

INT. THE DRIVER'S SEAT OF HUGH'S CAR - NIGHT

HUGH sits in the driver's seat of a tan 2003 Honda Accord with the Driver side window rolled down. He is a forty-two year old man dressed in workman's denim pants and an oil-stained charcoal grey wife beater. He sits on top of a long sleeve crew neck shirt to prevent getting dirt on his seat. The car is turned on. His seat is reclined so that his thick torso is not pressed against the steering wheel. His work vest is folded neatly in the passenger seat and his almost spotless hardhat rests on top of the vest. He is on the phone with a WOMAN with his right hand resting on the wheel. The tone in his voice is serious, but his face is expressionless.

HUGH

I just need about 200 more dollars. You know I wouldn't ask unless I needed it. I just -- You know my situation and I can't afford all these application fees on my own.

He pauses, we hear a muffled long-winded, incoherent response through the speaker. He cracks a mischievous smirk.

HUGH

Thank you so much baby! I'll let you know if I get in.

Before the Woman can respond, He hangs up the phone and rests it in his right thigh. He digs into his back pocket and pulls out a loose mamey cigarette. He reaches into his center console and digs around blindly for a second. He pulls out a lighter and places the cigarette between his lips. He strikes the lighter a couple times before it lights. He lights his cigarette and puts the lighter back.

He steps on the brake and puts the car into gear.

CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - NIGHT

Hugh pulls off quickly, initially stepping on the gas pedal so hard that it sound like the car might burn out. At the stop sign at the end of the street, without stopping, he turns right.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONDAY MORNING MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Hugh quickly whips his car into the parking lot and parks at the very end of the lot. He steps out of his car, making sure to grab the shirt he was sitting on and throwing it over his shoulder, and flicks his cigarette onto the ground. As he walks towards his room, he steps on it, twisting his foot, making sure it is extinguished.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE MONDAY MORNING MOTEL ROOM 6 - NIGHT

Hugh walks up to his door and pulls a key ring out of his pocket. On a carabiner, each key on the ring is color-coded and separated by individual key rings. With one quick glance, he grabs the motel room key and unlocks the door. He steps inside.

CUT TO:

INT. MONDAY MORNING MOTEL ROOM 6 - NIGHT

Hugh steps into the room and turns on the light. The second the light turns on, he closes the door behind him and locks every lock. He immediately removes his work boots and places them by the door. He removes his white socks, bundles them together, and places them in his pants pocket.

Looking at the room, it does not look lived in. The sheets and comforter are pulled tight over the bed and the room is practically spotless except for a small plastic bag on the bedside table. Hugh walks across the room and slides the closet door open to reveal a small collection of color coded clothes hanging in closet.

He bends down and pulls a pair of black calf socks from a low drawer. As he rights himself, he groans in discomfort, clutching his lower back. He turns around and places the socks on the bed. He unbuckles his belt, folds it and places it on the nightstand. He tosses the shirt on his shoulder into the hamper in the closet. He takes off his tee shirt and pants and folds them neatly. He places them in the bottom of the clothing hamper and closes the door.

He sits on his bed (sitting down slowly), grabs his socks and puts them on. He stands and walks across the room to a dresser. He opens the middle drawer and removes a pair of dark loose fitting sweat shorts and a charcoal tank top. He closes the drawer and opens the one above it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He removes a pair of black underwear. He closes the drawer and walks into the bath room. The shower turns on.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL KITCHENETTE - NIGHT

Hugh stands in front of a small countertop with a microwave mounted above it on the wall. He bends down and opens the mini fridge under the counter. In the fridge, there is half a carton of eggs, two bottles of water, and an almost empty bottle of ketchup. He removes two eggs from the cardboard carton and cracks them into a ceramic bowl on the counter. He closes the fridge with his knee and places the eggshells on a paper towel. There is a pile of paper salt and pepper packets in the corner of the counter, he grabs one of each and pours it into the bowl. He grabs a fork from the sink and haphazardly rinses it off. He stirs the bowl impatiently and places it in the microwave. He starts the microwave and leans with his back against the counter. He opens the microwave to and bowl of runny, barely cooked eggs. He opens the fridge, grabs the ketchup and shakes it aggressively. He squirts a small dollop of ketchup above his eggs.

BOOM!

His front door is kicked open by SIX POLICE OFFICERS. They are adorned in bullet proof vests and each have their guns drawn.

Hugh stands erect and turns his back to the officers. He crosses his wrists behind his back and gets down on his knees. He crossed his ankles and sit on his feet.

HUGH

(grumbles)

Just finished my fucking eggs.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTROOM - NOON

Hugh and his DEFENSE TEAM are standing with their hands behind their back. While Hugh is dressed in an orange prison jumper and a long sleeve with shirt, his defense team is dressed in almost identical navy blue suits. Across the room. THREE PROSECUTORS stand with their hands behind their back. One is a khaki suit, one in a grey suit, and one in a black suit. They all face the JUDGE. The Judge sits behind her podium in a long black robe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She shuffled through sheets of paper, getting herself in order. She stakes her papers then looks up, scanning the room. She locks eyes with Hugh. He drops his head.

JUDGE

This is a case that deals with the protection of vulnerable people. Young women were preyed upon and violated by someone they thought they could trust. Someone they thought they could love. If it were solely up to me, you would never see the light of day again. But atlas, it is not. The court will now pronounce your sentence. On the charge of intellectual property infringement, this court finds you guilty and sentences you to 3 years in jail with the possibility of parole after one year. And on the charge of financial fraud, this court finds you guilty and sentences you to pay a fine totaling 100,000 dollars. Thank you. Court is adjourned.

The courtroom GALLERY erupts into a grumble of disapproving groans and shouts. Multiple obscenities are shouted from the crowd. A GROUP OF HUGH'S VICTIMS in the pews hug each other as they cry silently, finding comfort in their equal despair.

The Judge bangs her gavel twice, stands with her stack of paper held to her chest and exits the courtroom. The Prosecutors gather the strewn materials on the table in front of them as they chatter to themselves. Hugh's defense team begins to pack up the table. Hugh stands motionless, not even blinking. The bailiff appears behind him and grabs his left arm. Hugh flinches at his touch. The bailiff leads him out of the courtroom toward the holding cell.

CUT TO:

TITLE SCREEN

A YEAR AND A HALF LATER

FADE TO:

INT. MONDAY MORNING MOTEL ROOM 6 - MORNING

Hugh is seated at the small wooden dining table by the window, he eats eggs out of a small white ceramic bowl with a fork. He is dressed in a charcoal wife beater, long black basketball shorts, and black calf-length socks. It is clear that he has just woken up. He has an aggressive bedhead and is slumped over the bowl, moving slowly. His cell phone pings repeatedly on the counter in the kitchenette.

Hugh hangs his head back and sighs dramatically, clearly annoyed. He stands from the table, slamming the fork down as he stands and crossed to the counter. He turns off his cell phone and walks back towards the table. He picks up the bowl. With it raised above his head, fork in hand, he shovels the rest off the eggs into his mouth. He places the bowl and fork carefully in the kitchenette sink, making sure they barely clatter.

He moves the bed and stands at the foot of it. On the bed, a white tee shirt and denim work pants are folded neatly. He removes his basket ball shorts and places them into the laundry basket in the closet. He puts on the tee shirt. Then sits on the foot of the bed and puts on his pants. He puts on his belt, which is folded neatly on the nightstand. He grabs his two key rings and wallet from the nightstand. He walks back toward his phone on the kitchenette counter. He looks down thoughtfully at the device, debating whether or not to take it with him. He grunts dismissively, sliding the phone off of the counter and into his pocket.

He examines the poorly repaired door frame. He slides his hand across the new section of poorly painted wood. He scoffs then puts on his work boots that are perfectly positioned by the door. He unlocks the door, still examining it. He locks and unlocks the door several times, examining the mechanisms in the door. He scoffs again.

HUGH

Hell, I can do better than this
shit show.

He steps through the threshold and closes the door with his elbow. The door doesn't close all the way.

HUGH

Fucking shit show!

He slams the door shut and locks it.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONDAY MORNING MOTEL PARKING LOT - MORNING

Hugh walks to his car whistling a tune. He reaches into the driver's side window of the car and opens his door. He pulls the keys that house a simple silver keychain and his car key from his pocket. He gets into the car, having to scoot onto his seat so he sits comfortably.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DRIVER'S SEAT OF HUGH'S CAR - MORNING

Hugh pull the door behind him as he gets in, causing it to slam. Hugh puts the keys in the ignition, but doesn't turn on the car. He places his hands at 10 and 2 on the wheel and releases a long deep sigh. He drops between his hands on the wheel.

HUGH

DAMMIT!

He pulls his phone out of his pocket and turns it back on. His phone vibrates rapidly as the new notifications load onto his phone. He subconsciously smirks to himself. He scrolls through the notifications. His smirk turns into a smile. He unlocks his phone and opens the chat. He freezes and his smile drops.

HUGH

The fucking no contact order.

He sighs again, frustrated and tosses his phone into the passenger seat. It bounces off his hard hat and slides between the seat and the passenger door. He leans over the center console, looking at the crevice in the door, frozen with frustration. He slowly right himself in the passenger seat. He takes a deep breath then hits the steering wheel a few times. He buckles his seatbelt. And places his hands back at 10 and 2 on the wheel.

HUGH

(sarcastically)

Whoo! Alright. Let's get this day started.

He turns the key in the ignition, the car stalls for a moment, then the engine turns over. He forcefully yanks the gear shift as the car seems to resist him. He extends his right hand behind the headrest of the passenger seat and checks his surroundings.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONDAY MORNING MOTEL PARKING LOT - MORNING

Hugh's car seems to creak and hum as he backs out of the spot and speeds out of the parking lot. He turns out of the parking lot, not stopping at the stop sign and zooms down the adjacent road.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICER DANE'S OFFICE - MIDMORNING

Hugh sits in one of two brown office chairs positioned across from a desk. He is dressed in his work denim, a white tee shirt, and his bright, highlighter yellow work vest. He sits erect, clearly uncomfortable, with his knees touching and his hands folded on top of them. He nervously scans the room, reviewing numerous accolades, awards, and family photos adorning the office. His eyes rest on an American flag hanging vertically on the wall behind the desk. He stares at it for a moment.

The office door opens. OFFICER DANE enters dressed in a white polo, that his white undershirt can be seen through, khaki slacks, a black utility belt, and generic black work sneakers. He is a tall, lanky man with fair skin and a salt and peppers hair cut with a thick mustache to match. In his hand he holds a ziplock bag with a small urine sample cup in it. He closes the door softly behind him and walks behind his desk. The second he walks past Hugh, Hugh begins tracking him with his eyes, trying to learn something about him from his appearance.

He sits in his black rolling office chair and scoots up towards the desk. He sets the bag down and opens a vanilla folder on his desk. He scans the first page of the file then crosses his arms over the folder and leans over the desk.

OFFICER DANE

Alright. Mr. Jeffries, today we are gonna --

HUGH

Hugh.

OFFICER DANE

Hugh. We're just gonna catch up today, talk about what you been up to. And even though you don't have any drug use on record, I am still gonna test you today, just in case.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He raises his hands to shrug.

OFFICER DANE (CONT'D)
Can never be too careful.

He recrosses his hands over the folder and shakes the clasp twice.

OFFICER DANE (CONT'D)
I'm also going to need to look
through your phone. Have to
examine all your...

Dane slides his hands back a little so he can read the sheet in the folder.

OFFICER DANE
... Your social media websites,
text apps, carrier messages, and
also cell tower tracking.

He looks up from the sheet, re-establishing eye contact with Hugh.

OFFICER DANE (CONT'D)
We need to verify that you are
abiding by the numerous no contact
orders that the state has granted
to your victims. And lastly, we
are going to try to get your
payment schedule set today.

Officer Dane raises his eyebrows, looking for some gesture of understanding from Hugh. Hugh nods rapidly and respectfully.

OFFICER DANE
Just so we are clear, today's
schedule will simply be me working
with you so we can establish that
you CAN make these payments. You
WILL have to go to court and meet
with a judge to set up your
official payment schedule with
them. And Mr. Jeffries -- Hugh,
you cannot miss any of the set
payment dates or a warrant will be
issued for your arrest, do you
understand?

Hugh nods again.

OFFICER DANE
I need a verbal conformation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HUGH

Yeah, I got it Jebb.

OFFICER DANE

I call you the name you prefer, I
ask you do the same with me.
Golden rule and all.

HUGH

(sarcastically)

I understand, Officer Dane.

OFFICER DANE

Good.

Officer Dane hands the baggie with the plastic jar inside
across the desk to Hugh. Hugh sets the bag on his lap and
rests his hands back on his knees.

OFFICER DANE

I'm gonna need you to pee in that
cup. You remember where the
bathroom is?

HUGH

Yeah, down the hall.

OFFICER DANE

Please remember to wipe before and
after. While you do that, you can
go ahead and leave your phone here
and I'll start looking through all
your apps and such.

Hugh digs into breast pocket of his vest and sets the
phone down on the desk.

HUGH

I had to turn it off.

OFFICER DANE

Why?

HUGH

Some of them keep texting me.

(sarcastically)

And as you know Officer Dane, I
cannot respond and tell them to
stop. So...

Hugh shrugs dramatically.

OFFICER DANE

You go ahead to the restroom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Hugh stands and exits the door. The second he exits the door frame, Dane stands and exits the office, phone in hand, cracking the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OF PAROLE OFFICE - MIDMORNING

The hallway is simply a long corridor leading from the reception desk with many doors that lead to a dead end. Hugh turns to the right, walking toward the end of the hall and walks into the a blue door on the left, three doors down. Officer Dane stands in the hallway, leaning on the doorway of his office.

Dane turns on the phone. As soon as the screen lights up, the phone pings almost twenty times with an influx of notifications. Officer Dane pulls a pair of narrow, square lensed reading glasses from his pants pocket. He places the glasses low on his nose and scrolls through the notifications, scanning each one.

OFFICER DANE

(to himself)

Looks like they are all from the
same three women. I see a ...
Marilyn, Raina, and a ... Kat.

Dane walks down to the bathroom door and knocks for times with the back of his index knuckle.

HUGH (O.S.)

(annoyed)

What?!

OFFICER DANE

Phone passcode.

HUGH (O.S.)

2580.

OFFICER DANE

Really?

HUGH (O.S.)

What? It's easy to remember.

OFFICER DANE

I guess.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dane walks back to his office door and repositions himself on the wall next to his door. He unlocks the phone and continues to scroll.

OFFICER DANE

(to himself)

It looks like he made new accounts with the same alias and they found him again. Geez. What did they not see the trial?!

Dane pushes his glasses up on his nose and raises the phone from rested in the center of his abdomen to roughly six inches from his face. He squints as he reads.

OFFICER DANE (CONT'D)

But on the bright side it looks like he hasn't responded to any of them since the new accounts.

He removes his glasses and re-pockets them. He knocks on the door across from him four times with the back of his index knuckle.

The door swings open quickly. In the doorway stands OFFICER RAMON. She is a short hispanic woman with olive skin and her long jet black hair slicked into a low bun. She is dressed in the same white polo, black tennis shoes, and black utility belt as Dane. Her khaki pants are form fitting to her curves, but obviously too long for her. She speaks aggressively but seems cheerful.

OFFICER RAMON

Yes?

OFFICER DANE

Delores! I need a small favor.

He extends his hand, offering the phone to her.

OFFICER RAMON

What?

OFFICER DANE

Can you run this down to the techies and get them to go through all messaging services on the phone and send me the files please?

OFFICER RAMON

You can't do it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OFFICER DANE

I got a parolee in the bathroom
pissin' in a cup.

Officer Ramon chuckles and takes the phone from him.

OFFICER RAMON

Yeah, I got you.

She walks towards the receptionist desk, smiles at the
RECEPTIONIST and turns to the left, disappearing out of
frame.

Dane backs up to his door and leans with is foot against
the frame.

CLICK.

The bathroom door unlocks and Hugh exits the room with
the bag in hand. He shakes the bag at Dane as he walks
down the hallway towards him. He offers his the bag,
almost pressing the warm jar against his chest.

HUGH

Here. You wanted my piss.

OFFICER DANE

Wash yer hands?

HUGH

(mockingly)

WASH YER HANDS!

(annoyed)

Take my fucking piss Dane.

Dane grabs the bag and pushes the office door open. Hugh
walks in.

OFFICER DANE

Now, you have a seat and when I
get back, we'll chat.

Officer Dane closes the door behind him and walks down
the hallway to the reception desk. He places the bag on
top of the counter and exchanges a few unintelligible
words with the receptionist. She is dressed in a white
button down blouse and blue jeans. She smiles and
responds. Dane slaps the desk with his palms and turns to
walk back to his office. The receptionist picks up the
bag with a pair of chopsticks made with two wooden
pencils and places it behind her desk.

Officer Dane opens his office door and smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

OFFICER DANE

Alright, Hugh. We got some
catching up to do!

He walks into his office and closes the door.

CUT TO:

INT. M4 CONSTRUCTION SITE MANAGERIAL OFFICE - NOON

MARCUS sits at a wooden desk in a wooden chair in a mobile home that has been converted into an office space. Marcus is a tall Hispanic man with a slim yet muscular frame and his thick shoulder-length jet black hair is tied into a low ponytail. He is dressed in a black long sleeve button up polo, his highlighter yellow work vest, denim work pants, and black steel toe boots. His yellow construction hat sits on his desk among strewn out, clearly disorganized papers and vanilla folders. Two metal black chairs sit in front of his desk.

Hugh knocks twice and then timidly opens the door. He removes his construction hat and opens his arms, like he is expecting a hug and walks to stand behind the chairs.

HUGH

Mark! How ya doing?

MARCUS

Don't Mark me.

Hugh drops his arms immediately. He holds his work hat at crouch level firmly with both hands. He resembles a child being reprimanded in a principal's office.

HUGH

I know I forgot to inform you of
my meeting this morning but --

MARCUS

But nothing! Your fucking P.O.
shouldn't be the one telling me
you are gonna miss half the
goddamn work day.

HUGH

It just slipped my mind.

Marcus shrugs dramatically then drops his hands loudly on his desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARCUS
(sarcastically)
Well La-dee-fucking-da! It's okay
ladies and gentlemen, it just
slipped his mind.

Hugh sits don in the chair on the right and cradles his
construction hat in his lap.

HUGH
So now what?

MARCUS
I am going to be firm with you
Jeffries. I like you, I really do,
but I can't have you just not
showing up. This is your LAST
warning. I'm serious. Get your
shit together. The next time you
fail to notify me for any sort of
absence, I am gonna have to let
you go. My men can't function as a
unit if the unit doesn't show up
for work. Yeah?

HUGH
Yeah.

MARCUS
Glad we can come to an
understanding. Don't be estúpido.
You have my number, use it.

HUGH
Yessir.

Marcus waves Hugh off dismissively, clearly disappointed
in him. Hugh gets up from his seat and walk quickly out
the door, still holding his hat at crotch level. He makes
sure the door closes softly behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. M4 CONSTRUCTION SITE - NOON

Hugh puts his hat on his head and speed walks across the
lot towards the parking lot. He walks so fast that his
vest flaps on the wind. He walks past numerous
CONSTRUCTION WORKERS, all adorned in white or yellow hard
hats and highlighter yellow work vests. Numerous
construction vehicles are also working on the lot, moving
gravel and transporting building materials.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As he approaches the parking lot, he digs his car keys out of his pocket.

CUT TO:

EXT. M4 CONSTRUCTION SITE PARKING LOT - NOON

The parking lot is nothing more than an empty lot covered in a mix of grey and tan road gravel. There are numerous sedans and trucks parked on the lot. Hugh beelines to his car. He reaches his hand through the cracked driver's side window and aggressively flings open the door. He scoots into his car.

CUT TO:

INT. THE DRIVER'S SEAT OF HUGH'S CAR - NOON

Hugh pulls the door hard after him, causing the door to slam so hard that it shakes the whole car. Hugh removes his hard hat and tosses it into the passenger seat of his car. He puts the keys in the cupholder of the car and places his hands on the wheel at 10 and 2. He takes three deep breaths, each one louder and deeper than the last. He then punches the center of the steering wheel 5 times, but the car remains silent as the car horn does not work.

Hugh drops his hands in his lap and leans his head back against his headrest. He stares at the ceiling for a moment, takes a breath, and releases a long deep sigh. He leans forward and opens the glove compartment. He leans over the passenger seat, looking in the compartment for a loose cigarette. Hugh finds one after tossing the contents and pumps his left fist. He sits up and rolls it in his palms, straightening out the cigarette a bit. Then he uses a lighter in the cupholder to light his cigarette.

He takes a long drag from the cigarette and sighs as he exhales the smoke out of his cracked driver side window. He takes another drag. Hugh begins to chuckle to himself quietly.

HUGH

Don't be estúpido.

He laughs harder, clutching his gut and bellowing over.

HUGH

What a fucking day.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His laugh fades out and Hugh wipes the tears that have formed in the corners of his eyes. He finishes his cigarette staring zoned out at the construction work.