

**Set-up**

Written by

Jamie Bainbridge-Wood

FADE IN:

**EXT. CANAL SIDE - NIGHT**

MAX GREY, late 20's, athletic, sprints along the side of a canal in dark clothing and a BLOODSTAINED WHITE T-SHIRT. A DUFFEL BAG slung over his shoulder bangs off his hip with each stride. He swings a right onto a narrow path, skidding a line in the canal-side gravel.

**INT. DERELICT BUILDING - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

DWIGHT LANE, late 20's, well built, intense, leans over a dust-covered kitchen island in the center of the room. On the island, a handgun, a phone and two-ski masks. Through hooded eyes, he watches his partner, RAY HARRIS, also late 20's, gaunt, drug-addled, pacing the other side of the room, a phone to his ear.

RAY  
Come on, come on...

**EXT. PATH TO DERELICT BUILDING- NIGHT**

Max makes down a tree-lined path. His phone RINGS in his pocket. He ignores it.

**INT. DERELICT BUILDING - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

RAY  
He's not picking up.

A WOMAN'S SCREAM from a room leading off the kitchen. Dwight smacks a hand down on the island and leaves Ray to pace.

DWIGHT  
(muttered)  
...fucking told her already.

Dwight cracks open the door to the PANTRY (but doesn't lean in, he's not wearing a mask).

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Shut the fuck up!

The SCREAMING stops.

On his way back to Ray, a door SLAMS and Max comes in looking panicked and afraid.

Dwight looks at Ray. Ray looks at the bag.

Laughs.

RAY

Christ. Christ! He fucking did it.

Max gulps and throws the DUFFEL BAG down. His hand shakes by his leg. Dwight notices.

RAY

Where's Michael?

Max looks at Dwight. Dwight looks away. He's already guessed.

Ray takes a step toward Max.

RAY

Where is Michael, Max?

Max kneads his forehead with bloodstained fingers, smearing a red line over his shell-shocked eyes.

MAX

(rapid fire)

I--they--at the drop, someone shooting up high. I don't know. I--w-we tried to take off and, Michael, they- I didn't know what to do. I got the money but your brother...

Ray nods. Takes a deep breath.

He rushes Max. Dwight comes around the island quickly, but not before Ray connects with Max, throwing punches either side of Max's head. Max covers up. Shrinks back.

DWIGHT

You left him?! My fucking brother!

Dwight pulls him off. Ray howls anger and pain. Punches a wall. Dust and paint flecks fall.

Dwight gets Max up from the floor and fixes him against the wall with a hand to his chest. Ray crosses the floor to make another attempt. Dwight grabs him.

DWIGHT  
Easy. Easy.

Ray struggles with him.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)  
Fucking easy! OK?

Ray settles. It's not over, it's stalled.

DWIGHT  
Max did everything he could.

Beat.  
Right, Max?

Max nods, sheepish.

RAY  
How do we know that? You're  
vouching for this guy? You've only  
known him two days! And fucking  
Mike...Ah fuck. Fuck!

Quietly, the WOMAN SOBBING from the other room.

Ray's head comes up- *new plan*. His hand slips to the grip  
of the pistol in his waistband.

DWIGHT  
Wait!

RAY  
You've got to be fucking kidding  
me! I'm doing it now, Dwight. We  
gave the guy a simple deal: 100k  
and he gets his wife back. He made  
it complicated, not us.

Dwight thinks.

DWIGHT  
Maybe it wasn't him.

RAY  
Bullshit.

DWIGHT  
Max, you go to anyone else with  
this job before us?

MAX

What? No. I told you, I used to work at the guy's company. No one else is connected with this.

RAY

All I know, is that one minute, this prick--

Finger jab at Max.

RAY

--is setting up a job, and the next, it gets blown. I say he's a fucking liar.

DWIGHT

We don't know that--

RAY

Fuck that. We'll do her and clear out. We can deal with him afterward.

Dwight looks over at Max. Leans close to Ray.

DWIGHT

(low)

Keep your shit together, alright?

Max's head is hung, submissive. But he leans in a little too, listening.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

(low)

We call the husband, see what he has to say. We aren't satisfied...we deal with this and clear out.

Ray stares.

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Yeah?

Ray nods.

RAY

OK. OK...

Ray lets the gun nestle back into his waistband and takes out his phone instead. Dwight moves over to the DUFFEL BAG. He flicks a quick look at Max, unzips the bag and pulls out a wad of bills.

Ray's phone DIALS.

**INT. DARKENED LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The HUSBAND, 40's, puts his lips to the speaker of his phone.

HUSBAND  
(calm)  
Hello?

RAY (V.O.)  
You set us up.

The lips hold back a smirk. Straighten out.

HUSBAND  
Where is my wife?

**INT. DERELICT HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Ray stands stock-still, eyes wild. No denial from the husband. His heart beats in his ears.

RAY  
Your wife?

Ray flicks a look at Dwight. He's absorbed in the cash.

Ray nods, decision made. He slips the pistol from his waistband and slinks silently over to the pantry.

Wrist deep in the DUFFEL BAG, Dwight freezes. He scratches at the corners of the bag.

DWIGHT  
It's light. Max, it's fucking--

He looks over. The spot where Max stood is empty...

Out of focus, Max, standing behind him.

**INT. DERELICT BUILDING - PANTRY- NIGHT**

The WIFE, 40's, attractive, wearing a dirtied party dress, face drenched in tears, is tied to a chair in the center of the empty room.

Ray enters, phone to his ear.

RAY

She's here. Listen close.

Ray puts the pistol between her eyes, muzzle kissing her forehead. He brings the phone in close.

WIFE

(frantically)

Please don't! Please! I'm begging you.

A muffled THUD behind Ray. He flicks a glance over his shoulder but pays it no more mind.

He stares into the wife's eyes.

Pulls the trigger.

The gun goes CLICK.

RAY

What the fuck?

SAFETY is on.

Ray makes a frustrated noise and pops the SAFETY off. Puts the gun back against her forehead and--

GUNSHOT.

Ray drops like a puppet with it's strings slashed. Behind him, Max revealed, pistol still raised, face impassive.

The wife screams, covered in blood from Ray. She hyperventilates. Max moves to pick up the phone. Through the pantry door, Dwight is visible, sprawled out, eyes dead.

The wife calms down enough to speak.

WIFE

Th-thank...thank you.

She looks over at Dwight.

WIFE  
Is he?

MAX  
I snapped his neck.

Max neatly plucks Ray's phone off the ground  
Beat.

HUSBAND  
Grey?

MAX  
Yeah.

**INT. DARKENED LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

HUSBAND  
Is it done?

MAX (V.O.)  
Yeah. Had to leave one of them in  
my trunk.

HUSBAND  
Is it a problem?

Beat.

MAX  
I'll deal with it.

HUSBAND  
Your payment?

**INT. DERELICT HOUSE - PANTRY - NIGHT**

Max looks over into the kitchen, at the DUFFEL BAG.

MAX  
Secured.

**INT. DARKENED LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The husband takes a breath in through his nose, clearly  
pleased. He smiles.



HUSBAND  
Put her on.

**INT. DERELICT HOUSE - PANTRY - NIGHT**

Max walks around the wife.

WIFE  
What--what are you doing?

He puts the phone to her ear.

HUSBAND (V.O)  
Hello, Celia.

WIFE  
Paul! One of the kidnappers, he...

HUSBAND (V.O)  
Did you think I wouldn't know?

WIFE  
I--what are you--

**INT. DARKENED LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The husband leans forward in the seat of his plush leather suite, a silhouette in darkness.

HUSBAND  
In my house, Celia! In my--

He pauses to collect himself. He sighs, bitter.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)  
Twenty years and you threw it all  
away.

Beat.

HUSBAND (CONT'D)  
Put him back on.

HUSBAND (V.O)  
Mike, it wasn't what you think, I  
can expl--

HUSBAND  
Put him on.

**INT. DERELICT BUILDING - PANTRY - NIGHT**

Celia is shaking from head to toe.

MAX  
Is that it?

Silence from Celia.

Max pulls the phone away.

CELIA  
(Distraught)  
No! Please! Please! I have money,  
you can...

**INT. DARKENED LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

The husband listens to his wife BEGGING over the phone.

GUNSHOT. The husband doesn't move a muscle. The begging has stopped. He slowly relaxes his stance and sits back.

**INT. DERELICT BASEMENT - PANTRY - NIGHT**

Max steps around the body, studying it impersonally. He raises the phone and aims it's camera downward.

SNAPSHOT.

CUT TO BLACK

Fade back in on....

**INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY**

A photo of the husband and wife on top of a mantle piece.

The husband touches a glass of whiskey to his lips and takes a sip. Beside him on the suite, a laptop open with a picture of Celia, blood pool around her head in the pantry.

In the background, a NEWS REPORT plays on a wide-screen TV

NEWS REPORT

--brutally murdered at the hands of her captors. Police believe that the kidnapers turned on each other after receiving the ransom money that Mr Albright delivered earlier that evening, although they believe that one of the suspects may still be at large. They urge anyone with information to--

The husband turns the TV off.

The picture of the husband and wife on the mantel piece. They are smiling, happy. FOOTSTEPS as the husband approaches. Fingers touches the top of the frame and knock the picture face-down.

FADE OUT