

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The sound of shoveling can be heard as the camera pans along the dry ground toward the source of the noise.

After a moment, we look up and see a well-dressed man in his 20s shoveling a large hole in the ground. This is BOOKER. He stops to wipe the sweat from his brow.

WEBB

(O.S.)

That's not going to be wide enough.

Booker turns around and looks down at WEBB, also in his 20s, dirty and tied up in a seated position behind Booker. He has apparently worked free from the cloth that had served up to this point as a gag.

WEBB

(Cont.)

I have broad shoulders. If you try to dump me in that thing, I'm just gonna get stuck.

Booker glares down at him.

WEBB

Hey man, I'm not trying to tell you how to do your job or anything, but that hole needs to be at least another 3 inches or so across if you want me to fit all the way inside.

Booker sticks the shovel in the sand and walks over to Webb. He squats down and places the cloth back in his mouth, before returning to his digging.

After a moment, Webb spits the cloth out again.

WEBB

Aren't you even going to tell me what's going on? If you're going to abduct someone outside of a Target and then drive them out into the middle of the boonies, you could at least give them the courtesy of an explanation.

Booker keeps digging.

WEBB
Well, fine then.

Webb shifts his weight a bit, and then wriggles his hands free of the ropes. He bends forward and begins untying his feet. Booker has his back to him.

WEBB
(Cont.)
It just seems to me that, at least according to all the movies I've seen, you could at least give me the dignity of knowing who paid you to have me whacked, or whatever.

Booker turns to respond, and notices that Webb has untied himself and gotten to his feet.

BOOKER
(Under his breath)
Goddammit.

Booker reaches into his belt and pulls a gun. He points it at Webb.

WEBB
Whoa, easy there. I'm not going anywhere. The ropes were just really uncomfortable, is all.

BOOKER
Sit back down.

WEBB
Look, I realize you have a job to do; I'd just like to be comfortable until I'm presumably buried alive out here.

Webb stretches, and then sits on the edge of the hole.

WEBB
How much do you get paid for this kind of thing?

Booker sighs.

BOOKER
Not enough to deal with you.

WEBB
Well hey, I'd be willing to pay you to NOT kill me. How does that sound?