

Jack grumbles and hesitantly pulls out his phone and dials a number. He anxiously awaits an answer.

CHARLIE (V.O)  
(Voice distorted by phone)  
What?

JACK  
Uh, hi Charlie. How are you?

He cringes at himself.

CHARLIE (V.O)  
(Voice distorted by phone)  
Have you done it?

JACK  
Well, we've hit a bit of a snag.

CHARLIE (V.O)  
(Voice distorted by phone)  
What have you fucking idiots done now?

JACK  
(Defensively)  
Nothing, Charlie, nothing. We were just wondering if you knew anywhere to dump...something.

Silence. An ugly pause. Jack cringes at himself again.

CHARLIE (V.O)  
(Voice distorted by phone)  
You what?

JACK  
Well-

CHARLIE (V.O)  
(Voice distorted by phone)  
You took it with you?

JACK  
We had to. Are any of your construction sites available?

CHARLIE (V.O)  
(Voice distorted by phone)  
Are you fucking simple, son? You think I'd like something like that on my own property?

The phone hangs up.