

**1 INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY****1**

In the steam-filled bathroom, we make out SCHUYLER VAN ORTON, now 38. He's handsome, fit and apparently in complete control of his world. He steps out of the shower, wraps a towel around himself and grabs the BATHROOM PHONE.

SCHUYLER

Van Orton... Yes, it is my birthday, Bob, is that why you called...? Ah... No, I'm not carrying Alan Baer another inch, fuck him, BG Lumber is history...

As he speaks, he continues his morning ritual-- hair combing, Q-tips, etc. (Schuyler is a man in almost constant motion.)

2 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS - DAY**2**

The black Mercedes moves quickly through morning traffic.

3 INT. SCHUYLER'S CAR - DAY**3**

SCHUYLER is on his car phone, NEWS RADIO LOW in BG, maneuvering aggressively through traffic. His laptop RUNS in the passenger seat, its cellular antenna up.