

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.

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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.