

ANARCH

written by

Cole Gautereaux

[c.ellis.creative@gmail.com](mailto:c.ellis.creative@gmail.com)

TEASER

EXT. CITY SKYLINE. ANCHORAGE, ALASKA.

Clouds pass over head.

Cars zip along a small freeway.

Two homeless people scrap in an alleyway.

Smoke pours out from the vents on the sidewalk.

Trash tumbles across a quiet street in a small neighborhood.

INT. MANSION; MASTER-BEDROOM. 6:57 AM.

A couple lay side by side, both wrapped in blankets.

Dominic's lengthy frame is dwarfed by the size of the mattress.

His hair is a rat's nest, and a fat scar is carved into the right side of his face.

His eyes are sunken in and give him a ghastly edge.

He's healthy nonetheless.

Clarissa's eyes pop open and she blinks rapidly before rubbing her them.

She reaches for the nightstand and hits the alarm just as it goes off.

Then she puts her glasses on and grabs a book.

"Water for Elephants" by Sara Gruen.

Dominic rolls over and smiles as he says something in her ear.

She smiles too and leans back into him, putting her hand to his chest.

They kiss.

CLARISSA

You off to work already?

DOMINIC

Yea. Gotta meet the guys downtown.

She returns to her book.

CLARISSA  
Always chasing the paper. Can't you  
just lay here a minute?

But Dominic's already at the closet.

Various clothes are tossed behind the man as he rifles through the darkness for something to wear.

She nonchalantly thumbs then turns to the next page.

INT. MANSION, KITCHEN - MORNING.

Large windows, snow capped mountains in the background.

Dominic enters the fully-equipped kitchen.

His bare feet slap against the cold white tile.

Behind him, a series of marble statues and busts.

Dominic dials a number on the handset.

It rings on speakerphone.

FISH  
Yo. What up.

DOMINIC  
Ayo. What's good Fish. You got that  
mark held up yet?

FISH  
Yeah we got him. He hasn't shut his  
fucking mouth yet either.

DOMINIC  
Aight bet. Sit tight. I'm on the  
way down.

Dominic throws open the refrigerator and stuffs his face with a handful of lunch meat.

Then he slams it shut, and strides to the front door.

He laces up combat boots, throws on his heavy coat, and slams the door behind him.

INT. PICK UP TRUCK. HIGHWAY AND SCENERY BLUR AS THE FORD RAPTOR EATS UP PAVEMENT.

A woman's voice drones over the airwaves.

ANCHOR

*This just in; crime scene investigators have allegedly gotten to the bottom of the shipwreck that happened earlier last year--*

Dominic changes the station and clenches his jaw.

DOMINIC

Fuckin' news anchors.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE.

Dominic slams the door of his truck and marches up the stairs in front of the building.

The building clearly hasn't aged well.

INT. DARK WAREHOUSE.

A singular beam of light shines down on four figures.

One of them is tied to a chair.

DOMINIC

Was it you? Huh? Were you the one who called the cops last Friday?

CAPTIVE

No, no! I swear it wasn't me! It wasn't me!

DOMINIC

Then who was it, huh?

He smashes the man in the face.

The rags around his knuckles drip with blood.

CAPTIVE

Gah! Fuck! Ok! Ok! It was me!

FISH

Hah! I fuckin' knew it. Poor bloke shoulda' just said so.

HARVEY  
Man shut it, will ya?

INT. MANSION; GRAND BALL ROOM.

Smoky beams of light refract through the room while people dance in a tangle of limbs.

Dominic, Clarissa, Fish and Harvey are sharply dressed in black.

Dominic sits in a large chair with his hands rested on its large armrests. Rings adorn nearly all of his fingers.

Fish exchanges a small bag for a fat wad of cash.

The music grows louder and the partying intensifies.

The bass gets even heavier, the atmosphere brightens and people's eyes are like saucepans as they acquiesce.

EXT. GRAVEYARD. RAINING. OVERCAST.

SUPERIMPOSE: Dominic's sitting at a grave site as it rains.

Tears roll down his face.

INT. MANSION; KITCHEN. NIGHT.

The kitchen is as red as a darkroom.

Dominic, Fish, and Harvey are yelling at each other, pushing and pointing fingers in each other's faces.

Something moves in the background.

None of them notice the hooded specter behind them, painted red by the lighting.

It looks up and raises its arms, as if imitating crucifixion.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. A LARGE CARGO FREIGHTER.

Rain blows in upon one of the ship's awnings.

Bolts of lightning strike the water far off in the distance.

Ship hands are bustling around, hurrying to make their last rounds.

CAPTAIN  
(over the loudspeaker, in  
Russian)  
Sealing the hatches in ten minutes!

One of the ship hands is screaming furiously for someone to help him.

As another work runs over, the wire that was being tightened suddenly snaps.

The first worker is struck by the wire.

He screams and clutches his face while blood seeps through the cracks in his fingers.

INT. SMALL ROOM SOMEWHERE WITHIN THE BOAT.

A man hurriedly stuffs bricks of tender into black duffel bags.

He checks his watch, and droplets of sweat drip from his forehead.

EXT. LARGE CARGO FREIGHTER

More workers have come over to help the injured man and are now carrying him towards the ship.

A faint whistle can be heard and the workers pause as it grows louder.

A missile strikes the rear of the ship and the force of the explosion knocks them off their feet.

INT. SMALL ROOM SOMEWHERE WITHIN THE BOAT.

The man steadies himself as the missile hits.

He grabs the duffel bags and swings open the hatch to his room.

He sprints down the hallway and slips as he cuts sharply to the right.

Sirens go off and water is rapidly rising behind the man as he launches himself and his precious cargo up a flight of stairs.

He reaches another door and struggles to open it.

The moment he's got it open, rain blows in hard and the gusts from the storm rip the hatch from his hand.

He falls back only to press into the fray with more intensity.

The boat has begun to sink and the distance between the awning and the ocean grows steadily.

The man runs along the awning and reaches a lifeboat.

He tosses the duffel bags in the lifeboat, then he jumps in, pulls a knife from his boot and slices the tethers.

The man's grips his duffel bags tightly as the boat plummets towards the ocean below.

It smashes into the water and the wind is knocked from the man's lungs.

DOMINIC

Hugh!!

As his eyes bulge, he grasps his stomach and briefly lets go of the bags.

*Screeeech!*

The boat has split in half and the half that Dominic just fell from is now rapidly coming back down.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Oh shit!

It makes an even more colossal crash than the dingy lifeboat and a huge wave of water is rushing towards Dominic and his cash.

It shoots the boat forward and Dominic looks down some fifty feet at the ocean below as he rides the crest of the tidal wave.

Dominic and the lifeboat go over the falls of the wave, and are lost to the sea.

EXT. A SMALL COVE SOMEWHERE NEAR ANCHORAGE, ALASKA.

Two young adult males are laughing as they stumble across a rocky beach.

FISH

There's no way Muta would have lost to Hiroshi.

HARVEY

Fish. I do not give a single fuck about Japanese wrestling.

FISH

Well you--

But Harvey's spotted something on the other side of the beach.

He hits Fish in the stomach, interrupting him.

HARVEY

Yo do you see that shit?

He points at the wreck, and they sprint excitedly towards it.

Dominic is passed out, soaking wet, and clutching his duffel bags with white-knuckled grip.

FISH

Dude what should we do?

HARVEY

Let's take his bags.

Harvey reaches for the zipper, but Fish puts his arm out to stop him.

FISH

No, wait. Let's just get him inside.

HARVEY

Are you crazy? This guy could be anybody! What if he has a bounty?

FISH

C'mon man help me out.

Harvey agrees and the two of them hoist Dominic up and carry him back towards where they came from.

They're about to leave the duffel bags when Dominic stirs.

DOMINIC  
(feeble)  
Duffel bags...duff-el...ba--

But he loses consciousness again.

They gently place him down on the rocks and they each grab a bag, hustle back to the man, and pick him up again.

FISH  
Don't worry man we got ya.

EXT. ONE YEAR LATER. SKYSCRAPER; ROOF. THURSDAY EVENING -  
SUNSET - 6:30 PM.

Two people sit atop a tall building in downtown Anchorage.

They swing their legs as traffic rushes below.

Dominic takes Clarissa's hand and smiles at her.

She looks over and returns the gesture, though her gaze is serene and gentle.

Dominic breaks the silence.

DOMINIC  
You know what never ceases to amaze  
me?

Clarissa laughs.

CLARISSA  
What might that be?

DOMINIC  
Every time I'm with you, I just  
feel so at peace.

She reaches for her pack.

CLARISSA  
You're the cheesiest piece of shit  
I've ever met.

She pulls out a bag of marijuana, reaches in for a few nugs, and brings them to her nose.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)

Well, I guess we've got that in  
common, don't we?

DOMINIC

I suppose so.

It's his turn to laugh, but he just smiles quietly and starts  
to gut a blunt.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

A love for blunts...for starters.

Now he laughs, and puts his arm across her shoulder.

The last of the sunlight drips below the horizon.

Dominic finishes rolling the piece, a pearl of a roll, and  
lights it.

Hits it once, then hands it to his girl friend.

She takes a few drags and sings as she exhales the smoke.

CLARISSA

...and just smoke our troubles  
away...

She trails off.

Dominic grumbles and almost rolls his eyes but he's  
interrupted by his ringtone.

DOMINIC

Hello?

FISH

(voice over)

Yo! Me 'n Harvey just picked up a  
shipment.

DOMINIC

Oh yeah? That the Tesla shipment?

FISH

(voice over)

Yup. We got Blue, Orange, and  
Hulks.

DOMINIC

Perfect. You at the crib?

FISH  
(voice over)  
Naw. Not yet. Soon though. Getting  
a fry up from the wharf.

DOMINIC  
Fair enough. See you in half an  
hour.

Dominic hangs up, and closes the flip phone with a clack.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)  
Time to go.

CLARISSA  
Who was that on the phone just now?

DOMINIC  
Fish. The new stuff came in.

They get to their feet slowly.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER; BASE. THURSDAY EVENING-- 7:30 PM.

A black Ford Raptor pulls out of a garage and peels out onto  
the thoroughfare.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD. THURSDAY EVENING-- 8 PM.

The moon shines down on a cloudless night.

The truck's headlights reveal the curving road and  
surrounding trees.

It comes to a halt at a modern home with a large garage and  
well decorated drive way.

A white Lexus IS 350 is parked in front of the house.

Dominic parks the Raptor behind the Lexus and they get out.

EXT. MANSION. THURSDAY EVENING - 8:05 PM.

Dominic closes the front door behind Clarissa.

He reaches for the light and flicks them on one by one.

CLARISSA  
Can we please get rid of these?

Marble statues stare blankly across the hallway at each other.

DOMINIC

No way, I love 'em. They're like family to me.

CLARISSA

Aren't we like family to you?

DOMINIC

Well yeah, but--

CLARISSA

But what? Not good enough?

DOMINIC

No... what? What are you talking about?

CLARISSA

Don't play dumb. We all know you're not like the rest of us.

DOMINIC

Clarissa--

CLARISSA

No Dominic. Don't Clarissa me. Maybe if you opened up more--

DOMINIC

Maybe-if-I-opened-up-more what? I'd love you more?

CLARISSA

Dominic I didn't know--

DOMINIC

Yes you did. Of course you did.

CLARISSA

But how?! You never talk to me about it!

DOMINIC

I can't! I can hardly even remember my mother's face!

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

...as if you weren't enough.

Clarissa starts to sob, but Dominic pulls her in and embraces her in a big bear hug.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

I love you more than anything. You know this.

He kisses her on top of her head.

CLARISSA

You're the fucking worst.

INT. MANSION; KITCHEN. THURSDAY EVENING - 8:15 PM.

Clarissa sits down at the island while Dominic cleans.

CLARISSA

Baby. We've got to resolve this thing. It's killing me.

DOMINIC

I can hardly remember anything anymore.

CLARISSA

Ok well walk me through it again.

DOMINIC

Ok. I'll tell you every last detail I can muster.

CLARISSA

Really??

DOMINIC

Yes. But next week when I've got less to worry about.

CLARISSA

C'mon baby please.

She begs him and puts on her best puppy dog impression. Drooping frown and all.

DOMINIC

Look at you. How could anyone say no to that?

Clarissa beams with a huge ear-to-ear grin.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

I guess they just say no. Answer hasn't changed.

Dominic winks at her, then dries off the last dish and puts it in the cupboard with the rest of the plates.

CLARISSA

But--

DOMINIC

Fish! Harvey! Where the fuck are you guys?!

Silence.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Damn it. I'm starving man. C'mon Clare let's go find those fools.

The two leave the kitchen and head down a corridor that leads deeper into the house.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Alexa! Play Bad Brains; "I and I Survive." Dub!

ALEXA

Now playing Bad Brains, "I and I Survive."

Reggae floods from the speakers that line the ceiling, and the subs in the living room slap as the beat breaks.

Clarissa plops down in the large couch and turns on the flat screen.

Dominic tosses her the satchel of kush he took from the kitchen.

CLARISSA

Where do you think they are?

DOMINIC

Not sure. I'm about to check the basement though. Sit tight.

Dominic rounds the corner and makes his way to the door that leads down stairs.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Feel free to roll something! Might be a minute down here.

CLARISSA

Ok! I'm gonna watch some Hill House

DOMINIC

'k!

Dominic disappears down the stairwell and Clarissa turns down the music.

INT. MANSION; BASEMENT OFFICE. THURSDAY EVENING-- 8:15 PM.

He turns on his flash light and starts down the stairs, reaches the bottom of one flight, then begins the next.

Upon reaching the bottom, he turns on more lights to reveal a massive room.

See-through Rubbermaid bins line the walls, and are stacked three high.

It looks as if they're full of sand.

Dominic approaches one of the bins and flips it open.

He closes the bin and strides towards a discreet door at the back of the room.

The lights are already on.

DOMINIC  
Thank fuck. Holy shit.

Dominic turns the knob and Fish and Harvey are dancing side by side.

Both are wearing over-ear headphones and are deeply engrossed in their music.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)  
What the fuck are you doing?  
(irritated)

The two continue to dance; goofy, eyes-closed.

Dominic marches up to them and firmly clasps one of his hands on each of their shoulders.

Fish flinches so hard that his headphones soar across the tiny office and smash against the white cement wall.

FISH  
Oh! Shit! Whoa dude, whoa. Whoa...

Harvey hardly even moves.

DOMINIC  
I've been standing here for about  
five minutes now!

FISH  
Ah, shit.

DOMINIC  
You said you'd have food and the  
shipment waiting for me when I got  
back..?

FISH  
Uh...Right...

HARVEY  
(Stares blankly)

Dominic snaps his fingers in front of Harvey's eyes.  
He waves his hand in front of his face.

DOMINIC  
Har-

Harvey suddenly snaps out of it and his face contorts.

HARVEY  
You can't see me!

DOMINIC  
Harvey...

Dominic trails off and sighs.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)  
Y'know what never mind.

Dominic turns to Fish.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)  
Did you guys bring food back or  
not?

FISH  
Well...we got the shipment.

DOMINIC  
Clearly.

They both look at Harvey as he continues to "dance."

Dominic slaps Fish on the shoulder.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)  
At least that shit is potent.

Fish and Dominic share a hearty laugh.

FISH

Yeah, sorry about the food man. We picked up the crate and y'know how that shit goes sometimes.

DOMINIC

Don't even trip.

Harvey's found his earphones and is absolutely gone.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)

Alright. Well...Let's just leave him hear for now.

FISH

Not with the rest of the stuff being down here.

DOMINIC

What do you mean? You really think he's gonna take more?

FISH

Are you kidding me? This is Harvey we're talking about.

They look back at Harvey and he's really jamming now.

Furiously.

DOMINIC

Yeah...That doesn't look healthy.

FISH

Exactly. Huge rolling hills when you're on this stuff.

DOMINIC

How poetic of you.

FISH

Not quite. I'm having a hard time even talking to you. I haven't stopped moving my feet.

Now that it's been brought to his attention, Dominic looks down and Fish is straight wiggling.

They laugh again, almost doubling over.

FISH (CONT'D)

Are you sure you're not high yourself?

Dominic has another bout of chuckles before responding.

DOMINIC  
You guys are just the best.

FISH  
Too kind. Let's get outa here. It's  
spooky as fuck.

EXT. TACO BELL PARKING LOT. FRIDAY MORNING-- 2 AM.

Dominic, Clarissa, Fish, and Harvey step down from the Raptor and slam the doors behind them.

Clarissa laughs joyously.

HARVEY  
I don't know. I honestly do not  
know.

CLARISSA  
That was hilarious!

FISH  
I'm sorry, but I'm still so  
confused.

CLARISSA  
Well like I said earlier I just  
found him there with a bag on his  
head...

Harvey clears his throat nervously as he opens the door for his companions.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)  
...and when I got closer, he was  
just smoking a spliff...in the  
plastic bag.

DOMINIC  
Ridiculous...

FISH  
...genius.

CLARISSA  
I fucking lost it when I saw that.

HARVEY  
Well...you know...

CLARISSA  
Shh. You can't talk right now.

HARVEY  
But-

CLARISSA  
Nah. Talking stick revoked.

Clarissa smiles at Dom.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)  
Just kidding. But what the fuck,  
dude? Seriously?

HARVEY  
I just thought it'd get me higher?

DOMINIC  
Dude...

They finish placing their orders and sit at one of the booths.

Fluorescent lights buzz quietly in the background.

CLARISSA  
Well if that molly is that strong,  
we should give some samples out.

HARVEY  
Like a party?

CLARISSA  
Exactly!

DOMINIC  
Sounds cool to me. We gotta go hard  
as a motherfucker though. Can't  
afford to have our rep dip. Not  
with last month's numbers.

FISH  
Yeah, alright. Fair. I'll get my  
people. Jake's got some sweet subs,  
and I think Orion can DJ for us.

CLARISSA  
Yes! Perfect! You guys I'm gonna  
lose my mind tomorrow-- err,  
tonight.

The lone worker manning the Taco Bell brings their order over, and they scarf down their meals.

FISH  
(mouth full)  
Alright well we should probably get  
a move on then. Long day tomorrow.

DOMINIC  
Let's get it.

INT. MANSION; MASTER-BEDROOM. FRIDAY MORNING - 11:00 AM.  
The sun pours in through Dominic and Clarissa's curtains.  
Another normal day.  
Until Clarissa pops up excitedly.

CLARISSA  
Dom! Wake up!

She nudges him and he begins to stir, groaning.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)  
Dom! It's Friday! Almost noon. We  
gotta set up!

DOMINIC  
Huh? Oh. Good morning baby. Flip  
the chicken it's gonna burn...

Clarissa giggles and swings her legs out of bed.

CLARISSA  
Alright I'm gonna go find some  
food.

Dominic sits up, fully awake.

DOMINIC  
Clarissa, wait.

CLARISSA  
Hmm?

DOMINIC  
I had this crazy dream last night.

CLARISSA  
Oh yeah? What about?

DOMINIC  
Well it's hard to say, but I think  
I started to remember.

Clarissa turns on her heel.

A crisp one-eighty.

CLARISSA  
You're not fucking with me?

DOMINIC  
No, no. One hundred percent for  
real.

CLARISSA  
Oh my god. Dom. Congrats!

Dominic scratches his head and sighs.

DOMINIC  
Thing is, it's so blurry. But I  
think I dreamt of my parents. I  
remember feeling their presence.  
But I can't see what their faces  
look like.

CLARISSA  
Hmm. I wonder if there's a way we  
could...

She trails off in thought.

DOMINIC  
Unlock it?

CLARISSA  
Precisely!

DOMINIC  
I have an idea.

Dominic's girlfriend looks at him expectantly.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)  
Dreaming while awake.

CLARISSA  
Right. That's not possible. Sorry  
champ.

DOMINIC  
Heroin.

CLARISSA  
Nope. You're not doing that. It's  
just stupid.

DOMINIC

Well maybe--

CLARISSA

No, Dom. This is heroin we're talking about. Opiates. It's the ultimate no-go zone. There's no coming back from that place. My brother was telling me that our uncle tried it once and he was never the same.

DOMINIC

Mikey told you this? Isn't he like forty?

CLARISSA

Yeah it was way before I was born, so I never knew Uncle Steve anyway.

DOMINIC

Hmm.

CLARISSA

Yeah. It's just not a good idea.

Dominic has finally gotten out of bed.

He stretches.

DOMINIC

Alright well what about 'shrooms?

CLARISSA

I mean fine, whatever. Just as long as it's not heroin.

DOMINIC

Cool.

CLARISSA

Come on sleepy head. We got shit to do.

EXT. MANSION; FRONT STEPS. FRIDAY AFTERNOON - 1:00 PM.

Fish and Harvey sit in front of the mansion.

The fountain babbles and sweat collects on their foreheads.

FISH

Alright Harv' good shit.

Harvey hoists himself to his feet.

HARVEY

What do you think would be best?

FISH

What?

HARVEY

More workers or better workers?

FISH

Why the fuck are you thinking about that? Who cares? Just as long as we get paid.

HARVEY

But that's the whole problem. You see?

Fish squints up at Harvey.

FISH

No. No I don't really.

HARVEY

Well. Put it this way.

He scratches his head.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

You and I work all day long at the cannery.

FISH

Right.

HARVEY

And then we have special days such as these. We call off. We take it easy. We do some drugs.

FISH

Right.

HARVEY

But think of all the people who do this every day...

HARVEY (CONT'D)

Think of people like Dom. All the money in the world somehow...

FISH

Yet they don't even know how they came to possess it...

FISH (CONT'D)

I think you're onto something man.

Harvey descends from the patio and heads for the Lexus.

He calls out to Fish over his shoulder.

HARVEY

Now where does that leave you and I? And everyone else?

Fish is still sitting on the steps when he yells back at Harvey.

FISH

To scrape the bottom of the fucking barrel.

HARVEY

Which is why we have to sell--

FISH

Drugs.

Fish stands to his feet and heads towards the car.

Harvey places his hands atop the car's roof and looks across at Fish.

HARVEY

So when are we supposed to climb our ladder? How are we supposed to progress?

FISH

We're not. Are we?

Harvey raises his eyebrows, bites his top lip and smacks the roof twice before swinging open the door and sliding into the seat.

Fish follows suit.

EXT. MANSION; FRONT STEPS. FRIDAY AFTERNOON - 3:00 PM.

Dominic's Raptor is parked on the sidewalk.

The fountain is off.

Fifteen cars fully occupy the horseshoe-shaped driveway.

Some of them are exotic makes, while others look like project cars tuned for racing or show.

But most of them are just regular cars.

Ordinary vehicles.

INT. MANSION; BASEMENT OFFICE. FRIDAY AFTERNOON - 3:00 PM.

The basement is crowded with people.

Men and women of indeterminable ages stand at attention while Dominic addresses them.

DOMINIC

--and that's why it's incredibly important to make sure each person who buys gets an invite.

DEALER 1

So everyone who gets a pill get's an invite?

DOMINIC

Next question!

People stir and talk among themselves.

DEALER 3

But what are we gonna do if too many show up?

DOMINIC

Too many? No such thing! Let 'em come!

More commotion.

DEALER 2

Dom, don't you remember the last party we threw?

DEALER 4  
Yeah man that dude's poor dog got trampled.

DOMINIC  
Fuck a dog. Did you get paid?

DEALER 4  
Well...yeah.

DOMINIC  
And was it generous?

DEALER 4  
...yeah.

DOMINIC  
Next question!

A petite and short-haired Brunette woman speaks up.

DEALER 5  
Is it true that you're actually an asshole?

Everyone laughs.

He goes into the office, drags out a chair, and stands on it.

DOMINIC  
(yelling)  
Alright listen up. We're throwing a party. We're selling all of this molly. We're getting fucked up.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)  
No questions? Good! Now everyone grab a pill press and some baggies.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)  
I want a thousand bucks from each of you before the night ends.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)  
(yelling)  
Got it?!

More moaning from the crowd of people.

ALL  
Ok...

DOMINIC

Now get the fuck outa here. DJ  
spins at midnight.

EXT. WELL LIT ALLEY. FRIDAY NIGHT - 8:00 PM.

Fish and Harvey are leaning up against a brick wall.

A figure appears out of the darkness and his car chirps in  
the distance as he locks it.

They exchange no words, and Harvey places the bag in the  
strangers hand while he gives a wad of cash to Fish.

They nod at each other and the man slips away into the night.

HARVEY

I'm sick of this bullshit.

FISH

Shut up Harvey.

Harvey clenches his fists and shifts his weight.

HARVEY

Always bossing us around...

FISH

Harvey calm down.

He's pacing back and forth and muttering to himself.

His breath is raspy and he's shivering as he speaks.

HARVEY

(whispering)

Sick of it, sick of it, sick of  
it...

FISH

Get a fucking hold of yourself man.

Tears roll down Harvey's face.

HARVEY

I'll show him who owns who.

Harvey's breathing begins to grow heavier and more intense.

HARVEY (CONT'D)

As if I'm really just going to  
mindlessly stand around on corners?

He shoots straight up like a rocket and sucker punches Fish under the chin.

*Crack!*

The connection of his mandibles creates a crisp pop and he falls backwards.

His body looks peaceful until his skull bounces on the pavement.

Harvey bends over Fish's unconscious body and rifles through his pockets.

He counts fifteen hundred dollars and another bundle.

HARVEY (CONT'D)  
Fucking bastard.

Harvey spits on Fish and strides off into the darkness.

INT. MANSION; MASTER BEDROOM. FRIDAY EVENING - 8:00 PM.

DOMINIC  
Tuxedo or casual?

CLARISSA  
I'm going casual. Leather jacket.

Dominic walks over the closet and puts on a sports coat and black pants. Low cut collar on his linen shirt.

His black hair hangs over his sunken eyes in long, stringy curls.

The scar on his freshly shaven cheek is now much more prominent.

Clarissa lounges in her robe while smoking a cigarette.

Blue tendrils of smoke curl and her hair is still dripping from her shower.

She refocuses her green eyes on Dominic.

CLARISSA (CONT'D)  
My, oh my. Horrendous.

DOMINIC  
As long as they pay me.

Dominic tucks his shirt in as he looks at her.

He loops and fastens his belt.

DOMINIC (CONT'D)  
How many you think will show up?

Clarissa sits up and walks over to the bathroom.

She drops her robe and opens the door.

Steam pours out.

She looks over her shoulder.

CLARISSA  
Who knows?

The door closes behind her.

DOMINIC  
Jesus.

INT. VEHICLE. SOMEWHERE IN ANCHORAGE. 8:15 PM.

Harvey's got the steering wheel clutched white-knuckled.

The needle on the speedometer presses past fifty miles per hour.

Harvey punches buttons on his phone while looking back and forth from the road to the phone.

The car swerves and Harvey wipes beads of sweat from his forehead.

HARVEY  
Meet me at the Lounge in twenty minutes.

VOICE  
(voice over)  
Full house?

HARVEY  
Full house.

He tosses the phone into the passenger seat.

Harvey furrows his eyebrows and accelerates.

INT. MANSION; SCULPTURE GARDEN. FRIDAY EVENING - 8:30 PM.

Dominic walks between the rows of hedges.

The garden lights illuminate the stone statues and their features are cloaked in shadows.

He stops at a small bird bath next to one of the statues.

The drag from his cigarette paints his face orange.

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a bag of mushrooms.

DOMINIC  
Fingers crossed.

He eats the whole bag.

Then he pulls out an orange juice from his coat's breast pocket and gulps it down.

He lights another cigarette and heads back towards the house.

INT. THE LOUNGE PATIO AND BAR. FRIDAY EVENING - 9:00 PM.

Harvey is sitting at a booth in the back slamming tequila shots.

An individual in a trench coat sits across from him.

He checks his peripherals and is clearly sketched out.

STRANGER  
So what are you looking for?

HARVEY  
Fentanyl.

The Stranger slides a baggy towards Harvey.

A red "F" is written across it in permanent marker.

STRANGER  
\$70.

Harvey slides him a hundred dollar bill.

HARVEY  
\$30 worth of coke too.

STRANGER  
That's less than--

HARVEY  
I don't care.

Harvey looks at the man as if he were trying to stop his heart.

The Stranger reaches back into his pocket and slides Harvey another baggy.

STRANGER

First time discount. I suppose.

Harvey grumbles and leaves.

He exits the restaurant and reaches his car, followed by ripping open one of the bags and taking a bump.

He slips the other into his jacket and pulls out of the lot.

EXT. WELL LIT ALLEY. FRIDAY EVENING - 9:00 PM.

Fish stirs from his impromptu nap.

Blood has crusted on his upper lip, his chin, and his neck.

He sits up and places his hand to his forehead, checks his fingers for blood, then does the same thing with his lip.

He frowns when he finds his finger tips speckled with little red dots.

FISH

Jesus Christ.

He tries to stand up, but falls over.

He clutches his temple with one hand.

Then his cell phone rings.

FISH (CONT'D)

Whoa that's a lot of sixes. Hello?

FISH (CONT'D)

No. What?

FISH (CONT'D)

Yeah McAllister and Broadway.

FISH (CONT'D)

Yeah...Uh...alright.

A white 1950 Ford Crestliner zips up to the curb.

The window rolls down to reveal an unusually pale man wearing classic Ray Bans.

REAPER  
You comin' or what?

Fish is visibly confused and begins to reply but the man interrupts.

REAPER (CONT'D)  
Don't worry about it. Just get in.

Fish opens the door hesitantly and gets in.

REAPER (CONT'D)  
Long day?

FISH  
You have no idea.

REAPER  
If only you knew.

Fish cocks his head to one side.

FISH  
What?

REAPER  
Nothing.

The pale man laughs and it sounds like sticks being smacked together.