

THE CASTLE BUILDER

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Inspired by

DEATH TRAP

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INT. STANLEY'S BATHROOM - MORNING

A lavish, stunning bathroom. A dazzling array of urinals, each a testament to a different design philosophy, rests upon the vanity. Stanley, a man etched with the arrogance of success, stands rigidly at his own basin.

This is STANLEY DROPPINGS, a Caucasian entrepreneur in his thirties—a man whose self-regard borders on the pathological. His insatiable hunger for supremacy fuels a personality demanding not merely respect, but abject adoration and unwavering fealty.

STANLEY

Is your pooper in need of a fresh scent? Hi, I am Stanley Droppings to share some of my newest urinal products with you in 60 seconds!

He retrieves the item, the splash hog urinal.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Lets be honest, men do not always aim well, even sober, and that's okay because with this splashy hog it eliminates backsplash. So whiz like a sprinkler, you're bound to hit this splashy and get a fresh scent every time!

Upon his bathroom sink, Stanley carefully deposited the discarded urinal deodorizer. He then retrieved the intricately designed, fan-shaped urinal screen.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

I know you are going to like this, this urinal screen kills odors up to 1200 hundred flushes. 1200 flushes you say! You heard me right 1200 hundred flushes! You know what? I cannot even count to 1200! Just look at how pretty this is, and I make it in cherry. Now your bathroom can smell like you been in a cherry orchard all day!

Stanley carefully lowered the urinal shield onto the bathroom basin. He then deliberately retrieved the Ekcoscreen urinal.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Stanley, I need more than one urinal screen and it becomes expensive to buy only one over time, well, I listened and did not droppings the ball on this one. When you order this, you will get twelve in a case, what! That's right not ten, not eleven, but twelve! This sets a high standard for urinal screens, and it provides a high level of protection to protect your floor, reduce odor and prevent the spread of bacteria throughout your bathroom.

Stanley settled onto the porcelain throne, the weight of the day pressing down on him.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

It is unfortunate, and we wish they did not visit, but it would not be a family affair if smelly relatives did not come over, but with this Eckoscreen their smell can be gone for 60 or more days. OMG. Stanley, I have to sit down! You go and sit down I had to!

Approaching the porcelain basin, Stanley carefully deposited the sleek Eckoscreen upon its surface. With a deliberate movement, he then lifted the futuristic wave urinal, its smooth curves gleaming under the dim light.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Oh, this is my favorite. The wave urinal, why is this my favorite you ask? This urinal traps debris. That's right!

(MORE)

STANLEY (CONT'D)

If grandpa drops his dentures in your toilet, all you have to do is rinse them off in your sink and give them back to him! And that's not all, If you order this, I will give you a sixty count! OMG I am seeing urinal cakes, a sixty count you say, yes I say! And I make it in mint which gives you ten times more fragrance for 30 days! Yes, folks. Fresher days are coming if you call right now 1-800-4U-Smell. Operators are standing by to take your orders, so do not wait, after one whiff of my products you will think I droppings a bomb in your bathroom! So call right now 1-800-4U-Smell, that's 1-800-4U-Smell, and remember I always have a cake waiting for you!

INT. STANLEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A refined bedroom, hushed and calming, cradles Stanley in his armchair before the silent screen. He switches off the television, the sudden darkness amplifying the arrival of ANGELA. Thirty-something, fair-skinned, and exquisitely groomed, she exudes a captivating, yet treacherous aura; a woman capable of the most elaborate deception, her presence a subtle yet menacing invasion.

ANGELA

I wish you would not play your commercials; it depresses you.

Rising with a groan, Stanley launched himself onto the bed, a furious, writhing mass of limbs and desperate cries.

STANLEY

Its not fair, its not fair, its not fair!

ANGELA

Grown men do not have tantrums.

STANLEY

Who says grown men cannot have tantrums?!

From a recumbent position, Stanley ascended to a seated posture on his mattress.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Its just not fair.

ANGELA

Your business may not be in trouble if your business partner were to leave. Your customers know you make the best products.

STANLEY

I do think my business is in trouble. Oh Angela our kingdom, our sanctuary is under fire. I am certain my business partner is working on a new product without me.

ANGELA

He may not be working on anything, he may want to leave and explore other options.

STANLEY

I will not let him create the next best selling item without me. I built this business, and with sheer determination I have kept it going.

ANGELA

I know you have.

STANLEY

And with every swirl of energy I have I will be the urinal king!

ANGELA

I believe in you. Your blueberry cake urinal was a huge success.

STANLEY

The people in this town are ordinary, all they do is watch sports, drink, hang out with friends and talk about Millie's apple pie display. Nobody talks about me.

ANGELA

I think it is easier to have a conversation about pie than it is cake urinals.

STANLEY

Where would the people of this town be if it was not for me and what I do.

ANGELA

They would be in the bathroom after eating Millie's apple pie.

STANLEY

Yes, but with a fresh scent. My blueberry cake urinal was the first time I won the cakey award.

Approaching his antique dresser, Stanley carefully lifted a bizarre, porcelain sculpture—a grotesque parody of a celebratory cake molded into the shape of a toilet.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

This is my most prized possession.

(Whiney)

And I want another one!

ANGELA

And you will someday. Nobody believes your business is in the toilet. Nobody.

STANLEY

Oh, yeah, let me share with you
what the Wall Street Urinal said
about my new scent the lemon
meringue.

Approaching his mahogany desk, Stanley settled into his chair
before the glowing screen of his laptop. With deliberate
precision, he initiated a complex sequence of keystrokes.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Here it is. Stanley Droppings new
urinal cake the lemon meringue,
which appeared on shelves today in
retail stores is anything but a
breath of fresh air. After smelling
this, you will think you stepped
out of an out house, so folks, save
your money unless you want to add
to the pollution in the air, your
own smell is better than this.

ANGELA

Well, it was not a great review,
but certainly not the worst review
ever printed.

STANLEY

It was horrible, do you know how my
business started?

ANGELA

How?

STANLEY

Grandma.

ANGELA

Grandma?

STANLEY

Oh, she was a stinker.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. STANLEY FATHER'S HALLWAY - NIGHT

Ten-year-old STANLEY ambled down the corridor, his small frame a silhouette against the muted light.

Simultaneously, GRANDMA, a vibrant seventy-year-old woman with skin like sun-kissed porcelain, beamed, a newspaper clutched cheerfully beneath her arm.

Their paths intersected in a fleeting moment of shared hallway space, a silent acknowledgment passing between them.

STANLEY'S INNER VOICE

It was awful I tell you, my eyes
began to water like a levy that had
broken on a dam. The dog never
smelled that bad.

With deliberate strides, Stanley scoured the area, his keen nose actively searching for the elusive scent.

STANLEY'S INNER VOICE (CONT'D)

I continued to walk and
investigate. I had not smelled
anything that bad since mom's
meatloaf surprise. I knew I had
found the smell when the
unthinkable happened.

A disoriented FATHER in his thirties, suddenly overcome by dizziness, collapsed onto the hallway floor.

STANLEY'S INNER VOICE (CONT'D)

I rushed to my dad, and as I stood
there helpless. I thought I was
going to have to perform CPR before
I called out.

Stanley's voice resonates with the vibrant, almost sentient energy of the mountains, echoing the mystical, musical spirit of the Alps.

STANLEY

Pa, oh, pa. I am here, your son, to
bring you back to good health.

INT. FATHER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

A compact, minimalist kitchen was the setting. Stanley and his father occupied the kitchen table, a tension simmering between them, their unspoken words.

STANLEY'S INNER VOICE

When my dad was able to get up and walk again, we went to our kitchen to see what could be done about the smell that had over come us, we talked about it throughout the night, and than it happened.

INT. FATHER'S BATHROOM - MORNING

Beside the porcelain throne, a shared grin illuminated father and son. The elder, his hand cradling a fragrant puck, prepared to banish the lingering odors of the restroom, a silent ritual bonding the two.

STANLEY INNER VOICE

We discovered how every bathroom could have a fresh scent.

The father deposited the deodorizer puck into the porcelain throne. Stanley and his father then luxuriated in the invigorating, clean scent.

STANLEY'S INNER VOICE

And this is how the birth of the urinal cake began.

FLASHBACK ENDS

INT. STANLEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Upon their marital bed, a weary Stanley and a pensive Angela rested

STANLEY

I might be washed up. My last
urinal cake the orange blossom
barely made a profit! I guess it is
true, you cannot have your cake and
eat it to.

ANGELA

Do not say stuff like that.

STANLEY

Its true. I can no longer cut it in
the bathroom. My new advertising
even failed for the lemon meringue.

ANGELA

I do not remember hearing an ad.

STANLEY

One radio station played it and
than they pulled it right after
that.

ANGELA

What was it?

STANLEY

After one whiff of this fresh
lemon, you will think you are at a
birthday potty, and you know what?

ANGELA

What?

STANLEY

Nobody wanted to celebrate the
occasion. I believe my problems
might have started when I held that
lecture on understanding the basics
of cake urinals. I am going to text
him.

ANGELA

Text him, who?

STANLEY

My business partner. I am going to deal with my problem.

ANGELA

What do you have in mind?

Approaching his bureau, Stanley's hand hovered over the drawer. With a deliberate movement, he extracted his firearm; the cold steel a stark contrast to the trembling in his grip.

STANLEY

I am going to find out what he is working on and then kill him. Without my guidance and inspiration he would be cake less.

With a weighty sigh, Stanley laid his pistol on the bureau. His trembling fingers fumbled for his mobile. A desperate message began to form, each word a testament to his agonizing decision.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

My throne will not fall to an amateur.

ANGELA

Everything will be fine, you have gotten through tougher times than this.

STANLEY

You're right. I have.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

INT. STANLEY'S BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

In the hushed intimacy of their shared bed, Angela found herself contemplating the self-assured demeanor of MR. SHINY.

This vibrant, twenty-something Brit, brimming with an almost unnerving self-possession, possessed a profound, perhaps even arrogant, confidence in his intellectual and social superiority.

MR. SHINY

Lets do this again tomorrow.

ANGELA

Stanley has a meeting at this time.

MISTER SHINY

Perfect.

From slumber, Mr. Shiny arose, his body stiffening with an awakening that felt both profound and unsettling.

MISTER SHINY (CONT'D)

OMG.

ANGELA

What is it?

MISTER SHINY

Has the cat been watching us the whole time? What am I worried about, its just a furry animal.

ANGELA

Exactly, who is tinkles the cat going to tell?

The radiant Mr. Shiny arose, his hand seizing the crisp fabric of his garment.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

What are you planning when you leave here?

MISTER SHINY

I feel like getting a bacon cheeseburger, but I have to get back to my own work. Just think. Someday you can be part of a successful business.

ANGELA

I look forward to it. I know
Stanley tries to be successful with
his own business, but there is only
so much you can do with bathroom
products.

Stanley entered, his presence a sudden, weighty intrusion.

STANLEY

Angela!

ANGELA

Stanley your home!

STANLEY

I forgot my new toilet scrubber for
my meeting!

With a desperate lunge, the dapper Mr. Shiny snatched his
pants and footwear. He bolted from the chamber, his escape a
frantic, desperate flight.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Angela how could you?!

FLASHBACK ENDS

INT. STANLEY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A luxurious living room, a gleaming bar and a crackling
fireplace, opened onto a patio through expansive French
doors. Angela and Stanley entered, the weight of Stanley's
firearm a presence.

They moved with practiced ease towards the mahogany bar. With
a deliberate movement, Stanley deposited his weapon. A sudden
vibration announced a text message; he retrieved his phone,
absorbing the message.

STANLEY

He is coming over.

With a decisive snap, he returned the mobile device to its
secure pants holster.

ANGELA

I know you are going to be a splash again.

STANLEY

When my dad died, I could have done this business alone, but my dad always believed two heads in the bathroom were better than one. I have to trust you.

ANGELA

Trust me?

STANLEY

I am going to kill my business partner tonight.

ANGELA

Now, everything's going to be all right provided you take reasonable precautions.

STANLEY

Death is a reasonable precaution, everybody knows there going to die, they just do not know when or how.

ANGELA

Maybe you should collaborate with your partner again?

STANLEY

I do not want to collaborate anymore with him. I am certain he is trying to go on his own.

ANGELA

It wouldn't hurt if you did a little gas lighting to reestablish your own brand.

STANLEY

I could lift the lid on my own business again through him.

ANGELA

You are the king of the tidy bowl,
and without you no one would dare
enter a public rest room.

STANLEY

I will do it. I will collaborate
with him and than steal his idea.

ANGELA

You will see, you will have your
dream, there is nothing fresher
than success.

STANLEY

You're right. I can still be the
urinal king.

A resonant chime announces an unexpected visitor.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

That's him!

ANGELA

Already?

STANLEY

I told him a while back to call a
ride haling app first, if you need
to be some place quick, Wait until
you meet him, you will wonder how I
got involved with someone so foul.

Stanley and Angela materialized in the entryway, the portal
swinging inward on its hinges.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

(Grinning)

Hello--

ANGELA

--Noah!

STANLEY

(Grinning)

That is not the hello I was expecting.

ANGELA

Hi.

STANLEY

Will you excuse us, there is something we have to discuss, be right back.

With a resolute thud, Stanley shut the door behind him.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

You had an affair with my business partner?! The guy in our bedroom ran out of the room so fast I never got to see who he was.

ANGELA

Not quite.

STANLEY

What do you mean not quite? He is standing outside and you know who he is!

ANGELA

I had an affair with his brother.

STANLEY

What?! You had an affair with Mister Shiny?! I cannot believe this, you slept with the king of floor wax in our bed! What is it with you and sleeping with people who make household products?! Than how did you know who Noah is?

ANGELA

Mister Shiny was in town with Noah and he introduced me to him.

STANLEY

You just happen to run into Mister
Shiny outside of our bedroom!

ANGELA

It's a small town!

STANLEY

Its nice to know that you will have
a fresh scent in your bathroom, and
a shiny floor when I die!

ANGELA

Let's focus on Noah and his demise.

STANLEY

You could not even have an affair
with an American, you had to go
British!

ANGELA

Let's focus on your dream.

STANLEY

I do want to be the urinal king.

ANGELA

And we agree Mister Shiny is not
your problem?

STANLEY

For now, he might not be a threat
to my business. Noah is. Let's go
see him.

ANGELA

I love you darling.

STANLEY

I love you more.

The entrance swung inward, revealing Stanley on the threshold
of his dwelling.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Won't you come in.

A quiet young man, NOAH, barely out of his twenties, his attire and demeanor as understated as his accent, entered Stanley's living room.

NOAH

Oh, thank you. Is everything alright from earlier?

STANLEY

Oh, of course. Noah looks around.

NOAH

Is that your first review over there on your mantle?

Approaching his hearth, Noah gently lifted a cherished photograph, its eight-by-ten-inch frame holding a precious memory.

STANLEY

It is, that was my first five star review in the happy flush.

NOAH

I hope to have a review like this someday.

Upon Stanley's mantelpiece, Noah carefully placed the cherished 8x10 photograph. Angela and Stanley, a tableau of quiet companionship, stood side-by-side.

ANGELA

(Mumbling)

Um, we will see.

STANLEY

(Whispering)

Patience, you and I know he will not be flushed with happiness after tonight.

ANGELA

Of course.

Stanley approached the imposing hearth, his gaze drawn to the ornate mantelpiece.

STANLEY

And this here is the first urinal
holder I ever made.

NOAH

It is impressive.

STANLEY

Can you leave us alone to discuss
business Angela.

NOAH

Do we have business to discuss? You
did not mention why you wanted me
to come over.

STANLEY

I do want to discuss something with
you.

ANGELA

Cheerio.

NOAH

Cheerio.

Angela departs.

NOAH (CONT'D)

What's on your mind?

STANLEY

Urinals.

NOAH

You wanted me to come over to
discuss urinals?

STANLEY

I have had no competition until
now.

NOAH

You believe you have competition?

STANLEY

I do. I taught you everything I know, where else would you have learned to be a cake maker like me?

NOAH

Google.

STANLEY

Are you working on a new cake urinal design without me?

NOAH

All right, let's cut the cheese.

STANLEY

I think we should do that and than afterwards we can remove the stink in this room.

NOAH

Am I the stink in this room?

STANLEY

Well, you are no potpourri at this moment. Would you like a drink?

NOAH

Yes, please.

STANLEY

Do you like bourbon?

NOAH

I do.

At his favorite watering hole, Stanley procured two exquisite glasses. He then retrieved his prized bourbon, a liquid amber of unparalleled richness, meticulously filling each vessel.

With a deliberate stride, he approached Noah, offering a generous portion of the potent spirit. Noah, with a silent nod of acknowledgment, accepted the proffered glass.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Thank you.

STANLEY

How about you and I collaborate on your new design. You have learned a great deal from me, perhaps I can learn something from you.

NOAH

The newest designs you have created have ended at the bottom of the bowl.

STANLEY

I know I can no longer float on my early success, which is why I might need your expertise.

NOAH

I might as well let you know. I am going to take my new design and work with my brother.

STANLEY

Mister Shiny? He knows nothing about urinal cakes.

NOAH

I have taught him everything I know.

STANLEY

Which is from me.

NOAH

And Google.

STANLEY

Tell me, what is your new design?

NOAH

I guess there is no harm in telling you since I have it patented. The raspberry beret.

STANLEY

The raspberry beret cake urinal,
interesting.

NOAH

Yes. Isn't it?

STANLEY

We can make it work together like
we did the blackberry cake urinal.

NOAH

We did kill bacteria and limit the
smells with that one.

STANLEY

And we can do it again, you and I.

NOAH

I think I will do this with my
brother. He is already the king of
floor wax and with my ideas I will
dominate bathrooms around the
world.

STANLEY

Now you listen here Mr. Burton I am
bursting with creative ideas and
how to give everyone a fresh scent
in their bathroom and I will not
let you come into my home and steal
my business away!

NOAH

You have to understand there comes
a time when all businesses face
failure, and someone new picks up
where someone else left off.

STANLEY

I just want to right now!

NOAH

Yes.

STANLEY

I just want to!

A poisoned dart, striking Noah's carotid artery with brutal precision, sent him crashing to the floor.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Kill you.

Rounding the bend, Angela materialized, a sinister blowpipe clutched menacingly in her grip.

ANGELA

There goes your problem.

A dapper, shadowy projection of Stanley's soul materialized behind him, clad in a severe black pinstripe suit, impeccably coordinated with tie, shoes, and hat. His voice, a captivating baritone, resonated with quiet authority.

STANLEY'S INNER SELF

Now you know how to stay in control.

STANLEY

Of course, to be at the top of my business. I have to kill all the threats and there lies mine right on my rug.

ANGELA

Until another threat comes along.

STANLEY

You said no blood.

ANGELA

Little drops are okay, they actually blend into the carpet.

STANLEY

I shall begin my own version of the raspberry beret cake urinal tomorrow.

ANGELA

Look at him lying there.

STANLEY

You would never have thought he had
a fresh scent in him.

ANGELA

Should we call the police?

STANLEY

No, let's bury him in the back
yard, if anyone asks questions, we
can fill in the lies than.

ANGELA

The backyard? He will stink it up!

STANLEY

It does not matter were we put him,
he is never going to smell fresh
again!

ANGELA

What will you do about Mister
Shiny, he will begin to wonder why
Noah has stopped coming around.

STANLEY

Nothing right now, he only wanted a
piece of my cake because his
brother put the cake in his ear.
Would you mind helping me carry the
body, please?

With a vise-like grip, Stanley seized Noah's lower legs.
Simultaneously, Angela secured Noah's biceps with a firm,
unwavering hold.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Let's do this Quickly!

ANGELA

In case you have not noticed I am not a race horse, and this is the first time I have carried a body, so I might need a little practice before I race to the backyard.

EXT. STANLEY'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

A somber Angela gazed upon the newly fresh dug grave a stark testament to loss. Stanley's movements were frantic, his shovel a blur as he hastily heaped the soil, ruthlessly obliterating the makeshift burial site.

ANGELA

Darling, you're breaking a sweat.

STANLEY

I'm excited.

ANGELA

Why is that?

STANLEY

I love doing activities with you.

ANGELA

As do I.

STANLEY

I think that should do it.

Ceasing his excavation, Stanley paused, his gaze drawn to the somber mound. Angela's eyes, heavy with grief, rested upon the final resting place.

ANGELA

OMG!

STANLEY

Why did you scream, someone will hear us out here?

ANGELA

I think I saw him move.

STANLEY

Nonsense. I am good at covering my
holes.

Upon the somber stone, Stanley's gaze rested, heavy with
unspoken grief.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

I see it!

With a final, brutal thud, Stanley's spade ceased its
relentless assault upon the hastily constructed burial mound.

ANGELA

He did not move.

STANLEY

I see that now, it was a night
crawler, we should go back inside.

INT. STANLEY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

A compact, contemporary kitchen. Grimy and exhausted, Stanley
stumbled in, followed by Angela.

STANLEY

Did you scrape your shoes off
before you came in?

ANGELA

Yes, did you?

STANLEY

Of course. We should buy a new rug
for the living room.

ANGELA

I saw some lovely ones at rugs r us
the other day.

STANLEY

Oh, were they a good price?

ANGELA

Oh, yes, quite reasonable.

STANLEY

Is there something on your mind?
Besides what color rug we should
buy?

ANGELA

I am thinking you would not have
wanted your business partner dead
if you were not feeling
disappointment in the bathroom.
Your embarrassed, you know if the
raspberry beret is a splash, it
will be because of Noah.

STANLEY

I will put a beautiful display of
flowers in the backyard to look
like a garden, so no one will be
suspicious if they do come here.

ANGELA

We might get away with murder.

STANLEY

How can anyone know where he is,
his cell phone is missing with my
text on it.

ANGELA

And without that text, nobody knew
he was coming here tonight.

STANLEY

I do not think any of our neighbors
were home, so they would not have
seen him.

ANGELA

If someone did see him, I'll simply
say that he was looking for a
street nearby.

STANLEY

If we have not been arrested in at least a month. I think you should leave.

ANGELA

What?

STANLEY

I want you to leave. We'll have a few arguments in people's living rooms, we can argue about money.

ANGELA

You have been through a shocking and painful experience and you are not yourself. Neither am I.

STANLEY

I'm terrified of being caught and absolutely guilt-ridden about having been insane enough to kill my business partner.

ANGELA

Now is no time to talk about it. In a week or so, when we're both ourselves again, everything will look a lot cheerier.

A resonant chime announced an unexpected visitor.

STANLEY

Who could that be?

ANGELA

I have no idea.

STANLEY

You do not think someone heard us in the backyard, do you?

ANGELA

We were not that loud.

STANLEY

There was a time we use to be
louder in the bedroom.

ANGELA

You're thinking about intimacy at a
time like this?

STANLEY

I never know what moment is going
to turn me on, tonight it was
death, you go.

INT. STANLEY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

With a cautious glance, Angela peered through the tiny
spyglass in her door.

ANGELA

It's Lorraine!

STANLEY (O.S.)

The physic?!

ANGELA

That's the one!

STANLEY (O.S.)

Ugh. I will be in shortly!

With a hesitant sigh, Angela swung the portal inward,
revealing the shadowed interior.

ANGELA

Lorraine, what a pleasant surprise.

LORRAINE, a woman in her sixties with Caucasian features, is
a captivating psychic whose flamboyant, flowing robes are
meticulously adorned. Her eccentric demeanor is a vibrant
tapestry woven from unpredictability, oddity, whimsy, and a
touch of the bizarre.

LORRAINE

(Panic)

I have to see Stanley.

Lorraine entered, her presence a sudden, vibrant storm in the otherwise quiet room.

ANGELA

Won't you come in.

Stanley makes a dramatic entrance.

STANLEY

Will you be staying long? We were about to turn in for the night.

LORRAINE

Something bad has happened.

ANGELA

Like what? We were at the movies tonight.

STANLEY

It was a wonderful film, gone with the flush.

LORRAINE

Maybe you have heard of me I am your neighbor Lorraine.

STANLEY

We know who you are, you're the nut next door.

LORRAINE

Its most urgent I speak to you, will you let me come in?

STANLEY

Your already in.

LORRAINE

Oh, so I am. There's a room with a lot of darkness in this house.

STANLEY

Darkness?

LORRAINE

There is a room in this house where something bad happens.

ANGELA

The kitchen?

LORRAINE

No, not the kitchen.

STANLEY

That would have been my guess, that is where Angela burns the food, and it gets quite dark afterwards.

Approaching Stanley's hearth, Lorraine's gaze fell upon his cherished 8x10 review from the happy flush. A sense of pride emanated from the photograph as she delicately lifted his substantial, almost comically oversized award, its sugary surface hinting at past celebrations.

LORRAINE

I am getting a vision, that your pain is in the bathroom and it has something to do with this item.

STANLEY

I admit Angela's cooking at times can be hard to digest, and yes, yes it can be painful.

ANGELA

Those items are from his work.

STANLEY

I make urinal cakes.

LORRAINE

Have you not set your ambitions higher than that?

STANLEY

Have you met my wife Angela?

LORRAINE

How do you do my dear?

ANGELA

I am fine.

With a sudden, inquisitive shift, Angela's gaze was drawn to the window.

LORRAINE

Why did you turn to look out at your backyard just now?

ANGELA

I thought I heard a car.

STANLEY

I thought I heard one also.

LORRAINE

I am psychic. I am sensing it was another reason that you looked outside.

STANLEY

And I am often mistaken for the real Tom Sawyer. I need a drink.

At his favorite tavern, Stanley reached for a crystal glass, the weight familiar in his hand. He meticulously poured a generous measure of amber bourbon.

LORRAINE

Stanley. I believe something negative has happened to you recently.

STANLEY

Such as?

LORRAINE

A new product.

STANLEY

I had a new urinal cake come out.

LORRAINE

Oh, yes, the lemon meringue. I got a whiff of that.

STANLEY

Did it stink?

LORRAINE

Not as bad as you would think.

ANGELA

Is there a reason you did need to see Stanley other than what you have mentioned?

LORRAINE

Death.

ANGELA

Death.

LORRAINE

Something is happening in this house. Something frightening. May I have a drink?

STANLEY

I do not think that is a good idea.

ANGELA

Stanley, drinks make people forget things they are saying.

STANLEY

Of course they do, bourbon?

LORRAINE

No, no, no, that will interfere with my heart medication, a soft drink will be fine.

STANLEY

You have a heart condition?

LORRAINE

Sadly, yes. I should have taken my pills before I came over.

ANGELA

(Mumbling)

It might not be so sad after all.

LORRAINE

What's that dear?

ANGELA

I said I am sad to hear this.

STANLEY

Angela, can I see you in the kitchen, will you excuse us, that's where we keep our soft drinks.

INT. STANLEY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Stanley and Angela made their dramatic entrance.

STANLEY

Death.

ANGELA

Do you think she saw us in the backyard?

STANLEY

I do not know.

ANGELA

Gone with the flush, you could not come up with a better fake movie name than that?

STANLEY

No I could not at the time?

ANGELA

What are we going to do if she did
see us burying Noah?

STANLEY

I do not know.

ANGELA

Do you think she has her heart
medication on her?

STANLEY

This is why she asked for a soft
drink.

ANGELA

I do not think we should let her
out of this house.

STANLEY

What do you propose we do with her?

ANGELA

We take her heart medication and
let her die.

Stanley approached the chilling appliance, his hand reaching
for a fizzy, sugary beverage within.

STANLEY

You said she will not remember
anything she is saying tonight,
tomorrow.

Stanley's soul, a shadowed reflection, manifested itself in
his wake.

STANLEY'S INNER SELF

She is not drinking bourbon, she
will remember everything she has
said. She has to die.

STANLEY

Of course, she is the next threat
to my business.

ANGELA

No one would suspect we killed her,
she will have died of a heart
attack.

STANLEY

How do we know she has her pills on
her, she might just be thirsty.

ANGELA

We have to find a way to get close
to her.

STANLEY

Let's work on a plan in the living
room or she will become suspicious
if we spend too much time in here.

ANGELA

We agree she does not leave this
house.

STANLEY

Well, not standing upright anyway.

INT. STANLEY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Stanley and Angela made their dramatic entrance.

STANLEY

I am so sorry to keep you waiting.

Approaching Lorraine with deliberate grace, Stanley presented
her with the refreshing beverage.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

There you are.

LORRAINE

Oh, thank you.

From his grasp, she gently accepts the refreshing beverage.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

I have been sitting in this room
looking around.

ANGELA

I hope you like it Stanley and I
have found this room to be
relaxing.

LORRAINE

There's death in this room.

STANLEY

Well, I am certain of that after
tonight.

LORRAINE

Oh my.

ANGELA

What is it?

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I am sensing a man has been here, a
shifty man.

STANLEY

Well, many people come to this
house. It is hard to know who it
might have been that you think
might have been here.

LORRAINE

An Englishman.

STANLEY

That is pretty precise.

With deliberate strides, Stanley approached Angela.

ANGELA

Are you visualizing when he might
have been around?

LORRAINE

Not long ago.

STANLEY

You might mean my business partner.

ANGELA

(Mumbling)

Stanley!

STANLEY

(Mumbling)

It is all right, who is she going
to tell after tonight?

ANGELA

So, tell me, what do you like to do
when you are not seeing things.

LORRAINE

I use to like to dance with my late
husband.

STANLEY

I am sorry to hear that.

LORRAINE

There are days I wish I could be
with him again.

ANGELA

Stanley and I enjoy dancing.

STANLEY

(Mumbling)

What, no we do not.

ANGELA

(Mumbling)

We can shake the pills out of her
if she has them on her.

Stanley approached Lorraine with deliberate, purposeful
strides.

STANLEY

Yes, we do, in fact, we were getting ready to go dancing before you arrived.

LORRAINE

Dancing? You just came back from the movies. I thought you were going to bed?

ANGELA

Wow, you do have a photographic memory.

STANLEY

Angela and I are active and like to live life to the fullest.

With a decisive flick of her wrist, Angela activated the radio, its vibrant melodies instantly filling the room. Simultaneously, Stanley, with a possessive gesture, appropriated Lorraine's beverage, depositing it unceremoniously onto his end table.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Since your here, how about you and I dance.

LORRAINE

What? I do not think so.

STANLEY

Why not? This could be fun. Dancing will take your mind off your late husband and the death in this room.

He lifts her with the careless ease of handling a lifeless thing. A languid waltz commences, her movements mechanical, devoid of joy.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

This is nice isn't it?

LORRAINE

Not really. This is not good for my heart.

STANLEY

I think this is exactly what you need to feel young.

Stanley hoisted Lorraine into his arms, a jarring, forceful movement that sent tremors through her frame.

ANGELA

How are you feeling.

STANLEY

I hope your feeling lively.

LORRAINE

I feel like I am on a roller coaster with this up and down.

STANLEY

Speaking of amusement rides, my favorite rides are the ones were you shake.

Stanley, shaking Lorraine, side to side.

LORRAINE

Oh, please stop. I need to sit down, my heart is racing.

STANLEY

Well, than lets keep that blood pumping!

A vial of medication clattered onto the carpet.

ANGELA

Stanley!

STANLEY

Not now, I'm dancing, you can have your turn later!

ANGELA

Look down.

His gaze fell upon the small, cylindrical container; a stark, white vessel holding the remnants of her medication.

STANLEY

(Smiling)

Perfect.

ANGELA

Yes, isn't it.

With a gentle but decisive shove, Stanley dismissed Lorraine. She slumped onto his sofa, a discarded puppet. Her gaze, desperate and frantic, searched the floor. There, lay her salvation - the small, cylindrical promise of oblivion.

LORRAINE

Are those my pills?

STANLEY

Where?

LORRAINE

By your foot.

His gaze dropped; a somber weight settled upon him as he retrieved the frail vial containing her medication.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

Those are my pills.

STANLEY

Probably.

LORRAINE

I need my pills. I think I am having a heart attack.

STANLEY

You are physic, what do you think I am going to do?

LORRAINE

I beg you. I beg you, give me my pills. Please. I cannot hold on much longer.

ANGELA

Than maybe it is time to let go.

STANLEY

You threaten my livelihood if you live.

LORRAINE

How do I do that?

STANLEY

My business. I have realized tonight that all I have to do to stay in control is to get rid of my threats, and some of the things you have said have hit a little to close to home.

A tremor, violent and uncontrollable, seized Lorraine's limbs.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Did you want to buy a new carpet tomorrow?

ANGELA

Oh, that would be lovely.

STANLEY

Did you have a color in mind?

ANGELA

I think red would be beautiful in this room.

STANLEY

You know. I think you might be right.

Lorraine collapsed onto the unforgiving hardness of his floor. On their cold, hard floor, Stanley and Angela observed Lorraine, her stillness profoundly unsettling.

ANGELA

What are you thinking?

STANLEY

It was rude of us to not ask what color carpet she thought would look nice in this room.

ANGELA

Look at her.

STANLEY

We should call the police.

ANGELA

I think one of us should make sure she is dead.

STANLEY

I am not touching her.

With determined strides, Angela retrieved a sturdy poker from its resting place and returned to Stanley.

ANGELA

Here.

STANLEY

Why do I have to touch her?

ANGELA

It's creepy if I do it.

STANLEY

Oh, and it's less creepy if I do it? Give me the poker stick.

With a deliberate movement, Angela offered Stanley the fireplace poker. He accepted the implement. Then, with a chilling precision, he used the poker to playfully, yet menacingly, prod Lorraine.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Are you still alive?

ANGELA

She's not moving.

STANLEY

I'm confident she's gone.

ANGELA

I am confident to.

STANLEY

I will call the police.

ANGELA

How long do you think it will take
for them to get here?

STANLEY

Why are you asking me?! When I call
I will ask if they are busy tonight
because I am in a hurry to move a
body!

ANGELA

If I knew this was going to upset
you maybe we should not have killed
her.

Returning the poker to its resting place, Stanley cast a
scrutinizing gaze about the room.

STANLEY

Does anything look out of place?

Angela's gaze swept the surroundings, a subtle tremor of
apprehension in her observant eyes.

ANGELA

No, everything looks fine.

From his pocket, Stanley produced his mobile device.

STANLEY

I hope I get a friendly police
officer.

ANGELA

Who cares who you get.

STANLEY

Well. I do not want one of those
mean police officers.

With trembling urgency, Stanley summoned emergency services.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Its ringing.

(Beat)

Hello? How are you this evening?

(Beat)

This is Stanley Droppings. I am at
101 Durango Drive.

(Beat)

I have a small inconvenience in my
living room.

(Beat)

I have a dead body, could you if
you are not too busy send the
coroner over as quickly as
possible?

(Beat)

I am pretty sure she is dead. I did
poke her and she did not move.

(Beat)

STANLEY (CONT'D)

CPR?

(Beat)

No. I did not try CPR.

(Beat)

Well, yes. I do know CPR.

(Beat)

I know I should in good faith
perform CPR. To be honest. I do not
like touching female breasts.

(Beat)

You do understand, your brother is
the same way.

(Beat)

STANLEY (CONT'D)

You are sending an ambulance over
to see if she can be revived first.

(Beat)

Thank you, you are the best, do
have a good night.

With a decisive click, Stanley terminated the connection.

ANGELA

What did they say?

STANLEY

You were standing next to me, what
do you think they said. I need a
drink.

With a deliberate stride, Stanley approached his dimly lit
tavern.

ANGELA

You know the dispatcher thinks your
gay.

STANLEY

What? No, she does not, why would
you think that?

ANGELA

I do not like touching female
breasts.

STANLEY

Oh. I can see where she might make
that connection.

SUPER Ten Minutes Later

On a stretcher, Lorraine lay, her form a stark, unsettling
tableau. Stanley and Angela remained rigidly by her side,
their faces etched with grim apprehension. He meticulously
examined her prostrate figure, his gaze lingering on the grim
details.

ANGELA

What are you looking for.

STANLEY

Should we pull the sheet all the way up.

ANGELA

She is not dead.

STANLEY

They also said they do think she is going to survive.

TWO EMERGENCY MEDICAL TECHNICIANS, nearing forty, approached with deliberate purpose.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Thanks for coming so quickly.

With urgent, deliberate strides, the emergency medical technicians propelled the gurney toward the looming entrance of the residence.

ANGELA

(Mumbling)

You do not have to thank them, they did not deliver a pizza in less than thirty minutes.

STANLEY

Pizza does sound good.

Emerging from the dwelling, the two emergency medical technicians carried with them the weight of a life entrusted to their care.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Do be careful with her, we do want to have an open casket!

ANGELA

She is not dead.

STANLEY

Well, we have to think positive.

With a decisive thud, Stanley shut the door.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

We did do the right thing?

ANGELA

Attempting to kill her, yes,
darling, she was going to destroy
your dreams with her visions.

STANLEY

What if she does not die.

ANGELA

We try again.

STANLEY

I think you are right. I need the
raspberry beret to be a success,
but If she does not die she can
still tell people what she was
seeing.

ANGELA

We will make sure she does not
bring frustrations to your craft.

STANLEY

I will show the world that I am the
best cake urinal maker again, what
I do for the people is a lot like
what Batman does, get rid of the
turds that threaten our society.

ANGELA

What you do everyday in the
bathroom is relevant.

STANLEY

It sure is, no one can do in the
bathroom what I do.

ANGELA

What do you want to do now?

STANLEY

Celebrate. Lets go out.

ANGELA

Pizza?

STANLEY

No, something more expensive.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Elegantly appointed, the restaurant glowed with a warm, intimate light, its décor hinting at romance. Across from Angela, Stanley sat, impeccably attired. Around them, other mature COUPLES, similarly refined in their dress, occupied the scattered tables, each a private island of quiet companionship.

STANLEY

Too us.

Angela and Stanley's goblets clinked, a resonant sound echoing the unspoken intimacy of their shared moment.

ANGELA

I think you have done it.

STANLEY

I feel alive. I have a new outlook on my business, in fact. I have new product ideas swimming in my head.

ANGELA

Moving forward nobody will bring a sparkle to the bowl like you.

STANLEY

I could expand on my products. I could make a small urinal rug to lay in front of the toilet and when you step on it, it gives off a scent.

ANGELA

The future is yours.

STANLEY

The future is ours.

A courteous Italian WAITER, precisely 35 years of age, impeccably attired in his uniform, approached the table bearing two complete dinners and accompanying salads. With deliberate grace, he presented both meticulously prepared meals, placing each plate precisely before its intended recipient.

WAITER

Will there be anything else?

STANLEY

How are your bathrooms tonight? Are they fresh?

WAITER

What?

ANGELA

I do not think that is what he meant.

STANLEY

Of course, it was a silly question.
I am over the moon high right now.

The server departs, his presence fading like a fleeting dream.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

That's what I should make, a scent that makes you feel high.

ANGELA

I do not think a marijuana urinal is a good idea.

STANLEY

I would never do that, people would lose their focus and pee on the urinal rug and ruin the scent.

ANGELA

How is your steak?

STANLEY

Wonderful. This is what I need after killing people. How is your steak?

ANGELA

It is perfect, it is what I needed after doing work in the backyard.

STANLEY

Tomorrow is a fresh day for us, our problems are behind us and no one will stand in our way now.

ANGELA

No one, you are the urinal king.

STANLEY

I should get a urinal king crown when I become successful again.

ANGELA

You have always had an amount of success.

STANLEY

I know, but lately I have had voices in my head telling me I am not that good anymore and tonight I feel secure again.

Angela's gaze snagged on Mister Shiny as he gracefully approached a different table.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Has something caught your attention behind me?

ANGELA

Uh, no.

STANLEY

You look like something has.

Stanley scrutinized his surroundings, his gaze intense and unwavering.

ANGELA

You do not have to look.

His gaze locked onto the dazzling Mr. Shiny.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

You do not have to think about him.

STANLEY

I think I do, my new threat is here.

ANGELA

What threat?

STANLEY

I think you still have feelings for him.

ANGELA

It is natural to think about people you have met from time to time, especially when they appear almost in front of you.

STANLEY

At some point you are going to have to decide which business you want to be a part of, mine or his.

ANGELA

I do not think this is the place to have this talk.

STANLEY

I think you are right.

Stanley ascends from slumber, his weary frame awakening to the insistent demands of the day.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Would you like me to ask him to
come over and sit with you?

ANGELA

You do not have to leave.

STANLEY

Oh but I do, the voices in my head
are talking to me on how to keep
Mister Shiny away from my wife and
my business.

As Stanley approached the main entryway, a spectral echo of his soul materialized in the threshold.

STANLEY'S INNER SELF

He is quite handsome. I can see why
Angela likes Mister Shiny, if I
were a cat and he was cat nip. I
would pounce on him to.

Stanley departed.

INT. STANLEY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

In his culinary domain, Stanley retrieved a crystal goblet from its sanctuary. He then quenched his thirst with a refreshing draught from the porcelain basin. Suddenly, Angela materialized, her presence a stark contrast to the quiet domesticity of the moment.

ANGELA

You have not said anything since we
left the restaurant.

His gaze remained resolutely fixed ahead; he refused to acknowledge her presence.

STANLEY

What is there to say.

With a sigh of contentment, Stanley deposited his vacant vessel into the stainless steel basin of his kitchen.

ANGELA

There is lots to say. We are only half way through the movie.

STANLEY

I thought you believed in me and my tidy bowl dreams.

ANGELA

I do. I always have.

STANLEY

No I do not think you have. I see after tonight that you want the best of both worlds. A fresh scent in your bathroom and a waxed floor.

ANGELA

Mister Shiny and I are a thing in the past.

STANLEY

Oh my hiney you are. Admit it, you would rather be waxed off with a polished floor than to mask unwanted orders with me!

ANGELA

All right, is it so wrong to want both, a glow on my floors and breathable air for everyone who visits?!

STANLEY

You like that he has money, more than you and I, you want his wampum!

ANGELA

Um, his wampum.

STANLEY
I mean his money!

ANGELA
Oh. I knew that.

INT. STANLEY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

On his plush sofa, Stanley reclines. Meanwhile, Angela perches rigidly in her chair.

ANGELA
We were having a nice dinner and
you ruined it!

STANLEY
I ruined dinner?! I lied to myself
believing Mister Shiny was not a
threat to my business, but I was
wrong!

ANGELA
He is not a threat to you!

STANLEY
I could go to prison for killing
his brother. Do you know how many
urinal cakes I would have make in
prison to keep the smell out of
there?!

ANGELA
No, I do not, do you!

STANLEY
No, but it's a lot, why couldn't
you have an affair with the milk
man like everyone else!

ANGELA
How dare you. Why would I want to
have an affair with a milkman!

STANLEY

Well we would get free milk, have you seen milk prices lately? How dare me? I am doing everything I can to keep a handle on my business!

ANGELA

I think if the raspberry beret urinal cake is not a success you should consider another business.

STANLEY

You just said it. You do not believe in me anymore. I have always believed in you and been your biggest supporter, even when you wanted to be a ballerina! I said go out there tiny dancer, although I knew you did not have the hips to be a dancer!

ANGELA

It might be best to accept that you could be under water. How many failed products do you need?

STANLEY

I take care of you in the best way possible that I can!

ANGELA

And I have stood by you, but it might be time to get off the throne.

STANLEY

You do want Mister Shiny over me!

ANGELA

His floor wax has never failed!

STANLEY

The day will come and he will have
a slip and fall!

ANGELA

I do not think so!

STANLEY

What?! You are telling me there are
no more cakes for you to enjoy. I
know I am struggling, but I believe
in myself and I will rise to the
top again!

Approaching the glass pane, Angela gazed pensively upon the
unfolding vista outside.

ANGELA

Stanley!

STANLEY

Why did you scream, is there a new
floor wax in the driveway for you
to try?

ANGELA

There is something outside.

STANLEY

Sure there is, just like when you
thought Noah moved in his shallow
grave.

ANGELA

Stanley! There's something out
there.

Stanley approached the glass pane, his gaze drifting across
the vista beyond.

STANLEY

I do not see anything.

ANGELA

Look by the tree closet to the street.

STANLEY

The tree looks happy, it must be mating.

ANGELA

I am being serious. I know I saw a shadow.

STANLEY

Do you want to go outside and look around?

ANGELA

No.

Approaching his customary seat, Stanley settled into the embrace of his chair. He then retrieved his tablet from the low, polished surface of his coffee table.

STANLEY

Than come over here and sit down.
It's probably the wind blowing the leaves.

ANGELA

Did you see leaves blowing in the wind when you looked?

STANLEY

I was not looking nor do I care if the leaves are blowing. I should have bought a dog and left you at the alter. All the dog needs is a walk, food and water and a pee pad at night to sleep.

ANGELA

I am not crazy.

STANLEY

Of course not, it is normal to kill someone with a dart gun, and bury them in your backyard, and take your neighbors heart medication and give them a heart attack.

Stanley's gaze fastened upon her.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

You're still looking?

ANGELA

Okay, there is nothing out there.

STANLEY

Have a drink and relax, murdering people can change a person's mind.

Angela reclines, enveloped by the plush cushions of her luxurious couch.

ANGELA

I have to say something.

STANLEY

Yeah?

ANGELA

I do not think we should have killed anybody tonight.

STANLEY

Um, that is one of those things you think about before you actually do it because when you do, it's a little too late to change the situation!

ANGELA

Why are you mad at me?!

STANLEY

Oh I don't know, maybe because I
came home as a urinal cake maker
tonight and now I am a murderer!

A resounding rap echoed, announcing an unexpected visitor at
their threshold.

ANGELA

That is not leaves blowing in the
wind.

STANLEY

Not unless they know how to knock
on a door, who do you think it is?

ANGELA

Could it be the police?

STANLEY

Do you think Mister Shiny filed a
missing person's report about Noah?

ANGELA

He has not been missing for twenty
four hours.

STANLEY

They could be making an exception
if he told them who he was,
everyone likes a shiny floor, even
police stations.

ANGELA

I told you there was something out
there, but no you thought the tree
was mating!

STANLEY

How do I know what trees do after
it is dark!

A second, insistent rapping echoed through the otherwise
silent dwelling.

ANGELA

What do you want to do?

STANLEY

We cannot leave them outside
whoever they are.

ANGELA

I am nervous.

STANLEY

Me too. I have not been this
nervous since mom's spaghetti
surprise.

ANGELA

Another food surprise?

STANLEY

Mom was always creative in the
kitchen with her food.

With deliberate steps, Stanley commenced his journey toward
the threshold of his dwelling.

ANGELA

Wait, you're going to answer the
door?

STANLEY

No. I am going to answer my cell
phone because it rang first before
someone came to the door.

ANGELA

You do not have to be sarcastic!

STANLEY

We'll ask another silly question!

Otis, a young Briton radiating self-assured arrogance and
impeccable style, materialized on Stanley's threshold as the
door swung inward.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Hello?

OTIS

Hi.

STANLEY

Can I help you?

OTIS

Is my brother here?

STANLEY

Your brother?

OTIS

Yes. I am Otis and my brother Noah
said he was coming over here.

STANLEY

Your brother? Will you excuse me
for a moment.

With a decisive thud, Stanley shut the door behind him.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

You never mentioned Mister Shiny
had another brother!

ANGELA

I did not know, it is not like you
have sex with one brother and stop
half way threw and ask, by the way
do you have another brother!

STANLEY

Otis, what British parent names
their boy Otis?

ANGELA

It is better than Opie.

STANLEY

This is true. Quit changing the subject, there is another brother outside who has come to see his other brother, you remember the one we killed.

ANGELA

We can tell him he is in the other room.

STANLEY

At some point he is going to expect Noah to walk out of that room.

ANGELA

Invite him in.

STANLEY

And do what with him?

ANGELA

We cannot leave him outside.

STANLEY

You know death is starting to get in the way of my business.

The door swung inward, revealing Stanley's presence.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Hi, so sorry to keep you outside, won't you come in.

Otis made a dramatic entrance.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

This is my wife Angela.

OTIS

How do you do.

ANGELA

I'm fine.

STANLEY

Remind me again why you came over.

OTIS

My brother Noah is here.

ANGELA

Ah, yes. I think he stepped outside.

STANLEY

How did you know how to find this house?

OTIS

I drove him here.

STANLEY

You drove him here?

OTIS

He texted me after you asked him to come over. I have called his cell phone, but it keeps going to voice message.

STANLEY

I took our phone off the hook after it rang three times and nobody left a message tonight. I can only listen to our ring tone so many times.

OTIS

You were home when your phone rang and you never answered the call?

ANGELA

We screen all our calls first before we talk to anyone, even our mom's.

STANLEY

It had to be a wrong number.

OTIS

Three times you say.

ANGELA

You say that as if it is of importance.

OTIS

I called Noah's phone three times.

STANLEY

Speaking of. He texted you he was coming over here?

OTIS

Noah and I were on our way out to have dinner and discuss his new product when you texted.

ANGELA

You know about his new design?

OTIS

Of course. He asked me if I would be interested in starting a new line of products. I was happy to meet you when I dropped him off, but he felt he should meet with you alone. I thought I come around, it seems like a long time to spend at someone's place.

STANLEY

Did you hear that Angela. He thought he come around.

OTIS

Is everything all right that I come around?

ANGELA

Yes, fine, we were not expecting anyone else to come over this evening.

Approaching Stanley's window, Otis peered into the somber twilight beyond.

OTIS

I do not see my brother.

STANLEY

Oh, he is lying out there somewhere.

OTIS

What was that.

STANLEY

I said he is walking out there somewhere.

OTIS

Would you mind if I went to find him.

ANGELA

You know he will probably walk in shortly.

STANLEY

Ah, yes. Would you like a drink while you wait?

OTIS

That would be lovely, what do you have?

STANLEY

I have bourbon.

OTIS

My brothers and I always enjoy a good bourbon.

Stanley approached his mahogany bar. He selected a crystal glass, and a bottle of amber bourbon. A generous measure was poured, the rich liquid shimmering in the light. Then, with a thoughtful gesture, Stanley offered the potent libation to Otis, who received it with a quiet grace.

OTIS (CONT'D)

Thank you.

STANLEY

Tell me what makes you interested
in my business?

OTIS

Your business?

STANLEY

Yes. Noah is my business partner
and his new design will be a
collaborative effort on both our
parts.

OTIS

Where is my brother?

STANLEY

I assume still in the backyard. It
is a great place to lay at the end
of a long day.

OTIS

Surely, Noah told you, you would
not be a part of his new design and
that the new product line will be
his, mine and Finley's.

STANLEY

Finley?

ANGELA

Mister Shiny.

STANLEY

Oh yes. I tend to forget he has a
real name.

OTIS

I am growing impatient waiting for
Noah. I am beginning to believe he
is not here.

Otis approached Stanley's French doors with deliberate, purposeful strides.

OTIS (CONT'D)

I am going outside to fetch him.

STANLEY

No your not.

Otis halts.

OTIS

Something seems wrong in this house.

ANGELA

We have heard that tonight.

OTIS

Your behavior is odd. Is there something you need to tell me?

STANLEY

I fear losing my business and I have become angry that you and your brothers think you can take away what is mine!

OTIS

Its business, its nothing personal.

STANLEY

Oh, but it is personal and I will fight until emotionally exhausted to keep you from taking my urinal cakes.

OTIS

Face it, they will be fresher somewhere else.

Otis felt Angela's presence as she gracefully approached, her movements deliberate and purposeful.

ANGELA

You listen here you insufferable Englishman, you are going to collaborate with Stanley on this along with Finley or you are going to find your ass without a scent. Two people built this business Stanley and his dad and a pair of brothers are not taking it away. Stanley's a yellow belly, but push me and I am a one woman green beret, your choice, you can walk out of here with your balls still hanging or you can walk out with them in your hands. I do not care which one it is because when you leave here, if you leave, you will be collaborating with my husband!

OTIS

You never mentioned Noah, what would happen if I called his name?

ANGELA

Why don't you shout his name and find out!

Intrigued by a detail at Angela's establishment, Otis's gaze sharpened. He swiftly retrieved his mobile, a flicker of purpose in his eyes.

OTIS

No. I think I will call him again.

His fingers, trembling slightly with anticipation, commenced punching in the digits, each press a desperate plea into the electronic void.

ANGELA

Suit yourself, we have nothing to hide.

An, insistent trill sliced through the hushed atmosphere. Stanley, Angela, and Otis' gazes converged on the source - a mobile phone vibrating insistently on the polished mahogany counter.

CLOSE UP

An insistent trill pierces the
quietude.

OTIS (O.S.)

Oh, I think you have plenty to
hide.

The connection abruptly severed, leaving Otis in isolated
silence.

STANLEY

Ha, who knew he had the same ring
tone as our house phone?

OTIS

So that is my brothers cell phone
on your bar? I think it is time to
call the police.

With a furious swipe, Angela snatched Otis's device and
hurled it violently against the unforgiving concrete, the
shattering sound a brutal testament to her rage.

OTIS (CONT'D)

And you call me insufferable.

With a sudden, brutal surge, Stanley confronted Otis, his
fist connecting violently with Otis's jaw.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Yeah. I did that!

Stanley's gaze fastened upon Angela, a profound intensity
settling in his eyes.

STANLEY

Did you see what I did, who's a yellow belly now?!

Otis's fist connected brutally with Stanley's face, the
impact jarring him violently. Stanley swayed precariously,
his equilibrium shattered.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Ow.

Stanley crumpled, a defeated figure collapsing onto the floor. Otis stared down at him, his gaze a mixture of pity and cold appraisal.

OTIS

Your yellow belly cannot take a punch.

Approaching Otis, Angela unleashed a stinging blow, her hand connecting sharply with his cheek.

ANGELA

Nobody hits Stanley except me!

OTIS

And I thought you were a lady.

With a swift, vicious swipe, she tried to slap Otis. His grip clamped down on her wrist, a brutal counter to her aggression.

ANGELA

I am a lady!

OTIS

I would not say that after what you just did. Where's Noah?

ANGELA

Resting.

OTIS

I will count to three and if Noah does not appear the police will.

With a forceful impact, Angela's knee connected with Otis's sternum, a brutal blow that left him gasping.

OTIS (CONT'D)

Is that you being a lady?

ANGELA

No, that is me showing you who is in control.

OTIS

I do not think so.

A clumsy maneuver by Otis sent Angela sprawling, her body hitting the unforgiving ground with a thud.

OTIS (CONT'D)

What are you thinking now?

Angela's gaze fell upon the richly-hued tapestry beneath her feet, a silent testament to years lived and stories untold.

ANGELA

My new vacuum cleaner does not pick
up the dirt like the old one.

Ascending from slumber, Angela met Otis's gaze, their eyes locking in a silent, intense confrontation.

OTIS

I think you have bigger problems
right now than a dirty carpet.

ANGELA

You're right, you.

With a swift, ferocious movement, Angela unleashed a devastating side kick aimed at Otis's face. He, however, reacted with lightning speed, evading the brutal blow.

OTIS

I am not going to fight you, my
brothers, yes.

ANGELA

You have not started your count.

OTIS

One, did that change anything. Noah
is not walking in from your
backyard, is he?

ANGELA

And you are not leaving here!

With a swift, stinging blow, Angela aimed a forceful hand at Otis's sternum. With a sudden, forceful grip, Otis seized her arm.

OTIS

And you are leaving here in
handcuffs with Stanley!

ANGELA

You have no proof that Noah is
here.

OTIS

His cell phone rang on your bar.

ANGELA

I will say he left it behind when
he left.

OTIS

Was that a blow dart gun on your
bar as well?

ANGELA

What if it is, it proves nothing.

OTIS

It proves you intended to use it on
someone, nobody leaves a blow dart
gun in the open unless they intend
to use it.

With a swift, deliberate movement, Angela swept Otis's legs from under him. He landed hard, the impact jarring his spine. She then planted her foot, heavy and unwavering, upon his chest, pinning him to the unforgiving ground.

ANGELA

You are not in a good position.

OTIS

And neither are you.

With a swift, deliberate movement, Otis grazed Angela's ankle, a calculated touch that sent her sprawling.

He then, with predatory grace, collapsed upon her, pinning her supine form beneath his weight. Her back pressed brutally against the unforgiving ground.

OTIS (CONT'D)

You like Brit boys on top of you. I know about you and Finley, do you like me on top of you right now?
Two.

With a decisive movement, Angela flipped Otis onto his supine form, his vulnerability suddenly exposed.

ANGELA

I think I would have had more fun with Noah.

OTIS

Would have, so you did kill him.

With a swift, brutal blow, Angela's fist connected violently with Otis's jaw, the impact jarring.

OTIS (CONT'D)

I told you I am not going to fight you.

With a playful shove, Otis yielded to Angela's superior strength, allowing her to playfully reverse their positions. Triumphantly, she settled astride him, her weight a captivating burden.

ANGELA

That's all right. I am done with you.

OTIS

So I am dead?

ANGELA

You will be.

With brutal, repetitive blows to his trachea, Angela suffocated Otis. His desperate gasps for air ceased. He lay lifeless, a stark testament to her savage fury.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Three. I win.

SUPER Five Minutes Later

INT. STANLEY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Recumbent upon the cold, unforgiving floor, Stanley surrendered to the weight of his despair.

ANGELA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Stanley.

With a sudden, furious splash, Angela drenched him.

ANGELA (O.S.) Stanley!

Stanley's eyelids, heavy with slumber, fluttered open, revealing a world newly awakened.

STANLEY

What happen?

Awakening with a start, Stanley surveyed his surroundings. His gaze fell upon Otis, sprawled inertly upon the cold, unforgiving floor.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Is that Otis on the floor?

ANGELA

Yeah.

With alacrity, Stanley sprang to his feet.

STANLEY

Damn. I beat the bedazzel out of him!

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Not quite.

With a swagger, Stanley approached the powerfully built Otis, his masculinity radiating an undeniable aura of dominance.

STANLEY

That's right, lay there and don't get up! What do you mean not quite?

ANGELA

He will not be getting up.

STANLEY

Otis, get up! Your brother is coming in from the backyard.

(Bad British Accent)

I have come around to see if my brother Otis is here yet.

(Normal Voice)

Come on Otis get up!

ANGELA

I have something to tell you.

STANLEY

I hope you are going to tell me we are out of bourbon.

ANGELA

I killed Otis.

STANLEY

You what!

Stanley looks Otis's body over. Stanley meticulously examined Otis's lifeless form, his gaze lingering on every detail, a grim assessment etched upon his face.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

You did this and not me?

ANGELA

I beat him to death.

STANLEY

I think before we got married we should have disclosed our hidden secrets like you know how to beat people to death!

ANGELA

If anything goes wrong.

STANLEY

If anything goes wrong. We killed three people in our house in one night! I only wanted to be the urinal king and not end up on America's top 10 most wanted list!

ANGELA

Two. Lorraine might still be alive at the hospital.

STANLEY

Again, we have to think positive!

ANGELA

We will put him in the backyard. Nothing will go wrong.

STANLEY

Everything has gone wrong! OMG.

Stanley approached the glass pane, drawn by an unseen force to the precipice of his private world.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Do you think it's possible that murder is an aphrodisiac?

With deliberate grace, Angela approached the glass pane, her gaze drawn to the unfolding vista beyond.

ANGELA

I think some people are just better at murder than others.

STANLEY

I think I need to give up my quest, after tonight, my business is over.

ANGELA

Everything will be fine.

STANLEY

Things do not make sense anymore and the light at the end of the tunnel is going to be me in prison.

A chill gripped Stanley as he gazed upon his disturbed backyard; a primal fear, inexplicable and unsettling, had seized him.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Aaah!

ANGELA

What is it?

STANLEY

I see a hand!

ANGELA

That is not possible.

STANLEY

We only made a shallow grave.

ANGELA

Do you think the neighbors dog got into our backyard?

STANLEY

Oh that's comforting. The neighbors dog started digging up Noah!

ANGELA

Were going to have two people dead in our backyard. At least there is no more threats to your business.

STANLEY

You're wrong, there is the biggest threat of them all, Mister Shiny!

ANGELA

He will not interfere with your business! I will make sure of this.

STANLEY

He is going to take my business,
and notice two brothers missing at
the table when they sit down to
have an English breakfast in the
morning!

ANGELA

If you keep yelling the neighbors
are going to become suspicious!

STANLEY

Oh yeah and when the sun comes up
and the neighbors see fresh dirt
dug up in two spots next to each
other the length of a casket, that
will not be suspicious!

ANGELA

Only if you had thought about the
raspberry beret cake urinal first.

STANLEY

There would have been no threat to
my business and nobody would be
dead. I need to make that product
quickly and release it to the
public.

ANGELA

If it helps I told some neighbors
that Lorraine felt as if she was
going to have a heart attack before
tonight.

STANLEY

She did have a heart attack, so I
guess it was not a total lie.
Once I put the raspberry beret cake
urinal out on the market, people
will focus on that and not the
things that have happened here.

Approaching Otis with deliberate strides, Stanley gently scooped him into his arms. With a powerful, yet careful, movement, he hoisted the hefty Otis onto his broad shoulder, the weight settling comfortably.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Most people have a guest house in their backyard, except me. I have bodies!

INT. STANLEY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

At his table, Stanley nursed a glass of amber liquid, its potent warmth a solace in the encroaching twilight of his soul.

STANLEY'S INNER SELF (O.S.)

What are you going to do now?

STANLEY

I am doing it.

A profound duality resided within Stanley; his soul, a spectral mirror image, confronted him.

STANLEY'S INNER SELF

Because the answer is at the bottom of your glass.

STANLEY

I am still in control.

STANLEY'S INNER SELF

Are you?

STANLEY

I am sure of it, who does not like the smell of raspberry.

STANLEY'S INNER SELF

Who do you kill next to stay in control, Finley or?

STANLEY

Or? I have only one threat left.

STANLEY'S INNER SELF

No you do not, you have two. Finley and Angela.

STANLEY

I only have one threat.

STANLEY'S INNER SELF

She will sell your soul to protect herself.

STANLEY

You're wrong, she will stand by me.

STANLEY'S INNER SELF

She will stand by Finley. He is successful, he has money, you're losing yours, you have to kill Angela.

STANLEY

I am going to separate from Angela for awhile and return later when suspicions are removed about the bodies in my backyard.

STANLEY'S INNER SELF

And while you are away. Finley has an open invitation to Angela and your business.

STANLEY

Stop planting that seed in my head!

STANLEY'S INNER SELF

That seed was already planted in your head when she had her affair.

STANLEY

Stop.

STANLEY'S INNER SELF

You have to face it, she wants to be with someone successful.

STANLEY

Stop it!

STANLEY'S INNER SELF

You have to kill Angela.

STANLEY

I have no reason to.

STANLEY'S INNER SELF

Are you listening to yourself? She will take all your ideas and run to Mister Shiny when you are in prison.

STANLEY

I am not going to prison. I did not kill anybody. Angela did.

STANLEY'S INNER SELF

I think you need another drink.

STANLEY

Go with me on this. Angela killed Noah with the blow dark gun. Our neighbor had a heart attack and Angela killed Otis.

STANLEY'S INNER SELF

Is this your reasoning?

STANLEY

I did not kill anyone, she did.

STANLEY'S INNER SELF

Which makes you a threat to Angela, she could very well beat you to death.

STANLEY

She is not a threat to me.

STANLEY'S INNER SELF

You are both a threat to each
other. You have to kill Angela.

A resonant peal shattered the stillness in Stanley's abode,
announcing an insistent telephone call.

STANLEY'S INNER SELF (CONT'D)

I wonder who that is. To be at the
top in your business you have to
flush away the turds that prevent
you from being the king of your
throne. You have to kill Angela.

INT. STANLEY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Angela, engrossed in her book, remained seated as Stanley
made a dramatic entrance.

ANGELA

You could have had your drink in
here.

STANLEY

I had to be alone with my thoughts.
Who was on the phone?

ANGELA

It was a wrong number.

STANLEY

I told you we should have left the
phone off the hook.

Approaching his hearth, Stanley's gaze fell upon the
unsettling, almost obscene collection of porcelain vessels
arrayed there.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

How much do you still love me?

ANGELA

That's a silly question.

STANLEY

Perhaps it is, but I need to hear it from you.

ANGELA

I love you, you know that.

STANLEY

That did not sound convincing.

ANGELA

All right. Stanley I love you. What were you doing in the kitchen alone this long?

STANLEY

I was with my inner self.

ANGELA

Why don't you come over here and sit with me. I cannot reach you from over there.

STANLEY'S INNER SELF

You need to kill Angela.

STANLEY

What have you been doing in here alone?

ANGELA

I have been thinking about my future.

STANLEY'S INNER SELF

Um, do you think this includes you?

STANLEY

Tell me more about that, your future.

ANGELA

Maybe another time.

STANLEY

It was Finley on the phone!

ANGELA

I told you it was a wrong number!

STANLEY'S INNER SELF (O.S.)

Kill her!

STANLEY

You stand in the way of me moving
forward, you are my next threat!

ANGELA

What? I am your biggest supporter.

STANLEY

You were waiting for the right time
to take my business!

ANGELA

I killed for you!

Rising with purpose, Angela approached Stanley, her presence
looming before him.

STANLEY

Show me how much you still love me.

Angela approached him, a tender embrace blossoming as her
arms encircled his torso. Stanley responded instantly, his
own arms enfolding her in a comforting, protective clasp.

ANGELA

See. I still love you. Stanley's
inner self appears behind him.

STANLEY'S INNER SELF

Does she, or is she thinking about
Finley?

Angela's breath hitched as Stanley's brutal grip tightened
around her throat.

STANLEY

I do not believe you. After you're gone I am free to have my business back!

ANGELA

Stanley, no!

A brutal grip tightened around her throat. The insistent chime of the doorbell sliced through the suffocating silence.

STANLEY'S INNER SELF

I wonder who that could be?

STANLEY

It was Finley on the phone!

ANGELA

He never called!

With brutal force, Stanley constricted Angela's airway.

STANLEY'S INNER SELF

Should I let him in, or wait till she's dead?

STANLEY

My inner self was right. I have two threats left, you and Finley!

With a brutal grip, Stanley strangled the breath from Angela's body, leaving her lifeless form sprawled upon the unforgiving floor.

STANLEY'S INNER VOICE

You cannot leave her on the floor for Mister Shiny to see.

Approaching his window, Stanley flung it open. He then retrieved Angela, her slight form surprisingly heavy in his grasp, He carried her to his open casement, the night . He hurled her into the abyss.

STANLEY

Let the final threat in!

Lorraine's presence materialized on Stanley's threshold as he swung the door inward. A ghastly pallor washed over him, leaving him the color of bleached bone.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Lorraine?

LORRAINE

Hello Stanley. I'm not dead.

As Lorraine entered, a tension filled the air, and Stanley's door slammed shut with a decisive finality.

STANLEY

That's not possible, they said you would most likely not make it.

LORRAINE

You and I are a lot alike, we both have a drive. You want to be number one and I want to live.

STANLEY

Angela did not lie. Finley never called.

LORRAINE

Is that who you were expecting when you opened the door.

STANLEY

You're not dead.

LORRAINE

The look on your face says seeing me now has changed your plans.

STANLEY

What do you want?

Lorraine approached the expansive glass doors leading to the patio, and with a deliberate movement, she swung them open, inviting the outside in.

LORRAINE

I would have buried the bodies
deeper.

STANLEY

What bodies?

Upon glimpsing Angela, Lorraine executed a swift, deliberate
pivot.

LORRAINE

Lets talk about my business.

STANLEY

You do not have a business.

LORRAINE

Yes I do, yours when you give it to
me tonight.

STANLEY

Why would I do that?

LORRAINE

Because I know everything that has
happened here.

STANLEY

Nothing has happened.

LORRAINE

There are two bodies in your back
yard. Angela is laying outside the
window and you tried to kill me.
You must be scared as hell right
now wondering where Finley is.

STANLEY

Why would you say that?

LORRAINE

I do not have to ask again. That is
who you were expecting when you
opened the door, Finley.

With a deliberate hand, Stanley filled a glass with the amber nectar of Kentucky bourbon, the potent liquid promising solace.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)

Here is how this is going to go, you are going to give me the rights to all your products, current and future. I will own the product line and all monies that are made. You will sign your business over to me and you will walk away with the money you have. The urinal king is dead, but the urinal queen is alive and kicking.

STANLEY

No. I still have a business. I just have to stop my threats.

LORRAINE

Face it, you have lost everything.

STANLEY

I have not lost anything!

With a savage lunge, Stanley seized the ice pick, a glint of homicidal intent in his eyes. Before he could unleash his fury, Lorraine reacted with blinding speed, hurling him violently against the unforgiving wall.

LORRAINE

Drop the ice pick because you will not like what is outside your front door.

STANLEY

You brought Finley to me?

LORRAINE

How can I bring Finley to you when I have no idea who he is.

With chilling resolve, Lorraine grasped the slender ice pick. She advanced upon his residence, her steps deliberate and ominous.

LORRAINE (CONT'D)
Its over and you lost.

Lorraine flung the door inward, a gust of anticipation swirling with the movement.

STANLEY
There is nobody out there.

LORRAINE
What?

STANLEY
You said I would not like who is
outside my front door.

LORRAINE
What do you see when you look
outside?

STANLEY
Darkness.

LORRAINE
What's done in the dark always
comes to light, and, what you have
done in the dark tonight will come
to light for everyone to see
tomorrow.

Lorraine departs.

SUPER A Week Later.

INT. JAIL CELL - DAY

Gloom clung to Stanley like a shroud. He awoke on his cold, unforgiving concrete pallet, his gaze vacant, reflecting the bleakness of his surroundings.

FINLEY (O.S.)
Are you feeling on top right now?

Across the bars of his confinement, Finley remained, a stark figure. Stanley's gaze, vacant and unnerving, rested upon him.

STANLEY

You cannot have my business.

FINLEY

I never wanted it. I have a successful one of my own.

STANLEY

Have you waited a long time to tell me that?

FINLEY

No, your business was not doing that bad. You let people get in your head and you believed it was in trouble.

Rising from his slumber, Stanley strode purposefully toward Finley.

STANLEY

You slept with Angela to get inside and to take what I have.

FINLEY

I had an affair with your wife, and you only found out because you walked in on us. Angela never knew you had an affair with my sister because she never walked in on you. I never believed you slept with my sister to get what I have.

STANLEY

Your brother wanted to take what I built.

FINLEY

Noah would never have ruined you.
You destroyed what you had on your
own because you believed there were
threats around you. I have
competition, but what I do not have
is a jail cell because I killed
them.

STANLEY

People are forgiving. My business
will be fine.

FINLEY

You mean the one you gave away?
Only a fool would think they could
give their business away to avoid
being turned in for murder. You
must be thinking of ways to kill
Lorraine in your head right now.

STANLEY

How do you know who she is?

FINLEY

What you did is public record.

STANLEY

The business world needs people
like me.

FINLEY

No. The world needs less people
like you. Murder is not a forgiving
thing for many people.

STANLEY

It is for you, you're talking to
me.

FINLEY

This will be the only time I talk
with you.

STANLEY

I have new ideas when this misunderstanding is behind me. I been thinking about a new floor wax to help your profits, if I help you, you will not try and take away what I have built, right?

FINLEY

You are no longer a business man, you are a murderer and will probably get life in prison! I will be at your trial and people will know what you did to my brothers!

STANLEY

Why is this happening to me? I did not kill anyone. Angela did.

FINLEY

You do know she is dead. You killed your own wife.

STANLEY

She threatened my empire. She did not believe in me. One count of murder. I can get off on that.

FINLEY

Nobody threatened your business! You just believed they did, Who the hell would want to be the urinal king?!

STANLEY

I do. I own the urinal world and nobody will take it from me!

FINLEY

Lorraine already has! Do you know where you are right now? You are in a jail cell.

STANLEY

I will let my lawyers do their job,
and I will work on new products.

FINLEY

Do you see me as a threat to you?

STANLEY

Of course not, you said you do not
want what I have.

FINLEY

But you would if I did become
partners with Lorraine.

STANLEY

You would not do that, you said you
did not want my business!

FINLEY

I might want to expand and get into
a new product line.

STANLEY

I will not let you! I built this
and I am the only one who will sell
these products!

FINLEY

Are you listening to yourself? You
are obsessed with being number one!

STANLEY

I am number one. I have always been
number one!

FINLEY

It's over!

STANLEY

It is not over as long as I keep my
threats away.

FINLEY

You are alone with nothing.

STANLEY

I have not lost anything.

FINLEY

Everything you wanted is gone, and it's gone because you did not believe in yourself, you thought everyone was a threat and you let your own greed destroy you, even your life.

Finley produced a vibrant, crimson-hued deodorizer puck, its tart aroma a stark contrast to the stale air.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

You were ready to fight with my brother over this one product!

STANLEY

Is that my raspberry beret?

FINLEY

It was created by Noah and released today. To be honest, it is no different than what is already out there, it is just another product to take up shelf space.

With a forceful heave, Finley hurled the pungent puck of disinfectant onto his unforgiving, concrete slab.

FINLEY (CONT'D)

Was it worth it?! The lies, the killing, all to be number one?! You are exactly where you belong because this is what happens when you let your own greed take over!

Finley's departure left Stanley alone, collapsing onto his cold, unforgiving concrete slab. He snatched up the deodorizer. A glacial fury hardened his gaze; his eyes, twin pools of icy resentment, fixed on the insignificant puck.

STANLEY

I will always be the urinal king.

INT. STANLEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

With a jolt, Stanley shot upright in his bed.

STANLEY
I am a what?!

Angela entered, her presence a sudden, vibrant intrusion.

ANGELA
Did you say something dear?

STANLEY
Angela?!

ANGELA
Why are you surprised to see me?

STANLEY
You would not believe how happy I
am that you walk through the door.

ANGELA
Are you in the mood again?

With a frustrated sigh, Stanley snatched the insistent alarm clock from his bedside table. Its mocking glare, reflecting the dim morning light, momentarily held his gaze before he unceremoniously returned it to its resting place.

STANLEY
You would not believe the dream I
had.

A resonant chime announces an unexpected visitor..

STANLEY (CONT'D)
Are you expecting someone?

ANGELA
Our friends that we are going to
the park with.

INT. STANLEY'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Finley, Otis, Noah, and Lorraine materialized in the entryway, their mischievous smiles radiating a contagious glee, the door swinging inward behind them like a welcoming curtain.

INT. STANLEY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Upon his bed, Stanley settled, placing his sneakers on. Angela's entrance was a sudden, vibrant disruption, her presence a stark contrast to the quiet solitude he'd sought.

ANGELA

Are you almost ready?

STANLEY

Yeah. I like that new fragrance in the bathroom.

ANGELA

I found it in the supermarket, it just came out.

Angela departed.

STANLEY

You are not going to tell me what the fragrance is?

Cautiously, Angela inserted her face into the entryway's shadowy aperture.

ANGELA

It is not a fragrance.

STANLEY

Than what else could it be?

ANGELA

It's a raspberry beret cake urinal.

Angela's departure jolted him. His shoelace, abandoned mid-knot, lay forgotten.

His gaze, sharp and intense, locked onto the lens.
Astonishment etched itself onto his features, a mask of
disbelief.

CUT TO BLACK.

END TITLES