

Another Man's Treasure

by
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INT. BLACK AUDI - NIGHT

Quiet. BRUCE HODGES (30's) drives. A sly smile on his handsome face. He checks himself in the mirror. Lipstick on his chin. He wipes it, chuckles. Loosens his designer shirt and tie. Exhales.

EXT. UPPER-CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The AUDI pulls into a Gated Community. Manicured lawns, mini mansions. The kind of homes Hedge Fund CEO's go to jail for.

EXT. BRUCE'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

The Home is immaculate, opulent.

Our AUDI slows at the entrance to the driveway. A MINIVAN and a GREY BMW block the entrance to the garage.

The car stops.

INT. AUDI - CONTINUOUS

Bruce's eyes fixate on the Mini-Van. He's concerned. This is far from the frustration of not having a place to park.

BRUCE

Oh shit.

He sits there... silent, defeated.

EXT. BRUCE'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

The AUDI IDLES in the night.

Moments later we hear a muffled cell phone RING.

INT. BLACK AUDI - CONTINUOUS

Bruce takes his phone from his pocket. Looks at the caller ID. Forces a melancholy smile.

He presses a button in the dash. The call is on SPEAKER, undulating through his top notch stereo system.

BRUCE

(saddened)

Hey. There's something... I want to talk to you ab--

--BOOM. From the speakers a thunderous THUMP rattles the inside of the car. Bruce flinches. Listens carefully.

We hear the sound of a STRUGGLE... Glass BREAKING. CHAOS FORMING.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

Hello.

--A WOMAN'S SCREAM rips through the sound system. Then...a GUNSHOT.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

HEY...! HEY!

The call DISCONNECTS.

Bruce panics. JERKS the gear in DRIVE.

EXT. GATED COMMUNITY - MOMENTS LATER

Bruce and his Audi ROAR out of the neighborhood.

DISSOLVE TO:

LAST WEEK

EXT. SKYSCRAPER - THE LANGLEY BUILDING - DAY

In the heart of LA's business district, a monument of a building reaches for the skyline. This is The Langley Building. Home to some of the most profitable and well known businesses in the country.

PEDESTRIANS and BUSINESS TYPES swarm in and out of the lobby doors like thoughtless ants.

An old SECURITY GUARD (60's) nods and waves at whomever he will. This is RUDY FRANCO. He's worked here for so long he's invisible.

INT. THE LANGLEY BUILDING - LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ROSIE CHAPLAIN (20's) stares at her reflection in the mirror. Passed the disappointed frown is a beautiful woman. Not in the traditional sense, hair imperfect, make-up non existent. She's here strictly for the check, no matter how small it is.

ROSIE
(into the mirror)
This is only temporary. Hang in
there.

She backs away from the mirror. Throws a SECURITY GUARD uniform over her T-Shirt. Buttons up.

Her Two Way Radio CRUNCHES. She snaps out of her routine.

RUDY (O.S.)
(from TWO WAY)
Chaplain.

She finds the button. Presses it for dear life.

ROSIE
Yes, Sir. I'm here. Getting
dressed.

RUDY (O.S.)
(two way)
*Well you shouldn't be. Meet me by
the main elevators. Move it.*

The Two Way CRUNCHES off. Rosie looks at her watch.

ROSIE
Damn.

She hurriedly grabs the rest of her uniform. Kicks her locker door closed. Rushes out.

INT. LANGLEY BUILDING - MAIN ELEVATORS - MOMENTS LATER

Slowly, Rudy paces back and forth, shielding his frustration from the public.

Rosie creeps behind him. Taps him on the shoulder. He turns to her--

RUDY
Follow me. Do exactly as I say. No questions. And pay attention, cuz everything I show you is exactly what you'll be doing everyday, with rare exception, for however long you choose not to fuck up..
Understood?

Rudy presses the UP button.