

KAREN

SC 1 OF 2

EXT. JOE'S HOUSE - STREET - DAY

A nice, quiet afternoon.

Then a LIME GREEN LAMBROGHINI ROARS around the corner at a reckless 65 MPH and SCREECHES TO A HALT in front of the house. The suicide door opens and Joe steps out, beaming.

INT. JOE'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Joe waltzes into the living room.

JOE

Don't be alarmed. That was not a 747 touching down in the driveway. It was just our new Lamborghini.

He heads into...

THE KITCHEN

START

Joe goes to the fridge and cracks a beer.

JOE (CONT'D)

By the way, I had a real nice chat with your pal Kurt. Sweet guy. Not too bright, but he listens well and we were able to come to an understanding.

He turns and sees Karen sitting at the kitchen table with STACKS OF CASH piled in front of her.

KAREN

You need to tell me what's going on.

Joe starts to explain--

KAREN (CONT'D)

And please, take a moment to think very carefully about your answer.

JOE

For starters, know that I did this for your protection.

KAREN

Protection from what? What did you do?

JOE

I had a slight falling out with our bank and I declared free agency.

KAREN

I don't know what that means.

JOE

I closed our account.

KAREN

Without talking to me? Joe, that's my money too.

JOE

There was no time! I was late for my interview because I spilled coffee all over myself. Then I tried to get a new suit, but the credit card wasn't working-- which is on you, by the way--so I had to make a snap decision in the moment and I stand by it.

KAREN

So if I understand you correctly, you took every cent we own out of the bank because you spilled a coffee.

JOE

Don't do that. Don't reduce my thing. You would've done the exact same, alright? Those creeps can't be trusted.

KAREN

And you feel the mattress is a better option?

JOE

That was just a temporary solution until I came up with something else.

KAREN

I'm all ears.

JOE

(searching)

Okay, well, first of all...what do you know about precious metals?

KAREN

Nothing. Tell me.

JOE

Well, they're better than regular metals. Not just some piece of paper or computer number that could lose its value at any moment.

KAREN

This is why you need a job. You get yourself all worked up over nothing and make idiotic decisions on a whim.

JOE

This is not a whim. I've had it with those smug little banker cunts with their hidden fees, and subprime mortgages, and drones buzzing through the sky.

KAREN

What drones? What are you saying?

JOE

That's where it's headed if we don't start pushing back. I'm sorry you can't read the writing on the wall, but I have a responsibility to protect you. And mark my words, our money is never, ever going back in that slush fund.

END

Off Karen's icy glare...

CUT TO:

INT. BANK - LATER

Karen steps up to the same Teller as before.

TELLER

How can I help you today?

KAREN

Hi, my fiance came in here the other day and did something stupid. Maybe you remember him.

Joe stands meekly behind her.

JOE

Hi. How's it going.

TELLER

(recognizing)

Oh. Hello again.

KAREN

The thing is, he didn't have the right to make that decision, so we'd like to put our money back, please.

TELLER

Certainly.

She presents Karen with a few forms.

TELLER (CONT'D)

Just fill these out and we'll get you all set up.