

A stunning contemporary home, built on pilings, overlooks the entire Sound of Long Island. CLOSE ON A REALTOR SIGN: OPEN HOUSE. One might think this was an adjunct lot for Duncan Motors given the number of upscale cars parked outside the listing.

INT. BEACH HOUSE - GREAT ROOM - SOUTH HAMPTON, LI -
CONTINUOUS

Start

A beautifully appointed home. All the latest everything. Realtor KIM YIN, whom we recognize as ORLANDO's purveyor of women, represents the seller. There are many potential HIGH-END BUYERS present.

KIM

You will notice the views, from all vantages, are spectacular. And the beach is right at your feet. Five bedrooms, three and a half baths. And an additional studio/guest house.

The asking price is 6.5 million. In this area; in this economy ... Hell-o-o! It's the buy of a lifetime, people.

KIM is distracted as ORLANDO enters the house, holds up his hand in greeting.

KIM (CONT'D)

(to ORLANDO)

Good afternoon, sir. You're welcome to join us as we move upstairs. Or just pick up a feature sheet from the kitchen counter and have a look around for yourself. I'm sure you'll agree, it's a most impressive property.

ORLANDO wags his hand, ambles away as the group goes upstairs.

EXT. DECK - BEACH HOUSE - SHORT TIME LATER

A good-size deck overlooking the sound. There is a spread of antipasti, fruit, wine and soft drinks. ORLANDO is nibbling on some cheese when KIM joins him. She seems a little miffed.

KIM (CONT'D)

What the hell, Orlando. How did you find me?

ORLANDO

I called Remy. He told me you'd be here.

KIM

Well, his frog ass is in a lot of trouble.

ORLANDO

So, you have a day job. What's the big deal?

KIM

I like to keep my lives separate, if you don't mind. How would you like it if I just waltzed into your work place unannounced? I assume you have a job. You're not a full time pussy hound, are you?

ORLANDO

If you showed up at my job I would sell you a car. A very expensive car that would look great in the driveway of any one of your high end real estate listings.

KIM shakes her head, exasperated.

KIM

You're missing the point. What do you want, anyway?

ORLANDO

Ruby. I want to see her again.

KIM

What about your hard fast rule: Never the same girl twice.

ORLANDO

(shrugs)

Rules are made to be broken.

KIM

I know one girl you won't be seeing again in this lifetime. You really hurt Natasha the other night.

Kim sides pg 3

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ORLANDO

I'm sure the extra grand I gave her eased the pain some.

KIM

You paid her extra?! The little tramp didn't say a word. Wait'll I get my hands on her.

ORLANDO

Let it go, Kim. If she owes you a cut, I'll cover it.

He reaches into his pants pocket, pulls out a roll of bills.

KIM

Put that away! Are you crazy?

KIM looks around furtively, making sure no one in the house saw. ORLANDO offer her money.

ORLANDO

Then put it on my account. What about Ruby?

KIM

Ruby quit.

ORLANDO

What? When?

KIM

Right after you. She wasn't cut out for this business. You had to have seen that. She was just doing it to help her brother.

ORLANDO nods thoughtfully.

ORLANDO

Give me her number. I want to call her.

KIM

You know I can't give out a girl's private number.

ORLANDO

You just said she doesn't work for you anymore.

KIM SIDES PG 4

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KIM

Still. Some rules can't be broken.
No private numbers. Period.

ORLANDO

Then you call her for me. Tell her
I want to see her. Tonight.

KIM

I don't know if you noticed,
Orlando, but matchmaking isn't
exactly a charity for me.

ORLANDO

How much?

KIM

Two grand for the call, plus five
hundred for Natasha.

ORLANDO

You can take it out of my pocket
the next time you see me. He starts
down the deck steps to the beach.

KIM

(calls after him)

I'm not guaranteeing anything.

ORLANDO O.C.

For twenty five hundred dollars, I
expect some results.

KIM smiles widely, returns to the BUYERS inside.

END

INT. FLATBED TRUCK - DAY

Zuniga's DRIVER is speeding along the I-80. He spots
something up ahead, suddenly downshifts.

DRIVER'S POV - A ROAD SIGN

It reads: PALMER'S TRUCK STOP, NEXT EXIT. BEST FOOD EITHER
SIDE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

EXT. TRUCK STOP/ DINER - SAME

The kind of greasy spoon, way station dotting the highway
from one end of America to the other. Nondescript. Cheap.