

Honest Morality

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EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DAY

ANTON(35), a scruffy looking man in a three piece suit, lunges from behind a dead 1995 station wagon, pushing it up to a suburban household. Simultaneously scolding into the phone pressed into his ear. He gets into the front of the car and pulls the emergency break. He sits, one leg dangling out of the driver side door.

ANTON

(To phone)

Babe. I said I'm not going to make it. Did you not hear me? The execs changed the meeting time!

Beat.

ANTON

Because these men would never trust me if I slid into the lot with this piece of shit.

Beat.

ANTON

Well sorry I'm the only one in this relationship supplying any income.

Beat.

ANTON

Well, you better start to be more appreciative these aren't just some amateur run of the mill scams, these take *time* for me to execute. So no. I wont be home for dinner.

Anton hangs up the phone. He takes a moment to gather himself and then jogs to the doormat. He knocks on the door. The peephole goes black, then transforms back to white. Anton tries the brass knob. Locked. He frantically looks for a key and eventually finds one above the door frame. Anton pushes past the door and into Frank's house.