

CHRIS RUMACK (50s), a WASP God, the race car man from the photo, apparently at the end of an all-night bender, glares unsteadily from the vestibule with CESAR (40s), his flunky with the dead-eyed look of private security.

MEREDITH

The police are asking about
Chrissy.

Rumack pointedly zips his fly, which was down, and...

RUMACK

(to Ruth/Tony)
That your shitbox out front?

RUTH

Y-yes, sir, but--

Fast: Cesar draws a GLOCK 9MM from a concealed carry holster and levels it on Ruth and Tony--

CESAR

HANDS.

Their hands go up so fast *both* coffee cups go flying. *K-kash!*

MEREDITH

(*'the rug.'*)
Ohh.

Cesar darts forward to quickly pat them both down, and--

CESAR

DO NOT MOVE.

--he darts from the room in a tactical crouch as Rumack watches them, nastily amused, polishing his half-tints.

As Meredith storms out in exasperation--

MEREDITH

I guess I'll just get some soda for
the rug.

CESAR (O.S.)

Clear!

Cesar trots back in, his weapon lowered but still in play.

CESAR (CONT'D)

Clear.