

INT. THE MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR. ARENA - NIGHT

West Philadelphia.

A smartly-dressed man in a tailored suit, MARK STEWART, sixties, sobs as he lays thick rope around the interior walls of the sports complex.

He picks up a metal can.

He douses the rope in gasoline.

He lights a match.

EXT. THE MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR. ARENA - CONTINUOUS

The square building smolders, its metal gates turning black. Flames exit the windows.

Stewart exits the building and shuffles down the street.

SIRENS are heard.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

An officer interrogates Mark Stewart.

OFFICER

Why'd you do it, Mr. Stewart? Hey, that rhymes. Kinda. Was it just for the insurance? Took a bath on The Arena and needed a payday?

Mark taps his knuckles on the desk, looking straight at the officer.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Tell me about your affiliation with Larry Lavin. And Larmark. And the record company not paying Frankie Smith. Damn, I do love that song.

The officer SNAPS HIS FINGERS as he sings the song's chorus.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

(singing)

Double Dutch Busssss.

He stops singing and snapping. He leans on the table with both hands.

OFFICER (CONT'D)

Mark, level with me here. Just how
well do you know this guy, really?

Mark looks down at the desk and taps his fingers.

He looks back up.

He begins to open his mouth to answer, then he closes it.

FADE OUT.