

OUTSIDERS #2:  
MAD DOG

Written by

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**TEASER**

EXT. SHERWOOD DRIVE - DAY

A neighborhood street like any others. Old lived in houses, each with their own story, their own history. Kids are playing outside, enjoying the warm summer day.

On the corner of the street sits yet another house, in a long row of houses, nothing extraordinary about it, but for the two men standing in front of it.

In a beat up old suit that looks as if it was fitted at one time, before the owner stopped caring so much about how he looks, is MANUEL MOLINA, aka Mad Dog Manny. An attorney who has never heard the word ethics, His every mannerism screams this fact to whoever is close enough to pay attention.

Speaking with him is a man in his mid-to-late 40's with peppered hair and a put on attitude of an used car salesman. RICHARD ALTMAN is his name, proud real-estate agent for electrifying realty, a cheesy company with a cheesy name full of cheesy agents.

RICHARD ALTMAN

And you're sure the owner wants to part with it? Last thing I want Mad Dog, is to go through the hassle of finding a buyer for your client to back out of the deal.

MAD DOG MANNY

Now why would that be a concern of yours? I wouldn't be out here wasting my time if my client wasn't serious.

RICHARD ALTMAN

I just don't want a repeat of last time, all I'm saying.

MAD DOG MANNY

Last time was nothing more than a simple paperwork error, I've learned since then. Trust me, this time there will be no problems, just so long as you can do your part and unload this house, quickly.

RICHARD ALTMAN

That I can do.

MAD DOG MANNY

Good, but not so fast that you  
cheat me. . .my client, out of  
what's his. Get a good deal on it,  
you understand me?

RICHARD ALTMAN

Loud and clear.

With that the two men shake hands and head their separate ways. Altman gets into a BMW and speeds off while Mad Dog walks over to a Lexus RX350 that could use a wash.

As he closes in on the car he stops and knells down in front of the front tire. It's been slashed. He goes and checks the back tire, the same thing. The other side as well. Someone slashed his tires and made a show off it. On the hood of the car, someone keyed the word thief.

MAD DOG MANNY

Fuck!

**END OF TEASER**

ACT ONE

INT. OLD BEAT UP HOUSE

A woman sits on a couch that has seen better days, her clothes are raggedy, her hair unkempt, crying hysterically. She looks up at the camera in the most dynamic of fashion.

WOMAN  
I just felt so alone.

Male Choir (V.O.)  
(singing)  
You were!

WOMAN  
Me all alone, against a giant that  
I had no hope of overcoming.

MALE CHOIR (V.O.)  
(singing)  
No hope!

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

The woman in the same clothes sits on a park bench, while rain pours down hard, mostly on her. In fact, it doesn't seem to be raining in the background. Once more she is crying to herself when she suddenly looks up at the camera in her dramatic fashion.

WOMAN  
I felt despair like I had never  
known.

MALE CHOIR (V.O.)  
(singing)  
You were all alone!

WOMAN  
I thought all was lost!

MALE CHOIR (V.O.)  
(Singing)  
It was!

## INT. BOXING RING

The camera is looking up at a dutch angle past her, where we see a monster of a man in boxing shorts ready to crush her. She turns back to look at the camera.

WOMAN  
I needed someone to fight for me!

MALE CHOIR (V.O.)  
(singing)  
Mad Dog Manny will fight for you!

Rockyesque music starts playing in the background. Not the legit rocky theme, but a cheaply made knockoff, as a bright spotlight shines on the entrance to the gym where a man in a hood suddenly become visible.

He throws the hood back and gives the giant of a man an evil look.

GIANT OF A MAN  
(screams like a girl)  
Ahhhh!

He falls straight down on the mat, right out of a cartoon. The woman spins to face the camera.

WOMAN  
I was saved!

MALE CHOIR (V.O.)  
(singing)  
By Mad Dog Manny!

## INT. MANNY'S FAKE OFFICE

Mad Dog Manny sits at his neatly organized desk, with bookcases full of law books behind him. He is in his best suit, far superior to the one he was wearing on Sherwood Drive. He looks dead into the camera.

MAD DOG MANNY  
I'm Mad Dog Manny and I'll fight  
for you!

MALE CHOIR (V.O.)  
(singing)  
He'll fight for you!

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

A group of attractive 20 something women in bikinis are washing cars, going out of their way to be sexy while doing so, all stop and look at the camera.

ALL THE BIKINI WOMEN  
Oh Mad Dog Manny! You're the greatest!  
(giggle)

With the click of a remote

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. NICK'S OFFICE

NICK sits at his desk, the remote to the TV in his hand. The TV sits on top of a filing cabinet and could not look more out of place if it tried. The office is still littered with boxes, but not as many as there once were.

Sitting on the other side of the desk, in complete disbelief is his partner DAVID.

DAVID  
What the fuck did I just watch?

NICK  
Mad Dog Manny's commercial, one I take it to understand he is very proud of, so when dealing with him, maybe keep your thoughts to yourself.

DAVID  
Oh I haven't even formed my thoughts yet, I feel like I've lost far too many brain cells watching that to even have thoughts.

NICK  
Elegant as always David.

DAVID  
Wait! Why would I be dealing with him? Please for the love of God don't tell me we are doing business with that creep!

Nick picks up a folder from the mess that is his desk and tosses it over to David.

NICK

Afraid so, that creep is our newest client.

David opens it up to see not only pictures of flat tires, but graffiti on his office wall, broken windows, a dead squirrel in his chair, in a much messier office than the one on the commercial.

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

It seems that someone has been going out of their way to make his life a living hell.

DAVID (O.S.)

Gee I wonder why.

NICK

Well, that's your job to figure out, now isn't it?

David picks up the picture of the dead squirrel and shows it to Nick.

DAVID

Really? A dead squirrel? That's. . .  
. Yeah, I really don't know what the fuck that is.

NICK

Clearly he pissed someone off. If this commercial is anything to base it off of, it could be anyone with access to a TV.

DAVID

Add me to the list.

NICK

Regardless, he's paying and paying well.

DAVID

Well? Like well, well? How well?

NICK

Well enough to keep the lights on.

DAVID

Hey, that's something.

NICK

It's what we need, at least until  
we can figure out who the masked  
man is.

DAVID

Yeah, . . . that million bucks will  
go a long way.

NICK

No kidding. On that front I do have  
a lead.

David shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

DAVID

Yeah?

NICK

Nothing concrete, but while you're  
playing nice with Mr. Molina, which  
is what you'll be calling him by  
the way.

DAVID

(laughs)

What, I can't call him Mad Dog?

NICK

I'd prefer it if you didn't.

DAVID

Kill joy.

NICK

While you're dealing with him, I'll  
be running down the lead. By any  
luck, this time next week we can  
have the breathing room to really  
go after Summer's Investigations.

DAVID

You know that's what I'm here for.  
Just one question.

Nick shakes his head.

NICK

You know why, don't make me say it.

DAVID

Say what? You don't even know what  
I was going to say.

Nick stands up and walks to the door, holding it open for David.

NICK

You were going to ask why I get to chase down the Masked Man while you have to deal with the reject from a bad 80's movie.

David gets up and follows Nick's lead to the door.

DAVID

It's a fair question.

NICK

It'll be a fair question when you're funding this place.

David laughs and heads out of the room.

DAVID

I knew you were going to say that.

NICK

Play nice tomorrow!

With those words he closes his office door.

INT. CAFE

A wary Nick walks into a somewhat busy cafe. He scans the room, near the back a man with shades and a cap pulled low over his face slowly raises his hand before quickly pulling it down, as if he was afraid someone would see him.

An overworked waitress hurries over to Nick.

WAITRESS

Just one?

NICK

I'm actually meeting someone.

He points to the man doing a horrible job of blending in. The waitress rolls her eyes.

WAITRESS

Just make sure you order something.

With that she rushes back to her tables, where customers are already catching attitude with her for not being in 2 places at once.

Nick makes his way over to the strange man, a feeling of unease growing over him.

STRANGE MAN  
(not looking up)  
You weren't followed were you?

Nick takes a seat.

NICK  
I know how to cover my tracks.

STRANGE MAN  
I wouldn't be so sure! They're everywhere!

NICK  
Who is?

STRANGE MAN  
They!  
(he scans the room in a panic)  
Don't for a second think the masked man is alone. He's just apart of it.

NICK  
Apart of it?

The strange man nods.

NICK (CONT'D)  
Apart of what?

STRANGE MAN  
Come now! Don't play coy Mr. Ellis.

NICK  
You have my at a disadvantage. You know my name, all I have on you is a fake email.

STRANGE MAN  
Of course! I'm risking my life trying to expose these people, you really think I'm going to use my real email, or my real name? No Mr. Ellis! I trust you, I do, that's why I'm here, but I'm not throwing my life away. Not until I'm sure we can bring **them** down!

NICK

Fair enough, so what can you tell  
me about **them**?

STRANGE MAN

Everything!! I was in their inner  
sanctum!

NICK

Okay, so what do they want?

STRANGE MAN

They want. . .

He leans in conspiratorially, as if he is about to reveal the greatest secret on earth.

WAITRESS (O.S.)

So what do you want?

Startled Nick and the Strange man both look up at the waitress standing over them.

NICK

A coffee,  
(looks to the strange man)  
You?

The strange man's face goes pale white, his eyes bulged out.

STRANGE MAN

Nothing!

WAITRESS

(rolls her eyes)  
Great.

She storms off.

NICK

Sorry about that, you were saying?

The strange man shakes his head and hurries to his feet.

STRANGE MAN

Nothing! I said nothing!

He points his finger right in Nick's face.

STRANGE MAN (CONT'D)

You're one of them! I should of  
known! You won't get me! Not again!

With that he runs out of the cafe, bumping into chairs and knocking the waitress over as he goes. Nick just watches him go with a look of disbelief.

Over at the counter, the man working the grill pours a cup of joe for the waitress and hands it to her.

COOK

This all they want?

WAITRESS

Yeah, so you know I'm not getting a tip. I fucking hate people.

At the corner of the counter a big man who looks as if he hasn't seen a mirror in years slams his fist on the counter.

UPSET GUY

Where's my damn food?

COOK

(yells)

It's coming.

The waitress rolls her eyes and takes the coffee to the table where Nick and the strange man were sitting, only to find it empty.

WAITRESS

Fucking great!

She shakes her head, about to turn away when she stops and looks back at the table. Sitting under the salt shaker is a hundred dollar bill. She puts the coffee down and picks up the money, a smile on her face as she puts it away.

EXT. MAD DOG'S OFFICE

A low rent neighborhood where at least half the store fronts are vacant if not outright boarded up. David's car pulls to a stop outside the building, he gets out, taking a look around.

On the front window of Mad Dog's office the words scam artist is spray painted on.

DAVID

That's not telling at all.

He heads up to the office and opens the door.

INT. MAD DOG'S BUILDING

The lobby is bare but for a coffee table and a beat up old couch. There is a reception desk but no one mans it.

DAVID  
Mr. Molina?

Mad Dog Manny comes out of his office, he isn't wearing a suit jacket and his dress shirt is missing a few buttons.

MAD DOG MANNY  
What do you want?

David holds out his hand.

DAVID  
I'm David Conner.

MAD DOG MANNY  
And? You got an appoint? I charge  
by the hour.

David puts his hand down.

DAVID  
So do I. You spoke to my partner,  
Nick Ellis, about someone harassing  
you.

Mad Dog nods and turns and heads back into his office, David waits a beat before following him.

MAD DOG MANNY  
Took you long enough to show up. I  
take it you saw their handy work  
outside.

DAVID  
I did. Take a shot in the dark and  
say, disgruntled client. You know  
anyone who would fit that bill?

INT. MAD DOG'S OFFICE

Mad Dog takes a seat at his desk. His office looks nothing like it did in the commercial, his desk is cluttered with paperwork and empty folders. His filing cabinets are so full that they won't even close right. His bookcases are mostly empty.

MAD DOG MANNY  
My line of work, of course, I'm  
sure the same could be said of  
yours.

David walks over to the desk and is about to take a seat when he finds a half eaten pizza in the chair.

DAVID  
From time to time.

He decides to stand.

MAD DOG MANNY  
I do my job and I do it well.  
Sometimes it doesn't work out.  
Thems the breaks. Don't give no  
jackass the rights to make life  
hell, now do it?

DAVID  
No, I guess not. So. . .  
(looks around the office)  
I'm going to need a list of your  
clients.  
(he locks eyes on the  
filing cabinet)  
I'd like to start with the cases  
you've lost.

MAD DOG MANNY  
Confidential.

DAVID  
Right, well, look, I don't need to  
know anything about the cases, just  
need names. Somewhere to start  
looking.

MAD DOG MANNY  
That's your job, not mine.

DAVID  
Right, again, but I don't know you.  
You seem like a great guy,  
(looks around the office)  
Running a great business, so I'm  
going to need just a little  
corporation to get this ball  
running. What do you say?

MAD DOG MANNY

I say, I'm paying you and that's more than enough corporation from me.

He stands up, doing his best to look intimidating.

MAD DOG MANNY (CONT'D)

Now I don't know how you normally do things, but when I'm footing the bill, I expect results. Find whoever is doing this and find them fast!

He sits back down.

MAD DOG MANNY (CONT'D)

Now get the hell out of my office.

David nods.

DAVID

Sure thing, but first could I get some information. How long has this been going on? What else has happened?

MAD DOG MANNY

Long enough, but let me make something clear, if I'm paying you by the hour, it's not to sit here and gossip! Someone is fucking with me and I want it stopped. You don't need the specifics, you just need to make it stop. Now stop wasting my fucking time and get out.

David turns to leave.

DAVID

I'm going.

EXT. MAD DOG'S BUILDING

David exits the building, phone at the ready.

NICK (O.S.)

Yeah?

DAVID

He's an ass.

NICK (O.S.)  
I did warn you. He give you  
anything to go on?

DAVID  
What you think?

NICK (O.S.)  
Yeah, I struck out too. So what's  
your next move?

David stops before getting in his car and looks up at the law office.

DAVID  
I think I know someone who can  
help.

INT. MAD DOG'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The pale moonlight is the only illumination in the dark office. Lightly reflecting off of the overfilled filing cabinets through the dirt stained windows.

The inside of the room is dead silent, not even the gentle humming of an A/C unit can be heard. After all, someone who won't bother to replace a missing button or two from his shirt isn't going to leave the air on over night.

Through the open door leading out to the lobby we can hear the lock to the front door slowly open. The door is pushed open and footsteps tiptoe through the room, stopping just before the door.

A man in a black mask peeks into the room, after a few seconds of letting his eyes adjust he makes his way into the room, pulling out a tiny flashlight.

He pulls open the overfilled filing cabinets drawers and starts going through the paperwork. It's not an easy task, there is no rhythm or rhyme to the organization, if you can even call it that. He finally finds a paper with a name on it,

Martha Johnson

He pulls out a tiny notepad and writes it down. He finds another name.

Ashley Benson

Another name

Trevor Quinn

Another name

Juan Salvatore

On and on it went. Name after name, adding addresses and phone numbers when he could find them. Putting each paper back as best he could.

He turns to leave when he glances back at Mad Dog's desk. He heads over and takes a look. There are files all over the desk, these files seem to be more frequently used. He glances over at a copy machine/printer stuffed away in the corner.

INT. THE RUSTY TAVERN

It's a beat up old bar that does it's best to service bitter middle aged patrons who come after work to drink away the stresses of the day and kids in their early twenties who want to celebrate getting out of work.

At the bar, a man in his mid thirties, wearing an unbuttoned security guard uniform for Summer's Investigations, the same man who shot the Masked Man just days before, orders a beer.

He carries the proverbial world on his shoulders.

While almost every table, whether bitter middle-aged or happy-go-lucky, is filled with groups of friends talking and enjoying each other, this guard stands alone at the bar, taking a seat in an empty barstool. He seems to neither notice, nor care that he is the odd man out.

He downs the beer as if it was water and orders a whiskey. He downs that too without a second thought. He flags down the bartender.

FINN

Can I get another whisky?

BARTENDER

Sure thing.

NICK (O.S.)

Make that two.

He walks up and takes the seat next to the guard, Finn.

NICK (CONT'D)

And you can put them on my tab.

He hands the bartender his credit card.

BARTENDER

No problem.

FINN

Do I know you?

NICK

No, I don't think so.

FINN

You look familiar.

NICK

I have one of those faces.

The bartender gives them their drinks.

BARTENDER

Open or close?

NICK

Open.

The bartender walks off as Finn starts in on his drink.

FINN

So if you don't know me, why you  
buy me my drink? Because I'm not. . .  
. not that there's anything wrong  
with, just I'm not, but I'm  
flattered, really. Just letting you  
know.

It takes Nick a few seconds to catch up with Finn's train of thoughts.

NICK

What? Oh no, I just. . . I hate  
waiting for the bartender, figured  
since you were already ordering I'd  
just jump in. And as such, it would  
have been rude not to cover yours  
as well.

Finn finishes his drink and motions for another one.

FINN

I guess.

Nick holds out his hand.

NICK

Names Nick.

Finn eyes the hand for a moment before shaking it.

FINN  
Finn.

NICK  
Nice to meet you.

FINN  
Yeah.

Nick studies his face for a moment.

NICK  
Are you alright?

FINN  
What?

NICK  
Nothing, I'm sorry, I just. . I'm a counselor. It's kind of my job to notice when people are in distress, but I'm not at work and you don't know me and it's none of my business.

Nick motions for another drink.

FINN  
It's that obvious?

NICK  
Maybe not to everyone, but I got a good eye for people in distress.

FINN  
So what do you do? Like, when you deal with people. . .feeling distressed or whatever?

The bartender hands Nick his drink and points towards Finn's empty glass. Finn nods.

NICK  
I listen. Most the time, people just need to talk about what's bothering them.  
(laughs)  
It's kind of an easy job.

FINN  
(deep in thought)  
I bet.

NICK

How about you? You're a cop? Guard?

FINN

Security. I work for Summer's Investigations.

NICK

Never herd of them.

FINN

It's a big shot P.I. firm. They do a lot of work for big corporations. A lot of overly educated asshats who spent far too much time watching old episodes of The Rockford Files.

NICK

(sarcastic)

That sounds fun.

He takes his drink from the bartender.

FINN

You have no idea. It's degrading as hell.

NICK

I'm sorry to hear that. Is that. . .  
. I mean, if you don't mind me asking, is that why you seem so down?

Finn shakes his head and looks away.

NICK (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I shouldn't have pried.

FINN

No it's okay.

Finn downs his drink in one sip.

FINN (CONT'D)

I. . .I. . .we had a break in. Some nut in a mask.

NICK

A mask? Like a sky mask?

FINN

No, it was. . . I don't know. It was  
a black mask, nice, whoever it was  
spent some money on it. He was. . .  
.this man, this masked man had  
locked himself in with one of the  
partners, I broke down the door and  
. . . I shot him.

He picks up Nick's largely untouched drink and downs it one shot. After he's finished he realizes he took his drink.

FINN (CONT'D)

Oh shit, that was yours, I'm sorry.

NICK

Don't be. You needed it more than  
I. You killed a man, even to save  
someone's life, that has to be  
hard.

Finn shakes his head.

FINN

No, I shot him, yeah, but, but he  
was gone. He fell out the window  
but never landed. Just poof, gone,  
like he was never there.

He's looking at Nick, but not. His eyes seem to be glazed over, as if he is reliving the events of the shooting.

Nick motions for the bartender.

NICK

Let me get you another drink.

EXT. APARTMENTS - DAY

These apartments are throwbacks to the apartments of yesteryear, red and green faded paint, with children playing outside. Some have screen doors, some have bars on their windows, some have both. One or two windows have even been boarded up.

A group of kids are racing down the street on their bikes as David's car pulls onto the street, he is forced to slow down as the kids take up the whole street.

I/E. DAVID'S CAR

He glances down at the notepad from the night before, he's looking for Jessica Miller, building 2 apartment 13B.

EXT. APARTMENTS

He pulls into a parking space and gets out, a few of the kids circle back to take a look at him before losing interest and returning to their fun.

Without wasting any time, David makes his towards the building where he sees apartment 12a. He looks up and on the second floor is 12b.

Before he knows it he's made it to apartment 13b, a loan kid with his arm in a cast in a sling stands at the rail, looking out at the kids playing and having a good time.

The kid looks up at David, a bit scared, David smiles to try and reassure him.

DAVID

Hi, are you Jason Miller?

The kid nods, not saying a word.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Right, um, I'm looking for your mother. Is she home?

Once more he nods.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Can you get her? Please?

With that the kid runs inside, never saying a word to David. A few seconds later an overly stressed out woman with bags under the bags under eyes comes to the door.

JESSICA

Can I help you?

DAVID

My name is David Conner, I'm a private investigator.

JESSICA

And?

DAVID

I'm currently working for Manny Molina.

JESSICA  
Mad Dog Manny?

DAVID  
Yes ma'am.

The door slams in his face.

Another door slams in his face.

Another.

Another.

And yet another.

Oh and don't forget, another door as well.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURNT

David is standing in front of an employee who slaps him.

EXT. HOUSE

A young couple is moving their belonging into the back of a truck.

WIFE  
Just leave us alone.

The husband comes and stand in front of David, doing everything he can, not to hit him.

HUSBAND  
That man ruined our lives. We trusted him and. . . GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE!

David puts his hands up and walks away.

INT. LIBRARY

A young woman is sitting reading a text book, a pile of books next to it. David sits down across from her, she glances up at him and lifts the book up to block him from seeing her as she continues to read.

DAVID  
Anne Jackson?

She lowers the book and looks at him.

ANNE  
Do I know you?

DAVID  
No, but I want to ask you some  
questions about Mad Dog Manny.

He braces himself to get hit, instead she puts the book down.

ANNE  
You know Manny?

DAVID  
You're not going to hit me?

ANNE  
No.

DAVID  
Or yell at me? Or storm off?

ANNE  
Should I?

DAVID  
Just about everyone else has.

She laughs.

ANNE  
I don't doubt that, he's. . .he's a  
character.

DAVID  
You can say that again.

ANNE  
So what do you want to know?

DAVID  
He's been the target of some. . .  
.let's just say harassment. Someone  
is going out of their way to make  
his life a living hell. He hired me  
to find out who, and why.

ANNE  
So you want to talk to ex-clients.  
Logical place to start.

DAVID  
Thank you. He doesn't seem to think  
so. But whatever, that's not why  
I'm here. I'm here to. . .

ANNE

Find out if I have a motive.

DAVID

I was going to be much smoother about asking that question, but yeah, yeah that's why I'm here.

ANNE

Do you know anything about my case?

DAVID

Not a thing. Less than nothing.

ANNE

There was a mix-up with my financial aid and I couldn't afford to pay for all my classes. They told me that I had to drop them myself or I'd be on the hook for the whole payment so I did. Instead of having to pay the whole fee, I just had to pay a fourth.

DAVID

Okay.

ANNE

Only I found out later that if I didn't drop, if I waited, the school would have dropped me and I wouldn't have had to pay anything.

DAVID

So they lied to you?

ANNE

Even admitted it. They seemed proud of the fact. Said I was an adult and got what I deserved for trusting them.

DAVID

And you still go to this shithole?

ANNE

I only go to this place because of Manny.

DAVID

He took your case?

She nods.

ANNE

That was at North Pool Community College, he helped me sue them and cleaned their clock.

DAVID

So he won?

ANNE

Oh he won, it paid for this school. I don't know what I would have done without him.

DAVID

So, he's a good guy?

ANNE

Oh god no! He's a scumbag. He hit on me relentlessly. Easily the most misogynistic person I have ever met.

DAVID

But he helped you?

ANNE

He helped me.

DAVID

Did you get the impression he won a lot of cases?

ANNE

No, honestly, I don't think he spends a lot of time in court.

DAVID

Why do you say that?

ANNE

He's all about settling, I mean that's what happened with us. He settled it, just worked out nicely for me.

David nods.

DAVID

When you were his client, did you interact with any of the other clients? Maybe overhear any fights he had?

ANNE

No, sorry.

DAVID

Don't be, you've been a great help.

NICK (O.S.)

So he likes to settle cases outside  
the courtroom.

INT. NICK'S OFFICE

The room is starting to feel like an office at long last. The number of boxes left can be counted on both hands. Nick finishes unpacking one of them as he speaks.

NICK

Welcome to the American justice  
system.

DAVID

Fair, but the point stands, if all he seems to do is settle cases and everyone he represents hates his guts, maybe he isn't doing a good job.

NICK

Brilliant. You figured out a  
motive, one we already suspected.

DAVID

I'm trying here, look Nick, this guy, he hasn't given me anything. I had to go around him to even get the names of his clients. I have a request in the courts, but that's going to be a few days and he doesn't seem like the kind of guy who wants to be kept waiting.

NICK

He threaten to sue you again?

David laughs.

DAVID

Dude, I don't know what you want me to do.

NICK

Your job. Have you gone through the whole list?

DAVID

Maybe a third. There's a lot of people, this guy is busy. Not that you could tell by his office or the way he dresses.

Nick stops and looks back at David.

NICK

Maybe he owes people money?

DAVID

He's in debt?

NICK

Could explain somethings. Or he could be a gambler.

DAVID

I don't know, he seems to be tightly wound. I doubt he would get much pleasure from a game of chance.

Nick goes back to unpacking.

NICK

Fair enough, so what are you going to do?

DAVID

Beats the hell out of me. I'll figure something out.

(he leans up in his chair)  
So how did your lead go?

Nick laughs and takes a seat on the edge of his desk.

NICK

The guy was a fucking nutcase. Kept talking about how 'they' were out there, and when I ordered a coffee he acted like I sold him out to the feds and stormed off.

DAVID

(laughs)

That sounds amazing. I wish I was there. But hey, at least I'm not the only one who hit a dead end.

NICK

Wouldn't say that.

DAVID  
I'm listening.

Nick goes and sits at his desk.

NICK  
I found the security guard who shot  
the masked man.

DAVID  
Wait, someone shot him?

NICK  
In Saul's office, right as he was  
jumping out the window.

DAVID  
Of Saul's office? Isn't that pretty  
high up?

NICK  
It is, and there was no sign of the  
masked man after.

DAVID  
So the guard missed?

NICK  
He says he didn't.

DAVID  
Alright, well what did he know? A  
face, a voice? Anything that could  
lead us to that million dollars?

Just as Nick's about to answer David cuts him off.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
And wait, why would he talk to you?

NICK  
He didn't. He spoke to a  
sympathetic counselor who just  
happened to buy him a drink.

DAVID  
Did he now, and what did he tell  
this 'counselor'?

NICK  
Well, like I was saying, nothing  
useful, at least that he thought  
was useful, but it gives us plenty  
to go on.

DAVID  
I'm listening.

NICK  
The masked man knew Saul, knew where his office was and knew how long the guards would take to show up.

DAVID  
So he's good at planning.

NICK  
Maybe, or, he works there. More than likely, I'd say worked.

DAVID  
That's a leap.

NICK  
It tracks. I'm going to start looking into it.

David gets to his feet, pulling his jacket on.

DAVID  
Sounds good, let me know if you need any help.

#### I/E. MAD DOG'S CAR

Mad Dog's car is as messy and unkempt as his office and wardrobe. In the seat next to him is a fast food bag, he absent mindedly pulls out a fry and eats it, while he is screaming into his phone, which sits on his lap with the speaker on.

MAD DOG MANNY  
I'm tired of the excuses Altman!

RICHARD ALTMAN (O.S.)  
I'm not making excuses Manny. I got a few potential buyers, but this all takes time. What's the rush anyways?

MAD DOG MANNY  
The rush is because I fucking said so. Do I need to go through another agent?

RICHARD ALTMAN (O.S.)

Be my guest, we both know you won't  
find another who'd be willing to  
overlook your more. . .creative  
answers to important questions.

MAD DOG MANNY

Oh I can find some. For the right  
price.

RICHARD ALTMAN (O.S.)

I'd be careful with your empty  
threats if I were you.

MAD DOG MANNY

Or what?

RICHARD ALTMAN (O.S.)

. . .

MAD DOG MANNY

I'm waiting.

RICHARD ALTMAN (O.S.)

(sighs)

How low are you willing to come  
down on the asking price? I'm sorry  
Manny, but it's not a real in  
demand neighborhood.

MAD DOG MANNY

That's not my fucking problem, now  
is it?

RICHARD ALTMAN (O.S.)

I'm doing my best here Manny, just  
give me some more time.

MAD DOG MANNY

I don't have more time. I need this  
done. . .What the fuck?

RICHARD ALTMAN (O.S.)

What? What's wrong?

The car comes to a stop, Mad Dog's face is in shock.

RICHARD ALTMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Manny? Manny are you there?

Mad Dog looks down at his phone.

MAD DOG MANNY

I'mma call you back.

He hangs up the phone and quickly gets out of the car.

EXT. MAD DOG'S BUILDING

He takes a few steps forward, his eyes wide. There are people all around, all looking at the same thing he is.

His office building engulfed in flames.

MAD DOG MANNY  
What the fuck!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. OUTSIDER'S INVESTIGATIONS LOBBY

The lobby looks a great deal better than last episode. Everything seems to have been put away. David sits on the couch, his feet up on the coffee table. He's paying close attention to Nick's closed door.

MAD DOG MANNY (O.S.)

(yelling)

What the fuck is wrong with you? I hired you to do a god damn job and you've done nothing! Not a damn thing. You fucking lackey has wasted his time and my money harassing my clients while coming up with nothing to stop this bullshit.

Nick replies but not loud enough to hear.

MAD DOG MANNY (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Fuck you! You have any idea who I am? I'm Mad Dog fucking Manny and I always get my way. Now you and your bitch fix this before I ruin you.

David lets out a chuckle as Nick once more replies in a tone too low to hear.

Foot steps storm towards the door before it flings open and Mad Dog storms out, he locks eyes with David and spits in his direction before heading out.

DAVID

What the fuck?

NICK (O.S.)

Don't!

David turns around to find Nick standing in the doorway.

DAVID

He fucking spit at me?

NICK

I saw.

DAVID

Please tell me we're walking away from this.

NICK

What do you think?

DAVID

Are we really hurting that bad for  
money?

NICK

Yeah, yeah we are. We can't always  
take cases we like. Sometimes we  
need to do bullshit like this to  
pay the bills.

DAVID

Doesn't mean I have to like it.

NICK

No one likes their job. That's what  
makes it work.

DAVID

So why don't you take over the  
case?

Nick smiles.

NICK

Because your not done. David Conner  
doesn't give up that easily.

DAVID

I hate it when your right.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT

A white folding table is set up against the wall, it has the copied files along with notes and pictures of Mad Dog all over it. The chair is pulled out to the side, while David stands in front of the table, with a container of Chinese food in his hands.

DAVID

What am I missing?

He starts flipping through the files. File after file seems to be about power of attorney for elderly people in town.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Now why would you give your lawyer  
power of attorney over you?

He picks up a file for a man named Albert Keys. He gave power of attorney to Mad Dog a few months back.

Underneath his name there is a list of his assets. A house on Sherwood Drive, a car and 50 thousand in savings.

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME

David's car pulls into the parking lot of a retirement home. It looks nice and inviting on the outsides. Welcoming even.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - LOBBY

David walks into the lobby, just as inviting as the outside. The lady at the front desk smiles at him and waves him over.

Retirement Home Receptionist  
Hello sir, how may I help you?

DAVID  
Uh yeah, I'm looking for an Albert  
Keys.

RETIREMENT HOME RECEPTIONIST  
Are you a relative?

DAVID  
No, I'm a friend.

RETIREMENT HOME RECEPTIONIST  
Okay great, are you on his list?

DAVID  
His list?

RETIREMENT HOME RECEPTIONIST  
Of approved visitors.

DAVID  
No, no I'm not.

RETIREMENT HOME RECEPTIONIST  
Okay, well unfortunately, we can't  
have unapproved visitors unless  
they submit a request ahead of  
time.

DAVID  
So I can't just go see him?

RETIREMENT HOME RECEPTIONIST  
I'm afraid not. It's for their  
protection. I'm sure you can  
understand.

DAVID

Uh, yeah, could you maybe just call  
and see if he'll be willing to meet  
with me? I'm sure it wouldn't be a  
problem.

RETIREMENT HOME RECEPTIONIST

If you aren't already on his  
approved list, you can't come in.  
Not without prior approval.

DAVID

Okay, so how do I request approval?

RETIREMENT HOME RECEPTIONIST

You don't. He does.

DAVID

Okay, well I couldn't find a  
number, so could I get some contact  
info?

RETIREMENT HOME RECEPTIONIST

I'm not able to give that out.

DAVID

Could I leave my contact info and  
you pass it along?

RETIREMENT HOME RECEPTIONIST

We really don't like to over burden  
our guests with too many  
distractions.

DAVID

Too many distractions? I'm asking  
you to pass along a phone number.

RETIREMENT HOME RECEPTIONIST

I'm sorry we couldn't be more help.  
Have a blessed day.

DAVID

So is this when I leave?

RETIREMENT HOME RECEPTIONIST

It is.

DAVID

Right. Okay. Thanks for nothing.

He turns and starts towards the door as a young couple walks in.

RETIREMENT HOME RECEPTIONIST

Hi! How can I help?

MAN

Uh yes, we're looking at a place  
for my mother-in-law.

RETIREMENT HOME RECEPTIONIST

Well I can certainly help with  
that!

David glances back and makes sure they are deep in conversation before he slips off to the side.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - HALLWAYS

The hallways have a cold sterile look to them, almost inhumane in their lack of warmth. Each door looks like the last, with nothing but a number to separate each one. Heavy duty locks on the handles and no peepholes. No windows on the door.

A few of the doors were open. On the left an attendant could be heard in one of the rooms.

ATTENDANT

What the fuck is wrong with you?  
You stupid old fuck! What, you  
can't make it to the restroom, this  
shit funny to you?

The reply is muffled with the sound of him crying. David's fist clench as he walks past. He takes deep steady breaths as he walks passed.

He risks a look inside. A young man with blonde hair slaps an elderly man in the face.

ATTENDANT (CONT'D)

This shit happens one more time, so  
help me god!

David turns away from the scene and keeps walking. His heart pounding in his chest.

Each hallway looks the same. There is nothing to separate one room from the next.

Finally David comes across what looks like a rec room.

INT. RETIREMENT HOME - REC ROOM

The room is filled with elderly people, some watching tv, others playing games of chess or cards. Some visiting with family. There are a handful of attendants in the room. Mostly talking with each other, showing no attention or care towards their charges. Despite the games and human interaction, there is very little joy in this room. Most of the elderly people seem defeated, as if they have had the joy robbed from their lives.

David pulls out his picture of Albert Keys and scans the room. He finds him sitting in the corner playing solitaire.

As casually as he can, David walks over to his table and sits across from him. Albert looks up at him and then goes back to his cards.

ALBERT KEYS

What do you want?

DAVID

Are you Albert Keys?

He clears a row in the game.

ALBERT KEYS

You already know the answer to that, otherwise you wouldn't have come here.

DAVID

Ohhh kay. Uh, well, I want to talk to you about Manny Molina.

Albert looks up from the cards.

ALBERT KEYS

Mad Dog Manny? Your friend and mine. What about him?

DAVID

What's your relationship with the man?

ALBERT KEYS

You're a cop? Are you here about the reports I've filed?

DAVID

Reports? No, I haven't seen any reports and I've looked.

ALBERT KEYS  
Figures. So than what do you want?

DAVID  
Like I said, I'd like to know about  
your relationship with him.

ALBERT KEYS  
If your not a cop, what's it to  
you?

DAVID  
I'm trying to help. Look, I saw  
your file, you own your own home  
and you don't seem unfit. Why are  
you living here?

ALBERT KEYS  
Ask your pal Mad Dog.

DAVID  
I'm asking you.

ALBERT KEYS  
My family has owned a sporting good  
store for close to fifty years.  
Earned me a nice living, but I'm  
getting up there in age and was  
never given the gift of children,  
so I thought I'd sell.

DAVID  
Okay.

ALBERT KEYS  
My attorney retired a few years  
before me and I never bothered to  
find a new one. Saw Mad Dog's ad  
and reached out. All I needed was  
someone to make sure I wasn't being  
ripped off in the sale.

DAVID  
Makes sense.

ALBERT KEYS  
Everything went according to plan.  
I was set to enjoy my retirement.

DAVID  
Here?

ALBERT KEYS

Don't be daft. I always wanted to travel. See the world. Always told myself there would be time.

DAVID

So what happened?

ALBERT KEYS

Who knows? I was at home one day, enjoying a good book when there was a banging on my door. It was the police. They told me that I wasn't fit enough to take care of myself. Next thing I know, Mad Dog had control of my life. My bank, my home, everything. I was thrown in here. In this fucking prison.

DAVID

He can just do that?

ALBERT KEYS

When he has power of attorney and the courts decide that I'm unfit, yeah he can just do that.

DAVID

You seem sharp to me.

ALBERT KEYS

You think the courts care? They don't. My case lasted 20 minutes and I wasn't even allowed to speak for myself. That was all it took to take my life away from me. I fought for this country and this is the repayment I get. Locked away to die while someone else enjoys the fruits of my labor.

DAVID

I am so sorry.

ALBERT KEYS

A lotta good that does me. Is that all you want to know? Or do you have more questions?

DAVID

I think that's all.

David gets up and is about to leave when he stops and looks back at him.

He opens his mouth to speak, but thinks better of it and leaves.

EXT. PARK

Nick sits on a bench in the middle of the park. He keeps scanning the path in both directions. There are a few people out. A couple jogging, a man walking his dog. A woman talking on the phone. No one pays him any mind.

His phone goes off, he glances at it, it's David.

NICK

Yeah.

DAVID (O.S.)

So our client is scum!

NICK

Yeah, I thought we already knew that?

DAVID (O.S.)

I just spoke with a client of his, an elderly man who had Mr. Mad Dog, help him sell a family business. Mad Dog then tricked him into giving him power of attorney and stole everything from him.

NICK

What?

DAVID (O.S.)

I have a whole list of names of people he has done that with. He's ruining people's lives Nick!

NICK

I didn't know.

DAVID (O.S.)

So what do we do?

NICK

I'll handle it.

DAVID (O.S.)

You at the office?

NICK

No. I got a call about a tip on the identity of our masked friend.

DAVID (O.S.)  
No shit! What did you find out?

NICK  
That I need to bring a book or  
something to these damn meetings.

DAVID (O.S.)  
What?

NICK  
The guy never showed up. I've been  
sitting out here for damn near an  
hour.

DAVID (O.S.)  
Damn.

NICK  
Yeah, but I'mma head into the  
office. Don't do anything stupid  
till I get back.

DAVID (O.S.)  
Come on Nick, does that sound like  
me?

NICK  
I'm serious David.

EXT. HOUSE

A black Honda Fit pulls into the driveway and the attendant  
that slapped the old man gets out. He looks worn out.

He heads to the front door.

INT. HOUSE

The attendant closes the door behind him as he flips on the  
light. He tosses his keys down onto a table with an attached  
mirror next to the door and heads farther into his house.

Suddenly a hand appears out of nowhere and rams his head into  
the mirror, shattering it.

ATTENDANT  
What the fuck!

The masked man gets in his face as he holds his head to the  
broken glass, letting it cut into his face.

MASKED MAN  
I've been waiting for you.

ATTENDANT  
Wha. . .what do you want?

The masked man hits him in his gut, while holding his head.

MASKED MAN  
I've heard you like to beat on the  
elderly.

ATTENDANT  
I. . .I would never! I spend my  
life taking care of them. .  
.please.

The masked man grabs his hair and throws him onto the floor,  
pulling out a knife and putting it to his throat.

MASKED MAN  
Not anymore. Tomorrow morning  
you're quitting your job. If I find  
out you didn't.

He uses the knife to lightly cut his throat, drawing a line  
of blood.

MASKED MAN (CONT'D)  
I'll be back to finish the job. Do  
you understand me?

ATTENDANT  
I understand.

MASKED MAN  
I'll be watching you. If you so  
much as look at a person older than  
you, I'll make you suffer.

The masked man pulls the knife away as he stands up. He's  
about to leave, then turns around and stabs him in the arm,  
pulling it down causing the man to scream in pain.

MASKED MAN (CONT'D)  
I'll be watching!

He slams the front door shut behind him.

#### EXT. OUTSIDER'S INVESTIGATIONS

It's a quiet night, almost too quiet as Nick slowly makes his  
way towards the front door, which sits ajar.

He looks around, slowly sticking his head inside.

INT. OUTSIDER'S INVESTIGATIONS LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

There is no one inside. Nick pushes the door the rest of the way open and heads inside.

NICK

David? David are you here?

There's no answer. His office door looks as if it had been rammed open.

NICK (CONT'D)

Fuck!

He rushes into his office.

INT. NICK'S OFFICE

The office is a mess. Papers are everywhere, filing cabinets are flipped over. His desk has been torn apart. His computer screen was smashed through and the hard drive was torn out, nowhere to be seen.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. NICK'S OFFICE

Nick walks though his office, trying to take in everything that has happened.

DAVID (O.S.)  
And I thought I was having a bad day.

Nick looks over to find David standing in the door way to the office.

NICK  
Funny.

DAVID  
Who do you think did this?

Nick looks around.

NICK  
If I had to guess, our old employers.

DAVID  
This does have Saul's name all over it.

Nick suddenly stops and runs over to his desk and feels underneath it. There is an empty spot where a drawer should be. He looks around and finds it a few feet away on the ground, empty.

NICK  
Fuck!

DAVID  
Was that?

NICK  
Our files on Summer's investigation? Yeah.

DAVID  
Well that settles that.

Nick hits his desk.

NICK  
Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

David picks the chair up and takes a seat.

DAVID  
So what's the plan?

NICK  
What do you think? We pick up the pieces and start over. I'm going to make Saul pay.

David smiles.

DAVID  
That's what I want to hear.  
(he looks around)  
So do we report this?

NICK  
No, you know as well as I do that no good ever comes from involving the police. They only care about closing the case fast, no matter how off the mark they are.

DAVID  
True that. So do you want to tell Mad Dog we quit, or can I do it?

Nick stops and thinks.

NICK  
He's really robbing those people?

DAVID  
I spoke to them myself.

Nick sits on his desk.

NICK  
You know what we have to do.

EXT. OLD JOHN'S BBQ - DAY

A hole in the wall spot that doesn't look like much, but always seems busy.

There are a number of tables outside in the sun, filled with couples or friend groups enjoying the nice day. All but for the table at the end.

An on edge Mad Dog sits across from Richard Altman, his eyes twitching.

MAD DOG MANNY  
I need to unload this property now!

RICHARD ALTMAN  
I'm working on it. I have few fish  
on the line.

MAD DOG MANNY  
You've been saying that for days.

RICHARD ALTMAN  
It takes time to work everything  
out. Manny, you know as well as I  
do that no one buys a house on a  
whim.

Mad Dog jumps to his feet, slamming his fists down on the table.

MAD DOG MANNY  
I'm tired of excuses! Just get  
someone to sign!

We see Mad Dog turn to leave through the lens of a camera.

I/E. DAVID'S CAR

David checks his DSLR to make sure he got the picture he wanted, he scans through them. It's not just pictures of Mad Dog and Richard, but pictures of Mad Dog at a bunch of different places. Clearly David had been following him all day long.

He stops on a picture of two big guys who seemed to be intimidating Mad Dog.

EXT. PARK

Saul is jogging through the park in shorts and a tank top. He has his headphones in. He rounds a tree when out of nowhere a pair of hands grab him and toss him into the tree. The hands belong to Nick.

SAUL  
What the fuck!

Nick gets in his face.

NICK  
I know it was you!

Saul tries to free himself from Nick, but Nick pushes him back hard against the tree.

SAUL

What the fuck are you talking about?

NICK

Don't play dumb. Where is it?

SAUL

Where is what? I have no idea what the fuck you are talking about.

Nick slams him back again.

NICK

I said don't play with me.

Saul smiles.

SAUL

Or what? Did you already forget what I did to you last time you fucked with me?

Nick lets go of him and backs up a step.

NICK

I'm not going to let you get away with this.

SAUL

For the record, I have no idea what you're talking about, but lets for a minute say I did. Let's say I know exactly what you are talking about. What can you do about it? I have resources, almost endless. You have a dwindling trust fund. I can match you dollar for dollar and it won't even break my monthly expense budget.

NICK

I'm going to take you down. All of you.

SAUL

So I take it you're declining the job?

NICK

I know things. Me and David, we  
know what you are.

SAUL

But can you prove it? Can you prove  
anything? Seems to me the little  
you did have, you don't got it no  
more.

NICK

This isn't over.

SAUL

Oh believe me, I'm just getting  
started.

INT. MAD DOG'S HOUSE

A tired stressed out Mad Dog enters his house. He takes off his suit jacket, revealing a stained shirt that has seen better days.

MAD DOG MANNY

I'm home.

SARA (O.S.)

(pissed)

In here!

Mad Dog makes his way into his living room. It's nicely decolorated. His wife a woman vastly out of his league sits in a chair facing him, her purse on the floor next to her, a half a dozen pictures sprayed out in front of her, facing Mad Dog on the table in front of him.

MAD DOG MANNY

What's wrong?

She motions at the pictures.

SARA

You tell me!

He walks over and picks up one of the pictures. It shows him in bed with another woman.

MAD DOG MANNY

Where did you get these?

She jumps to her feet.

SARA

Where did I get these? That's what  
you fucking have to say for  
yourself.

He throws the picture down.

MAD DOG MANNY

I said what I fucking said. Who  
gave you these?

SARA

They were on our bed. All laid out  
and waiting for me to find.

MAD DOG MANNY

God damnnit! I'm getting sick of  
this shit.

SARA

You're getting sick of this? How  
many times do I have to put up with  
your infidelity?

MAD DOG MANNY

Oh save me the drama Sara, you're  
not going anywhere. I have more  
important things to deal with.

SARA

More important than our marriage?

MAD DOG MANNY

Someone is out to ruin me! You  
think anything else matters?

She lets out a sigh and picks up her purse.

SARA

Of course not. Nothing matters  
unless it effects you.

MAD DOG MANNY

Oh shut the fuck up, I have to  
figure this out.

She pulls a folder out of her purse and slams it into his  
chest.

SARA

Maybe this will matter.

He takes the folder as she storms passed him. He opens it and  
pulls out divorce papers.

MAD DOG MANNY  
Are you fucking serious?

The only reply we get is the sound of her footsteps storming down the hallway.

MAD DOG MANNY (CONT'D)  
Sara! Sara!

We hear the front door open and slam shut.

He throws the divorce papers onto the ground.

MAD DOG MANNY (CONT'D)  
Fucking shit!

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. MAD DOG'S HOUSE

Sara storms out of the house, a mixed bag of rage and relief. She makes straight for her car parked on the curb. She's ready to be free of the nightmare that is Mad Dog and she isn't the only one.

A figure watches her leave from the bushes. Only coming out once her car zooms down the street. A gun trembles in the elderly hand as we slowly pan up to find that it belongs to Albert Keys.

He takes a slow unsteady step towards the house. He's afraid but determined. His next step is a little more sure. The next even more so.

DAVID (O.S.)

I have something that might be a bit more helpful.

A startled Albert damn near jumps out of his skin, almost dropping the gun as he spins around to find David standing there, a manila envelope in his hand.

ALBERT KEYS

Wh...what the. . .the hell do you want?

David holds up the envelope up.

DAVID

To see justice done.

ALBERT KEYS

Ha, justice. That's a sick word, invented to give people false hope, so that when the world slaps them down it hurts all the worst.

DAVID

Well look at you, all doom and gloom. Look I get it, the world sucks. A fact I understand all too well.

INT. THERAPIST'S OFFICE

A scared David, still but a child, sits in a chair made for an adult. Across from him a stern looking woman with glasses looks down at him. Her eyes seeming to look through him.

THERAPIST  
I asked you if you understood.

He shakes his head, trying hard not to cry.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)  
What don't you understand?

He shrugs.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)  
Use your words. They hold power.

He nods.

THERAPIST (CONT'D)  
Well?

David bites his lower lip. She waits. Finally he takes a deep breath and speaks.

DAVID  
Why. . .why can't I stay with my mommy? I'll be good. . . I can help her. I promise.

The therapist smiles sadly.

THERAPIST  
I'm positive you would be a great helper. Just the kind she needs. And maybe soon, you can do just that, but right now, right now, your mom needs you to be strong. She's going to visit with the hospital for just a little while, and as much as she would love to have you at her side, that's no place for a child. I just can't allow that. I'm sorry.

ALBERT KEYS (O.S.)  
What do you know of my pain?

EXT. MAD DOG'S HOUSE

David shakes the memory away, focusing once more on the rage filled Albert.

ALBERT KEYS  
I've had everything stolen from me!  
By this. . .this monster.

He lifts the gun up.

ALBERT KEYS (CONT'D)  
I have nothing left to lose.

David nods.

DAVID  
And that's why you've taken  
everything from him. You ruined his  
business, fucked up his car,  
(motions to the wife's  
missing car)  
Blew up his marriage.

ALBERT KEYS  
And now I take his life!

David lifts the envelope up.

DAVID  
Or you could take yours back, while  
I make the rest of his existence a  
living hell.

ALBERT KEYS  
What's in there?

David smiles.

DAVID  
Seems our friend Mad Dog here, has  
been busy.

He opens the envelope and hands Albert the paperwork.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
He cut more than a few deals where  
he was getting paid to screw over  
his clients.

ALBERT KEYS  
Why am I not surprised.

DAVID

It gets better, it seems you weren't the first person who wanted revenge. For the past few months he's been blackmailed by a former client with some, let's just say less than friendly friends. It's cost him not the least bit of financial trouble, which is why he started this power of attorney racket.

ALBERT KEYS

He's been using my money to pay his blackmailer?

DAVID

Yeah, the jackass is bankrupt. Morally and financially.

Albert looks over the files one last time.

ALBERT KEYS

So how does this get me my life back?

David takes the files from him.

DAVID

Why don't you leave that too me.

INT. NICK'S OFFICE

Nick is slowly putting his office back to normal, picking up files that were thrown on the floor, when the door swings open and Mad Dog storms in, full of self-importance.

MAD DOG MANNY

You called about my case?

Nick finishes putting the files in the filing cabinet before turning to face Mad Dog.

NICK

I did. Have a seat.

Mad Dog drops into the chair.

MAD DOG MANNY

So whose behind this?

Nick doesn't answer, he sits in his chair, picks up the file on his desk and slowly looks through it. Mad Dog quickly loses his patience.

MAD DOG MANNY (CONT'D)  
Well! I don't have all day! Do you know or not?

Nick puts the file down.

NICK  
Oh I know. We figured out who has been harassing you and why.

MAD DOG MANNY  
I could give a flying fuck about the why! Just tell me who, so I can take care of them.

Nick smiles.

NICK  
Oh, don't worry. You will take care of him, and everyone else in the same boat as him.

MAD DOG MANNY  
What?

NICK  
The man whose been harassing you, he's one of your victims.

Nick hands him the file, Mad Dog takes it.

MAD DOG MANNY  
Victims?

He reads over the file and his face drops.

MAD DOG MANNY (CONT'D)  
How. . . how did you get this?

DAVID (O.S.)  
We're PI's. It's kind of what we do.

David is standing the door way, a smug smile on his face.

MAD DOG MANNY  
So what? I never claimed to be a saint. Give me the fucking name I paid for and I'll be on my way.

DAVID

No you won't. Not till we say so.

MAD DOG MANNY

Is that a threat.

DAVID

Yeah, yeah it is.

Mad Dog jumps to his feet.

MAD DOG MANNY

Do you have any idea who I am?

NICK

A former attorney in a great deal  
of debt.

He turns back to Nick.

MAD DOG MANNY

What?

Nick leans back, he's in full control of the room.

NICK

I said, you're a former attorney in  
a great deal of debt.

MAD DOG MANNY

I'm a current attorney.

NICK

Not for long.

MAD DOG MANNY

What are you on about?

DAVID

He's getting to the fun part.

MAD DOG MANNY

What the fuck is going on?

NICK

What's going on, is that you have  
till the end of the week to put  
every person you've kicked out of  
their homes, back into their homes  
and to resign your license, or we  
go to the police.

MAD DOG MANNY

You're bluffing.

DAVID  
Not our style.

MAD DOG MANNY  
Go to the police, what I did, it's  
not against the law.

David pulls out the file that he showed Albert, he tosses it to Mad Dog.

DAVID  
But the stuff in here is.

Mad Dog reads it over, the panic starts to set in. David loves every second of it.

Nick pulls out a second file.

NICK  
Now, Mr. Molina, while I'm reporting to the authorities about your crimes, I might feel obligated to report on these as well.

He hands Mad Dog the new file. In it is records of criminal activities of the men black mailing him.

DAVID  
And I might just let slip where I got that information.

Mad Dog looks over at David, real fear in his eyes.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
From my good pal Mad Dog Manny. Who turned evidence to save himself.

MAD DOG MANNY  
That's a god damn lie.

DAVID  
Is it? Whose to say.

MAD DOG MANNY  
I'll fucking kill you!

NICK  
Now, now Manuel, let's not lose our head. As I said, if the people you deprived of home, are back at home by the end of the week and you step away from your practice. We'll let that be that.

MAD DOG MANNY  
I can't just return them all to  
their homes!

NICK  
Then I'd figure something out.

DAVID  
And quickly.

Mad Dog looks between the two of them, his mind racing.

MAD DOG MANNY  
One week?

NICK  
One week.

MAD DOG MANNY  
Fine.

He starts towards the door, but David blocks his path.

MAD DOG MANNY (CONT'D)  
What now?

DAVID  
One week for everyone else. But  
Albert Keys gets his home and the  
50 grand you stole back before you  
leave this room.

Mad Dog looks back to Nick who shrugs and goes back to his paperwork.

MAD DOG MANNY  
Fine.

EXT. SHERWOOD DRIVE

The sun is shinning bright as Albert Keys stands in front of his house. A smile on his face. David and Nick standing on either side of him.

Albert looks at both of them, tears in his eyes.

ALBERT KEYS  
Thank you.

DAVID  
No need to thank us. This should never have happened.

NICK

And it won't again. At least not at  
Manny's hands.

Albert nods, then turns and heads inside. He puts the key in,  
unlocks the door and goes inside. Once more in the home he  
loves so much.

DAVID

So, we really going to let jack ass  
walk if he gets everyone back into  
their houses?

NICK

No. He's going down either way, but  
maybe if we give him a week, there  
will be more happy stories.

David nods.

DAVID

Hopefully.

THE END