

SCENE: The Smoking Lounge, a larger parlor on the fourth floor. In the room are THE DOG, THOMAS and MICHELLE.

ENTER MARK ROARKE.

MARK: Abigail is gone, she moved upstairs today.

THOMAS: And?

MARK: I miss the kid.

MICHELLE: Her dad, that pig, came around. She doesn't like you Mark, no one likes you. Anyway, she ran off with that salesman, everyone knows it.

MARK: Fuck you, you cunt.

THOMAS: Come on guys... come on...

THE DOG: BARKS.

Someone is heard coming up the steps, a loud racket reverberating up and down the staircase.

MARK: Who is that?

Everyone stops to listen.

MICHELLE: Who could be down there? Who is that?

MARK steps to the doorway and leans to look down the stairs.

MARK: Hello? Hello?

ENTER FBI AGENTS.