

TRIMMER

Written by

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SHOOTING SCRIPT

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CUT TO:

1

INT. TRIMMER'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

1

BLACK SCREEN HOLDS - Sounds of intimacy come through. We cut to inside a motel room where **LEE TRIMMER (Male, 50's)** has **APRIL (Female, 30's)** pinned up against a wall. She kisses his neck, then lets out a relaxed sigh. Moments later, **TRIMMER** is putting on his pants. April walks into the mirror, fixing her hair, rubbing her gums with her thumb. She walks towards the door

APRIL

Are you gonna be home tonight?

TRIMMER

No. I'm heading out. You gotta' go.

APRIL

I know, I know! I'm leaving!

She opens the door, exiting, then turns to him with her hand out. **TRIMMER** glares curiously

TRIMMER

(mockingly)

Yes?

APRIL

Give me a gram for later tonight, I won't see you.

TRIMMER

You already owe me for the gram I just gave you.

APRIL

You know I get paid Friday! I got you then. Stop being a dick.

TRIMMER

You know this isn't a charity, right?

He sighs, then walks to his nightstand, coming back with a sack of cocaine

APRIL

Thank you!

He **SLAMS** the door in her face

CUT TO:

2

EXT. TRIMMER'S MOTEL - NIGHT

2

TRIMMER walks from his motel door to his car. As he does this, a voicemail plays in the background

ANTHONY (V.O.)

Yo, Ty, I been trying to get ahold of you! I gotta' be quick, so just listen - there's been a lot of talk out here..word on the street is, someone's out here distributing marked product, FBI tracking, some crazy shit. Listen man - Just be careful. You might have a rat problem.

The phone hangs up as TRIMMER slams his door

CUT TO BLACK.

The title "TRIMMER" appears and fades on the screen

CUT TO:

3

EXT. TY'S ESTATE - NIGHT

3

TRIMMER pulls in front of a nice home. He looks in the rearview, staring at himself for a moment. He gets out and walks towards the house

CUT TO:

4

INT. TY'S ESTATE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

4

TY "GHOST" DOMINGUEZ (Male, 30's) is in his very well furnished living room. Two mini couches face a coffee table. He's with **VANESSA (Female, 20's)**, kissing on her neck. After a few moments of this, a **LOUD KNOCK** at the front door startles them. He checks his phone, noticing no missed calls or texts. He untucks his gun, and walks towards the door with it behind his back. He looks out the window, and then quickly opens the door - TRIMMER smiles at him

TRIMMER

Sorry I'm late.

He passes TY, who shuts the door behind him

TY

Come on in..

VANESSA gets up, walking away

VANESSA

I'll be in the bedroom.

He gives her a glance as she walks away, then turns his attention to TRIMMER, shaking his head

TY

Well if it isn't my favorite 'old
ass man'. Please, sit down.

He motions towards the couch as he gets a drink from a nearby table

TY (CONT'D)

So what's up, I didn't see you
earlier. Don't tell me you got
caught in traffic.

He sits on one couch, TRIMMER on the other. TRIMMER begins attempting to pull a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket

TRIMMER

Like I said, man, sorry I'm late.
I, uh..
(*pausing, struggling*)
I got a little held up.

He finally manages to pull it out, putting one to his lip

TRIMMER (CONT'D)

May I smoke?

TY

No you may not.

He quickly throws it onto the table in disappointment

TY (CONT'D)

So you just..show up here, don't
even call or text? And you parked
right in front of my house?

TRIMMER doesn't reply, just rubs his head. TY sits down

TY (CONT'D)

You're a funny man, Lee. I never
know what it's gonna' be with you.
(*smirks*)
So..to what do I owe the pleasure?

TRIMMER throws a wad of cash from his jacket pocket onto the table

TRIMMER

This week.

TY observes. He grabs another wad from the other pocket

TRIMMER (CONT'D)

Last week.

TY glances at the money, then back up to TRIMMER. He pulls another smaller wad from his pant pocket, throwing it down

TRIMMER (CONT'D)

And..a little something for the wait.

TY

I like you, Lee. You're solid. Always have been.

TY offers him a drink from the table, LEE gestures no

TRIMMER

Selling dope isn't rocket science. Supply and demand, you know.

TY

That it is. It's all about who you know. Friend, or foe. That's the hardest part.

TY pauses a beat, watching TRIMMER. He gets up

TY (CONT'D)

Speaking of friends..I got a new batch. Got some new product for you.

TRIMMER glances around the room, noticing his cigarette on the table. He eyes it, picking it up. He puts it to his mouth, but throws it back down as TY re enters the room

TY (CONT'D)

Check this out.

He places a solid brick of cocaine on the table

TY (CONT'D)

My guy's been cutting his shit so much lately, I thought I'd go for something a little more pure this time. Straight from the motherland.

They examine the cocaine, exposing the fish scale like quality in the light. TY whistles

TY (CONT'D)

Pure shit.

TRIMMER

Nice.

TY

Nice? Pfft. This isn't nice. This shit right here is nasty. Here, check this out.

He takes a large knife, scraping off a small sliver. He crushes it up with the back of his knife, scooping it up with the blade. He puts it up to TRIMMER's face

TY (CONT'D)

See for yourself.

TRIMMER hesitates for a moment, looking at the knife

TY (CONT'D)

What, you just sell coke? You don't do it? What are you, a cop?

TRIMMER stiffens up, but TY bursts into laughter. TRIMMER follows suit, and TY retracts the blade

TY (CONT'D)

I'm just messing with you, man. I don't need you coked up, running around in these streets. You make me money. A lot of money. Just keep doing what you're doing. And we won't have any problems.

TRIMMER smiles at him

TRIMMER

That I can do.

TY leans forward

TY

And next time, if you can't meet up, don't just show up here. Call me first.

CUT TO:

5 **EXT. TY'S ESTATE - NIGHT**

5

TRIMMER walks back to his car, getting inside. He pulls out his phone and dials

CUT TO:

6 **INT. OPERATIVES HOUSE, GARAGE - NIGHT**

6

A man, **FLOYD (Male, 30's)** is in his garage hitting a golf ball into a red cup on the ground. He takes his shot - a miss. A cell phone on a fold out table near him suddenly VIBRATES - he walks toward it to answer

INTERCUT - PHONE

TRIMMER

(checking watch)

Don't even say it.

FLOYD

You have any idea what time it is?

TRIMMER

Are you still free?

FLOYD

I was *this* close to the "Hawaii Open"!

TRIMMER

What?

FLOYD

Golf, idiot. It's golf.

(sighs)

What do you want?

TRIMMER

(repeating himself)

Are you still free tonight?

FLOYD

No..but do I have a choice? Do you have it?

TRIMMER

Yeah, I just left his house.

FLOYD

Alright well, get here, we'll make the swap. And soon!

FLOYD hangs the phone up

CUT TO:

7 **INT. TREY'S VAN, SUBURB STREETS - NIGHT** 7

TREY (Male, 20's) sits in his van with **RYAN (Male, 20's)**

RYAN

How much for the "G"?

TREY

Eighty for a "G", pop. Or you cop a ball for two fifty. Up to you.

RYAN

(thinking)

I'll take the "G".

TREY

G? *Fasho'*.

TREY hands him a small sack; RYAN shows him the money in his hand high in the air

TREY (CONT'D)

Whoa, whoa, whoa, keep that shit down, bro! God damn.

RYAN

My bad..

MATCH CUT TO:

8 **EXT. SUBURB STREETS - NIGHT** 8

Shots of TRIMMER speeding, taking sharp turns

MATCH CUT TO:

9 **INT. TREY'S VAN, SUBURB STREETS - NIGHT** 9

As RYAN gets out, TREY counts the cash

TREY

(to himself)

20..40..60..Thank you, sir!

RYAN walks away from TREY's van as TRIMMER's car rushes past. TREY notices

TREY (CONT'D)
(curiously)
 What is Lee doing on this side of
 town?

CUT TO:

10 **EXT. SUBURB STREETS - NIGHT** 10

TREY tracks TRIMMER's car, following behind from a distance

CUT TO:

11 **EXT. OPERATIVES HOUSE, STREET - NIGHT** 11

TRIMMER pulls up to FLOYD's house, TREY following behind, parking a few houses back. TRIMMER gets a large bag out of his trunk and walks towards the garage door, which opens. FLOYD ushers him in, then shuts it behind them

CUT TO:

12 **INT. OPERATIVES HOUSE, GARAGE - NIGHT** 12

TRIMMER and FLOYD hastily begin exchanging product in TRIMMER's bag with product FLOYD has on the large table

MATCH CUT TO:

13 **EXT. OPERATIVES HOUSE, STREET - NIGHT** 13

TREY gets out of his car and sneaks around TRIMMER's, looking inside, keeping an eye on the garage door. He takes a few pictures of the interior

MATCH CUT TO:

14 **INT. OPERATIVES HOUSE, GARAGE - NIGHT** 14

TRIMMER and FLOYD are zipping up the bags, finishing the swap. He opens the garage door, and steps out to his car, where TREY is nowhere to be seen

MATCH CUT TO:

AMAYA

Manager. Told him I lost my
keycard.

He rubs his hands through his hair and begins to take his
shirt off, grabbing another from the drawer

AMAYA (CONT'D)

You know, the weirdest thing
happened to me today. This jackass
stood me up. Told me to meet him by
BART at 5. And guess what?

TRIMMER laughs to himself

AMAYA (CONT'D)

My dumbass actually believed that
he would meet me there, so I waited
three hours, but he never showed
up! I just found it funny, because
I *thought* we had something going
on, you know? And I didn't think
he'd do some shady shit like that.

TRIMMER

(*smirking*)

You know what they say about
assumptions.

AMAYA

I'm so sick of doing this shit with
you, Lee! Forreal!

TRIMMER

Then why are you here, Amaya? I
didn't call you. I didn't ask you
to come here. Yet here you are,
every *fucking* Monday, because you
know this is where I stay.

AMAYA gets up, getting in TRIMMER's face

AMAYA

Whatever, Lee! You know damn well
you'll call me when you want a
piece, or when you got shit on your
mind nobody else wanna hear, cause'
I'm the only one giving your
trifling ass the time of day!

TRIMMER

I'm sorry. I got caught up today,
I..

AMAYA shakes her head, noticing lipstick on the dresser

AMAYA

Oh, you got *caught up*, huh?

She grabs the lipstick, opening it, swiping it at TRIMMER's face, marking him. He grabs it from her mid swipe

AMAYA (CONT'D)

Yeah, *caught up*. It's always an excuse as to why you can't show up for ME, but some other bitch off the streets calls and I bet you'd be there with bells on, huh? Go ahead and lie some more, Lee. I mean, I got time, since I'm here 'every fucking Monday'.

TRIMMER wipes the lipstick off his face

TRIMMER

(*sternly*)

I said I got caught up, okay?

AMAYA

Can't you just tell me what's going on? Can't you just be real with me, for ONCE?!

TRIMMER doesn't reply; He waits a beat, letting out a sigh. AMAYA shakes her head, then walks away

TRIMMER

Amaya!

She pauses, slowly turning to face him, irritated

TRIMMER (CONT'D)

(*pausing a beat*)

I'm sorry.

She stops and turns to him, smiling

MATCH CUT TO:

19

INT. TREY'S VAN, TRIMMER'S MOTEL - NIGHT

19

TREY, who has been watching TRIMMER's room from a distance, witnesses AMAYA walk out of his door. He takes a few photos, then dials his phone

CUT TO:

20

INT. TY'S ESTATE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

20

TY is in his kitchen, cutting up mango on his island. His phone rings, and he answers

TY

Hello?

INTERCUT - PHONE**TREY**

I've been keeping an eye on our friend.

TY

And?

TREY

Guess who just came out of his motel room.

TY

(curious)

Who?

TREY

Your sister. Amaya. She just left and started walking.

TY

Are you sure? How does he know my sister?

TREY

I don't know, man. That's just what I saw.

TY, still cutting mango, thinks for a moment

TY

Do me a favor, lay low off Trimmer for tonight. I already got someone checking him out for me.

TREY

Okay.

TY

Tomorrow, though, do me a favor. Bring me that little street rat sister of mine. I got a few questions for her.

TREY looks confused

TREY

Bring her to you? Like..kidnap her?

TY

I don't think it'll be that
difficult to get her in a van with
you, trust me.

TY laughs to himself as he hangs his phone up

CUT TO:

21 **INT. TRIMMER'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

21

TRIMMER lays in bed, turning an old fashioned TV. He notices numerous missed calls from his wife on his cell. He tosses it down

We go into a montage between TRIMMER in his **MOTEL ROOM** and TY in **TY'S ESTATE**. TRIMMER lies in his bed lonely at night, flipping through TV stations in the dark, drinking beer

TY, in his estate, works out vigorously, doing push ups, sit ups, and shadowboxing. He stands up to a large canvas, passionately drawing on the surface with charcoal

Eventually we see TRIMMER grabbing a bottle of alcohol, downing large quantities at a time. He eventually passes out

Ty eats a mango, standing before his drawing, which we now see is a haunting sketch of the eyes of TRIMMER. After staring into it, he angrily throws his mango at the portrait

CUT TO BLACK.

BLACK SCREEN HOLDS - the sound of a phone ringing

CUT TO:

22 **INT. TRIMMER'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY**

22

TRIMMER lays in his bed, answering his phone, tired

TRIMMER

H..hello?
(pausing a beat)
When do you need it?

He looks at his wrist watch, rubbing his throbbing head

TY

What you got for me?

ANTHONY

Oh, I got something alright. But you aren't gonna' like it. It's bad, man.

He pulls out his cell phone, opens it, and shows it to TY

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Just keep scrolling down if you want to see it all. But it's pretty obvious this is the man we been hearing about. He's been distributing marked product so it can be tracked, as long as you know what to look for.

TY continues to silently scroll through pictures of TRIMMER

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

And..if you get to the bottom, you'll find a whole other problem. The dude that your guy saw him exchanging product with last night? He's also FBI.

TY's jaw begins to clinch with irritation

TY

Very interesting.

ANTHONY

Listen, man. I don't know what your plan is, but whatever it is, you better do it fast. They know what you're doing. It's only a matter of time. Trust me.

TY

Oh, trust *me*. I have a plan..but first, I have a date to attend to. Thank you for your time, man. Appreciate it as always.

ANTHONY nods casually

CUT TO:

26 **EXT. LARGE WAREHOUSE, INDUSTRIAL ROAD - DAY**

26

TRIMMER walks towards his car, and gets in. His phone rings again - WIFE. He regretfully answers

TRIMMER

(sighing)

Yes, dear?

TRIMMER'S WIFE (V.O.)

I've been calling you for three days! What the hell is going on?

TRIMMER

I'm sorry, dear, I've been busy, running all around town..I..

TRIMMER'S WIFE (V.O.)

We need to talk.

TRIMMER

Now, honey, I know that..that things have been..have been hard..

TRIMMER'S WIFE

I..I'm leaving you, Lee.

TRIMMER stares forward with an inscrutable gaze

CUT TO:

27 **EXT. BAY AREA - DAY/NIGHT**

27

Time lapse **B ROLL** of San Francisco showing day to evening

CUT TO:

28 **EXT. CONVENIENT STORE - NIGHT**

28

AMAYA exits a store with a drink. She exchanges banter with a homeless man who scolds her for not offering up change

CUT TO:

29 **EXT. BUS STOP, STREET - NIGHT**

29

AMAYA sits at a bus stop, looking through her phone. TREY pulls up in front of her in his van, shouting out the window

TREY

Amaya!

She looks at him, but looks away

TREY (CONT'D)
Amaya, I ain't playing! Your
brother needs to talk to you. Get
in the car!

AMAYA
Go away, Trey! Nobody is getting in
your 'rape van'. And if my brother
wants to talk to me, you can tell
him to come talk to me himself.

TREY sighs, then pulls out a gun, pointing at AMAYA

TREY
(*irritated*)
Get in the *fucking* car, Amaya!

CUT TO:

30

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT, SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

30

TY is sitting in a VIP like section with VANESSA and another
woman, **TANYA (Female, 20's)**. AMAYA walks up to the table,
followed by TREY

TREY
(*to AMAYA*)
Sit down.

AMAYA gawks

AMAYA
You got me fucked up if you think
I'm about to sit here next to these
two bum bitches.

TY laughs, then motions for the women to leave - AMAYA sits

TY
Well, well, well. Look who it is.
If it isn't the '*Street Rat, Queen
of Agrabah*'.

AMAYA scolds him with a look

AMAYA
You better have a drink ready for
me, after what your little buddy
just put me through.

TY sits back in his chair, scanning her, disapprovingly

TY

The hell is wrong with you, Amaya?

She looks at him expressionless

TY (CONT'D)

You look like shit. You smell..

(sniffing the air)

..like trash. The *fuck* you been doing out here, man?

AMAYA

Surviving. You know that ever since mom died, I been doing the best I can. It isn't easy to survive on the streets without that coke money.

TY

So what, you suck dick for a living?

AMAYA

(quickly)

Fuck you.

TY smirks, sitting back up, straightening his shirt

TY

I am the definition of success. I'm the one surviving. Don't forget that. After all, I'm not the one sleeping in garbage, or with old geezers off the street.

AMAYA rolls her eyes, and puts her hand up to TY

AMAYA

Calm down, 'Mr. Matthews'. You're a drug dealer.

TY leans forward

TY

Drug *Lord*, Amaya. I command these streets. Not a thing happens in this city without me knowing about it.

She scoffs, leaning back

AMAYA

So that's why you sitting there, asking *me* questions?

(MORE)

AMAYA (CONT'D)

Why did you bring me here, bro? To inflate your ego? What do you want?

TY

Straight to business, then?

He pulls out his phone, showing her pictures

TY (CONT'D)

So who you been hanging around lately, Amaya? '*The Silver Fox*'?

She shoots him a double take

AMAYA

Excuse me?

TY shows her a picture of her leaving TRIMMER's motel

TY

So who's motel were you leaving last night?

AMAYA

That's just some dude I met at the laundromat. I do laundry, Ty.

TY

Stop fucking around, Amaya. This isn't a game. Now answer my question.

AMAYA

First off, why is *Trey* taking pictures of me? Why you snooping around in *my* business?

TY

Don't think for one second that just because you're my sister I trust you. I got rats watching my rats. Now answer my question. Why are you hanging around with this dude?

AMAYA

He's just a friend I met a few months ago. He's a drug dealer. That's it.

TY

Yeah? You're right. He is a drug dealer. He's also a rat.

AMAYA

I have no idea what you're talking about, Ty. He's never mentioned you.

TY

You sure? Not even when shacking up?

AMAYA

I'm leaving.

She gets up and pushes her chair in, walking away. TY puts his hands behind his head and speaks out to her

TY

Be careful the company you keep, lil' sis'. There's about to be an extermination.

He smirks to himself

CUT TO:

31 **EXT. TRIMMER'S MOTEL - NIGHT**

31

AMAYA is outside of TRIMMER's motel room, slamming on the door. She yells out for him, but no response. She pulls out her cell phone

AMAYA

Come on, Lee! Answer the damn phone for once!

(pausing a beat)

Come ON! ANSWER! Hello? Where are you?

CUT TO:

32 **INT. CHURCH CATHEDRAL - NIGHT**

32

TRIMMER sits alone in an empty pew inside a beautiful church. AMAYA walks down the aisle from the back to him, stopping behind him

AMAYA

Lee?

His head is down, looking at a rosary in his hand

TRIMMER

You ever heard the story of Job,
Amaya?

AMAYA

(*sitting*)

Never was one for church stories.

TRIMMER

Job was God's most faithful
servant. He was tested by Satan,
and never cursed God. Not even when
his own wife told him to.

AMAYA

I'm not following you, Lee.

TRIMMER

It's about patience, you see.
Patience and humility. Job was
patient in his suffering, and never
gave in. I've been patient, Amaya.
And I've waited.

AMAYA

For what?

TRIMMER

I'm not just some dealer off the
street. I'm an undercover FBI
agent. I've been patiently staking
out your brothers circle for the
past five months. And I'm tired. My
own wife has even given up on me.

AMAYA

Your *wife*? Wait..how long have..

TRIMMER

Everything that I've ever told you
is a lie. I'm not who I say I am.
The man you think you know..he
doesn't exist.

He looks down as the rosary again, rubbing over it

TRIMMER (CONT'D)

I'm whoever I need to be, when I
need to be.

AMAYA

So you used me this entire time to
get to my brother?

(MORE)

AMAYA (CONT'D)

I didn't even know..I don't even know what to say..I..

TRIMMER

I'd say sorry, but I've said that so many times over the years that it doesn't really have any meaning behind, and I can't even pretend that it does.

AMAYA leans back in the pew, defeated

TRIMMER (CONT'D)

For what it's worth, you and I had nothing to do with this investigation. I knew who you were, but that didn't..

She cuts him off

AMAYA

Shut up, Lee.

(pausing a beat)

I just thought you might want to know that my brother knows who you are. I don't know what you did, but you fucked up. He's onto you.

TRIMMER

If Ty was onto me, I'd already be dead. Just let me handle this, okay? I have everything under control.

AMAYA

No, Lee - you don't understand. My brother..

He cuts her off, turning around to face her

TRIMMER

Amaya, listen. Get out of town, and lay low for a while. Things could get crazy here for a bit. Go! I already have enough on my mind.

TRIMMER slouches back into the pew, putting his head down.
AMAYA, confused, gets up and walks away

CUT TO:

33

EXT. CHURCH CATHEDRAL, STREET - NIGHT

33

AMAYA briskly walks out of the church down the street. She passes TREY's van, who was waiting outside for her. He gets out of his car as she passes, chasing after her

TREY

Amaya!

She notices him, breaking off into a sprint, ducking into the closest alley. TREY follows in pursuit

MATCH CUT TO:

34

EXT. ALLEYWAY, STREET - NIGHT

34

AMAYA runs fast down an alleyway, TREY following close behind her. He eventually catches up to her, slamming her into the wall, grabbing her hands so she can't move

TREY

What did you tell him, Amaya? *WHAT DID YOU TELL HIM?*

AMAYA struggles to get free, but can't

AMAYA

Get off of me, Trey!

TREY

What did you tell that old ass man?

AMAYA

Leave me alone! I didn't tell him anything!

She knees his groin; he lets her go and yells out. He runs up to her again, cornering her, choking her against the wall

TREY

Stop playing games with me! I just saw you leave the church. Now TELL me!

AMAYA

(struggling)

I didn't tell him anything!

TREY

You ratting against your own brother? You snitching your own people out? You lying for *him*?

AMAYA

I love him! Okay! I love him!

TREY looks shocked, letting go. She falls to the ground

TREY

You *love* him? You **LOVE** that old ass geezer? Are you kidding me?

She attempts to get her breath, choking on the ground. TREY looks at her in disgust, walking away

35 **INT. TY'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT**

35

TY is in a secluded industrial area that looks like the back of a warehouse. He's watching two of his henchmen **PONY (MALE, 40's)** and **JOHNNY(MALE, 30's)** stuff what appears to be a body inside a large blue container. He pulls his phone out

MATCH CUT TO:

36 **INT. TRIMMER'S CAR, PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

36

TRIMMER is sitting inside a parking lot when his phone rings

TRIMMER

Hello?

INTERCUT - PHONE

TY

Trimmer, my man. Listen, something came up tonight, an issue I think you could help with. You think you can meet up with me?

TRIMMER pauses

TRIMMER

Absolutely, boss. Is everything alright?

TY watches the men seal the lid on the barrel

TY

Yeah, everything's fine. I just got something I need you to take a look at. I'll send you the address.

TY hangs the phone up, continuing to watch

MATCH CUT TO:

37 **EXT. TY'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT**

37

TRIMMER pulls his car up near the meet location. He gets out, and begins walking. As he gets to the door, PONY appears out of nowhere, knocking him out

CUT TO:

38 **INT. TY'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT**

38

TY, TREY, and his henchmen wait. A single chair is in the middle of the area. Eventually PONY appears with TRIMMER, shoving him through the door

TY

Thank you for joining us.

He gestures to the seat in front of him

TY (CONT'D)

Please, take a seat.

TRIMMER

I think I'll stand.

PONY hits TRIMMER with the butt of his gun, causing him to fall

TY

I said..take a seat.

JOHNNY walks over, picking up TRIMMER, as PONY punches him in the face

PONY

He said SIT DOWN!

(*spitting*)

Piece of shit.

JOHNNY throws him in the chair and PONY ties him up. They both stand behind TRIMMER

TY

How's it been going out there lately? Good? Everything running smoothly? Your last drop, that went well?

TRIMMER

Uh..yeah. So far, so good. You know how it is.

TY
(smirking)
 Oh, I do.

He nods to TREY, who gives him a manila folder

TY (CONT'D)
 You see, I'm very '*in the loop*'.
 Always have been. You don't get to
 where I am without being a certain
 level of..overly cautious.

He opens the manila folder

TY (CONT'D)
 And I'm so '*in the loop*', in fact,
 that the man you made the drop off
 with today, was actually someone
 working for me. And you know what
 we found out?

He waits for TRIMMERS response

TY (CONT'D)
 You know what we found, Lee?

TRIMMER nervously shakes his head

TY (CONT'D)
 We found out that the drugs you
 gave him, weren't the drugs that I
 gave you. Now..
(laughing)
 That's weird, right? Because that
 would mean..

He shows TRIMMER the folder - a picture of the FBI dossier

TY (CONT'D)
 That would mean that you're a cop.

TRIMMER stares at it blankly, breathing heavily

TRIMMER
 Now..Ty. You know that there must
 be some sort of mistake
 here..or..or something..

TY
 A mistake? That's what I thought at
 first. So I thought I'd have a chat
 with the guy you were seen
 exchanging product with last night.

Many other officers are there, and TY is being put in the back of the cop car. AMAYA runs up to the location, scouting for TRIMMER; she spots him

AMAYA

Lee!

TRIMMER

(to officer)

Thanks.

He turns to AMAYA

TRIMMER (CONT'D)

Howdy partner.

AMAYA

(stunned)

I heard what happened..how..how did you..

TRIMMER pulls out his phone

TRIMMER

The FBI had ears on me the entire time. They were tracking me. This entire thing was a setup.

AMAYA

(amazed)

You used yourself as bait to bust my brother?

TRIMMER

Putting myself directly in the line of fire was the only way I could build a case around him. They call him "GHOST" for a reason.

AMAYA walks in a circle, frantically, amazed

AMAYA

Okay, so..what are you going to do now?

TRIMMER

Well, that's a little more difficult. Wanna UBER with me to my car?

She shrugs

CUT TO:

42

INT. TRIMMER'S CAR, TY'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT

42

TRIMMER and AMAYA sit in silence in his car. Amaya speaks up

AMAYA

So what happens now?

TRIMMER

What do you mean?

AMAYA

What are you going to do? Since this is all over?

TRIMMER

Well, I'll be reassigned and relocated. We've got a good lead on where Ty was getting his product from, some Irish guy up north. We'll see.

AMAYA looks out of the window, longingly

AMAYA

I'm sorry about your partner. I can't believe Ty did that.

TRIMMER raises his eyebrows

AMAYA (CONT'D)

Where are you going tonight?

TRIMMER

My motel.

AMAYA

(pausing a beat)

Can I stay over?

TRIMMER looks forward, sighing

TRIMMER

Sure.

He turns his car on

TRIMMER (CONT'D)

I'm gonna need that keycard back.

AMAYA

Yeah..no.

CUT TO:

43 **EXT. TRIMMER'S MOTEL - NIGHT**

43

TRIMMER pulls up to the motel. He walks up to the door, slides his key, then walks in. AMAYA follows

CUT TO BLACK.

BLACK SCREEN HOLDS - we hear TRIMMER's voice

TRIMMER (V.O.)

You going to have to hide, you know that right?

CUT TO:

44 **INT. TRIMMER'S MOTEL ROOM - DAY**

44

TRIMMER is getting ready in the mirror, straightening his tie. AMAYA is still in bed, just waking up

AMAYA

Where are you going?

TRIMMER

I told you. I've been reassigned. I'm going in for my briefing. It was nice knowing you, Amaya. It really was. Don't worry about the room, it's taken care of.

TRIMMER gets to the front door, opening it

AMAYA

Lee, wait!

He turns to her with the door cracked

TRIMMER

My name isn't Lee. It's Mike.

He swings the door open, and slams it shut

CUT TO:

45 **EXT. TRIMMER'S MOTEL - DAY**

45

TRIMMER sits in his car in the parking lot of the motel, his engine steadily running. He stares into the distance expressionless for a moment, then begins slamming his hands and yelling on his steering wheel. After a moment, he gets out is phone, collects himself, and dials

TRIMMER

Honey? Hey. Yeah..yeah..I'm ok.

CUT TO BLACK.

BLACK SCREEN HOLDS - the engine continues purring as 'to be continued' appears on the screen, then fades away

THE END