

TWO BLIND MICE

by anonymous

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FADE IN:

INT. REAL ESTATE OFFICE - NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

The elevator doors close behind LENNY (34). He's a thug, but not an overly intimidating one. Not for lack of trying. He's dressed like Stallone in ROCKY, fedora included. He's built like a bull, and has more ticks than a mangy mutt.

EMPLOYEE LOUNGE

EDM music blaring. New York's real estate elite mingling. A banner behind a buffet table of beef tenderloin crostini and chevre tartlets reads "MILLION DOLLAR CELEBRATION!"

An entire wall of video screens opposite the bean bag chairs and leather sofas loops the company accomplishments.

ADAM'S OFFICE

Lenny pokes the corner office door open. It's empty.

Lenny looks over his left shoulder. He has a full view of the party. He locks eyes with CARLEE (31). Black skirt, white blouse. Chestnut brown hair caressing her shoulders. A face that can launch well over a thousand ships.

EMPLOYEE LOUNGE

Carlee's thumbs frantically work the phone: "Lenny on the premises. Get here fast."

Carlee stares at the screen... a response from TOMMY: "I know they told me. Right behind him."

ADAM'S OFFICE

Lenny crosses to the window. The shades are up. He has an unobstructed view of the lights of Manhattan.

EMPLOYEE LOUNGE

Lenny saunters up to the buffet table. Draws a long stare from a skinny DUDE in a bolo tie. He picks up a plate.

ADAM'S OFFICE

A TOILET FLUSH. The en suite door opens. ADAM (36), in a blue power suit, emerges. The CEO. Intense and Napoleonic.

EMPLOYEE LOUNGE

TOMMY (34) stands near the video wall. Appropriately dressed in a V-neck sweater and khakis, he'd get mistaken for a schoolteacher on the street.

From across the room, Tommy sees Lenny chowing down.

On screen, Carlee cheerfully tells an interviewer about her biggest deal of the year.

And on cue, Carlee sidles up behind Tommy.

TOMMY  
You're a million dollar sales girl?

CARLEE  
What, I can't enjoy my assignment?

Carlee nods toward Lenny.

CARLEE (CONT'D)  
Why is he here?

TOMMY  
Freelancing.

CARLEE  
What the hell does that mean, Tommy?

TOMMY  
He heard that Adam's going open shop on demo. Next job in Queens.

CARLEE  
Get him under control and out of here. Now. Don't fuck this up. Or I'm going to bury both of you.

Lenny begins to move. Tommy follows.

ADAM'S OFFICE

Adam is seated at his desk when Lenny pushes the door open.

ADAM  
This is a private event.

LENNY  
Yeah, I know. But I was lonely.

Adam reaches for his cell. Lenny gets his attention with a finger wag, and pats his coat a few times.

ADAM  
Fuck you. How did you get in?

LENNY  
The night guard? He's watching fuckin' Youtube videos. I flashed a liberry card at him. If I was you, I'd think about personnel changes.

Tommy nudges his way into the office.

TOMMY

And I'd make a policy about  
piggybacking into the building.  
Never know who can get in.

ADAM

Great, the other half. Hey, Harry,  
can you please ask Lloyd fucking  
Christmas why he's here?

LENNY

Since you mention it, I'd like some  
more of those mushroom puffs with  
all that shit on them. What's  
right, do you eat them with a fork?

Adam's doing a slow boil. He points at Lenny.

ADAM

Don't you fucking threaten me. I  
have an armed security officer in  
here at all times. Go ahead, try to  
pick him out. He's ex-Special  
Forces. Served in Fallujah.

TOMMY

Why are you here, Lenny?

LENNY

I want four hundred large, Tommy.

Adam laughs. Dismissively. Derisively. With malice.

TOMMY

You did go back on your word, Adam.

ADAM

And the tenant is doing the  
construction. You want to tell them  
they have to pay two hundred  
percent more for demo to go union?

TOMMY

So Joey says it's yours to pay then.

ADAM

And Yuri's not paying it. And my  
money is his money.

The men's faces freeze at the mention of the name Yuri.

LENNY

Yeah, well, we don't work for Yuri.

ADAM  
We all work for Yuri.

Something outside the window catches Tommy's attention.

TOMMY  
Hey, this is all a big  
misunderstanding. No harm done.

Tommy walks past Adam's desk and looks out the window at the rooftop of an adjacent building.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
We'll take off.

Tommy sees a shadow, then movement, and then a glint of light reflect off of a piece of metal... is it a person?

Tommy crosses back and takes Lenny by the shoulders.

TOMMY (CONT'D)  
C'mon, not our fight.

Lenny shakes Tommy off.

LENNY  
I gotta take a leak.

Lenny moves toward the en suite, which angers Adam.

ADAM  
Hey hey hey, use the one in the  
hallway. This one doesn't get  
cleaned until Monday.

Carlee appears in the doorway.

CARLEE  
Adam, almost time for your speech.

Adam waves as politely as he can while grabbing his phone.

As Tommy pushes Lenny out the doorway, Carlee makes a show biz turn toward Tommy, her hand extended.

CARLEE (CONT'D)  
Don't believe we've met. Carlee.  
Number one in sales this quarter.

EMPLOYEE LOUNGE

Carlee's on the couch, watching the video. Tommy sits on the top of the couch, facing the opposite direction.

CARLEE  
So, what's your ambition in life?

TOMMY

To use the words ostensibly and  
ennui in the same sentence.

Carlee chuckles.

CARLEE

You suck.

TOMMY

Yeah? Why?

CARLEE

Because you'd be dateable.

TOMMY

That what you call this - dating?

Carlee's half-angry. She twists herself enough to give  
Tommy a smack on the knee.

CARLEE

I said dateable. Not fuckable. Why  
you chose to do this is beyond me.

TOMMY

So is the sniper on the roof yours,  
or is it Yuri's?

CARLEE

Have to admit, you're good. Had to  
call it in once Lenny got here.

TOMMY

You don't have any idea how me and  
Lenny grew up. I had a good memory.  
Never had to write anything down.  
In my neighborhood? That's gold.

CARLEE

So be an accountant.

TOMMY

Yeah, try paying cancer bills on an  
accountant's salary.

Carlee softens... but then steadies again.

CARLEE

Cry me a river. If I don't get the  
money launderer at the end of this,  
you're going to wish you became a  
toll booth clerk.

TOMMY

Yes ma'am.

CARLEE

When he comes back, you get him out, without advertising you have a weapon. Which I assume is loaded?

TOMMY

No, of course not. Because other wiseguys inherently trust a guy with an unloaded weapon.

RECEPTION DESK

Tommy and Lenny wait for the elevator.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

You know this was a bad idea, right?

LENNY

Hey, you know what happened to me on the way over here? Some guy didn't clean off the snow on the top of his car, and the ice smashed right into my windshield. And then some guy changes lanes without signaling. Drove me fuckin' bananas.

TOMMY

Yeah I know. Why I hate driving with you. That and Kenny Chesney.

LENNY

You're the only one who hates Kenny. Anyway, all I wanted to do was scream at these people "do you know who I am? Do you know who I know?" But they do know. I'm a nobody. What am I gonna do? Kill everyone who disrespects me?

TOMMY

Lenny, you gotta chill, because -

LENNY

You know why I'm here tonight? Sure, I figured Joey would give me twenty percent - maybe ten percent of a finder's fee. But my cousin Boonie is out of work because of that prick in the office. And Jerry too, you know Jerry? They show up at the hall, and there's nothing. That rich asshole stuffing it in his pocket, not giving a shit.

TOMMY

Lenny, this is bigger than that.

LENNY  
Nothing's bigger than that, Tommy.

Lenny pushes past Tommy and heads back to

ADAM'S OFFICE

Adam's on his cell when Lenny bounds in, gun pulled.

LENNY  
I want an apology.

Adam hangs up the phone. Puts it down. Raises his hands.

ADAM  
Are you crazy?

LENNY  
Apologize.

ADAM  
For what?

Adam's armed SECURITY OFFICER rushes into the office, gun drawn on Lenny.

SECURITY OFFICER  
Drop the weapon!

Lenny wheels toward the officer as Tommy arrives.

A SHOT shatters the window behind Adam. It strikes the officer in the forehead. He falls, felled.

Lenny ducks instinctively. Another SHOT from the sniper hits the door near Tommy.

Lenny wheels back toward Adam. The gun wobbling in his hand, he discharges a single SHOT.

Adam's head hits the desk with a sickening thud.

Carlee rushes past Tommy, gun drawn, trained on Lenny. She holds her other hand up to the window, signaling the sniper.

Mixed SCREAMS and panicked CHATTER emanate from the lounge. Carly slams the office door shut.

CARLEE  
F.B.I.! CLASP YOUR HANDS BEHIND  
YOUR NECK AND WALK BACKWARDS TO ME!

Lenny's in shock. But he manages it. Carlee handcuffs him. She forces Lenny face down to the floor.



CARLEE (CONT'D)  
You have the right to remain  
silent... shit! Anything you say  
can be used against you. You have  
the right to an attorney.

Carlee stares at Tommy. She motions to him with a head nod  
to leave the office. But he doesn't.

Lenny rolls to his side. He sobs silently. He catches  
Tommy's eye. He purses his lips. A "P" sound... please?

Carlee pulls a radio out of her purse.

CARLEE (CONT'D)  
Shots fired, Two-Sixteen West Forty  
Fifth Street. Two casualties.

Tommy stares at Lenny. Lenny squeezes his eyes shut and  
shakes his head yes. They know.

Tommy draws his gun, and through his tears, he fires TWO  
SHOTS into the chest of his childhood friend.

Carlee grabs Tommy's arm, but she's too late... they watch  
silently as Lenny gurgles... then expires.

CARLEE (CONT'D)  
You... You can't do that.

Tommy can't take his eyes off Lenny's lifeless body.

CARLEE (CONT'D)  
Tommy! You're going in now!

TOMMY  
Better than prison.

CARLEE  
For him? Or for you?

Tommy punches Adam's desk... he chokes back his sobs.

CARLEE (CONT'D)  
Well shit, I hate to make this  
about me, but... since I'm fucked  
on this one, I guess we have two  
choices. I could shoot you... or we  
can go live in some nowhere town  
and have a couple of kids?

Tommy and Carlee watch the rivers of blood from Lenny and  
the security officer meet in the middle of the carpet, as a  
distant SIREN becomes barely audible.

FADE OUT.