

INT. OFFICE

VERNON, a crime boss, sits behind his desk reading a document. JEFF, a stoner who delivers packages for Vernon, walks in. Vernon is genuinely happy to see him.

VERNON  
Jeff! Great to see you!

JEFF  
Good to see you, too, man!

Vernon motions for Jeff to sit.

VERNON  
Raymond called and said you made another successful drop.

JEFF  
That I did, Vernon... that I did.

VERNON  
Good, good.

There's a silence. Vernon's smile disappears.

VERNON (CONT'D)  
So. Did you do the other thing?

JEFF  
Well...

Jeff fidgets in his seat looking for words.

VERNON  
Well, what?

JEFF  
Well... I couldn't do it.

VERNON  
Couldn't do what, Jeff?

JEFF  
I couldn't carry the gun, so I didn't take it with me to the meeting.

VERNON  
You didn't take the gun?

JEFF  
Naw, man... it's just not my vibe.

Vernon's face shows that he's starting to get a bit angry.

VERNON  
Not your vibe? It's for your  
protection!

He takes a breath, calms himself down and halfway smiles.

VERNON (CONT'D)  
So... with no gun, how did the  
meeting go?

JEFF  
Ya know when you're having one of  
those days where everything's going  
wrong? You get up to eat your  
cereal and there's no milk. You  
turn the shower on, but you forgot  
to pay the water bill, so there's  
no water for said shower.

Frustration builds in Vernon, you can see it.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
And you just feel like, "Man, this  
is a shitty day, I just need to"--

Vernon interrupts. Loudly.

VERNON  
Did you go to the meeting, Jeff?!

JEFF  
That's a complicated question.

Vernon stands up quickly with as his chair slides behind him and walks around to the front of his desk. Jeff confesses... quickly.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
No, I did not go to said meeting.

Vernon stands in front of Jeff with a balled up fist next to his side, ready to knock Jeff the fuck out. He calms. He turns from Jeff and takes a few steps back to the front of his desk. He sits on the edge of it.

VERNON  
So you don't have my money, Jeff.  
Is that what you're telling me?

JEFF  
No, what I'm telling you is that I  
didn't go to the meeting.

VERNON  
 (yells)  
 Do you have my money?

JEFF  
 No. No I do not have said money.

Vernon lets out a primal yell.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
 Calm down, bro. I can get it.

Vernon paces. Jeff watches. Vernon speaks calmly.

VERNON  
 My doctor told me that next time I  
 feel like I'm losing my temper to  
 pace until I calm down.

Jeff nods affirmatively.

JEFF  
 Keep pacing. That's good advice.

VERNON  
 I have high blood pressure, Jeff. I  
 don't need you making it worse.

JEFF  
 That's just awful, Vernon. My  
 father had high blood--

Vernon paces over to Jeff and looks him straight in his dumb  
 face from a close distance. He interrupts softly.

VERNON  
 --Shut up.

JEFF  
 OK, I can do--

VERNON  
 --Shut up. Shhhh. Let me tell you  
 what you can do.

Jeff opens his mouth to speak, Vernon puts a finger up to his  
 own mouth with the sign for "shhhhhh". Jeff finally shuts the  
 hell up.

VERNON (CONT'D)  
 You still have the gun, right?

Jeff nods.

VERNON (CONT'D)  
You know where to go, right?

Jeff nods.

VERNON (CONT'D)  
I going to call and set up another meeting. You will show up, WITH the gun. Tell him you're with me and show him the gun. You'll exchange packages and bring me the one that has all my money in it. Right?

Jeff nods.

VERNON (CONT'D)  
Right, Jeff?

JEFF  
Can I talk?

Vernon nods.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
Right.

VERNON  
And do you know what will happen to you if you don't do this?

JEFF  
You'll write me a strongly worded letter?

VERNON  
No, Jeff. I will kill you. Got it?

Jeff nods.

VERNON (CONT'D)  
Now get the fuck out of my office and wait for my call.

JEFF  
I will, yes, sir. That's what--

VERNON  
--Shut up.

Jeff shuts up and backs out of the office. Vernon sits back down at his chair. He closes his eyes and does a breathing exercise to lower his blood pressure.

END SCENE