

THREE FOR THE MONEY  
an original screenplay by  
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**EXT. NEW YORK STATE THRUWAY - DAY**

We see a large green thruway exit sign which reads: EXIT 20, SAUGERTIES. *"Voted Top 10 Coolest Small Towns In America."* A black Toyota 4Runner slows down and takes the exit.

**EXT. VILLAGE OF SAUGERTIES - MOMENTS LATER**

The 4Runner is driving along Main Street. The old-fashioned, well maintained shops, eateries and boutiques quickly establish the thruway sign's claim.

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER**

The 4Runner continues along a quiet rural road. The few homes are generously spaced apart, and also well maintained.

**INT. 4RUNNER - CONTINUOUS**

A cell phone is resting on the tray between the driver and passenger seat, displaying a navigation map. The blue ball is nearing the red pin destination mark. A HAND picks up the phone. We see ENRICO, mid to late 40's; a powerful presence. He looks at the phone and comes to a slow stop. He looks out at an old country farmhouse set way back from the road. He seems somewhat reluctant, but finally pulls up the long driveway and stops behind a Dodge Caravan. He makes note of the Colorado license plate. He turns off the ignition and looks out at the house and grounds questioningly. He reaches for the glove compartment and pulls out a gun. He takes a deep breath and steps out of the car, tucking the gun into the back of his pants and under his jacket. He heads toward the porch steps, turning to make note of a Mini Cooper parked in front of the mini-van. He makes note of the NJ plate.

He climbs the steps to the porch, taking in his surroundings. Gray sheers are drawn on the windows restricting any view into the house. He walks to the door and slowly opens the screen door, raising his hand toward an antique looking knocker, but stops... seeing that the main door is actually slightly ajar. He reaches back to his gun with one hand, and slowly begins to push the door open with his other.

**INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Enrico opens the door just enough to peek inside. He sees a large open living room area. It is sparsely furnished, but with well-preserved antiques. A counter at the back separates the entrance room from the kitchen area. Sitting at one of the stools at the counter, we see LINA, early 40's; striking, tough looking. She looks up at the sound of the door. Their eyes meet. They exchange a suspicious look.

ENRICO

Are you...?

He stops himself, reconsidering...

LINA

Who?

Enrico stares for a moment, trying to figure her out.

ENRICO

Is this... 6 Country Road?

LINA

I'm assuming so.

Seeming content with this, he steps in further, closing the door but it stops just short of shutting all the way, leaving it ajar as it was. He looks at Lina another moment.

ENRICO

Who are you?

LINA

Who are you?

ENRICO

I was told...

(beat)

It was... suggested that I come here.

LINA

Well, join the club. Three's company, right?

Enrico glances around, his guard up.

TOMMY (O.S.)

Hi.

Enrico turns, startled by the voice... and then again by the sight of TOMMY. He is a little person, standing at about four and a half feet tall; mid to late 40's; brooding; intense. Enrico seems uncomfortable.

ENRICO

Hey. I, uh... didn't see you there.

TOMMY

I get that a lot.

ENRICO

(uncomfortable)

Yeah, well, uh... whadaya gonna do?

An awkward moment as Enrico clearly grows more uncomfortable.

ENRICO (CONT'D)

I, uh... saw the cars, but thought that maybe one belonged to...

TOMMY

Who?

ENRICO

The, uh... person who...

(beat)

You drive?

Tommy nods. An awkward moment... for Enrico. Tommy is undaunted, almost amused by Enrico's uncomfortableness. Enrico manages to get back to business...

ENRICO (CONT'D)

Are... we all here for the same thing?

TOMMY

What would that be?

Enrico looks at him, suspiciously... decides not to answer.

ENRICO

You two know each other?

LINA

Oh yeah. We go way back.

TOMMY

Going on 10 minutes now.

ENRICO

But... you both know why *you're* both here?

TOMMY

She won't say.

LINA

You won't say, you little...

Tommy ignores her, turns to Enrico, testing...

TOMMY

Do you know why we're here?

ENRICO

Ah, c'mon! What the fuck's goin' on here?

He looks at each of them, but no one gives him anything. Enrico sighs, looks around, curiously...

ENRICO (CONT'D)

Anyone... else here?

LINA

Not that we... I know of.

She looks at Tommy. Enrico follows her gaze. Tommy shrugs

ENRICO

Well, I *will* say this... I was under the impression that the person who

(MORE)

ENRICO (CONT'D)  
 requested I be here, was gonna meet  
 me... us, here.

LINA  
 Me too.

They look at Tommy. He nods confirming the same. A moment  
 passes as they seem to try to figure each other out.

TOMMY  
 So... what should we make of that?

Lina ponders this. Enrico looks at him slightly belittling.

ENRICO  
 That maybe there *is* somebody else  
 here?

TOMMY  
 No other cars out there.

ENRICO  
 Maybe around back. The driveway  
 goes...

TOMMY  
 I looked. Before I came in. No  
 garage either. Just a small shed  
 out that way.

He points toward a back door in the kitchen area.

ENRICO  
 You haven't looked around? Other  
 rooms? Upstairs?

LINA  
 No. But... he was here before me.

TOMMY  
 Just by a few minutes.

LINA  
 So you say.

TOMMY  
 (turns to Enrico)  
 I haven't looked around. Other than  
 down here. Truthfully... I didn't  
 want her out of my sight.  
 (to Lina)  
 No offense.

LINA  
 (shrugs)  
 I thought the same thing.

Enrico looks at them... skeptical.

ENRICO

Alright. Then we all go.

TOMMY

What...? Now?

ENRICO

Is there a problem?

TOMMY

No, it's just...

He takes a breath, then calmly states his case.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Look. I don't know what's going on here. I don't know who you are. And now... you seem quite... overly anxious to take me into another room. I'm sorry, but that makes me just a little...

He stops himself, feeling he's exposing too much. Looks at both of them.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Alright.

(to Enrico)

But you go in front. Where I can see you.

(looks at Lina)

I'm in the back.

(smiles)

We go in order of height.

ENRICO

(shrugs)

Fine with me. But for you, makes more sense to go shortest to tallest so you can see. With me in the front, she won't see past me, and you won't see shit past her...

LINA

(taking offense)

Excuse me?

ENRICO

I don't mean... I mean past *anybody*. I didn't mean anything... personal. Look at him, for fuck's sake.

TOMMY

(suspicious)

So you *do* want me in front...

ENRICO

Look. I'll carry you if I fuckin' have to. Or you can stay here.

(MORE)

ENRICO (CONT'D)

Both of you. I don't give a shit.  
But if there's something in this  
house that we can find out... that  
might... speed up this process a  
little bit... then I'm lookin' around.

Adamantly, he takes a few steps to the nearest door... a closet. He pulls on it, hard, but it is locked... the force of his pull causes him to slam into it. The others find this somewhat amusing. He composes himself and heads out of the room and down the hallway. Tommy and Lina watch him go, look at each other, then quickly walk to catch up.

The room is empty for a moment. Then... we HEAR a faint BUZZING sound. It stops, then starts again. The CAMERA moves around the room, as if searching for the source of the sound. The BUZZING gets a little louder as we approach the couch... The final BUZZ is heard as a CELL PHONE illuminates in the darkness under the couch.

**INT. MONTAGE - HOUSE - VARIOUS ROOMS - CONTINUOUS**

MONTAGE of Enrico, Lina and Tommy entering various rooms. Most are completely empty. Some are furnished sparingly but clearly unused. All closets, drawers are also empty, until...

**INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Some signs of life: an unmade bed, suitcase on the floor only partially unpacked, a few articles of clothing scattered around the room. The dresser also has a few items on it; some cologne, a comb, a novel, a pack of gum, some loose change. The door is open. Enrico pokes his head in.

ENRICO

Now we're talkin'.

He steps into the room, followed by Lina and then Tommy.

ENRICO (CONT'D)

Start lookin' around... see what you  
can find.

LINA

What are we looking for?

ENRICO

I don't know... anything that might  
tell us who this guy is... some mail,  
a wallet...

LINA

Why would there be a wallet? He's  
not here. Who goes anywhere without  
their wallet?

ENRICO

Just... look around!

He has his hands in everything. Lina pokes at things tentatively. Tommy casually walks around, taking everything in but not touching anything. Lina picks up the cologne.

LINA  
Clive Christian... expensive.

ENRICO  
There you go. That's good. I  
wouldn't have known that.

He walks into the adjoining bathroom. Tommy follows.

**INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

As Enrico pokes around a few toiletries on the counter, Tommy peeks through the opening in the shower curtain.

TOMMY  
Shower's wet.

ENRICO  
Oh, good one, Sherlock. So, now we  
know our guy's clean.

TOMMY  
What have you found?

ENRICO  
This, for starters...  
(holds up small bottle)  
I think we might be dealing with two  
guys.

Tommy motions toward the sink behind Enrico.

TOMMY  
Only one toothbrush.

Enrico turns to look at the single toothbrush, then back at the bottle he's holding.

ENRICO  
Well, why would a guy have two  
colognes?

Tommy glances up at the bottle.

TOMMY  
He doesn't.

ENRICO  
One in there, and one here...!

Tommy looks at him blankly. Enrico lowers the bottle to Tommy's face, waving it, as if he can't see it so far up.

ENRICO (CONT'D)  
Can you see it?



TOMMY

Yes.

ENRICO

So, what do you call that?

TOMMY

Aftershave.

A moment... then Enrico looks at the label, confused.

ENRICO

So, what's the difference?

LINA (O.S.)

I think I found something...

Enrico rushes out as Tommy remains, taking in every detail.

**INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Enrico rushes in to see Lina at the closet door, holding up an Elvis style white Vegas jumpsuit, complete with sparkling stones.

ENRICO

What the hell is that?

LINA

There's more in here...

She hands him the costume and turns back to the closet.

ENRICO

So, he's an Elvis impersonator?

Enrico looks in... a wide walk-in closet, filled with odd costumes. The opposite wall is covered with a variety of shoes and boots. Lina holds out a Spiderman costume.

LINA

Or a Spiderman impersonator. Or, let's see...

(pulls more)

A fireman... a pirate... how about a ninja? And... well..

(pulls out another)

I don't even know what this is.

It's a bright yellow jacket framed in sparkling green sequence. Enrico looks at it, shrugs.

TOMMY

Elton John.

They turn to see Tommy has now joined them...

TOMMY (CONT'D)

"Goodbye Yellow Brick Road". The Muppet Show. Season two.

They stare at him dumfounded for a moment.

LINA

What would someone be doing with all these costumes?

ENRICO

Maybe he's... that thing... when you think you're different people...

LINA

Insane...?

ENRICO

No... Bipolar.

TOMMY

Schizophrenic.

ENRICO

Or that.

LINA

You think?

TOMMY

No.

He pulls out a handkerchief and reaches for one of the costumes.

ENRICO

What's with the hanky?

Tommy ignores him as he inspects another costume.

ENRICO (CONT'D)

You think they're real? I mean... you know... worth something?

LINA

Or maybe he's just some kind of sicko... who gets off wearing costumes.

Enrico looks at her. She turns away with a grunt.

TOMMY

There's something down here...

Tommy is now on his knees. Still using his handkerchief, he pulls a box out from under the costumes and opens it.

ENRICO

What is it?

Tommy has pulled out another pair of shoes. They are a deep blue color. He looks up at Enrico, who shrugs...

ENRICO (CONT'D)  
So, what? Blue shoes.

TOMMY  
They're also suede.

Enrico realizes he is still holding the Elvis jumpsuit. He rolls his eyes, hangs it on the rack and turns away.

**INT. OLD FARMHOUSE - FIRST FLOOR HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Coming back down the hall, Enrico, followed by Lina and then Tommy, passes a door. He stops as an afterthought, and takes a step back. Lina collides into him. Tommy collides into her, his hands going up and slamming into her butt.

LINA  
Did you just grab my butt!?

TOMMY  
No! Yes, but... sorry.

Enrico has opened the door. It leads out onto a deck looking out into the side yard.

ENRICO  
(to others)  
Side entrance.

He begins to shut the door, stepping away, then stops, doing a double take. This time Lina just barely avoids a collision, but Tommy does not... slamming into her butt again.

LINA  
Hey!

Enrico is looking out at a wheelchair ramp leading up to the deck. He turns to the others as if he's found a clue.

ENRICO  
A wheelchair ramp!

He stares at them as if expecting this to insight some comment. They stare back at him, blankly. He sighs and shuts the door, turns away...

**INT. MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Enrico walks back into the main room, the others close behind.

ENRICO  
That was pretty pointless.

LINA  
What do you mean? What about the costumes? We know we're dealing with some kind of... I don't know, a weirdo.

ENRICO

(shrugs)

Or a guy who just...

(grasping)

...collects costumes. He's living out of a suitcase. The costumes could have been there for years.

(beat)

Or maybe he is some kind of weirdo... the point is, it doesn't help us know *who* he is.

Lina shifts, uneasy.

ENRICO (CONT'D)

Unless... the costumes mean something to you?

LINA

Me? No!

He studies her for a moment... then turns to Tommy.

ENRICO

What about you?

But Tommy is gone.

ENRICO (CONT'D)

Where'd he go?

LINA

I don't know...?

ENRICO

He was just...

They HEAR a SOUND and turn toward the kitchen area... where Tommy's head suddenly disappears below the counter. They make their way over and into the kitchen. Tommy is using his handkerchief to open all the lower cupboards.

TOMMY

Can you check the top ones?

Lina obliges, the first few contain various kitchen ware, but no food...

ENRICO

This is the kitchen. What do you expect to find in the...?

Enrico notices a laptop on the table. He goes over to it.

ENRICO (CONT'D)

Now this is what we should be looking at...

TOMMY

Already did. Screen-saver is on...  
password protected.

ENRICO

Maybe we can figure it out...

LINA

How are we going to possibly guess  
the password?

ENRICO

I don't know...? Can't we hack  
through this? Bypass the password,  
or something?

LINA

You know how to do that?

ENRICO

No.

They both look at Tommy.

TOMMY

What're you looking at me for? I  
don't know anything about hacking  
into computers.

He turns his attention to the refrigerator... opens it.

ENRICO

(sarcastic)  
Oh, good idea... maybe he's hiding  
in the fridge.

TOMMY

(looking in)  
Something's not right...

LINA

What...?

TOMMY

Six pack of beer...

Enrico, suddenly interested, walks over to the fridge.

ENRICO

What kind of beer?

TOMMY

... two bottles missing. But...  
milk, OJ, eggs, cheese...

Enrico, reaches over Tommy, lifts the flap to the butter  
compartment at the top of the door.

ENRICO

You missed the butter.

TOMMY  
Is it opened?

ENRICO  
No.

TOMMY  
Something's not right...

LINA  
What...?

ENRICO  
Why? 'Cause you missed the butter?  
Don't be so hard on yourself. It's  
all the way at the top of the door.

Tommy ignores the remark. He walks toward the back counter, studying the contents... a spice rack, coffee maker, toaster, bread box...

LINA  
What're you... looking for?

TOMMY  
I'm just trying to get a sense of...  
(opens bread box)  
Loaf of bread. Unopened.

He sees the garbage bins; goes over to them.

ENRICO  
Look... his eating habits are not  
going to tell us who he is, or what...  
(grasping for words)  
... this is all about.

Tommy has opened the garbage bins.

TOMMY  
Look at this.

Enrico and Lina go over... look in.

ENRICO  
Looks like... Chinese food. So?

TOMMY  
Now look in this one...

He holds the lid open on the recycle bin. Enrico and Lina look in... they see a sturdy brown paper shopping bag, sitting open, with two empty beer bottles in it. They stare at him blankly.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Doesn't seem right...

LINA  
What?

Again, Tommy grows silent.

LINA (CONT'D)

Well, will you stop saying that unless you're going to follow through with something else?

TOMMY

I would say our host got here last night, and left this morning... in quite a hurry.

He looks at them intently.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Why?

ENRICO

Not 'why'... 'who'. That's what we need to know.

TOMMY

This is all... very fishy.

ENRICO

Fishy?

TOMMY

Yes.

ENRICO

Zoinks! You're only figurin' that out now, Velma?

LINA

If this is all a bunch of crap...

(worked up)

If this person actually shows up here... only to tell us that this is some sort of joke... I will...

She stops, really worked up... Enrico seems intrigued by her tough demeanor.

ENRICO

What?

LINA

I will...

(huffs)

Well, I may not actually kill him, but I will at least knock him out.

Enrico looks at her, amused.

ENRICO

What do you mean?

LINA

What part don't you understand?

ENRICO

You mean... you would actually try to knock him out?

LINA

(matter of fact)

No. I wouldn't just try. I would do it.

ENRICO

(more amusement)

What if... he's big? Say... like me?

Lina looks him up and down, unimpressed.

LINA

I've taken down bigger than you.

Enrico, though still amused, is clearly intrigued about the possibility of this being true.

TOMMY

Uh... can we get back to this?

They turn their attention to him.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

My point is, despite what we initially thought, I was beginning to think that this person never actually intended to meet us here, but the evidence shows otherwise...

ENRICO

What evidence?

TOMMY

The way I see it is, he gets here last night... the unpacked suitcase would support that... with the Chinese food, beer, and groceries. Breakfast groceries. He has his Chinese food, a couple of beers for dinner, gets up this morning, showers... but never actually makes breakfast.

(looks at them)

Why?

ENRICO

(shrugs)

I didn't have any breakfast.

TOMMY

My point is... if he did *not* intend to be here this morning, why show up with all this breakfast food and not use it? And if he *did* intend to meet us here, where is he?

(MORE)



TOMMY (CONT'D)

So, given all this... fishy evidence,  
the question is... should we be  
staying?

They consider this for a moment.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I mean... I feel that's what we need  
to decide; is the smart thing to  
leave? Or do we wait it out?

They look at one another. Lina speaks up.

LINA

I'm willing to... give it a little  
bit longer. I guess.

Tommy turns to Enrico. Lina follows his gaze. Enrico nods.

TOMMY

So... we're in agreement. We wait.

FADE TO:

**INT. HOUSE-MAIN ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

**MONTAGE:** passage of time as they continue to look around the  
main room/kitchen area...

Tommy is at the house phone... an old style dial phone. He  
picks up the handset using his handkerchief, and holds it to  
his ear; opens the drawer of the table it sits on... empty  
except for a note pad and pen.

Lina in the kitchen, opens a full length cabinet... broom,  
mop, a shelf with some hand tools, nails, screws.

Enrico eyes some wine and shot glasses through wood framed  
glass doors on an antique china cabinet. He opens the doors  
below... a few bottles of wine and more liquor.

Tommy is looking at some old books on a bookshelf; Lina looks  
through a pile of dated magazines in a basket near the couch;  
Enrico takes a beer out of the fridge. the SOUND of the  
beer opening ends the MONTAGE.

TOMMY

Look at these...

Enrico and Lina join him. He has pulled out a few books on  
costume designing; one reads: "The Art of Costume Collecting".

ENRICO

I guess he is a costume collector.

LINA

(huffs)

Doesn't mean he can't still be...  
some kind of weirdo.

Enrico takes a long swig of his beer as his eyes fall on the nearby door that he first attempted to open. He goes over to it and tries again.

ENRICO  
(as if to himself)  
It's locked.

TOMMY  
I think you established that earlier.

ENRICO  
But why is it locked?

Tommy and Lina look at him as if the question is absurd.

ENRICO (CONT'D)  
You don't think that's weird? Every room... every closet, in this house is open. Except for this door right here.

LINA  
The house is obviously not used much. Maybe the owner just keeps a few personal things in there... locked, for safety.

ENRICO  
(contemplating)  
Personal things... that might tell us something.

TOMMY  
(dismissive)  
Or maybe it's just an empty closet like all the rest... that just got locked. We should be concentrating on...

Enrico has pulled out a pocket knife, quite large, and kneels to study the doorknob.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
I wouldn't do that.

ENRICO  
Why not? Something in here, you don't want me to see?

TOMMY  
I don't think you should break anything. That may not go over well with... the owner, or whoever we're waiting for. That's an antique doorknob. Now, I don't know why you're here, but I would like to stay in good graces with... this person.

Enrico considers this... and stands, walking away from the closet and putting his knife away. Lina watches him intently.

LINA  
That's a big knife.

ENRICO  
Imagine what it looks like to him.

TOMMY  
Alright, why don't we stop with the *little* jokes. There is nothing you can say about my size that I haven't heard before. So, can we just stop with the remarks?

ENRICO  
I'm sorry. I really don't mean any offence by it. They just come out. Naturally. It's nothing personal.

He glances over to Lina.

ENRICO (CONT'D)  
Her, for instance... just because she's attractive...

Lina reacts... not what she was expecting to hear.

ENRICO (CONT'D)  
Doesn't mean I trust her any more than I trust you. Now, if she, let's say... had blue skin and red hair, I'd probably be makin' references to that too.

TOMMY  
Probably?  
(beat)  
And you compare me to someone with red skin and blue hair? And you don't expect me to take any offence?

LINA  
(innocently)  
Actually... it was blue skin and red hair.

Tommy glares at her, snatches up his jacket draped over a chair...

LINA (CONT'D)  
I mean... sorry. I just...

Enrico looks at Lina, smirking. When he turns back to Tommy, he doesn't see him.

ENRICO  
Where'd he...?

Tommy is at the front door.

ENRICO (CONT'D)

Where are you going?

Tommy opens the door with his handkerchief pulling it behind him. The door swings closed but stops again, just short of closing all the way.

An awkward moment with Enrico and Lina left alone...

ENRICO (CONT'D)

I really didn't mean anything...  
personal.

Lina nods in acknowledgment but does not encourage any further conversation.

ENRICO (CONT'D)

(innocently)

So... you're from Colorado?

LINA

Excuse me...?

ENRICO

Colorado plates. On the mini-van.  
Just assumed the mini-van was yours.

Lina seems as though she'd like to protest, but only huffs.

ENRICO (CONT'D)

So... you got kids?

LINA

Excuse me...!?

ENRICO

Well, the mini-van... just assumin'...

LINA

Well, stop assuming. Who the hell  
are you to assume anything about me?  
And who the hell are you to ask me  
about my kid?

ENRICO

Relax, lady. I'm, not your enemy  
here.

LINA

I don't know that.

ENRICO

I'm just tryin' to make conversation.

LINA

Well, don't. I have no need for  
your conversation.

(MORE)

LINA (CONT'D)

The only person I want to converse with is the person who called me here. So, unless you are that person...

ENRICO

I'm not that person.

She gives him a final glare before turning away.

ENRICO (CONT'D)

So... did someone actually... *call* you to come here?

He stresses the word 'call'... this seems to perk her interest.

LINA

Did somebody "call" *you*?

ENRICO

(smirking)

I asked you first.

LINA

(condescending)

What are you? Ten years...?

ENRICO

Shhh!

They hear RATTLING at the back door off the kitchen. Enrico reaches back, under his jacket, wraps his hand around his gun but waits. The door slowly opens toward them, then begins to shut, revealing Tommy. Enrico sighs, lets go of his gun.

ENRICO (CONT'D)

You fuckin' scared us.

TOMMY

Big boy like you?

(beat)

This door is also unlocked.

ENRICO

(shrugs)

We already established that he left in a...

Tommy has exited again, shutting the door behind him. Enrico looks at Lina, raising his his arms in disbelief. She shrugs. He decides to follow after Tommy.

**EXT. BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS**

Enrico walks out of the house, but Tommy is nowhere in sight. He makes his way around to the front of the house...

**EXT. FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS**

... and finds tommy on the front porch, smoking a cigarette.

TOMMY

You're pretty fast for a...

He stops himself; makes his way up the porch steps.

ENRICO

Mind if I bum one?

Tommy hands him a cigarette and lighter. Enrico lights it, takes a long drag... we sense he hasn't had one for a while.

ENRICO (CONT'D)

You know these will stunt your growth?

He cracks up. Tommy actually manages a smile.

ENRICO (CONT'D)

I'm sorry...

TOMMY

Guess I shouldn't have started smoking when I was two.

ENRICO

(remembering something)

Oh shit... I saw this clip once, years ago... four year old... Asian kid? Chain smoker. Like six packs a day.

TOMMY

Yeah, yeah... I remember that.

ENRICO

Youtube...

TOMMY

(shakes his head)

Bill O'Reilly.

They both take a drag in silence.

ENRICO

So... what're they callin' you these days?

TOMMY

Who...?

ENRICO

People.

TOMMY

That's an odd way to ask me my name.

ENRICO

No. Not your name. I don't mean you, you. I mean, your kind... midget, little people, dwarf...?

TOMMY

Oh... uh... little people.

Enrico nods as if his thought has been confirmed. Takes another long drag. Then...

ENRICO

What's wrong with midget?

TOMMY

I don't know... some people... don't like it.

ENRICO

Little people? Or regular big people?

TOMMY

I don't know... I guess...

ENRICO

I mean, who started it?

TOMMY

I... don't know.

ENRICO

Who said, "Enough of this midget crap, we need another name"!

TOMMY

I don't...

ENRICO

I can understand 'dwarf'. Makes you think of Snow White and stuff, but what's wrong with midget?

TOMMY

I don't know...

ENRICO

It's a perfectly good word.

TOMMY

Maybe...

ENRICO

Does it bother you... in some way?

TOMMY

(shrugs)

No.

ENRICO

'Midget' doesn't bother you?

TOMMY

No.

(beat)

Well, the way you say it, it kind of does. But generally speaking, I really don't care.

ENRICO

That's good. That's being reasonable. 'Cause I always thought of 'little people' as, ya know, kids. Kids are little people. You guys are midgets.

Tommy finishes his cigarette... flicking off the last of the lit tobacco and stuffing the butt in his pocket. He pulls out his handkerchief and heads for the door, going inside. Enrico watches him, clearly put off that Tommy has just walked away without a reply. He takes a last drag, flicks his butt out over the porch rail and heads inside as well.

**INT. HOUSE-MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Enrico walks in, sees Lina.

ENRICO

Where'd he go?

LINA

Who?

ENRICO

Who? The midg... the little guy. Who else is here?

LINA

I don't know? I thought he was outside with you.

ENRICO

He just came back in.

LINA

I didn't see him.

ENRICO

What do you mean? How could you not see him?

She cocks her head, raising an eyebrow, as if to say, "are you serious?"

ENRICO (CONT'D)

Ok. He's small. But you'd see a kid come in here, wouldn't you? He's the same size as a kid.

LINA

(a little pissed)  
I didn't see him.



Enrico looks around in disbelief.

ENRICO

I know you have no reason to trust  
me any more than the midg... little  
guy... but...

(hesitates)

Doesn't he kind of creep you out?  
The way he looks at you...? The way  
he just... walks away?

Lina looks at him a moment, then also starts to turn away.  
Enrico steps toward her, reaching...

ENRICO (CONT'D)

Hey! C'mon, don't...!

His hand touches her shoulder. Lina turns with lightning  
speed and strikes a blow to his liver area. He bends over,  
sucking for air...

LINA

Don't you fuckin' touch me!

Enrico slowly goes down to his knees, keeled over. He slowly  
raises his head, mouth open, eyes shut, suppressing a scream.  
He opens his eyes and sees Tommy, who has suddenly reappeared,  
looking on, quite amused at the sight.

ENRICO

(barely audible)

What the fuck!?

It is unclear if he is referring to Lina's attack or the  
sudden reappearance of Tommy.

LINA

I'm legally obligated to tell you...  
I'm a black belt in Aikido. I can  
knock you out, paralyze you, put you  
in a coma, or kill you with one shot.

She turns to Tommy...

LINA (CONT'D)

And you... I can kill you with a fly  
swatter.

Enrico groans. Lina relaxes a little.

LINA (CONT'D)

(stern but sincere)

I'm sorry. I'm just... a little on  
edge. I shouldn't have hit you that  
hard.

Enrico takes a slow, deep breath.

ENRICO

You do hit hard...

He suddenly has his gun drawn on her... still on his knees.

ENRICO (CONT'D)  
But can you stop a bullet?

Lina's eyes widen. She steps back.

ENRICO (CONT'D)  
Not so tough anymore?

LINA  
Oh, my God! You are him.

ENRICO  
Who?

LINA  
The one who sent for us.

ENRICO  
Are you... insane!? I was sent for,  
too. I told you.

LINA  
Then why do you have a gun?

ENRICO  
I don't know! Why wouldn't I?  
(sarcastic)  
'Cause I don't know fuckin' karate!

LINA  
I don't have a gun!

TOMMY  
I do.

Tommy suddenly has a gun... a small pistol, drawn on Enrico,  
who is still on his knees. Enrico looks at the little gun,  
amused.

ENRICO  
What the hell is that?

TOMMY  
Put your gun away.

ENRICO  
Put your...

He begins to laugh but his pain gets the better of him.

ENRICO (CONT'D)  
... little gun away.

Tommy steps forward, bringing his gun inches away from  
Enrico's head.

TOMMY

You don't think this little gun can do any harm?

Enrico breathes...

ENRICO

Why you takin' her side?

TOMMY

Because she's the defenseless one right now.

ENRICO

Then, why am I on my knees in pain!?

TOMMY

I think she's an innocent participant in all of this. Like me. You, on the other hand... I'm not so sure anymore. But in either case, I won't allow any bloodshed before we get to the bottom of this.

ENRICO

Allow? Who are you to allow or not allow anything?

TOMMY

Well, I do seem to be the most sensible one among us.

LINA

(offended)

Excuse me? You don't know me, to say that.

TOMMY

I know that I'm the only one who doesn't have a gun pointed at them.

Lina huffs. Enrico takes his gun off of Lina and turns it on Tommy. Lina is pleasantly surprised.

LINA

Ah-ha! Now I'm the most sensible!

Tommy ignores her as he stands facing Enrico, who is still on his knees, making them a more equal height... their guns pointed toward each other's heads.

TOMMY

This doesn't need to get ugly. And if you're here for the same reason I am, then you should cede my point.

(beat)

But perhaps... you're not here for the same reason as I am.

LINA

And me. I think.

Enrico takes this in for a moment... then slowly rises, taking a slow deep breath and lowering his gun as Tommy takes a step back, still keeping his drawn.

ENRICO

Tell you what... I'll tell you why I'm here...

(breathes)

... but then you gotta come clean too. You hear me? I'll fuckin' step on you and that little gun.

TOMMY

I can't agree to that. If you're just going to *tell* me, I mean. How will I know you're telling me the truth? However...

(deliberate)

If, perhaps... you can *show* me why you're here... you know, something concrete...

Enrico pulls something out of his jacket... slaps it on the table. It's a stack of bills cut in half.

ENRICO

100 dollar bills. Cut in half. There's a hundred of 'em there. I got 9 more of those in...

TOMMY

100 grand.

ENRICO

... in the car.

Enrico pulls something else out of his jacket... a roll of scotch tape.

ENRICO (CONT'D)

Also got ten of these...

Tommy looks at it, a little amused.

ENRICO (CONT'D)

Unmarked package, except for my name, on my doorstep. I get the other halves of the bills if I show up here.

TOMMY

How do you know?

ENRICO

Well, I don't... for sure. Guess it's a risk I was willin' to take.

TOMMY

No, no. I mean, how do you know that you had to come here to get the other halves?

ENRICO

Oh.

Takes a moment, reluctant to answer...

ENRICO (CONT'D)

There was a note.

TOMMY

(intrigued)

A note.

ENRICO

(hesitates)

A letter.

TOMMY

Ah. A letter.

(beat)

May I see it?

ENRICO

Hell, no. I think you've seen enough.

He looks at him, waiting...

ENRICO (CONT'D)

That means, my turn is over.

Tommy nods and pulls out a sheet of paper, folded in three; hands it to Enrico who looks confused.

TOMMY

Bank statement. 100 grand. In escrow. It's legit. I... checked with my lawyer. To be released tomorrow. As long as I were to show up here.

Enrico looks at it confused, then back at Tommy.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I didn't get any scotch tape.

ENRICO

Very funny. So, why do you get this... bank thing, and I get all these bills cut in half?

Tommy shrugs, thinks a moment...

TOMMY

(curious)

Would you have... taken this bank statement seriously?

ENRICO

I don't know...  
 (beat)  
 Probably not. No.

TOMMY

I'm not sure if I would be here if I  
 got cut up money in my package.

They take this in for a moment.

ENRICO

Are you saying, this guy knows us  
 enough to even consider what would  
 more likely get us here?

Tommy affirms with a slow shrug. They both suddenly turn  
 their attention to Lina. She is staring at the cash and  
 paperwork, silently fuming. She looks up at their questioning  
 stares.

LINA

(snapping)  
 What!?

They both shrug, and keep staring... waiting.

LINA (CONT'D)

I didn't make any agreement with any  
 of you. That was between you two!

A moment passes. She gives in.

LINA (CONT'D)

Fine!

She slaps 2 stacks of bills cut in half, onto the table.  
 They appear to be the same size as Enrico's.

LINA (CONT'D)

That's it. Only two stacks. Twenty  
 grand! Ok!? Twenty! Not a hundred.

The men are taken aback.

LINA (CONT'D)

And no scotch tape either! God! I  
 can't believe...! You actually got  
 scotch tape in your package!?

Enrico shrugs, almost apologetic... but finally, can't help  
 himself.

ENRICO

Maybe 'cause I'm gonna have more  
 bills to tape up.

LINA

Fuck you!

She closes her eyes and inhales deeply... let's it out.

LINA (CONT'D)  
God, I am so stupid. 20 grand?!

ENRICO  
That's a long way for twenty grand.

Lina sneers.

LINA  
Not if it's real, it's not. And not  
if you were both getting twenty grand.  
But now that I know... This is going  
to get fixed. I want 100 grand.

She snatches up her money and turns away. Tommy picks up his document. Enrico picks up his money and scotch tape.

ENRICO  
What's to stop him from withdrawing  
the money?

TOMMY  
What's to stop him from not giving  
you the other halves of the bills.

ENRICO  
I'll kill him.

TOMMY  
(deliberate)  
Would you?

Enrico looks at him.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
Actually... kill him?

There's a smile in Enrico's eye. Lina suddenly interjects.

LINA  
Wait a minute! How do you know it's  
a 'him'? Huh?  
(accusingly)  
Maybe because you *do* know who it is.  
That's why you're both getting more  
than me.

They both look at her.

ENRICO  
Are you kidding me? Look at the  
clothes, the cologne, aftershave,  
the razor...  
(adamant)  
I think it's a 'him'.

She huffs, looks away, knowing he's right. Enrico is pleased with himself... but can't stop there...

ENRICO (CONT'D)

But if you want... I'll betcha 20 grand...

Tommy fights a laugh, but only for a split second, as Lina snaps them both a deadly look.

LINA

Alright. Letters. I want to see *both* of your letters.

ENRICO

You show me yours... I'll show you mine?

LINA

You are so disgusting.

Enrico is amused with how easily he can push her buttons.

ENRICO

Why is that disgusting?

LINA

Because you're making a vulgar innuendo, and you know it.

ENRICO

I wasn't...

TOMMY

Uh... can we get back to this?

Enrico and Lina agree.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

So... clearly, it seems that we're all here for the same reason...

ENRICO

More or *less*.

Lina huffs at the obvious jab.

TOMMY

And, assuming that our... 'host', is good on his word, the question again is, where is he? Or perhaps, more importantly... why us?

ENRICO

No. More importantly... *who* is he?

TOMMY

Yes, granted. But perhaps... if we can figure out 'why us', we may figure out who 'he' is.

They all look at one another.



TOMMY (CONT'D)

Whether this *is* all legit, or some kind of... joke... there must be a reason why we were chosen.

ENRICO

Some sort of connection.

TOMMY

Yes.

LINA

Or a common factor.

TOMMY

Yes.

ENRICO

(turns to her)

Isn't that the same thing?

Lina raises her lip, dismissing him.

TOMMY

If we can figure that out, perhaps we can figure out who we're dealing with. And then, decide on whether we should continue to stay or go.

ENRICO

Alright, makes sense.

(beat)

Go ahead.

TOMMY

What...?

ENRICO

Start talkin'. Tell us about yourself and we'll let you know if anything... I dunno... means anything.

Tommy looks at him, then at Lina who seems to concur with Enrico's idea.

TOMMY

Why me?

ENRICO

Was your idea.

Tommy hesitates. Enrico turns to Lina.

ENRICO (CONT'D)

You see...? He brings up the idea, but then he...

He turns back to Tommy who is suddenly gone.

ENRICO (CONT'D)

What the...!?

He sees Tommy heading for the front door.

ENRICO (CONT'D)

Where you goin'?

TOMMY

For a smoke.

ENRICO

A smoke? Now? What're you afraid  
of?

Tommy walks out. Enrico turns to Lina.

ENRICO (CONT'D)

See what I mean? In the middle of  
something that he brings up, he turns  
and walks...

Her phone rings. She answers, turning away from Enrico.

LINA

(into phone)

Is everything alright?

Enrico raises his hands in disbelief, staring at Lina's back,  
turns to look at the door, then back at Lina...

LINA (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Oh, that's so cute...

Enrico rolls his eyes... decides on the door. He heads out.