

He SLAPS and SHAKES the barely conscious Pendleton.

SOLOMON

Hey Pendleton! Wake up! Wake up!
I need your money!

PENDLETON

(groggy, disoriented)
Eh? What?

SOLOMON

Hey, you greedy old bag of
mothballs, it's me, Solomon Lynch!
I need a favor!

PENDLETON

(opens eyes slowly, still
in a haze)
Lynch?

SOLOMON

Yeah, hey listen, there's a kid --

PENDLETON

I don't know any Lynch.

SOLOMON

Sure you do. I worked for you at
the factory.

PENDLETON

(not recalling)
Were you an executive?

SOLOMON

No, I worked on the line.

PENDLETON

Oh well psh! And you expect me to
remember you? I've had hundreds of
employees throughout the years.
Never cared for most of them. Just
the ones who make me money.

SOLOMON

I think that's technically all of
us, but...

PENDLETON

(waking up more)
Wait a minute! You're one of those
good-for-nothings who walked out on
me.

(MORE)

PENDLETON (CONT'D)

I had to move the factory overseas
because of you and all of your
lazy, complaining kind.

SOLOMON

You bribed the Mayor to drop local
minimum wage so you could pay us
less!

PENDLETON

You came in late and dragged your
feet all day!

Christmas Present clears his throat, nudging Solomon to keep
at the task at hand.

SOLOMON

OK, we both had our flaws. You a
little more than me. But there's a
kid who needs an operation, and his
parents can't afford it. I need
you to --

Pendleton motions for Solomon to lean in closer.

PENDLETON

Come closer.

Solomon doesn't have time for this, but he reluctantly plays
along in the hopes that it will help pay for Tim's operation.

Pendleton shakes his weak head, beckoning him still closer.

PENDLETON

Closer...

Solomon puts his ear right up to Pendleton's mouth.