

EXT. GALLO PROPERTY - NIGHT

Sam goes to climb down the hill when she sees headlights approaching from down the road. She takes cover behind a tree. Watches.

A RED FORD F-150 PICK-UP pulls onto the property. It drives past the trailer and stops outside the barn. Shelby and Kevin walk toward it.

Sam watches as TWO MEN climb out. Shelby opens the barn doors. The four of them walk inside.

INT. GALLO PROPERTY/BARN - NIGHT

Two tough looking bearded men, TIMOTHY WOLPER (38) and CAL WAINRIGHT (30) walk into a *full-blown gun manufacturing workshop*.

The walls are lined with heavy machinery; A high-tech milling machine, a metal lathe, drill press, air compressor, and a two-foot tall metal and glass 3D printer.

Timothy walks over to a large wooden workbench in the middle of the room, examines the assembled lower receiver for an M249 LIGHT MACHINE GUN.

TIMOTHY  
So, I believe you ladies have  
something for us?

Kevin eyes the men, absorbs the sleight as he and Shelby pull a crate from underneath a workbench. He takes off the top revealing five brand new M4 CARBINE ASSAULT RIFLES.

EXT. GALLO PROPERTY - NIGHT

Sam puts her laptop down, sneaks across the road.

EXT. GALLO PROPERTY/BARN - CONTINUOUS

She dashes toward the barn. Crouches by the door. Listens.

INT. GALLO PROPERTY/BARN - NIGHT

Timothy pulls out one of the weapons, inspects it. Tosses it to Cal, who does the same.

SHELBY

I added the low profile, green laser with a pressure switch like Nathan asked.

Cal puts the weapon back in the crate.

TIMOTHY

Terms have changed. Twenty-five hundred each.

He slaps a thick stack of hundreds on the bench.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

There. Twelve thousand, five hundred.

KEVIN

Bullshit, the price is Four-thousand each.

TIMOTHY

Was four-thousand each, but your daddy's dead, so that changes things.

SHELBY

Those are the same quality military grade, piston-driven, full-auto M4A2's with mil-spec steel barrels, NP3 coated bolt carrier group, and 7075 T6 upper and lowers as before.

EXT. GALLO PROPERTY/BARN - NIGHT

Sam listens to the conversation.

TIMOTHY (O.S.)

But he ain't making 'em sweetheart, so that's what Nathan's paying. I advise you to just shut the fuck up and say thank you.

A hand presses a 9MM PISTOL against Sam's head. She freezes in terror.

INT. GALLO PROPERTY/BARN - NIGHT

Kevin eyes the stack of hundreds on the workbench.

TIMOTHY

Now be a good little gimp and close  
that box up for us so we can be on  
our way.

Kevin, furious and humiliated, slams the crate closed. The  
barn door swings open.

Everyone turns to see a third, burly man, BILLY, who shoves  
Sam into the barn.

BILLY

Found her eavesdropping outside.

KEVIN

Shit.

Timothy walks over to a clearly terrified Sam.

TIMOTHY

Who the hell are you?

Sam doesn't respond. Timothy turns to Kevin and Shelby.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

You know her?

Kevin and Shelby exchange glances, not sure of what to say.  
Timothy takes out his pistol, points it at Sam's head.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Someone has three seconds to tell  
me who the hell this is before I  
color the wall with her brains.  
One. Two.

Timothy retracts the hammer with an audible CLICK.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Three-

SHELBY

She's our lawyer.

TIMOTHY

(disbelief)  
Your lawyer?

Kevin nods.

KEVIN

That's right. She's our lawyer.

Sam eyes the gun, still aimed at her face. She thinks quickly. Swallows her fear. Takes a step toward Timothy. Her face now an inch from the barrel.

SAM

And you've got exactly three seconds to get that Goddamned gun out of my face or you're leaving here minus five M4s. One.

Timothy looks at Cal, confused.

SAM (CONT'D)

Two.

Timothy lowers the gun. Eases the hammer forward.

TIMOTHY

Okay, okay.

Sam gains confidence. Pushes forward.

SAM

And you're right, the deal has changed. The price went up. Forty-five hundred each.

Shelby and Kevin watch this, stunned. Timothy looks at them.

TIMOTHY

What the hell is this?

SAM

Don't look at them. You're dealing with me now. That's twenty-two five for the five if you can't do the math.

TIMOTHY

Bullshit. We ain't paying that.

SAM

Fine by me. We've got a waiting list a mile long for these weapons. Shelby here is just as good her father was, if not better, and everyone seems to know that except for Nathan. Close it up.

Kevin obeys. Closes the crate.

TIMOTHY

Fuck you. Let's go.

Timothy walks out followed by Cal and Billy. Slams the door closed behind him.

Shelby stares at Sam with a look of admiration. Kevin is livid. He turns to Sam.

KEVIN

Well isn't that great! You just  
blew our deal. Shit! We're fucked!

Sam rushes to the door, peers outside through a crack.

SAM'S POV: Through the crack, Timothy argues with the two men by the truck. He kicks the tire in a fit of anger, turns back toward the barn.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

We need to go after them. Maybe we  
can still-

SAM

Here they come.

Sam backs up. The door bursts open. Timothy leads the three men back inside.

TIMOTHY

Tell you what I'll do. I'll give  
you thirty-five hundred, but that's  
our final-

SAM

This isn't a negotiation. Take it  
or leave it.

Sam's face is cold. Not a hint of emotion. She means business. Timothy is furious, but clearly unsure of what to do. Sam goes in for the kill.

SAM (CONT'D)

And if you ever try to pull  
anything like this again, you can  
consider our business relationship  
terminated. Is that understood?

TIMOTHY

Alright bitch. Forty-five hundred,  
but you're gonna hear from Nathan  
about this.

He nods to Cal who counts out the hundreds, tosses them on the table.

SAM

Pleasure doing business with you.

Timothy and Cal grab the crate, walk out of the barn.

SHELBY

Fucking. Awesome.