

Vangul.

(Translation: fuck off)

Marissa leans back in her chair, rubs her temples. She sits back up, looks out the window of her office:

INSERT- CR AREA THROUGH WINDOW

Everyone is moving more slowly, Violet and Nadine chat with each other, Meghan is on the phone smiling.

Marissa's body relaxes, watching the work family in their natural habitat.

She looks down at her desk, reaches to the last drawer on her right. She opens it up, reaches in, pulls out:

A folder, with color drawings sticking out. She opens it up, a pile of hand drawn designs, mostly evening gowns, displays Marissa's innate talent for design and flare.

She rifles through the pile, sees a white, somewhat simple and conservative evening gown. She grabs a pile of colored pencils and eraser to her left, starts erasing the hemline.

She changes the Queen Anne neckline to a sultry, plunging scoop neck line. She creates a long, swaying slit above the knee, shadows it to shoe the gentle but shapely fit.

OS: Two rapid knocks on the door. Then the door opens.

Marissa drops the colored pencil, shoves everything in the folder, throws it in the drawer as:

ROY REYNOLDS, mid 60's, balding, pale and icy blue eyes, steps in, gives her a collegial smile.

ROY
Hey there! Bad time?

MARISSA
No, not at all! How's it going?

ROY
Good! Just getting ready to head to the St Regis thing with Alexandra.

MARISSA
Oh nice. Are Red and Georgia going with you?

ROY
My kids, want to spend time with me?

MARISSA

They never do until they want something, trust me.

Roy chuckles, nods in agreement. He opens his mouth, nods his head.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

What account is it?

ROY

What do you mean?

MARISSA

You're doing that very specific nod you do right before asking us to work on one more account.

Roy looks for the words to cover his tracks.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

22 years, Roy. I think I know the nod when I see the nod.

ROY

Oh, fine, you got me. I just need some money moved between my accounts. We're thinking of buying some property, it's nice to keep all those assets separate you know?

MARISSA

How much are we talking?

Roy presses his lips together, furrows his brows.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

The lips, the brows. What is it, twenty five, thirty..?

ROY

Fifty.

MARISSA

Roy, you're killing me. We've still got the two Winthrop accounts to do!

ROY

I know, which is why I want to make worth your while, and the other girls too.

Marissa thinks, looks between him and the clock that reads 4:00pm.

MARISSA
How worth our while?

OS: A series of groans, frustrated sighs, and one high pitched "are you kidding me?"

INT. CR AREA- NIGHT

Violet, Meghan, Nadine, and Lucille all look towards Marissa, who stands in the center facing them.

MARISSA
I know, I know. But I think double
our holiday bonuses and getting
done and out of here by 7pm is a
fair trade off.
(beat)
Look, he just needs one transfer
made between two of his accounts-.

Meghan leans in, listens carefully.

MARISSA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Which usually takes half the time
of a trust to bank transfer.

Violet, Lucille and Nadine all consider the offer.

NADINE
Well, it's not like I had any plans
anyway.

VIOLET
The marathon still goes into
tomorrow morning.

LUCILLE
I think that leaves time to get to
the store for the supplies.

MEGHAN
You're throwing a party?

LUCILLE
Oh no, when the bug hits, we need
all the fresh water, canned food
and flashlights I can get my hands
on.

NADINE

Oh my God, you can't be serious.

LUCILLE

When it's tomorrow morning, and the world isn't on fire, thank you very much! Don't worry, there's plenty of room for all you girls.

MEGHAN

Do they really think it'll be that destructive?

LUCILLE

No one knows! Although I saw a Yahoo article that says this may be an attack by the Russians! Violet, you're a vet, what do you think?

VIOLET

I...I don't really think about it.

LUCILLE

Oh, but you must!!

Lucille goes on as Violet stays silent. Her hand goes down to her hips.

Meghan watches Violet, noticing the odd shape forming under her blazer, almost like a handle.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

...And that's just what Charmaine said in our Y2K preparedness group the other night-.

NADINE

Stop freaking her out!

The discussion divulges into heated chatter.

MARISSA

Hey, guys. HEY!

They all quiet down, look to Marissa.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Thank you, seriously. We'll celebrate with pizza and champagne after this, promise. And Lucille, Roy said if anything gets crazy with all that stuff, he's got some guys in private security he can call and send over.

Meghan's head snaps back to the rest of the group.

MEGHAN

I'll finish up the first Winthrop account now, it should be ready in ten, fifteen tops.

MARISSA

Thanks.

She walks back to her office.

INT. HALLWAY- NIGHT

Violet paces back and forth, cell phone up to her ear.

VIOLET

...and the Trazadone didn't...okay, okay...I know... Look, Andrea and I are trying to figure something out... No, I don't need to talk to her...okay, thanks Aunt Terry, truly.

Violet hangs up the phone, shakes her head.

INT. CR AREA- NIGHT

Violet slumps back into her chair, looks up at the wall.

The clock on the wall now read 6:15pm. Everyone is chugging away on their computers, at their phones.

Meghan hangs up her office phone, looks around at the exhausted faces.

MEGHAN

So, does anyone have any New Years resolutions?

LUCILLE

You know, if we make it past the insanity of tonight, I'd like to go to Disney World with my kids.

NADINE

That's not a resolution. At least for you.

LUCILLE

(caught off guard)

Well, you know, my whole life is my family. I already had a husband, house, and two kids when I was your age.

Nadine bites her tongue.

NADINE

Wow, that's great.

VIOLET

(covering)

I don't have one.

MEGHAN

Interesting! Why not?

VIOLET

No particular reason. Just, never do.

LUCILLE

Oh, speaking of big trips, I remember what I wanted to ask you! Did anyone notice anything weird on their paystubs?

NADINE

No, why?

Meghan listens intently.

LUCILLE

I could've sworn there was something off with the 401k contributions. It's small, but, I don't know, there's just something off about it.

VIOLET

It could be a misprint. There can be a lag with payment schedules due to holidays, I'm sure it's fine.

LUCILLE

But, I just... worry you know?

MEGHAN

I keep my paystubs in a filing cabinet at home. I'll take a look at them and call you. Maybe it just needs a pair of fresh eyes!

Marissa comes out of her office, her phone and a credit card in her hand.

MARISSA
All right, what does everyone want?
Company's buying.

INT. LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

Tony paces back and forth, cordless phone in hand.

He looks down at the phone- a phone numbers sits waiting to be dialed, Tony's thumb hovering over the "call" button.

TONY
You can do this.

He presses "call", brings the phone up to his ear.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RENNY'S LIVING ROOM- NIGHT

LORENZO "RENNY" DI STEFANO, late 50's, big, bald, and fists always clenched, slouches in his lazy boy in front of the TV watching *Everybody Loves Raymond*. The laugh track blares as Renny takes a sip of his beer.

RENNY
(respectfully)
Ha, funny.

Next to him on the table, the phone rings. He grumbles, grabs it like a football, answers it.

RENNY (CONT'D)
Hello?

TONY (V.O.)
Hey, Renny! How are you?

Renny's face freezes in spite.

RENNY
Fine. What's wrong?

TONY
What? Oh, nothing! Everything's fine. I just, uh, wanted to check if you gave a second thought to coming over tonight with the girls?

Renny stays silent, his grip on the phone becoming tighter.

TONY (V.O.)
I, I think Marissa said you're
having some care issues, that's not
a problem. I can come and pick you
up, or call a cab for you...

Renny gulps his beer down.

TONY (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Look, I know this may seem, well,
strange, but you're a huge part of
Marissa and the girls' lives, the
last thing I want to do is make you
feel left out or anything.

Renny slams the beer bottle down on the table. It cracks and
breaks.

RENNY
DAMMIT!!

TONY
Oh, is everything all right?

RENNY
Yeah, something broke. Gotta go.

He hangs up the phone, throws it across the room.

Tony waits to see if something less awkward happens, to no
avail. He lowers the phone, hangs up.

Tony reaches into his pants pocket, pulls out a small blue
ring box.

INT. CR AREA- DAY

Marissa walks out of her office, groans.

MARISSA
That's the fifth place I called.

VIOLET
Is it that locked down out there?

MARISSA
Apparently. It's a few computer
issues, not fuh-riggin Doomsday.

MEGHAN

After I make my last call I'm happy
to run out and pick something up!
Stretching my legs might feel
nice-.

MARISSA

That's so nice of you, but please,
don't kill yourself over some carbs
I shouldn't be having anyway-.

OS: The front door opens. Everyone turns towards the entrance
to see:

INT. MAIN ENTRANCE- DAY

CONNOR REYNOLDS, aka "RED", early 30's, wide eyed and lanky
in a privileged way, and his cousin, MARCO, late 20's, a
mountain with kind eyes, walk in with the same gym bags from
the car on their shoulders. They survey the place, spot
Marissa.

MARISSA

(surprised)

Oh, Red! What a surprise!

RED

Hi, Marissa! Hi, ladies.

NADINE

(strained)
Hiiiiii.

VIOLET

(dignitary)
Hello, Connor.

LUCILLE

(coddling)
Oh, Red, sweetie, how are
ya?!

MEGHAN

(measured)
Hi, Connor, Happy New Year.

RED

Oh, this is my pal, Marco.

MARCO

(quietly)
Hi, everyone.

MARISSA

What are you doing here? Not that
we don't love seeing you or
anything-.

RED

Oh, Marco and I grabbed a quick workout before heading to the our friend's place.

MARISSA

Not your friend from that internship you did, right?

LUCILLE

What friend?

MARISSA

The one Red very nicely invited to the office summer party at his father's place, where he proceeded to get completely hammered, hit on his sister, and, wait for it, puke into his Mom's favorite Ming vase.

Meghan laughs, Nadine makes an ick face. Red chuckles at the memory, quickly shakes it away.

RED

Nah, I haven't seen him in years since he started at Barclays. Anyway, my Dad just forgot something in his office. I'll just run back there and be out of your hair.

He turns to Marco.

RED (CONT'D)

You want to wait out here while I grab it?

MARCO

(fidgety)

Um, sure.

Red nods, gives a quick smile before heading down the hallway.

Marissa looks at Marco up and down.

MARISSA

Why don't you take a seat at one of the free desks? Make yourself comfortable.

MARCO

Oh, uh, that's nice of you, but, it's okay.

LUCILLE

Do you want some water, sweetie?
You look a little flushed.

MARCO

No, thanks.

Marco looks down at his feet. Beads of sweat form on his forehead.

Marissa starts to watch him more carefully. Meghan does the same.

NADINE

Uhh, you sure you okay?

MARCO

Please, I'm fine.

VIOLET

Young man, there's no need to be a hero.

She gets up from her desk, walks over with her hand extended.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Let me help you with that.

MARCO

No, please, don't.

VIOLET

It's no trouble at all.

She reaches him, her fingers inches away from the bag strap.

MARCO

No, please, it's loaded!

Violet freezes. Everyone else does the same.

MARISSA

(steadying her voice)
What do you mean loaded?

RED (O.S.)

He means exactly what it sounds like.

As they turn around, Nadine screams, Meghan holds her hands up in surrender, Lucille starts to cry. Violet stays completely frozen.

Marissa stays locked in place, face frozen, eyes darting around the chaos. She tries to steady her breath.

Red, eyes livid, jaw clenched, holds two very large, automatic guns in his hands, both barrels poised at them.

Violet stays frozen, looks from Red to Marco.

MARCO

I'm so sorry.

He carefully puts his bag down, unzips it- a set of the same guns rest on top of a shirt and gym shorts.

Red walks around the room, guns poised, barrels roving.

RED

Now, as some of you may know, my father has multiple accounts here. There are a few that are under his sole management. Tonight, we're clearing one of those accounts. The funds from that account will be transferred to an offshore account by midnight tonight, before the comps possibly go offline.

Meghan's eyes dart towards her drawer, then quickly back up to Red.

RED (CONT'D)

That is how you make it out of this office alive. I don't care what else is going on, what other accounts you have to do some tax sheltering bullshit for, this happens tonight if you want to make it to midnight. Understood?

Nadine tries to nod, form words, no luck. Lucille continues to whimper, Violet and Meghan nod.

RED (CONT'D)

It's too quiet in here. Is that understood?!

Nadine, Violet, Meghan and Lucille stammer out a "yes". Marissa stays exactly where she is.

OS: From Marissa's office, the phone rings. And rings.

MARISSA

(under her breath)

Shit.

She looks to Red and Marco, waiting for instructions.

Red cocks his head towards the office.

RED

Say nothing.

Marissa nods, slowly walks towards her office. She opens the door.

RED (CONT'D)

Leave it open.

Marissa glares at him, pushes the door open, walks into her office.

INT. MARISSA'S OFFICE- NIGHT

Marissa picks up the phone, leans on her desk for balance.

MARISSA

Hello...? Hey, honey, what's up...?
Oh, that's right, I forgot to call!
I'm so sorry, we just have one more
account Roy dropped on us last
minute...Yes, I'm fine...Seriously,
I'm fine...I know the- the thing we
talked about before...

She glances up, sees all eyes on her, quickly averts everyone's gaze.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

I'll call you as soon as I'm
leaving the office... I love you
too, bye.

She hangs up the phone, leans on the table. She looks to Red for begrudging approval.

Red nods. She walks out of her office.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Just give us the last four digits
of the account, and we'll get
started.

RED

I don't know them.

MARISSA

What do you mean you don't know
them?

RED
I don't know it, okay.

VIOLET
Young man, we can't start the
process until we know exactly which
account. Do you have a name?

RED
(simmering)
No.

VIOLET
But it's got to have a-.

RED
JUST DO IT!

MARISSA
Hey!! You may have a guns, but you
do not talk to my team like that.

MARCO
Our apologies, ma'am.

MARISSA
(to Marco)
You don't need to apologize.
(beat)
Look, you've got to give us
something, we can't just go through
your Dad's private accounts and
guess which one.

MEGHAN
I think I might know which one.

They both look to Meghan in surprise.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)
(covering)
I helped Roy when I was here early
one morning, he couldn't figure out
how to make his computer work.

RED
Yeah, that sounds like him.

MEGHAN
Violet, I believe the last four
digits of the account are 0801, but
I'll double check my emails.

Violet nods, picks up the phone, dials.

Lucille looks around the room, spots the clock on the wall.

VIOLET

Hello, this is Violet Perth at
Bigelow-Blythewood Wealth
Management...I'm, just fine, how
are you...

LUCILLE

How much longer will this take? I
need to get home to my kids.

RED

It'll take as long as it needs to.

MARISSA

Lucille, we'll be out of here soon,
promise.

LUCILLE

I know, I just, everything going
on, everything that's about to
happen. Oh God, my blood pressure
is just awful!

VIOLET

(into the phone)

Hold on one second, please.

(to Lucille)

Lucille, would you mind lowering
your voice for a moment please?

LUCILLE

Oh, Violet, hon, I'm so sorry.

(to Red)

Look, why don't we all just, write
you a check! Just tell us how much
you want, and we can give it to
you-.

NADINE

(lowered voice)

Lucille, this would all go a lot
more quickly if we did our jobs.
Quickly and quietly.

LUCILLE

Nadine, don't interrupt my
negotiations.

RED

No offense, Lucille, the check
won't cut it.

LUCILLE
(blubbering)
What do you mean?? Please, just let
us go!

MARISSA
Lucille, come on lets-.

LUCILLE
Oh god, Mikey, the kids, oh good
God my pension, if the banks-!

Nadine shoots out of her chair.

NADINE
SHUT UP YOU SENILE HAG! WE'RE ALL
STUCK HERE, YOU DON'T MATTER MORE
THAN ANY OF US, SO DEAL WITH IT
LIKE WE ALL ARE!

The room goes completely still, except for Nadine's office
chair swirling from the velocity of Nadine. Meghan's jaw
hangs on the floor. Violet stays completely still.

VIOLET
Sorry, Mario, one of my coworkers
is listening to the radio.

Nadine looks around the room for an un-shocked, sympathetic
face to no avail.

She turns to Marissa- her disappointment is palpable.

MARISSA
Nadine, you must be hungry. Why
don't you go to the kitchen, grab
something, take a few minutes to
yourself before we need you.

RED
No, not by yourself.

Red turns to Marco, cocks his head.

RED (CONT'D)
Marco, go with her.

MARCO
Uh, it's just the kitchen, Red-.

RED

No, I know that kitchen. There's glasses, knives, a whole bunch of things they could use against us. Go with her.

Marco looks to Nadine. She lifts the corners of her mouth into the meagerest of smiles.

NADINE

(barely audible)

Hope you like Doritos.

She turns, lowers her head, walks down the hall. Marco follows after her.

INT. OFFICE KITCHEN- NIGHT

Marco stands by the sink as Nadine slams a door shut, throws her hands in the air.

NADINE

Scratch that, no Doritos. Jake in office management must've stopped orders for the holidays.

She drops into a chair, lowers her head into her hands. Marco watches her sink more and more into herself.

MARCO

Do you want me to look around, see if-.

NADINE

No, I don't!

(beat)

I'm sorry, it's just been a long day. Even before you guys got here.

MARCO

I don't blame you.

(beat)

The older lady, is she always like that?

NADINE

Yep, pretty much. She's not a bad person, she just...I don't know, it's like the sky is about to fall at any minute, and we have to do something about it.

MARCO

Yeah, my Mom can be like that sometimes. I give you credit though, you were honest with her.

NADINE

(scoffing)

Tell that to everyone else over there.

MARCO

They'll forgive you.

NADINE

Why?

MARCO

Because people mess up. Just yesterday, I got my third parking ticket in 4 months.

NADINE

That's...not great. But doesn't make you a bad person.

MARCO

And being stressed and hungry doesn't make you a bad person either.

Nadine sits up, rubs her stomach.

NADINE

You know what I'd really love? A grilled cheese from Guiseppe's diner. They always let the cheese ooze out so you get this amazing, lava burnt crust on it.

Marco listens, nods, then:

MARCO

Mike's Royal in Bay Ridge is way better.

Nadine's eyes go wide, but so does her smile.

NADINE

Are you serious?

MARCO

Yeah, I'm serious! Who wants a piece of cheese between two pucks of charcoal?

NADINE
People with acquired taste.

MARCO
(chuckling)
You mean people with no taste,
cause they've burned their
tastebuds off.

NADINE
Oh, you're cruisin' for a bruisin'
dude.

They laugh off their competitive streak. It's the most either
of them have smiled all day.

INT. CR AREA- NIGHT

Violet hangs up the phone.

VIOLET
All set. We'll need Nadine back.

Red cranes his head towards the kitchen.

RED
Marco! We need her!

Nadine and Marco walk down the hallway, looking more relaxed
than before.

Nadine takes the phone, looks at Violet, gives a confirming
nod. She picks up her phone.

From Marissa's office, the phone rings. Everyone pauses.

MARISSA
I'll get it.

She turns, walks towards her office. Red opens his mouth to
speak:

MARISSA (CONT'D)
Door open. You got it.

INT. MARISSA'S OFFICE- NIGHT

Marissa picks up the phone.

MARISSA
Hello, this is Marissa.

ROY (V.O.)
Hey there, how's everyone doing.

MARISSA
Oh, hi, Roy!

Red's whole body launches towards her.

RED
(hushed)
Put him on speaker. Now.

Marissa nods, presses the speaker button on her phone.

ROY
...wanted to check on everyone.
How's the pizza?

MARISSA
You know what? Couldn't get it. All
the streets are blocked up.

ROY
Really? Jeez, you think people
would want to make a few extra
bucks tonight.
(beat)
Oh, by the way, odd question for
you.

MARISSA
Sure.

ROY
Have you seen Red tonight at all?

Marissa freezes, her eyes dart around the room looking for
the right answer.

In the CR Area, Nadine white knuckles her phone.

Red's eyes light up with a mix of fear and aggression.

MARISSA
You know what, he did!

Red starts to bring the gun up.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
He was in the neighborhood, stopped
by to grab a bottle of water from
the fridge and headed out.

Red nods, lowers his gun.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

That was, I don't know, maybe an hour ago?

ROY

Still would rather take a hand out than work for something? Yep, that sounds like him.

Red clenches his jaw, tries to keep his cheeks from flushing.

MARISSA

Oh, come on, he's a nice kid.

ROY

Well, just keep me updated, let me know if you have any questions about those accounts.

MARISSA

No problem. Happy New Year.

ROY

Thanks, bye.

Click.

MARISSA

(to Red)

You know he didn't mean that.

RED

You're saying that to the guy that's got a gun to your head.

MARISSA

I'm saying that to the kid I've known since he was 12.

RED

I'm not a kid anymore.

Marissa raises an eyebrow, questioning his declaration.

Red shakes his head, walks back to the CR area.

Marissa reaches into her purse, rummages around, keeps her eyes on Red.

POV SHOT

He and Marco pace the CR area as Nadine types away on her computer.

Marissa quickly brings her pager, quickly presses a series of buttons, presses send.

From the pager, an audible series of beeps.

Red turns on his heels, storms back into Marissa's office.

RED (CONT'D)
What the hell do you think you're
doing??

From the CR Area, all eyes turn to Marissa and Red.

He points the gun straight at Marissa. Her eyes go wide, her hands go up, revealing the pager.

MARISSA
I, I, I was just paging Tony,
letting him know I'm going to be h-
home a little late.

RED
Bull shit, you were paging my
father.

MARISSA
(quick thinking)
Do you really think he knows how to
work one? Meghan was just saying he
could barely figure out his
computer the other day.

Red begins to lower his gun, pauses.

Marissa nods, slowly hands the pager to him.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
I, I'm sorry. I'll double check
next time.

Red looks at Marissa, sees glints of the fear she's trying to hide in her eyes. He begins to soften, then shakes his head.

He snatches the pager, turns on his heels, marches out to the CR Area.

RED
Marco, cell phones, pagers,
anything, collect them.

Marco nods.

MARCO
Ladies, if anyone has a portable
communication de-.

Violet nods, grabs her cell phone from her desk, holds it up
in offering. Meghan and Nadine follow suit.

EXT. MARISSA'S HOUSE- DINING ROOM- NIGHT

Tony paces back and forth, looks over at the dining room
table:

The red candles have burnt halfway down, the ice in the water
jug completely melted.

OS: From Tony's pocket, a series of beeps.

He reaches in, looks down, his eyes go wide.

INT. CR AREA- NIGHT

Nadine double checks the account numbers on the screen, then
looks down at her form.

LUCILLE
(fake nice)
Do you need help with that?

NADINE
No, thank you. I've just never seen
that many zeroes in my life.

She fills out the blank spaces in the form.

LUCILLE
Would either of you boys mind if we
turn on the radio? Just to get some
updates on all the bug stuff?

NADINE
Could it wait until I'm done? It
might be a bit distracting.

LUCILLE
Please, I, I need to know
everything is okay out there.

Marissa, leaning against her office doorway, gives Nadine a
look that says "Please be a team player". Nadine sighs, nods.

MARISSA
Fine, turn it on, but keep it low.

Lucille reaches over to her desktop radio, places it on the top of her cubicle wall. She turns it on, looks for the signal.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

And news on the notorious bug
that's been on everyone's mind
lately. Reports of technical issues
in South Korea-

Lucille gasps, turns the radio up.

NADINE

(under her breath)
Oh my God, you must be joking.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

Through their National Bank. ATMS,
unable to properly print the dates
on ATM receipts, have been shut
down until further notice-.

LUCILLE

Oh, dear God in heaven, it's
starting.

MEGHAN

Okay, that is... a little odd.

LUCILLE

See?!

Nadine looks back and forth between the screen and her form.

NADINE

Dammit!

She grabs another one off the desk.

MARISSA

What's wrong?

NADINE

Nothing, I, I screwed it up.

MARCO

Would you like any help?

NADINE

Oh, um, thank you, that's very nice
of you, but I'm okay. I just need a
little quiet.

LUCILLE

You'd rather stay ignorant of the
total disaster that's about to
happen to our country.

Nadine crumbles up the incorrect form, pretends it's
Lucille's neck.

NADINE

(through gritted teeth)
No, I just need to make sure I do
this correctly so we can all go
home. Alive.

VIOLET

I'm with Nadine on this one.

LUCILLE

You can't be serious.

VIOLET

We just need a little quiet to
work, Lucille. What's gonna happen
is gonna happen.

RED

Everyone, be quiet and turn off the
radio.

LUCILLE

No! We have to prepare!

NADINE

We need the bullets in their gun to
not be pointed at our head!

RED

I, I said be quiet.

VIOLET

(under her breath)
This is ridiculous.

MARISSA

All right, guys, come on!

The fight continues. Meghan moves out of her chair, towards
Roy's office, with church mouse levels of silence.

Red turns the safety off of his gun, points it at the radio,
fires three shots right into the speaker. Everyone screams
and ducks for cover as sparks fly.

Red, gun still at the ready, turns to the group. He tries to steady his voice, slow his breath.

RED
I'm in charge here. When I say
quiet, quiet.

Nadine begins to cry, Violet puts her head in her hands.
Lucille makes the sign of the cross.

Marissa slowly walks over to Red.

MARISSA
Red, can I take over for a second?

Red's eyes go wide.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
You're still in charge, I just, I
know them, I know what they'll
listen to.

Red grits his teeth.

RED
Fine.

Marissa walks over to Lucille's cubicle.

MARISSA
Lucille, think about your blood
pressure. Remember tax season of
'96?

LUCILLE
Okay, okay, you're right.

Marissa turns to Nadine.

MARISSA
Nadine, we'll try to find some
earplugs for you or something.

NADINE
Fine.

MARISSA
Vi, do you need a minute.

Violet, sitting back up, blushing, pats her hair, lowers her eyes.

VIOLET
Perhaps I should stretch my legs.

She slowly gets up, walks towards the Reception Desk, massages her shoulders.

Meghan slips back into her chair, the edges of papers just barely peaking out of the bottom of her shirt.

Violet glances at her, sees the papers, meets her eyes.

Meghan looks at Violet, looks down at the holster on her waist just barely peering out of her jacket.

Violet nods.

Meghan nods.

EXT. RENNY'S HOUSE- DOORWAY- NIGHT

Tony's fist bangs in a staccato panic against the door. He waits. He bangs again.

RENNY (O.S.)
All right, all right!

Renny opens the door, a scowl on his face, another beer in his hand.

Tony takes a deep breath.

RENNY (CONT'D)
What the fuck are-.

TONY
(one stream of
consciousness)
Before you say anything, yes, I know. I get it! But I need your help. Marissa is in trouble. Something happened, I got a pager message with our danger code, she needs our help, and I get that you don't care about me, but I know you care about her, and two people that care about her are better than one, so I've got my car and a crowbar for changing tires we can use as a weapon just in case things get really bad. Are you with me??

Renny stands in confused, yet impressed, silence. Tony tries not to crawl out his own skin.

Finally, Renny nods.

RENNY
Lemme get my jacket.

He turns, Tony nods.

INT. CR AREA- NIGHT

Nadine spins around in her chair, Lucille puts her head in her hands, Marissa sips a coffee from the break room.

Meghan rubs her eyes, looks through her computer screen, scans with her finger.

Violet yawns, stretches her arms. Her jacket lifts just enough to show the barrel of her handgun.

Red turns towards Violet.

Meghan sees the reveal out of the corner of her eye.

MEGHAN
(blurting out)
Hey, Red!

Red turns towards Meghan.

Violet's arms lower, the jacket moves back, hides the handgun.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)
Sorry, um, Red, would you mind
taking a look at this really
quickly?

RED
Why?

MEGHAN
I can't seem to find the contact
number on here. And my Dad always
used to say, a fresh pair of eyes
is the best secret weapon anyone
can use.

Meghan glances over to Violet. Violet nods, gets the message.

RED
Fine.

He lowers the gun, walks over to her desk.

Violet slowly opens her desk drawer, tries to keep it quiet.

Red leans over Meghan, looks at the screen.

RED (CONT'D)
You're not that tired. There's no
contact there. Not surprising.

MEGHAN
Okay, well then, do I call your
Dad? I'm so sorry, I've just never
worked on this account before.

RED
No. Do not call him.

Meghan's eyes dart to Violet:

Violet's desk drawer is open. Violet's hand inches towards
her handgun holster.

MEGHAN
Oh, okay. Well, maybe I can-.

RED
(re: screen)
Hold on.

MEGHAN
Uh, sure. What is it?

Red doesn't answer, his eyes burning into the screen, his
body frozen, tight.

Meghan looks up and down the computer screen, spots the
section he's looking at.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)
Oh, the dependent.

INSERT- SCREEN

In the information column under "Dependent(s)", the name
"McCreedy, Jack" is listed. Under it, "Age: 3".

Red's nostrils flare, his teeth gritted, fighting back tears.

Meghan's eyes dart towards Violet:

Violet nods, pulls her gun out of the holster.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)
(whispering)
I'm really sorry.

Red snaps back, looks at her.

RED
What do you know?

Meghan searches, and searches.

MEGHAN
(stammering)
Nothing, I just, you looked very
upset.

RED
Bull shit. What do you know?

Meghan, barely breathing, locks eyes with him.

MEGHAN
I think-.

OS: Click.

Red looks up, towards:

Violet, her hand on the handgun, switching the safety.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)
(under her breath)
No, no, no.

Red slams his hand on the desk, bolts over to her.

RED
Give it to me.

VIOLET
I, I, I-.

RED
I said give it to me, you bitch!!

Nadine's body goes into full alert, looks over to Violet.

NADINE
Holy shit-.

MARISSA
Okay we all need to take a breath
right now.

MARCO
Red, please, lets-.

RED
SHUT UP!!

He points his gun at Violet, sticks his free hand out, open, waiting.

VIOLET

Please. I was putting it away, I have no intention to use it-.

RED

I don't fucking care.

Meghan watches. Her face changes into something different, resolute.

VIOLET

Please.

RED

Give me your fucking gun that you hid this whole time, you sneaky-.

MARISSA

Please, Red!

Marco shakes his head, walks over to Red.

MARCO

Look, I'll take it.

Red swings his gun around, points it point blank in between his brows. Marco freezes in place.

Nadine holds her hands over her mouth, stifles a scream.

Meghan stands up in her chair.

RED

No one takes it but me. I'm in control here, not you. None of you!

Violet stares at Red.

VIOLET

Please, be extremely careful with it.

Violet slowly hands the handgun over.

Meghan inches towards Red from behind.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Don't worry, the safety is on.

Violet places the handgun gently in his hand.

Meghan's hand reaches over.

Red puts the handgun in the pants seam of his lower back.

RED

You shouldn't have done that.

He turns around, throws her against the nearest wall, her head, whole body slam against it.

MARISSA

Hey!!

Marissa runs in, throws herself onto Red.

Red whips side to side, elbows her in the ribs.

Marissa shoots back, launches into the side of a cubicle wall, falls to the floor.

NADINE

Aunty Ris!

Nadine gets up, runs over to her.

Meghan gets up to her forearms, pulls herself up with the chair.

Red raises his gun, points it at right between Violet's eyes.

RED

This is your fault.

His finger curls around the trigger.

Violet closes her eyes.

MEGHAN (O.S.)

No!!

The gun goes off with a bang.

Violet opens her eyes. Looks around, looks in front of her to see:

Meghan, a giant red gash in her left ribcage, the bloodstain in her shirt growing bigger and bigger.

Marissa, still on the floor, stares. Nadine screams.

Lucille shoots out of her chair.

LUCILLE

What, what-.

MARISSA
Lay her down.

Violet reaches under Meghan's arms, lays her down. She looks up at:

Red, rocking back and forth, eyes wide, teeth chattering.

Marco looks all around the room, then back at Red.

MARCO
What the fuck did you do. What the fuck did you do.

Marissa teeters over to Meghan, puts her hands on her wound.

MARISSA
Violet, call 911. Nadine, your skirt where is it from?

LUCILLE
Wait, what?

MARISSA
Where is it from??

NADINE
Th-th-the Gap.

MARISSA
Okay, grab those scissors and cut a strip of it off. Gap uses polyester, it's less porous than cotton and will stop the bleeding better.

Nadine nods, reaches for the scissors.

Violet hand shakes, almost drops her desk phone, grabs it just in time.

MEGHAN
(labored)
Hand. Me. The phone. Not. Much time.

Nadine slices half of her skirt off.

MARISSA
No, Meghan, we can't ask you to do that.
(to Nadine)
Press don on the-.

MEGHAN

Need to. We. Need. To go. Home.

Meghan sticks her hand out, shaking and pallid.

Nadine presses down the wad of her skirt on the wound, blood forming in the creases of her fingers.

Violet walks over, hands her the phone.

Meghan barely grasps it, turns her head slowly to Marissa.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

Call. Roy. If....if I can't, say I
went to bathroom.

Marissa nods, looks down.

Meghan's wobbly hands try to press the numbers. Marissa presses them for her.

Meghan grimaces, coughs up blood. Nadine dabs her lips.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Marissa presses send.

Lucille walks over, brings a box of tissues over from her desk. She stands to Meghan's side, wipes the sweat off of her forehead.

Meghan takes a deep breath, seizes every ounce of strength in her body.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

Hey, Roy...yeah, I'm good, just,
tired. Just wanted to confirm the
transfer for account 0801...Okay,
confirmed-.

Another cough of blood. Marissa shakes her head, reaches towards the phone. Meghan shakes her head- she's got this.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm fine, just a...dry
throat...Okay, thank you. Bye.

Meghan lowers the phone, her arm goes limp, her eyes start to close. The phone falls, skids across the floor as Meghan's whole body starts to fade.

Marissa catches Meghan's shoulders, holds her, looks down at Meghan. Violet grabs the phone, dials 911.

MARISSA
You're going to be okay. You're
going to be fine.

MEGHAN
(choking)
Joshua's birthday.

MARISSA
What?

Violet slams her phone down.

VIOLET
I can't get 911, the signal's busy.

LUCILLE
It's happening.

MEGHAN
Josh's birthday. Second drawer. My
desk.

Her breathing turns shallow, frantic.

MEGHAN (CONT'D)
I love my boys. I love them so
much.

MARISSA
I know, and you're going to get to
see them and tell them all about
how brave you were...

Meghan's body shakes, calms down, goes limp. Her face
relaxes, eyes goes vacant.

Lucille backs away, makes the sign of the cross, clasps her
hand.

LUCILLE
Dear God in Heaven, please.

Marissa stays frozen, holding Meghan's lifeless body in her
arms, her blood all over her hands.

Nadine chokes back sobs. Violet stares blankly, tears running
down her eyes.

Red starts to hyperventilate. Violet cranes her head towards
him.

RED
I, I, I didn't mean to.

MARCO
(whimpering)
Wh, wh, what did you do?

Marissa stays staring at Meghan.

MARISSA
We need a minute.

RED
What?

MARISSA
You, and Marco, need to give us a
minute.

RED
I can't leave you, not until-.

Marissa shoots up, her eyes and body like a live wire.

She marches over, slaps Red hard and sharp across the face.
He stays recoiled, frozen.

Nadine, Lucille and Violet stare in shock. Lucille lets out a
gasp.

Marissa, eyes red from tears, wild with rage and shock, stays
staring, frozen. Her chest heaves up and down.

Red slowly comes back up, his cheek red hot. He stares at
Marissa, twisting his face, trying to hide the fear and
shame.

RED.
Marco, watch them.

Red RUNS down the hallway. Marco pauses, turns towards the
group.

MARCO
Um, ma'am.

MARISSA
(on the defense)
Yes?

Marco puts the safety on his gun, lowers it, puts it on the
ground. He takes his jacket off, slowly hands it to Marissa.

MARCO
Would you, um, would you like this?
To cover her?

Marissa eases up.

MARCO (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
She, she seemed like a nice lady.
She shouldn't be on the ground like
that, it's not right. I know I'm
the last person you want to-.

Marissa takes the jacket, comparatively the size of a blanket
to her.

MARISSA
Thank you.

Marco nods, picks up his gun.

MARCO
I'm going to go to the bathroom.
Give me a knock whenever you're
ready.
(beat)
I, I swear, I didn't take this gig
thinking-.

VIOLET
You don't need to apologize, young
man.

Marco nods, takes the small consolation as he walks to the
bathroom.

INT. ROY'S OFFICE- NIGHT

Red closes the blinds on Roy's office windows, he paces back
and forth. He suddenly freezes, his face twisted in anger,
fear, and worse- disappointment.

He walks over to Roy's desk, scans the desk- a litany of
awards, pictures of him with dignitaries and at high profile
events, none of his family.

He grabs a heavy, glass award off of Roy's bookshelf, smashes
it on the ground. He grabs a framed picture of Roy at the
stock exchange, throws it against the wall.

Out of the shattered frame, a smaller picture concealed
behind the main stock exchange photo.

Red stumbles over to it, kneels down, picks up the smaller
picture, turns it around:

INSERT- PICTURE

A small, blue eyed baby boy in a bucket hat, smiling without a care in the world.

A faint smile escapes his lips. He turns it over, looks at the date, immediately hardens:

September 7th, 1998

Tears stream down Red's face as he crumbles the photo in his hand.

INT. TONY'S CAR- NIGHT

Tony drives, white knuckling the steering. He looks to the passenger seat.

Renny sits seats partially down, legs spread, head in his hand, glares out the window.

TONY

So, uh, never thought this would happen, did you?

RENNY

What?

TONY

Us, well, teaming up. On anything.

RENNY

No.

Tony nods.

TONY

Me neither. It's very Cage and Connery.

Renny's whole body lurches up, his heads swivels over to Tony.

RENNY

What the fuck did you say?

TONY

Cage and Connery? Like, *The Rock*?

RENNY

The Rock? You mean the greatest fuckin action movie ever made?

Tony eases up.

TONY

Yes! I mean, I don't think *all* the violence was necessary, but that last part with the rocket? Incredible.

RENNY

Oh, man, yes. Connery rolling under those incinerators like he was still in his Bond days!

TONY

I know, right?!

RENNY

Yeah!! I took the girls to see that, they didn't get it.

Renny deflates, but keeps his chest puffed. Tony nods.

TONY

Oh, I get it, I took them to the antique car show once, it wasn't really their thing.

Renny's face sours, he turns back to the car.

TONY (CONT'D)

I, I'm sorry, did I say something to offend you?

RENNY

That car show, was that the one at Javits two years ago, right?

TONY

Uh, yeah.

RENNY

You guys went to a diner and took pictures with those stupid dress up people in Times Square.

(beat)

They loved it. They couldn't shut up about how much fun they had with you.

TONY

Well, they're great girls, it's not hard to have a fun time with them. You and Marissa did a great job.

RENNY

She did a great job. I thought I was doing everything I'm supposed to- work, keep a roof over their heads, make sure boys don't get stupid with them, get them into college...

Renny waves his hands in the air in defeat, leans back in the chair.

RENNY (CONT'D)

So, what's your deal anyway? Why are you so...

TONY

Such a tight ass?

RENNY

Yeah, that's it.

They come to a stoplight. Tony nods.

TONY

My sister was killed when I was 14. I was supposed to go to a concert with her but bailed at the last minute. On the way back home, she stopped at a gas station to fill up and get some coffee. Two guys with ski masks walked in...

RENNY

Well, shit, man, I'm really sorry about that.

TONY

Yeah, so am I.

They drive in quiet, less tense silence.

INT. CR AREA- NIGHT

Marissa, Nadine, Lucille and Violet sit by the now covered body of Meghan, red face, wet cheeked. A pile of flowers rests in the middle of the jacket, an empty vase rests on the table close by.

MARISSA

I gotta ask you guys something. I know I fucked up, but I think this is important.

VIOLET
What is it?

MARISSA
We need to tell each other
everything.

A confused silence. Nadine, Lucille and Violet all look at each other for clarification.

LUCILLE
What do you mean, everything?

MARISSA
I mean everything. Not the last
time you took a shit or something
ridiculous like that, but the
things we need to know.

She looks to Violet.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
Violet, no offense, but I had no
fucking clue you had a gun on you
the whole time. That shit is kind
of important.
(beat)
We could've figured something out.

VIOLET
I understand.

MARISSA
If we're not honest with each
other, honest to God, I don't think
we're getting out of this in one
piece.

Lucille, Violet and Nadine all nod in agreement.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
I'll go first. I want to quit.

The silence immediately changes from contemplative to stunned.

MARISSA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
I've wanted to quit for a long,
long time. But I can't, I couldn't.
(MORE)

MARISSA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

My Dad wasn't legally in this country until I was in high school, my brothers were always in and out of trouble, my sister got pregnant when she was 19, I needed to provide for my family. And this has been how.

(beat)

I wanted to be a fashion designer. I remember my Dad and I watching Liz Taylor walking into the pool room with that Edith Head dress. It was magic. Now, my parents are getting older, my kids are in college, and honestly, I don't know any other life.

Marissa settles into her finally revealed truth, relaxes against the wall.

NADINE

Eight thousand, three hundred and seventeen dollars.

Marissa, Violet and Lucille crane their heads towards Nadine.

LUCILLE

Come again?

NADINE

Eight thousand, three hundred and seventeen dollars. That's how much credit card debt I'm trying to pay off right now.

VIOLET

This is not a judgement, Nadine, but, what did you spend all that on?

Nadine waves her hands down her body, stops at the bottom of her skirt.

MARISSA

Sweetheart, why didn't you tell me sooner? I could've helped.

NADINE

But then, I...

She collects herself.

NADINE (CONT'D)

Calm, in charge and fabulous.
That's what you always said when I
was a kid. "One day, little Deeney,
you'll be calm, in charge and
fabulous." I wanted to prove you
right and Mom and Dad wrong so, so
badly, but...

Marissa looks at Nadine, seeing the scared little 10 year old
girl instead of the woman before her.

Lucille looks at Nadine, sees the same 10 year old. She takes
a deep, understanding breath.

LUCILLE

Every body makes mistakes. Don't be
so hard on yourself.

NADINE

You don't have to be nice to me.

LUCILLE

No, I'm not trying to be nice.
You're a smart, beautiful, vibrant
young woman. You have your whole
life ahead of you...

Lucille starts to cry.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I know I get hysterical.

MARISSA

(over compensating)
No, you don't.

VIOLET

(polite)
I've never noticed anything
like that.

NADINE

(trying)
Uhh, yeah, you definitely
don't.

LUCILLE

It's just. I went to the doctor a
few months ago. Macular
degeneration. By next fall, I will
most likely be legally blind.

Nadine's whole demeanor changes.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

That's why I've been so terrified
of what might happen at midnight.

(MORE)

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

If the banks collapse, if my policy coverage can't carry over to the next year, I won't have any support for a very, very long road ahead.

Lucille wipes away the continuous tears.

Nadine reaches over to the tissue box nearby. She extends the box to Lucille.

NADINE

I'm sorry. I didn't mean for it come come off like that.

(beat)

Any of it.

LUCILLE

Thank you. I, I'm sorry to.

Violet watches the three women console and support each other. She takes a deep breath, tries to find her point of entry.

VIOLET

My mother is...wasn't the best parent.

They all look to Violet.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

We didn't have a lot of money growing up, or family. My Mom worked a lot, so taking care of me was my job. One night, a man broke into our house. What he thought we had of value I have no idea, but I ran into the bedroom and hid in the closet. When my mother came home, she was furious I didn't do a better job of keeping him from stealing some of her jewelry and our radio.

Lucille's jaw drops to the floor.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Truth be told, I don't know what makes me more angry, the fact that she treated me that way, or the fact that, I still love her.

(MORE)

VIOLET (CONT'D)

And the gun, the S&W Sigma 9mm, was
the only thing I felt would protect
me out in the world.

She points to her heart.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Until Meghan, until she...

Marissa puts an arm around her. Violet's body slumps,
relaxes, her eyes fill with weary tears.

LUCILLE

That woman is going right to the
pearly gates, God rest her soul.

MARISSA

You know, she said something to me
right before. It was kind of weird.

NADINE

What did she say?

MEGHAN

"Josh's birthday. Second drawer."

LUCILLE

God rest her soul, she was acting a
little strangely today. Even before
they showed up.

NADINE

Could it have been a code word?
Maybe it was, I don't know,
something about Red?

MARISSA

That wouldn't make sense. She
doesn't work on that account, she
wouldn't know things like that.

LUCILLE

Maybe it's a secret society, like
those wackos in Texas?

VIOLET

I...highly doubt that.

MARISSA

But it's something about Red. I
just don't know-.

OS: Footsteps down the hallways.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
We'll figure it out later.

Red walks up to them, bleary eyed.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
Calm down, he went to the bathroom
maybe two minutes ago.

Red nods, avoids their gaze.

INT. TONY'S CAR- NIGHT

Tony and Renny drive in much more comfortable silence. The radio plays 80's rock softly in the background.

OS: A metal clank, then a long burp.

Tony and Renny look around for the source of the sound as the car begins to slow.

TONY
Oh, crap.

The car drags to a total halt. The radio shuts off, headlights go out.

EXT. STREET- NIGHT

Tony and Renny get out of the car, walk over to the hood, pop it open. They look inside.

TONY
Everything looks fine from here.

RENNY
You got a flashlight?

TONY
In the trunk.

Renny runs to the back as Tony combs through the various parts of the car engine. He reaches for the oil dipstick, pulls it out.

Renny returns with the flashlight.

RENNY
Anything sticking out?

TONY
Not really. Alternator looks fine,
oil is good.

Renny turns the flashlight on, scans it past the oil tank,
break fluid, car battery.

TONY (CONT'D)
Wait a minute-.

He looks closer at the battery. He shakes his head.

TONY (CONT'D)
The battery chord, look at it. It's
completely fried, we'll never get
there!

OS: From behind them, two men laugh.

RENNY
(clenching the flashlight)
Are they laughing at us? I think
they're laughing at us. Let's go
take care of that, shall we?

Renny turns on his heels. Tony quickly closes the car hood.

TONY
With our words, maybe? Let's use
our words instead of our fists!

Renny walks to the source of the noise:

Two cops, ANGELO, mid 40's, balding and pot bellied, and
NICKY, mid-late 20's, slicked back hair, lean on a cop car
with their backs to Renny, cups of coffee in their hand.

RENNY
What are you two laughing about?

They turn around. Renny immediately lowers the flashlight.

RENNY (CONT'D)
Angelo? I thought you retired! What
are you now, 100?

ANGELO
Good one, you big gavone.

They bro hug each other as Tony sheepishly walks up to the
tough Dad group.

ANGELO (CONT'D)
Oh, sorry, uh-.

RENNY

Tony. Friend of Marissa.

ANGELO

(getting the hint)

Oh, right, uh, good to meet you.

TONY

You too! Look, we know this is crazy, but we need a ride into the city. Marissa's in some kind of trouble and we need to get to her as soon as we can. Could we hitch a ride?

Renny catches the eyes of Nicky, sizes him up. Nicky does everything in his power to avoid his gaze.

ANGELO

Wish we could, but we're actually about to end our shift. You know-.

RENNY

Is your name Nicky? Nicky Angeletta?

NICKY

Uh, yeah, why?

Renny nods, clenches the flashlight, turns to Tony.

Tony gives a knowing look, Renny nods, turns back and releases his fist.

RENNY

I've got a few fuckin' words for you.

NICKY

I, I, I don't know what you mean.

ANGELO

Ren, take it easy-.

RENNY

Nazareth High School, about four years ago. Nina di Stefano. Ring a bell?

NICKY

N-n-n-no.

RENNY

Well, let me ring it for you. You took my daughter out to the prom, showed up looking like a gentleman. But you put a pig in a tuxedo, it's still a pig.

Angelo looks to Tony. Tony shrugs.

RENNY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

You somehow snuck a flask into the prom, got so drunk she had to drive you home early, all while you were putting your hands everywhere they were expressly not supposed to go. She was crying in her mother's arms until the fucking sunrise.

Nicky gulps, tries to steady his hand with the coffee cup.

RENNY (CONT'D)

As her father, I have the God given right to beat the living shit out of you, cop or not. But, I'm trying to be a better person. So, instead of beating the shit out of you, I'm gonna make you a deal. Drive us into the city, exactly where we need to be, without a single word uttered from your mouth, and we'll call it even. Sound good?

Nicky looks to Angelo for backup.

ANGELO

That sounds good to me, Ren. How about you, Prince Charming?

Angelo glares at Nicky. He sheepishly nods his head.

INT. MARISSA'S OFFICE- NIGHT

Marissa lays on the desk, her head in her arms.

OS: A soft knock at the door

Marissa sits back up, looks up to see:

Red, gun lowered, body slumped, his eyes and face blanched of most its color.

RED

I, um, I wanted to, well, I don't know-.

MARISSA

Do you remember when I covered for you and your friends at your high school graduation party? When I found you guys hot boxing in the pool house?

Red nods.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

I'm pretty sure you don't remember what you said when you "reminded me where the upstairs bathroom was"?

Red shakes his head.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

"Okay, okay, Mom."

Red averts her gaze.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

I know, don't worry, I'm not a gushy person. I know I'm your father's employee. But after everything, I just...

Marissa shakes her head.

RED

Did you know? About him?

MARISSA

No. I swear on my daughters lives.

Red searches her eyes for an ounce of dishonesty. None to be found.

RED

I'm sorry.

MARISSA

I know, that doesn't really matter right now. What matters is-.

The phone rings. Marissa sits up, picks it up.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

Hello, this is Marissa.

ROY (O.S.)
Marissa, it's me.

MARISSA
Hey, Roy.

ROY
So, that transfer, what's the hold
up?

MARISSA
Just some extra paperwork we had to
go through since we aren't the
account holders.

ROY
(sighing)
Is that really all?

MARISSA
I'm sorry, Roy, I know this is
taking longer than expected, we're
doing the best we can.

ROY
(annoyed)
I'm seriously reconsidering those
thank you bonuses.

MARISSA
We'll get it done, I promise.

ROY
Good.

OS: A click on the other end.

INT. CR AREA- NIGHT

Marissa walks out to the CR Area. Everyone looks dead tired,
drained, wired.

MARISSA
I just have to get a few things
from her desk.

She looks to Red for a nod of approval. He gives it to her.

Marissa walks over to:

INT. MEGHAN'S DESK- NIGHT

Marissa sits at her desk, easing into the different feel and set up.

She opens the first drawer, looks around:

INSERT-DESK

A collection of pencils, old subway cards, a stack of granola bars, a picture of a happy little boy in front of a birthday cake, and paper clips litter the first drawer. Marissa does a quick search through for papers, folders, anything- no luck.

She looks up- Red paces back and forth, scanning the room.

Marissa closes the drawer. She slowly opens the second drawer. She files through the papers, stops dead when she sees:

INSERT- SECOND DRAWER

A six number lock on the bottom of the drawer.

Marissa makes eye contact with Nadine, nods.

Nadine nods back, thinks to herself. She begins to cough softly.

Red and Marco turn around.

NADINE
Sorry, dry throat.

Marissa looks around the desk, searches for a clue. She spots:

A family picture, framed, idyllic.

Marissa opens the first drawer again, finds the picture, matches the little boy in front of the birthday cake to the one in the family photo.

She looks to Nadine again, holds her hand up in a fist, mimicking a cough.

Nadine nods. She coughs, and coughs.

NADINE (CONT'D)
(through coughs)
I'm, so, sorry.

Red and Marco walk over to her as she continues to hack her lungs out.

Marissa looks in the corner of the photo, looks at the date-
Feb 6, 1991.

She quickly turns the first number to 0, then 2-.

Nadine tries to keep the coughing up.

NADINE (CONT'D)
Can I get some water please?

MARCO
Of course.

RED
No, I'll go.

Marissa turns the fourth number to 6, the fifth number to 9.

Red stomps off to the kitchen.

Nadine slows her coughing down.

Marissa clicks the last number. The door pops open.

A much more audible click can be heard through Nadine's last coughs.

Red pauses in his tracks, turns to Marissa.

Marissa immediately starts tapping her nails.

MARISSA
Sorry, can't find the papers.

Red rolls his eyes, turns back towards the kitchen.

MARCO
I can watch the door if you want to
go lie down in one of the offices?

NADINE
Oh, wow, that's really sweet, but
I'm fine. I had pretty bad asthma
as a kid...

Marissa carefully opens the door. Sees a set of files with
the seal of the Security and Equities Commission (SEC) on
them. She slides them out as quickly and carefully as
possible.

MARISSA
Got em! Let me just take a quick
look here...

She opens the first file:

INSERT- FILES

In the first file, an Investment Management Agreement for the account, with "For Tiff" written in Roy's handwriting.

She moves it aside, sees:

A copy of a passport with a picture of a pretty blonde girl, TIFFANY MCCREEDY, late 20's.

Marissa turns to the next page:

A Memorandum of a Phone Conversation dated 3/7/95. Subject 1 (Roy)'s first line reads "hey beautiful, you miss me like I miss you?" Subject 2 (Tiffany)'s line reading "Baby, hi! Oh, God, I miss you. I'm in the bathtub, what are you wearing"

Marissa bites her lip, shakes her head. She calmly closes the first folder, opens the second one to reveal:

INSERT- SECOND FOLDER

An email from Roy to Accounting, reading:

"Hey, Sonny! Just wanted to remind you that tomorrow we'll be moving the 401(k) funds into a shelter account, last four digits 0801, to fix a few technical bugs within the 401(k) account. Thanks again!

Marissa's eyes light up with a rage only known to a select few. She clenches her fists. She takes a deep, slow breath.

Red comes back from the kitchen.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
(to Lucille)
Hey, could you come and take a look
at this for me?

Lucille looks around.

LUCILLE
Uh, me?

MARISSA
(trying to make light)
No, Tony Soprano. Of course, you,
silly, come over here.

Lucille gets up, walks over to the desk.

Marissa points to the email.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
You know, you were the only one who
could read Meghan's chicken
scratch.

Lucille leans in, reads the email slowly.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
(whispering)
You were right. I'm sorry.

Lucille rises up, stone faced, nods.

LUCILLE
(quietly)
Don't worry, I know what to do.

Marissa nods in agreement.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)
(to the room)
Yep, that looks right to me.

MARISSA
Thanks.

Lucille walks towards the kitchen.

Red trails her.

RED
Where are you going?

LUCILLE
I'm getting a Diet Coke. My blood
sugar is just so poorly right now,
I couldn't even tell you the last
time I-.

RED
No one-.

MARCO
I'll go with her, man. Calm down,
she's just tired.

RED
What did you say to me?

MARCO
I just said to stay calm.

Lucille's eyes dart back and forth.

LUCILLE

Oh, God! Ooooo, my ankle!

Marco springs into action. Red steps in front of him.

RED

She's fine, she's just being dramatic. She always is.

MARCO

No, Red.

RED

What did you say?

MARCO

I'm not letting another person get hurt tonight.

He barrels past Red, runs towards the kitchen.

RED

(groaning)

For fuck's sake.

Red trails after him.

Marissa waves Nadine and Violet over. They bolt from their desks.

MARISSA

Take a look at these. Lucille was right, there was something going on.

Violet looks through the second folder, Nadine through the first. Nadine's eyebrows shoot up.

NADINE

Damn, I didn't know the old guy had it in him.

VIOLET

The greedy, lying bastard.

MARISSA

I've got an idea. It's crazy, but if you trust me, we're going to get out of here alive and way better off. I understand if you don't.

VIOLET

You've gotten us this far. I'm ready to go the rest of the way with you.

NADINE

Same here, Aunty Riss.

Marissa nods, touched by the support.

OS: Lucille's voice trails down the hallway. Nadine and Violet run back to their desks.

Red and Marco walk down the hallway. Marco supports Lucille on his shoulder as she plays into the injury.

LUCILLE

...And you know, when Mikey was in the hospital for his ACL tear, all he could talk about was how he could absolutely play for the rest of the season, which was a total load of nonsense.

MARCO

Your son sounds like a really driven young man.

LUCILLE

Oh, so driven! He's studying to be a cop, just like his father.

Lucille winks at Marissa as they hobble past Meghan's desk.

INT. CR AREA- NIGHT

Marissa stands up.

MARISSA

We want to make a deal.

Red stops in his tracks.

RED

Excuse me?

MARISSA

You heard me right. We'd like to make a deal.

RED

What kind?

MARISSA

We'll transfer all the money out by the end of the night, on one condition. We get a cut.

Red scoffs.

MARCO

(listening)

What kind of cut?

RED

You don't call the shots-.

Marco stares daggers into him, Red leans back in shock.

RED (CONT'D)

Fine. What are the terms?

MARISSA

I know you've got shit going on in your life, but so do we, in fact, maybe even a little more. We want a portion to go to Violet for her mother's medical care, as well as a portion for my Dad's.

Red's body relaxes, realizing how reasonable that is.

MARISSA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

For Meghan, we want trusts set up for her boys. They already lost their Mom tonight, they're not going to lose anything else, like the opportunity to go to college, or travel. Like you had.

Red winces- she's got a point.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

And Lucille gets her medical expenses covered for her eyes. Lucille, do you want PT or OT covered, an aid, what are you thinking?

Lucille looks around.

LUCILLE

You're asking me?

MARISSA

Of course. They're your fucking eyes.

LUCILLE
Let me think about it.

MARCO
And Nadine, what about her?

Nadine tries to hide her smile.

MARISSA
(covering)
She has some student loans she
needs to pay off. It'll-.

Nadine, smile now gone, holds her hand up.

NADINE
It's fine, Marissa. I should tell
the truth.
(to Marco)
I fucked up. When I could tell my
ex and I were on the rocks, I
incurred eight thousand, three
hundred and seventeen dollars in
credit card debt.

Marco nods, mulls it over. Nadine braces for the worst.

MARCO
So would you like the funds
transferred to you directly, or
paid to the credit card company?

The relief washes over Nadine.

NADINE
The credit card company.

Red watches the two of them, grimaces.

RED
All right, Marco, over here.

He waves him over, Marco nods. They walk down the end of the hallway.

OS: Red and Marco whisper in hushed, curt voices. Marissa, Lucille, Violet and Nadine lean in, try to make out words.

OS: The whispering stops.

Red and Marco walk back, look around the room.

RED (CONT'D)
All right, we agree to your terms.

Marissa nods.

MARISSA

Good.

RED

With one condition. I need a 15% cut of what's in the account. I'm, I'm probably going to need a lawyer.

MARISSA

Five.

RED

Seven, final offer.

Marissa looks around the room. Nadine, Lucille, and Violet look at Red suspiciously.

RED (CONT'D)

I, I'm going to need a lawyer. My parents won't cover it, so...

Marissa waves her hand towards Red to say "we have to give him something."

Nadine huffs, nods. Violet shakes her head in unhappy agreement. Lucille mouths "I guess so."

MARISSA

Deal.

(beat)

He'd be impressed.

OS: From Marissa's office, the phone rings.

Marissa purses her lips, shakes her head.

She walks towards her office like a convict walking to the guillotine.

INT. MARISSA'S OFFICE- NIGHT

Marissa's hand hovers over the phone. It rings, and rings, and rings.

She quickly presses speaker.

MARISSA
(bracing)
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. RECEPTION HALL- SIDE HALLWAY- NIGHT

Roy paces back and forth in a dark hallway, the snazzy party continuing on behind him with music and laughter. He holds his cell phone up to his ear, has a bourbon on the rocks in the free hand.

ROY
Marissa. What's happening?

MARISSA
A few complications.

ROY
No offense, but bullshit. What's going on, why is this transfer taking so long?

MARISSA
Look, it's New Years Eve, a lot of the folks we're trying to get a hold of are already gone for the night-.

ROY
I don't give a shit if they're dead, this needs to happen tonight!

Red turns towards the office, glowers in shock at the phone.

MARISSA
I don't appreciate being talked to like this, Roy.

ROY
And I don't appreciate when the people- I mean- important things in my life aren't taken care of.

Roy stops dead in the middle of the hallway.

ROY (CONT'D)
Red is still there, isn't he.

MARISSA
What do you mean?

ROY

Red. He's still there, isn't he.

Marissa looks at Red, shakes her head, mouths "I'm sorry."

MARISSA

Yes, he's here. With-.

RED

Hey, Dad.

Roy's whole body tenses up.

ROY

He knows, doesn't he.

MARISSA

Knows what.

RED

Don't talk like I'm not right
fucking here.

ROY

Red, go home, now.

RED

You can't tell me what to do, I'm
too old for that shit.

MARISSA

Look, Roy, in order to get this
done, you're going to need to be
more honest with us. Who is this
account for, why is it so
important?

ROY

That's none of your fucking
business.

RED

Don't talk to her like that!

ROY

Red, leave now!!
(lowering his voice)
Marissa, get it done.

He hangs up. Puts the phone in his pocket.

Marissa hangs up the phone.

MARISSA

I tried-.

RED

I know, I know.

Red leans against the wall.

INT. RECEPTION HALL- SIDE HALLWAY- NIGHT

Roy nods, looks to the wall across from him. He tosses the glass to the wall.

ROY

(growling)

Mother fucker.

He shakes his head, dials a number on his phone.

ROY (CONT'D)

Hey it's me...Yeah, I'm all right,
how are you...? Listen, I know it's
last minute, but we have a
problem...yeah at the office. How
many of your guys can I get over
there?

INT. CR AREA- NIGHT

Lucille slowly punches in 3 numbers. She looks to Marissa, Nadine and Violet.

LUCILLE

Girls, would you mind coming over
here.

Red raises an eyebrow.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)

(to Red)

I promise, it's nothing fishy going
on. I just want to make sure my
eyes are seeing what they're
supposed to be seeing, you know?

MARISSA

No problem.

Marissa, Nadine and Violet walk over, huddle over, scan through her computer screen.

NADINE

I think it's two Fs in Tiffany.

Red winces at the mention of the name.

Lucille looks for the F on her keyboard, presses it triumphantly.

MARISSA

And this is a Metro Bank account,
not a Schwarzman Financial account,
so the beginning of the account
number is FCO, not FCZ.

LUCILLE

Oh right, right!

VIOLET

Don't worry, I mix them up all the
time.

Lucille types in the correct letters.

Nadine, Violet and Marissa give it one more look over.

MARISSA

Yep, you're good.

LUCILLE

Thanks, girls, really appreciate
it.

RED

All right, everyone back to their
desks, now.

Marissa, Nadine, and Violet all walk back to their desk.

INT. MARISSA'S OFFICE- NIGHT

Marissa finishes signing the approval document, puts it in
her personal fax machine, dials a number, presses SEND.

Her whole body goes limp, barely staying erect. She rubs her
eyes, looks at the clock- 11:47pm

Marissa pushes herself up from her desk, walks to her door.

INT. CR AREA- NIGHT

Nadine is asleep on her desk. Violet leans on her hand, propping her elbow up on her desk, eyes groggy. Lucille files her nails nervously.

Marissa walks over to Red. Lucille and Violet turn to her. Marco gently taps Nadine awake.

MARISSA

It's done.

RED

(nodding)

So, when will it be done done?

MARISSA

First thing tomorrow morning, I put it in as high priority. Ladies, we'll make our accounts tomorrow.

(beat)

I'm getting my things, and I'm going home. They should do the same too.

Violet, Lucille and Nadine all get up from their desks.

Red looks around for the satisfaction he can't find.

Marco nods, puts the safety on his gun, unscrews the silencer, puts it down on a nearby table.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

And you three are getting cabs home, my-.

RED

No, no, no.

Everyone turns to Red.

MARISSA

What do you mean, 'no'? No what?

RED

No it needs to happen now.

VIOLET

It's almost midnight, it's a national holiday, the banks are closed.

LUCILLE

You know, I'm sure it won't make a big-.

RED

I just, no... I, I need it done now!

MARISSA

It can't be done now.

RED

Fuck, just, fuck!!

Red hides his head in his hands, starts to shake.

Marco walks over to him, puts a hand on his shoulder.

MARCO

Hey, it's okay man.

Red swats his arm aside. He reveals his red, sweating face, tear stung eyes.

RED

No it's not okay!! It, none of this is fucking okay!!

Marissa shakes her head, looks at the tantrum.

MARISSA

I get it.

RED

No you don't.

MARISSA

I've lived about three more decades of life than you, I think I do.

She walks towards him.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY- NIGHT

The security guard reads a copy of Time Magazine, flips to the next page.

The front desk phone rings. Security Guard puts down the magazine, picks up the phone.

SECURITY GUARD

Hello, 555 Madison Avenue front desk...Oh, hi Mr. Reynolds...Uh huh...Uh huh, and what are they moving...?

Through the revolving doors, six GOONS, mid-late 40's, tough faces and even tougher looking physiques, all march in with large blue jackets on.

Under the jackets, on their waistbelts, a holster holding a personal arsenal that would make Rambo jealous.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

You said six of them, right...?

The Security Guard nods, gives a thumbs up to their leader, WILLIS, mid 40's, deep set eyes, square chin, marching in front.

Willis holds a serious thumbs up, goes back towards the elevators.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Yep, they just got in-.

He presses a button on his keyboard:

The guardrails by the elevator open up, the Goons walk through.

INT. CR AREA- NIGHT

Nadine, Violet, Lucille and Marco stand still, watching the emotional showdown begin as Marissa inches towards Red.

MARISSA

So yeah, I get it. If my Dad had a kid with his side piece, I'd be fucking pissed too.

Red turns away from her, and the truth in plain English.

MARISSA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

When I was your age, I thought I had everything figured out and planned to a T.

RED

(leering)

Yeah, you probably did. Look at you, a title, a fucking corner office.

Marissa nods.

MARISSA

Yeah, I do. And guess what, I
haven't figured out shit.

Red stares at her, looks around the room to find something to
make sense of it all.

Marco looks towards the other end of the room, where Meghan's
body lays covered up.

MARCO

(to Marissa)
Um, excuse me, Ms...

MARISSA

Marissa.

MARCO

Marissa. I know this is a tough
subject, but, what should we do
about the body?

Marissa turns towards Meghan's covered body. Her eyes
immediately fill with tears.

MARCO (CONT'D)

I'm really sorry, I just want to
make sure we don't leave her. That
wouldn't be right.

MARISSA

(through tears)
You two leave. We'll call the
police, say that there was a break
in by a masked robber-.

OS: The security lock on the door beeps, clicks.

Everyone turns towards the door, freezes.

Willis and the five other goons pile into the office, guns in
hand, make a barricade between the door and the CR Area.

Red's eyes go wide with fear.

WILLIS

Good evening, ladies. Red.

RED

(under his breath)
Fuck, fuck, fuck.

MARISSA

Uh, who are you guys?

Lucille reaches towards her desk as quietly as possible.

WILLIS

We work with your employer, Mr.
Reynolds. We heard that there was a
situation that needs to be handled.

Violet reaches for her gun, feels the empty space where it
was.

VIOLET

(quietly)

Dammit.

She looks towards her desk.

MARISSA

The situation has been handled. We
were all just about to leave.

WILLIS

I don't think that's a good idea,
ma'am. I think it's safer if you
come with us.

MARISSA

Please, whoever the fuck you are,
just let us go home. We've got
parents, kids that need to know
we're okay.

Red begins to reach towards his back, where Violet's handgun
is holstered.

WILLIS

We'll take care of that, ma'am.
Don't worry.

Red whips out the handgun, holds it towards Willis, eyes wild
like a fox caught in a trap.

RED

Whatever my Dad is paying, I'll
fucking pay you double.

Willis and the goons all point their guns towards Red.

WILLIS

Red, that's not a wise decision.

RED

I don't fucking care, I'm not
letting him get away with this!!

Lucille grasps the heavy looking paperweight on her desk,
brings it towards her.

WILLIS

This is your last warning before we
fire, Red.

Lucille squints, tries to focus on Willis' head.

RED

Like shit you're going to fire!!!

Willis' finger curves along the trigger.

Lucille aims the paperweight, tosses it.

It smashes into Red's hand with the handgun.

Red crumbles from the pain, grabs his hand.

The handgun falls to the ground, goes off.

The bullet launches into Willis' ankle. He screams in pain.

The five other goons start shooting.

MARISSA

Everyone down!!

Marissa, Lucille, Violet and Nadine fall to the ground, cover
their heads.

Marco body rolls towards Red, grabs the handgun. He looks for
the safety, switches it.

MARCO

Violet, over here!

She looks up.

Marco slides the gun towards her on the floor, she grabs it,
throws it back in her holster.

Marissa hides behind a cubicle, grabs a rolling office chair.
She tosses it out towards the goons with all the strength she
has.

The chair rolls passed Red, slams into two goons, they
collapse back.

The bullets stop.

MARISSA

Go!!!

Marissa, Nadine, Lucille and Violet jump up from their cover spots, run towards the door.

The two goons crawl behind the front desk for cover.

Red starts to rise up again.

Marissa, Lucille, Nadine and Violet get to the front door, press the open button, swing the door open as:

OS: A gun click.

Marissa, Lucille, Nadine and Violet whip around to see:

Red, his swollen hand on the handle of his gun, his good hand supporting it, finger on the trigger.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

(desperate)

What's the point?

RED

No one leaves until I say they leave.

Marco jumps behind him, wraps his arms around his body in a full compressions. Ed is pinned, gun pointed towards the floor.

RED (CONT'D)

(strained)

What the fuck are you doing, Marco??

MARCO

What I should've done in the beginning of all of this- dragging your crazy, vindictive ass back home before these ladies get put through anything else tonight.

Red tries to writhe out of Marco's arms. He lifts his foot, slams it into the side of his knee. Marco screams, release.

The Goons come up from cover, start shooting again. A bullet launches into Marco's upper shoulder.

Nadine screams, starts to run towards him. Violet and Marissa hold her back.

Red ducks for cover behind the Receptionist desk, shooting every bullet he has from his gun.

Marco props himself up on his elbow, turns towards Nadine.

MARCO (CONT'D)
(strained)
Go, go now.

MARISSA
(to Nadine and Marco)
We'll come back, I promise!!

They pull the hysterical Nadine towards the elevators as the guns still blow everywhere.

INT. HALLWAY- ELEVATOR- NIGHT

Marissa slams down on the down elevator button multiple times, Violet next to her.

Lucille and Nadine hobble towards Marissa.

MARISSA
Come on, come on!

On the other side of the glass doors, Willis and the five Goons all come out from their cover spots.

Violet holds her handgun up, poised towards the door.

VIOLET
I can hold them off for maybe 5, 10
minutes tops.

Marissa, Nadine and Lucille look at the elevator numbers above the elevator door, slowly crawling towards theirs.

They turn towards the door:

Willis and the Goons set their guns in place for a full blown shoot out.

Lucille looks down, points at something by the door.

LUCILLE
There is a giant flower pot there,
right?

MARISSA
Yes, there is.

Nadine runs over, starts to push the flower pot towards the door seam. Marissa runs over to help her, slides it in place.

NADINE

Violet, how many more minutes does this give us?

Willis pushes against the door.

VIOLET

Maybe two tops but that's more than we had five seconds ago.

Willis and two other Goons push against the door. It only moves a centimeter, the weight of the flower pot pushing against it.

The elevator door dings.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

(facing the door)

You all go ahead.

Marissa, Lucille and Nadine stare at her dumb founded.

VIOLET (CONT'D)

They've got more guns than we do, and I'm not about let anyone else I care about die tonight.

The door opens.

Marissa shakes her head.

MARISSA

Nadine, Lucille, get in.

LUCILLE

What???

NADINE

No, we can't leave her!

Willis pulls out his gun, shoots at the glass.

VIOLET

It's okay, ladies. Tell Andrea I love her. And tell my Mom the same.

Marissa pushes Nadine and Lucille into the elevator.

Willis and the goons army march towards Violet.

MARISSA

Tell them yourself.

She grabs Violet from behind, drags her into the elevator.

INT. ELEVATOR- NIGHT

Nadine slams down on the Close button.

Willis and the Goons fire away as the door closes, the bullets ricochet off the metal.

Violet, still recovering from the shock of the pullback, aims her handgun.

Marissa, Nadine and Lucille duck for cover.

Violet shoots all of her remaining bullets. Then, her barrel clicks.

Just as the door closes, a meaty hand pries it open.

Marissa grabs her heel off of her foot, slams her pointed stiletto right into the middle of the hand.

The Goon's hand recoils back as he screams in pain. The door shuts with a ding.

Everyone leans against the wall of the elevator.

VIOLET

Everyone should check themselves
and each other for bullet wounds.
The adrenaline might be covering
some of the pain.

Nadine, Lucille, and Marissa nod, feel over their bodies.
They each check the backs of each other.

MARISSA

We're all good.
(beat)
Did you really mean that?

VIOLET

Mean what?

MARISSA

Everything you said, about caring
about us?

VIOLET

(looking at her feet)
Well, yes. I, I don't do well with
emotions, but I felt it was
important for you all to know, in
case, well, something happened.

A contemplative silence fills the elevator, in between them.

Lucille begins to whimper.

LUCILLE
Oh, Violet, I just...

Her whimper flows into a full sob as she throws her arms around Violet.

Violet, shocked but not uncomfortable, nods and pats Lucille's back.

Lucille comes back up, face bleary and red, wipes away her tears.

LUCILLE (CONT'D)
I care about all of you. You're like my family.

NADINE
I hope you're family is a lot nicer to you than I was.

LUCILLE
Oh, sweetheart, it's okay, we had a very stressful-.

The elevator lurches to a halt.

MARISSA
Shit.

She paces back and forth, thinking.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
I got it.

Marissa pushes up against the center ceiling panel of the elevator. The panel comes loose, revealing an Emergency Exit hatch.

Marissa tosses the handle to the side.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
I should be able to open the hatch with this.

VIOLET
How did you know that?

MARISSA

My Dad was a handyman for 26 years.
The apartment building he worked
in, the elevators always broke
down.

She reaches for the handle, her fingers miss it by a few
inches.

She takes off her shoes, bends into a squat.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

I should be able to get it if I
jump.

She lowers down, looks up at the handle to the hatch, jumps.

The elevator revs back on, lowers down much faster than
before.

Marissa falls onto the floor, Nadine and Violet grab on to
the handrails, Lucille tumbles onto her rear, into the
corner.

The elevator comes to a stop, dings. The doors open up.

MARISSA (CONT'D)

(grabbing her shoes)

Let's move.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY- NIGHT

Marissa hobbles as she puts her other shoe on, Nadine and
Lucille run to the front desk, Violet and Marissa catch up.

The Security Guard looks up.

SECURITY GUARD

Ladies-.

Everyone piles onto each other's diatribes.

MARISSA

Sir, you need to call 911
right now, I don't care if
they're all on duty...

NADINE

Please, get an ambulance, my,
I mean, a guy is up there and
he's hurt really badly!

LUCILLE
 Oh my God, young man, you
 wouldn't believe what just
 happened! We were just up at
 our office- that's Bigelow
 and Blythewood by the way,
 30th floor- and these two
 armed robbers...

VIOLET
 (to the group)
 Please, everyone, we need to
 explain one at a time.
 (to Security Guard)
 I'm sorry, young man, it's
 been a night.
 (to the group)
 Everyone, come on, one at a
 time!

The Security Guard stares at them, dumbfounded.

OS: Through the rambling, the elevator door dings, opens up.

As everyone finishes:

SECURITY GUARD
 Should I call 9-1-1?

VIOLET
 Yes, thank you.

NADINE
 Duh, yes!

MARISSA
 Yes!!!

LUCILLE
 Oh, Lord, yes please.

SECURITY GUARD
 All right.

He picks up the phone, brings it to his ear. He dials the 9,
 then 1-.

A bullet flies into the hand with the phone, blood spews on
 his face, and on Marissa, Nadine, Violet and Lucille's faces
 and clothes.

Marissa turns, sees:

Willis and the Goons, two of them holding Red with his arms
 behind his back. They make their way towards them in
 predatory strides.

Security Guard howls in pain as he ducks under his desk.

Marissa, Nadine, Lucille and Violet turn towards the front
 door, run as quickly as they can.

EXT. STREET- NIGHT

Marissa, Nadine and Violet run towards the street, Lucille
 struggles to keep up. Nadine and Violet turn, put her on
 their shoulders, help her catch up.

The goons pile out on to the street, quickly gaining on them.

At a close enough distance, the Goons and Willis cock their guns.

WILLIS
Freeze, ladies!

Marissa, Nadine, Violet and Lucille freeze in their tracks, slowly turn around.

WILLIS (CONT'D)
Hands where I can see them!

They all nod, slowly raising their hands in the air.

MARISSA
I'm sorry, girls. For everything.

Marissa closes her eyes, takes a deep breath.

OS: A low volume, high note drone.

Blue lights flash on her face, then red. Then blue and red again, brighter this time, right on her eyes.

Marissa winces, opens her eyes, looks to the side to see:

A police car, its siren now getting louder as it drives closer, screeches to a stop.

Angelo and Nicky get out. Followed by Red and Tony.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
Tony? RENNY??

TONY
Honey!! Are you okay?

MARISSA
Yeah, we're okay.

ANGELO
Ladies and gentlemen, we were given notice of a 10-10H in this area.

Willis shakes his head.

WILLIS
Private business officer.

ANGELO
I'm an officer of the law, this is absolutely my business.

Willis moves towards Marissa, gun still pointed.

Tony's eyes go wide, then angry.

He grabs Angelo's bully club, runs towards Willis, crying a battle cry.

TONY

Noooooo!!!

He trips over the curb, tries to steady himself, flails his arms as close to Willis as possible. The bully club slams into Willis' nose, a loud crack followed by a waterfall of blood.

Tony falls onto the ground, scrambles over to Marissa, stands guard in front of her.

Marissa stares in shock, as do Nadine and Lucille. Violet nods, one eyebrow raised.

MARISSA

Holy shit, Tony.

TONY

No one touches her!

Angelo and Nicky step in, guns armed.

ANGELO

All right, all right, freeze gentlemen! Weapons down, hands in the air!

The goons look around, then at each other. They look down at Willis, curled up in pain, blood oozing between his fingers.

Red runs out of the building's front door, freezes in place when he spots the cop cars.

OS: From Times Square, about 7 blocks away:

TIMES SQUARE CROWD (O.S.)

10, 9, 8-!

The Goons raise their hands up in the air.

TIMES SQUARE CROWD (CONT'D)

7, 6, 5!

Tony looks at his bruised and bloodied hand.

TIMES SQUARE CROWD (O.S.) (CONT'D)

4, 3, 2, 1!

Red grabs the gun as:

Fireworks go off, lights strobe from Times Square. The crowd cheers and screams.

Everyone pauses in their tracks.

Lucille takes a deep breath.

LUCILLE

Here it comes, moment of truth.

Lucille makes the sign of the cross, looks up at the sky:

A plane flies overhead, the jet engines come closer and closer in range.

A tense silence comes over everyone.

They gently fade out of ear shot.

From the cop car, the dispatcher come over the radio:

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

Officer 7851, Officer 7851, what's the status of your 10-10H, over?

LUCILLE

We're okay. We're okay?

(beat)

We're okay!!

NICKY

I got it, Angelo.

He runs to the car, grabs the radio.

NICKY (CONT'D)

Dispatch, this is Officer 5176, we need backup and medical assist ASAP...

Marissa watches Red, the disappointment and fear washing over his face.

She looks to Lucille, Violet and Nadine, the relief washing over them, a stark contrast.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET- NIGHT

Cop cars, Ambulances and first responders fill the street, now closed off with orange and white barricades and yellow police tape.

Nadine gets a statement taken a TWO FEMALE COPS, early 40's, as they nod and write down notes. Lucille gets her blood pressure checked by EMT #1, male, late 20's, while chatting his ears off. Violet's eyes get checked by EMT #2, female, late 30's, for signs of a concussion.

Marissa, Tony's jacket now around her shoulders, nods as a DETECTIVE, male, early 50's, asks her questions. She looks over his shoulder to see:

A Lincoln town car speeds up to the scene, stops short of knocking over the barricade.

Roy throws open the passenger seat.

MARISSA
(groaning)
Christ.
(to the Detective)
One second.

She marches over.

EXT. STREET-BARRICADE-NIGHT

Roy stomps over to the barricade, ears steaming.

ROY
Marissa, what the fuck.

MARISSA
Happy New Year to you, too.

ROY
You have no idea what deep, deep
shit you've gotten yourself into!!
You and your other ungrateful, lazy
disgraces of employees.

MARISSA
I'd say the same to you, too.

ROY
What are you talking about?

MARISSA

I'm talking about a quick call to the SEC, and years of documents proving misappropriation of funds, a little fraud sprinkled in there.

ROY

You're making this up.

MARISSA

Did I make up Tiffany McCreedy? Or Jack McCreedy for that matter?

Roy goes silent, his face white.

ROY

I, I-.

MARISSA

Look at that, I'm on to something. See, here's what you're going to do. You're going to put all of the money that you took from the 401k- and I mean all of it- back into it. Then, you're going to give me a fucking great early retirement offer, one that would make Bill Gates jealous-.

ROY

What are you talking about, early retirement.

MARISSA

I was not done. You're giving me that early retirement package so I can go back to school. For fashion merchandising. Also, everyone here tonight gets a raise, double what they're making, cause it's long overdue, and oh yeah, they also know everything.

Roy tries not to throw up.

MARISSA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

And very, very importantly, I will come after you with a meat cleaver if you don't do this last bit. You're going to set up trusts for Meghan's boy, because as of tonight, they don't have a mother anymore. It's the least you could do.

ROY
Meghan, I, what happened.

Marissa looks her shoulder to:

EXT. COP CAR- NIGHT

Red sits in the back of the cop car, his face frozen in anger, pain, trying not to cry.

EXT. STREET-BARRICADE-NIGHT

Marissa's head snaps back to Roy.

MARISSA
Ask Red.

She turns on her heels, walks towards the cop car.

EXT. STREET- NIGHT

Marissa walks past Nadine, gives her a squeeze on the shoulder. Nadine squeezes back. Nadine looks to the side, covers her mouth.

EMT 3 AND 4, male, late 30's, roll Marco on a stretcher, his face paler and covered in beads of sweat. A bandage is wrapped around his wounded shoulder, an oxygen masks covers his mouth.

Nadine runs over to the head of the gurney.

NADINE
(to EMT 3)
Which hospital are you going to?

EMT 3
NYU on thirty second.

Nadine nods, turns to Marco.

NADINE
I'll be there as soon as I can, and once you're discharged, I'm taking you to Guiseppe's. And then we'll see who's got acquired taste.

Through the oxygen mask, a big, dopey smile takes up half his face.

MARCO
(muffled)
Deal.

EMT 3 and 4 load Marco into the ambulance.

Nadine smiles, watches him get loaded in. She walks over to:

EXT. STREET- CURB- NIGHT

Violet takes a Nokia cell phone from an Officer's Hand.

VIOLET
Thank you.

She dials a number, holds the phone up to her ear.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
... the one with the astronauts? Oh
that's an early one...Listen, I'll
tell you everything when I get home
tonight, I love you...

Nadine walks over to her, takes a seat on the curb with her.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
I'll talk to you soon...Okay, bye.

She hangs up, puts the phone down.

NADINE
Ms. Romantic over here.

VIOLET
Oh, you're one to talk.

Nadine blushes.

VIOLET (CONT'D)
I gotta make one more call.

She slowly punches in the numbers. The phone rings, and
rings, then:

VIOLET (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Hi, Mom. Happy New Year.

INT. COP CAR- NIGHT

Red watches Nadine and Violet from the car. He softens at the
camaraderie, the genuine contentment with life.

On the outside of the car, Marissa opens the door, slides in.

Red turns, his face and body freeze up.

Marissa nods, sits in the silence, then:

Red's whole face twists into a ball of confusion.

Marissa thinks back on all the years, time and energy.

MARISSA

It's exhausting, isn't it?

RED

(nodding)

I just always wanted to figure out
how to make him proud of me. I
never could. Maybe my little
brother can one day.

(beat)

I know you'll never forgive me, and
I don't expect you to, but I'm
really sorry about your friend.

MARISSA

I may forgive you. It's going to
take a long, long time. And a
couple of bottles of Barolo, but
hey, maybe one day I will. You
never know how things can turn
around.

Red nods, takes it in, sinks into the seat.

Marissa looks out the window, knocks on the glass.

INT. STREET- CURB- NIGHT

Marissa walks over towards the curb, pauses for a moment to
watch:

Nadine, Lucille, and Violet all chatting, bonding, leaning on
each other. Lucille, in dramatic flare, throws her hands up
in the air to something Violet just said.

A smile creeps out of Marissa, a few tears build up in her
eyes.

Renny taps on her shoulder.

RENNY

Hey, uh, so-.

MARISSA
Thanks, Renny.

RENNY
He's not so bad.
(beat)
I'm going to go give the girls a
call at the payphone, make sure
they know you're okay.

Renny nods, shuffles away.

Tony comes over, wraps his arms around her.

TONY
They're lucky to have you.

MARISSA
Yeah, they were.

TONY
Were?

MARISSA
I'm going to retire early. I, I'm
thinking of going to FIT.

Tony's eyes go wide.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
I know, I promise we'll be able to
cover-.

TONY
No, no, that's great! You've always
been talking about it, and now
you're finally doing it!

MARISSA
Really?

TONY
Yeah! I mean, there was a thing I
was thinking of doing with you,
but, that's okay, that can wait!

MARISSA
(suspicious)
What thing?

TONY
(covering terribly)
Oh, uh, nothing, we can talk about
it tomorrow, after you get some
rest.

Marissa nods, leans in, gives Tony a kiss. She leans on his shoulder. Tony embraces her with every fiber in his being.

To the side of her, something catches her eye:

EXT. STREET-BARRICADE-NIGHT

Two tipsy RUBBERNECKERS, male and female, mid 20's, hold an unopened bottle of prosecco, watching the scene.

Marissa reaches into Tony's pocket, grabs something, pulls out a twenty dollar bill.

MARISSA
Hey, I'll give you twenty bucks for
the bottle.

Rubbernecker's eyes go wide. The female Rubbernecker hands her the prosecco bottle, the male Rubbernecker takes the twenty.

MARISSA (CONT'D)
Thanks. Happy New Year.

They drunkenly wave, stumble side to side.

EXT. STREET- CURB- NIGHT

Marissa walks over, bottle in hand.

Nadine, Violet and Lucille look up at her.

MARISSA
I know I broke a shit ton of
promises tonight, but I promised
you bubbles at the end of the
night.

Nadine scooches over, Marissa takes a seat in between her and Violet.

VIOLET
Well, some things did come up.

Marissa pops the cork, raises the bottle.

MARISSA

To Meghan.

She takes a slug straight from the bottle.

Marissa passes the bottle to Violet.

VIOLET

I'm more of a scotch gal myself,
but hey.

She takes a slug.

MARISSA

Lucille, once you're done, pass it
down to Nadine. I want to loosen
her up so I can grill her about
this new guy.

NADINE

Oh my God, we're just friends!

VIOLET

Bull shit.

LUCILLE

Oh, Marco!! Oh, he's such a nice
boy, even though he came into the
office with a loaded gun, but other
than that, real gentlemen, reminds
me of my Mikey.

VIOLET

Did I ever tell you how Andrea and
I met?

MARISSA

Well shit, the Oracle reveals her
secrets.

Lucille laughs with her whole body, passes the bottle down to
Nadine.

As the chaos continues around them, Marissa, Nadine, Lucille
and Violet continue to talk, laugh, and takes sips from the
communal bottle. They continue as we:

FADE TO BLACK