

INT. ATTICUS MARSHALL'S OFFICE

The PLAYER bursts through the door, gun drawn.

PLAYER  
Atticus, you son-of-a-bitch! Wait,  
Myra Starr?

Atticus isn't there. Instead the MYRA STARR looks up from the filing cabinet she is rifling through. She looks over at the Player.

MYRA STARR  
(sizing up the player)  
Didn't take you long to get up  
here. You are a plucky one.

PLAYER  
Where's Atticus?

MYRA STARR  
Oh, he turned tail and flew away  
the second you entered the lobby.

Myra saunters over to the desk and leans on it the way Atticus did in the Welcome to Marshall video.

MYRA STARR (CONT'D)  
I told him this whole Saints  
business would bite us in the ass,  
but he never listens.

PLAYER  
(still intent)  
Then give us back the Saints.

MYRA STARR  
As Chair of the Board, I could.  
Only problem is, Atticus holds that  
title.

Myra's eyes focus, as she begins to lay out her plot.

MYRA STARR (CONT'D)  
That man has been a bee in my  
bonnet for a long time. How about  
we help each other out?

PLAYER  
Fine. Tell me where he is, and I'll  
kill him.

MYRA STARR

Now not so fast. You kill Atticus,  
and his seat on the board will pass  
to his next of kin, who won't help  
you.

PLAYER

Then I'll kill them too.

MYRA STARR

And then their kin? And then  
theirs? The Marshall family is  
large. And ornery. They'll never  
help you.

But you help me vote him off the  
board, and I'll scratch your back  
real good.

PLAYER

So how do we do that?

Myra crosses her arms in front of her, settling into her  
plan.

MYRA STARR

If you make Atticus look bad  
enough, our company's stock price  
will tank. Shareholders will panic,  
and the board will have no choice  
but to change leadership.

That's when I'll take over and give  
the Saints back to you.

PLAYER

All right. You got yourself a deal.

END.