

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

To establish a shot of the house outside with several lights on inside the house. A few kids running a playing in neighboring yards. A MAN walks his garbage down to the curb and we eventually:

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A normal kitchen with the standard equipment. It's empty for a few beats.

The door OPENS, revealing MARK (early twenties), wearing a BLUE high collar dress shirt with stripes, and a pair of tight jeans, nicely fit to his body. The top button is open, showing a more relaxed Mark.

He walks over to the fridge, opening the door, pulling out a bottle of beer. He twists off the cap, tossing it into the sink and taking a long drink.

He places the bottle of beer on the counter, pulling some food containers out of the fridge. He's hungry.

We watch Mark getting prepared to make his dinner when someone KNOCKS on the door, causing Mark to look over at the door, waiting--

--The door OPENS revealing WARREN (early twenties), wearing a WHITE high collar dress shirt and a pair of jeans.

MARK

What are you doing here?

Warren appears nervous and anxious to tell him something. He pushes the door shut, moving over towards Mark who continues to work on preparing his meal.

MARK

You want something to eat?

WARREN

We don't have time for that, he's gonna be here before we know it.

MARK

(glancing over at Warren)

Who's that?

Warren appears troubled to mention his name, but Mark WAITS anticipating the answer.

(CONTINUED)

MARK
Who's coming?

WARREN
Scott.

Mark appears nervous for a few beats, eventually going back to working on his meal.

MARK
What does he want?

Warren remains quiet, but appears a little upset at Mark's comment - as if Warren thinks Mark should know what Scott wants.

WARREN
Don't play games Mark. I think you know what he--

MARK
Seriously? This again? I already told him that--

WARREN
He's not gonna take no for an answer. He wants you to do this and he's not gonna be gentle.

Mark chuckles at the idea.

MARK
He's gonna threaten me?

WARREN
He just wants you to listen to his plan and make sure that you understand what he wants.

MARK
He isn't very clear about what he wants and you're not adding to it.

The door OPENS without a knock, revealing SCOTT (mid twenties), wearing a PURPLE high collar dress shirt, with a pair of jeans.

He appears UPSET, focused on getting inside the room and finding Mark.

MARK (cont'd)
Hey Scott, are you hungry.

Scott holds a white envelope with a SYMBOL on the front (a large circle with dot in the center). He drops the envelope on the counter, causing Mark to stare down at it, knowing what was inside.

SCOTT

Just sign it. Then I'll leave and you can go back to cooking your dinner.

Mark chuckles, continuing to stir something on the oven.

MARK

I'm not signing, and I already told you that. I don't understand why you came over to hear the same answer.

We FOCUS on the Scott's face. Angry. His eyes piercing towards Mark. He glances over at Warren who is waiting nervously for something.

Mark reaches down, grabbing the envelope. He pulls out the letter, reading over it. He appears to disapprove of the content, shaking his head in disgust.

MARK (cont'd)

No, I'm not signing this. I don't care if guys did sign--

Mark puts the contract back on the counter. He goes back to working on his dinner.

WARREN

It's not a bad thing. All they want is--

Scott SNAPS his head in the direction of Warren - as if Warren should not be revealing this information to Mark.

Scott motions with a NOD to Warren, but Warren shakes his head not agreeing at first. Hesitating. Scott appears angry with Warren.

Warren reluctantly walks over behind Mark, standing back but in position. Mark turns back seeing Warren, smiling.

MARK

The food's almost ready. Easy.

Warren nervously smiles, looking over at Scott who is upset. Mark looks over at Scott.

MARK (cont'd)

What?

Scott NODS at Warren, who LUNGES forward grabbing hold of Mark putting him in a FULL NELSON grip. Mark struggles to get loose. He stares at Scott. Mark tries to fight back, but Warren has a tight hold on him.

Mark struggles against the grip.

SCOTT

It's really simple Mark. Sign the contract and we'll go.

Mark's face is angry, staring at Scott.

WARREN

Just sign.

Scott walks over to Mark. A smile on his face, looking at Mark up and down like a piece of candy. He reaches out his hand, lightly TOUCHING the fabric of Mark's shirt. He begins moving his finger slowly up and down the fabric--

--He reaches up, grabbing hold of Mark's collar, trying to straighten out the collar, making him presentable.

Mark appears irritated, NOT wanting Scott to touch him.

SCOTT

You know you want this.
(leaning in, whispering)
You know I want this.

MARK

You're not getting anything,
especially me.

Scott chuckles at Mark's continuous struggle against the GRIP that Warren has on him.

SCOTT

Then sign the contract, or this
will be just the beginning.

MARK

No!!!

Scott smiles, considering Mark's total disgust in the situation.

Scott SLAMS his fist into Mark's gut, knocking the wind out Mark. Mark's face grows weak from the pain, but can't drop to the floor because of Warren's hold.

(CONTINUED)

Scott places his hand on Mark's stomach, caressing the shirt, eventually moving his hands around Mark's chest, eventually moving up towards the OPENED part of the shirt, touching his skin, causing Mark to WRINKLE his face in disgust from the touch.

MARK (cont'd)

Pl---ease stop. Don't do this.

Scott smiles, ignoring Mark's plead, continuing to move his hands up to Mark's neck. He takes a few breathtaking MOMENTS molesting Mark's neck.

SCOTT

You see, it's really simple. If you sign the contract then you can have money beyond your wildest dreams.

Scott caresses Mark's jaw, moving around the rest of his face. Mark struggles a little with each move.

He moves his hands back to Mark's high collar, feeling the fabric in a FETISH style, enjoying every touch, closing his eyes in ecstasy.

Scott looks back to the counter, seeing a SHARP kitchen knife. He walks over to get, looking back at Mark. Walking back over to Mark's struggling body, Warren points the knife at Mark.

SCOTT (cont'd)

What if I just cut this nice shirt of yours.

Mark struggles more, trying to get free. Warren continues to hold him tight. A trouble face covers Warren's face - knowing that Scott would kill Mark.

Scott places the tip of the blade on Mark's face, slowly moving it down his face. He smiles seductively at Mark's trouble face, moving it to the shirt.

SCOTT (cont'd)

You want me to cut you? How about I show you that I mean business.

Scott SLOWLY moves the blade back up his shirt, landing on Mark's neck.

SCOTT (cont'd)

I would love to cut you right now.

WARREN

No.

Scott looks in anger at Warren, not believing what he heard.

Mark watches as Scott moves the knife back to his shirt, aiming at the buttons. Scott puts the edge of the blade on the button. He cuts off the button, causing Mark to squirm. Scott cuts off the next button, revealing Mark's well-defined chest.

Scott smiles with pleasure.

SCOTT

You know it doesn't have to be like this. Just sign the contract and be part of this great brotherhood.

MARK

Brotherhood?

Scott puts the knife down, reaching for his own sleeve. He unbuttons the sleeve and rolls it up, revealing a TATTOO on his arm - which is a CIRCLE with a visible DOT in the middle.

SCOTT

It's a brotherhood. You can join it and be part of the greatness that it has.

Mark laughs.

MARK

It sounds like a silly sex club.

SCOTT

Fine, then I guess we have to step up the process.

Scott walks out into the hallway, turning back, motioning for Warren to bring Mark.

Warren pushes forward on Mark.

MARK

Why are you doing this?

WARREN

I don't have a choice.

Warren releases Mark, pushing him around the corner, into the hallway. We stay in the kitchen for a few beats and then:

INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

A normal bathroom. Scott stands by the shower, waiting.

SCOTT
Come on in.

Warren pushes Mark inside the bathroom, no longer in Warren's grip. Mark stares at Warren, then back at Scott.

Scott leans into the shower turning on the HOT water.

SCOTT (cont'd)
The nice thing about your water here is that the water pump is really hot.
(beat, waiting)
What's it going to be? The contract or burnt by the water?

Mark appears troubled by the situation, looking at Warren and for a possible escape by him.

Scott waits a few beats during the TENSE moment, eventually reaching out and grabbing hold of Mark. Mark struggles against Scott. Scott pulls him towards the shower, while Mark is pulling himself away from the shower.

Warren stands back in the doorway, blocking a possible escape.

Scott and Mark WRESTLE for control back and forth for a few beats. Scott finally puts Mark in a STRONG hold. Mark continues to struggle, pleading. Scott pulls him reluctantly towards the shower. Mark appears to almost be crying through his pleads, doing whatever he can to stay out of the water.

On Warren as he watches the situation - as if wanting to do something to help Mark, but knowing he can't.

After a few beats of the struggle, Warren moves into play, pushing on Mark, moving him closer to the water.

MARK
No!

Scott and Warren eventually get Mark under the HOT water. Mark suffers from sensation of the pain. He struggles under the water, the water pouring over his body--

--His SHIRT is getting wet, eventually all his clothes being drenched in the water. Mark eventually tries to get out of the shower, but Scott pushes on Mark, holding him in the shower.

(CONTINUED)

SCOTT

Sign the contract and we stop this right now.

Mark screams out from the PAIN.

MARK

I'm not signing your contract.

SCOTT

Then we move on.

Scott turns off the water, pulling Mark out of the shower. He PUNCHES Mark in the face, causing his head to jolt backwards. Mark recovers from the blow, causing Scott to swing a second VIOLENT punch at Mark's face--

--Connecting hard, causing Mark to trip back into the shower. He hits the back wall, falling to the ground, blood leaks from his nose as he lies there unconscious.

We stay on Mark's blood face for a few beats and then:

We move back up on Scott and Warren.

WARREN

What are we doing?

SCOTT

Getting his signature on the contract. We need his signature of this isn't going to work.

WARREN

It's like you wanna hurt him. He's your friend and--

Scott lunges forward, grabbing hold of Warren's high collar, pulling him close. Face to face. Uncomfortable. Warren wrinkles his face in disgust.

SCOTT

This is going to happen.

In anger, Scott RIPS on Warren's shirt, POPPING a few buttons, revealing Warren's chest. Scott lets go, looking back at Mark's body, still out cold.

Warren thinks for a few, lunging forward grabbing hold of Scott. It surprises Scott, but he turns his attention to Warren and they both PUSH and SHOVE each other. Scott pushes Warren back against the wall. Warren gains composure, pushing Scott back, swinging a fist at Scott. Scott avoids

(CONTINUED)

the punch. Scott returns the favor, swinging a fist at Warren's face - SMACK - Scott connects.

Warren falls back, reaching up to feel his face with his hand. Scott smiles - as if to say you can't touch this.

Warren comes forward, squaring off with Scott. Warren lunges out, grabbing hold of Scott. They wrestle for control. Struggle continues.

Warren eventually gets a shot, swinging a FIST at Scott's face, knocking him back. Warren moves in for a clear shot, pulling his hand back, shoving it STRAIGHT into Scott's gut. Scott leans forward from the pain, causing Warren to swing a punch at Scott's face.

It connects SOLID, causing Scott to fall to the floor - unconscious.

Warren stares down at Scott for a few beats, and then moves over to help Mark. He leans down, touching Mark's body.

WARREN

Hey, Mark. You need to wake up.

Something overshadows Warren. An arm reaches around Warren's neck, pulling Warren back up. Controlling him with a tight hold.

SCOTT

Why are you doing this? You're not helping the situation. This is on you also.

WARREN

Let me go, I'm fine.

Scott eventually releases hold of Warren, letting Warren gain his breath back.

Warren gains his composure, met immediately with a PUNCH to his face, knocking his head back, exposing his stomach. Scott smiles, swinging a violent punch at Warren's gut. The blow causes Warren to double over in pain, dropping to the floor.

SCOTT

You know I don't wanna do this.

Warren reaches up with a hand, pleading with Scott.

Scott KICKS Warren in the face, knocking him out cold.

Scott looks at the unconscious body of Mark. He then reaches down, grabbing Warren's collar with both hands. Scott drags him on the floor and into the hallway.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Scott drags Warren down the hallway.

We get a shot, looking down on Warren's body, the open shirt.

We continue to watch Scott dragging Warren down the hallway.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A plain bedroom. Nothing on the walls, just a bed and dresser.

Warren lies on the bed, face up, still out cold.

Scott stands back, watching Warren, smiling - as if wanting a piece of the young boy in front of him.

He walks over to the body, reaching down with his hand SLOWLY touching Warren's stomach. He moves his hand over Warren's chest, enjoying each moment of touching Warren's body through his shirt.

He peels back the part of Warren's shirt that isn't buttoned, touching his skin. He closes his eyes enjoying the sensation of touching his friend.

Warren begins to stir, causing Scott to pull his hand off Warren's body. Warren looks up at Scott, confused.

WARREN

What are you doing?

Scott takes the contract, dropping it on Warren's body. Warren leans up, picking up the piece of paper and seeing the contract.

WARREN (cont'd)

I know I signed this, but why do we have to force someone that doesn't want it?

SCOTT

We need Mark's signature on this. We can't move forward unless we have that.

(CONTINUED)

WARREN

I don't see the point in all this.
He obviously doesn't want it, and
if he doesn't want in then we
should--

Scott jumps on top of Warren, forcing him back on the bed.
He stares down at the ANGRY Warren.

SCOTT

You're in this and I'm in this, but
the brotherhood wants Mark.

WARREN

I have the same tattoo as you. I'm
in the brotherhood also, but what
makes you think that Mark is going
to let them put ink on him?

We stay on Scott's confused face, turning into anger. He
quickly reaches for Warren's neck, wrapping his hands around
his neck - Squeezing tight. Warren coughs and gags at the
tight grip. Warren reaches up with his hands, pushing at
Scott, trying to get control.

Scott squeezes, watching Warren starting grow weaker,
turning red. His struggle begins to weaken. Scott smiles,
enjoying every minute.

SCOTT

That's okay fuck boy. Go to sleep.

Warren drops his hands, eventually going BLACK.

Scott gets off the bed, heading out of the bedroom, leaving
Warren's unconscious body. We stay on the body for a few
beats and then:

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mark is now seated on a chair, his hand SHACKLED behind his
back. His chest is visible through the partially open shirt.
A thicker blood stream on his face, leaking from his nose.

Scott ENTERS the room, holding the contract.

SCOTT

You wanna keep doing this?

Mark looks up at Scott, the piece paper in his hand. Mark
sighs in disgust.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

How long are we going to do this?
I'm not signing your contract and
being some fuck toy.

SCOTT

That's not everything. There's more
than just having sex.

MARK

What?

SCOTT

Money. Just sign the paper and
let's be done with this. You don't
understand what you're doing.

MARK

No. Whatever you have to do it,
then do it. I'm not signing.

Scott grows angry. He walks around Mark, putting his hands on Mark, caressing his body. He reaches down, from behind Mark, touching Mark's chest. Slowly moving around, touching his shirt, moving up to Mark's high collar.

Scott leans down to Mark's ear.

SCOTT

(whispering)

Sign the contract and just let him
fuck you and then you'll be done.

Mark struggles with all his might at the shackles, wanting to get free. He pulls at his shackles, wanting to reach out for Scott.

Scott walks in front of Mark, kneeling down in front of Mark. He smiles. He reaches up with his hand, touching Mark's knee, moving his hand back over Mark's thigh--

--Mark feels a sensation. His anger drops from his face, feeling it come over him, causing Scott to smile. Scott continues by moving his hand over Mark's crotch, molesting him for a few beats, causing Mark to drop his head back, closing his eyes. The sensation overwhelms Mark, forgetting about the situation.

Mark begins to moan with every move of Scott's hand.

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Back on Warren. He begins to stir at the sound of the moaning coming from the hallway. He watches for a few beats and then he moves to the edge of the bed.

He puts his hands on his face, wiping the sweat from his face, wanting to gain his composure.

After hearing the MOAN again, Warren rushes for the door, heading out into the hallway.

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Warren sneaks quietly down the hallway towards the moaning. He reaches the corner, looking around the corner and sees:

WARREN'S POV

Scott molesting Mark, and Mark moaning at the touch of Scott's hands. It appears that Mark is enjoying it even though he doesn't want it to happen.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Warren rushes into the room, causing Scott to stop and stand. He turns to see Warren.

WARREN

What are you doing?

SCOTT

I'm getting what I want.

WARREN

He's my good friend. I can't let you do this.

Scott moves in on Warren, standing close to Warren - as if wanting Warren to do something.

SCOTT

You wanna do this?

Mark looks up at Warren, desperate.

MARK

Warren, run. He's gonna kill you.

Warren glances at Mark, confused by the comment. He doesn't move.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

Run.

Scott looks over at the counter, the KNIFE. He reaches for it, turning back towards Warren who decides to start running out of the room--

INT. HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

--Warren runs down the hallway, Scott following behind, holding a knife in his hand.

Warren runs for the bedroom, trying to shut the door, but Scott bangs it open--

INT. HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

--Warren stumbles backwards. Scott throws the knife on the bed. He then focuses on Warren, swinging a VIOLENT punch at Warren's face. He then swings a SECOND and THIRD time. Blood spews from the impact.

Warren starts to stumble from the abuse.

Scott punches Warren again in the face. Warren goes limp, falling into Scott's arms. Scott smiles at the sensation of having Warren in his grip, feeling his warm body.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Mark is still on the seat as Scott drags Warren on the floor, leaving his body in front of Mark.

SCOTT

This is your good friend, and you're letting it happen.

MARK

You're the one doing it. You don't have to do this.

SCOTT

I don't have to do this either.

Scott moves over to Warren's body, reaching out for Warren's shirt. He RIPS it open completely, exposing Warren. He starts to stir, his face bloody from the attack.

Scott goes over, helping Warren stand up. He looks at Mark - as if waiting for his agreement, but nothing--

(CONTINUED)

--Scott turns back to the unaware Warren. Scott slams a FIST into Warren's gut, knocking the air out of him.

WARREN

I can't take anymore.

Scott enjoys watching the pain on Warren. He swings an even HARDER punch into Warren's gut. He follows with a hard punch to Warren's face, knocking him to his knees - blood drips from his face on to the floor.

MARK

Stop. Why are you doing this to him?

Scott spins his attention on Mark.

SCOTT

Sign the contract.

Mark considers his choice. He reluctantly AGREES, nodding his head.

WARREN

No, don't. Don't do it.

Scott looks back at Warren. He moves over to him, picking him up by his hands, dragging him out.

SCOTT

I'll just deal with this now and get it over with.

INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Scott drags Warren inside the bathroom. Warren struggles in his grip.

Scott lets go of Warren, moving back to shut the door.

Warren stands up, struggling through the pain. Scott watches him.

SCOTT

You were going to be a problem from the beginning, I knew that.

WARREN

I don't understand.

(CONTINUED)

SCOTT

How do you think I wanted to get Mark? Using a good friend.

Warren is shocked and mad. He lunges at Scott, swinging a fist at Scott. One connects with the side of Scott's face, knocking him back a bit. Warren goes in for a second one, but Scott BLOCKS the blow, returning a powerful SHOT to Warren's face, spraying more blood--

--Scott quickly goes in for a PUNCH to Warren's gut. He falls backwards from all the pain, stumbling into the shower. Scott moves over quick, punching Warren in the gut, making him to his knees. Scott pushes him over on to the floor of the shower.

Scott turns on the HOT water, putting his foot on Warren who is trying to stand up.

SCOTT (cont'd)

It's pointless.

Scott kneels down beside Warren, reaching out with his hands, caressing his WET body - as if trying to sooth the body of his friend. He moves his hands over the shirt, massaging Warren's body.

Warren struggles as much as he can against the grip, causing Scott to laugh. Scott stands up, walking over to a counter, picking up a knife. He walks back over to Warren, kneeling down again, pointing the tip of the blade at him.

SCOTT (cont'd)

You had your chance, but you never were going to be in the brotherhood.

WARREN

What are talking about.

Warren rolls up his sleeves, revealing the same TATTOO. Warren wants Scott to see it.

WARREN (cont'd)

I have the same tattoo as you.

Scott SURPRISES Warren with a quick STAB to Warren's gut. Warren winces from the pain of the blade in his gut. Scott HOLDS it there enjoying the moment of watching the pain.

Scott pulls it out, and Warren is gasping in pain.

Scott reaches out, grabbing Warren's hand that has the tattoo. He stares at the tattoo and then at Warren.

(CONTINUED)

SCOTT

You were never brotherhood material.

Scott takes the knife, placing the edge of the blade on the tattoo. He makes several cuts over the INK, causing Warren to scream out in pain. He drops Warren's blood hand, leaving Warren CRYING in the shower.

Scott waits for a beat. He moves over towards Warren's face. He moves closer - as if leaning in to KISS Warren on the lips. He stops:

SCOTT (cont'd)

(whispering)

You would never be a good fuck boy, but Mark on the other hand, he's going to make a good part of the brotherhood.

Scott leans back, watching Warren's eyes and then--

--Scott STABS Warren with four QUICK shots to the gut. Warren is dead, lying in the BLOODY mess in the shower. Blood spewing from his gut, arm and face.

We stay on the bloody mess for a few shocking beats with the water still running:

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Scott walks into the kitchen with the bloody knife still in his hand.

Mark looks up from the chair.

MARK

What did you do? I said I would--

SCOTT

Shut up. That wasn't real. You were just going to try and save Warren. I knew he was your friend and that's why I used him to get you on board.

Scott reaches over to the counter, grabbing the contract, forcing Mark to look at it.

SCOTT (cont'd)

Sign the fucking contract.

(CONTINUED)

MARK

No.

SCOTT

The men in the brotherhood are very kind towards their fuck boys and you would have enough money to pay off any debt you might have or live whatever life you want.

MARK

What makes you think this is what I want.

SCOTT

The problem is that they want you and won't pay unless you're on board.

MARK

I can't believe you killed Warren. Why?

SCOTT

They were going to kill him anyways.

MARK

Who?

SCOTT

The brotherhood. He was only a hook to bring you on board. I personally would pay money to have you, just imagine what these men would pay.

Scott walks over to Mark, holding the knife to Mark's neck, threatening to CUT, but stops. He puts the knife on the counter. He walks back over to the back of Mark, starting to caress his body. Mark struggles against the TOUCHING. Mark almost begins to cry in the situation but remains strong.

Scott laughs at Mark.

SCOTT (cont'd)

You don't want me?

MARK

What do you think?

Scott waits a few beats, then reaches with his hands, grabbing Mark by the neck - Squeezing as hard as he can. Mark's face turns RED almost instantly. He gags for air, trying to break free from the shackles--

(CONTINUED)

--Mark appears deformed in the face from the pressure of the strangle.

SCOTT
Just sign the contract and this can
all be over.

On Mark's face.

MARK
(struggling)
Yes.

Scott releases Mark, and Mark leans over gasping and panting for air.

Scott pulls a key out of his pocket. He unshackles Mark, waiting for Mark to stand and sign.

Mark eventually stands up, walking over to the counter where the contract is sitting, and the KNIFE that Scott put on the counter.

Mark stares at the contract, seeing the knife--

SCOTT
What are you waiting for? You sign
that contract and we'll be rich.

Mark hesitates.

SCOTT (cont'd)
SIGN IT FUCK BOY!

In a split second, Mark grabs the knife, turning and JAMMING the blade into Scott's stomach. Scott is SHOCKED by the blade--

--Scott reaches down, grabbing hold of Mark's hands, trying to stop Mark. Mark is still holding the blade with a vicious look on his face.

SCOTT (cont'd)
You don't understand what you're
doing.

Mark TWISTS and TURNS the blade in Scott's gut, causing Scott to let go of Mark. Mark YANKS the blade out, causing Scott to stumble backwards, eventually Scott drops to his knees, blood spewing from his mouth.

Mark slowly walks over to Scott, holding the knife at Scott. Scott moans in pain, his head bent towards the floor. Mark seems ready to CUT off Scott's head, but after a few beats decides to EXIT the house through the door.

Scott is left there in the kitchen coughing and gagging from his situation. He eventually falls forward to the floor into a puddle of blood.

We stay on his body for a few beats and he STOPS breathing.

We MOVE out of the kitchen and down the hallway into the bathroom where we see the bloody WARREN lying dead.

Back in the KITCHEN where Scott is dead.

We see the bloody contract on the floor. We see where SCOTT signed and WARREN signed but the line where Mark was to sign is empty.

We stay on the contract for a few few beats and then:

Someone walks into the room. We can only see them below the waist. They are wearing a pair a dress pants and shiny black dress shoes. They continue to walk stopping at Scott, their foot lands on the contract--

--We stay on the contact and the foot for a few beats and then:

BLACKOUT