

ROCKING CHAIRS

Written by

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INT. WOOD SHOP

A YOUNG TOMMY (19, tough guy) stands next to his 50-year old uncle, BEN (looks hard, always working).

There's a stack of money on the table in front of them. Tommy starts nodding. Ben shakes his head slowly.

YOUNG TOMMY

So that's what fifteen million dollars looks like.

BEN

Yup. That's exactly what fifteen million dollars looks like.

Ben walks to a small fridge, grabs two beers, and hands one to Tommy. He takes a seat on a nearby stool.

Tommy pulls another stool out from under the table, mirroring Ben as they sit face-to-face.

They stare at the money, pulling long sips of beer.

FADE OUT.

INT. KITCHEN

SUPER: Ten Years Later

JEFF and his wife MANDY, look wide-eyed as she runs her fingers along the granite counter. ABIGAIL, the estate lawyer, looks at them sincerely.

ABIGAIL

Can you believe it?

Mandy shakes her head. Her and Jeff look out of place.

JEFF

Do we need to, uh, do anything else?

ABIGAIL

I have a few papers for you to sign, but no, not really. It's all yours. Were you close?

JEFF

Close?

ABIGAIL

You and your brother, were close? I mean I guess enough that he left this place for you.

Mandy snorts.

JEFF

Yeah, um, no, not really. When we were kids I guess. He's...

MANDY

He was not a very good person. Who knows what he did to get this place.

JEFF

Mandy.

MANDY

What? It's true.
(looking at Abigail)
You probably know more than we do.

Abigail smiles curtly.

ABIGAIL

Anyway, if you sign this stuff, I can leave you to enjoy your new home.

Jeff walks over to the papers on the counter and signs.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

You too Mandy, it's yours as much as it's Jeff's.

Mandy takes Jeff's arm as she looks at the papers.

Abigail points to where she needs to sign.

Mandy hesitates, and then picks up a pen and signs.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Perfect. Thank you. So now that you have this wonderful lakeside cottage... what's next?

Jeff and Mandy look at each other and smile.

JEFF

Live happily ever after?

Mandy rolls her eyes.

ABIGAIL

Isn't that sweet! Mandy, I think you have a keeper here.

MANDY

Yeah, I guess I've survived 23 years of his cheesy comments, I can survive a few more.

Jeff looks undeterred by her response. He begins to walk over to the window. It looks out on a large barn.

ABIGAIL

Big plans for the wood shop out there, Jeff?

Mandy starts to laugh.

MANDY

Oh gosh, no. Jeff is more of a hire a handyman than he is an do-it-yourself-er.

JEFF

Yeah, I can't imagine I even know what half those tools are, let alone how to use them. Maybe we'll find someone to rent it to or something, shame to let it waste away.

ABIGAIL

Never know, could be your next calling. Jeff Dobson, woodworker.

Mandy laughs again and the other two join in.

JEFF

Maybe like a super hero... teacher by day, woodworker by night. Ridding the town of their working chairs.

Abigail smiles broadly, and Jeff mirrors her.

MANDY

Great, he's going to be doing this all night.

ABIGAIL

Oh no, I'm sorry, I've ruined everything. Okay, well I have everything I need. So I'm going get going.

(MORE)

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

If you have any questions or issues, let me know. Otherwise you should get the deed in the mail in a week or two.

Abigail puts the papers in her bag and walks to the door.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

Best of luck with that super hero business!

JEFF

Super heroes don't need luck, ma'am.

ABIGAIL

Of course of course.

Abigail walks out of the home smiling and shaking her head.

Jeff shuts the door and turns towards Mandy.

MANDY

Super hero? Really?

JEFF

(smirking)

What?

CUT TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS - LIVING ROOM

- Mandy and Jeff carry a sofa into the room.
- Jeff adds two tables and a lamp.
- Mandy hangs a picture on the wall.
- Mandy and Jeff sweep the floors and dust.
- The room looks complete and ready to live in.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SUNSET

Mandy and Jeff are sitting by a large picture window enjoying the view of the water having a nightcap.

MANDY

I just love this view. I really do.

JEFF

Me too.

MANDY

Reminds me of that trip to Lake Como...

JEFF

Lake Como?

MANDY

Yeah, well, I mean it's not exactly the same.

JEFF

If only I had known then that this is all the lake you need...
Would've saved me a fortune.

Mandy smiles and pushes him.

MANDY

Oh stop. You know what I mean.

JEFF

I do.

MANDY

Jeff?

JEFF

Yeah?

MANDY

Can we... Afford this place?

JEFF

What do you mean, we already own it.

MANDY

But insurance, taxes, the upkeep. Isn't it a lot more than our old house?

JEFF

It is. I think we'll be okay.

MANDY

You'll tell me if we're not?

JEFF

Probably not.

Jeff smirks and Mandy makes a face at him.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

Jeff walks in from outside as Mandy is doing some dishes.

JEFF
Mandy, dear, will you come outside
for a moment?

MANDY
Now?

JEFF
Yes, now...

MANDY
Let me finish...

JEFF
The dishes can wait, come on!

MANDY
Okay, okay.

Jeff walks back outside and Mandy looks at him, confused,
annoyed, both?

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - GARDEN

JEFF
Ta da!

Mandy and Jeff are looking at a patch of ground that was
once grass and now looks like something did some donuts in a
4x4 through it.

MANDY
What am I looking at, dear?

JEFF
What? It's your garden! You said
you always wanted one, and, well,
here you go!

Mandy looks at him. He'd proud of himself. She can't help
but smile.

MANDY

Well... It's certainly the right size. And has nice sunlight. Thank you dear.

JEFF

You're not impressed.

MANDY

No no, it's just... Very messy?

JEFF

We'll get it there. I promise. Just a start.

Mandy leans over and kisses him on the cheek.

MANDY

Never stop surprising me, do ya?

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE HOUSE

A tow truck is in the driveway and lowers an older Ford Explorer onto the ground. Jeff gets out of passenger side and slams the door.

JEFF

I owe you anything?

The tow truck driver shakes his head "no". Jeff marches towards the house.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

Jeff walks in and slams the door shut.

MANDY (O.S.)

Jeff?? That you?

Jeff doesn't reply, just gets a glass of water. Mandy walks in.

MANDY (CONT'D)

It is you. Why didn't you...

Mandy looks at Jeff who has a scowl on his face.

MANDY (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

JEFF
Explorer's done.

MANDY
Done? What do you mean?

JEFF
Conked out on me on Masterson Rd.
Had to get it towed back here.

Mandy walks to the door and looks out the window.

MANDY
Can it be fixed?

JEFF
I don't know. Maybe? Probably cost
a fortune.

Jeff huffs audibly.

MANDY
You okay?

JEFF
I'm just tired, if it's not one
thing, it's the next.

MANDY
Well it's not like we use two cars
very often anyway. I can share. I
promise.

Jeff doesn't want to, but smiles at Mandy who walks over to him and rubs his back.

MANDY (CONT'D)
We'll be fine...

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Mandy walks over to Jeff, who's sitting in front of the picture window and hands him a cup of tea. He takes it and she sits down with hers, blowing on the top.

MANDY
What's the plan with the wood shop?
Could that be a way of helping pay
for everything?

Jeff doesn't answer - just adjusts in his chair.

MANDY (CONT'D)

We've been here for almost 4 months and I don't even think I've been in it since we did our walk through the day we bought the place, have you?

JEFF

No, I don't suppose I have. Wait, no that's not true, I went in there looking for an extension cord.

Mandy hesitates.

Jeff looks at her confused.

MANDY

Was there anything...

Jeff waits, and then after a moment he smirks.

JEFF

Anything what?

Jeff picks up his beverage and takes a healthy swig.

MANDY

Living... in there?

Jeff nearly spits out the sip keeping from laughing. He swallows hard and then smiles at her.

JEFF

Living in there? Like vagrants?
Hobos in between train stops?

Mandy is laughing at herself, but also feels as embarrassed as she knew she would.

MANDY

No, I mean raccoons or something!

JEFF

No... Nothing is living in there. Well maybe, I don't know, I wasn't really investigating for rodents, but I don't recall hearing anything.

MANDY

Maybe you should have investigated more.

Mandy hits Jeff playfully and picks up her drink. Jeff feigns injury. They sit there for a moment.

JEFF

Well even if I wanted to, most of the lights didn't work - or at least the light bulbs need to be replaced.

MANDY

Oh geez...

JEFF

Oh geez what?

MANDY

Nothing, I just, I didn't want another project, and that's what it's going to be.

JEFF

Do you ever relax?

Mandy takes a sip of her wine and contemplates his question.

MANDY

I do relax... at the spa.

Jeff chuckles, but doesn't reply. They sit in silence as the last few moments of light dwindle.

JEFF

We'll figure out something with the shop eventually, unless you're in a rush.

MANDY

No rush I suppose.

Mandy reaches out and Jeff gives her his hand.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE HOUSE

Jeff is walking from the garage toward the wood shop with a ladder. Mandy calls out to him from the porch.

MANDY

Jeff, honey! What are you doing?

Jeff stops and looks back at her.

JEFF

I'm changing the light bulbs in the wood shop. It's too dark to see anything, so if I'm going to do anything with it, I should start with some lights.

Mandy lets out a breath.

MANDY

Well be careful, I don't need you falling off a ladder.

Jeff shakes his head, smiling and picks the ladder up, turning back toward the shop.

MANDY (CONT'D)

And honey...

JEFF

(not looking)

Yeah?

MANDY

Watch out for the hobos!

Jeff continues on, but Mandy smiles broadly.

As Jeff approaches the wood shop a truck slows down as it passes the property and then takes off again.

Jeff looks back at Mandy who disappeared into the house. Shrugs and continues toward the shop.

FADE TO:

INT. KITCHEN

Jeff is sitting at the kitchen island with a laptop open as Mandy is boiling water for some tea.

MANDY

Would you like some tea?

Jeff doesn't respond.

MANDY (CONT'D)

Jeff, dear.

Jeff still concentrates on his computer.

MANDY (CONT'D)

(slightly louder)

Jeff, Tea?

Jeff looks up at her and tries to come back to his surroundings. He looks at the kettle and back at her.

MANDY (CONT'D)

Tea?

JEFF

Sorry, yes, that would be nice.
Thank you.

MANDY

What are you doing on there?

JEFF

Grading, of course.

MANDY

Did you ever post that ad by the way?

JEFF

Ad?

Jeff gets lost in his work again. Mandy huffs and Jeff doesn't seem to notice.

He finishes up what he's doing and looks up to Mandy making more noise than usual.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Oh, for the wood shop? No, not yet.
I'll get on it soon enough. You're like a dog with a bone, ya know?

MANDY

Who, me?

JEFF

Yes, you.

MANDY

Listen, I just worry, about you, I can tell you're stressed.

JEFF

You worry about everything.

MANDY

That may be true, but please just place the ad.

JEFF

Yes, dear.

MANDY
Don't yes dear, me!

Jeff smirks.

JEFF
Sorry, dear. May I finish my
homework now?

MANDY
No.

CUT TO:

INT. WOOD SHOP

Jeff opens the door to the shop and peers in. He flips a switch on the wall and a single florescent light blinks on.

Jeff walks further into the room to the table just under the light.

Sitting there is a stapled packet of papers. He picks it up and blows off the dust.

Written at the top of the papers, "How to build a wooden Rocking Chair."

CUT TO:

EXT. WOOD SHOP

Jeff is standing at the door of the shop when a truck pulls in front of it. It looks similar to the one Jeff saw a few days earlier.

TOMMY gets out. He looks like a tougher tough guy.

Jeff looks at him for a moment and then catches himself.

JEFF
Can I help you?

TOMMY
Yessir, this may be random, but I'm, uh, I used to work for a guy who owned a wood shop on this property.

JEFF
Did you happen to pass by here a few days ago? Truck looks familiar.

TOMMY

I don't think so... there are a lot of trucks look like mine around here.

Jeff looks at him hesitantly and then shakes it off.

JEFF

Uh, yeah, there's a shop here, why?

TOMMY

Is it being used?

JEFF

No, not at the moment.

TOMMY

Well I'd be interested in maybe renting it or something. I'd like to get back into woodworking.

JEFF

Oh. Okay. What did you say your name was?

TOMMY

Tommy, uh, Miller.

JEFF

Jeff Dobson, nice to meet you Tommy. You want to check it out?

Tommy nods. They walk toward the shop and Jeff opens the door and walks in. Tommy follows.

JEFF (CONT'D)

So here it is. Obviously I need to clean it up, I don't know how long since it was used, but it looks like there's a lot here.

Tommy nods and starts to walk around.

JEFF (CONT'D)

You know a lot about woodworking?

TOMMY

Uh, I don't know. I used to, my uncle used to show me things in his shop. I haven't seen him in a long time and he's since passed away.

JEFF

Oh, well I'm sorry to hear that.

Tommy walks over to the table and picks up the rocking chair instructions.

TOMMY

He was old. You building a rocking chair?

JEFF

Hah, no, that was here. I had actually thought about it when I first bought the place, but no, probably not.

Tommy nods and puts the instructions back down.

TOMMY

Does it all work?

JEFF

Not sure.

TOMMY

And the wood? Fair game?

JEFF

I have no use for it.

Tommy nods again and walks over to the racks of boards.

TOMMY

Got some really nice stuff here. Okay. Like I said I'm interested. I don't have the money yet, but give me a few days and I could offer let's say \$500/mo?

Jeff nods pensively.

JEFF

Utilities too?

TOMMY

(hesitantly)
Yeah, I think so.

JEFF

Okay, I'll think about it and talk to my wife.

TOMMY

The other, um, issue...

Jeff looks at Tommy curiously.

JEFF

Issue?

TOMMY

Uh, yeah. I just want to inform you that I was recently release on parole from prison.

Jeff's eyes get wide.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I just didn't want you to find out on your own or, like read it in the paper or whatever.

JEFF

Right.

TOMMY

Yeah, um, well I'll get out of here. When I get the money I'll call you and you can let me know if it's still available. I understand if it's not, no hard feelings.

Jeff stammers a bit.

JEFF

I, uh, okay, right. Well thanks for, um, stopping by. And for letting me know about the, uh prison, um issue.

Tommy starts for the door and Jeff follows him out.

He locks the door from the outside and when he turns around, Tommy has his hand outstretched.

Jeff looks down at it, and then shakes it.

TOMMY

Thank you, sir. I'll be in touch.

Jeff doesn't react. Tommy walks to his truck and drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

Mandy sitting at the counter with a cup of tea as Jeff walks in.

MANDY
Water is still hot if you're
interested in some tea.

JEFF
Uh, thanks, I'm fine.

MANDY
Who was that guy in the truck?

JEFF
A kid who wanted to rent the wood
shop, said he used to work here and
was interested in getting back into
woodworking.

MANDY
That sounds perfect! And you didn't
even have to put an ad up! Did you
say yes?

JEFF
Uh, no, not quite - he also said he
just got out of prison.

MANDY
Oh my.
(pause)
Well you told him no, right?

JEFF
I didn't really tell him anything.
He said he's going to try to get
the money, and to let him know if
it's still available when he does.

MANDY
Jeff, we can't have a man who just
got out of prison in our back yard
every day.

JEFF
No, I imagine not.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

Jeff is sitting at the counter on his laptop and Mandy walks
in.

MANDY
Who's that?

Mandy points at his computer screen that has a mugshot of Tommy on it.

JEFF

The kid who wants to rent the shop.

Mandy leans in and starts to read.

MANDY

Thomas Arthur Miller. Charged with aggravated assault! Sentenced 8-12 years. Released on parole, April 23rd. Jeff, he's been out of jail for 3 weeks!

JEFF

I know. He just didn't seem...

MANDY

Didn't seem what? Like a felon?

JEFF

Yeah, I guess so.

MANDY

Know a lot of felons?

Jeff looks up at Mandy who's staring at him, concerned.

JEFF

I'm sure I do.

MANDY

Oh?

JEFF

Well, I've taught a lot of people, I'm sure plenty of them are felons.

MANDY

(smirking)

I meant personally.

JEFF

Anyway, maybe I'll get it cleaned up and post an ad, and then we won't have to think about it.

Jeff closes his laptop.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jeff is sitting by the picture window with his computer on his lap. Mandy walks over with a drink in each hand.

MANDY
Happy hour?

Jeff looks up.

JEFF
It's 5 o'clock somewhere...

Mandy hands him the drink and sits down.

MANDY
Working?

JEFF
No. I was just reading about that kid.

MANDY
The prison kid?

JEFF
Yeah. Just some old articles about what happened.

Mandy waits for Jeff to continue.

MANDY
Well?

JEFF
Well... it all just seems so unfortunate. He got into a fight, drunk, and just kept hitting the guy even after he was unconscious until others pulled him off.

MANDY
That's horrible.

JEFF
Yeah, the man ended up being fine, but had to spend a few weeks in the hospital to recover.

MANDY
That doesn't sound like it deserves 10 years in prison...

JEFF

He had a history of things,
smaller, but it wasn't his first go
around I guess.

MANDY

Well it is a shame, but it doesn't
sound like the type of person we
want 50 feet from our home, now
does it?

JEFF

No. I just...

MANDY

You just what?

JEFF

I just... I didn't see this kid in
the one who came to our house the
other day. It doesn't make sense to
me. He was very polite and well-
mannered.

Jeff closes his laptop, sets it down on the table, and picks
up his drink.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Oh well... Anyway, what are we
doing for dinner tonight?

Mandy stares at Jeff for a moment.

MANDY

You're going to rent it to him,
aren't you?

JEFF

No, dear, I won't. I just can't
shake it, is all. But no felons,
only hobos in the wood shop.

MANDY

Perfect.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - GARDEN

Mandy is outside in the garden, MUCH improved.

Tommy pulls into the driveway and Mandy watches him as he
gets out and walks toward the shop door. She shouts out to
him.

MANDY

Hey! Hi - over here! Can I help you?

Tommy sees Mandy and starts walking over.

TOMMY

Hi ma'am. I'm looking for a Mr. Dobson, um, Jeff?

MANDY

Yeah, that's my husband, but he isn't here. You're Thomas?

TOMMY

Tommy, yes ma'am.

MANDY

What can I do for you, Tommy?

TOMMY

Yes, ma'am. I just came over to see if the wood shop is still available, I have 3 months rent with me.

MANDY

Oh. Um. Right. Well I'll let you discuss that with him. He should be back in a few minutes.

TOMMY

Okay, thank you ma'am. I'll wait in my truck if that's okay.

Mandy nods and Tommy turns away.

MANDY

Tommy?

Tommy turns around, hesitantly.

TOMMY

Yes ma'am?

MANDY

Can you do me a quick favor?

Tommy nods.

MANDY (CONT'D)

Do you mind carrying those 2 trash bags to the garbage cans over there?

Tommy walks over to them.

MANDY (CONT'D)

It's just that they're heavier than I expected, and otherwise I'll have to ask Jeff to get the wheelbarrow for me.

Tommy grabs the bags walks towards the trash cans.

Mandy watches him.

MANDY (CONT'D)

Tommy, one more thing?

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - GARDEN

Mandy walks toward the garden with a glass of iced tea. Tommy is sweating as he drives a small post into the ground and attaches metal fencing to it.

MANDY

Oh my goodness, it would've taken me a month to do all this!

TOMMY

It's no problem, ma'am. Really. I'm glad to help.

MANDY

Please, at least you can call me Mandy now with all you've done today.

TOMMY

Sure, Mandy.

MANDY

Iced Tea?

Tommy nods and takes the tea.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE HOUSE

Jeff gets out of his car, sees Tommy's truck and then looks over to the closed wood shop. He's nowhere to be seen.

He hears Mandy's voice in a loud, high-pitched sound and starts to run towards the house.

JEFF

Mandy?! Mandy! Are you okay?!

Jeff finds Tommy and Mandy sitting on the porch staring up at him. They're both smiling, but Tommy's smile drops at the look of concern on Jeff's face.

MANDY

Honey, what's the matter with you?

Jeff looks at her and relaxes a bit. Then he looks over at Tommy intently.

Tommy stands.

TOMMY

Hi Mr. Dobson, I'm sorry for the inconvenience.

MANDY

Oh Tommy, stop, no inconvenience. Jeff, honey, sit down, I'll get you some iced tea. Tommy was just telling the funniest story about the man who used to live on this lake. Tommy, you can sit back down too, now.

Mandy stands up and looks at Jeff. He stares back at her, confused. She nods to the chair.

MANDY (CONT'D)

Sit.

Tommy sits down. Jeff sits as well.

Mandy walks over to a table with the iced tea and pours a glass for Jeff.

MANDY (CONT'D)

So apparently, the gentleman that lived a few houses down would fish out on the lake...

Mandy hands Jeff the glass.

JEFF

Okay...

MANDY

Naked.

Mandy starts to giggle, and Tommy breaks a smile.

MANDY (CONT'D)

Which...

(laughing in between
words)

Wouldn't have mattered...except
when he needed to bend over...to
pull a fish out!

Mandy continues laughing and Tommy chuckles. Jeff stares at both of them. As they catch their breath he speaks up.

JEFF

So Tommy, uh, what are you doing
here?

TOMMY

I stopped by to...

MANDY

He stopped by to rent the shop. He
brought 3 months rent with him.

Tommy pulls out an envelop from his pocket.

TOMMY

If it's still available that is.

Jeff looks at Mandy who nods "yes".

JEFF

Um, I guess it is?

MANDY

It is. Now, I'll let you two decide
the details or whatnot - I have to
go start dinner. Tommy would you
like to stay?

TOMMY

No ma'am, thank you but I have to
get to work soon.

MANDY

Okay, well I'll see you around
then.

(laughing, to herself)

Until he bent over...

Mandy walks into the house.

JEFF

Okay, well I guess that's that.

TOMMY

If it's okay with you.

JEFF

If you convinced Mandy, don't much matter if it's okay with me. I'll get it cleaned up, best I know how, and then give you a call or something when you can start using it.

TOMMY

I can clean it, no problem.

JEFF

No, it wouldn't feel right, you're paying to use the shop, you don't need to clean it too.

TOMMY

Really, it's no big deal.

JEFF

No, I won't allow it. I'll get to it this week though. Give me three or four days and I'll give you a call.

Tommy nods reluctantly.

TOMMY

Okay, thank you sir.

JEFF

Yeah, just make sure we don't regret this.

Tommy nods slowly, almost ashamed.

TOMMY

Thanks again, have a good evening.

JEFF

You too Tommy.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

Mandy is cooking when Jeff walks in from outside.

JEFF

So, what happened to no felons in the yard?

MANDY
You... were right.

Jeff feigns astonishment.

MANDY (CONT'D)
Oh stop. He was very polite and just like you said, it didn't match. Then we started talking, and I feel like he needs a little, grace.

JEFF
Grace?

MANDY
Yes, grace. Not that we shouldn't be cautious. But maybe that one night doesn't have to define him.

JEFF
Pretty big departure from the Mandy a few days ago.

MANDY
Yes, well maybe I'm just feeling a little - it doesn't matter, I'm okay with it, so you should be too. We got this place out of the blue, from your not-so-good brother. And maybe we can use this for good.

JEFF
I... I... don't know what to say...

MANDY
Maybe just don't say anything and pour us something to drink.

JEFF
Drink. Yes.

FADE TO:

INT. WOOD SHOP

Jeff turns on the lights, and this time all of them come on, showing a dusty, dingy shop.

Jeff walks over to a big vacuum system and turns it on. Jeff walks over to one of the tubes and puts his hand to it - which instantly sucks his hand to the end.

FADE TO:

SERIES OF SHOTS - LATER

- Jeff is vacuuming the tools and tables, the shop looks slightly cleaner than before.

- Jeff is wiping down various surfaces, the shop is looking better.

- Jeff is cleaning the floors, the shop looks much cleaner than before.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WOOD SHOP - 20 YEARS EARLIER

Ben is sitting at the table with a cup of coffee where a half-built desk is sitting. There's a knock at the door.

BEN
(with looking)
Yeah?

The door opens and in walks Jeff.

Ben looks over and raises his eyebrows.

BEN (CONT'D)
What the hell you doing here?

JEFF
Hi Ben, nice to see you too.

BEN
To what do I owe the pleasure?
Another lecture? An unpleasant
message from Mom?

Jeff looks visibly uncomfortable and Ben keys into it.

BEN (CONT'D)
(smirking)
You need something, don't you?

JEFF
Forget it. This was a mistake.

Ben's amused. Jeff knows it, wants to turn around but can't.

JEFF (CONT'D)
(timidly)
I... Need a loan.

BEN

Hah! A loan?! You have to be
fucking kidding me. Come here for
the first time in I don't know how
long with your god damn hand out??

Ben's enjoying this. Jeff looks completely deflated.

BEN (CONT'D)

For what?

JEFF

What does it matter, are you gonna
help me or not?

BEN

How much?

JEFF

(stutters)
Tttttten?

BEN

(mocking him)
Ta Ta Ta Ten? God damn that's a lot
of dough. What makes you think I
got that.

Jeff gives him a look.

BEN (CONT'D)

Fair. Okay. Ten G's. For my little
brother. For reasons, unknown. Fuck
it. Okay, I'll give it to you,
outright, no need to pay me back.
Just gotta do one thing for me.

JEFF

What's that?

BEN

Make that sourpuss wife of yours
come down here and ask me for it.

Jeff shakes his head, frustration boiling over.

JEFF

What's the matter with you? You
know I'd never come here if it
wasn't the last resort. And you
gotta make it a game.

BEN
Seems like a no brainer to me.
Mandy asks me for ten thousand
dollars, herself, in person, and I
give it to you, no questions asked.

JEFF
We both know that wouldn't be the
end of it. You're a real...

Jeff stops himself looking up at Ben.

Ben smiles.

Jeff huffs, shakes his head and storms out.

BEN
(shouting at the door)
Awww, Jeffy, little bro, don't be
like that. Hahahaha!

FADE OUT.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Mandy is sitting by the picture window when Jeff walks in.
She looks up from her book at Jeff, who is covered in dirt
and dust.

MANDY
Oh my goodness, Jeff, you are
COVERED in... I don't even know
what!

JEFF
Mandy... You need to come with me,
now.

MANDY
What? Why? Is it clean?

JEFF
Come on.

Mandy is uncomfortable by his tone. He doesn't give her time
to ponder, he just walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. WOOD SHOP

Jeff and Mandy are standing side by side staring.

MANDY
(softly)
How... much is it?

JEFF
If the stacks are all the same, I
think... Ten million dollars.

Mandy gasps.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Maybe more. I keep losing count.

Jeff sits on a stool next to the table. He grabs an old
dusty bottle of liquor. Opens the bottle and takes a swig
and grimaces.

JEFF (CONT'D)
(coughing)
Found this too.

Mandy slowly walks to the other side of the table, staring
at the money the whole time.

Jeff hands her the bottle, she takes a sip and coughs.

MANDY
What are we going to do with it?

JEFF
I don't know.

MANDY
We can't keep it, right?

Jeff reaches for the bottle and takes a drink.

MANDY (CONT'D)
Jeff?

Mandy looks at him, eyes wide.

MANDY (CONT'D)
It's a lot of money. Won't someone
will be looking for it?

Jeff takes another drink.

MANDY (CONT'D)
Jeff, will you say something?

JEFF
I don't know. We just need to
figure out what to do with it.

MANDY

Jeff, why don't we just call the police, turn it in?

Jeff takes another drink from the bottle and puts the cap back on.

JEFF

Mandy - I just found 10 million dollars, more, my heart's beating faster than if I was running sprints on a treadmill.

MANDY

Yeah, mine too... But it's just, this feels like a set up or something, it isn't real. It makes me very nervous. Should we maybe call the police and see what they say? That couldn't be...

JEFF

Couldn't be what?

MANDY

Why... Tommy is here?

Jeff shrugs.

JEFF

Maybe? I don't know. You're quick to turn on him, no?

MANDY

I think we need to call the police.

JEFF

You want me to turn over 10 million dollars to the police, so some crooked cop can put it in his closet?

MANDY

Jeff! Seriously!

Jeff takes a deep breath.

JEFF

Okay, that was a bit much. But I'm not giving up the money.

MANDY

(hesitantly)

Why?

JEFF

It's like winning the lottery! Just a few weeks ago you were worried we couldn't afford this place. Now we can. And anything else we want. This is more money than either of us made our entire lives.

MANDY

It just doesn't seem like you. You've never really cared about that stuff, money.

JEFF

Well I never had ten million dollars sitting in front of me.

Mandy clearly looks disappointed and maybe a little uncomfortable. Jeff looks at her and softens.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Before we make any decisions about anything, let's just think on it for a few days. Okay?

MANDY

I guess.

JEFF

Okay. Good. In the meantime, where should we hide it?

CUT TO:

INT. WOOD SHOP - LATER

Jeff is pulling the dust drum out from the vacuum.

The shop looks immaculate.

He picks up the bag of sawdust, struggling with the weight of it and walks to the door and turns out the lights.

FADE OUT.

INT. WOOD SHOP

Jeff and Tommy are in the shop.

JEFF

I imagine you know more of what you're looking at than I do, but I just wanted to show a few of these things that I noticed when I was cleaning.

Tommy nods.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Anyway, here's the key, feel free to come and go as you please, but try not to run any power tools after ten, and please don't sleep here, it's not an apartment.

Jeff puts the key on the table.

TOMMY

Mr. Dobson?

JEFF

Jeff.

TOMMY

Jeff? Thank you, I really do appreciate it.

JEFF

Sure. Like I said, let's make sure we don't regret it. Okay, well I'll let you get to it then.

Jeff makes his way to the door.

TOMMY

Mr. uh, Jeff?

JEFF

Yeah?

TOMMY

What about your rocking chairs?

Tommy holds up the instructions.

JEFF

Hah, you can save it for a rainy day...

Tommy nods politely and Jeff leaves.

FADE TO:

INT. WOOD SHOP - 10 YEARS EARLIER

Tommy and Ben are sitting, staring at the money stacked on the table. Ben gets up and gets 2 more beers from the fridge, hands one to Tommy and sits back down.

TOMMY

Where's Jason?

BEN

In the back. Tied Up.

TOMMY

What are we going to do with him?

BEN

We?

Tommy takes a drink of beer. He looks toward the back.

TOMMY

What am I supposed to do with him?

Ben takes a gun from his waist and slides it on the table toward Tommy. Tommy stares at the gun, picks it up, and then sets it back down.

BEN

You want your half, you're gonna have to do something for it.

Tommy continues to stare back and forth between the money and the gun.

TOMMY

I... uh... there's nothing else we can do?

BEN

Not if you want to keep the money and stay out of lock-up.

Tommy doesn't move.

BEN (CONT'D)

You ain't a pussy like your old man, are you?

Tommy finishes his beer, picks up the gun and walks out.

FADE OUT.

INT. KITCHEN

Jeff is standing at the window looking out at the shop while Mandy is cleaning the counters.

JEFF

He's still out there - I told him not to sleep here.

MANDY

What makes you think he's sleeping in there?

JEFF

I don't know - but he got here at 7 am and it's almost 8 pm now.

MANDY

Don't wood things take a lot of time? Maybe he's working on something. Why don't you take him a plate of food and check in if you're worried?

CUT TO:

INT. WOOD SHOP

Jeff walks in the door of the shop with a plate of dinner.

Tommy is at a saw cutting something and wearing headphones. He pulls the wood out quickly and looks at it. He shouts and throws the piece of wood in Jeff's direction.

Jeff ducks even though it's no where near him and Tommy sees that he's walked it. He turns everything off and takes off his headphones.

TOMMY

Sorry! I'm so sorry!

JEFF

Everything okay?

TOMMY

Yeah, just, frustrated. Can't seem to get it right.

JEFF

No need to get angry...

TOMMY

I know, I'm sorry. Really.

JEFF

Mandy made you up a plate, hungry?

TOMMY

Uh, yeah, I could eat.

Jeff walks over and sets the plate down on the table in a clear spot.

JEFF

What are you building?

Tommy walks over to the plate of food and takes a bite.

TOMMY

A potter's station I think. We'll see, I'm mostly just getting acclimated to the shop.

Jeff nods.

JEFF

Need any salt or anything?

TOMMY

No, thank you though, you didn't need to do this.

JEFF

Mandy's cardinal sin, someone going hungry.

Tommy smirks and takes another bite.

JEFF (CONT'D)

So you said your uncle had a shop like this.

Tommy nods again and continues to eat his food.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Learned about all this from him?

Tommy nods his head and then shakes it in a somewhat undecided nature. He swallows his food, wipes his mouth and then speaks.

TOMMY

There was a wood shop in prison, so I worked in there for the last 5 years.

JEFF

Nice skill to learn. Maybe I can learn woodworking in prison.

Tommy stares at him. Jeff laughs awkwardly.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Sorry, terrible joke. Or not a joke. Sorry. Anyway, you mentioned a job the other evening, where do you work?

TOMMY

I'm a night janitor over at the college.

JEFF

That's very Good Will Hunting of you...

TOMMY

Hah, yeah, but I'm not solving any math equations... and no one burned me with cigarettes.

JEFF

Well that's good I suppose.

TOMMY

You're not going to hug me and tell me it's not my fault, are you?

JEFF

Haha, no no, nothing like that. Okay, well I'll let you finish your dinner, just knock on the door if the light's still on or leave the plate on the porch if it's not.

Tommy nods as he takes another bite.

TOMMY

(with food in mouth)
Tell Mandy thanks.

Jeff gives a curt nod and walks out of the shop.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jeff walks into the house. Mandy is sitting at the picture window.

MANDY

Well? Did he move in with the hobos?

JEFF

Nope - he's just building something.

MANDY

See, nothing to worry about. What's he building?

JEFF

Something for pottery?

Jeff shrugs his shoulders.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

Jeff is sitting at the kitchen counter and Mandy walks in.

MANDY

I'm going out in the garden.

Jeff doesn't look up from his computer or respond.

MANDY (CONT'D)

Jeff, honey, I'm going out in the garden.

JEFF

(not looking up)

Okay, dear.

Mandy rolls her eyes with a little huff and walks out the door.

She walks down the stairs and turns to go underneath the porch where she gasps as she sees a beautiful yellow potter's station sitting there.

She slowly walks up to it and sees that it's filled with her gardening items.

There's a sticky-note on the top that reads "Thanks for convincing him. Tommy".

She looks over to the shop and sees Tommy coming out.

He looks at her, and she waves towards the cabinet.

He gives a tight-mouthed smile, very faint, and then gets in his truck.

FADE OUT.

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Jeff and Mandy are sitting at the picture window, 2 glasses of wine sitting between them.

JEFF

I thought for sure he said pottery station.

MANDY

Well he didn't. He said potter's station. As in garden potter. It's just beautiful.

JEFF

Well that's true, it looks store bought. You don't...

MANDY

What?

JEFF

You don't think he wants us to pay him for it, do you? I don't even know what a potter's station costs.

MANDY

Oh stop it, honey, it was a gift for me for convincing you to let him use the shop.

JEFF

Oh.

(long pause)

Wait, didn't I convince you?

MANDY

Maybe. But it doesn't matter, I'm the one who got the gift!

Mandy laughs at herself as Jeff picks up his wine and takes a sip.

CUT TO:

INT. WOOD SHOP

Tommy walks into the shop hesitantly, and sees Jeff inside.

The vacuum is on, and Jeff is cutting something on a band saw.

Tommy flicks the lights, and Jeff looks over at Tommy. He smiles widely and holds up a finger. Tommy nods.

Jeff finishes his cut, turns off the saw and vacuum.

JEFF
 (loudly with ear
 protection on)
 Hey, Tommy!

Tommy winces slightly at Jeff's volume and smirks. Jeff, sheepishly takes off the ear protection.

JEFF (CONT'D)
 (mouths)
 Sorry.

TOMMY
 All good, good morning. What, um,
 are you working on?

JEFF
 Well, you know, I've just been
 thinking about the rocking chair
 plans, and thought maybe I could
 give it a try.

TOMMY
 How's it going?

Jeff raises the piece of wood in his hand that resembles nothing that would be on a rocking chair.

JEFF
 Oh, you know, just trying to get a
 handle on everything. Anyway, I'll
 leave the shop to you and get out
 of your hair.

TOMMY
 It's fine, you can stay if you
 want, doesn't bother me none.

JEFF
 No, no, I gotta get back to the
 house before Mandy worries I cut a
 finger off. Then we'll both be in
 your hair.

Tommy smiles genuinely and nods his head.

TOMMY

Well if you need help, with the rocking chair, let me know. It's a tough place to start.

JEFF

Of course it is. Will do.

Jeff starts to clean up the saw area.

TOMMY

Don't worry, I'll be making plenty of dust today. I'll take care of it.

Jeff nods and starts towards the door. He opens the door and walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - SUNSET

Mandy and Jeff are at the picture window.

MANDY

Jeff?

JEFF

Yea?

MANDY

Can we talk about the money?

Jeff takes a drink from his glass.

JEFF

Yeah.

MANDY

You've been in the shop with Tommy a bunch, think he knows about it?

JEFF

I don't know. He hasn't really done anything wrong or acted weird. So maybe he just wanted to rent the shop.

MANDY

Maybe...

JEFF

I don't know.

MANDY

How are we going to really know?

JEFF

I don't know. Maybe...

MANDY

Maybe what?

JEFF

Maybe I just kind of ask, subtly?

MANDY

Ask subtly? And if he says he knows?

Jeff is pensive.

JEFF

Split it with him?

MANDY

Jeff, you want to convince someone who's been to prison for assault to only take half of 10 million dollars?

JEFF

He doesn't SEEM violent, but fare point.

They're both quiet for a moment.

MANDY

Where is the money?

JEFF

Everywhere.

MANDY

Everywhere?

JEFF

Yeah, I have it stashed in different spots all over the place.

MANDY

What are we going to do with it? I really think we should just turn it in?

JEFF

No, I'm not doing that. And you're not either.

Mandy winces at his tone.

MANDY

It feels like it's getting dangerous. Either Tommy doesn't know and he's trying to change his life. Or he does know and he's waiting. Either way, it's...

JEFF

It's what?

MANDY

It's just money, it doesn't seem worth it to me.

JEFF

Mandy, no. We're scraping by to afford this place. I'm not working for another 20 years just to keep it.

MANDY

The place is lovely, but we can just sell it and find something we CAN afford.

JEFF

No.

MANDY

Why? Tell me why?

Jeff stands.

MANDY (CONT'D)

Jeff, sit down. What is going on?

JEFF

My brother gave this place to me. I'm sure he knew about the money. He wanted me to have it. Us to have it.

MANDY

Jeff, I don't need to be the one to tell you this, your brother was a crook. And dangerous, and now he has us wrapped into whatever he was into and we spent the last 20 years trying to make sure we weren't a part of it.

JEFF
Yeah... And where did that get
me???

Mandy doesn't say anything. She looks at Jeff and then
stares out the window. Jeff goes to say something and stops
himself.

MANDY
I hope you know what you're doing.

JEFF
I do.

CUT TO:

INT. WOOD SHOP - 10 YEARS EARLIER

Tommy walks back to the front of the shop, Ben is still
sitting there.

BEN
It's done?

Tommy puts the gun on the table and slides it across to him.

CUT TO:

INT. WOOD SHOP - EVENING

Tommy walks into the shop and Jeff is cleaning up.

TOMMY
Just starting or just finishing?

JEFF
Finishing.

TOMMY
You can leave that, I'll take care
of it when I clean up.

Jeff nods and casually walks towards the door.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Jeff?

JEFF
Yeah?

TOMMY
Do you mind if my friend comes over
for a bit? We're going out tonight
and it's on his way.

JEFF

I'm good with it if you are.

TOMMY

Yeah, he's just going to be here for a few minutes, 30 tops, while I finish some things up.

JEFF

Yeah, no problem. Okay then, have a nice night.

CUT TO:

INT. WOOD SHOP - LATER

There's a knock at the door and SLOAN walks in. Sloan looks like he just got out on parole, even though he hasn't.

SLOAN

Yo dude. Whoa, it's sooo weird being in here.

TOMMY

Chill.

SLOAN

(lowering his voice)
Sorry, it's just... Weird without your uncle. I feel like I'm gonna get yelled at because there's no adult.

Sloan laughs. He raises the six pack in his hand and Tommy nods, so he pulls a can off and tosses it over.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

(whispering)
Did you find it?

TOMMY

(whispering)
No you idiot, that's why I asked you to come over here.

Sloan looks at him, puzzled.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(whispering)
I'm going to look around, but I need someone to keep a lookout and make sure those two don't pop in. They're fucking ALWAYS here.

Sloan nods and takes a sip of the beer.

SLOAN
(whispering)
How much is it?

TOMMY
(whispering)
I don't know it was fifteen.

Sloan spits out his beer.

SLOAN
Fifteen? Million?! Holy shit!

TOMMY
(whispering loudly)
Hey man! Fucking relax! Are you kidding?

Sloan nods sheepishly.

SLOAN
(whispering)
Sorry, that's just, holy shit. I thought it was... I don't know what I thought, but not that much. Shit.

TOMMY
Who the fuck knows how much my uncle spent though.

CUT TO:

INT. WOOD SHOP - LATER

Sloan is standing next to the door looking out the window. Tommy comes in and sits down at the table.

SLOAN
Find it?

Tommy opens the last beer and shakes his head.

TOMMY
Fucking nothing.

They don't say anything as they drink their beers.

SLOAN
Maybe that couple found it?

TOMMY

I thought that. But the typical
hiding places look untouched.

SLOAN

You said it was pretty clean when
you first walked in, so maybe when
they were cleaning they found it?
Or some of it?

TOMMY

I don't know. Maybe my uncle pissed
it away at the card table too.

Sloan shrugs.

SLOAN

That's a lot of dough to piss away.

TOMMY

Alright, let's go, this was a
fucking waste.

FADE OUT.

EXT. LAKE HOUSE

Tommy walks out of the shop.

From the porch, Jeff sees him and shouts over.

JEFF

Tommy!

Tommy looks at Jeff.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Can you come over here for a
minute?

Tommy locks the door.

He starts walking toward Jeff, who walks inside.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

Tommy knocks on the door and Jeff waves him in from the
counter.

JEFF

Come in!

Tommy walks just inside the door.

TOMMY
Need something, Jeff?

JEFF
Yes, um, just one moment.

Jeff is looking down at his computer and starts to type something. He finishes and turns towards Tommy.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Sorry. Uh, yes. So Mandy was talking about your potter's station and one of her, uh, friends is looking for a set of bunk beds for her twin boys. Would you be interested in making them?

TOMMY
Oh. Well, um, I don't know, I've never really made bunk beds before.

JEFF
Well I'm sure you can figure it out, AND I'm sure she'll pay very well. Here's her card, give her a call she's expecting it, or let Mandy know you're not interested and she'll make something up.

TOMMY
No, thank you, I'll at least call and find out what she's looking for. Thank you.

JEFF
Of course! And remember, we get 40% of the profits.

Tommy stares at him, unsure if he's serious.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Joking, joking.

TOMMY
Need anything else, Jeff?

JEFF
Nope, that's it. Thanks Tommy, good luck with...
(in a uppity voice)
Sandra!

Jeff laughs. Tommy puzzled.

JEFF (CONT'D)
You'll get it when you meet her.

TOMMY
Okay, well thanks again. Have a
good day.

JEFF
You too.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Jeff and Mandy are sitting at the picture window with their evening cocktail. There's a knock at the door and they look at each other puzzled.

Jeff stands up.

JEFF
(mostly to himself)
Who could that be?

Jeff gets to the door, turns on the outside light and sees Tommy standing there. He waves as Jeff opens the door.

MANDY
Who is it, honey?

JEFF
Hey Tommy.
(to Mandy)
It's Tommy.

TOMMY
Hi Jeff, can I come in for a
second?

JEFF
Yeah, of course.

Jeff opens the door and steps back. Mandy walks up to him.

Tommy turns around and picks up a rocking chair and carries it through the doorway.

Mandy gasps.

MANDY
Tommy, did... you make this?

Tommy sets it down. And rocks it like he's testing it's stability.

TOMMY

Figured Jeff needs some help, so I built the first one, and then we can build the second one together.

JEFF

Well... I don't know what to say... Tommy this is a beautiful chair.

MANDY

Can I sit in it?

TOMMY

Of course, yeah, go ahead.

Mandy looks at it carefully, and glides her hand along the top and the arm rest and turns to sit. Just as she sits down...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Careful!

Mandy jumps up and Jeff startles, both look at Tommy who has a slight grin.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Sorry, I couldn't help myself.

Mandy smirks and waves at Tommy and then sits down in the chair.

MANDY

Simply wonderful. I can't believe you built this.

JEFF

I'm not going to lie, I was uncomfortable in that shop before you brought this up here, now I don't see any way of recreating something like this.

TOMMY

Well, it's definitely not what I would have started with, but that's me. I know what I'm doing now, so we can do it together, if you like.

JEFF

Well, as long as you're helping, I don't see why we wouldn't try.

MANDY

Well I just hope your chair turns out as good as mine did.

JEFF

Yours?

MANDY

You made this for me, right Tommy?

TOMMY

Anyway, I gotta get to work, but have a nice night, and I'll see you down in the shop, Jeff!

Mandy continues to rock in the chair as Tommy turns to leave. Jeff looks at her and rolls his eyes.

CUT TO:

INT. WOOD SHOP

Tommy is sitting at the table, painting a long post when Jeff walks in with a large box. Tommy looks up at him and Jeff raises his eyebrows.

JEFF

You ready for me?

Tommy starts to nod.

Jeff puts the box on the counter.

TOMMY

Just let me finish this up and then we can get started. Do you want to pick some boards from the pile there for the seat?

JEFF

Sure. What am I looking for?

TOMMY

Need about 8 pieces, a foot and a half to 2 feet long.

Jeff nods and walks over to the pile.

JEFF

So this is like when you're uncle taught you I imagine?

TOMMY

Hah, yeah, maybe, hadn't thought about it.

JEFF

Was he a carpenter?

TOMMY

My uncle? Kind of. He did that as a side thing. His regular job was as a mechanic. Owned a shop in town.

JEFF

Nice. I had a brother who was a mechanic too. Rivals I guess, haha.

Tommy looks at him for a moment, and it makes Jeff slightly uncomfortable.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Was there a lot of money in it? My brother had a lot of money, but I never knew where it came from.

TOMMY

Asking the wrong person, I have no idea. Your brother still around?

JEFF

No, unfortunately he passed away not too long ago.

TOMMY

I'm sorry.

JEFF

Nothing to be sorry about. He was older than me, but we hadn't spoken in a long time. Anyway, that's how we got this place.

TOMMY

That's how you got this place?

JEFF

Yeah, left it to us in his will. Feels a little like winning the lottery, you know?

TOMMY

(questioningly)
The lottery?

JEFF

Yeah, kinda out of the blue getting this windfall.

(takes a beat)

The property, ya know. Feels like a windfall to a teacher and librarian.

TOMMY

Yeah, yeah, of course.

Jeff puts the wood he collected on the table next to the box. He taps on it.

JEFF

Not gonna ask me what this is?

Jeff looks excited.

Tommy walks over to the box and examines it.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Probably don't need it yet, it's called a joiner, I think. Was online watching some videos on making rocking chairs and they all mentioned having a good one. I don't remember seeing one in here, so I figured why not?

Tommy opens the box top and peers in.

TOMMY

Expensive tool.

JEFF

That's what credit cards are for, right?

Jeff smiles, proud of himself.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Okay, so what's next?

Tommy looks at him puzzled.

JEFF (CONT'D)

The rocking chair...

TOMMY

Right. Yeah, umm, let's measure equal lengths and cut them down.

CUT TO:

INT. WOOD SHOP

Tommy is standing at the door looking out the window. He holds his phone up to his ear.

TOMMY

Hey man, they fucking found it.
Yeah, I'm sure. That prick bought a
\$1500 joiner after watching some
YouTube videos and was talking
about the lottery and shit.

(pauses)

Anyway, it doesn't fucking matter,
they have it. We need a plan.

CUT TO:

INT. WOOD SHOP

Jeff is sanding a chair seat. Tommy walks in.

JEFF

We have a seat!

Tommy smiles.

TOMMY

Basically almost done. Did you get
the rockers cut?

JEFF

Yup - over there, just need to be
sanded.

Tommy walks over and picks up the long, curved wood pieces.
Examines them individually, running his fingers along each
edge and eying the curves from outstretched arms.

JEFF (CONT'D)

By the way,

(in uppity voice)

Sandra...

(back to normal voice)

LOVES the bunk beds. She said they
were well worth the wait.

Tommy barely acknowledges the comment.

JEFF (CONT'D)

If you don't mind me asking, how
much did you charge her?

TOMMY

I'm going to trim this one side slightly, it's a little off compared to the other one.

JEFF

Okay. You're the boss.

Tommy smirks.

TOMMY

I didn't charge her for the beds. I felt funny charging her since I never built anything like that before.

JEFF

Well no wonder she was so happy... it's a shame, I'm sure she would have paid heftily.

TOMMY

She offered. Wrote me a check and everything. Just couldn't take it. Felt weird.

JEFF

Well I'm sure she's going to tell the whole town about you, so be ready. And maybe make a price list before you accept any more jobs. You know...

Tommy looks at him, waiting for him to continue.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Well, I could start a business for you, you know, an LLC. We can make it legitimate - I am an accountant after all.

TOMMY

I thought you were a teacher.

JEFF

I am. I teach math and accounting, but technically, I'm an accountant too.

TOMMY

Why a business? What's the point?

JEFF

Makes you legit, right?

TOMMY

Yeah? What would I need to do?

JEFF

Not much, if you're okay, we can do it together - 50-50. I'll get everything going and keep getting more Sandra's lined up, and you can keep making the furniture.

Tommy thinks about it for a second.

TOMMY

I guess so. Yeah, okay.

JEFF

Yeah?

Tommy nods.

TOMMY

You think...

JEFF

What?

TOMMY

Think maybe once it's set up I could do that instead of the janitor job?

JEFF

Wouldn't see why not, but I don't know what the rules are for parole. We can look into it though.

Tommy smiles and puts the ear protection on. Jeff nods and does the same.

CUT TO:

INT. WOOD SHOP

Tommy is inside at the table sanding something when Jeff walks in. Tommy nods, and Jeff smiles back as he takes off his coat and hangs it on the hook.

JEFF

What are you working on?

TOMMY

A coffee table...
(MORE)

TOMMY (CONT'D)
(matching Jeff's uppity
voice)
For SANDRA.

Jeff starts to laugh, and then laughs a little louder which makes Tommy start to laugh too. After a few moments, Jeff catches himself.

JEFF
Well I wouldn't want to do anything
to ruin that.

TOMMY
Yeah, business is picking up, you
get that invoice paper I left here?

JEFF
Sure did, and I have a few papers
for you to sign as well?

TOMMY
Papers?

JEFF
Yeah, confirming the ownership and
some other legal documents to make
sure we're the real deal.

TOMMY
Does it matter that I'm a felon?

JEFF
Not to me. Hah, and not to anyone
looking at these documents.

TOMMY
Okay, cool, year just tell me what
to sign.

JEFF
Sounds good, I'll bring them down
later, then. Pretty soon, we'll be
millionaires!

Again Tommy questions Jeff's word choice and looks at him intently. Jeff immediately looks away.

TOMMY
I won't hold my breath. You got
something you want to try to make?

Jeff contemplates the question for a second, before finally answering.

JEFF

Well... there's one thing I'd like to try to make, but, well I don't know if it's too much.

Tommy looks at him and raises an eyebrow.

JEFF (CONT'D)

It's just, well I usually work at the counter in the kitchen. And I really don't mind it. But I was thinking...

Jeff takes a deep breath as Tommy continues to look at him as he sands the wood.

JEFF (CONT'D)

My father used to own a store downtown, a little sporting goods shop, mostly stuff for the outdoors, fishing, hunting, that sort of thing. And well he spent the majority of his time behind the register or on the floor helping customers. Hah, I don't know why all this matters. But, anyway - when he wasn't there, he was in the back, doing his paperwork, accounting, that sort of thing. And he had this beautiful cherry desk, the kind that's like a semi-circle and closes.

TOMMY

A roll-top desk?

JEFF

Yeah, that sounds right.

Tommy nods.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Well anyway, I was thinking that maybe I might want one of them, and that I might want to try building it. Not one of the big ones, you know. A smaller one. But, I don't know...

Jeff goes silent, and Tommy blows the dust off the piece he's working on and looks at the lines. Finally he responds.

TOMMY

Well, I think we can do it, but the hardest part is going to be turning the legs. So you might want to try your hand at the lathe for a bit, get some practice on some pine or something before you ruin a good piece of cherry.

Jeff smiles and nods.

JEFF

Okay, right, the lathe. Which one is that again?

Tommy smirks.

TOMMY

(pointing)

It's that one. Let me get you set up.

CUT TO:

INT. WOOD SHOP - LATER

Jeff is at the lathe staring at the spinning wood and takes a chisel to the middle.

The lights flick on and off.

Tommy is standing at the door and waves.

Jeff smiles and gives him a thumbs up and then waves as well.

Tommy walks out the door.

Jeff looks back down at the spinning wood.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Jeff is sitting at the counter on his computer when Mandy walks into the kitchen with a mug and a book in her hands. She sets the mug in the sink.

MANDY

Jeff, honey, I think I'm going to turn in, okay?

Jeff doesn't answer.

MANDY (CONT'D)
Jeff. Honey!

JEFF
What? Sorry...

MANDY
What are you doing?

JEFF
(sheepish)
I, uh, started a business... With
Tommy

MANDY
What does that mean?

JEFF
Well, basically, the furniture he
makes and sells now goes into this
business.

Mandy just stares at him.

JEFF (CONT'D)
And, well I just have been doing
the accounting for it.

MANDY
Do you know how to do that?

JEFF
Mandy, I am an accountant.

MANDY
Jeff, dear, you're a 7th grade math
teacher.

JEFF
Need I remind you that I have a
degree in accounting.

MANDY
Need I remind you that it's from 30
years ago?

JEFF
I still understand how to do it,
regardless how long since I've done
it.

MANDY

Why are you doing this? Just worries me, all these changes all at once.

JEFF

I'm kind of adding money
(whispers)
From the stash...

MANDY

You're laundering the cash?!

JEFF

How do you know what that...

MANDY

I watched Ozark... Jeff, this is a terrible idea. What are you thinking??

JEFF

I'm thinking this is a great way for us to get the cash into a business account and out of our cupboards, and an insurance policy if Tommy knows something.

MANDY

So now you think he knows something?

JEFF

I don't know. But in case.

Mandy lets out a deep, frustrated breath.

MANDY

Right, well good luck with that, I'm going to bed.

JEFF

Okay, dear, I'll be in shortly.

Mandy nods and walks out of the room as Jeff continues.

FADE OUT.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mandy's eyes jerk open as a hand covers her mouth. The light from a flashlight comes on her face and she winces and closes her eyes at the brightness.

VOICE

Listen Mandy. Here's how this is going to go. You don't scream, you don't run, you don't try anything stupid, and this is all just a bad dream. Understand?

Mandy nods her head.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Good. I'm going to take my hand off your mouth now, okay?

Mandy nods again.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Remember, no screaming.

The man gently starts to lift his hand.

MANDY

JEFFFFF!!!

Her scream is immediately muffled by the hand.

VOICE

Damn it, Mandy. I asked nicely.
(to someone else)
Yo, the duct tape.

There's a sound of a piece of duct tape being torn off.

VOICE (CONT'D)

I didn't want to do this.

The man tapes her mouth and she tries to scream but it's muffled. He walks away and she immediately tries to run.

VOICE (CONT'D)

Mandy! I asked nicely!

He grabs her and sits her down on the bed. And she finally looks at him and her eyes widen in shock. It's Tommy.

TOMMY

Now I have to tie you up. Why did you make me do this??

Mandy tries screaming again.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Okay, we're going to stand up now.

Mandy starts thrashing at him, and Tommy grabs her and controls her easily.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
You're starting to piss me the fuck
off! Stop! Now!

Mandy jolts at his loud bark and immediately resigns herself.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Come on, let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

Tommy zip ties her hands to the chair at the picture window. Jeff is sitting next to her, also tied up.

TOMMY
Okay, now that we have you nice and
secure, we're just going to do what
we need to do and we'll be out of
here in no time. Nothing to worry
about.

Tommy walks to the kitchen where Sloan is standing there with some tools sitting on the island.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
You get what I asked?

SLOAN
I think so... I don't know what all
this stuff is for.

TOMMY
Don't worry about it. Let's just
get to it.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

Tommy and Sloan are pacing. The furniture is moved and the walls all have large squares of drywall cut out of them.

SLOAN
What the fuck, man, I thought you
said it was here!

TOMMY
It is here!

SLOAN

We cut a hole in every god damn wall in this place - no money, nothing. You were wrong, man.

TOMMY

Just shut the hell up for a second, let me think.

Tommy walks, quickly and intently toward Jeff and Mandy. He stands in front of Jeff and rips the tape off his mouth.

JEFF

Oww! Why are you doing this Tommy?!

TOMMY

Jeff, shut the fuck up.

Jeff immediately shuts his mouth. Has a look like he knew this was coming or that he had no idea. Not sure which.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Are there any hidden closets or doors, anything like that that you've found?

JEFF

What? No. What are you talking about, hidden doors? What are you looking for?

TOMMY

Fuck.

JEFF

Tommy, please, let us go.

Tommy punches Jeff in the mouth and Mandy squeals; tears start streaming down her face.

TOMMY

Jeff. Shut. The. Fuck. Up!

Jeff looks dazed. He looks up at Tommy.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Now. Do you know about closets or cabinets that seem... Hidden?

Jeff doesn't say anything.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Jeff?!

Jeff still doesn't answer. Tommy hits him again.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Dammit Jeff!

JEFF
(faintly)
I... don't know.

TOMMY
What?

JEFF
(more clearly)
I have no idea. Doors, walls I
don't know of any hidden ones.
Tommy, I don't know what you're
looking for.

There's a glint in his eyes and Tommy sees it.

TOMMY
Okay Jeff. You don't know.

He turns to Mandy.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
What about you Mandy? You know of
anything?

Mandy's eyes get wide.

JEFF
Tommy, please, no one knows
anything.

TOMMY
(eyes narrowed)
We'll see.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

The tape is back over Jeff's mouth. In the background, power tools are running. Both Jeff and Mandy's eyes are drifting slightly.

The tools shut off and they here loud footsteps, which makes both of them perk up.

Tommy comes into the room and immediately goes up to Mandy and rips her tape off of her mouth. She winces.

TOMMY
(through gritted teeth)
Where is it?

Jeff makes some noises, but Mandy doesn't say anything.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Mandy, where the fuck is it. I know
you know!

Mandy stares at him and then finally spits at Tommy.

Tommy backhands her across the face and she immediately slumps over. Jeff makes a guttural noise, enraged.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
When she wakes up, make her tell
me, or this gets worse. Not a word
until then.

Tommy rips off the tape again. This time Jeff stares at him, almost trying to intimidate him. Tommy smirks and walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

Sloan is leaning in the refrigerator pulling out containers when Tommy walks in.

TOMMY
What the hell are you doing?

SLOAN
What? I'm hungry. We've been here
for six hours already.

Tommy huffs, picks up a pencil lying on the counter, and starts to tap against a piece of paper. Sloan continues to open food containers.

SLOAN (CONT'D)
Listen, man. Your uncle was not a
reliable dude. Maybe it really
isn't here.

TOMMY
It's here. It's fucking here.

SLOAN
Listen, we were boys before you got
locked up, and I'm with you now,
but...

TOMMY

What the hell are you talking about? There for me? I earned this money. You're just here.

SLOAN

Earned it?

TOMMY

Yeah. Earned it.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Let's just find it and get the fuck out of here.

CUT TO:

INT. WOOD SHOP - 15 YEARS EARLIER

12-year-old Tommy and 12-year-old Sloan are in the shop. They're both laughing as they shoot nails at each other with a nail gun.

Their levity is stopped abruptly when they hear the shop door open and Ben walks in.

BEN

What the hell do you two think you're doing in here?

TOMMY

Sorry, we were just...

BEN

You were just what?

SLOAN

(sheepish)

Just messing around.

BEN

Sloan, get the hell out of here.

Sloan practically runs out of the shop. Tommy swallows hard.

BEN (CONT'D)

I thought you were smarter than this, but I guess not.

Tommy runs to one side of the large table and his uncle counters the move. He runs to the other side and his uncle responds.

BEN (CONT'D)
 It's all gonna be quicker if you
 don't make a game of it. But it's
 gonna happen either way.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOOD SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Tommy walks out, a bruise forming on his cheek and eye.
 Sloan comes out from behind of bush.

SLOAN
 You okay?

TOMMY
 Shut up, Sloan, leave me alone.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

Jeff is staring at Mandy. The power tools are still running
 in the background. Mandy starts to stir. She lifts her head.

MANDY
 (scratchy but loud)
 Jeff?

JEFF
 (whispering)
 Shhh. Mandy, quiet. You have to be
 quiet.

MANDY
 (whispering)
 Where are they?

JEFF
 (whispering)
 I don't know, maybe our bedroom? Do
 you know what hidden rooms they're
 looking for back there?

Mandy doesn't respond.

JEFF (CONT'D)
 Mandy! Just tell them.
 (catches himself and
 whispers)
 Mandy, just tell Tommy whatever he
 wants to know.

MANDY
(whispering)
I don't know what he's even looking
for. It's empty.

JEFF
(whispering)
What is?

The power tools had stopped without Jeff or Mandy even
noticing.

Tommy casually walks into the room.

TOMMY
How was your nap, Mandy?

Mandy and Jeff startle.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Good? Good. So, now, you want to
tell me where it is?

JEFF
We don't know about any hidden
doors, please, Tommy, let us go,
this isn't who you are! You can
take Mandy's jewelry. I have some
cash in my drawer, \$1000.

Sloan walks into the room.

SLOAN
\$1000? Hah! Listen fool, there's
fifteen million in cash somewhere
in this house. No one cares about
your wife's shit!

Jeff and Mandy both look at each other.

TOMMY
I fucking knew it. You fucking know
where it is.

JEFF
We don't have any money, I promise.

SLOAN
Who the fuck do you think we are?

TOMMY
Sloan, chill.

SLOAN

No fucking way. I'm sick of this shit. Are you both stupid? You even know who Tommy is? You invited the nephew of a very big drug dealer back to his uncle's home to work in his shop. Do your research maybe.

Mandy's eyes get wide and she looks at Jeff.

JEFF

Wait, your uncle?

TOMMY

Sloan, shut the fuck up. Jeff, Jeff, Jeff. Seriously? Don't remember me?

Mandy tries to figure out the puzzle. Jeff knows.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Yeah, Jeff, your brother. My uncle. Mandy, you look confused. On my mom's side of course. But you wouldn't know much about that. You all couldn't walk on the same side of the street as us, let alone be seen with anyone.

Tommy starts shaking his head, smiling.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I met you once, Jeff. I think I was 10 maybe? You barely looked at me. Too busy scolding your brother for his "lifestyle". Feel good about yourself? You did nothing with your life and still ended up with a place like this. Because of his lifestyle. You fucking hypocrites.

MANDY

Tommy, you don't understand.

TOMMY

Don't understand what?

MANDY

We, Jeff, didn't care about his, uh, lifestyle, until he started bringing you kids around it.

Tommy looks at her intently, trying to discern their sincerity. Jeff's face softens.

TOMMY
Yeah, fucking, right.

JEFF
(very quietly)
It's true, Tommy.

TOMMY
Too little, too fucking late.

JEFF
Think the shop and the business was
for nothing?

MANDY
Jeff, you knew?

Jeff looks at her and lets out a small sigh.

MANDY (CONT'D)
You didn't tell me?

JEFF
What would you have said if you
knew?

Mandy doesn't respond. Sloan interrupts the moment.

SLOAN
Shit, Tommy, this is a cute kumbaya
moment, but we need to get the
fucking money and get the fuck out
of here.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - 10 YEARS EARLIER

A car pulls into the driveway and Sloan gets out. He runs up to the shop door and tries to open it, but it's locked. He starts pounding on the window.

SLOAN
Yo! Tommy!!

Finally the door opens.

TOMMY
Dude, what the hell is wrong with
you?

SLOAN
Your uncle got pinched.

TOMMY

What? When??

SLOAN

About two hours ago. Jack's brother rolled on him, knew something I guess.

TOMMY

Shit.

SLOAN

Listen, Jack's brother was at the Foghorn.

TOMMY

The bar?

SLOAN

Yeah.

TOMMY

Did you take care of him?

SLOAN

What the hell, man? No. It's not... I'm not, like, fucking killing anyone. I'm just telling you.

TOMMY

You're fucking worthless. Come on, you can drive.

Tommy walks past Sloan, pulling the door closed and Sloan follows him to his car. They both get in and take off down the road.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

Tommy is sitting at the counter with his head in his hands as Sloan is pacing.

SLOAN

Listen man, what are we going to do? We need to leave soon or do something. They're fucking with your head man.

Tommy lifts his head and looks at Sloan.

TOMMY

What? Shut the fuck up, you don't know what you're talking about. It's here. The cash is here. I just need to think where he'd put it.

SLOAN

I hate to say this man, but I think we might want to make this look like an accident. Take the jewelry and money and run. They know who you are man.

TOMMY

You let me handle...

There's a knock at the door. Tommy and Sloan's heads jerk toward to the door where Abigail is smiling at them.

SLOAN

Damn, who's that little slice.

TOMMY

There's something fucking wrong with you. Go with Jeff and Mandy, make sure they don't do something stupid, I'll take care of this.

Sloan walks out. Tommy smiles as he walks over to the door and opens it slightly.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Hi, can I help you?

ABIGAIL

Yes, hi, are the Dobson's here?

TOMMY

Yeah, somewhere - they might be sleeping still.

ABIGAIL

Ahh, okay, and who might you be?

She's smiling, but cautious.

TOMMY

Oh, I'm Jeff's nephew. Been working in the wood shop on my days off.

ABIGAIL

Oh how lovely!

In the other room, muffled screams can be heard from Jeff and Mandy. Abigail tries to see in around the door.

TOMMY

Hah, uh... that's just my son watching TV... the weird shows they watch these days, huh?

ABIGAIL

Oh I know, I never know what my kids are watching!

Abigail seems to relax.

WOMAN

Anyway, I just needed to drop this off for them, it's the title to this house, they mailed it to my office.

Tommy looks at the folder and takes it from her.

TOMMY

So it's officially all theirs, huh?

ABIGAIL

Sure is. Can you be sure they get this?

TOMMY

Of course, of course. I'll just leave it on the kitchen counter. Jeff spends most of his life there anyway.

Tommy's smiles and Abigail smiles in return.

ABIGAIL

Okay great, thank you.

The woman starts to walk away from the door.

TOMMY

Yes, definitely.

WOMAN

Right... well it was nice meeting you, glad Jeff found someone to use the wood shop.

Tommy nods at her and smiles.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Right, okay, have a good day.

TOMMY

You too.

Tommy closes the door and looks at Sloan who puts his gun in his pants.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

What were you gonna do with that?
Shoot her? We both know you're too
chicken shit to do anything like
that.

SLOAN

And you're mister tough guy, right?

Tommy shakes his head.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

Listen man, we need to start...

Tommy ignores him and runs to the door. He opens it and shouts.

TOMMY

Excuse me! Ma'am!

He runs out to where Abigail is at her car, opening the door.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Excuse me, sorry! I just had a
quick question...

ABIGAIL

Sure, what's that?

TOMMY

My uncle is always telling these
tall tales to us, and we never know
what to believe.

ABIGAIL

He mention he's a super hero?

Tommy looks at her, puzzled.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)

(uncomfortable)

Hah, it was a thing he said.
Anyway, you were saying?

TOMMY

He keeps talking about the hidden
doors in the house. Is that true?

ABIGAIL

I don't know much about the house to be honest, I was only in it twice and barely walked around.

TOMMY

Got it. Okay, no problem, thought I'd ask.

Tommy produces his most charming smile.

ABIGAIL

I don't know if I should tell you or not. I don't want to ruin the fun!

TOMMY

Come on, he's always getting us, I'd love to get him back on this one.

WOMAN

Haha, well I only know of one.

TOMMY

No way! Do you know where?

ABIGAIL

Hmm, it's not often you see something like that!

Tommy looks more anxious than he intends, causing her a slight hesitation. Then he catches himself and smiles broadly.

TOMMY

You're not gonna tell me, huh? It's okay...

Abigail smirks like she's in on the conspiracy.

ABIGAIL

Okay, okay. The one I know of is in the hallway, the built-in cabinet has a latch and there's a small closet behind.

TOMMY

Oh wow. So he wasn't lying this time!

ABIGAIL

Nope, he wasn't lying, haha. Not sure of any others. I'm sure Jeff will tell you...

TOMMY

Thanks! He's gonna be so mad, hah!

Abigail smiles and waves as she gets into her car.

ABIGAIL

Okay, have a nice day!

TOMMY

You too!

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

Tommy comes in from outside with a sense of urgency. Sloan is sitting at the counter and looks up.

TOMMY

Get the saw and the crowbar, come on.

Sloan gets up and grabs the tools and follows Tommy out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Tommy and Sloan are standing in front of a built-in cabinet and Tommy starts to feel around the edges. Unable to find any levers or handles, he holds his hand out toward Sloan.

TOMMY

Crowbar.

Tommy slides his fingers along the edge of the cabinet, feels something, and then inserts the crow-bar into a notch and starts to pull away the cabinet. After a few tries, the cabinet breaks free and opens on a hinge, revealing a hidden closet area behind.

SLOAN

Holy shit. Is it in there?!

TOMMY

Saw.

Sloan hands Tommy the saw.

SLOAN
Where the fuck is it?

Tommy starts to cut around the perimeter of the wall. When he cuts the last corner, the board falls to the floor revealing stacks of money.

SLOAN (CONT'D)
Fuck yes! It's here! It's really
fucking here!

Tommy, muttering to himself, taps the banded stacks, top to bottom, counting. He finishes and then looks at the wall and runs his fingers along the edge.

TOMMY
(yelling)
You have got to be shitting me!

Tommy walks out of the room, into the hallway, and toward the living room where Jeff and Mandy are sitting.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Where the hell is it?! God dammit,
tell me!

Jeff and Mandy look at him wide-eyed. Sloan walks in.

SLOAN
Tommy, what the hell? It's in
there, we just saw it.

Tommy rips the tape off Jeff, who winces as he does.

TOMMY
(almost calmly)
Jeff, where is it?

Jeff just stares at him.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
The money, Jeff, where's the rest
of the FUCKING money?

SLOAN
What do you mean rest?

TOMMY
There's only like three million in
there.

SLOAN

Three million? Are you sure, it sure as hell looked like a shit-ton to me!

TOMMY

Well it's not. There was suppose to be fifteen million, and there's barely three.

(screaming)

Where is it Jeff??

Jeff looks at Tommy, then looks over at Mandy and back at Tommy again.

JEFF

I, um, I I I don't...

Tommy punches him in the mouth. Mandy screams through her tape and thrashes at her bound arms and legs.

TOMMY

Don't give me that shit. I know you know. You've been making comments about money for weeks.

JEFF

Honestly, I don't... know anything about any money, I swear!

Tommy pulls out his gun and holds it up to Mandy's head. She immediately whimpers.

JEFF (CONT'D)

No! Please! Tommy! I promise you, I don't know what you're talking about!

TOMMY

No?

Tommy rips the tape from Mandy's mouth.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

And what about you?

MANDY

Mmmmeeee?

TOMMY

(mockingly)

Mm mm mm me? Yeah, you. Where is it?

Mandy looks at him and back at Jeff. Both look terrified.

MANDY
I, I don't...

TOMMY
Fuck!

Tommy shoots his gun at the ceiling and both Jeff and Mandy cringe at the sound. She starts to sob.

FADE OUT.

INT. KITCHEN

The money is stacked on the counter. Sloan is sitting there staring at Tommy who is pacing again.

SLOAN
Hey man, two and a half million is still two and a half million.

TOMMY
I didn't go to prison for eight fucking years for two and a half million dollars you idiot.

Neither says anything for a moment.

SLOAN
(hesitantly)
So... what do you want to do?

TOMMY
One of them knows, I'm sure of it! I just need to figure out what'll make them talk.

SLOAN
Listen man, I was there when you asked. They didn't look like two people who knew about any more money.

TOMMY
I know they know. I just don't know why they aren't saying... They think this is a game, like they aren't in danger. Maybe that's the problem.

Tommy stops pacing and Sloan looks at him intently.

SLOAN

What?

Tommy doesn't answer.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

Dude, what is it?!

TOMMY

Get your gun.

Tommy walks to the living room and Sloan follows. They're standing in front of Jeff and Mandy.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Take her to the bedroom.

Sloan looks at Tommy questioningly. Tommy nods towards the bedroom and Sloan finally complies. He cuts her free and she starts trying to get away. Sloan grabs her by the hair.

SLOAN

Not so fast, lady.

Jeff screams through the tape.

SLOAN (CONT'D)

Don't worry, I'll take care of her.

Sloan and Mandy walk toward the bedroom. Tommy follows.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM

Sloan sits Mandy on the bed.

SLOAN

What are we doing?

TOMMY

In 5 minutes, shoot your gun off.

SLOAN

You want me to kill her??

Mandy sobs loudly.

TOMMY

Even if I did want you to, would you?

Sloan doesn't reply.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
That's what I thought.

SLOAN
You wouldn't fucking do it either.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

Tommy is standing in front of Jeff.

TOMMY
Listen Jeff, I'm going to take off
your tape and you're going to tell
me where it is. Or Mandy isn't
going to be okay.

Tommy pulls off the tape.

JEFF
You leave her alone!

TOMMY
Jeff. Just tell me where it is and
this is all over.

JEFF
There's no money here!

TOMMY
Why are you...

A gunshot sounds.

JEFF
Mandy!! What the hell did you do??
She better be okay or so help me!

TOMMY
Tell me where the FUCKING MONEY IS!

JEFF
I DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY!

Tommy hits Jeff repeatedly. He pulls out his gun and puts it
up to Jeff's head.

TOMMY
(whispering in his ear)
Is it worth all this? Your life,
Jeff? Mandy's?

Jeff closes his eyes and doesn't react.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Fuck you!

He shoots his gun at the ceiling several times. When it's silent, Jeff lets out a deep breath and Tommy leaves, punch walls as he walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

Tommy is putting the money in a duffel bag that clearly looks bigger than what he needs.

SLOAN

So we're going?

TOMMY

This is all we can find. And like you said, they don't know anything. So we're out of options.

SLOAN

What are we going to do about them?

TOMMY

What do you mean, leave them here.

SLOAN

They know who we are.

TOMMY

Listen, I've been coming here to work in the shop for months. They have had people come by 3 or 4 times. By the time anyone is actually looking for them, we'll be long gone.

SLOAN

It doesn't feel right, man. Like unfinished or something. We handle them, make it look like a bad robbery and we're out.

TOMMY

Stop. Right now, there's nothing that happened that will get us in any serious trouble. As far as the money, it's not theirs, so they can't report it stolen. We're not trespassing. Nothing serious. I want to keep it that way.

SLOAN
 Fine... but it still doesn't feel
 right to me.

TOMMY
 Okay. Go ahead.

SLOAN
 Go ahead and what?

TOMMY
 Finish them off.

Sloan swallows.

SLOAN
 Me?

TOMMY
 Yeah, tough guy. Go ahead.

SLOAN
 Nah, man, I'm not like that you
 know.

TOMMY
 And I am?

Sloan shrugs.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 Go fuck yourself you piece of shit.
 I'm not killing them, and we both
 know you're not killing anyone.

Tommy waits for a reaction and gets none.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
 We'll put them in the shop. There's
 no windows in the there, except for
 the front door. We'll board it up,
 and they won't be able to get out.

SLOAN
 I guess, man.

CUT TO:

INT. WOOD SHOP

Tommy screws a board to the open door. He pulls at it to
 ensure it's secure.

He looks around, almost fondly and then walks out.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

Tommy walks in purposefully. Sloan jumps up nervously.

TOMMY

Ready?

SLOAN

Yeah.

TOMMY

Let's get everything in the car,
and then we'll bring them out to
the shop.

Sloan nods, picks up the duffel and leaves. Tommy walks to Jeff and Mandy. Both stare wildly at him.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Listen. In a few minutes, I'm going
to take you out to the shop. If you
try to run, it won't be good for
you. Understood?

Jeff and Mandy look at each other and then nod.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE HOUSE

Tommy walks to where he can see Sloan who's out in the driveway near the street, looking back and forth. He gives Tommy a thumbs up. Tommy walks into the house.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM

TOMMY

You first Mandy.

Tommy leans down and cuts the ties to her legs.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I'm going to cut one arm free.
After I do, put it next to your
other arm so I can tie them
together.

Tommy stares at Mandy looking for any signs of what she's thinking.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Don't do anything stupid, Mandy.

Mandy nods again.

Tommy cuts one arm free and looks at her. She doesn't move, so he cuts her other arm free.

She looks at Jeff who shakes his head "no". She slumps, slightly, and puts her wrists together for Tommy to tie.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE HOUSE

Tommy checks on Sloan. Sloan once again looks both directions and then gives the thumbs. Tommy walks quickly to the door and pulls Mandy out.

TOMMY
Let's go!

The two of them quickly and carefully walk toward the shop.

CUT TO:

INT. WOOD SHOP

Tommy points to a stool.

TOMMY
Sit.

Mandy does and Tommy leans down to tie her legs to it. Mandy frantically looks around for something to use.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Don't bother, there's nothing
there.

Tommy stands up and Mandy stares at him coldly.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Maaannndy. Don't be like that. I
thought we were friends.

Mandy doesn't respond.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
Fine, be that way. For what it's
worth, I really did enjoy spending
time here.

Still no response.

CUT TO:

INT. WOOD SHOP

Mandy and Jeff are on the stools, tied up. Tommy walks toward the door, but before doing so, picks up a hammer and nails. He walks out of the shop and shuts the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOOD SHOP

SLOAN
Come on, let's go!

TOMMY
Relax. Almost ready.

Tommy nails a board to the door and frame.

CUT TO:

INT. WOOD SHOP

Mandy is in the same place, but Jeff is sliding himself over to a tool cabinet.

They hear pounding at the door, and both look over. Mandy looks over at Jeff who shrugs.

He opens a drawer and finds something to cut his ties. After cutting his hands free he takes the tape off his mouth.

JEFF
(whispering)
Ow! Dang that hurts.

Mandy starts to make a noise over the sound of the pounding.

JEFF (CONT'D)
(whispering)
Relax.

Jeff cuts his legs free and then walks over to Mandy.

JEFF (CONT'D)
(whispering)
You ready?

Mandy nods and Jeff rips the tape off her mouth.

MANDY
 (whispers loudly)
 Ow! Jeff, what the hell is wrong
 with you, how could you!?

Jeff cuts her arms and legs free.

MANDY (CONT'D)
 (whispering)
 Jeff, what's going on?

CUT TO:

INT. WOOD SHOP - 10 YEARS AGO

Tommy walks to the front of the shop where Ben is sitting.

BEN
 It's done?

Tommy puts the gun on the table and slides it across to Ben.

TOMMY
 I'm not killing anyone. We can
 figure out something else.

BEN
 Knew you didn't have the stones.
 Just like that pussy dad of yours.
 Get the hell out of here.

TOMMY
 We can do it another way.

Ben snickers.

BEN
 Another way. I said get the hell
 out of here. Now go, before I have
 two problems.

Tommy looks at him and Ben just stares back, ice cold.
 Finally, Tommy gets up and walks towards the door.

TOMMY
 (over his shoulder)
 There are other ways.

Tommy walks out and closes the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. WOOD SHOP

Mandy quickly moves to the door. She slowly unlocks it and tries to open it, but it won't budge.

MANDY
Jeff, it won't open!

Jeff shrugs.

MANDY (CONT'D)
Jeff! How are we getting out of here if it's blocked?!

Jeff smiles at her and she's clearly confused and frustrated by his demeanor. They look toward the door as they hear cars take off from the driveway.

MANDY (CONT'D)
They're gone, Jeff. Why are you so calm? This is a nightmare! Oh Jeff, how did we let this happen? We never should have let him into our lives. It's all my fault, I convinced you. No, what am I saying, it's your fault, you knew who he was the whole time! And you didn't tell me??? How could you?

Jeff walks over and takes Mandy into his arms and she just starts sobbing.

JEFF
Mandy, it's okay, I know how to get us out of here.

Mandy instantly pulls back from him.

MANDY
What? How?

JEFF
Give me a hand.

Jeff walks to the one table and pushes it over.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Come on, we need to move the tables.

MANDY
What, why?

JEFF
You'll see.

CUT TO:

INT. WOOD SHOP

The tables are pushed away from the center and Jeff and Mandy are staring at a trap door in the floor.

MANDY
Is this where you found the money?

JEFF
Yep.

MANDY
Is there something you're not telling me?

JEFF
What? No.

MANDY
Jeff, I feel like you're not telling me something.

JEFF
Nope. Let's go!

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE HOUSE - 15 YEARS AGO

Jeff knocks on the door and Ben opens.

BEN
What the fuck do you want?

JEFF
Very nice, Ben.

Ben continues to look at him.

JEFF (CONT'D)
Those boys...

BEN
Tommy? His friend? Those boys.

JEFF
Yeah. I've seen them here a couple times now.

BEN
You stalking me?

JEFF
What you do with your life is your
choice. But don't get them
involved.

BEN
What the fuck do you care?

JEFF
I'm not kidding, Ben. You want me
to keep my mouth shut, then you
need to leave them alone.

Ben smirks.

BEN
Little Jeffrey has some balls, huh?

Jeff looks unfazed.

BEN (CONT'D)
Listen - those boys are just fine.

Jeff continues to stare at Ben, and Ben starts to chuckle.

BEN (CONT'D)
I get it. The little shits don't
have a spine between them. Pussies
if you ask me. Even if I wanted
them to, they don't have what it
takes for this life. They're
just... Around, nothing more.

JEFF
Let's keep it that way.

BEN
Yes sir!

Jeff turns and walks away.

BEN (CONT'D)
You got some balls, Jeffrey, I'll
give you that. Some big fucking
balls.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAKE HOUSE

Jeff and Mandy are coming from behind the wood shop out onto the drive when Tommy's and Sloan's cars screech to a halt.

Jeff and Mandy are frozen.

Tommy gets out shouting.

TOMMY
What the fuck!?

SLOAN
How the fuck did they get out?

JEFF
Tommy, let's talk about this.

Tommy pulls out his gun and Sloan does the same.

TOMMY
Get back in the fucking shop, Jeff,
we'll be gone in a minute.

Jeff looks at Mandy, trying to keep her composure.

MANDY
(softly)
Tommy? What are you doing here?
Why'd you come back?

TOMMY
Hah. Funny thing. That lawyer lady
of yours stopped by earlier with
some paperwork. She told me about
the closet. And after we left, she
called me and told me about the
other hidden closet.

Mandy looks at Jeff who makes an "I don't know" face.

TOMMY (CONT'D)
So if you two get the fuck back in
the shop, we'll be gone in a
minute.

MANDY
Please, Tommy, just leave.

Tommy shoots his gun and everyone winces. Wide-eyed, Mandy and Jeff look at each other and both confirm they're okay.

TOMMY
I've had enough of this shit. That was the warning.

JEFF
Tommy, please, you're not going to hurt us. You're not that guy.

Tommy smirks and looks at Sloan, who also smiles.

TOMMY
Oh yeah, ask the guy who spent a month in the hospital if I'm that guy.

JEFF
The one you hurt for no reason?

TOMMY
He ratted on my uncle. YOUR fucking brother.

Jeff shakes his head sadly and everyone stares at him.

JEFF
(timidly)
I called.

No one responds.

JEFF (CONT'D)
I called the police on my brother. Not that guy you beat up. Me.

SLOAN
What the fuck are you talking about? I know it was him. I... I...

JEFF
You almost killed that guy, for nothing. For something I did. Don't, do it again.

Sirens are heard in the distance.

SLOAN
What the fuck is that? Did you call the fucking cops!?

Jeff and Mandy shake their heads.

SLOAN (CONT'D)
Tommy, we need to get the fuck out of here!

Tommy is looking at Jeff who stares back sincerely.

JEFF

I went to Ben. Told him to leave
you two alone. Keep you out of it.
I called the police for you.

Police cars surround the drive; get out, guns pointed at
Tommy and Sloan. Jeff and Mandy put their hands up.

OFFICER 1

Put the weapons down!

SLOAN

Tommy, what the fuck?

TOMMY

Sloan, shut the fuck up man.
(to Mandy)
That true, Mandy?

She shrugs and looks at Jeff.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

(screams)

FUCCCKKKK!!!

Tommy shoots his gun in the air, immediately triggering
officers to fire at him. Sloan instantly drops his gun,
throws his hands in the air, and ducks. The police rush in.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

Mandy and Jeff are sitting at the table and 2 police
officers are sitting with them.

OFFICER 1

So you said this Thomas...

MANDY

Tommy.

OFFICER 1

Tommy. Sorry. Tommy tied you two up
in those chairs over there, and
searched your house.

Jeff and Mandy nod.

OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)

And finally, he, and his, uh,
associate...

JEFF

Sloan.

OFFICER 1

Right, Sloan. Is that's a first
last name?

Jeff and Mandy look at each other and then look back at the
officer.

MANDY

I have no idea, actually.

OFFICER 1

Okay. Well anyway. Tommy and this
Sloan person find 2 million dollars
in the wall of a hidden closet.

JEFF

2 and a half million.

OFFICER 1

Right. And so they put you in the
wood shop and left.

JEFF

Yes sir.

OFFICER 1

And you got out through a trap door
in the floor.

Jeff nods.

OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)

What kind of house is this?

MANDY

Just a lake house.

The cops look at each other.

OFFICER 1

Guess it was a little more than
that at one time.

JEFF

Appears so.

OFFICER 1

And then just after you got out of
the wood shop, they showed up
again?

Mandy and Jeff both nod.

OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)
And how long was that before we
arrived?

JEFF
Maybe five minutes? I don't know.
Not long.

The officer nods and looks at his partner.

OFFICER 1
I think that's it for us. Wait, one
more thing...

JEFF
Sure, what's that?

OFFICER 1
That was a lot of money hidden in
the wall. Did you find any
additional cash anywhere before
that?

Mandy and Jeff look at each other and then back at the
officers, shaking their heads.

MANDY
No, sir. Wouldn't that be nice!

OFFICER 1
Well, not really, you'd be legally
required to turn it over as
evidence. So you're sure there
wasn't any more money?

JEFF
Not that I've found. Mandy?

Mandy looks at Jeff who's smiling politely. She looks back
at the officer shakes her head. The officers stare at them
for a moment. Mandy and Jeff don't blink.

OFFICER 1
Okay, well that's it for us then.

Shame what happened to Thomas. We'll see where it goes from
here. Obviously Sloan is in custody, now, so there might be
some follow up later. Thanks for your help with this, and
we're sorry you had to go through this.

The officers stand up and Mandy and Jeff follow them towards
the door.

OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)

If you think of anything else, let us know.

JEFF

Will do officer. Thanks. Have a nice day.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

Jeff and Mandy are standing next to one another talking to Abigail.

JEFF

How'd you know they were looking for the money?

ABIGAIL

Mr. Dobson, your brother, had it as a clause in his will, that if anyone were to ask about the rooms, the closets, to call the police.

MANDY

But why?

ABIGAIL

He knew that it meant you might be in danger.

JEFF

Why not just tell us about it?

ABIGAIL

He said you didn't want to be involved and he wanted to keep it that way. Anyway, with Tommy's, um, passing, everything that he was entitled to goes back to you.

JEFF

Which is?

ABIGAIL

It's all in here. I can go over it with you, or I can leave it here for you to look at and you can call with any questions.

Abigail hands Jeff a thick envelop. Jeff looks down at it, and then to Mandy. She looks at Jeff, pleading.

JEFF
 I, think, this is enough for us.
 This house. It's already put us in
 harms way, I don't think we need
 anything more.

Jeff hands the envelop back to Abigail.

ABIGAIL
 What do you want me to do with it?

JEFF
 Keep it, donate it, I don't care, I
 just, we don't need it or want it.

Abigail looks at Jeff and then at Mandy, and nods.

ABIGAIL
 Okay. Well, I'll let you know what
 happens. That's all I need.

JEFF
 Um, I have a question, if you don't
 mind.

Abigail looks at him, waiting.

JEFF (CONT'D)
 How did you know Tommy would come
 back?

ABIGAIL
 Same reason you knew he wouldn't
 shoot you.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN

Jeff is sitting at the counter with an ice pack on his cheek
 and Mandy is filling a teapot with water.

MANDY
 Tea?

JEFF
 Yes, please.

MANDY
 Jeff?

JEFF
 Yeah?

MANDY

When I was in the room with
Sloan...

Jeff doesn't react.

MANDY (CONT'D)

Why didn't you tell them where the
money was?

Jeff doesn't respond.

MANDY (CONT'D)

They could've killed me you know,
or worse... There were a few
moments there that I just feel like
you gambled. With our lives. My
life.

Jeff smiles at her.

JEFF

Tommy wasn't a killer. Ben was, but
not him. And not Sloan either.

MANDY

How do you know that?

JEFF

I just know.

MANDY

But how?

JEFF

Remember when I went to talk to
Ben, tell him to stop?

MANDY

Not really.

JEFF

Well it was about the boys. Like I
said to Tommy.

MANDY

And?

JEFF

And I told Ben to leave them out of
his stuff.

MANDY

Okay, well clearly he didn't.

JEFF

Not completely. But he said it then, and I watched them over the years. They didn't have it in them. They're better than, well, maybe they want to be. I knew they wouldn't.

MANDY

Still feels like a gamble.

JEFF

I didn't see it that way.

Mandy stares out for a moment.

MANDY

Where is the cash?

JEFF

I don't know anymore.

Mandy breaks her stare.

MANDY

Jeff, where is it?

Jeff smiles and takes a beat.

JEFF

Well, as it turns out, Tommy was a highly highly successful furniture maker.

Mandy stares at him.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Turns out he sold many pieces of furniture for ten's of thousands of dollars.

MANDY

The business?

JEFF

Yup.

MANDY

You laundered the money through the wood shop business you started with Tommy?

JEFF

I did.

MANDY
All of it?

JEFF
Yep

MANDY
Isn't that a lot, like isn't that
too much at once? Won't someone
look into it?

JEFF
Let's hope not.

MANDY
Jeff!

JEFF
Mandy, It's okay. We're fine.

MANDY
I didn't even know you knew how to
do that sort of thing.

JEFF
Every accountant knows how to do
that sort of thing.

MANDY
But you're just a teacher, Jeff.

JEFF
Super hero teacher...

Mandy continues to stare, a smile slowly forming.

MANDY
Super hero, huh? It all better have
been worth it.

JEFF
I think it will be. We have the
rest of our lives to find out.

The teapot whistles and Mandy pours hot water into two mugs.

MANDY
Can I... See the account?

JEFF
See it?

MANDY
Yeah, online? See, that it's all
there?

Jeff shrugs and opens a laptop sitting on the counter. He begins typing, dramatically hits enter and turns the computer towards Mandy.

Mandy leans down, reading something on the screen.

MANDY (CONT'D)
Jeff? It says...

Jeff is smiling.

Mandy looks up at him and his smile drops at her expression.

JEFF
What?

MANDY
It says this account is frozen
pending an invest...

Jeff quickly grabs the computers and reads the screen.

MANDY (CONT'D)
What does that mean, Jeff?

Jeff slams the computer screen down.

JEFF
God Dammit!

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END