

INT. KITCHEN. - DAY

Isabel sits at the kitchen table as Joe pours himself a large glass of water. Chugs it. Pours another.

ISABEL

You might consider a tablecloth on this thing. Something cheery. This room is real bummer.

JOE

You know what else is a bummer? The fact that you keep showing up.

ISABEL

I'm sorry. But I need your help -

JOE

I already helped you. PS, you owe me half a million dollars.

ISABEL

The money blew up with the car. Disappointing, but it happens. The good news is, I have a way to make it all back. Wanna hear the plan?

JOE

Does it involve the mafia?

ISABEL

Oh. You heard about that? It's not as bad as it sounds.

JOE

Sounds like you're in the mafia.

ISABEL

I'm not in the mafia. It's more like they're after me, but we can deal with that later. First, we have to fake another death.

JOE

Please stop talking.

Dinesh walks in. Upon seeing Isabel, he starts to head back out. She pulls him back.

ISABEL

Neesh! Stay! We need you, too.

DINESH

We? Are you back together? Does she have a key now?

ISABEL

I'm here on business. We've got another death to fake. Shouldn't be difficult. Nice man. Goes by Jerry. I met him in the woods.

JOE

The answer is no.

ISABEL

He is willing to pay TWICE what I was gonna pay.

DINESH

Twice?

JOE

Still no.

ISABEL

I thought you guys needed money.

JOE

What I need is for you to go away.

DINESH

True. Although, we also need money.

ISABEL

Is this because of your girlfriend?

DINESH

You introduced her to Alice?

JOE

We're not talking about Alice.

ISABEL

Fine. Then let's talk about Jerry.

DINESH

Who's Jerry?

ISABEL

The guy whose death we're faking.

JOE

We're not faking any more deaths!

DINESH

Except Jerry's. And maybe we put an ad  
on the dark web, start accepting  
Bitcoin...

The three of them start arguing all at once until they  
hear:

TYLER (O.S.)

Hello?

TYLER

Scuse me. Just grabbing a snack.

The three of them stay frozen in awkward paralyzed silence  
as Tyler grabs a piece of fruit, oblivious. Isabel stares  
at him, overcome with emotion. Seeing her son face to face  
for the very first time, it's almost more than she can  
bear.

ISABEL

I... I... I have to go.

Before any tears can well up, she quickly hurries out the door.