

SLEAZE

Written by
Alexander Ullom

alexullom@outlook.com
813-420-2365

INT. A DARK ASS ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Two cameras point at an empty chair.

DESSI (21) enters and sits down. Her beat-up hoodie covers an old anime shirt. She's not into whatever's happening right now. Tired movements. She doesn't hear the first question. One deep breath.

GONZALO (21) enters and sits down. He's a little too enthusiastic for the setting. He's making small talk with the person adjusting his clip-on mic. One deep breath.

TYLER (24) enters. He points at the seat. He looks like he's sizing up the film crew. The "Florida Boy" tattoo on his neck is covered poorly by a red flannel. One deep breath.

A question from a VOICE off-camera.

VOICE

State your name for the camera.

DESSI

Dessi Williams.

GONZO

Gonzalo Londono.

TYLER

Tyler O'Brien.

VOICE

So. You're currently being investigated by the National Security Agency for the ransom-ware attack in Riviera Beach.

Solid ice-breaker.

VOICE (cont'd)

If you're involved with what they think you are, you're looking at 15 years, maybe 10 with parole/good behavior. You're what, 20? This is life changing, right? Can you be 100% transparent with me?

Some head nods. Not much of a reaction.

VOICE (cont'd)

Okay. Well. First question. Any idea why Ajay Chung-Sang is paralyzed from the neck down?

A pause. A long pause.

GONZO VOICE
What's the name again? What?

GONZO
AJ. That- What's that stand for? AJ?

DESSI VOICE
Do I have the right to not answer? Yes.

DESSI
Okay.

Dessi checks out.

TYLER
I've never met one.

VOICE
What?

TYLER VOICE
I've never met an AJ. ...You've never met someone named AJ in your life.

TYLER
(matter-of-fact)
Correct.

Voice SIGHS. .

VOICE
Two weeks ago, Ajay was in ICU,
unable to walk.

TYLER GONZO
(no reaction) That's wild, I guess.
Well. Damn.

Dessi doesn't speak.

Voice lets the air thin out.

VOICE
Now... he's not. Where is he?

Dessi is just about to speak up before-

EXT. CAR BUSTING ASS DOWN THE ROAD - NIGHT

Distant police sirens. To poorly summarize: shit is up.

A helicopter spotlight swings through houses.

An outgoing call to 911 on the dashboard monitor illuminates the car.

911

All contact with emergency services are temporarily disabled. If this is a medical emergency, immediately transport-

The car accelerates.

911 (cont'd)

The city of Tallahassee advises you to stay indoors for the time being, and apologizes. We hope to fix this infrastructure problem within the next few days. For immediate help, please call this back-up number:

Dessi turns it off.

The car finally arrives by a public park.

Someone gets out.

EXT. BEHIND HOUSES - NIGHT

In his left hand, a USB. In his right, a gallon of gasoline.

He weaves behind bushes. Hops a fence. A back-route.

Finally, he cracks opens a window to a pink house.

INT. THE PINK HOUSE - NIGHT

Five computer monitors all sit dormant in the living room.

A wall of graphics cards hum quietly, mining.

The room is completely empty otherwise.

The figure plugs in a USB. It lights up.

The hum of the helicopter flies over the house.

DING. He rips out the USB. Not a safe eject.
Then... he starts to dump the gas all over the towers.
The gas splashes RIGHT back into his eyes.

AJAY
FUCK.

All the tension dies.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Hard cut to Ajay washing the shit out of his hands and face.
He looks at himself in the mirror.
The ticking gets louder. The helicopter is louder.
He really looks at himself.

AJAY (V.O.)
If you don't mind- I'm gonna start
from the less interesting part.

His eyes catch us in the mirror.

EXT. A DAMN WALMART PARKING LOT - CRACK OF DAWN

A beat up Volvo hatchback sits alone in the back of the lot.
The trunk is open, revealing a bed, and discarded food.
Inside is AJAY (21). Next to him is an orange cat. JUPE.
An old Bruce Lee movie plays on a portable DVD player.
He hasn't slept. His phone is right above his face.
He googles "OLD ASIAN MAN" and starts scrolling.
This one will do.

GO FUND ME. MISS YOU GRANDPA. HELP PAY FOR FUNERAL FUNDS.

He hits a cheap nicotine pen, and starts to stretch.

EXT. FRONT OF WALMART - DAY

Ajay is digging through a trash can.

A fucking trash can, man.

Bingo! A receipt from... yesterday. Perfect.

Ajay looks around.

INT. WALMART - MORNING

Isle 12. Isle 13... 14.

Here we go. Exactly what's on the receipt.

An ice cooler. He pulls the tag off.

After dragging it up to the front, he places it on the "RETURNS" counter.

A CLERK greets him.

AJAY

Hey, yeah, just wanted to return this. Bought it yesterday.

CLERK

Okay, do you have a receipt?

Ajay pretends to look for it on his person.

AJAY

Ah, here you go.

The clerk starts punching some numbers in.

CLERK

Do you want it refunded on the card?

AJAY

No, cash would be better. I left my card at home and need to get something quick.

CLERK

We can only do cash returns up to \$20 in-store credit.

A defeated breath. Some eye darts around the store.

AJAY

Okay, yeah. Fine.

CLERK

Store credit?

AJAY

Yeah.

Still a win.

AJAY (cont'd)

Can you buy gift cards with store credit?

CLERK

Yes.

Nice.

EXT. SUBURBAN HELL - DAY

We hard cut to an argument on a nice front porch.

COLBY

I'm not letting you pay rent with a fucking best buy gift card.

AJAY

It's just cash- It's the same as cash. You can sell it.

COLBY

So you're giving me a chore.

AJAY

Not if you want something from Best Buy.

ANDREW

You're lucky we don't call the cops.

AJAY

I'm sorry, my job isn't paying me-

COLBY

Cat-fishing losers online is not a fucking job.

AJAY

I don't do that- anymore.

CUTAWAY TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ajay is typing out something sad on Facebook.

AJAY (V.O.)

You can only do the dead relative go-fund-mes like twice a year, and even those don't net too much.

AJAY (V.O.) (cont'd)
So now I... get dick pics all day.

His inbox DINGS. He types "\$5 for nudes". An embarrassed look to camera.

AJAY
I don't ask for a lot. Makes it more believable.

BACK TO:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

Colby slams the door. Ajay talks from the other side.

<p>AJAY And if I did catfish I'd give you the money- regardless- so-</p>	<p>ANDREW We're going to be evicted. Go away.</p>
--	---

AJAY
Okay- I- I can sell you some of my
adderall?

COLBY
No. Go away.

<p>AJAY Dude- I'm living out of my car- and my parents aren't talking to me anymore-</p>	<p>ANDREW Makes sense. They're definitely paying for that adderall prescription.</p>
--	--

The parents shit is messy. It doesn't need a cutaway.

AJAY
They're not. They're sugar pills.

COLBY
So you just lied about selling to us?

AJAY
No- Yes? Sort of. Colby, please give
me a week. I just need a week. I'll
pay twice as much.

Beat.

ANDREW
If you get the money- fine. But you
HAVE to bring the cat back. Tonight.

They eye each other. Ajay is hesitant. He likes the cat.

AJAY
Deal. Fine.

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

Ajay is standing around with a clipboard in the cold.

He runs his hand through his hair before approaching a random GUY (46). This isn't panhandling, right?

AJAY
Hey, I don't wanna disturb you but I'm with the local high school and we're doing a fundraiser for our lacrosse team.

No. This is worse than panhandling.

GUY
Isn't the school publicly funded?

AJAY
Yeah. But this is for a trip.

GUY
To where?

AJAY
Orlando. To watch the pros. All it takes is \$10, or less- just if you have cash app-

GUY
Shouldn't you be home right now?

AJAY
Dude, if you don't wanna help just say so I can get on with my shit.

Guy is taken aback by the sudden abrasiveness. He walks off.

Ajay SIGHS. He approaches someone else.

AJAY (cont'd)
You wanna buy a Best Buy gift card?

EXT. WALMART PARKING LOT - EVENING

Ajay walks up to the Volvo. The lot is empty now.

He pops the trunk and takes out the DVD player.
 He extends the chord and heads to the light post's outlet.
 The power box has a padlock on it now.
 He stares at it and laughs at his own misery.
 Jupe greets him in the car as he checks his watch.

INT. A DARK ASS ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Gonzo is trying to smooth talk his way around questions.

VOICE
 When was the first time you met him?

GONZO
 Is that a Sony? I think I have that

VOICE
 Can you tell us about the sessions?

Gonzo bites his lip. Shit.

GONZO
 That's supposed to be off my
 transcript. How'd you-

VOICE
 Is the petty theft there too?

GONZO
 I feel like... you're mad at me.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Gonzo, Dessi, Tyler, and a group of other miserable 20
 somethings sit around a table.

In the front of the room and mid-sentence is CHRIS, their
 guidance counselor. Behind him is a Probation Officer.

CHRIS
 -is gratitude. I've never met an
 unhappy grateful person. What makes-

Ajay busts into the room.

CHRIS (cont'd)
Ajay, come on man. You're not getting credit for the first hour. Work it out with Officer Brady.

Ajay takes a seat.

Gonzo side eyes him.

CHRIS (cont'd)
Now that we're all here, I wanted to explain why we're not meeting individually anymore. I think a lot of the time-

Ajay looks around the room, missing out on a lecture that in all honesty would be good for him. He eyes Gonzo back.

The perspective shifts. We go to Gonzo. Freeze-frame.

GONZO (V.O.)
Okay, my turn?

INT. CLUB - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

THE BALLAD OF GONZALO. "AT THE HOTEL, EUNICE COLLINS" Plays throughout.

Gonzo is dancing with a boy in a dark red club floor.

Red and white lights thunder around him to the beat.

GONZO (V.O.)
All this started after I- decided to move out from my Mom's.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING (MONTAGE)

Gonzo is in bed with ALYSSA and KYLE. A door swings open.

He jumps to get up frantically. Yelling starts-

EXT. DOOR - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

Gonzo is packing his stuff, yelling across the house.

GONZO (V.O.)
Lifestyle differences, really.

VOICE (V.O.)
Where did you stay after?

Gonzo jumps out the front door and heads down the street with a backpack.

He takes his phone out and pops a breath mint.

Time to work.

He's swiping right on Tinder without looking.

EXT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

Gonzo is sharing an intense conversation in outdoor seating.

GONZO (V.O.)
Had to find somewhere to stay.

After his reverse shot, he's with a different girl. And another girl. And a guy. And another guy.

Gonzo forces a grin to nameless mark. There's a drop of pain in the smile. It's easy for him... but still work.

INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

Gonzo is making out with nameless GIRL, of course. He's whispering compliments in her ear.

CUT TO:

They're both in bed, asleep. 3:00 AM comes around.

GONZO (V.O.)
Then I'd-

Music swells. An alarm wakes up Gonzo through an airpod.

He takes a moment to himself, and turns to girl.

He gets up, and dresses.

GONZO (V.O.) (cont'd)
...leave.

Just a reminder: Our heroes aren't good people.

Gonzo is shuffling jewelry into a bag.

Bluetooth speaker. Definitely need that.

He raids the fridge. Why not. Is this sandwich expired?

Gonzo takes one look back to GIRL before leaving.

VOICE (V.O.)
Why would leaving dates get you
court-mandated therapy?

GONZO
I... fucked up... and went back for a
second date. I dunno. I- I actually
really liked her.

INT. KAYLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

Gonzo is sleeping. KAYLA is not.

KAYLA
Hey. Hey, wake up. Good morning. Good
morning cutie.

She is sitting over him, pointing a stun gun at his eyes.

Gonzo slowly opens his eyes.

GONZO
Ah-

He tries to rub her arm, smiling.

KAYLA
Don't touch me- don't-

GONZO
Okay, okay-

She sticks the stun gun into his nose.

KAYLA
Did you- steal all the shit out of my
drawer two nights ago? Are you who
people are posting about- Is your
name... even Bryan?

Gonzo is surprisingly calm.

He'll probably try to talk through this.

GONZO
K, look, I'm gonna be straight up
with you. I'm gonna be honest with
you. You know why?

Kayla puts her thumb over the back of the gun.

GONZO (cont'd)
Because- I think we have something
special- I mean, I came back-

KAYLA
What?

GONZO
No, seriously, like- I actually like
you.

KAYLA
Obviously! Why else would you go on a
date with someone?

GONZO
I'm gonna tell you something, and you
put that down, okay?

Kayla blinks.

Gonzo takes a deep breath in.

GONZO (cont'd)
Yes. I stole from you before. But I
came back, because I knew-

Kayla tazes the shit out of his face. Gonzo screams. We cut
out on the scream.

INT. A DARK ASS ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

VOICE
What can you tell me about Dessi
Kruise?

GONZO
Met her in the sessions. She wasn't
into me.

TYLER
Short. Black.

VOICE
It says you were put on academic
leave from your computer science
degree. Can you elaborate on that?

Finally, Dessi leans forward.

DESSI
Okay, hold up- It was more like-
mental health stuff.

INT. DORM - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

DESSI WILLIAMS. "STRAIGHT EDGE, by MINOR THREAT" Plays.

Dessi leans on a window inhaling a bong and sipping a beer.

Her ROOMMATE enters suddenly.

Dessi scrambles to hide the paraphernalia, but drops it out
the window.

It falls three floors, and shatters on the head of an older
man. He falls over.

She exhales the smoke, still watching the man.

DESSI
Shit.

INT. DORM LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY (MONTAGE)

Dessi is sprawled out with her bags, laying in a makeshift
bed in the side of the room.

Next to her are two graphics cards and a PC.

DESSI (V.O.)
I wasn't about to tell my parents
that the first person in the family
to go to college got kicked out.

Someone tries opening the door. She has it jammed with a
chair.

VOICE (V.O.)
And the therapy sessions?

EXT. DORM LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY (MONTAGE)

Two R.A's are throwing their shoulders into the door.

Dessi SIGHS.

DESSI (V.O.)
Eventually, I had to leave. So- I
left. Officially. Left.

INT. DORM LAUNDRY ROOM - DAY (MONTAGE)

Dessi is unwrapping a popcorn she just microwaved.

She eats a few... before throwing the finished bag back in.

10 minutes of cook time should work.

Dessi holds up a duffle bag and walks out.

INT. DORM HALLWAY - LITERALLY 8 MIN AFTER THAT (MONTAGE)

Students rush down a hallway as a fire alarm blares over loudspeakers.

Dessi is walking the opposite way.

She starts to jiggle door handles.

Locked. Locked. Locked. Unlocked. Here we go.

INT. DORM ROOMS - DAY (MONTAGE)

She quickly scarfs several different laptops into her bag.

VOICE (V.O.)

Then what?

INT. LOCAL ARTSY COFFEE SHOP - DAY (MONTAGE)

Dessi sits on her laptop across a room of strangers.

DESSI (V.O.)

Well, my mom- I didn't tell them. I just. Sort of- floated for a while.

In front of her is a guy with a pony tail.

Dessi is staring at him, hard.

Past him, actually. At his laptop.

His screen peeks out behind his shoulder in Dessi's view.

9. 5. 6. 2. Unlocked. Maybe an address? Not that it matters.

His wallpaper is a photo of him with his family.

Dessi goes back to her laptop, opening the wifi admin page.

She checks to see all the different connections.
There it is. The HP one. Back to waiting.
Finally, ponytail stands up to go to the bathroom.
Dessi hops up and takes the seat, unlocking his laptop.
Casually, she installs a remote access software.

EXT. LOCAL ARTSY COFFEE SHOP - DAY (MONTAGE)

Dessi walks in a brisk pace, taking a seat outside.
She opens her laptop again, displaying ponytail's screen.
His smiling family greets her.
Dessi opens up Chrome, and immediately tests the history.
Venm- Nope. CashAp- Nope. Pay- Paypal? Yep.
She auto-fills the sign in and opens a new request.
SEND \$500 to SORRYIMBROKE@GMAIL.COM. Can't be too greedy.
The sound of ponytail's yelling can be heard inside.
Dessi's phone buzzes, receiving the payment.
For good measure, she changes his background.
Something about the happy family didn't sit well.
Finally, Dessi stands up, looks around... and eyes right at
a security camera.
We see her through the grainy footage.

DESSI

Shit.

INT. A DARK ASS ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Tyler is eyeing up everyone.

VOICE

Can you please give us information on
Mr. O'Brien?

GONZO
(laughing)
There's nothing to say.

DESSI
That fucking kid.

VOICE
Tyler, what are you doing? Why are
you involved with a cyber-security
issue? Do you even own a computer?

TYLER
Uh- No.

INT. CIRCLE K - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

TYLER O' BRIEN. "MR. BOJANGLES - JERRY JEFF WALKER" Plays.

Tyler struggles to open the door. The harsh LED's illuminate
his stained flannel. He's blasted drunk.

He wobbles down an isle and starts to drink a wine bottle
off the shelf. He opens a chip bag.

An attendant notices, and starts YELLING at him.

He wobbles out.

EXT. SUBURBS - DAY (MONTAGE)

Tyler is vibing down the street, eyeing houses.

Finally, he sees what he's here for: a package.

He walks over and picks it up like it's a flower.

Continuing to walk, he opens it to find some ceramics.

Garbage.

He tosses it on the side of the road and keeps walking.

Time for the next box.

EXT. DANCE CLUB - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

Tyler, wandering, plops himself in front of a bar's door.

He stops two teens from entering. They hand him their IDs.

He asks for cash... and they cough up \$15.

Tyler hands them their IDs and walks off in their view.

They're not going to confront him. Fuck that. Barry Bonds wouldn't fight Tyler with a bat.

INT. A DARK ASS ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

VOICE

Two previous arrests. What changed
for the third one? Why opt in for
therapy this time? Why not before?

Tyler shrugs.

INT. CVS PARKING LOT - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

CAROL (21) has a dirty exterior that compliments Tyler.

She's holding her hands over her face, trying not to cry.

Tyler actually is showing emotion. Distress. He paces.

His hands are shaking.

Except his right hand, which is holding a pregnancy test.

It's positive.

He chucks it as far as he can.

We see fear in a face that has never known it.

He holds Carol.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Ajay is trying to pay attention. He eyes the class.

Some kid stops talking. It was emotional, probably.

CHRIS

Gonzo? How about you?

GONZO

5 years? Eh- open a bar. Or like, own
a house above a bar. That would be
cool. Like, bar-tending too.

CHRIS
Dessi?

DESSI
Pass.

Chris tilts his head.

CHRIS
I know it's on the nose, but there
has to be something.

DESSI
I don't know. My own place. I think
I'd like to stream video games. Or
like, make a video game.

Some people nod.

CHRIS
Tyler?

TYLER
See my kid.

Gonzo turns his head. He mouths "You have a kid??!"

CHRIS
Okay- okay- eh, Ajay?

Ajay snaps back to the conversation.

He contemplates for a second.

AJAY
Money. Freedom. Money.

CHRIS
What's keeping you from having money?

AJAY
Not having enough money.

CHRIS
Ajay, there's more to life than
money.

AJAY
Cool. I'll check that stuff out once
I have enough money to do that.

Chris is irritated but doesn't engage.

Ajay eyes the rest of the class.

CHRIS
Okay, let's-

EXT. CONFERENCE BUILDING - NIGHT

We're back with Ajay.

He watches everyone leaving down the building steps.

No one is talking.

EXT. STREET CORNER - EVENING

Ajay walks alone, back towards Walmart.

Cars blow by him.

He is emotionless. Drifting. Nothing new.

EXT. WALMART PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Walmart is closed. Employees are leaving. This isn't new.

Though his spot... is empty. This is definitely new.

AJAY
What... the fuck-

He runs up to where he was parked.

Gone. Towed. Fuck.

He darts around, looking for an EMPLOYEE.

AJAY EMPLOYEE
Yo! YO! Yes?

AJAY EMPLOYEE
Who tows this lot? American Eagle towing. The
number-

AJAY
Dude, my fucking cat was in the car-

Employee just looks at him.

EMPLOYEE
You left your cat in the
car?

AJAY
He has a fucking fan- don't-
he could be hurt, dude.

EMPLOYEE
The number is over there.

Ajay doubles back, and opens his phone.

It's dead. Jesus Christ.

Ajay doubles over and starts... to laugh.

He laughs out loud to himself and claps.

Great. Here we go.

Fuck. Fuck!

A distressing synth score is starting to rise.

It's a thriller from here on out.

Ajay heads back over to the employee getting in his car.

AJAY
Can I borrow your phone for literally
30 seconds. Please.

EMPLOYEE
(hesitancy)
Dude, I- my phone is dead.

Ajay immediately turns around and walks to ANOTHER EMPLOYEE.

AJAY
Hey, sorry- my phone is dead and my
mom is a little old and I can't find
her- I'm really worried- can I use
your phone really quick?

They hand it to him right away.

He googles AMERICAN EAGLE TOWING. 45 MIN.

Quickly, he orders an Uber to the location with the
Employee's phone.

EMPLOYEE
What are you-

AJAY
Texting her.

\$64. YOUR RIDE IS ON THE WAY-

Ajay deletes the app.

AJAY (cont'd)
Thanks, yeah, I just texted her.

He tosses the phone back and starts to move.

AJAY (cont'd)
What's your name?

EMPLOYEE
Bryan.

AJAY
Thanks Bryan.

Ajay heads off in a rush.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Ajay is jogging down the street.

At the end of the block, a Toyota Corolla waits in Idle.

The DRIVER rolls down the window.

AJAY
Bryan?

He nods and Ajay hops in.

INT. COROLLA - NIGHT

Ajay is staring out the window. His legs bob up and down in anxiousness. He watches the road blow by him.

Behind him is a couple. Ride share.

Driver is eyeing him from the rear view.

DRIVER
Why you going to American Eagle this late?

AJAY
My car got towed. With my cat.

Suddenly, the driver's phone beeps.

Ajay perks up. Uh-oh.

DRIVER
What-

AJAY
What's up.

DRIVER
It says you just canceled your ride.

AJAY
I didn't- must be a glitch.

Driver pulls the car over. Ajay is getting jumpy.

DRIVER
I'm not falling for this.

AJAY
What?

DRIVER
The scam where you cancel.
You're paying me.

AJAY
Dude, I don't know what
you're talking about.

Ajay tries to pull the door open.

Child-lock. Shit. Things are picking up.

DRIVER
Ah, ha- I see- I knew it-

AJAY
Dude I'm- I didn't even get
there yet-

DRIVER
You're paying me for that
half-drive.

AJAY
I don't have any money.

Ajay tries pulling on the door more. Can't waste time.

DRIVER
Then I'm calling the cops.

AJAY
Are you kidding me?

The BOYFRIEND and GIRLFRIEND behind Ajay pipe up.

BOYFRIEND
Dude, just pay him-

GIRLFRIEND
Hey-

AJAY
Who- can you mind your own business?

He rips open a package of gauze and starts to apply it.

A CVS EMPLOYEE notices him.

CVS EMPLOYEE
Hey- oh, you're bleeding, what's-

AJAY
I'm so sorry- I got jumped and I-

He starts to walk past the door.

CVS EMPLOYEE
You have to buy that.

AJAY
Just need it now-

CVS EMPLOYEE
Seriously, stop. Stop. You should go
to a hospital!

The CVS employee grabs at his shirt.

CVS EMPLOYEE (cont'd)
Hey!

Ajay spins and pushes him off, into the isle wall.

He falls over, HARD, and smacks into a shelf.

Ajay dips out of the store with the gauze and looks around.

Fuck. Fuck. Okay. People start to exit the CVS-

Ajay keeps walking down the street.

He takes his jacket off and ties it around his waist.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Ajay is limping down a street with his thumb out.

No one is stopping for him.

Lights flash by his eyes. Tired eyes.

He keeps darting his eyes, looking for solutions.

He spots a restaurant with curbside pick up. Can't waste
time.

EXT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Cars pull in and out of the curb-side pick up.

Ajay studies the rhythm.

Worker comes out for card, worker goes back in.

Worker comes back out with food. Worker goes back in.

His eyes dart, looking for the right person.

An older man pulls up.

Worker comes out. A man says PETER. Worker gets card.

Ajay waits a beat and walks up to the man's window.

AJAY

Excuse me Peter, this is so embarrassing, it's my first day- and there's a problem with your card inside- can you come in and verify something really quick?

PETER

(reaching for dash)

I can just get another card-

AJAY

I left it inside, I'm so sorry- you can just not tip me. It'll be 15 seconds. You don't even have to turn off the car.

Peter, irritated, gets out. Ajay's eyes dart to the door.

Peter walks to the restaraunt, opens the door, and-

Ajay doesn't waste any time. He hops in.

The car... is manual. Why the fuck is the car manual.

Fuck it. Can't waste time.

Ajay whips it into gear, and pulls out way too hard.

CRACK. THWAP.

He immediately smashes into a parked car. A dude hops out.

DUDE

Yo, what the fuck?!

Ajay's eyebrow is bleeding. Can't waste time.

He grabs some cash from the cup holder and slides out.

DUDE (cont'd)
Woah, you're-

Ajay starts to walk off, cash in hand.

DUDE (cont'd)
What- Where are you going?

The door to the take-out swings open. Peter.

Ajay bolts until the yelling behind him starts to fade.

He turns again to check before-

Red liquid covers his eye. He looks down.

Woah. Okay. That's a lot of blood.

How much blood is too much blood?

Ajay tries to fight his body as he collapses to the ground.

Okay. That's probably the blood limit.

He hears people approaching.

AJAY
Can't... can't- waste-

He passes out.

Peter walks up to the crowd forming around Ajay.

PETER
This fucking prick.

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Ajay drifts in and out of consciousness.

Two men stare back at him as the room around him bumps and shakes.

He peers up, and notices there's no handcuff around his hand.

Outside the window, American Eagle Clothing passes by.

Did he map to the wrong...

He musters a thought.

AJAY
Fuck.

INT. ER TRAUMA CENTER - NIGHT

Ajay lays still in his bed.

His legs are wrapped in gauze.

Across from him is an older man, bed ridden.

Ajay looks back to the room.

Across from him, a TV plays. Nightly news.

For a second, Ajay hoped he would see himself.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dessi walks past her parents to enter her bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tyler stumbles into bed, drinking.

INT. SOMEONE ELSE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Gonzo lays awake, next to a guy name Tim.

INT. A DARK ASS ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

The three can tell the session is about to end.

DESSI
Wait, we're not being detained?

VOICE
One last question.

GONZO
Anything for you.

VOICE
When did he first blackmail you?

GONZO
What?

DESSI
What?

TYLER
Who? AJ?

INT. ER TRAUMA CENTER - CRACK OF DAWN

Ajay is laying still, trying not to hurt his leg.

He didn't sleep. Again.

He checks his funeral Go-Fund-Me. \$12. Damn.

The TV still sputters between channels.

He looks out the window, and SIGHS.

If that cat is hurt, I swear-

That's when it happened. This is where it all happened.

A morning news special pops up.

"Das Rheingold - Prelude" Begins to play slowly.

An anchor leans towards the camera.

THIS MORNING RIVIERA BEACH AGREED TO PAY \$600,000 in
"BITCOIN" to "HACKERS" WHO BREACHED THEIR SYSTEM AFTER A
PHISHING EMAIL POPPED UP - RIVIERA BEACH LEADERS AGREED TO
PAY AFTER THEIR EMERGENCY SERVICES LINE WAS BLOCKED, TO GET
THEIR COMPUTER SYSTEMS BACK ONLINE-

Ajay stares at the TV like he's seeing God.

He sits up in his bed, pushing through pain.

ONE EMAIL OPENED BY A SECRETARY WAS ALL-

Ajay stands up now, moving towards the TV like a communion.

We can't hear the voice on the TV anymore. Just the
beautiful melody of the dead classical composer.

He stares.

His heart monitor starts beeping.

This is the ticket.

The ticket to never need anyone or anything ever again.

Fuck petty scams. This is bigger than that.

The score settles.

It's time to take control.

Ideas race through his head.

First idea: How do you make a phishing software?

Suddenly, a man with a badge opens Ajay's hospital door.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Dessi, still sleeping, is woken by an email notification.

She goes back to bed without looking.

The camera pushes towards the phone.

The notification from an anonymous email reads:

I HAVE RECORDINGS OF YOUR THERAPY SESSIONS... AND I NEED SOMETHING. TODAY. 5 PM. ROOM A12.

INT. A DARK ASS ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Dessi, Gonzo, and Tyler stand up.

They slowly leave of the room.

VOICE

Here, tomorrow, at 11 AM.

Gonzo winks at the camera that's been recording him.

They leave.

It's quiet.

Finally, we see Voice.

He's 45. 40 on a good day. Heavier build.

He stands up and stretches.

EXT. RENTED OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Voice walks outside, and to his car.

Finally, he dials a number on his phone.

The other end picks up.

VOICE
They don't know about the blackmail.

We can't hear the responses.

VOICE (cont'd)
Nothing you could turn in yet. You're
going to have to wait.

He leans against his car.

VOICE (cont'd)
Fuck you. Pay me more. I'm not doing
another day of this. Someone sees me
with this badge and I'm going to
federal prison.

He waits.

VOICE (cont'd)
Fine. Fine. Okay.

He hangs up.

The man takes a moment to himself before mustering a
thought.

VOICE (cont'd)
Fucking prick.

CREDITS