

**DELINQUENT**

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INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

CAMERON PATTERSON, 50's, in coveralls, sits at a computer on a long workbench in a dim shop. The bench is strewn with odd parts, tools, and SCHEMATICS; the detritus of passionate invention. A large bank of bizarre BATTERIES looms in a corner.

Cameron grimaces in brief pain, clutches his chest. He reaches in a drawer and pulls out a MEDICINE BOTTLE, tosses a pill back. He rubs his temples.

A phone RINGS. He answers wearily.

CAMERON

'lo.

RYAN (V.O.)

Mr. Cameron Patterson?

CAMERON

Mmm.

RYAN (V.O.)

My name is Ryan Delmonte, I represent Lifetime Credit and Trust.

CAMERON

Good for you.

RYAN (V.O.)

I'm afraid we need to speak about a few delinquent payments on your loan.

CAMERON

I had an extension. In Janua-

RYAN (V.O.)

Yes sir, but you were expected to-

CAMERON

Get with- to the point I'm busy here.

RYAN (V.O.)

You'll need to come down to the bank to discuss a possible audit sir.

Cameron hangs up the phone violently, broods, knocks his head.

CAMERON

Stupid!

INT. BANK - DAY

A plaque reads LIFETIME CREDIT AND TRUST, Cameron leers at it as he passes.

Cameron walks directly to a desk where a mid 30's, very professional, RYAN DELMONTE sits chatting with a charmed COUPLE. Cameron raps his knuckles on the desk.

CAMERON

Cameron Patterson, here about a loan extension.

RYAN

Sir, please. If you could wait in the waiting area, please.

Cameron turns on a heel, steps away, then turns back and stares at Ryan, who resumes pleasantries with the couple.

Cameron looks around at the other desks. A frail elderly woman, HELEN GAINS speaks solemnly to a CLERK, 30's.

HELEN

Yes ma'am, my entire balance, transferred to my granddaughter, immediately. Her name is Ellen Marie Gains.

CLERK

Are you certain Mrs. Gains?

HELEN

She's only a little girl, she's so sick, what's a few more years to me?

CLERK

You are a brave woman Mrs. Gains. You make me proud to be a part of this industry.

Cameron sneers. Helen notices and looks up suspiciously, but speaks in gentle tones.

HELEN

Do you have any grandchildren sir?

Cameron flinches, he desperately shifts focus to Ryan, who is standing, shaking hands to see the couple off. Cameron sits before they are done. He looks back to Helen nervously several times. The couple leaves offended.

RYAN

Mr. Patterson, this is a delicate business to say the least, and you are in no position-

CAMERON

Save it. I've got something new, big, huge. I need a few more months, that's all, then I'll license my inventio- I'll have enough to pay the loans -and I'll deposit ten lifeti-

Cameron stops, examining his own words. Ryan sinks. The Clerk escorts Helen past and Cameron's eyes fall.

RYAN

Sir, There are no lifetime deposits. We offer technologies to transfer and extend life. That is all. You cannot store life, only live it. Now, I've been assigned to handle your account. Did you bring any documentation or- of course not.

Cameron blinks at Ryan impatiently. Ryan clicks his pen.

RYAN

This should be different. Alright Mr. Patterson, you are my client. Let's see your invention.

Ryan stands and motions for Cameron to come with him. Cameron is incredulous.

RYAN

This is not an optional audit Mr. Patterson. Your refusal will result in immediate default.

Cameron stands in hurt rage, but is restrained by fear.

CAMERON

But it's a- We have confidentiality- Non-disclosure right?

RYAN

Of course.

EXT. WORKSHOP - DAY

Ryan drives up to a dilapidated shop with Cameron. They step out of the car. Cameron's edge is palpable.

RYAN

You have not declared this facility.

CAMERON

It's new. I needed more space. Expanding, you know. Everything's runnin' smooth. See.

RYAN

I'll need to see accounting records, purchase orders, inventory.

CAMERON

Look it's not what I- There's none of that. I have it. I'm very close. If I could just get a little more time I can guarantee-

RYAN

Sir, are you presently medicated?

Cameron blows a fuse.

CAMERON

Yes! Jackass! That's why I needed your stupid- stupid loan. If I had more time I could finish it, then I'd

CAMERON

have all the time in the world. So  
would you but, your too stupid and,  
and, professional to get any- Stupid-

Cameron stops, betrayed by his own zeal. He sways, then  
turns sheepishly and walks towards the building. Ryan begs  
the sky, then follows.

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY

Ryan and Cameron stand before the batteries.

CAMERON

Total capacity's about 14 million  
cellular-seconds, that's about the  
lifetime of a butterfly. Charged 'em  
yesterday.

Cameron steps over to a pedestal holding a GLASS BELL.  
Inside is a lifeless BUTTERFLY. He connects a strange HOSE  
to the bell.

CAMERON

They leak some-

Cameron adjusts a few battery clamps and then flips a large  
toggle. The bell glows eerily, flashes, then dims out. The  
butterfly flits about in the bell as Ryan stares in  
confounded astonishment. After a moment, the butterfly  
lands, closes its wings, and is still.

CAMERON

I can fix the leaks. It works,  
mostly. I got more work to do. That  
enough for your audit?

Ryan is speechless for several more seconds. He swallows.

RYAN

Mr. Patt- ah, Cameron. This is, this  
is truly unbelievable.

CAMERON

Believe it, you saw it. Just tell me  
it's enough so you leave me alone.

RYAN

Of cou- I- I'll need to speak to my-

CAMERON

Fine. I got work to do. Go do your speakin', just watch what you say. We have a non-disclosure agreement remember?

RYAN

Of course- of course.

INT. WORKSHOP - DAY (LATER)

Cameron is diligent at his workbench. The phone RINGS. Cameron answers.

CAMERON

'lo.

RYAN (V.O.)

Mr. Patterson, this is Ryan Delmonte from...

CAMERON

Something new.

RYAN (V.O.)

Sir, the review board has decided to offer you a generous extension and additional resources if you require.

CAMERON

Additional- They wouldn't- What? You- You told them didn't you- Suit rat! Little bu- We had a non-disclo- Non! Non-dis- closure!

RYAN

Sir, we had an informal verbal agreee-

CAMERON

Professional- punk! Professional jackass, now they'll-

RYAN

Cameron, listen to me. You can work. They'll leave you alone, I just need you to sign an agreement with-

CAMERON

I knew it! I kn- No! That's why I- That's the whole point you little- You know what just one bank will do with it! One! Just one big freakin- Stupid! Exclusi- Ex- Ex- No! piss- ant. Hell no, and tell your-

RYAN

Would you prefer to default? The bank would claim corporate inheritance of-

CAMERON

No! No! Ah, Ah, It's not. Wait. Wait. Ah, Gimme ah.

Cameron stalls out completely.

RYAN

This is not a difficult decision Mr. Patterson. You have one day.

The phone goes dead. Cameron rages in his head for a moment, looks around his room and finally focuses on the butterfly in the bell.

CAMERON

It's not a difficult decision.

Cameron's emerging resolve grows into a feint smile. He is again racked by brief pain, clutches his chest. He breaths heavily, looking at the batteries. He grunts.

Cameron snatches all of the SCHEMATICS and a DISK from the desk and folds them into reckless bundles.

INT. BANK - DAY

Cameron stalks past the banks plaque carrying a SATCHEL.

He leans across Ryan's desk. Ryan smiles cockily.



CAMERON  
I'll sign, then we talk about  
additional resources.

Ryan laughs and gathers the waiting contract for Cameron.  
Ryan speaks as Cameron signs, withholding one document.

RYAN  
Of course you realize violating these  
terms will result in- You'll forfeit  
your life, Mr. Patterson.

Cameron acknowledges with a growl. Ryan resumes smoothly.

RYAN  
Good then. What sort of resources  
will you require to complete your  
work in a timely manner?

CAMERON  
One full adult lifetime credit. Paid.

RYAN  
You already have an extension Mr-

CAMERON  
Not for me. One adult lifetime.  
Transferred today. Right now.

RYAN  
Of course. May I have the name of-

CAMERON  
Ellen Marie Gains.

Ryan freezes.

RYAN  
The Gains account? Are you- serious?

CAMERON  
Ellen Marie Gains. One full adult  
lifetime credit. Make it happen.

Ryan caves to frustration. He produces an ornate  
CERTIFICATE from a drawer. He marks on it, pushes it to  
Cameron, who signs. Ryan signals a clerk who retrieves it.

CAMERON

It's hers now right, even if it-  
leaks- or- I can't- still?

Ryan gestures impatiently.

RYAN

Immediate transfer, yes Mr.  
Patterson. The bank cannot legally  
revoke a paid account. Now that  
you've satisfied your conscience-  
I've been instructed to inform you  
that the bank will be hiring two  
independent managers to oversee- Mr.  
Patterson- Mr. Patt-

Cameron signs the last document and lets it fall on the  
desk.

CAMERON

That wasn't for conscience- This is.

He tosses down an overstuffed ENVELOPE from the SATCHEL as  
he stands and casually and strolls away.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Cameron walks with a new observance for his surroundings.  
He passes a MAIL DROP and produces several overstuffed  
ENVELOPES from his SATCHEL. He deposits them and proceeds.

Cameron sits down on a public bench and stares up at the  
sky. A BUTTERFLY flutters across Cameron's view.

THE END