

Marcia Saunders

INT. DEA OFFICE WOMEN'S RESTROOM - SAME

They both enter and Marcia checks under the stalls to make sure no one else is in there.

MARCIA

Are you fucking kidding me! A DEA agent! A DEA agent!

TC

Okay, calm down!

MARCIA

Calm down! We could get the fucking chair for this!

TC

We didn't kill him! They did!

She paces the floor.

MARCIA

We were there! Unsanctioned with drugs, unauthorized I might ad!

TC

Hey, I checked it out.

MARCIA

Yeah, and how long before they put that together when it comes up missing! Huh!

Suddenly Female AGENT #1 walks in to use the restroom.

MARCIA (cont)

Get the fuck out!

She quickly turns and leaves.

TC

I told you I've got that covered. Just relax okay..

MARCIA

Relax? Relax? How the fuck am I supposed to do that? Huh? I can't believe I let you get me into this. I was clean! My record was fucking spotless..

TC

Look, an agent died okay, yes it was unfortunate but he knew the risks of undercover work, okay. Those mother fuckers shot him and we're going to make this right by getting them for him. Alright. I promise you that. We're going to make this right.

She's still pacing as she takes a deep breath unsure of how to proceed. She goes over to the sink and leans on it shaking her head.

INT. CHERYL'S HOUSE - DAY

Marcia slowly enters the home, gun in hand. She hears voices coming from the bedroom and slowly approaches.

BEDROOM

As she enters, suitcases and clothes are scattered about the bed. The BLACK BAGS sit on the floor nearby. Cheryl has her back to Marcia as another female voice is heard coming from the bathroom. Suddenly Cheryl turns and sees Marcia and the gun on her. Marcia waves for her to be quiet and sit down. She's scared and does so quickly.

CHERYL

Please don't kill us...

SARAH comes out of the bathroom with toiletries in hand.

SARAH

Hey, do you want to take this shampoo or...

She stops and suddenly sees Marcia. She drops the shampoo.

MARCIA

Sit the fuck down...now.

She's terrified and does so slowly. Marcia goes over to the bags and peaks inside. Money's all there as well as the cocaine.

MARCIA

You know I went back to that warehouse and the money was mysteriously gone. At first I was stumped, I have to admit it. But then I got to thinking...now you...
(pointing to Sarah)

You I would have never guessed, but you? Well, it was a dead giveaway. And I wouldn't have even known about you had I not followed TC over here that first night.

Still holding the gun on them she reaches down and picks up the bag of money leaving the one with cocaine there.

CHERYL

What are you going to do to us?

MARCIA

This is mine, that's yours...

SARAH starts to get up.

SARAH

That's our fucking money!

MARCIA aims the gun at her.

MARCIA

Sit the fuck down! Keep your hands where I can see them! You want this? I tell you what...If you can take this gun out of my callus fucking hand, you can have it.

They sit there contemplating it. SARAH more so than Cheryl. She glances at the GUN sitting on the dresser across the bed from her. Marcia notices it too.

SARAH

Mom?

CHERYL
Stay where you are...

SARAH glances at the GUN again.

MARCIA
You think you can make it?

SARAH
We can take her...

CHERYL
Shut up Sarah...

SARAH
Its two million dollars!

CHERYL
Shut the fuck up Sarah!

MARCIA slowly starts to back out of the room.

MARCIA
If I were you...I'd listen to her.
The deals this...I walk out with this
and you disappear and I mean for good.
Because if I even think you stuck
around...

CHERYL
We're gone, okay, we don't exist...

MARCIA
Good girl.

She backs out of the room and disappears. They both turn to look at each other and let out a huge sigh of relief.