

SLIPSHOD

Screenplay by Gen Vardo

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EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

SLIPSHOD, Slip, early twenties is sitting in a lawn chair reading a screenplay.

Slip lives up to his namesake; nothing ever tucked, laces never tied and wild wispy hair with a mind of its own.

ASHLEY, early twenties, never seen without his ragged New York Yankees cap, or an almost pharmaceutically enhanced sullen demeanour, is in the background just over halfway through digging a grave.

Just to the side of Slip is a rundown painted in dust trailer park, in the most deserted part of the Arizona desert.

As slip continues to read the last couple of pages, Ashley is making fast headway on the grave, his shoulders and head only just visible now, dirt flying off in all directions.

Slip has reached the last page where he begins to write something. Ashley's head has now disappeared.

The shovel flies out of the grave.

As Slip lifts his head from the screenplay a hand reaches out from the grave and grabs a GUN and cocks it. The Gun disappears into the grave with him.

A loud gunshot sounds out, Slip not reacting, simply staring off in contemplation.

The GUN flies out of the grave and is followed by Ashley scrambling out.

Ashley picks up the GUN and storms toward Slip. He throws the GUN on Slips lap.

SLIP
(flinching)
Who did?

Ashley slumps in the lawn chair beside him.

ASHLEY
Blanks?!

SLIP
Just looking out for you,
Ashley.

Ashley stands.

ASHLEY

You wanna look out for me, Slip.
Stop swapping pills for Tic-Tacs
and bullets for blanks.

Ashley heads off to his trailer. Slip heads toward his
beside it.

SLIP

Could you bring round that
handwriting sample?

Ashley drops his head as he slumps into his trailer,
Slip hops into his.

INT. SLIP'S TRAILER - DAY

Ashley walks in and hands over a sample of Leonardo
DiCaprio's handwriting, which Slip studies as he sits at
the rickety breakfast nook, pushing the peeling
wallpaper back onto the wall from the table, letting it
rest on his head.

Slip then proceeds to write 'Don't call me till you've
read it, Leo', on a sticky note on top of his screenplay
'Rust', copying the handwriting sample as best he can,
Ashley peering over his shoulder.

SLIP

I've written an apology on the
last page.

ASHLEY

You think he'll get that far?

SLIP

He thinks it's from his buddy
Leonardo DiCaprio. They've
worked together twice, they
should be friends. Positive
thinking, all it takes. My name
n number along with the apology.

ASHLEY

Your ideas are getting pretty
out there, and risky.

Slip places his screenplay in the envelope, and in the
same handwriting, writes out Quentin Tarantino's address
from a star maps pamphlet.

SLIP

I've tried the usual routes and
I'm still stuck here. I will
make it, and you're comin' with
me. You wanna catch a movie
after postin' this?

ASHLEY

I have something to do.

Slip looks with concern over to Ashley who's staring at the floor.

SLIP

C'mon, you know I don't know how to work the projector.

Ashley lets Slip force him out of the trailer, the envelope under his arm.

EXT. SMALL TOWN - DAY

Slip and Ashley approach a post box on a dusty deserted street.

ASHLEY

Based on me being an emotional mess?

SLIP

Well there are more jobs in Hollywood than acting. You could write like me. I told you you're getting sharper, yes sir no lie. I wouldn't do that to you.

As they pass the post box, Slip kisses the package and pushes it gently through without stopping.

SLIP (cont'd)

Good luck buddy. I'm not saying it'll be easy. Look at what I've been through already... And acting, maybe it's too tough for you.

ASHLEY

Reverse psychology?

SLIP

And even if you make it you have issues. I mean, have you ever had someone non-stop stare at you? You ask 'Are you looking at me', right? Well Robert DeNiro can't. Has to just put up with it. And I bet Thom Hanks used to love going out for a nice run. Not anymore. And poor Robert Duval. You love the smell of coffee in the morning? Like to tell people? Not easy being an actor, Ashley.

ASHLEY

You have your ideas. That's a real thing. And you don't go against the grain, Slip. It's just the way it is.

SLIP

I'm not saying you should change who you are, not a bit. Be you, only in another setting. You have something. Ok, from now on whenever we get in a pinch or a jam, you have to invent a character on the spot and play em out, get us out of that jam.

ASHLEY

Just so's you know, today's my last day.

INT. PARTLY RENOVATED THEATRE - DAY

Slip and Ashley walk through the dark empty theatre to the projection booth with confidence; clearly they have been here a few times before.

SLIP

You know in Amsterdam you can get a beer in theatres.

ASHLEY

And not in no paper cup neither.

SLIP

That was an easy one.

INT. THEATRE - PROJECTION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ashley gets straight to setting up the projector as Slip stares at a rack of small film canisters.

ASHLEY

We not seen all the trailers?

SLIP

Just one left.

ASHLEY

Not the Refn one?

SLIP

No way. Though he does make great trailers.

Slip inspects a canister reading 'Runaway' as he takes it over to Ashley, who proceeds to load it up.

ASHLEY

He makes lyin' trailers, look all cool n kickin' ass, then nothin' happening the whole time. I mean who takes a thirty page script and hires Ryan Gosling, who's a charisma actor.--

SLIP

--A charisma actor.--

ASHLEY

--To do absolutely nothin' but stand there for the other sixty minutes?

SLIP

Twice. He's just tryin' to do the Sofia Coppola, Gus Van Sant thing.

ASHLEY

Gettin' it wrong all day long.--
Shit.

SLIP

Don't know why you hate rhymin' so bad.

They both lean through the projection window to watch the 'Runaway' trailer.

The trailer shows a girl running away from home. A particular scene showing the girl on a train hurtling through the middle of nowhere, forces Slip to leap up banging his head.

SLIP

Who did?

(rubbing his head)

Did you see that?

ASHLEY

Yeah, out the window, not too far from here that mount'n range.

Slip is almost shaking with excitement.

SLIP

What? No, I wasn't looking at the, really, not far? I'm goin' down. Load it back up. Meet me down there.

Slip runs off, and after a pause a slightly confused Ashley begins to reload the reel.

INT. THEATRE - SCREEN ONE - DAY

Slip is standing in the middle of the room as Ashley walks up to him, the trailer already begun.

SLIP

Watch, it's coming up.

Ashley is pining in a longing way over the girl in the trailer.

ASHLEY

She's pretty. Not like obvious pretty, character.

SLIP

Yeah, look, this part. Look, the girl gets a call as the camera dollies in on her. Camera then pans to show *home* calling on her phone. Then she tosses it out the window. That was a continuous shot, timed. The director controls timing like that. He would have put his number in that phone under *home*. That train is going through the middle of nowhere.

(turning to Ashley)

Ain't no way anyone went back for that phone.

ASHLEY

There's a phone out there with this director's cell number in it?

SLIP

Not far from here?

ASHLEY

Few hundred miles.

SLIP

Smart work.

(grabbing Ashley)

We get that phone, we're in. Get the reel, we'll figure out where she...

Slip looks to an object in Ashley's hand.

SLIP (cont'd)
 ...What's that?

ASHLEY
 (holding up a two-way
 radio)
 Was on the side.

Slip's eyes widen as he pulls Ashley down behind the seats. The projector cuts out half a second later, the room now dark.

SLIP
 (whispering)
 That's the kinda thing you
 portion out to a friend.

The doors to Screen One open and a TORCH beam flicks over the seats around Slip and Ashley.

Ashley stares at the radio for a moment, deep in thought, Slip looking over willing him along.

Gently cupping his hands around the radio, attempting an authoritative voice, Ashley tries to get rid of the TORCH.

ASHLEY
 (failing at the voice)
 Where are the Security? If they
 are not out front in one minute
 I will find competent security
 guards then.

Ashley, knowing the size of his failure flicks away the radio and mouths sorry to Slip, the TORCH now planted on the seats above them.

Ashley looks to the fire exit. Slip grabs his arm as he tries to bolt for it, footsteps beginning to thud toward them.

SLIP
 (whispering)
 We can't leave without the reel.
 We can make it.

ASHLEY
 No we can't.

SLIP
 No we can't.

As Slip jumps up and disappears off toward the projection room, the TORCH disappears from the seat above Ashley and the footsteps become erratic and head away.

Ashley stays tucked down, eyes tightly shut.

A MOMENT LATER

Slip dives down next to Ashley, eyes wide his clothes torn and completely messed up, the film reel tucked tightly to his chest.

SLIP

He said its fine, we can have
it, wished us all the best.

The TORCH returns, now shaky and erratic. Slip quickly picks Ashley up and they both race out the fire exit.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - DAY

Dusk is creeping over the trailer park as a few of its unusual occupant's mill around.

LIGHTING JOE, a fifty year old man is talking to a Cigar Store Native parked outside his trailer.

LIGHTNING JOE

Hit in the head with a meteor.
That's from space. Not the one
all around you, the space up
there.

(points to the side)

Make me strange for the rest of
my days. You see I used to be a
doctor, so I know such things.
That is before an alien or such
threw a rock down on my head.
What kinda doctor I was, well
ma'am, that I could not tell, on
account of E.T.'s rage n all.
Ha, just something I like to say
to the tourists. So how long you
in town? I could show you round
if you tell me where we are.

From a distance Slip and Ashley approach on the dusty road leading into the trailer park, Slip with the film still clutched tight.

LIGHTNING JOE (cont'd)
 (paranoia grips)
 Ho! Hold tight young lady. I
 say, ho! You look like gv'ment
 to me, yes ma'am no mistakes.
 Now just what is it you came
 down here to interrogate me
 over? Ho! I see you're all
 talkative when I was
 complimentin' you on your hat.
 Brignin' it down to serious
 business you get to givin' me
 the ol' silent treatments.

Slip and Ashley pass Lightning Joe on their way to
 Slip's trailer.

SLIP
 Hey, Joe.

LIGHTNING JOE
 Tuck and roll today, live to
 fight another day.

SLIP
 Sure will. Hey, Lightning Joe I
 think your idea is best, get
 yourself inside n hold up till
 Mrs Hunnover brings that good
 eatin' over. Yes sir Lightning
 Joe that is a sweet kinda idea
 you just had right now.

LIGHTNING JOE
 Yeah, yeah, hey keep an eye on
 this one.

ASHLEY
 Sure thing, Joe.

INT. SLIPS TRAILER - DAY

Slip is holding up the film to a lamp, studying the
 cells where the cell phone is thrown from the train.

Ashley has a couple of maps laid out, along with some
 pamphlets on the area that the train blew through,
 including a train timetable.

SLIP
 We're lucky you recognised this
 mount'n range.

ASHLEY

Hey you ever puzzled why nobody
climbs mount'ns in Arizona?
They're all over and nobody goes
climbin' em.

SLIP

Who climbs mount'ns anywhere?

ASHLEY

It's a whole sport other places.
Saw a guy climb in Yosemite, no
ropes. Got his own video about
it.

SLIP

He climbs without ropes?

ASHLEY

I guess not anymore. Probly he
can afford em now, what with
havin' a video out.

SLIP

I guess so.

Slip looks from the map to the film cell, then carefully
marks a red X by the tracks.

SLIP (cont'd)

What can possibly go wrong?

Silence fills the trailer as Slip stares at the map.
Suddenly a loud THUD on the outside of the trailer makes
Slip jump. Ashley remaining still closes his eyes.

ASHLEY

I gotta go.

SLIP

We'll leave first thing in the
mornin', right?

Ashley just glances back and hangs his head as he begins
to leave the trailer.

SLIP (cont'd)

Bed ways is right ways now, get
some spatchka.

ASHLEY

(sullenly)
A Clockwork Orange.

SLIP

(sympathetically)
Don't forget your mother's boot.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - NIGHT

Slip is leaving Lightning Joes trailer with a tray in his hands, empty plate, pudding cup, and beaker on top. He stops and looks to the Cigar Store Native.

SLIP

Can't leave without, Ashley.
Gonna be a radical idea brings
my buddy back to life.

Slip sits down with the tray on his lap.

SLIP (cont'd)

I'll be the first to admit the first few radical ideas of mine fell damn short in terms of gettin' me to Hollywood, my motivation always lying there. Pity I'm no producer's favourite niece. You see the problem is even if you're in the nought point one percent it takes you ten, fifteen years to get your shot. So radical ideas is what it takes. Having a director's number, with a story behind gettin' it. He'll read my screenplay, hear my ideas. I can't leave without Ashley.

After a moment Slip leaps up with excitement, dropping the contents of the tray and tripping over them, finding the floor with a thud trying to rush to Ashley's trailer as fast as he can.

INT. ASHLEY'S TRAILER - NIGHT

Ashley is creeping past his sleeping MOTHER in front of the Television. She is a large woman wearing a well-worn Prozac T-shirt.

Even though she's asleep this large woman still gives off an air of horror, particularly her snoring which sounds like an alligator chewing on every worst contestant the X-Factor has ever had.

Slip BURSTS in through the door, a cloud of dust steaming from his front, hair pointing to the sky.

Ashley's Mother in her startled state struggles to get any words or herself out of her recliner. Her snoring replaced by a cracking, laboured heavy breathing.

SLIP

Ashley, if you absolutely are decided and nothing to be said, not long for this world, then I put it to you that you can now live the rest of your life as though there are no more consequences to it, not one. I mean whatever you do, what's the worst that can happen? You die, job done. You get arrested? Can just as easily get the job done in a jail cell.

ASHLEY

(softly)

No more consequences.

Ashley's Mother finally snaps the handle of the recliner clean off, making her even angrier.

SLIP

You remember that teacher you hated in Home Eck?

ASHLEY

(in deep thought)

Mrs Palmer.

SLIP

Always throwin' your food out the window like that. Hell Ashley you're in a place now where you can choose to go rob a bank, use the money to build a giant pizza just the way you always liked, and drop it from a helicopter coverin' her house. What are they gonna do to you? I mean that's just off top of my head. What I'm saying is... if you want it, you can live free now.

Ashley turns to his Mother who's finally up and POUNDING toward him, rattling the entire trailer.

He slips past her and turns to face her as he's stood in front of Slip.

Mother POUNDS toward them both but just as she gets close Ashley SLAPS her across the face. Her head doesn't move, simply morphs into an expression that would scare and confuse any military into retreat.

SLIP (cont'd)

(smiling)

Complete...

Ashley is quickly met with his Mother's fist in his stomach, flying him back into Slip and sending them both in an air-born fashion out the door, landing on the Astroturf outside, Ashley on top of Slip.

SLIP (cont'd)
 (winded, still smiling)
 ...freedom.

FADE OUT

INT. DIMES' CAR - MOVING - DAY

Two detectives, NICHOLSON and DIMES, both from Los Angeles, both late twenties, are driving down an Arizona highway, Dimes at the wheel.

DIMES
 We're gonna get this guy killed.

NICHOLSON
 Would you do it?

DIMES
 I wouldn't know to even have an opinion.

NICHOLSON
 True. We're experienced enough to know the usual techniques are all played out. Time for new ideas.

DIMES
 Maybe you could try infiltrating the crew as an Egyptian or something.

NICHOLSON
 Again with the jealousy.

DIMES
 Has there ever been a show where the detective speaks that many languages.

NICHOLSON
 Just because it hasn't been on T.V. doesn't...

DIMES
 You're a freak. I mean c'mon, Japanese? Where will you ever use it?

NICHOLSON
 China town.

DIMES
 (stunned)
 Full of Chinese people.

NICHOLSON
 It's an eastern oriented area.
 You don't think they have
 Japanese, Koreans?

DIMES
 Koreans are in Korea town, just
 like Chinese are in China town.

NICHOLSON
 And Japanese?--

DIMES
 --Not a one.

They both laugh, mostly Nicholson.

DIMES (cont'd)
 I know one line in French. Kept
 saying it to this French guy I
 met in a bar. I was drunk as
 hell. Guy just kept looking at
 me all confused. So I just kept
 repeating it; Le singe et don
 l'arbre.

Nicholson laughs a little.

DIMES (cont'd)
 Wasn't till the next day I
 realised he wasn't looking at me
 funny because I wasn't speaking
 French right. It was because
 some drunk guy in a bar kept
 telling him there's a monkey in
 the tree.

They both laugh, mostly Dimes.

NICHOLSON
 God damn Arizona. The sooner we
 get back to L.A. the better.
 This assignment could be our
 ticket.

DIMES
 Chief said as much. Take down
 The Boss.

NICHOLSON
 Who calls themselves, 'The
 Boss'?

DIMES
Coke suppliers from Arizona.

NICHOLSON
And, 'The Guy'?

DIMES
Yeah, a little ambiguous to call yourself, 'The Guy'.

NICHOLSON
And planting a wire on, The Guy.

DIMES
You said yourself; it's time for new ideas. And look, it's safer for the prick too, he's not gonna be all twitchin' and sweatin' and screwin' things up in a way that gets him shot up. He's gonna be; au natural.

NICHOLSON
Ok Frenchie, how do we convince him of enough to get him in the room with The Boss, getting him asking the questions we want answered?

DIMES
I'll go in, plant the wire on the prick, tell him we heard some rumblings about The Boss thinking he's a problem that needs takin' care of..

Dimes slows the car as they pass an alleyway beside THE GUY'S SLEAZY BAR, neither he nor Nicholson show any emotion to what they see:

Slip and Ashley sat in the alleyway looking through a box with 'Unlocked Cell Phones', written on it.

Nicholson and Dimes carry on by, unseen by Slip and Ashley.

DIMES (cont'd)
He just robbed the poor prick. I can use it, tell him The Boss had em took, as like a warning slash invite. Should flush him right off to The Boss.

NICHOLSON
We're gonna get this prick killed.

Dimes pulls into the empty car park in front of The Guy's Sleazy Bar, The retro neon sign off and the front entrance open.

INT/EXT. DIMES' CAR - THE GUY'S SLEAZY BAR - DAY

Nicholson is feeding a STRAY dog out the window of the car as Dimes jogs out the bar and jumps in the driver's seat.

NICHOLSON

Why is it save the cat? It's always dogs.

DIMES

Huh? He raced off out back after I mentioned The Boss takin' his phones. The flippin' heck is his car?

Nicholson and Dimes are in disbelief as THE GUY, slender mid-forties trying to pass off as a young hipster, rides from around the back of his bar on a tiny modern scooter.

NICHOLSON

No.

DIMES

That thing looks brand new.

NICHOLSON

How do we follow a little thing like that?

Dimes pulls out and begins to follow at a distance.

INT/EXT. DIMES' CAR - MOVING - DAY

Nicholson places on headphones, plugged into a RECORDER.

NICHOLSON

I can only just hear the bike.

Dimes manoeuvres around the traffic to get closer to The Guy.

DIMES

Watch the little jumpy things. They should be about half way up for a good sound.

NICHOLSON

Jumpy things? A good sound?
You're the tech guy now? Sounds
better but you still gotta get
closer.

DIMES

You wanna hear a funny
embarrassing story?

NICHOLSON

Keep this distance. Yes.

DIMES

So I unload after a little
shopping trip. Got these new
infusions teabags. Use em in
cold water for your flask. So I
give one a go. Sposed to taste
like mango n passionfruit. Don't
taste like much, but smells like
a lemon zesty smell. I give up
on it. Later on, my coffee
smells like lemon zest. Things
in my head. Later on than that
my beer smells like lemon zest.
I'm a little freaked. Getting'
ready for bed, I notice in the
bathroom, the new hand soap I
bought that day.

Nicholson laughs.

DIMES (cont'd)

Lemon zest. Every time I lifted
my hand to take a sip of
somethin', I'm smelling my hand.

They both laugh.

The Guy parks several buildings up from a well-known
LOW-LIFE HANGOUT, and walks down to the entrance where
several hoods are lounging around. Nicholson and Dimes
hang back in the car.

NICHOLSON

Don't blame you parking that
thing up the street.

As The Guy disappears into the Low-Life Hangout, Dimes
rolls the car closer, Nicholson unplugging the
headphones and turning the volume up to hear the LOW-
LIFES inside.

DIMES

I saw a--

LOW-LIFES (through RECORDER)

--Grab him! Get that mother--

Nicholson casually --CLICKS the volume off.

DIMES (cont'd)

--Really hot girl riding one of those things the other day.

NICHOLSON

You should tell him, if he lives.

The Guy stumbles nervously out of the Low-Life Hangout, and heads for the PARK AREA close by. Dimes continues to roll the car forward, stopping a safe distance away.

They watch The Guy walk up to a LARGE MAN, back turned standing by the duck pond, feeding the ducks wild bird seed from a plastic container.

INT. DIMES' CAR - PARK AREA - DAY

The Guy stands uneasily by the Large Man's side.

Nicholson clicks the volume back on.

LARGE MAN (RECORDER)

You're not supposed to feed ducks bread. It has little nutritional value and swells in their stomach, makes them feel full.

THE GUY (RECORDER)

I've fed them bread since I was a kid.

LARGE MAN (RECORDER)

Tradition. You think that beats fact, knowledge?

THE GUY (RECORDER)

No, sure, consider me educated.

LARGE MAN (RECORDER)

Educated, not educated enough.

INT. DOWNTOWN PRECINCT - OFFICES - DAY

The room is typical of a detective's office space, open plan with half a dozen desks surrounded by a couple of side offices. If you look closely it was at one point an organised and clean space. That was a generation of detectives ago.

Nicholson and Dimes are sat at a desk, the RECORDER between them and several detectives, all older than them, close by with cash in their hands listening in.

NICHOLSON (RECORDER)
He's gonna see the wire.

DIMES (RECORDER)
How's he gonna see the wire?
He's gonna see the wire.

NICHOLSON (RECORDER)
No way he's gonna see the wire.

Nicholson stops the RECORDER.

DIMES
Alright, you know the odds.
Place your bets old timers.

DICK ONE
I don't even know how you get a
wire on a guy--

DIMES
The Guy.

DICK ONE
--without him seein' it. Probly
all flappin' around outside his
shirt. I say wire.

DICK ONE slams his cash on the RECORDER.

DICK ONE (cont'd)
That The Boss?

DIMES
One and only.

DICK TWO
No way, he doesn't see it.

DICK TWO slams his cash down.

DIMES
Dick Three?

DICK THREE
(scoffing)
God damn LAPD.

DICK THREE reluctantly slams down his money.

DICK THREE (cont'd)
He sees it.

DIMES
You wanna get some popcorn?

DICK THREE
Just press the button kid.

Nicholson presses play.

INT. DIMES' CAR - PARK AREA - DAY

Nicholson and Dimes are sat listening in intently.

THE GUY (RECORDER)
Yeah, well that's why I'm here.

THE BOSS (RECORDER)
Good. Education is everything,
especially in this business.

THE GUY (RECORDER)
Yeah, I mean the phones.

THE BOSS (RECORDER)
Sure, useful, the internet at
your fingertips.

THE GUY (RECORDER)
Consider them a gift.

THE BOSS (RECORDER)
I do.

Nicholson and Dimes look at each other apprehensively.

THE GUY (RECORDER)
So we're good?

THE BOSS (RECORDER)
How's the bar?

THE GUY (RECORDER)
My Sleazy Bar?

THE BOSS (RECORDER)
Why'd you call it that?

THE GUY (RECORDER)
 Just supposed to be ironic.
 Gentrify the area. The hipsters
 love that shit. Well I'm
 relatively new. If you wanna
 take that route you need word of
 mouth to get you around. They're
 so picky about cool these days.

THE BOSS (RECORDER)
 So you think you're cool?--

THE GUY (RECORDER)
 --Look, like I said, the phones,
 it's--

THE BOSS (RECORDER)
 --What is it with you and
 phones?

Dimes laughs, Nicholson shaking his head.

THE BOSS (RECORDER) (cont'd)
 Look you're new and I wanna help
 you out. I'm gonna help you out,
 nothing more about it. I
 appreciate you coming to see me.
 I'm gonna get you into the
 storage business.

THE GUY (RECORDER)
 ...I don't think I could get away..

THE BOSS (RECORDER)
 You're a bright guy, you'll
 figure it out.

INT. DOWNTOWN PRECINCT - OFFICES - DAY

Dimes turns off the recorder just as THE CHIEF, early
 sixties kindly African American man, walks in.

THE CHIEF
 Why the crowd?

The Chief taps the money and gestures to the recorder.

THE CHIEF (cont'd)
 Is this your wire thing? You're
 gambling on someone's life.
 Jesus, does he see the wire? He
 better not see the wire. He
 doesn't see the wire. You don't
 cut your teeth in this business
 getting civilians killed.

The Chief puts some of his own money down.

THE CHIEF (cont'd)
He doesn't see it.

(to Dick Two)
What'd you say?

DICK TWO
Same as you.

THE CHIEF
(a little upset)
And you two said he sees it?
Thank god you're on our side.
You wanna play it?

INT. DIMES' CAR - PARK AREA - DAY

THE GUY (RECORDER)
I can put you in touch with--

THE BOSS (RECORDER)
--I know everyone, so do the
cops, you're new.

THE GUY (RECORDER)
(crumbling)
Hey, err, look I wanna...

THE BOSS (RECORDER)
There's gonna come a point in
the future where I'm forced to
decide whether you live or die.
Happens with everyone at some
point. When that point arrives,
I will consider every decision
you've made between now and
then.

THE GUY (RECORDER)
(crumbled)
It's just...

THE BOSS (RECORDER)
(heavy intake of air)

INT. DOWNTOWN PRECINCT - OFFICES - DAY

There are now a dozen detectives, one handcuffed to
CRYSTAL (YVONNE, sixties, obvious prostitute), gathered
around the RECORDER, now covered in a large pile of
cash.

CRYSTAL
Twenty on The Boss. If he shoots
him for being pissed off that's
still a win.

DICK TWO
No way Crystal, he has to see
the wire, that's the bet.

THE CHIEF
(to Crystal)
He's right, Yvonne.

Dick Two looks at The Chief, confused.

INT. DIMES' CAR - PARK AREA - DAY

THE BOSS (RECORDER)
Can I trust you?

DIMES
(laughing)
No.

THE GUY (RECORDER)
Of course, I... What do you mean?

THE BOSS (RECORDER)
There's an unmarked cop car back
there--Don't look. Followed you
down.

NICHOLSON
Ah, shit.

INT. DOWNTOWN PRECINCT - OFFICES - DAY

DICK TWO
He's done.

THE CHIEF
(I'm a bad chief)
Shit.

THE GUY (RECORDER)
It must be this detective. Came
around talking about you. Seemed
real interested in you.

NO WIRE HALF OF THE OFFICE
(at the recorder)
Shut, up!

THE BOSS (RECORDER)
Are you wearing a wire?

WIRE HALF OF THE OFFICE
(at the recorder)
Yes!

The Chief drops his head.

THE GUY (RECORDER)
I'm not dumb. I'd never wear a
wire, not in a million years,
it's a death sentence.

WIRE HALF OF THE OFFICE
(at the recorder)
He's lying!

THE BOSS (RECORDER)
Right. Well if I didn't have
cops all over me I wouldn't be
doing my job properly.

WIRE HALF OF THE OFFICE
Boooo!

Nicholson clicks off the recorder.

DIMES
Au natural. Pay up ladies. That
means you too...

(glancing at The Chief)
Yvonne.

The money is divided up and the party is fast over.

THE CHIEF
I need you two in my office,
thirty minutes.

NICHOLSON
Sure.

DIMES
Yeah, you got it, Chief.

Nicholson and Dimes look at each other apprehensively as
they push their money in their pockets.

EXT. SCRAP'S YARD - DAY

Slip and Ashley DIVE into an alleyway beside a used car
lot on the edge of town.

Faces pressed into the fencing on the near side they
happily miss the STRAY dog racing by, barking one
continual bark like a siren stuck on high.

After a moment they open their eyes and turn to look out
to the street, heads still pressed on the fence.

Seeing it clear they head toward the entrance of Scrap's
Yard.

Ashley, map in hand, is just beginning to wake from his subdued life with a strange hangover, present in his almost constantly blinking eyes and his breaking voice that he has to keep coughing out, clearing it from his throat.

SLIP

Or... you know how you love that game Grand Theft Auto? Well, you do that. You take a sports car from some showroom, ride the wheels off it till it don't work anymore, then get another one. No more consequences. Yep, the world is your wild oyster, filled with beautiful wild pearls.

ASHLEY

You think a thousand gonna be enough?

SLIP

Yeah, he never pays a lot. I was tempted to ask Harry's new assistant to join us.

Ashley laughs through clearing his throat. Then Slip puts on a 19th century Thespian voice.

SLIP (cont'd)

(as Thespian)

The light was too strong in the storage facility at first...

ASHLEY

(copying)

Drowning her out until the shutters lowered behind us, then...

SLIP

(as Thespian)

We saw her muscles glinting in the fluorescent light, and knew... we would never love another.

ASHLEY

She seemed awful interested in the map. Maybe we should have kept one of the phones.

SLIP

We don't want one of those phones. Can be tracked, GPS. Hey you know that thing Harry said about you never see baby pigeons?

ASHLEY

He's right.

SLIP

Yeah, but got me thinkin'. Have you ever seen a baby midget, or dwarf?

ASHLEY

Whoa. Hey let's get a convertible, Slip.

SLIP

You got it, Ashley.

Slip and Ashley walk into what looks more like a scrap yard than a used car lot, and begin browsing.

SCRAP, a tubby sixty year old greased up proud wearer of milk bottle glasses, approaches as Slip and Ashley are looking over a 1962 red convertible Coupe De Ville, a great example of one, unknown to all three of them.

SCRAP

Cadillac Coupe De Ville. One fine ass pussy auto-mobile. Trust me, I know.

Scrap is temporarily distracted by a piece of lint he finds in his belly button.

SCRAP (cont'd)

And at a great price. I can let it go for five grand.

SLIP

Five?! It's got no roof.

Slip and Ashley wander around the Coupe checking it out. Scrap's attention comes back to the car.

SCRAP

Good eye sunny. Well ya see the late owner chopped it off himself. Didn't think to install any kinda roof after. Also painted it red with regular paint from a can you see. Also has an old rinky dink engine n gear box. Runs nice even though there's a ton of miles on it.

SLIP

Give you five hundred.

SCRAP

Four thousand.

Slip kicks the front right tyre, knocking the front left hubcap off in front of Scrap.

SCRAP (cont'd)
 (smiling nervously)
 Three.

Ashley kicks the rear left tyre knocking the rear view mirror off.

SCRAP (cont'd)
 Alright fine, one thousand, just
 don't kick it some more.

INT. DOWNTOWN PRECINCT - CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

The Chief is sat at his desk with THE GOVERNOR sat opposite as Nicholson and Dimes walk in.

THE CHIEF
 Yeah, come in, come in.

Nicholson and Dimes remain standing.

THE CHIEF (cont'd)
 You both remember The Governor,
 from the church drive a few
 months back.

NICHOLSON
 Absolutely, good to see you
 again, Governor.

DIMES
 Yeah.

THE CHIEF
 The Governor has a rather
 sensitive..

THE GOVERNOR
 I can handle this, Chief.

THE CHIEF
 Yeah, sorry.

The Governor stands and rests on The Chief's desk facing the two empty seats, gesturing for Nicholson and Dimes to sit, which they do.

As The Governor begins to talk, The Chief leans to the side so he can see around him.

THE GOVERNOR
 Now boys, I hear from The Chief
 here you are some radicle
 thinkers. Is that right?

NICHOLSON

We tend to lean toward the innovative side of detective work, if that's what you mean, Governor.

THE GOVERNOR

Please, call me Harrold.

NICHOLSON

Thank y--

THE GOVERNOR

--Now, the meat and potatoes of it; my niece, bodybuilder, don't ask me why, decided to take up with this nefarious sort she met at the gym, Harry something, don't ask me why. She falls in love with Mr Nefarious, don't ask me why, and despite my best efforts to keep an eye on her from a distance, has gone missing. Now Mr Nefarious just turned up wearing nothing but a toe tag. And the only two people fingered to be involved are two young guys, who apparently were seen walkin' into his storage unit with a large box. One had a New York Yankees cap on, don't ask me why.

Nicholson and Dimes look at each other, then back to The Governor.

THE GOVERNOR (cont'd)

Now, I do not believe my niece is in any way involved with the toe tag portion of the story, but just to be on the safe side--I mean you boys know how cops can get when somethin's in their craw. They figure my niece for any involvement they won't let go. The old; facts to fit a theory. Instead of facts to find a theory. Can't have it.

THE CHIEF

(still looking around The Governor)

Can't have it men.

THE GOVERNOR

(bemused by The Chief)

...Yeah, no we can't. Now I heard about your little predicament. Forced out of Los Angeles for just doin' you jobs ain't right. An I hear no money recovered, no evidence of any. Tough pill to swallow, that's right. You help me--my niece, out by finding these guys and bringin' them to justice, well then I will use my position here as Governor to get you back over to Los Angeles. If that's what you want?

NICHOLSON/DIMES

--Yes, yeah, yes.

THE GOVERNOR

Good, good. Now you go get those sons o' bitches.

Nicholson and Dimes rise and begin to leave.

THE CHIEF

Be careful this err, Mr Nefarious had a few different calibre bullets in him. So get to the armoury. These guys are carrying some heavy equipment.

INT/EXT. COUPE - MOVING - DAY

Slip is driving with Ashley sprawled back in the passenger seat as they cruise down a wide open road, the expanse of Arizona all around them.

They're both chugging down sodas and chewing sweets, wrappers building up on the back seat.

Ashley's strange hangover has pretty much worn off, leaving him looking and feeling far more fresh and alert.

ASHLEY

We'd be damn fools not to follow the tracks to the x.

SLIP

Comin' up ahead, Ashley. Say, how far along we gotta go?

ASHLEY

Down the tracks? Where's the map?

Ashley has a quick glance around for the map but doesn't see it.

ASHLEY (cont'd)
I remember it was two pinkies,
just about.

SLIP
Don't sound so far when you put
it like that.

Slip stops a car length shy of some train tracks.

SLIP (cont'd)
I've got a job to do. Where I'm
going, you can't follow. What
I've got to do, you can't be any
part of.

ASHLEY
Casablanca.

They get out and walk up to the tracks.

SLIP
Confusing film, works though.

EXT. TRACKS - CONTINUOUS

Standing on the tracks looking left, the direction they need to go, they see that it's impossible to drive anywhere near the tracks.

SLIP
Well, we ain't gonna make two
pinkies down there.

Ashley contemplatively looks from the Coupe to the tracks and back again, before walking over to inspect the wheelbase of the Coupe.

ASHLEY
Hey, Slip.

SLIP
(slightly dejected)
Yeah, Ashley.

ASHLEY
Next train ain't due pass this
way till tomorro mornin'.

SLIP
You suggestin' we walk along the
tracks?

ASHLEY

No, drive.

INT. PRECINT PARKING LOT - DAY

Nicholson and Dimes, clearly highly motivated, are finishing loading up the trunk and back seat of Dimes' car with a massive amount of weapons: Assault rifles, grenade launcher, sniper rifle, hand/concussion grenades, and a literal ton of ammunition.

NICHOLSON

God bless Texas.

DIMES

Yee haw mother--

They both jump in the car and peel out of the parking lot as best they can with a heavily weighed down car, its rear end --SPARKING on the slightest gradient.

INT. DIMES' CAR - MOVING - DAY

NICHOLSON

Guess we start at the storage unit, check around for cameras.

DIMES

So they went to sell this guy Harry some phones. Didn't like the deal he laid out. Vented him like madmen.

NICHOLSON

Maniacs, pure and simple.

A call comes in over the RADIO from DISPATCH:

DISPATCH (RADIO)

All units downtown. We have a report of a stolen Cadillac Coupe De Ville from Scrap's yard, convertible, red in colour.

Initially Nicholson and Dimes ignore the call. Then Nicholson grabs the RADIO frantically.

NICHOLSON

(into RADIO)

Unit Thirteen, we're on it.

DISPATCH (RADIO)

APB going out.

NICHOLSON
 (quickly into RADIO)
 Hold that, we just spotted em.

DISPATCH (RADIO)
 Copy that Unit Thirteen.
 Cancelling APB.

Nicholson replaces the RADIO, smiling.

DIMES
 Spotted em?

NICHOLSON
 They were on foot. If they left
 town...

Dimes pulls a sharp U-turn and puts his foot down.

DIMES
 They needed wheels. I like their
 taste in cars.

NICHOLSON
 Gonna make it ten times easier
 to find them.

EXT. SCRAPS YARD - DAY

As Dimes pulls into the lot, Scrap is stood with his hands on his head looking embarrassed. Another MAN, late sixties faux ranch owner type, beside him.

Nicholson and Dimes park up and approach the two men.

DIMES
 Hey there, we just received a
 call of a stolen Coupe De Ville.

SCRAP
 Not exactly stol--

MAN
 --Shut, that, hole in your head.
 You done enough damage with that
 empty head o' yours for one day..
 Shut-it-up.

(to Dimes)
 I'm The Owner of this here yard.

DIMES
 I thought that was--

THE OWNER

--What, cos his name Scrap?
Reason his name Scrap, his mind
is such.

NICHOLSON

(looking around)
Do you have cameras on the lot?

THE OWNER

Look-e here, it's not exactly a
strait forward sityation. This
empty head fool sole my prize
Cadillac Coupe De Ville for a
measly, say measly now, one
thousand dollars. All I got left
is the roof.

NICHOLSON

It wasn't stolen?

THE OWNER

Depend on how you look at it.

DIMES

Do you have GPS, low jack?

THE OWNER

Of course I do young buck, but
I'm worried here about my legal
rights to go get my car 'n all,
seein' how empty dumpty here
gave em a receipt.

Nicholson and Dimes share a quick look.

NICHOLSON

You know we might just know of a
lawful way around your situation
here.

THE OWNER

Well hell, look at that. Law
enforcement all the way yes,
Sir.

Nicholson and Dimes walk off toward the car, Nicholson
noticing the Coupe Scrap described to Slip and Ashley
tucked away with some scrap items.

THE OWNER (cont'd)

(calling out)

You see a regular coupe convertible go for fifty thousand. But mine, all pristine original. Damn straight off the line quality. All it needed done was screw in the hubcaps n glue the mirror on proper, that it. Had been hidden away, forgot about till I found it. Worth least one hundred thousand.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

The Coupe is almost laid on the tracks facing left, three of its tyres off, the front wheels locked into the tracks.

Ashley is behind the wheel, Slip kicking the hell out of the rear left wheel as he CROWBARS the last tyre off, scratching up the paintwork like he wants it chrome.

SLIP

Forward just a skip, Ashley.

Ashley drives the Coupe a foot forward, allowing Slip to rip the last tyre off with the CROWBAR, the rear wheels CLANKING into position on the tracks.

Ashley sticks his arms in the air and whoops and hollers, Slip joining in.

SLIP (cont'd)

Couple a god damn genius', yes sir, we got a sleeper hold on this one. Hollywood here we...

Arms still in the air, Slip's head turns to his right, the elation of the moment taken right out of him.

As Ashley is still whooping and howling, Slip slowly and in a scared motion, shuffles sideways over to the driver's seat and rests his hand on Ashley's shoulder, head still turned right.

Ashley slowly goes quiet as he turns to look at Slip, then to what Slip is looking at.

ASHLEY

(angered)

No.

Ashley jumps out of the Coupe and races a few steps toward a Service ENGINE barrelling toward them, fists clenched as though wanting to fight it.

He then races back, jumps in the driver's seat and floors it, the rear wheels spinning up causing sparks.

SLIP
(afraid)
Ashley?

The Coupe eventually gains traction and begins moving ridiculously slowly down the tracks, Slip having no choice but to step into the back seat.

INT/EXT. COUPE - TRACKS - MOVING - DAY

Slip kneels on the backseat facing backwards, watching the Engine approach fast, Bambi in headlights look on his face.

ASHLEY
Is it gainin' on us?

SLIP
Is it gain...? Ashley, I'm upset.
Get us off the tracks.

ASHLEY
Can't do it, Slip. We got ground
to make up; two pinkies.

SLIP
Two pink... God damn it Ashley
don't you go gettin' all
suicidal on me again. You know
what? I thought you were done
with that. Shows what I know,
your best friend.

ASHLEY
I am done with it. I am now
living a life without any
consequences.

SLIP
I was thinking of that as more
of a solo effort, not as a joint
project as it were. I mean I got
your back 'n all buddy, there's
just this giant engine bearing
down on us right now an I'm
scared, I'm upset, I'm... I mean
is it too much to ask that you
maybe cry a little?

Ashley puts the Coupe in a higher gear and picks up some speed, but not enough, the loud Engine is not too far from them now. No operator able to see them or the Coupe.

SLIP (cont'd)

Ahh, here it is. I know that sounds a little selfish buddy, I really do. I'm asking you to join me in panic n upset, but I won't join you in suicidal endeavours. Ain't right I know!

(pointing to Engine)

Just that...!

The Engine is now several car lengths behind, fast catching up, Slip looking to the tail fins of the Coupe then to the front of the Engine where they'll meet.

Seeing that they'll attach he jumps in the passenger seat.

SLIP (cont'd)

Weight to the front, we gonna line up. Get ready for impact--

They both brace just in time for --IMPACT, the Engine lifting the front of the Coupe a few feet in the air before allowing it to slam back onto the tracks.

Ashley's steady hands on the wheel allow the wheels to clink back onto the tracks perfectly.

Now barrelling down the tracks at unusual speed, Ashley takes his hands off the wheel and reaches behind him.

Slip and Ashley have to speak loudly while attached to the Engine.

SLIP (cont'd)

I know this makes no sense, but I really would prefer you keep your hands on the wheel there, Ashley.

Ashley brings out the map from under his seat and flicks toward the page with the X, finding it torn out.

ASHLEY

Did you take the page?

SLIP

It's been torn out? God damn. When was it even out of our sight? What am I saying, we're about to die... She was awful interested.

ASHLEY

Muscles, why would she take it?

SLIP

We have more pressin' matters
I'm sure.

Ashley climbs to the back seat as Slip stares off ahead in his own world.

SLIP (cont'd)

Pressing, unrelenting,
persistent, insistent,
demanding...

One of the two rear seat panels appears on the driver's seat. Slip doesn't notice, just keeps staring forward, talking to himself.

SLIP (cont'd)

I guess we're about to see our
lives flash before our eyes.
Would prefer someone else's. Do
I quickly imagine I actually
made it to Hollywood so I can
die with a happy thought in my
head? O man, what if the church
is right? What do I repent? I
haven't lived yet...

The second panel of the rear seat slides through on top of the other. Ashley then pokes his head through and looks at Slip.

SLIP (cont'd)

O hey, Ashley. Say, Ashley...?

Slip points at the seat panels.

ASHLEY

(smiling at Slip)

Yep.

Slip pauses for just a second, then frantically punches the air in front of him before yielding.

SLIP

(tearing up)

Well ok then.

Ashley and an acquiescing Slip climb over onto the hood of the Coupe, each carrying their seat panel.

They stand side by side on the left of the bonnet, hugging their seat panels, Slip, standing closest to the front of the Coupe.

ASHLEY

We wait till there aren't as many rocks. It's important that we get a nice, smooth, flat piece of--

Slip looks to his right and notices the track ahead splits off into what appears to be a layby. He SHARPLY looks back to Ashley.

SLIP (cont'd)

--Now!

They both LEAP forward through the air, safely hidden behind the seat panels.

EXT. TRACKS - COUPE WRECKAGE - DAY

They PUNCH down onto the ground and begin SCREAMING over the desert floor at great speed, flailing their legs around to give them some stability, just clipping the occasional rock and boulder.

Slowing up only slightly, Slip hits a rock and flips over landing crudely on his back, the seat panel resting on top of him.

Ashley SAILS on forward, coming to a calm stop.

From the ground Slip and Ashley look back to see the Coupe catch where the tracks separate and FLIP violently sideways, the Engine BARRELLING it along, the Coupe shedding pieces like a dog shaking off water.

The Coupe then becomes dislodged and spins to a stop as the Engine thunders on, barely a removable piece left on the Coupe's frame.

ASHLEY

Slip?

SLIP

You ok?

ASHLEY

Yeah.

They both rise and dust themselves off as they walk over to the carcass that was once the Coupe.

SLIP

(pointing to the carcass)

But I was sat right there.

ASHLEY

(smiling)

Money well spent.

SLIP
 (still pointing)
 You were right there.

ASHLEY
 How far along you say we are?

SLIP
 (shaking it off)
 Wake up. Err, pinkies? No idea.
 Hey but those mountains over
 there look kinda familiar--We
 really are alive though.

They cross the tracks and walk up checking out the
 mountain range in the distance.

ASHLEY
 Guessin' we can't be too far now
 then.

SLIP
 You sound awful different,
 Ashley. I think this 'no more
 consequences' is really takin'
 you somewhere they have 'salad
 day' written on every day of
 their calendars.

ASHLEY
 I feel different. I mean real
 different, like awake.

SLIP
 Yes sir, you are on the right
 path and that's that. You rolled
 the dice and came up good--We
 didn't die on that train journey
 is what I'm sayin'.

ASHLEY
 What's good in dice?

SLIP
 I dunno I never learned craps.
 Prob'ly two sixes. Yes sir you
 came up two sixes.

ASHLEY
 (looking to the sky,
 smiling)
 Yes, Sir.

EXT. TRACKS - THE HOLES - DAY

In front of them they see a small hole has been dug. Looking on they see more, all spread out around their immediate area.

SLIP

Funny, these look newly dug out.

They walk around studying the holes, scratching their heads.

ASHLEY

You know what you're gonna say?

SLIP

Gonna stick with what I'm best at, coming up with the ideas on the spot. Course I'll talk about the screenplay.

ASHLEY

He's gonna love it, Slip. Write what you know. 'Dust', a young man's journey from a hellish trailer park.

SLIP

I didn't use 'journey', corny.

Ashley, just past the holes a little further down the track, sees something tucked behind a rock and bends down to look.

ASHLEY

Slip?

Slip walks over as Ashley's rolling the rock out of the way, revealing the CELL phone. They both stare at it for a moment.

Ashley picks up the CELL and scrolls to 'Contacts', showing one entry: HOME.

ASHLEY (cont'd)

You were right.

Ashley hands over the CELL and Slip just smiles as he carefully cradles it with both hands.

INT. DIMES' CAR - MOVING - DAY

Nicholson and Dimes are bumping over the open desert, Dimes driving, Nicholson with a laptop open, looking at a map on the screen showing where the Coupe's GPS is located.

NICHOLSON
They've stopped.

DIMES
No shit. No way they could keep
that speed up over this desert.
Ain't no salt flats.

NICHOLSON
Not too far, keep heading
straight.

DIMES
Bumpy as hell.

NICHOLSON
We need to creep up on em. Not
just cos they're armed to the
teeth, because that Coupe is a
god damn hot rod.

DIMES
Nitro. The Owner forgot to
mention that little piece of
information.

NICHOLSON
Probably all illegal upgrades.
Anyway, they've stopped up ahead
by some train tracks.

They approach the wreckage of the Coupe.

NICHOLSON (cont'd)
What the hell?

EXT. TRACKS - COUPE WRECKAGE - DAY

Nicholson and Dimes get out of the car. Leaving their
pistols holstered they head over to stand beside a river
of shed parts leading away from them.

NICHOLSON
You see any bodies?

DIMES
What's in your heads boys? What
are you planning? God damn
psychopaths.

EXT. TOWN - MAIN STREET - DAY

A worn out and dusty Slip and Ashley are singing as they
head down Main Street having just made it to the nearest
Town.

SLIP/ASHLEY

"Uptown you cater to a million jerks, uptown you're messengers and mail room clerks."

Slip takes out the CELL and stares at it with a smile.

ASHLEY

"And uptown you cater to a million whores, you disinfect Terrazzo on their bathroom floors."

Slip places the CELL back in his pocket and they both stop and stare over the street at a convenience store, licking their dry dusty lips.

SLIP

We need to raise some funds.

ASHLEY

You need another idea.

They spot a pawn shop and head over dusting themselves off.

SLIP/ASHLEY

"Your jobs are really menial you'll make no bread..."

INT. TOWN - PAWN SHOP - DAY

Slip approaches the shifty man behind the counter, PORNO, late fifties, and the most obvious receiver of stolen goods you could come across, leaving Ashley to browse the store.

SLIP

Evenin', Sir.

PORNO

(shifty looking left and right)

You guys here alone?

SLIP

Well you're never alone with Jesus, Sir.

PORNO

Right, right. So what are you selling? --Wait was there a cop out there, funny looking guy, looks like a cop?

SLIP

Do we look like the kinda guys
have cops on us? No, Sir, no
cops in this vicinity. And we
have, well...

(leaning in)

We like to know the demand
before the supply if you catch
the ol' meanin'.

PORNO

Yeah, yeah, ok. Well you know
I'm awful short on designer
clothes.

(leaning in)

Not that I could compete with
that *designer clothing store*
down the street.

SLIP

(super hero confidence)
We'll be right back.

INT. DIMES' CAR - MOVING - DAY

Dimes back at the wheel is in full contemplative mode,
Nicholson taping two assault rifle magazines together in
an upside down fashion for quick reloading.

All the weapons from the trunk are now on the back seat
and filling the foot wells, sticking up beside them.

Nicholson throws the taped magazines on the back seat
and begins taping two more.

NICHOLSON

There's just no way.

DIMES

No reasoning.

NICHOLSON

Motivation?

DIMES

Good luck finding any.

NICHOLSON

Never felt so lucky to be armed
to the teeth.

DIMES

I'm not dying at the hands of
some insane god damn
psychopaths.

NICHOLSON

You don't need to say insane,
it's covered by psychopa--

DIMES

--Really, is this the time
captain linguistics?

Nicholson throws the second taped magazines on the back
seat and begins another, faster this time.

NICHOLSON

Arizona. I mean they barely
speak English. I'm sick of
steak. Where's all the dust come
from? Is it too much to ask for
some god damn sand from a
desert? I can't wait to get back
to L.A. and an understandable
class of criminal.

DIMES

If we find the niece. If we live
through this.

NICHOLSON

We don't need the niece.

(staring at Dimes)

All we need is two dead bodies.

EXT. TOWN - PARK AREA - DAY

Slip and Ashley are lying back on the grass, eyes
closed. After a moment Slip speaks.

SLIP

I mean we're all in. I know it's
a step up from robbing the local
dippy criminal, but all in is
all in.

ASHLEY

No need to convince me, I'm all
in.

THE JUNKIE, male, middle aged maybe, hard to tell,
approaches them.

THE JUNKIE

I'd work, work my ass off and
that's no lie.

Slip and Ashley open their eyes and look up at The
Junkie.

THE JUNKIE (cont'd)

No work around, what can you do?
I'd still partake in the sweeter
nectar of life bein' a workin'
man. Just see it as an escape,
sweetness, medicine. You know
what I mean.

Slip looks at Ashley and smiles, an idea.

SLIP

Hey, so you want work?

THE JUNKIE

There's no work. You're good
boys. You enjoy my park here. I
just ask for a contribution, a
small gesture, the free hugs of
financial transactions. For the
upkeep you understand.

Slip and Ashley stand.

SLIP

I've got a job for you, pays
awful good too.

THE JUNKIE

No kiddin'?

SLIP

Wouldn't do it to you mister.
Got a job as a secret shopper.

Ashley looks at Slip with a happy curiosity.

THE JUNKIE

Secret shopper?

SLIP

Yeah, see all you need to do is
test out security on a designer
store in town, see if they're up
to their jobs you understand.

THE JUNKIE

Yeah, sure, I've heard of
secret..

SLIP

--Shopper.

THE JUNKIE

Shoppin' for sure. Yeah I'll
work good secret shoppin'. I can
promise you, no one will figure
this guy's shopping for
somethin', not one.

SLIP

Well--

THE JUNKIE

--They won't even know I'm there.

SLIP

Ok, forget the secret part.

THE JUNKIE

Done.

SLIP

Can you just give me a moment with my partner here so that we may discuss businesses and practices, conduct and the such?

THE JUNKIE

I'll be here. Forgetin' about the secret part.

The Junkie sits on the grass as Slip takes Ashley's arm, walking him a short distance away.

ASHLEY

He's got me confused about what a secret shopper is now.

SLIP

Yeah, I like him too. Ok so this guy here thinks he's a *shopper* out to test security right? But look at the guy, security are gonna have all their eyes on him, leaving the second person, myself, to fill up on all essentials, nobody watching. All I gotta tell this guy is that we leave the store together, and he has to run to test cardio on security.

ASHLEY

He passes through the alarms at the same time as you. Alarms go off cos your full of items, but they chase him down cos he's the most obvious cause.

SLIP

Maybe he looks too good.

Slip and Ashley look over to The Junkie whose wiping sweat from his brow and massaging his legs.

ASHLEY

Your mum used to rub her legs like that when--

SLIP

--Yeah, so let's get movin'. I'll need some empty designer store bags. Let's head over.

Ashley grabs Slip's arm.

ASHLEY

Wait, I wanna do it. I can do it.

SLIP

Play a character? Yeah, yeah you are comin' up sixes. Let's play the odds.

They head back over to The Junkie.

SLIP (cont'd)

I've conferred with my partner here, and you're in.

THE JUNKIE

Hot damn, I knew I was the man for the job I can tell you that.

ASHLEY

We just need to find some designer store bags.

THE JUNKIE

I'll get em.

The Junkie runs off.

SLIP

I'd go for stuck up rich kid, right? I mean all you have to do is look like you practically own the place.

ASHLEY

Accent?

SLIP

What they do today is play it subtle. You see British actors doing American accents, not really American accents, more like how we have the mid-atlantic way of talking but coming the other way. I'd keep it simple like that.

ASHLEY
(practicing)
Subtle.

(slightly better)
Subtle.

(pretty good)
I practically own the place.

SLIP
The people there are working
class. They provide a service,
but that's it. You have no real
respect for them. Remember that
one *free* school trip? How all
those kids on the bus who went
on every trip made us feel?
Group them together into one
person, 'stuck up rich kid'.

ASHLEY
(stuck up rich kid)
I practically own the place.

INT. DIMES' CAR - MOVING - DAY

Nicholson and Dimes have made it to the Town Slip and Ashley are in and are driving down Main Street, about to pass Porno's store.

NICHOLSON
Mentioned the Yankees cap.

DIMES
They're here somewhere.

Nicholson pulls up the assault rifle from the foot well and places it on his lap, then begins to arrange all the taped magazines on the dashboard.

EXT. DIMES' CAR - MOVING - DAY

Nicholson and Dimes drive by on the main road as Slip and Ashley, now with designer store bags, are walking across the park with The Junkie, gesturing the job of not so secret shopper to him, unseen by Nicholson and Dimes.

EXT. TOWN - MAIN STREET - DAY

As they reach the road Slip heads away wearing Ashley's Yankees cap, Ashley adjusting his clothes to look more presentable.

SLIP

Bring me back something French.

ASHLEY

Home Alone.

(turning to Breck)

So you stay in character no matter what. And don't actually take anything.

THE JUNKIE

You kiddin'? No one ever gotten away with stealin' from this place. They god damn famous for it.

ASHLEY

Shit--Right, that's what happens when you put this work in. Undercover shopper n the like. I'm gonna be a stuck up rich kid shopper, try and throw em off their game some. So we're not together, and don't pay any attention to me till we need to leave together. I'll just look over at you. What's your name?

THE JUNKIE

Breck. Well, let's get paid then, need my medicine.

BRECK crosses the street, turning back giving a shaky two thumbs up to Ashley who smiles apprehensively.

As Ashley is entering the Designer Store, Breck already inside, Nicholson and Dimes drive past scouring the streets, just seeing the back of Ashley.

INT. DESIGNER STORE - DAY

Breck is the personification of a shoplifter, now sweating beads, stealing the eyes of the security guards and staff as Ashley places items carefully in the designer store bags.

Ashley, noticing Breck begin to get the shakes proper, hurries his shopping along.

He takes down two items at once, the first concealing the other, then lets it slip down into one of the bags, returning the visible one to the rack, choosing anything but large or chunky items.

Once loaded up, Ashley glances over at Breck to let him know that it's time.

Ashley begins walking toward the alarmed entrance.

Ashley stops on hearing a THUD behind him.

Ashley turns to see that Breck has been tackled to the ground and put in a choke hold by STORE GUARD ONE.

Ashley is frozen a few feet from the entrance as STORE GUARD TWO and STORE GUARD THREE, race in the entrance past him to help Store Guard One carry Breck off toward the back of the store.

ASHLEY

(to self)

I practically own the place.

(assertive)

Gentleman, what the hell is going on here?

Ashley, fully in character, working a great 'Stuck up Rich Kid' voice and demeanour, approaches the guards who have Breck violently held.

STORE GUARD ONE

He's a shoplifter.

ASHLEY

I'm a customer here. I don't expect to have to--

STORE GUARD TWO

--Please stay back, Sir.

ASHLEY

You need to let this man go.

STORE GUARD ONE

This man will be--

ASHLEY

(more assertive)

--Let go immediately. You have just violently accosted this man and accused him of being a shoplifter, without any evidence whatsoever I imagine.

BRECK

(to Ashley)

Maybe--

ASHLEY

--Please, Sir.

(to the guards)

My father is Noah Anderson; do you have any idea who that is? No, I didn't think so. If you do not release this man, right now, then you will know my father.

The guards are not deterred but do register a little fear.

STORE GUARD ONE

We need to detain this man while we search the security footage.

Ashley takes a moment pushing down the fear.

BRECK

They're pretty good--

ASHLEY

--Sir, please, I feel this is my 'job'. And no they are not good. They haven't witnessed any crime being committed, I have. I have just witnessed a use of unnecessary force.

BRECK

It is a Tuesday--

ASHLEY

--Please, Sir.

(to the guards)

I'm assuming that you're Loss Prevention and have the correct training to go about your job in this manner?

The guards begin to look flustered.

ASHLEY (cont'd)

You don't do you? You have violently assaulted an individual..

BRECK

On a Tuesday--

ASHLEY

--It's Friday. With no evidence of a crime being committed. And now you are unlawfully detaining that individual.

The guards let go of Breck.

STORE GUARD THREE
 (to Breck)
 Fine, show us you don't have
 anything and we'll let you go.

STORE GUARD ONE
 Open your jacket.

Breck takes off his jacket, opening it up then lifting his shirt and dropping his trousers, revealing Reservoir Dogs themed underwear; he makes it very obvious that he does not have anything concealed.

The guards back off and Breck dresses as he follows Ashley back toward the entrance.

Ashley, beginning to panic looks to his full bags then to the scanners. He squeezes his eyes closed.

ASHLEY
 (to self)
 I need an idea, Slip.

Ashley opens his eyes and smiles before getting back in character as he reaches the last sales rack.

He picks up a shirt as he continues to move toward the entrance. Ashley then turns and walks backwards as he addresses the guards.

ASHLEY (cont'd)
 Have you even seen the rags that
 you sell? I'm not surprised that
 this gentleman refused to steal
 from you.

Ashley continues walking backwards with the item through the entrance. When the alarm sounds Ashley hangs the alarmed shirt on the scanner, keeping it sounding out.

EXT. TOWN - MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

With the alarm BLARING out behind them, Ashley and Breck freeze staring across the street; two POLICE OFFICERS are stood either side of two clothing STORE EMPLOYEES.

STORE EMPLOYEE ONE
 There he is! That's the guy. He
 just came in and stole our bags.

Ashley, still in character turns to Breck.

ASHLEY
 O, Breck.

Ashley and Breck take off at speed up the street just as a passing coach covers them.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

Slip is hanging out with a group of SKATERS, watching them practice behind a store as Ashley and Breck approach, looking as though they've just ran a marathon through gardens and undergrowth.

Slip looks in the bags as Ashley and Breck remove twigs and leaves from their hair and dust themselves off.

SLIP

Never doubted you for a second there, Ashley. Why the appearance?

BRECK

(burning up)
Payday.

SLIP

Yeah, yeah we gotta get you paid. We'll head off and... Cash ok?

BRECK

My favourite.

SLIP

We'll meet you back where we first met. Be only ten minutes.

ASHLEY

We're best the other end of the park. Tell you why on the way.

BRECK

(shivering)
Ten minutes, ten minutes.

The Skaters stop and watch Slip leave with Ashley. As soon as they see them turn the corner the Skaters crowd together to look at something one of them is holding.

EXT. TOWN - PARK AREA - DAY

Slip, Ashley, and Breck are at the far end of the park area, Slip counting out the money.

SLIP

Can't believe you got away like that. Wish I could have seen it.

Slip hands over the money to Breck.

BRECK
 (as Don Ameche)
 Randolph, we're back.

Breck races away.

ASHLEY
 Coming to America.

SLIP
 Not a fortune, but enough to
 keep us fed till...

ASHLEY
 ...The next idea.

SLIP
 (looking to Breck)
 He just walked in a store, went
 behind the counters, and took
 some bags.

(back to Ashley)
 Yeah, yeah an idea. You're not
 going back to your...

ASHLEY
 No way.

SLIP
 Get ready, save up, then make
 our way west.

ASHLEY
 Why not take in a show?

Not too far from them is a small podium/gazebo, the kind
 for a brass band, with three people acting out the end
 of a movie, they head over singing.

SLIP
 "Go west young man, go west."

SLIP/ASHLEY
 "Take a real screen test."

ASHLEY
 "Carmen Stern would probably
 pull that trigger for fun."

Slip and Ashley sit down on the grass to watch the show.

On the podium; a Mexican standoff, comprising of: BRODY,
 male, LAKIE, female, and TRACY, male, each in their
 early-twenties wearing black suits with skinny black
 ties. These are THE FEW.

BRODY/JOE

Larry, I'm gonna kill him.

TRACY/LARRY

Goddamn you, Joe, don't make me do this!

BRODY/JOE

Larry, I'm askin you to trust me on this.

TRACY/LARRY

Don't ask me that.

BRODY/JOE

I'm not askin, I'm betting.

Brody's eyes go to a realistic looking blood soaked MANIKIN laid on the floor, also dressed in a black suit with skinny black tie.

LAKIE/EDDY

Daddy, don't!

Slip and Ashley jump as the guns The Few are using sound off ridiculously loud.

As Tracy is crawling over to the Manikin he sees Nicholson and Dimes driving toward them from the far side of the park, Nicholson threading an assault rifle out the passenger window.

Slip and Ashley turn to see what he's looking at and immediately spring to their feet, racing off down the nearest alleyway, right behind The Few.

EXT. TOWN - ALLEYWAY - DAY

Nicholson and Dimes, assault rifles in hand race into the alleyway slamming into the manikin left stood in the middle of the alley.

They get to their feet after getting themselves unstuck from the fake blood it's covered in. Seeing no one and no clear route of escape down the long stretching alleyway they stand confused.

DIMES

Where the hell?

NICHOLSON

No way they just disappeared.

They walk around scratching their heads and looking over fences, nothing.

INT. DOG KENNEL - DAY

Slip, Ashley, and The Few are squeezed together in a large dog kennel, listening in quietly, Slip and Ashley wincing like they're about to be arrested.

Other than keeping completely still and quiet, The Few look like it's just another day at the office.

NICHOLSON (O.S)
That was definitely them.

DIMES (O.S)
What were they doin'?

NICHOLSON (O.S)
Let's get back to the car, make the call.

DIMES (O.S)
Seriously?

NICHOLSON (O.S)
Doesn't look like we have a choice, they have backup now.

They whisper to each other after hearing Nicholson and Dimes walk away.

SLIP
They think we're with you.

ASHLEY
Sorry for making this a tighter squeeze.

BRODY
That's cool. You could have stayed back. Cops are always chasin' us from the podium. We found this place early on.

TRACY
Had to.

LAKIE
We insist on realism in our performances.

BRODY
Full loads, explosives, fire, and occasionally--

TRACY
--Should be clear out there now.

Ashley is closest to the entrance.

ASHLEY
Is this a dog kennel?

LAKIE
Yeah.

SLIP
Must be a big damn dog.

LAKIE
Dunno, we never seen one.

Lakie looks at Brody with concern.

BRODY
We're usually not here this
late.

LAKIE
Yeah, we actually made it to the
end of this one.

Ashley stands up outside the kennel, slowly sliding back
in.

ASHLEY
(nonchalant)
It looked right at me.

BRODY
(face dropping)
Shut up.

ASHLEY
(building panic)
It's standing right there, just
there, just right in the middle
of the lawn there. Are teeth
supposed to be the size of
fingers? I can hear it scraping
its feet.

They all BARREL out of the kennel, then frantically DIVE
through a fence panel, slamming it shut behind them.

EXT. TOWN - ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Slip looks over the fence then turns and smiles at
Ashley.

BRODY
(to Slip)
What?

ASHLEY
Acting is addictive.

The Few check over the fence, nothing.

SLIP

What I've been telling you,
Ashley, born actor.

The Few smile at Ashley then take his arm, guiding him away, Slip in tow.

LAKIE

Come stay with us a while, make
sure they're not looking for
you.

EXT. COMMUNE - DAY

The sun is beginning to go down as The Few guide Slip and Ashley into a secluded area that was maybe once a thriving campsite.

It's now something more rundown and permanent with makeshift homes: hollowed out vehicles and reinforced tents, a large fire pit in the middle and a raised herb/vegetable garden off to the side.

SLIP

Wow, you guys live here?

ASHLEY

Sweet.

LAKIE

You don't have to be kind. We
know we're a little off the
grid.

SLIP

We grew up in a post-apocalyptic
trailer park made entirely of
dust.

ASHLEY

This is great.

The Few look at each other askingly then turn to Slip and Ashley.

LAKIE

You know if you guys wanna stay
for a while, that's cool.

BRODIE

We just lost two.

LAKIE

So the car's free. They even left all their things behind, blankets and the what-not.

LATER

It's now night and Slip and Ashley sit with The Few around the campfire, enjoying a healthy vegan meal.

BRODY

We should have thought of that.

ASHLEY

Creative ways of getting into Hollywood?

LAKIE

Yeah.

SLIP

You know Brian Grazer made it as a producer by just insisting on handing over screenplays in person, networking, was just an assistant. Been looking for my Laurence Bender, producer wise.

BRODY

Tarantino hung out eight years before he made it.

LAKIE

Same with R.E.M. Eight years. Just sayin'.

SLIP

You need drastic you wanna make it today. Industry's just too busy to care about us.

TRACY

It's not just us.

SLIP

Just trying to get some assistant to an assistant to read your spec script, insane.

BRODY

I think of Hollywood like... You know in the movie Labyrinth, you have the maggot that shows her the way through the wall?

(more)

BRODY (cont'd)

You gotta be shown through. And the maggot is the assistant of the assistant's nephew's neighbour's old teacher that they're not in touch with anymore, and you have to convince them.

TRACY

And if you don't make a hell of a first impression, they don't take your calls anymore.

BRODY

A new wall goes up, and you're done.

SLIP

You need to make a big impression.

LAKIE

Our acting balls, your ideas, we could make it out there in no time. Hey why do they call you Slip?

SLIP

It's kinda my name, well Slipshod. One day my mother started calling out Slipshod right at me, figured she was naming me, was only six. Later found out it was the one and only question she got right on a crossword puzzle. Name just fits.

LAKIE

It's a good name.

ASHLEY

And you call yourselves The Few?

TRACY

Name just fits.

BRODY

Hey, can we see the famous phone?

SLIP

Sure.

Slip goes into his pocket and finds it empty. Standing he checks all of his pockets frantically, no Cell.

ASHLEY

No.

BRODY/LAKIE

Nooo.

ASHLEY

You think you dropped it?

SLIP

(gesturing tight pockets)
It can't, not from these
pockets. Skaters! No, no, no.
The skaters from earlier. One
hugged on me. I thought it was
weird how they were acting.
Picked my damn pocket.

ASHLEY

Maybe they pawned it right off.
That guy'll have it.

Slip paces away, periodically pacing back to stand in front of Ashley and The Few to punch the end of each point out, everyone waiting patiently throughout.

SLIP (O.S)

They do the factory reset. Damn!
The wheels didn't just come off
literally, now it's-

Returning to literally punch it out.

SLIP (cont'd)

-figurative!

Walks off again.

SLIP (O.S) (cont'd)

I should have just looked into
settling down. I'm not a bad
looking guy. I like kids,
they're-

Returns again.

SLIP (cont'd)

-fun!

Walks off, again.

SLIP (O.S) (cont'd)

Ahh, all bets are off. It's a
life of crime to no end like
everyone expects from trailer
trash, crime and only-

Returning again.

SLIP (cont'd)

-crime!

Walks off, last time.

SLIP (O.S) (cont'd)

Everything we went through. We went all in, rolled the dice. We almost-

Stays this time.

SLIP (cont'd)

-died!

TRACY

You boys almost died?

SLIP

We went all in, Tracy.

ASHLEY

I'm a changed man, Slip. That's because o you gettin' me outta that hell I was in. That's what I got. And you, hell, you don't need a director's number. You got a director right here.

Ashley stands and grabs on to Slip.

ASHLEY (cont'd)

You can do it. And now you're not alone, you have four actors and pretty good ones too. I'm gonna include myself in there a little, though I'm new to it. Slip you're one idea away from gettin' us there, one. All's you gotta do is relax and let it happen.

SLIP

I gotta take a walk.

Slip trudges away, subdued.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Nicholson is on the phone, Dimes lying on the bed watching cheap English porn next to the manikin, now with its arm removed and the hand shoved down its front.

DIMES

English porn is the worst. He's not there to fix the T.V. He's restoring a Victorian table top.

(bad English female accent)
But what about the coffee rings? Yes, small circles, rub them away, o, Sir, it's gonna be like they were never there. Try it on me, take me away.

Nicholson gets off the phone.

NICHOLSON

We're good.

DIMES

(looking to Nicholson)
Come and watch...

NICHOLSON

Yeah, they'll be here first thing. Keep your hands where I can see em.

DIMES

All of em?

NICHOLSON

Both, o, yeah the whole team.

DIMES

You know they're only comin' out so we can tell em where the money is buried.

NICHOLSON

They don't know for sure there was any.

DIMES

Best detective slash tracker in the department. You don't think she at least knows there was some?

NICHOLSON

Well she'll be here in the morning with the rest of them. Maybe we should just give them a cut.

DIMES

A little late for that don't you think? It's not like we can say we were waiting till we got back to divvy up the spoils of the largest unknown seizure known to man, or cop.

EXT. COMMUNE - NIGHT

Ashley and The Few are relaxing around the fire as Slip returns from his walk, still wound up, only in a more motivated way. They all wait patiently for Slip to talk.

SLIP

It's guaranteed jail time.

Slip's eyes glance left to see Ashley smile.

THE FEW

(half joking)

We're in.

SLIP

Alright, like I was saying, the reason I started doin' creative things.

Slip paces away, again returning periodically to stand in front of The Few, who again sit patiently.

SLIP (O.S) (cont'd)

It takes you ten to fifteen years to make it, and that's if you're in the nought point one percent, right?

Slip returns with two Colt Peacemakers and lays them on the log/bench by the fire.

SLIP (cont'd)

So spending a couple of years in jail if I'm guaranteed my shot, well sir, that's worth it to me.

Slip paces away.

SLIP (O.S) (cont'd)

Maybe I'm a little beaten up about loosin' the phone... I saw all the equipment I'll need in the pawn shop to film you.

Slip returns with a chromed .45 and places it with the others.

SLIP (cont'd)
 I mean you weren't jokin' all
 the way when you said 'I'm in'.
 No harm in sharing a simple
 idea.

Slip paces away.

SLIP (O.S) (cont'd)
 You each pick a character. Now
 jail's no joke. The characters
 you pick have to be colourful,
 bold, charisma, easily
 recognisable from the world of
 cinema.

Slip returns with two pistols and places them with the
 others.

SLIP (cont'd)
 Your characters story is about
 being released from society's
 moral grip, so you can take from
 your own personal experiences.
 You get that part.

Slip paces away.

SLIP (O.S) (cont'd)
 I mean you don't go along with
 so called polite social
 conventions, like me n Ashley
 here. And your characters are
 such. And just like yourselves,
 they each have a very good
 reason for why they're doin'
 what they're doin'.

Slip returns with two MP5 assault rifles, gesturing them
 in a standoff way.

SLIP (cont'd)
 Robbin' a bank.

Slip places the MP5's with the others.

SLIP (cont'd)
 I'll film you robbing a bank. No
 live ammo, take no money. Any
 half decent attorney can have us
 out in a couple of years to our
 acting, and directing careers.
 You guys have a lot of weapons.
 All replicas right?

TRACY
 That's right.

Ashley and The Few begin apprehensively buzzing with passion.

ASHLEY

Filming Michael Myers robbing a bank.

LAKIE

So live right? Streaming to a site somewhere?

SLIP

No, no good, by the time we get out people will have forgotten about us. And that's before we get to copycats. I'll have to link the cameras through a laptop and stream to a secure server. Once we're freed, edit and put it out for free. Michael Myers didn't talk. You'll each need a monologue.

LAKIE

Keep talking, please.

SLIP

You'll have a time limit. The laptop will have to be set with a countdown to format. You'll have to keep an eye on it. And make sure no one sees the timer. If they do, they can shut it off, find out we're savin' the footage. No problem them takin' the footage from the cameras, destroyin' it. Can't prove we planned to make money from it, personal use. You never made money from any of your previous controversial performances right?

BRODY

No, money went the other way with fines.

TRACY

Was supposed to anyhow.

LAKIE

One of the reasons we're here.

SLIP

That's great, so you're just doin' the next thing. Cos they get on the laptop, find we're savin' it secretly, they prove easy we meant to make money from robbin' the bank, even though we don't, didn't. So would make no difference we leave the money. I'll just put the laptop up where everyone on the floor can't see. Just keep an eye on the countdown.

Slip sits down in front of the arsenal.

SLIP (cont'd)

Also there's only one of me. I mean I'll set up as many cameras as I can, catch what you're doin', but when it comes to the close ups, cutaways, what your characters have to say, the rest of you will have to be patient while I capture those individual monologues. Will seem strange to everyone on the floor, but strange is ok to control a crowd. Just stay away from cheesy. Be cheesy funny getting' em laughin' and we may lose control of the room real quick.

TRACY

Certainly thought of everything there, Slip. It is like you say; who makes it to Hollywood down the usual trail?

LAKIE

No one.

BRODY

You just don't, anywhere.

LAKIE

Even if you have all the talent in the world.

BRODY

Even if you came from a renowned actor's studio.

TRACY

Even if you're Michael Parks
good.

BRODY

Nepotism doesn't even guarantee
you a career.

LAKIE

And because of hash tag me too,
you can't even blow your way in.

BRODY

Your ideas, our balls.

TRACY

Welcome to, The Few.

LAKIE

Yep.

Slip takes a beat, then smiles.

SLIP

Tomorrow, we rob a bank.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Its early morning and four of the toughest, no
expression military types, exit their two vans in the
parking lot of Nicholson and Dimes' motel.

People who were outside of their rooms, both on the
ground and first floor, whip back into their rooms after
seeing THE FOUR, creating a soundtrack of locks, bolts,
and chains.

The Four consists of three men: THE MUSCLE, age unknown,
large muscles hidden below a shallow layer of fat. THE
LEADER (60's), cigar stub never gets shorter nor leaves
his mouth. And THE NINJA (20's), the man many a badass
eastern movie hero/bad-guy has been modelled on.

And number four, THE TRACKER (30's), female Native
American. As effective a detective/tracker as she is
beautiful.

They each look around at the CCTV cameras, then at The
Leader, then up at Nicholson and Dimes' motel room,
seeing Dimes slowly close the curtain.

The Leader takes out a bag and they each place their
SERVICE PISTOLS and BADGES inside. The Leader then
stashes the bag in the van.

The Tracker takes her shoes and socks off and heads away
from the motel barefoot.

The rest of The Four head up to Nicholson and Dimes' room.

EXT. COMMUNE - DAY

Tracy is hanging suit bags on the outside of the van as Slip approaches with four CAMERA BAGS, a large tripod bag, and a LAPTOP.

Slip looks into the van.

TRACY

You manage to get everything?

SLIP

You know his name's Porno? Yeah I got everything. You think its cos he has a pawn store? Hope so. Yeah he felt real guilty about havin' my phone, and havin' reset the damn thing.

TRACY

They're over the rise there.

Tracy walks Slip to the top of a small nearby hill looking down on a large flat area where Ashley, Brody, and Lakie are finishing up marking out a large floorplan on the dusty dirt floor.

Lakie has made notes in the sand: Security, Entrance, finishing off Tellers, in front of six rocks that Ashley is placing in a line.

SLIP

(calling down)

Lakie, you really going as...

LAKIE

(calling back)

It wasn't banned because the outfits were a lie.

Ashley looks up at Slip and smiles giddily.

ASHLEY

You see the costumes then? Look like the real thing right?

Slip smiles back and heads down to join them with Tracy, still carrying all the equipment.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

The Muscle is squashed into a chair next to the bed with Dimes crashed out laughing and reminiscing, Nicholson and The Leader stood either end of the room.

DIMES

I can't believe he just went back and fetched you his own bomb.

THE MUSCLE

Really?

Dimes laughs.

NICHOLSON

She left as soon as you got here? Been gone a while.

THE LEADER

You're very eager to get back to L.A. I understand. You've been banished long enough right?

Nicholson and The Leader stare at each other. Dimes notices and intervenes.

DIMES

Yeah, gone long enough. You know the shit you have to deal with round here? We were close to arresting a god damn bull the other week. Only suspect we had. I'm not kiddin'. I mean how do you cuff a hoof?

Nicholson averts his stare and sits back on the bed.

NICHOLSON

Can't understand what a lot of these people are even saying. And you think we got guns in L.A? You got old folks linin' up in banks, a pistol in their waistband. Cuts down on bank robberies I guess. Who'd have the balls?

The Tracker walks in the room holding a pistol, everyone goes silent. She closes the door, turns to Nicholson and Dimes, raises the pistol and fires two shots at each of them, blanks.

THE TRACKER

Found where they were camped out.

The Tracker tosses the pistol to The Leader. Nicholson and Dimes are frozen, stunned.

THE TRACKER (cont'd)
Looks like they abandoned the
place right before I got there.

THE LEADER
They leave any clues as to where
they're going?

THE TRACKER
Yeah, that's the thing.

(to Nicholson)
Is there a large bank in town
with six tellers, one large
entrance?

NICHOLSON
(angered)
What the hell... Yeah.

DIMES
(unnerved)
Wells Fargo, main branch.

The Tracker smiles at The Leader.

EXT. USED CAR LOT - DAY

Five cars are lined up; one for each of The Few, which now includes Slip and Ashley.

Brody, Lakie, Tracy, and Ashley place suit bags into the back of their cars. Slip places all the equipment on the passenger seat of his.

Lakie's hair and makeup has been completed in an 1860's Southern Bell style. Ashley places on a pair of yellow lensed Ray-Bans. Tracy is polishing a gold handled Colt. Brody is placing a Calabash Meerschaum on the dashboard.

THE MANAGER, a spotty young man is looking on, clearly uneasy about loaning out the cars.

THE MANAGER
I need these back in pristine..

(to Lakie)
So, you'll do the full
performance?

LAKIE
Tomorrow.

THE MANAGER

You should keep the hair and
makeup, makes you look like--

Lakie --SLAMS her car door.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

The Four are getting kitted up/arming themselves to the teeth in the parking lot beside one of the two vans they arrived in.

THE NINJA

And what about the customers,
staff?

THE LEADER

No loose ends.

THE NINJA

Hell, it's a free payday.
Piggyback off someone else's
robbery.

THE TRACKER

Kinda feel bad about the kids.
Pretty ballsy robbing a bank in
this town.

THE LEADER

No loose ends.

Nicholson and Dimes are stood on the second floor locking the door to their room.

NICHOLSON

A second van?

DIMES

They seemed preoccupied with the
cameras when they arrived. We
gotta do something before...

Nicholson takes a breath before turning to look over at The Four.

NICHOLSON

Alright.

(calling over to The Four)
Why don't we make a deal?

The Four momentarily stop what they're doing, then return to their tasks as The Leader walks over, taking his time to look up at Nicholson and Dimes.

THE LEADER

And what kind of a deal would
that be fellas?

NICHOLSON

We'll go with you, split up the
L.A. loot. But we're not bein'
bundled into that second van
winding up buried in some desert
grave out there. I'm sure you
have two ready, along with the
theatrics planned to make us
talk. We'll split it up, but we
do it our way. Help us get these
guys; get The Governors niece
back so we can be reassigned
back to L.A. Then and only then
will we share the biggest most
mouth-watering, island buying,
king of the god damn world,
score.

For the first time the cigar stub comes out of The
Leader's mouth. He eyeballs Nicholson confidently, then
smiles.

THE LEADER

Well, what are we waiting for?

EXT. TOWN - WELLS FARGO - DAY

Five cars arrive at the bank, situated halfway down an
empty built up street; two blocking the top of the
street, two the bottom.

The fifth, Slip, parks directly opposite the bank and
races inside with all the equipment, including a STEREO.

A MOMENT LATER

Four sets of distinctive shoes line up side by side in
the middle of the empty road, pointing at the bank:
Black cowboy boots, 1860's dress shoes, 1940's German
uniform boots, and white laced Converse rip-offs.

As an uplifting, can't stand still to TRACK begins
building from inside the bank, the shoes begin tapping
the ground.

INT. WELLS FARGO - DAY

It's a large open floor bank with a row of cash desks on
one side and offices on the other.

One side of the entrance is the first camera aimed at the six female tellers (all attractive mid-twenties).

The other side of the entrance is a Wells Fargo stagecoach on display. Slip is placing the second camera inside, aimed out the door at the centre of the room.

BANK GUARD ONE and BANK GUARD TWO are beginning to walk through the dozen confused customers, to Slip.

As the guards pass the last customer in line they freeze, staring outside just as Slip manoeuvres behind them quickly removing both their pistols, tossing them toward the entrance.

Slip then steps back with the HANDHELD, aiming it toward the entrance with the LAPTOP resting on his arm, seeing that it's online and streaming all cameras to the secure server.

Brody: COLONEL HANS LANDER, full S.S uniform is first to enter.

LANDER

This is the property of the Wells Fargo banking company? Wonderful. I am Colonel Hans Lander of the S.S. I was hoping you could invite me into your fine establishment and we may discuss a little business.

Lander takes out his Calabash Meerscham pipe.

LANDER (cont'd)

You don't mind if I smoke do you?

Lander lights the Calabash with matches and wanders casually into the bank, everyone inside frozen with confusion.

Second to enter is Ashley: DR HUNTER S. THOMPSON, Johnny Depp's Fear and Loathing Hunter; Hawaiian shirt, cigarette in a holder, white pie hat, yellow Ray-Bans, and chromed .45.

Hunter fires into the air, the full load blanks sounding out so loud everyone immediately gets on the ground, including both guards.

HUNTER

Don't blame me. This Ether's kickin' in, and no man can be held responsible for what he does on a serious Ether binge.

Tracy: CLAY BLAISDELL from Warlock, sharp three piece suit and hat, shiny gold handled COLTS at his side is next to enter. He picks the guards pistols off the ground, twirling both.

BLAISDELL
I've got lightning hands and I'm
spoiling for a fight.

Lakie: SCARLET O HARA is next to enter. She takes two steps into the bank, FLICKS up the bottom of her scarlet gown and SNAPS loose two MP5's, having them confidently outstretched before her gown has settled back down.

SCARLET
Quite frankly my dear, you
really should've given a damn.

Slip moves steadily backward keeping Scarlet in frame.

Her MP5's kept outstretched Scarlet skip glides over to stand beside Blaisdell.

The Few are all fully made up for the first time, their outfits, makeup, accessories, fake facial hair, wigs, all strikingly perfect, and perfectly embodying their characters.

Lander walks behind the cash desks after picking up the four empty camera bags as Slip places the LAPTOP on the counters in front of them. The screen angled away from the tellers, Slip performs a keystroke which starts a countdown reading: [14m : 59s].

LANDER
Excuse me my dears, my, each one
of you more lovely than the
last.

The tellers fearfully confused stand in a line against the back wall, hands lazily in the air as if they're not sure it's what they're supposed to do.

BLAISDELL
(to Scarlet)
Miss, don't take your eyes off
them.

Slip stays on Scarlet as Blaisdell races over to the entrance and zip-ties the handles before walking toward an Office.

SCARLET
Don't worry about me I shoot
straight, and I don't have to
shoot far.

INT. VAN - DAY

The Four are in the back of one of their vans getting dressed to kill and checking general kit, The Muscle lying on the floor requiring help with his home-made armoured suit and helmet, Nicholson driving with Dimes sat quietly staring ahead beside him.

INT. WELLS FARGO - OFFICE - DAY

As Scarlet begins her monologue, Blaisdell looks directly into the security camera and quietly, in an exaggerated way removes the magazines from the guard's pistols, placing them on the desk.

SCARLET (O.S)

Are you bored?

Then in turn Blaisdell holds each pistol up to the camera, the slide back, showing that both have been made safe.

SCARLET (O.S) (cont'd)

Sometimes I get so bored I could scream. Boredom, frustration, anger, being here on the bottom, are all places you can find an idea.

Blaisdell then places the pistols on the desk beside the magazines.

INT. WELLS FARGO - DAY

Slip is filming Scarlet crouched down using the barrel of one of her MP5's to casually brush the hair from Guard Two's brow, as Blaisdell returns with an office chair, closing the office door behind him.

SCARLET

An idea to set you free of the shackles society has bound you in.

Scarlet stands back up and continues addressing the increasingly confused customers and staff, as Blaisdell sits patiently posed in front of them, his COLTS holstered.

SCARLET (cont'd)

I mean don't you just feel foolish queuing up for your money alone? Take it all, treat yourselves. Live free as you were meant to live.

Slip acquiring another angle on Scarlet has the customers looking over each other shrugging, becoming more perplexed than afraid.

SCARLET (cont'd)

It is a demanding role as you can see. You will require unusual abilities, abilities that range from the sinister to the alluring, blending from the youthfulness of the adolescent coquette, to the maturity of the strong willed, able to lend dignity and conviction to the role.

Slip glances at the laptop, again noting the countdown:
[11m : 11s].

SCARLET (cont'd)

Poor things, you've been in the dirt so long you can't understand anything else. That's why you're here in this horrid jail, and not even a human jail. It makes me want to cry, in a minute I shall cry.

Scarlet broadens her shoulders.

SCARLET (cont'd)

No more naiveté.

As Scarlet continues CUSTOMER ONE and CUSTOMER TWO, both middle aged men, look over at each other and nod while gesturing to their waistbands.

SCARLET (cont'd)

And being a shallow minx is a quality, not a fault.

CUSTOMER THREE and CUSTOMER FOUR, both young men, look at each other and nod, then look forward to Customer One and Customer Two.

SCARLET (cont'd)

I know you're scared. Anyone with the sense of a goat would be scared too.

Both bank guards gesture for the four readied customers to hold until they make their move. Blaisdell catches the gestures but remains posed casually back.

SCARLET (cont'd)

But after you scream 'you will
not corner, nor frighten me',
you will live like the colour of
my dress, love, lust, and
scandal, for tomorrow is another
day, your day.

After having checked the other offices and the rest of
the floor, Hunter walks into the middle of the room.
They are all dazzlingly, perfectly, in character. Their
accents close to flawless.

BLAISDELL

Take a good look at us, look
outside, the streets are empty.
This Town has come to a
standstill.

Sensing Blaisdell's monologue Slip lies down squashing
in between Bank Guard Two and Customer Two to get his
desired angle.

BLAISDELL (cont'd)

You have come to a standstill.
You need our help. Yes we come
at a high price, but I assure
you we come here as your
salvation. We can help get you
out of this place, help you find
your freedom. Look around at the
lives society tells you are
acceptable, tells you are
normal, orders you to live. Why
should you live the way so
called polite society tells you
to? Just look at what society
has done, what it continues to
do. Live free, as we are.

Blaisdell gestures to Bank Guard One.

BLAISDELL (cont'd)

And do not fear law and order,
become your own marshal.

Blaisdell addresses one of the female customers as Slip
changes angle.

BLAISDELL (cont'd)

You don't approve of us do you
miss?

HUNTER

Do you hear machine gun fire? We
are not at war with you.

SCARLET

War, war, war, all this talk of war is ruining every heist this spring.

INT. VAN - DAY

The Four are now dressed to kill, The Muscle clad in armour resting back on the floor, eyes closed.

The rest are preparing their weapons; The Tracker with her two customised MP7 assault rifles. The Ninja beginning to sharpen his blades, mid and long samurai swords, after holstering his Glock 19's with extended mags on his chest.

The Leader, after finishing loading shells into the drum magazine of his AA12 Fully Automatic Shotgun, rests back then spends several seconds looking through to the still quiet Nicholson and Dimes. He then gives The Ninja a look, no loose ends.

INT. WELLS FARGO - DAY

Hunter, in an overly uncoordinated way, is stumbling and stepping over everyone on the ground. Slip has moved to capture him.

HUNTER

I was somewhere close to nowhere when the drugs began to take hold. Suddenly there was a wonderful roar all around and the skies cracked open with an idea, descending on me, swooping and screeching and diving. And a voice was screaming 'holy Jesus, what is this god damn thing?' Only my name wasn't Jesus, and I was less than holy according to my mother. So I left home with the idea, courtesy of my friend. 'Time for you to drive' he said. And that's when I met up with this bunch of miscreants, all with the same beautiful idea; live life right now with all you can assemble. And why not try it without fear. And then maybe you find yourself in an oyster filled with mishaps and adventures and great pearls.

Hunter leans down and addresses an individual.

HUNTER (cont'd)
Just stay away from those god
damn bats, man.

Blaisdell lights up a Cheroot.

BLAISDELL
Careful you don't step on them
friend.

HUNTER
I'm attempting to learn their
habits. Their customs seem
almost, avant-garde. I knew life
would take a rotten turn if I
didn't shift gears. I hasten to
show you the path, but be warned
as the next phase will be one of
those hellishly introspective
nightmares.

CUSTOMER FIVE
(bemused)
Who are you guys?

HUNTER
We're just good friendly
Americans like yourselves. Only
a little further down the
evolutionary path. Listen to
what we're saying. And watch out
for that Nazi basterd.

As Hunter points over to Lander, Scarlet and Blaisdell
turn their heads to see.

The two bank guards leap up and prepare to lunge at
Scarlet and Blaisdell, the four readied customers a
second behind.

Blaisdell springs up and in a flash has un-holstered his
Colts resting the barrel of one in Bank Guard One's
forehead, the other aimed over him covering Customer One
and Customer Three.

Scarlet does the same with Bank Guard Two, Customer Two
and Customer Four.

They confidently guide them all back to the floor.

BLAISDELL
(holstering the Colts)
As you get back down, think
about how being in a lynch mob
is about as low a thing a man
can do.

SCARLET

O if I just wasn't a lady, what
I wouldn't tell you varmints.

HUNTER

Have we deteriorated to the
level of dumb beasts?

One of the tellers, JADE, suddenly tries to grab the
LUGER from Lander's waistband.

Lander keeps his cool, able to hold Jade back with
almost no effort.

Her heart not quiet being in the attempt, Jade gives up
right away. As she steps back, one of the other tellers,
CHRISTINE, frowns at her along with the other tellers.

CHRISTINE

Jade.

JADE

I'm sorry.

LANDER

It's ok Jade. I'm sure that in
the same position as yourself, I
would have attempted the very
same thing.

HUNTER

(nonchalant)

I told you to watch out for that
Nazi basterd.

Lander begins going through the cash draws, going left
to right, stacking up all the cash on the counter,
separating the smoke packs and trackers. Slip moves
around to capture him.

LANDER

Please girls, ignore my
misinformed friend over there.
You see in the absence of an
intellect one can become gravely
mislead by one's self. And this
idea they speak of, why it's no
more than an excuse to no longer
be a part of society. And that
my dears, is not something any
of us should aspire to now is
it?

Lander turns to look at the tellers, still lined up on
the wall, now all looking mostly unafraid, yet still
very confused.

LANDER (cont'd)

Of course, I do apologise. Why you must be confused beyond your wits.

Lander returns to the cash draws.

LANDER (cont'd)

So, permit me to ask, and answer the question for you. Now personally, I wish nothing more than to be an effective tool in the social machine we currently enjoy in this modern world. Now you may say, 'But Colonel Lander, you are robbing a bank'. And yes you would be correct in this instance. However, if I may?

Lander looks to the still silent, yet interested, tellers before returning to his task.

Everyone on the floor is also now showing more interest than anything else, elbows on the floor heads resting in their hands.

LANDER (cont'd)

Thank you, such polite young girls. I have to say the rumours regarding yourselves are completely true. Now, back to my point, where was I, yes I am robbing your fine bank, the main branch, or flagship branch if you prefer, of the Wells Fargo banking company. And I'm sure the first to do so since the days of the golden haired Custer and bows and arrows! How fun. So, to get to my point, and please excuse me if I often digress, it is a trait I'm used to hearing about. Usually in good taste I'm glad to report.

Having separated four smoke packs, dis-guarded the trackers and stacked up all the cash, Lander begins to cut a large hole in the top of each of the four camera bags.

LANDER (cont'd)

Now, when a criminal, and let's face it we are criminals, there's no point in splitting hairs. Is that how you're supposed to say it?

Lander looks briefly to the tellers.

LANDER (cont'd)

Well, chooses a bank with which to make, let's say, an unauthorised withdrawal, they look for the smaller more amenable banks. Maybe they look for one on the edge of town, or one with the fewest security guards, the one with fewest cashiers. Maybe they look for one with two clear exits to aid in their dastardly escape.

Slip looks to the laptop, the countdown showing: [01m : 26s].

LANDER (cont'd)

Well as you can see, I am no ordinary criminal. I choose this branch as this will be the one and only criminal act that I will participate in of this nature. And as such I will require a sizeable withdrawal. I will still be an effective member of society. I merely seek a retirement fund to escape the quandary that is the National Socialist Party. Or to be more correct; The National Socialist German Workers Party, catchy isn't it?

Lander lines up each camera bag on the counter after cutting a hole in the top.

LANDER (cont'd)

You see, socialism is predicated on the notion that people are inherently good, and devoid of selfish or ambitious ideas. Take my boss, now he will inevitably fuck everything up Please excuse my French. 'I will have my war', the five words that began the fall of the Third Reich. Mark my words. Hence my retirement fund.

Lander places the forth camera bag on the counter.

LANDER (cont'd)

If only I had a retirement plan. O well, I'm sure one will present itself to me at some point.

Hunter walks toward the entrance.

HUNTER
A few pedestrians looking
confused out there, maybe it's
the road block.

Slip glances back to the laptop: [00m : 58s].

HUNTER
Now there's a scary man smoking
a cigar, just standing there...
staring right at me.

LANDER
You know it's not too early for
you girls to begin planning your
retirement.

HUNTER
(fearfully confused)
Where are all the cops?

Without averting his gaze, Hunter begins walking slowly backwards as if the SCARY MAN is approaching.

Hunter flinches as something thrown from outside sticks to the glass entrance.

Lander looks to the tellers as Hunter aims his .45 at the entrance, while still walking backwards.

LANDER
(friendly judgment)
Did none of you press an alarm?

The bank guards drop their heads to the floor in disbelief.

Two lengths of rope suddenly drop from the high ceiling.

The Ninja SLIDES inverted down one rope, The Tracker upright down the other just as The Muscle SMASHES through a wall at the back of the bank.

Blaisdell leaps to his feet and covers The Muscle, who's unarmed, and The Tracker, who flings out her two MP7's having them both aimed at Blaisdell in time with her bare feet hitting the floor.

The glass entrance with something stuck to it SHATTERS leaving the glass still in place, the outside now blurred.

The Leader pushes through the shattered glass, the pieces conforming to his shape until they crumble to the floor, his eyes seemingly open throughout.

The coordination of The Four is so tight that they each touched a foot onto the bank floor at the same time.

Hunter races to his left firing blanks wildly behind him as he dives into the stagecoach, knocking the camera over.

The effort used by Hunter in leaping into the stagecoach causes the chock under the front wheel to become dislodged, revealing the floor to be slightly slanted as the stagecoach begins rolling slowly toward everyone on the floor.

Scarlet covers The Ninja with both MP5's, The Ninja poised arms crossed with one hand on a holstered GLOCK, the other behind on the LONG BLADE, sheathed upside down.

Scarlet then moves one of her MP5's to cover The Leader, who now halts, AA12 waist high aimed at Scarlet, the last piece of glass falling from his cigar.

Everyone on the floor including the guards, place their hands on the back of their heads and bury their faces in the floor once more.

Lander is pulling the last of the tellers under the counter, keeping them tucked back. Slip is now crouched, still filming Lander.

LANDER (cont'd)

My dears, it would seem that we have some uninvited guests. If you wouldn't mind waiting here whilst we introduce ourselves?

Lander takes out his LUGER and cocks it as he rises from behind the counter, aiming it confidently at The Ninja.

As Lander talks and walks around from behind the counter and onto the floor, Slips eyes pierce open, the countdown.

Slip jumps up and films Lander out onto the floor.

LANDER (cont'd)

(enthused)

Gentlemen! My-my, what an entrance. I would ask you to introduce yourselves but I believe you have already done that quite superbly.

Still filming Lander, Slip positions himself in front of the LAPTOP, then angles the flip out screen on the HANDHELD to reflect the countdown seeing: [00m : 13s].

The large heavy wheels of the stagecoach are creeping ever closer to everyone on the floor. With their faces pressed to the floor they haven't noticed.

LANDER (cont'd)
So, please allow me to introduce myself and my colleagues...

The Ninja, The Tracker, and The Muscle are staring over at Slip with an angry, about to pounce look before they glance over to The Leader, the AA12 falling limp at his side, staring at the HANDHELD.

LANDER (cont'd)
O come now, no need for such sullenness, maybe we can all find our way out of this pickle we...

Lander notices The Leader looking around the bank at the other cameras.

LANDER (cont'd)
Smile. Why don't we...?

The Leader signs with his hands in a unique way to the rest of The Four, The Few apprehensively waiting for their next move, Slip secretly watching the reflection of the countdown: [00m : 05s].

THE LEADER (SIGNING: SUBTITLED)
Streaming off site - Riches off limits - Back to plan A.

As The Four holster/sheathe their weapons, a confused Lander continues.

LANDER
...begin by operating on a level of mutual respect?

The Four head to the hole that The Muscle made without slight argument in their demeanour.

As soon as they leave, Slip whips around to view the laptop seeing a large font reading: FORMATTING. The laptop then quickly shuts down.

Hunter looks out of the window of the stagecoach as it rolls past Lander, the staff and customers rolling or jumping up out of the way at the last second.

HUNTER
(to Lander)
Damn it man, where's the wheel on this thing?

Hunter leaning on the door falls out of the Stagecoach and watches it continue on, picking up speed aimed at the hole The Muscle made, the customers and staff crowding on the far wall beside the offices.

Loud screeches of cars and vans coming to an abrupt halt are heard out the front and back of the bank.

Slip collects the camera bags and gives one to each of The Few.

The Few, their camera bags in hand, walk to the entrance.

Behind them the customers and staff congregate in the middle of the bank as the Stagecoach wedges itself in the hole.

Out the front of the bank The Few see a massive congregation of police and SWAT consuming the street. Only the space immediately in front of the bank stretching to opposite side is clear.

Slip places a small Memory Card in the camera and takes a breath before stepping over the shattered glass, and out to a barrage of intimidating threats and commands, the camera held outstretched in his left hand.

As the customers and staff walk slowly forwards with anticipation, and a little fear in what may come for their interesting guests, The Few throw their weapons to the side.

Lander, Blaisdell, Scarlet, and Hunter step outside after Hunter selects a; fast and powerfully building to badass TRACK on the STEREO.

EXT. WELLS FARGO - CONTINUOUS

The Few line up side by side in front of the entrance and place the camera bags behind them on hearing them each CLICK.

Taking a single step forward, a COLUMN of red smoke building behind each of them, they collectively take a slow single gracious in character bow, captured by Slip lying on the ground across the street.

Slip lowers the HANDHELD and smiles as he's removing the Memory Card.

Slip places it on his tongue and swallows just as two officers, having raced in either side of him, pick him from the floor.

Lander, Blaisdell, Scarlet, and Hunter remain confidently posed in front of their columns of red smoke until being SLAMMED away in different directions from each other, boasting two officers each.

The Few are individually escorted into separate squad cars.

HUNTER
Unhand me beast.

INT. HUNTER'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUED

Hunter looks to his right, seeing the door ever so slightly open.

HUNTER (cont'd)
Thank you.

EXT. WELLS FARGO - DAY

LANDER
If I can just reach into my inner pocket for my papers.

INT. LANDER'S SQUAD CAR - CONTINUED

LANDER (cont'd)
Morons! Do you know who I am?

EXT. WELLS FARGO - DAY

BLAISDELL
I'm gonna say one thing and I'll back it up all the way; you have trouble explaining things with words.

Scarlet is escorted to her squad car.

SCARLET
As god as my witness, you're not going to lick me. I'm going to live through this, and when this is all over, I'll never be hungry again. If I have to lie, steal, cheat, or kill, as god as my witness, I'll never be hungry again.

INT. BLAISDELL'S SQUAD CAR - DAY

BLAISDELL
You explain with gunpowder,
people listen.

INT. SCARLET'S SQUAD CAR - DAY

SCARLET
Don't you like to see a girl
with a healthy appetite?

FADE OUT

INT. PRISON - DAY

Slip is in front of the camera, a female OFFICER taking his mug shots, a talkative old GUARD standing close by, Slip looking calmly resigned to his fate.

GUARD
I get a kick outa you boys. I
mean you got off light, I know
that.

OFFICER (O.S)
Turn to the left.

GUARD
Police harassment, and you never
knew those fellas were hot on
your heels. You're lucky they
never turned up to that court
case too, I know that.

BLEND TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DUSK

Swooping high over the desert toward Los Angeles.

Slowing up to swoop close over two freshly dug graves in the desert just outside Los Angeles. Two makeshift crosses stick up as headstones, one with a Nickel on top, the other with a Dime.

BLEND TO:

INT. PRISON - DAY

Slip is getting his prints taken by the OFFICER.

GUARD

Yeah lucky is what it is. You know I'd have been tempted by that loot out in the desert myself.

OFFICER (O.S)

Thumb.

GUARD

But the law is law, we know that.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - DUSK

Swooping back up high over the hills into Los Angeles, The Four speeding along below in their van with celebratory music blaring out, a bottle of Champagne held out the window spraying into the air.

Squad cars appear behind The Four as they continue to speed along; champagne spray being replaced with gunfire, a lot of gunfire.

Swooping on, leaving The Four far behind then slowing slightly over a movie studio, just able to spot the fake shark below, then speeding on toward a prison.

BLEND TO:

INT. PRISON - DAY

Slip, in prison clothing carrying his essentials, is heading through the prison to his new jail cell, the talkative friendly old Guard escorting him.

GUARD

You know, first time I ever saw, they're hostages now, turn up to a court case in favour of the, what are they called, you guys, in the box? Still the same I guess, defendants right? Yeah boy that kinda support went a long way, *the judge* knew that.

As they pass the refectory there's a kindly round of applause from the other inmates, Slip half smiles.

They continue into a corridor lined with cells.

GUARD (cont'd)

A word from the Governor himself
knocked time off too, you hear
that. I didn't understand... So
the niece, she went looking for
treasure with some map you
wrote, and that kept her out of
a gang shooting? Anyway, home
safe, the Governor knew that.

They climb some steps to the next floor of cells.

GUARD (cont'd)

Anyhow young man, we got taco
Tuesdays, all the books you can
read, movie nights. I'm sure
you'll appreciate that. Maybe
you have some suggestions.

They reach a cell on the second floor and Slip waits a
moment taking in his new home.

GUARD (cont'd)

Home sweet home.

Slip walks in.

GUARD (cont'd)

Don't worry son, it'll fly by,
just have to keep yourself busy,
get a hobby, you know that.

Slip looks back at the Guard and smiles.