

CINDY (CONT'D)
Shit. 5683. Not 5682.

They both look across the street and see a driveway. At the base of it is a post with one lone address; 5683.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The car goes up the driveway until the taillights are barely seen.

EXT. JEFFERYS HOME - NIGHT

Cindy and Fred park and get out of the car. They share a look of concern before walking up to the porch. They get to the door and knock. Nothing. Another few knocks and Fred checks the time.

FRED
We're on time, right?

CINDY
Yeah.

JEFFERY (O.S.)
About fifteen minutes late,
actually.

Cindy and Fred are startled as Jeffery walks up from the darkness into the porch light. He was waiting outside with a rifle.

JEFFERY (CONT'D)
Had to make sure you two weren't
followed.

He smiles charmingly and opens the door for them.

JEFFERY (CONT'D)
Well? Go on in. Welcome to my
humble abode.

They go in hesitantly, feigning smiles. The room opens up into a very nice living room with a roaring fireplace, beautiful mantle and rich decor.

FRED
You know, um... Mr. Jeffery, we
can't access the money until-

Jeffery is over at his wet bar, already pouring drinks. He interrupts Fred politely.

JEFFERY

-Business in a moment. I don't have guests over often. Allow me to at least be a respectable host.

FRED

Oh yeah. Of course, sir.

Cindy elbows Fred and straightens herself out before Jeffery turns around with the drinks. He gives them each a glass of Scotch and takes another for himself. He gestures to two big, luxury chairs.

JEFFERY

Please, have a seat.

They sit in the oversized chairs as Jeffery raises his glass in a toast. They oblige.

JEFFERY (CONT'D)

To fresh starts and new friends.

As they all sip, Fred looks over to Cindy concerned.

JEFFERY (CONT'D)

You two... are quite the pair. While I don't exactly condone the way you do business, I've got to admire the ingenuity.

Jeffery sets his glass down and takes in his beautiful living room.

JEFFERY (CONT'D)

I'm sure you have a general idea on how things are done, and I do abide by honesty between myself and my clients. I pride myself on it, actually. A deal is a deal and there's no changing it. (beat) However, when circumstances arise that deem to endanger either myself, the job or my payment in a way that was not previously made clear before the contract was made... Well, let's just say that opens the floor to renegotiations.

Fred's anxiety comes through his face and sweaty palms. He chugs the rest of his Scotch.

JEFFERY (CONT'D)
Ingenuity aside, you've got 1.2
Million coming your way and a
husband that's still alive
somewhere. Somewhere he can be
found. I don't care what Big
Mikey's intimidated you with and
you should know outright that
that's not my game. I just want
what's fair.

CINDY
And we want to make sure you get
your share-

JEFFERY
-I ain't done talking.

Cindy clams up, Fred sits, stupefied.

JEFFERY (CONT'D)
How do you two plan on playing down
the affair?

FRED
We ain't having no affair!... with
all due respect.

JEFFERY
I know you're not. Big Mikey sure
doesn't know that though and
neither does anyone else that was
in the pub the night of the fire.

Cindy drops her head.

JEFFERY (CONT'D)
Assuming my faulty electrical's are
found out, you two may have a court
date coming up. Which also means a
delay in my payment, or non
payment. (beat) Now, I'm willing to
go the extra mile and make sure,
affair rumor or not, that the town
knows this was an accident.

Fred forces a faux grin.

JEFFERY (CONT'D)
Provided I get fair recompense for
my troubles.

Cindy and Fred both nod in agreement.

JEFFERY (CONT'D)

That's good. I knew you were honest
folks deep down.

Jeffery leaves the room without another word. Cindy goes to sip her glass of Scotch, but Fred slowly takes it away and polishes it off. They both sit, befuddled at his awkward exit.

FRED

I ain't never gonna live long
enough to have kids. I want'em. But
at this rate I don't see that
happening.

After a moment, Jeffery comes back in. He's got a friend in tow. It's the getaway driver, Michael from the gas station. They're slightly put off by someone else being brought into the equation.

JEFFERY (CONT'D)

Don't worry. This is a friend. He
works as a clean up man, (beat)
amongst other things. He'll help
get the job done.

Fred tries to be polite and gets up to shake his hand.

FRED

I'm Fred.

Michael doesn't say a word or shake Fred's hand.

JEFFERY

You've dug a deeper hole than you
can climb out of, Mr. Patterson.
We're not friends here.

Fred slowly drops his hand and keeps his cool as he sits back down.

CINDY

What do we have to do?

MICHAEL

Nothing. Keep quiet and only go out
to conduct business, as you do.

JEFFERY

My friend here has some pull with
the local PD. If there's any
suspicion, he'll be sure to quell
it.

CINDY
And how much are we paying him?

JEFFERY
What he's worth.

Jeffery winks at Cindy.

JEFFERY (CONT'D)
You guys rest up here tonight, I'd
like to keep an eye on you until
the bank opens tomorrow.

CINDY
Why? Jeffery, you know I ain't
going-

She looks over and sees Fred, completely passed out and
starting to snore loudly. She looks at the empty Scotch
glasses and it hits her, they were drugged. She's not feeling
too hot and drowsily looks up.

CINDY (CONT'D)
Jeff?-

JEFFERY
Don't worry about nothing,
darling... I'll take care of
everything.

Cindy fades out into dreamworld.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]