

CONTINUED:

The door swings open.

MARCUS fills the doorway.

Solid. Unmoving.

MARCUS

Problem?

Harris turns, annoyed.

HARRIS

Private business.

Marcus clocks Tiff's face. The tension.

MARCUS

Not anymore.

HARRIS

You wanna interfere with a county
investigation?

Marcus doesn't flinch.

MARCUS

You wanna explain why you're flashing
badges in a VIP room?

Harris realizes the angle's gone.

He straightens his jacket.

HARRIS

This place is on borrowed time.

Marcus steps closer.

MARCUS

Time's up for you.

He opens the door wider.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Music floods in.

Eyes from outside glance over.

Harris hesitates---then backs out.

HARRIS

You just made things worse.

MARCUS

You just made your last mistake in
this building.

Harris leaves

Tiff exhales shakily.

Marcus turns back to her.

MARCUS

You okay?

She nods.

TIFF

Lace warned us about men like him.

MARCUS

Yeah.