

Gun-Wild

Written by
Carole A. Parker

Management:

Shelly Liebowitz
818/299-6297
shelly@shellyliebowitz.com

EXT. RODEO DRIVE - UPSCALE BOUTIQUE - DUSK

A 1996 LAND ROVER parks in front of a trendy boutique.
A blight on the landscape. Sign reads LOADING ONLY.

A YOUNG WOMAN (25) gets out of the car, SLAMS the door. Heads inside, on a mission. Tall and taught, with reckless curves. Long blonde hair to her ass. Even in this nabe, people stare.

Meet CAMERON CLINCH. Former trust fund heiress. Tres biker chic. She checks her watch. We see its CRACKED. She TOSSES her cigarette in the gutter. PUSHES OPEN the door into --

INT. UPSCALE BOUTIQUE - CONTINUOUS

Haughty Euro-pop plays on the sound system. The ANOREXIC, MULTIRACIAL SALESGIRL approaches Cam.

ANOREXIC, MULTIRACIAL SALESGIRL
We're closing in a few minutes. Can I
help you find something?

Cam fingers a display of \$50,000 watches. Holds one up.
We now see she's wearing a hospital ID bracelet.

CAM
Does this come in black?

ANOREXIC, MULTIRACIAL SALESGIRL
That watch is VERY expensive.
(condescending)
Let me show you something that's more --
in your price range.

She bends down, looks on a shelf below the display case.

THE FRONT DOOR

FLIES open. A LARGE, BEEFY GUY wearing a ski mask CHARGES in. Points a 357 Magnum at Anorexic. RUSHES over to the counter. PUSHES Cameron to the side.

BEEFY MASKED GUNMAN
Hands where I CAN SEE 'EM. This is
ROBBERY.

THE GUARD

Rushes him. Beefy PISTOL-WHIPS him. BANG, he goes down.

ANOREXIC

Swings a BASEBALL BAT. CRACKS Beefy on the head.
He goes down like a sack of rocks, THWUMP.

CAM

LEAPS at Beefy. GRABS his gun. Points it at Anorexic.
She DROPS the bat. CLANG.

CAM
Gimme that fucking watch, BITCH.

Shaking, Anorexic hands Cam the watch she was looking at.
Cam smiles, turns, and RACES out the door.

EXT. UPSCALE BOUTIQUE - CONTINUOUS

Cam RUNS to her car. OPENS the door.

ANOREXIC, MULTIRACIAL

Stands in the doorway.

ANOREXIC, MULTIRACIAL SALESGIRL
HELP! ROBBERY! Somebody STOP THAT WOMAN!

CAM

Turns. Smiles. Raises the gun. Points it at Anorexic.

ANOREXIC
HITS the ground.

CAM

Takes aim.

CAM
Ask yourself, punk. Do you feel LUCKY?

She SHOOTS. BANG.
The window SPRAYS broken glass in the air.

Cam's body RECOILS from the force of the blast, REELS back.
She rubs her hand. Ow. She JUMPS in the car --

CAM (CONT'D)
That'll teach you to be RUDE.

And PEELS OFF in screech of rubber.

INT. LAND ROVER - MOVING - DUSK

On the car stereo, the sludgy, buzzsaw riot gurl snarl of
L7'S PRETEND WE'RE DEAD thuds ominously. Cam CRANKS IT UP.

CAM
Holy fucking SHIT.

Cam stops at a light. Looks in the rearview. No one. She
looks down at her crotch. Wiggles in her seat to the music.

CAM (CONT'D)
Better than -- riding horses.

The light changes. She PUNCHES the gas.

EXT. LOS ANGELES GUN CLUB - NIGHT

Plain brick building. Red letters read LOS ANGELES GUN CLUB.
A cluster of shitty cars and trucks litter the parking lot.
Cam's Rover SCREECHES to a stop in front.

INT. LOS ANGELES GUN CLUB - NIGHT

Cam strolls up to the registration counter. A buzz cut, beefy
CLERK eyes her appreciatively. She SLAPS her gun down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEEFY CLERK
Evenin,' miss.

CAM
Hey, there. Okay if I use my own piece?

BEEFY CLERK
Sure thing. If it's registered to you.

CAM
It belongs to -- a friend of mine.

BEEFY CLERK
Then they'd have to be here, too.

CAM
I see.
(beat)
Guess I better rent one of yours.

BEEFY CLERK
Sure thing.

He moves to a display of guns under glass further on down the counter. Points to a small pistol.

BEEFY CLERK (CONT'D)
That's a 22-caliber. Good for --
beginners.

Cam scans the arsenal. Points at a large, chrome behemoth.

CAM
I like that one.

BEEFY CLERK
The Smith & Wesson?
(chuckles)
That's a 357, Miss. Kinda big for a lil'
gal like you.

CAM
(evil smile)
That's Dirty Harry's gun.

BEEFY CLERK
Yeah?

CAM
Go ahead. Make my day.
(beat)
And gimme a box of ammo.

INT. LA GUN CLUB - SHOOTING RANGE - MOMENTS LATER

A row of stalls, each with a target at the end. The sound of GUNSHOTS is DEAFENING. It's punctuated by the CLINK-CLINK-CLINK of shells hitting the cement floor.

The SHOOTERS are a rogue's gallery of COPS, THUGS, MILITARY TYPES and REDNECKS. And a KID with his DAD.

At one stall is ROD FUNK (40's), rugged, gone to seed. Former cop, now of questionable repute. Cleaned up, he'd be quite the catch. But he's still good with the ladies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He takes a secretive sip from a flask. Wipes him mouth.

Cam takes the lone empty stall, right next to him. Slips on her ear protectors. She SHOVES a magazine into the Magnum. Raises the giant weapon in her right hand.

Rod notices her. Tries not to stare. Lopsided grin.

ROD
(not looking, taking aim)
You should use a two-handed grip.

Cam FIRES, BANG. The gun RECOILS. Her hand FLIES back.

CAM
OW --

ROD
Got quite a kick, doesn't it.

Cam looks. Likes what she sees. Hides it.

CAM
(rubs her wrist)
Yeah.

Rod puts down his gun. Walks over.

ROD
You gotta use a two-handed grip.
(demonstrates)
Like this. Left hand over the right.
(hands the gun back)
Try it.

She does. Takes aim. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG.

THE TARGET

Shows five holes in the head.

ROD (CONT'D)
She's a natural.
(low)
Nice cluster.

CAM
Cluster?

ROD
First time, isn't it.

CAM
You know what they say.

ROD
What's that.

CAM
First time it hurts.
(beat)
Then it gets better.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He stares. Gives a salute with his finger. Returns to his stall. Slides on his ear protectors. Starts SHOOTING. She smirks. Resumes her stance. FIRES.

EXT. LA GUN CLUB - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Cam stands at her Rover. Paper targets in her hand. She unlocks the door, opens it.

ROD (O.C.)
Not bad for a beginner.

ROD

Stands a few feet away. Hands in his long, leather coat.

ROD (CONT'D)
I used to keep the targets, too.

She looks at him. Then glances at the bullet holes. Something flashes in her eyes.

CAM
For my scrapbook.

Rod pulls a Sig Sauer out of his left pocket. A bottle of Jack Daniels from his right.

ROD
Thought maybe we could continue the party.

CAM
Continue the party.

ROD
Back at my place on the beach. Malibu. Gotta firing range and everything.

CAM
I'll follow you.
(beat)
But I'm not spending the night.

ROD
Wouldn't think of it.

CAM
Of course you're thinking about it. You're a guy.

ROD
I'm cool. Used to be a cop. I'm safe.

CAM
Who said anything about safe?

Pause.

ROD
Don't worry. I bite.

EXT. MALIBU BEACH - ROD'S JOINT - NIGHT

Rod's beach shack sits in the sand near a rocky wall of dirt. He leads Cam around the side. They come to a formation of rocks near the water.

CAM
Is this where you take your victims?

ROD
Only when they're good.

He leads her over the rocks, until they reach --

A protected COVE. Rocks surrounding an inlet. The waves CRASH behind them. Water flows over their bare feet.

CAM
A secret hideaway.

ROD
This is where I come to think.
(beat)
And then forget.

He takes a swig of Jack. Hands her the bottle.

ROD (CONT'D)
Check it out.

Rod walks over to a light switch on a post. Flicks it on. A floodlight SNAPS ON. We now see the outline of a FIGURE scratched in the dirt. Then spray-painted red.

Cam's eyes flash. She pulls out her piece. FIRES at it -- BANG. The bullet HITS the head. A SPRAY of dirt FLIES OFF.

ROD (CONT'D)
(ducks)
Hey! What the FUCK are you doing? You wanna kill me?

CAM
Chill out. I didn't hit you.

He walks over to her. Takes the bottle. Swigs.

ROD
You're crazy.

CAM
Gun crazy.

ROD
What's with you and guns?

CAM
My whole life, I've always felt --
powerless.
(sticks it in her jeans)
Now I don't.

ROD
Rough childhood?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAM
You could say that.

ROD
(hands her the bottle)
Wanna tell me about it?

She takes a long, slow swig. Wipes her mouth.

CAM
Gotta couple of weeks?

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
ROD. Where the fuck ARE you?

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)
Little dark for surfing, isn't it?

LAUGHTER. Two FIGURES appear on top of the rocks.

MALE FIGURE
THERE he is! Hey, Rod. Where's the party?

ROD
(looks)
HONDO.

Meet HONDO RUFF (29), biker-suave in leathers and denim. Giant black pompadour. Red lizard boots. Pretty, like a young Chris Walken. With a menacing gleam in his eye.

Right now he's carrying a sawed-off shotgun in one hand, and a bottle of champagne in the other.

HONDO
What the fuck you doing out here? And who's the frill?
(to Cam)
Better watch out for this one, doll -- the notches on his belt have notches.

ROD
What are you trying to do? Scare off the catch of the day?

Hondo and the girl walk over to them.

HONDO
Not possible, brother.
(nods at the girl)
This here's Net.

NET
Pleasure's all yours.

Meet ANNETTE CARGO (25). Six-feet of toned muscle poured into an hourglass of leather. Red lips curled in a brutal sneer. She's also got a bottle of Dom. Takes a swig.

We now notice that they both have blood on their clothes. Quite a lot of it, in fact.

ROD
What did you kids do? Slaughter a chicken?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HONDO
Asshole wouldn't give me the combination.

NET
It was my fault.
(giggles)
Finger slipped.

Cam stares. Entranced.

NET (CONT'D)
And who's the little fishie?

CAM
I'm Cam.

HONDO
Grrrrr. Twin-cam engine.

NET
Get your motor running.

INT. ROD'S JOINT - A LITTLE LATER

The filthy, perverted psychobilly of The Cramps'
GOO-GOO MUCK plays on the hi-fi.

A big living room. Full Tiki bar. Roaring fireplace.
With a fireman's pole coming down through the bedroom above.

Hondo's changed into fresh leathers. Net's in a vinyl halter
and miniskirt. Everyone has cocktails. And at this point, is
more than a little fucked up.

Net GRABS the brass pole. Cam eyes her.

NET
Daddy warned me to stay off the pole.
(swings a leg around it)
Sorry, Pop.

HONDO
That's not a stripper pole.

ROD
Previous owner was a fireman.

NET
Well, it's a stripper pole NOW.

They watch Net dance to the music, working the pole.
She slides, bumps and grinds like a pro. Which she was.

ROD
Think she's got a point.
(big hit of his drink)
So what went down tonight?

Hondo starts rolling a joint.

HONDO
We jacked the Thrif-T Mart on the coast
highway.
(licks the paper)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HONDO (CONT'D)
 Kid said he couldn't open the safe,
 didn't know the combination.
 (lights up)
 Then Miss Bada-Bing here got itchy. Blew
 his fucking head clean off.

He inhales a big hit. Passes it to Rod. He takes a toke.

CAM
 Holy shit.

NET
 Don't worry, honey. We took out the
 security camera. It's between us and God.

HONDO
 (to Rod)
 We just needed a safe place to change,
 crash for the night.

NET
 Don't forget the other thing.

HONDO
 Oh, yeah.
 (evil grin)
 And we need a wheelman.

ROD
 (another hit, passes it to Cam)
 What's the job?

He EXHALES.

HONDO
 Cute little joint on Main Street. The
 Fisherman's First National Bank. Cute,
 huh?

CAM
 You're going to *rob a bank*?

NET
 Hell, yeah. Only got a couple hundred
 from the Bozo Mart.

HONDO
 It's either that -- or get a job.

Hondo and Net exchange glances, then EXPLODE with LAUGHTER.

ROD
 You've cased it?

HONDO
 Hell, yeah. It's a little mom-and-pop
 fuck. Two tellers. ONE camera. Piece of
 cake.

NET
 Smash and grab, baby.

She WHIRLS around, does a split. And finishes her drink.

CAM
 You need a fourth?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HONDO
YOU?

CAM
Yeah. Why not?

HONDO
Not sure I'm into splitting the take four ways.

CAM
So I'll do it for free.

HONDO
Well, now -- that's quite an offer.
(beat)
Let me think about it.

He takes out a small leather bag from his pocket. Pulls out tin foil and a little paper triangle. Dumps some white powder on the foil. Inserts a glass tube in his mouth.

NET
(comes over)
Oooh, goody -- Puff the Magic Dragon.

Hondo flicks his lighter under the foil. The powder starts bubbling, giving off white smoke. He INHALES.

Net takes the tube. Does a hit. They both close their eyes. Rocket off to another planet.

Rod goes over to Cam, sits next to her on the couch.

ROD
So you wanna be a heister, huh?

CAM
Yeah.
(beat)
Think I'm crazy?

He leans over, softly kisses her on the mouth. Pulls back.

ROD
Nah. I'm kinda crazy, too.

INT. ROD'S JOINT - MORNING

Rod and Cam sit at the kitchen counter with mugs of coffee.

CAM
First good night's sleep I've had in a long time.
(sips)
You didn't try anything.

ROD
I wanted you to disrespect me in the morning.

CAM
Isn't the girl supposed to say --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HONDO
Rise and shine, rock stars.

Hondo grabs a stool. Net appears, slides onto his lap.
They both look like hell. But goofy-happy.

HONDO (CONT'D)
I'm seriously in need of a cup of java,
my good man.

NET
Mmmmm -- me, too.
(holds up her arm)
In my vein, please.

Rod hops off his stool, goes to the coffee maker.

ROD
How do you take it?

HONDO
Black.

NET
Up the ass. Up my BLACK ass.
(sings)
Baby was a black sheep, baby was a whore.

Rod slides over a pair of mugs.

HONDO
(takes it, sips)
Thanks, mom.
(looks at Cam)
Hey there, sugar plum. Still wanna be
part of the gang?

CAM
You can go FUCK your gang.

NET
Oooh. Tough-talking. Sexy when she pouts.

HONDO
If that's the way you wanna be.

CAM
What.

HONDO
I had an idea.

ROD
That can be dangerous.

Hondo takes a sip of his coffee. Locks eyes with Cam.

HONDO
How about if Gidget here pulls off a job
on her lonesome.

ROD
Like a test.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HONDO
Yeah.

CAM
I'll DO IT.

HONDO
I had a feeling.
(smiles)
We split the take 50/50. Think of it as --
an initiation fee.

CAM
Deal. What's the job?

HONDO
On the way over here I noticed this sweet
little 7-11 in the Palisades. Quiet
neighborhood. Ripe for the plucking.

NET
(touches Cam's leg)
Like Gidget here.

ROD
(to Net)
You making a pass at my squeeze?

Hondo pulls out his magic bag. Takes out a vial. Pours some
coke on the counter. Starts chopping it. Looks up at Rod.

HONDO
You know what they say about being bi.

ROD
What.

He leans down. HONKS up a big line. Wipes his nose. Looks at
Rod with big, soulful eyes. Licks his finger.

HONDO
Doubles your chance of a date on Saturday
night.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - DAY

A monster '68 Oldsmobile convertible, white with black
interior ROARS down the coast highway.

INT. OLDS CONVERTIBLE - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

On the car stereo, X's JOHNNY HIT AND RUN PAULINE.

Rod's behind the wheel. Cam rides shotgun. Hondo and Net sit
in the back seat, like royalty. Everyone's eating burgers.

HONDO
Nice wheels. Not too inconspicuous.

ROD
Used car lot was closed. Owner's on
vacation. We'll ditch it after the job.

NET
Who wants fries?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Net THROWS her pack of fries into the air. They FLY all over everyone. She erupts into MAD LAUGHTER.

NET (CONT'D)
Want some KETCHUP WITH THAT?

Hondo SMACKS her on the head.

HONDO
What the fuck you do that for? You're wasting GOOD FOOD.

NET
OW. Fuck-head.

Cam shoots Rod a look. Rolls her eyes. He shrugs.

ROD
Young love. Whattaya gonna do?

EXT. MINI-MALL - PARKING LOT - DAY

The dregs. A 7-11. Check cashing. Nasty chicken joint. Dingy dry cleaners. Tiny, boarded-up KEYS MADE kiosk.

The Olds SCREECHES into the tiny parking lot. The joint is deserted early on a Sunday morning. A VW BUG sits idling.

INT. OLDS CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS

Rod shuts off the engine. Looks at Cam. She pulls her hair in a ponytail. Slides on a baseball cap. Ray-ban shades.

ROD
Ready, doll?

Cam pulls out her piece. Fingers it.

CAM
Ready as I'll ever be.

HONDO
Just remember, no matter what the fucking sign says, the Slurpee dot-head curry-motherfucker can open the safe. Got it?

CAM
Got it.

ROD
If someone shows up, or if there's any trouble, I'll honk the horn three times.

CAM
Okay.

ROD
Nervous?

CAM
I'm gonna piss my fucking pants.

NET
Nice, isn't it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HONDO
 Makes you feel ALIVE.
 (SLAPS her seat)
 Go on. Make us proud, Gidget.

Hondo leans over. Kisses her.

ROD
 For luck.

NET
 Awww, isn't that sweet.

Cam shoot her a look. Opens the door. Gets out.

HONDO
 Get me a pack of Twizzlers, huh?

She nods. Heads toward the door. Rod turns, looks at Hondo.

ROD
 What if he CAN'T open the safe?

HONDO
 Guess we'll find out, won't we --

INT. 7-11 - MOMENTS LATER

Cam BANGS into the store. STOMPS over to the counter. JAMS her gun in the CASHIER'S face. THROWS a bag at him, SLAP.

CAM
 Gimme what's in the register, NOW,
 MOTHERFUCKER!

The cashier, a young, skinny black kid (20) SHOOTS his hands in the air. Vibrates in place. Eyes wide as saucers.

SKINNY BLACK CASHIER
 Don't SHOOT, don't SHOOT.

CAM
 The MONEY, NOW!

Confused, scared, the kid BANGS open the cash register. Starts stuffing bills into the bag.

CAM (CONT'D)
 MOVE IT, MOVE IT! FASTER!

IN THE PARKING LOT

In the VW bug, a scuzzy JUNKIE COUPLE counts their change.

SCUZZY JUNKIE
 Seventy-eight, seventy nine -- eighty.

JUNKIE GIRL
 A tall boy of Bud.

JUNKIE KID
 Be right back.

IN THE STORE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The kid empties the drawer. Hands Cam the bag.
His eyes travel to the security camera.

CAM
What the fuck are YOU looking it?

She WHIRLS around. Sees the CAMERA. Shoots it, BANG.
It EXPLODES in a million pieces. The clerk SCREAMS.

OUTSIDE IN THE CAR

HONDO
(smiles)
Someone just popped her cherry.

IN THE STORE

Cam WHIRLS back around. SHOVES her gun in the clerk's face.

CAM
Now OPEN THE SAFE.

SKINNY BLACK CASHIER
I don't -- have the key.

CAM
BULL-SHIT!

SKINNY BLACK CASHIER
Lady, I swear -- I don't know the
combination. I don't, I SWEAR.

CAM
Oh YEAH?

Cam raises the gun.

SKINNY BLACK CASHIER
I SWEAR.

She aims at the beer cooler and FIRES, BANG, BANG, BANG.
The glass case EXPLODES. Broken glass goes FLYING.

CAM
Now open the safe, motherfucker, before I
BLOW your fucking HEAD OFF.

Scuzzy Junkie walks in the store.

SCUZZY JUNKIE
Shit.

CAM
(turns, sees him)
What the fuck do YOU want?

SCUZZY JUNKIE
(starts to leave)
Never mind --

Cam stares. In control. For the first time in her life.

CAM
No, it's okay. What do you need?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SCUZZY JUNKIE
I was -- gonna get a beer.

CAM
Go ahead. Help yourself. On the house.

The kid races over to the beer cooler. Grabs a six pack.

SCUZZY JUNKIE
Thanks, lady.

CAM
(nods)
Now get THE FUCK outta here.

IN THE PARKING LOT

Rod peers at the door, tries to see what's going on.

ROD
What the fuck is going on in there?

HONDO
I dunno. Moment of truth?

Scuzzy comes out of the store with his beer, races to the Bug. Hops in, GUNS the engine. PEELS out of the lot.

ROD
I don't like this.

NET
We should get some beer.

IN THE STORE

Cam points the gun at the kid's forehead.

SKINNY BLACK CASHIER
(eyes full of tears)
I swear, lady -- I c-can't open the safe.
Please don't kill me. Please.

CAM
I'm gonna count to THREE. And then I'm
gonna blow your FUCKING HEAD OFF.
(beat)
ONE --

SKINNY BLACK CASHIER
Lady, PLEASE.

CAM
TWO --

SKINNY BLACK CASHIER
I DON'T KNOW!

His bowels EXPLODE in a massive ERUPTION -- PHHHTWHAAAT.

CAM
(wrinkles her nose)
SHIT.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She WHIRLS AROUND, and starts SHOOTING up the place. The kid DIVES for the floor, writhing and crying hysterically.

BANG. A milk carton EXPLODES.

BANG. A carton of eggs SPRAYS in a yellow mist.

BANG. The coffee machine EXPLODES in a geyser of brown.

BANG. Potato chips go FLYING.

Cam stops shooting. Shaking. Vibrating. She GRABS the bag of money. Looks around, maniacal, on fire. Sees a display of TWIZZLERS. Grabs a handful. STORMS out the door.

IN THE PARKING LOT

Cam RUNS to the car. Grinning wildly like an animal. Something's changed. Her face is alive. Full of fire.

She opens the door. TOSSES the bag of money to Rod. FLINGS the Twizzlers at Hondo.

CAM (CONT'D)
Brought you a little snack.

Jumps in. SLAMS the door.

CAM (CONT'D)
(looks at Rod, wild grin)
Let's BLOW this joint, hot stuff.

Rod GUNS the engine. HITS the gas. The car ROARS off.

INT. OLDS CONVERTIBLE - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Hondo BANGS on the back of her seat.

HONDO
She did it! She DID IT! You did it, baby-doll.

NET
HA. Gidget grows up.

ROD
(shit-eating grin)
How do you feel?

Cam beams with million-dollar wattage. Eyes lit up like a Christmas tree.

CAM
Happiness is a WARM GUN.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - PARKING LOT - DAY

A large, empty lot adjacent to the pier at the beach. The Olds is parked near the sand. Surf guitar on the stereo.

Hondo sits on the back of the car, legs dangling onto the rear seats. Net snuggles next to him. They drain cans of beer. SMASH the empties on their foreheads.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HONDO
 (sings)
*When the sun goes down, and the moon
 comes up --*

NET
I turn into a teenage GOO-GOO MUCK.

Rod and Cam walk up the car. Pant legs rolled up, barefoot.

CAM
 Water's WARM.

ROD
 (grabs her, tickles her)
 Gidget goes SURFING.

CAM
 (laughing)
 Stop calling me GIDGET.

Hondo leans down, GRABS a six-pack. Tears off a beer.

HONDO
 Play-time is over, kiddies. We got work
 to do.

He TOSSES the can. Rod CATCHES it.

CAM
 Me, too -- gimme, gimme.

Hondo CRACKS off another one. Tosses it. HARD. She GRABS it.

CAM (CONT'D)
 OW.

HONDO
 Look who's getting all self-confident and
 shit.
 (beat)
 Okay, sports fans, listen up.

He jumps out of the car. Pulls out a piece of graph paper out
 of his jacket. Unfolds it. Lays it down on the hood.
 Everyone gathers around.

HONDO (CONT'D)
 (points)
 Okay. Here's the window where the two
 tellers are.
 (points)
 And there in the corner is the vault.
 It's ALWAYS open during business hours.

NET
 Stupid hillbillies.

CAM
 Santa Monica's no hillbilly town. We're
 talking rich, Benz-driving, Starbucks-
 swilling, yoga class assholes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HONDO
Shut up and listen. Enough from the
peanut gallery.
(points)
Here's where the security camera is.
Right above the front door. After we walk
in, Cam's gonna spray-paint it.

CAM
Got it.

HONDO
(to Cam)
Here's how it's gonna work. You go in
first and get the guard.

CAM
GET the guard?

HONDO
Don't worry. He's an old fart. Just waive
your gun in his face and he'll piss his
pants.

CAM
Okay.

HONDO
Then yell out NOBODY MOVE, THIS IS A
ROBBERY -- and then Net and I come in
with our shotguns. Then spray-paint the
camera and make the guard lock the door
behind us.

CAM
I'm on it.

HONDO
Then Net and I will do our thing and
clean the fucking place out.
(beat)
Now here's the best part. The place is
always fucking dead. Cam here will hang
around a bit in front and check real
casual-like to see who's in there. When
it's empty, we go in.

ROD
That's fuckin' brilliant.

HONDO
I know.

NET
That's my lil' bank robber.

HONDO
I love you too, honey-bunny.
(to Rod)
Now what I need you to do, Rod, is drive
around to the rear alley, and wait for us
near the back entrance.

ROD
The bank has a BACK ENTRANCE?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HONDO
Yeah. Told you it was podunk shit.
Fucking teller takes her SMOKE BREAK out
there. I seen her.

ROD
You've really thought this out.

HONDO
Learned it in the joint. Gotta plan the
shit out of it. That makes for a
successful job. No one gets hurt, and we
get a big pile-a dough.

Everyone nods.

HONDO (CONT'D)
One last thing. We gotta do it FAST,
cause these local cops GET THERE fast.
Cop shop's only a mile away. Minor
drawback, but if we're real quick-like,
we'll manage it.
(holds up his watch)
Everyone synch up. Its now 10:36. When we
get to the bank, everyone look at the
time. We got two minutes to finish the
job -- but if we're not done in two
minutes, we gotta split.
(beat)
Got it?

ROD CAM
Got it. Got it.

NET
Whatever.

Hondo pulls out a joint. Fires it up. Takes a big hit.
EXHALES. Passes it to Rod.

HONDO
So who feels like gettin' some cotton
candy?

EXT. FIRST FISHERMAN'S BANK - NOON

A small-town plain brick building on a Main Street corner.
Rod's Olds pulls up to the curb in front.

INT. OLDS CONVERTIBLE - CONTINUOUS

On the car stereo, the Ventures' HAWAII FIVE-O.
Hondo leans over, CLICKS it off.

NET
Hey! I LIKE that song.

HONDO
This ain't no TV show. This is serious
shit, girlie. We're jacking a fucking
BANK.

CAM
That was from a TV show?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROD
You don't remember HAWAII FIVE-O? Jack
Lord? *Book 'em, Danno?*

CAM
Hawaii-what-o? Book 'em who-o?

ROD
I'm getting old.

HONDO
ENOUGH ALREADY. Who the fuck you think
you are, Tarantino?
(SLAPS the seat)
Go check the bank window, Gidget.

Cam opens her door. Gets out. SLAMS it.

CAM
Stop calling me GIDGET. My name is CAM.

NET
(imitates her)
Stop calling me Gidget. My name is CAM.

She drains her beer. BURPS.

HONDO
*Excuse me, CAM. PLEASE go check and see
how many customers are in the bank,
PRETTY PLEASE?*

CAM
That's better.

Cam storms over to the bank entrance.

HONDO
Jesus fucking Christ on a stick, what's
got her panties in a bind?

ROD
She told me her story last night. She's a
runaway from a mental institution. Daddy
locked her up. It's -- fucked up.

HONDO
(big smile)
Don't tell me -- her daddy diddled her?

ROD
Worse.

HONDO
Now THAT'S my kinda girl.

NET
(PUNCHES him in the arm)
SHUT UP.

Hondo stares at her.

HONDO
You mean -- ?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NET
I said SHUT THE FUCK UP.
(beat)
Asshole.

HONDO
Jeez. Touchy --

EXT. BANK ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Cam goes to the window. Peers inside. Turns around. Comes back to the car. Leans over the side. Whispers.

CAM
Only a couple people. Two Juicy Couture high school bitches sucking machiattas.

HONDO
Piece of cake. Places please, kids. It's show-time.

Hondo and Net slide on baseball caps. Shades. Tie scarves around their necks. Pile out of the car.

HONDO (CONT'D)
(to Rod)
See you in the obituaries.

Rod salutes. Drives off.

Hondo and Net walk over to Cam. Pull their scarves over their noses. WHIP OUT their guns.

HONDO (CONT'D)
Let's do it.

Music EXPLODES. The crazed, white-hot surf/rockabilly reverb hip-shake of The Reverend Horton Heat's WIGGLE STICK over --

CAM

BANGS open the front door.

INSIDE THE BANK

She points her shotgun at the SECURITY GUARD (30), a young, virile-looking hunk. What the hell? This ain't no 'old fart.'

CAM
Shit.

GUARD
(sees the gun)
HEY!

Cam PISTOL-WHIPS him, CRACK. He hits the ground.

THE HIGH-SCHOOL GIRLS

Scream. FREEZE in their tracks. Whimpering.

CAM
HANDS IN THE AIR. This is a ROBBERY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HONDO AND NET

BURST in the door. Sawed-off shotguns aloft.
KA-CHINK, KA-CHINK.

HONDO
Nobody FUCKING MOVE!

A TELLER

An OLDER WOMAN (60) -- stares, open-mouthed. FAINTS.
Hits the floor, THWUMP.

THE OTHER TELLER

An ATTRACTIVE SOCCER MOM (40) -- SHOOTS her hands in the air.

HER FOOT

Presses a button on the floor. Hitting the silent alarm.

CAM

Pulls out a can of paint. SPRAYS the security camera.

THE GUARD

Gets up slowly, holding his head. Reaches for his gun.

GUARD
Fucking -- bitch.

CAM

Sees him. Points the can. SPRAYS his face black.
He puts his hands over his eyes. SCREAMS in pain.

GUARD (CONT'D)
My EYES, my EYES.

She WHIPS AROUND. Sees the high school girls.
SHOVES her gun in their terrified faces.

CAM
On THE GROUND, NOW.

The girls stare, paralyzed with fear.

CAM (CONT'D)
I said GET ON THE FUCKING GROUND!

They HIT THE FLOOR. Hugging each other. Crying.

CAM (CONT'D)
Gimme your CELL PHONES.

SCARED SHITLESS CHICK
But -- my I-phone --

CAM
DO IT! NOW!

The girls TOSS them. Cam STOMPS on the I-phone. CRUNCH.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAM (CONT'D)
Sit on my FACEBOOK.

Then CRACKS her boot on the BlackBerry.

CAM (CONT'D)
Twitter-twitter, little WHORE.

HONDO AND NET

SHOVE their shotguns in Soccer Mom's face.
Net THROWS a gym bag on the counter.

HONDO
Empty the drawer into the bag.

SOCCER MOM
Okay, okay, okay --

She starts shoving cash in the bag.

HONDO
Now the other drawer. You cooperate, and
no one's gonna get hurt.

Soccer hesitates, scared shitless.

NET
DO IT, NOW! Or I'll blow your fucking
HEAD OFF.

She opens the drawer, pulls out cash, stuffs it in the bag.

HONDO
Now THE VAULT.

Soccer turns and looks at the vault. The stacks of cash.
Net SHOVES her shotgun against Soccer's temple.

NET
Are you RETARDED? Empty the FUCKING
VAULT.

Soccer's face turns RED. Having a seizure. Falls to the
floor, twitching, grabbing her throat. Tongue lolling out.

SOCCER MOM
GAAAAA --

HONDO
Goddammit.
(GRABS the bag)
You want anything done, you gotta do it
YOURSELF.

Hondo goes the vault. Starts shoving in banded wads of cash.

THE GUARD

GRAPPLES Cam around the waist. Grasping for her gun. Cam
CRACKS him in the head with the barrel. He REELS backwards.

CAM
On the FLOOR, NOW -- or I'll BLOW YOUR
FUCKING HEAD OFF.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THE GUARD

Pulls out his gun. Starts moving in the direction of her voice. Blindly waving it toward her.

She SHOOTs HIM in the head -- BANG. It EXPLODES in a red mist. He HITS the floor. A pool of blood starts growing.

CAM (CONT'D)
I hate it when they don't listen.

HONDO
(looks)
What THE FUCK?

CAM
He wouldn't *listen*.

A siren WHOOP-WHOOPS outside.

NET
THE COPS.

Hondo looks at his watch. Two minutes. GRABS the bag.

HONDO
Let's MOVE IT.

He races toward the back door. Net follows him. Then Cam.

HONDO (CONT'D)
(pushes it)
It's FUCKING LOCKED.

Cam raises her gun. BLASTS the door off its hinges. BANG.

CAM
Now it's NOT.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
POLICE! DON'T MOVE!

They turn. Look. A pair of SANTA MONICA COPS stand in the doorway. Guns pointed at them.

HONDO
(to Cam)
You didn't LOCK THE DOOR.

CAM
Shit.

ANGRY COP
DROP YOUR GUNS! NOW!

CAM
Go FUCK YOURSELF!

She SHOOTs the cop. He FLIES BACKWARD. Shoots at the ceiling. The SECOND COP fires at Cam. She DUCKS. FIRES. BANG. BANG. Blows a hole in his belly. He SCREAMS in pain.

Hondo GRABS Cam's hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

HONDO
COME ON!

Races out the door, pulling her. Net follows them into --
THE REAR ALLEY

Where Rod is parked in the Olds, engine idling. Doors open. Hondo THROWS the bag onto the rear seats. Jumps in front. Cam and Net pile in after him, get in the back. SLAM the doors.

A COP runs into the back alley. Aims his gun at them.

COP
STOP, POLICE!

Rod pulls out his Sig Sauer, SQUEEZES of a few rounds -- BANG, BANG, BANG, BANG. The cop crumples to the ground.

ROD
Lock and load, MOTHERFUCKER.

STOMPS on the gas, and they PEEL OUT in a SCREECH of rubber.

INT. 7-11 - AT THAT MOMENT

Two PLAINCLOTHES ROBBERY/HOMICIDE COPS interview Skinny Black Cashier at the scene of the crime. A TECH CREW is finishing up their work, packing up their stuff to go.

SKINNY BLACK CASHIER
She was wearing a baseball cap, scarf up over her nose and shades. But I told the other cops after it happened. I don't see how --

PLAINCLOTHES COP
ZIP IT. I like to conduct my OWN interviews. Sometimes the beat cops miss something.

Meet BOBBY TEEN (45), Detective Sergeant, Robbery Homicide. Face like a potato. Bit of a belly. Once spit-and-polish, now a bit soft from working the posh beat.

SKINNY BLACK CASHIER
But it was a small job. She only got a couple hundred bucks.

PLAINCLOTHES FEMALE COP
That might be. But the chief doesn't like it when perps start shooting up local businesses. In case you haven't noticed, this ain't Compton.

Meet TAYA RALLS (27), African-American gazelle. Tall and lean. Freshly-minted Detective. Think Rosario Dawson, with an attitude. Chip on her shoulder the size of City Hall.

SKINNY BLACK CASHIER
What *the fuck* is THAT supposed to mean?

BOBBY
Watch your language. We'd like to see the surveillance tape.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKINNY BLACK CASHIER
But I told you, man -- she shot up the camera.

BOBBY
But she was taped BEFORE she shot it up, right?

Pause.

SKINNY BLACK CASHIER
Uh -- yeah.

BOBBY
See what I mean about conducting my own interviews?

SKINNY BLACK CASHIER
I'll go get the tape.

He goes into the rear of the store.

TAYA
You really think there'll be anything?

BOBBY
It's our job to leave no stone interned.
(beat)
You can write that down if you want.

TAYA
Isn't that *unturned*?

BOBBY
Ooh. Big college girl. Shut the fuck up.

INT. OLDS CONVERTIBLE - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Rod turns north up a steep hill. Starts to slow down.

HONDO
Why are you slowing down?

ROD
This car sticks out like a sore fucking thumb. We gotta find new wheels, pronto.

HONDO
(to Cam)
And what THE FUCK was that back there? I told you NO FUCKING SHOOTING.

CAM
He wouldn't listen.

HONDO
Fucking COPS? You might have KILLED one of them. You know what happens THEN? We're MARKED FOR LIFE.

CAM
So fucking what. I'm already marked.

Rod and Cam exchange looks. Strange smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HONDO
This isn't FUNNY.
(SMACKS Cam on the head)
And THE FUCKING GUARD.

CAM
OW!

HONDO
You didn't make the fucking GUARD lock
the DOOR!

CAM
You said he was gonna be an OLD FART. He
was built like a MARINE. He was gonna
jump me. I had to CLOCK HIM.
(beat)
There was no TIME.

HONDO
Shit. Fuck.
(beat)
Shit.

ROD
We got the money, didn't we?

HONDO
Yeah, but --

ROD
So we'll hole up somewhere and figure out
our next move.

NET
Oooh. I like the sound of *holing up*.

HONDO
We gotta find a motel.

CAM
Are you kidding? A cheap motel is the
first place they're gonna look for us.
(beat)
Whattya say we snatch an RV and go up
north?

NET
Go -- camping?

ROD
You mean -- like a motor home?

CAM
Yeah. And I know where we can get one.

HONDO
Oh, yeah? Where?

CAM
My father.
(beat)
Easy pickings. Bastard's out of the
country -- in Switzerland.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Hondo pulls out a joint. Lights it. Takes a big hit.
Squints at her. Still pissed off.

HONDO
Yo-de-lay-he-fucking-HOO.

EXT. 7-11 - PARKING LOT - AT THAT MOMENT

Bobby and Taya sit in their unmarked vehicle. Taya behind the wheel. The police radio SQUAWKS.

DISPATCHER (O.C.)
All units, 10-108, officer needs assistance. First Fisherman's Bank on Main Street. Officer down, repeat, officer DOWN. Another officer critically wounded. All available units. Officer DOWN.

BOBBY
(grabs receiver)
SHIT.
(into the mike)
This is unit 2-Felix 13. We're on our way.

DISPATCHER (O.C.)
Copy that.

He clicks it off. Looks at Taya.

BOBBY
STEP ON IT.

She PUNCHES the gas, and they SCREECH OUT of the parking lot.

TAYA
Fucking *animals*.

BOBBY
Goddammit TO HELL.

AT THE CORNER

Their car SIDESWIPES a woman on a bicycle with a dozen BAGS OF GROCERIES on the handlebars. The bike and the woman HIT the pavement. Food goes FLYING.

IN THE CAR

TAYA
Ohmigod. Holy shit. Ohmigod.
(HITS the brakes)
Holy shit. Holy fuck.

BOBBY
(looks)
It's alright. She's okay. Move it, move it, MOVE IT.

TAYA
But we're leaving the scene of a --

BOBBY
I said MOVE IT!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Taya PUNCHES the gas.

TAYA
But that woman --

He SLAPS a red dome light on the roof. FLICKS on THE SIREN.

BOBBY
We've got TWO OFFICERS DOWN. Cop's gotta
have PRIORITIES. Make difficult choices
in A SPLIT SECOND.

TAYA
I'm going to hell for this.

BOBBY
Welcome to hell, detective.

EXT. BEVERLY HILLS - SUNSET BOULEVARD - DAY

Giant mansions behind huge gates and stone walls.

INT. FORD FAIRLANE - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Rod's behind the wheel of late model Ford Fairlane. Cam rides
shotgun. Hondo and Net sit in the back sipping beers.

NET
Shit. Look at THAT ONE.

CAM
It's a wonderful day in the neighborhood.
(beat)
Not.

ROD
You GREW UP here?

CAM
More like did time.

NET
Baby went Patty Hearst on 'em.

Cam turns around. Points her gun at Net.

CAM
Gun-CRAZY. TRIGGER-HAPPY. Insane CLOWN
PUSSY.

NET
(giggles, slaps it away)
Put that down!
(beat)
You're kinda hot when you do that.

HONDO
Ladies, get a room.
(to himself)
We've created a monster.
(to Rod)
And what's with you and the vintage
wheels? This ride BLOWS CHUNKS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROD
They're easier to hot-wire. And if you can find one with expired tags, people think it was towed. Gives you more time.

CAM
Here. Turn left.

Rod turns left, pulls into a driveway. Stops at the gate. Cam leans out the window. Presses the call box.

NET
Look at that fucking GATE.

CAM
(into the speaker)
Raoul? It's Cammy. *Surprise, surprise.*

RAOUL (O.C.)
(Mexican accent)
Cammy? Is that you? What you doing? You come home?

CAM
Just for a quick visit. I need to ask a favor.

RAOUL (O.C.)
My little Cammy. You come when family is out of town. Clever girl.

CAM
See you in a sec.

The gate slowly SWINGS OPEN.

ROD
This is like Sunset Boulevard.

CAM
This IS Sunset Boulevard, baby.

Rod hits the gas, and they start down the long driveway.

INT. FIRST FISHERMAN'S BANK - AT THAT MOMENT

It's a zoo. A swarm of EMS TECHNICIANS. CRIME SCENE WORKERS. COPS. Two BODIES are carried out the back door on gurneys.

BEAT COP
(to junior cop)
Keep the fucking media OUT OF HERE.

Junior Cop races to the doorway, where a swarm of REPORTERS push on the glass, muffled shouting.

IN THE BANK PRESIDENT'S OFFICE

Bobby and Taya stand at his desk. The BANK PRESIDENT (40), puffy, pink-faced, sweating profusely, fidgets in his chair.

PUFFY BANK PRESIDENT
I'm ashamed, so ashamed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYA
It's human nature. If you didn't hide,
you might have been killed.

PUFFY BANK PRESIDENT
I should have DONE something. Two cops --
and the guard -- are DEAD.

Bobby vibrates with anger. Grief. It's all he can do to keep
from smashing this idiot in the face.

BOBBY
Given what went down here, there's
nothing you could have done.
(ominous)
Take a deep breath.
(anger rising)
There IS something you can do to help us,
though.

PUFFY BANK PRESIDENT
Oh, yes -- anything, anything.

Bobby points to the bank of small video monitors in the
cabinet across from his desk.

BOBBY
We'd like to see the surveillance tape.

Puffy leaps out of his seat. Goes to the VCR.

PUFFY BANK PRESIDENT
Of course, of course.

He PUNCHES a button. The tape starts rewinding.

PUFFY BANK PRESIDENT (CONT'D)
It'll just take a sec.

TAYA
(hands him a card)
The department offers free counseling. In
case you -- have a hard time --

PUFFY BANK PRESIDENT
(takes it)
Th-thanks.

The machine CLICK-CLICKS. He PUNCHES play.

ON A VIDEO MONITOR

We see Cam. Disguised in her scarf, cap and shades. The
robbery unfolds. She PISTOL-WHIPS the guard. Makes the high
school girls get on the floor. STOMPS on their cell phones.

Hondo and Net BURST IN. Point their shotguns, YELLING.
Cam aims the paint can at the camera.

The screen GOES BLACK.
Bobby and Taya exchange looks.

TAYA
There's three of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOBBY
Four. Somebody was waiting outside with
the getaway vehicle.

TAYA
Of course. Right.

BOBBY
Let's watch the other tape.

Taya pulls the videocassette out of her jacket pocket.
Hands it to Puffy.

TAYA
Would you please?

Puffy ejects the tape. SHOVES in the new one. PUNCHES play.

ON THE VIDEO MONITOR

We see Skinny Black Cashier behind the register. Cam points
her pistol at him. In the same disguise.

TAYA (O.C.) (CONT'D)
It looks like the same woman.

Skinny glances into the camera. Cam sees him, WHIRLS AROUND,
BANG. The screen GOES BLACK.

BOBBY
I think you're right.
(to Bank President)
Can we have this?

PUFFY BANK PRESIDENT
Of course, of course.
(ejects tape, hands it to him)
Anything I can do to help -- law
enforcement.

BOBBY
Thanks.
(beat)
I suggest you go home, try to relax.
Maybe have a stiff belt of something.

Puffy pulls a flask out of his jacket pocket --

PUFFY BANK PRESIDENT
Don't mind if I do.

Takes a long pull. A grim smile. Offers it to Taya.

TAYA
Sorry, on duty.

BOBBY
(takes the flask)
Don't mind if I do.

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - AT THAT MOMENT

A giant WINNEBAGO roars downhill around the swerving curves
heading west toward the beach.

INT. WINNEBAGO - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Deluxe. The best that money can buy. Two stories. Two bedrooms. Plasma screen. Full bar. Overstuffed furniture. Hot and cold running pleasure. On wheels.

Nasty go-go music on the sound system. Something naughty, saucy by My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult over --

The gang spread out in style. Rod's behind the wheel in a captain's hat, stogie clamped in his mouth.

Hondo rides shotgun. Bopping his head to the music. Smoking a giant spliff. Hands it to Rod.

HONDO
Now this is a RIDE.

ROD
(takes a hit)
It's like driving a fucking BOAT.
Probably gets three miles to the gallon.

Behind them, Cam and Net twist and shake to the music.

HONDO
(watches the girls, to Rod)
Check it out. All we need is a pole.

NET
(giggles)
I heard that!

CAM
(sings)
She's a hit and run heroine --

NET
(glances at the TV)
Shit! Turn the music down!
Cam's on TV!

ROD
(turns it down)
What the fuck?

ON THE TV

We see a shot of Cam at the bank, in disguise. Sneering. Aiming the can of spray paint at the camera.

AN ANCHOR BABE

Sits at her news desk. Faintly smiling into the camera.

ANCHOR BABE (V.O)
Security cameras captured footage of this woman at the scene of a robbery earlier today at the First Fisherman's Bank of Santa Monica -- and, apparently at another heist earlier that morning at a nearby 7-11. Police believe there are four people in the gang --

Net turns the sound down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAM
Holy shit, I'm famous.

NET
You're *infamous*, baby.

She goes to the bar. Refreshes their cocktails.

ROD
(to Hondo)
We made the news already? That was fast.

HONDO
(sings)
We're bad, we're nationwide --

NET
(to Rod)
We need TUNAGE.

ROD
(turns it up, to Hondo)
So how much did we get?

HONDO
Ask Trigger Happy. She counted it.

NET
(hands drink to Cam)
So did you fuck that little Mexican dude?

CAM
(takes a gulp)
Are you fucking kidding me? He was like a father to me.

ROD
(over his shoulder, to Cam)
How much did we get, hot stuff?

CAM
(raises her glass)
Two hundred-twenty-three GRAND.

ROD
Holy shit.
(to Hondo)
What's the split?

HONDO
I get half. The three of you divide up the rest.

ROD
That's -- over thirty thou. Nice.

HONDO
Whattya say we go to the beach and CELEBRATE?

CAM
I thought we were going up the coast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HONDO
Change of plan, Hunny-Bunny. Cops are gonna be all over the highways. We better lay low for a bit.

NET
LAY-low -- for a BITE.

ROD
I could go for some R-and-R.

CAM
Let's PARTY HEARTY.

Hondo holds up a bag of white powder. Evil grin.

HONDO
Who wants gum?

EXT. CHEZ JAY - LATE AFTERNOON

A small, crusty beach dive just south of the Santa Monica pier. We see Bobby and Taya's sedan parked in the gravel lot.

INT. CHEZ JAY - CONTINUOUS

Dark, dank. Sawdust on the floor. The kind of place where serious drinking gets done. Food's not bad, either.

A pair of GRIZZLED REGULARS sit at the bar living their liquid lives. A ball game plays softly over the bar. The jukebox plays some forgotten, gin-soaked classic.

Bobby and Taya sit at stools at the end. He drains a bottle of beer. Points at it, then the empty shot glass.

BOBBY
(to the bartender)
Another round?
(looks at Taya)
You okay?

Taya eyes him warily, sips her Diet Coke.

TAYA
I'm fine, thanks.

The SMUG BARTENDER (40's) brings over another shot and beer. Places them in front of Bobby.

SMUG BARTENDER
Here you go, *officer*.

Bobby eyes him coolly. SLAMS down the shot. Sips the beer.

BOBBY
Is that a cockroach over there by the sink?
(shakes his head)
Be a shame to lose that 'C' rating --

SMUG BARTENDER
Tell it to the owner. I'm just a *mixologist*.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He turns around and starts washing glasses.

BOBBY
Three officers were KILLED today. And I
don't appreciate your ATTITUDE, *pal*.

TAYA
Bobby --

BOBBY
Shut up. Drink your fucking COKE.

SMUG BARTENDER
(turns, stares)
THREE cops were killed?

BOBBY
Yeah, fucking bank job right down the
street. Don't you watch the news?

SMUG BARTENDER
Fuck, no. Too depressing. I just watch
the game.

Pause.

TAYA
There's another shooting on the news
every day --

BOBBY
Economy's in the fucking toilet. Santa
Monica used to be SAFE, and now we've got
these -- heathens running RIOT on my home
turf. Fucking cops are DEAD.

Taya looks down. A tear slides down her cheek.

TAYA
My parents were shot --
(starts to lose it)
Home invasion --

BOBBY
Holy shit.

She looks up. Eyes glistening.

TAYA
Reason I joined the force.
(half smile)
Quit law school --

BOBBY
(to Smug)
How about a little rum in the lady's
coke, my good man.

Smug pulls down a bottle of 151. Holds it over Taya's glass
like a question. She nods. He pours. Then another shot for
Bobby. One for himself. Raises it.

SMUG BARTENDER
This one's on the house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

They toast. Drink. Taya winces. Hers is STRONG.

BOBBY
(to Taya)
We're gonna get these fuckers, if it's
the last thing I do. You with me?

TAYA
Fuck, yeah.

He leans over. Kisses her on the cheek.

TAYA (CONT'D)
(surprised she likes it)
What was -- that for?

BOBBY
I dunno. Felt like it.
(beat)
You're kinda cute when you're distraught.
(off her stare)
Okay, I'm drunk.

Taya DRAINS her drink. Wipes her mouth.
SLAMS the glass down on the bar. CRACK.

TAYA
So let's get a fucking room.

SMUG BARTENDER
(turns around)
I'm not hearing this --

BOBBY
What the fuck?

TAYA
You wanted to ball me the first moment
you laid your eyes on me.

BOBBY
(turning red)
You're crazy.

Taya stands. Puts her purse over her shoulder.

TAYA
You coming?

EXT. VENICE BEACH - PARKING LOT - AT THAT MOMENT

The Winnebago is in a small lot at the north end of the boardwalk. A handful of decrepit HIPPIE RV'S sit, gathering dust. JESUS WAS HOMELESS proclaims a former school bus.

INT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

A sleazy, go-go groove courtesy of My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult bumps and grinds on the stereo. Blinds are drawn.

Hondo chops up a big mound of white powder on the coffee table with a credit card. The bag of money lies at his feet.

HONDO
Ready to go to Magic Mountain?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Net does the twist, slides over to the table, resplendent in bra and panties, sloshing her tumbler of whiskey.

NET
Definite *E-ticket*, baby.

Hondo hands her a rolled-up C-note. She bends down, SNARFS up a big fat line. He SMACKS her on the ass.

NET (CONT'D)
(giggles)
OW.
(rubs her nose)
It BURNS.

HONDO
Pharmaceutical-grade crystal methedrine,
doll. Gonna twist your tits GOOD.

NET
That's fucking SPEED?

HONDO
Just until we score some more booger
sugar. Emergency K-rations.

NET
Fucking meth --
(has brilliant idea)
Let's do a SPEEDBALL.

ROD AND CAM

Walk into frame with their drinks. Both completely lit.
Cam's gun sticks out of her waistband.

ROD
Did I hear the word *speedball*?

HONDO
I didn't know you partook in the smack-
iary arts.

ROD
Once in a blue moon. Usually I just chip
-- but fuck it, it's a special occasion.

CAM
I wanna do one, too.

Hondo pulls a black felt bag out of his jacket. Unrolls it.
Slides out a large HYPODERMIC NEEDLE. Holds it up. Smiles.

HONDO
Friends don't let friends share needles.

Net sits down next to him. Puts her hand on his knee.

NET
Who said we're FRIENDS?

They look at each other. SCREAM with laughter.

CAM
That's a -- big needle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HONDO
All the better to eat you with.
(looks at Rod)
You should see my cock.

ROD
I'll pass.

NET
You don't know what you're missing.

CAM
(to Hondo and Net)
Stop hitting on my man, fuckos -- let's
get FUCKED UP.

HONDO
Your wish is my demand.

He pours some heroin onto a spoon. Then a little meth.
Squirts a little water on it. Lights it with his Bic.

THE MIXTURE

In the spoon BUBBLES.

THE NEEDLE

Slides into it.

THE PLUNGER

Pulls. The shaft fills with swirling white magic.

HONDO

Holds the syringe like a surgeon. YANKS the rubber tubing
around his forearm with his other hand. Show and tell.

HONDO (CONT'D)
Ladies and gentlemen, *The Rolling Stoned*.

And he PUSHES the needle into his arm.

EXT. PICO BOULEVARD - SLEAZY MOTEL - AT THAT MOMENT

'The International.' Flags from around the world painted on a
cinder block bunker. Behind a gas station in The Hood.
Bobby and Taya's car is parked at the end of the gravel lot.

INT. - MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bobby lies on top of Taya on a giant heart-shaped bed.
PUMPING away. Taya MOANS in ecstasy.

TAYA
That's it, FUCK ME, *white boy*.

BOBBY
You like it, don't you, BROWN SUGAR?

TAYA
YES! YES!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY
Who's your daddy NOW?!

TAYA
FUCK me, DADDY -- ride me, HARD.

BOBBY
I'm gonna SHOOT MY LOAD.

TAYA
GOD, YES -- YES --

BOBBY
Dropping LOADS --

TAYA
Fill me UP, BABY --

BOBBY
I'm gonna -- I'm gonna --

TAYA
I'm gonna -- I'm gonna --

BOBBY
FUCK ME baby *JESUS!*

TAYA
AHHHHHHHHHH -- !

BOBBY
YEEEEAAHHHHH -- !

They climax in an earth-shattering crescendo of pleasure.
Hold each other for dear life. SCREAMING with passion.

Silence.

He rolls off her. Leans over. Lights a smoke.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Goddammit, woman.

TAYA
(out of breath)
I haven't come like that --
(looks)
Light me one too?

He does. Hands it to her. She takes a puff. Thinking.

TAYA (CONT'D)
What the fuck is *Brown Sugar*?

BOBBY
Rolling Stones song.
(inhales)
You've never heard BROWN SUGAR?

TAYA
I'm twenty-five.

BOBBY
Oh, right.
(beat)
It's a compliment. Trust me.
(sings)
I'm no schoolboy, but I know what I like.

He looks at her. Shy. Eyes full of wonder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOBBY (CONT'D)
I've never done -- sex talk like that
before.

TAYA
You mean the racial stereotype stuff?

BOBBY
Yeah.
(beat)
Fucking hot.

TAYA
(smiles)
If you're good, next time I'll let you
use the N-word.
(beat)
Fuck me baby Jesus?

BOBBY
Catholic upbringing.
(looks at her)
Guilt makes me hard.

Bobby's cell phone rings. He reaches over, grabs it.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
(into the phone)
Teen here.
(listens)
You're shitting me.
(listens)
Of course, sure.
(listens)
We'll be there in fifteen minutes.
(listens)
Uh -- we were just -- grabbing a bite to
eat.

A woman's voices SHRIEKS from the room next door.
A bullwhip CRACKS. Another SCREAM.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Of course not, no.
(listens)
Food's really spicy.
(listens)
Yeah, right. In your hat. See you soon.

He hangs up. LEAPS out of bed.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
That was the chief. Great news. One of
the bills from the bank was spent at
Venice Beach.

TAYA
Marked?

BOBBY
Yeah. Amateur hour. Pros know not to take
what's in the drawer.

TAYA
(starts getting dressed)
So we got ourselves some cowboys.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BOBBY
 (pulls on his jeans)
 Yeah, and unfortunately, those are the
 most dangerous kind.

TAYA
 (snaps on her shoulder holster)
 Then let's wrestle us some varmits --
 (slides in her gun, wicked
 smile)
 And then later we can do some more
 'ropin' and ridin.'

INT. WINNEBAGO - AT THAT MOMENT

Psycho-rockabilly AT FULL VOLUME: Horropops' THELMA & LOUISE.

Rod and Hondo sit on the couch, high as fucking kites.
 Cam and Net do a frenzied go-go dance on the coffee table.
 Net's topless, shaking with abandon, gun in hand.

NET
 (sings)
Just like, Thelma and Loooo-uise --

Cam takes a swig from a bottle of Jack Daniels.
 Reaches around, UNSNAPS her halter top. It FLIES OFF.
 She SHAKES HER BOOBS in time with Net.

CAM
 Faster, pussycat!

HONDO
 BOOBAGE! Shake it, sunset girl!

Net sees. Smiles. GRABS Cam's boobs with both hands.

NET
 HONK-HONK!

CAM
 HEY!

She SLAPS Net's hands away.

NET
 Oooh, touchy --

HONDO
 Touchy-FEELY.

ROD
 (stands)
 Hey, baby -- wanna dance?

He goes to Cam. Takes her hand. She JUMPS off the table.
 Dances like a maniac. Shakes her boobs in his face.

Hondo comes up behind Rod. GRABS his ass with both hands.
 Rod WHIRLS AROUND -- and SLAPS him in the face.

ROD (CONT'D)
 BACK OFF.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HONDO
 (rubs his cheek, smiles)
 Dude. Why so uptight? Just fuckin' with ya.

ROD
 The only FUCKING I do is with CHICKS -- GOT IT?

HONDO
 (raises his hands)
 Chill, bro -- chill.

Hondo goes to Net, still dancing on the table, eyes closed, blissed out. GRABS her hand, PULLS her down with a YANK -- bare feet SLAP the floor.

NET
 OW!

Hondo picks her up.

HONDO
 C'mon, hot stuff -- private party.
 (looks at Rod)
 No prudes allowed.
 (laughs)
 Pussy to go --

And he carries her off to the back bedroom, Net SQUEALING. Rod watches them. Turns to Cam. Puts his arms around her.

CAM
 What are you -- doing?

ROD
 Give you any ideas?

Cam pulls out her gun. Aims it at his crotch.

CAM
 Let's go upstairs -- play a game.

ROD
 (pushes it away)
 Whoah. Careful. That's the family jewels.

Cam smiles. Rubs the gun against her crotch.

CAM
 Maybe this is better. Longer. Stiffer.
 (meaningfully)
 Never shoots blanks.

ROD
 Kinky girl. So that's the way you want to play it?

Cam leers. Holds the gun barrel against her lips. Licks it.

CAM
 Let's go upstairs and find out.
 (beat)
 And bring the money.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hondo lies in bed with Net. Touches her bare leg.
She SLAPS his hand away. Pulls out a joint. Lights it.

NET
Keep your hands off me -- faggot.

HONDO
(laughs)
Who you calling a faggot?

NET
You wanna fuck him -- instead of me.

HONDO
You got that wrong, darlin' -- I wanna
fuck BOTH of you.
(beat)
You said you were a swinger.

NET
A *Straight* swinger, asshole -- not
fucking GAY.

HONDO
What? You never *orgied*?

NET
Yeah, but where I come from, guys fuck
girls, and girls fuck girls, but GUYS
don't fuck GUYS.

HONDO
That's right, I forgot -- you're from
Texas.

NET
What the fuck is THAT supposed to mean?

She grabs a bottle of tequila on the bed stand. CHUGS it.

HONDO
You know you might be a redneck, IF --

NET
ASSHOLE!

Net THROWS the bottle at him. He DUCKS.
It SMASHES against the wall -- CRASH.

HONDO
BABY!
(grabs her)
I'm SORRY.

NET
(shrieks)
What the FUCK?

She starts crying. Sobbing. He strokes her hair.

HONDO
I'm sorry, baby -- I'm sorry. I was just
playin' with you --
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HONDO (CONT'D)

(beat)
We're *fucked up* -- you know? I'm SORRY.

NET

(tears subside)
Kay --

HONDO

What can I do to make it up to you? What would make my little bank robber happy?

Net pulls away. Nasty smile. Eyes burning.

NET

You can fix me a Cam sandwich.

INT. WINNEBAGO - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

Circular stairs lead up to the second level bedroom. Plush and ornate. Plasma-screen. Wet bar. The stereo softly thumps some trippy world-beat like Thievery Corporation.

Cam lays back on the bed against the pillows. Rod sits on the other side. Sips a drink.

ROD

But I don't understand.

CAM

I said, no touching.

ROD

So, what -- you want me to watch you -- ?

CAM

(dreamy)
I like to watch --

ROD

Watch you -- play with yourself?

CAM

First -- the money.

ROD

What do you wanna do with the money?

CAM

Wanna -- fuck the money.
(sips her drink)
Throw some on the bed, willya?

Rod puts his drink down. Leans over, takes a couple of fistfuls of bills from the bag on the floor.

ROD

You're crazy --

And he **THROWS** the cash on the bed. It flutters down over Cam.

CAM

(giggles)
More, *more*, MORE.

She picks the gun up off the bedside table. Starts rubbing it on her crotch. Rod **THROWS** more money on her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAM (CONT'D)
Yeah, that's it -- that's it --

She grabs some with her other hand. Rubs it on her chest.

CAM (CONT'D)
Hot dollars --

ROD
Fuck. Turning me on --

He reaches into his boxer shorts. Starts stroking it.

CAM
You like that, baby?

ROD
You're so -- fucking hot.

CAM
Gun-wild, lover. Gun-wild.

She maneuvers the pistol inside her panties. Slowly, carefully -- slides the barrel inside. GASPS.

CAM (CONT'D)
(closes her eyes)
Ohmigod.

ROD
Holy *shit*.

CAM
OMIGOD -- I'm gonna --

ROD
UHHH -- UHHH --

CAM
I'm gonna, I'm gonna --

Her body shudders. She MOANS. CRIES OUT. *AHHHHHHHHH!*
Finally finding release.
Rod SHOOTs a load in his shorts.

ROD
ARRRRRRRRRGH!

We hear FOOTSTEPS coming up the stairs. A soft knock-knock.

HONDO (O.C.)
Greetings, love birds.

HONDO

Appears in the doorway. Net, shyly hides behind him. WASTED.

HONDO (CONT'D)
I brought a peace offering.
(holds up a pipe)
Black opium. Total chill.
(smiles)
Party out of bounds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Cam's eyes open. She looks at Hondo. What the?
Rod looks at Hondo. Tries to focus.

ROD
Opium? I didn't you know had --

HONDO
Secret stash. For emergencies.

CAM
Never did -- opium.

NET
It's -- *beautiful*.
(raises her hands)
Beautiful.

HONDO
(sees the money)
Why's all the cash on the gash?

CAM
Reindeer games, baby.

ROD
She's a little -- kinky.

HONDO
Tell me something I DIDN'T know.

He smiles. Comes over to the bed. Sits at the end. Net joins him. He lights the pipe. Takes a big hit. Holds it in. Leans over. Hands it to Cam. EXHALES.

HONDO (CONT'D)
Get ready to see God --

CAM
(takes the pipe)
Just saw her, baby.
(dreamy)
Just saw her.
(beat)
And she made me come --
(beat)
With cold blue steel.

She slides the pipe between her lips. Flicks her Bic --
And TAKES A BIG HIT.

EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK - CONVENIENCE STORE - AT THAT MOMENT

A tiny, sleepy joint. LOCALS shuffle by STREET VENDORS.
A pair of HOMELESS KIDS hold up a sign: FUCK MILK. GOT POT?

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Detectives Bobby Teen and Taya Ralls speak with the STORE
OWNER (50's), a wiry, angry-looking Armenian.

ARMENIAN STORE OWNER
You mean to tell me I'm out a hundred
bucks?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY
(holds up the bill)
I'm sorry, but it's evidence.

He zips it into a glassine bag. Puts it in his pocket.

ARMENIAN STORE OWNER
But that's my MONEY.

TAYA
I'm sorry, sir. It's standard procedure.
You'll get it back.

ARMENIAN STORE OWNER
Yeah, right -- it'll get put in some
fucking evidence locker, and will get
mysteriously LOST.

BOBBY
EXCUSE ME?

TAYA
Could you describe the young woman who
spent the bill?

ARMENIAN STORE OWNER
She was a young girl, early 20's.
Boardwalk's full of 'em. They all look
alike. Blonde. T-shirt and jeans. Flip-
flops.

BOBBY
(squinting at something on the
wall)
That your license to sell beer and wine?

ARMENIAN STORE OWNER
Uh -- yeah.

BOBBY
Boy, I'd bet business would go WAY down
if you couldn't sell Colt 45 and
Thunderbird.

Pause.

ARMENIAN STORE OWNER
She was kinda strange. Kept giggling to
herself. Bought all kinds of junk food,
and a ton of beer and wine. Surprised she
could carry it all.

TAYA
Was she wearing a baseball cap?

ARMENIAN STORE OWNER
Yeah. Yankees cap. Don't see them that
much around here, come to think of it.

BOBBY
What about her T-shirt?

ARMENIAN STORE OWNER
Some band shirt. My Life With --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAYA
My life with?

ARMENIAN STORE OWNER
Some cult.

BOBBY
A cult? But you said it was a band --

ARMENIAN STORE OWNER
The Thrill Kill Kult. That's it. My Life
With The Thrill Kill Kult. With a cartoon
of a -- stripper or something. Dominatrix
shit.

Bobby and Taya exchange glances.

BOBBY
Thank you very much. You've been most
helpful.

TAYA
Don't worry about the money. I promise
we'll have it dusted for prints and
mailed to you in a couple of days.

ARMENIAN STORE OWNER
(still pissed)
Okay.

Bobby and Taya amble outside onto --

THE BOARDWALK

Bobby pulls out the bag. Takes out the hundred. Smiles.

TAYA
What are you doing? That's evidence.

BOBBY
(waves it at her)
Already dusted for prints. C'mon, let's
go grab a slice to eat while we canvas
the area. I know a great place right down
the street.

TAYA
You're *evil*.

BOBBY
To protect and serve -- ourselves.

INT. WINNEBAGO - UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

The joint has become a true opium den. Windows blacked out.
Debris scattered around. Some Buddha Lounge chill thumps
softly in the haze. A lone candle flickers in the shadows.

Net lays next to Cam, snuggling. Cam is out cold, a dreamy
smile on her lips. Net strokes her hair, softly humming.

Rod lays at the end of the bed, face up. Hondo's on his knees
beside him -- giving Rod head. Slowly, up and down. Up and
down. In heaven. Having a gay old time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Net puts her arm around Cam's waist. SQUEEZES tight.

NET
Mmmmmmm.

CAM
(awakens)
OW.
(looks)
HEY. Get the fuck OFF ME.

She WHIPS Net's arm away.

NET
What? What's wrong?

CAM
(awake now)
FUCKING DYKE.

Rod stirs from his opium-laced reverie. Sees what Hondo is doing. FREAKS OUT. THROWS Hondo off of him. PUNCHES him. Hondo HITS the floor with a CRACK.

HONDO
HEY, ow, FUCK!

ROD
What the FUCK do you think you're DOING?

HONDO
You seemed to like it.

CAM
(looks)
What's the fuck's GOING ON?

HONDO
(to Cam)
He was fucking BLOWING ME!

Cam SCREAMS. GRABS her gun. Takes aim. SHOOTS Hondo in the chest, BANG. A red stain starts growing on his t-shirt.

HONDO (CONT'D)
You SHOT ME. Fucking BITCH!

NET
HONDO!

Net races over to him. Cam fires again. BANG. In the neck. Blood starts SPRAYING. Net tries to stop it with her hands.

CAM
That'll teach you to mess with MY MAN.

ROD
CAM? WHAT THE FUCK!?

NET
(looks at Cam)
You fucking CUNT! You SHOT HIM!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAM
Those are your last words --
(SHOOTS HER)
Bitch.

Net falls over. THWUNK. Shot in the head. The arc of blood from Hondo's neck FLIES OUT -- onto the open bag of money.

ROD
Jesus fucking Christ, Cam. Jesus fucking
CHRIST. Look what you did. We're FUCKED.
FUCKED.
(beat)
Ohmigod, ohmigod, ohmigod.

Cam stares at the bodies. A strange look in her eyes.

CAM
(a whisper)
Shot his head -- clean off.

ROD
(sees)
Oh, SHIT. FUCK. The money!

He LEAPS out of bed. Grabs the case. Takes it into --

THE BATHROOM

Where he THROWS it in the bathtub. TURNS ON the shower, spraying water on the money. He RACES back into --

THE BEDROOM

Where Cam stands over the bodies. Fondling the gun. Rod comes up behind her. Looks.

CAM
(spooky)
Where'd you go, honey?

ROD
We gotta clean the money. It's covered in
BLOOD.

CAM
You mad at me?

Be careful here.

ROD
No, I'm not mad at you.
(sighs)
We've gotta figure out what we're gonna
do with the bodies.
(thinks)
First we need to get the fuck outta here.
Someone must of heard the gun shots.

We hear a loud KNOCKING on the door downstairs. Something inside Cam CLICKS back on. She turns, looks at Rod.

CAM
Don't worry, honey. I'll take care of it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

PUSH IN ON Rod. Scared shitless.

ROD
That's what I'm afraid of.

EXT. VENICE BOARDWALK - AT THAT MOMENT

Bobby and Taya eat slices of pizza. Bobby's got his folded in half lengthwise. Taya eats hers off a paper plate.

They walk by a grizzled group of HIPPIES playing bad music for a sidewalk cafe. The patrons could give a shit. The hippies are oblivious, living their Grateful Dead dreams.

BOBBY
That's what I like about Venice. Fucking time warp.
(points)
Check out Abbie Hoffman over there.

TAYA
(looks, frowns)
I can smell him from here.

BOBBY
Welcome to 'The home of the homeless.'

TAYA
(chuckles)
You're *terrible*.

They continue walking. Pass a group of HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS.

BOBBY
Bastard was right. They DO all look alike.
(beat)
Jailbait HOOKERS.

A BUFF ISRAELI SHOPKEEPER (30) runs up to them.

BUFF ISRAELI SHOPKEEPER
Officers, officers! Did you hear the gunshots?

BOBBY
GUNSHOTS? *Where?*

TAYA
How did you know we were --

BUFF ISRAELI SHOPKEEPER
(points)
In the parking lot. Over that way --
(to Taya)
Your shoes. Dead giveaway.

BOBBY
Thanks.
(to Taya)
COME ON.

They pull out their guns. Start RUNNING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYA
I'm getting fucking SNEAKERS.

INT. WINNEBAGO - AT THAT MOMENT

Cam and Rod stand near the door. Guns drawn. Listening to the POUNDING on the door.

ASIAN MALE VOICE (O.C.)
Hey! Are you alright in there?

ROD
Go get the door. Tell him the engine backfired.

CAM
I got an idea.

She pulls off her T-shirt. Big grin.

ROD
You're a genius.

Cam goes to the door. OPENS IT.

OUTSIDE THE WINNEBAGO

Stands an ASIAN ART VENDOR (30's). Small, squirrely. Glasses.

ASIAN ART VENDOR
(sees Cam, stares)
Oh. Hello.

CAM
(brightly)
Hey, there. What's up?

ASIAN ART VENDOR
(eyes wide)
I heard -- gunshots. Are you -- okay?

CAM
Gunshots? Those weren't gunshots. The engine backfired.

ASIAN ART VENDOR
No -- I heard gunshots.
(staring)
I called -- 911.

Rod appears in the doorway. With a sawed-off shotgun.

ROD
Get in the fucking BUS, NOW.

ASIAN ART VENDOR
(scared, confused, turned on)
But I don't -- understand.

Cam reaches over. GRABS his arm. YANKS him inside.

CAM
Sorry -- no tickie.

INSIDE THE WINNEBAGO

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cam holds her gun against Asian's head.

CAM (CONT'D)
 (points to the dining nook)
 Over there, SIT.

Asian does. Scared shitless.

ASIAN ART VENDOR
 Please, don't hurt me. I was only trying
 to HELP.

CAM
 Shut the FUCK up.
 (to Rod)
 We gotta get the fuck out of here, NOW.

ROD
 What are we gonna do about HIM?

CAM
 We'll figure that out later. C'MON, we
 gotta get OUTTA HERE.

Rod DASHES OVER to the driver's seat. GUNS the engine.

CAM (CONT'D)
 Go slow. We're just a couple of tourists,
 leaving the beach after a nice day.

ROD
 (turns the wheel, hits the gas)
 Yeah. With two dead bodies, a hostage,
 and a bathtub full of bloody cash.

EXT. VENICE BEACH - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The behemoth slowly pulls out of the parking lot.

UP AHEAD

A POLICE CRUISER comes roaring straight at them. Cherry top
 FLASHING. Siren SCREAMING. WHOOP-WHOOP-WHOOP.

IN THE WINNEBAGO

Cam grips the back of the seat.

CAM
 Fucking COPS!

Rod turns right, onto the boardwalk.

ROD
 Hold onto your tits --

CAM
 Ohmigod, NO. Not on the fucking
 BOARDWALK!

ROD
 You wanna go to fucking JAIL?

And he PUNCHES the gas.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Music EXPLODES. The rockabilly swing of The Brian Setzer Orchestra's DRIVE LIKE LIGHTNING (CRASH LIKE THUNDER) over --

THE WINNEBAGO

Takes off like rocket, PLOWS into the crowd. People SCREAM, JUMP out of the way. It SMASHES into a vendor's TABLE. Cheap, shitty jewelry FLIES in the air.

THE POLICE CRUISER

Turns left. Follows them. Picks up speed.

POLICE OFFICER (O.C.)
(electronic)
YOU, in the RV -- STOP, NOW!

IN THE WINNEBAGO

Cam looks in the rearview.

CAM
They're FOLLOWING US.

Asian Art Dealer SCREAMS.

CAM (CONT'D)
SHUT UP, fucking CHINK!

ASIAN ART VENDOR
I'm *Japanese*, not CHINESE. We don't LOOK ALIKE.

CAM
Yes YOU DO, motherfucker!

THE WINNEBAGO

SWERVES. Careens into a SIDEWALK CAFE. PLOWS into tables. CRASH. Patrons LEAP out of their seats. JUMP out of the way.

IN THE WINNEBAGO

Rod looks at Cam.

ROD
Hold on tight. I got an idea.

He STOMPS on the brakes.

ON THE BOARDWALK

The Winnebago SCREECHES to a halt. The police cruiser SMASHES into the rear end. CRASH. The hood CRUMPLES.

IN THE WINNEBAGO

Rod turns left, pulls into an alley between buildings.

BOBBY AND TAYA

Come running up the boardwalk toward us, weapons drawn. They race up to the ruined cruiser.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BOBBY
You okay?

IRATE COP
Yeah. FUCK-HEADS.
(points)
They went down that alley. Big fucking
RV.

BOBBY
Okay, got it.
(to Taya)
C'mon --

And they race toward the alley.

IN THE ALLEY

The Winnebago turns right onto Speedway, a narrow street
which runs behind the boardwalk.

IN THE WINNEBAGO

Rod downshifts. Slows down a bit.

ROD
Okay, where do we go, where do we go.

CAM
Turn left into that alley.

THE WINNEBAGO

Turns left. Lumbers through an alley between walkway streets.
A tight squeeze. It pulls over. Stops.

The song ENDS.

IN THE WINNEBAGO

Rod turns. Looks at Cam.

ROD
Okay, what now?

CAM
We grab the money, go jack new wheels.

ROD
The money's floating in the tub, doll.

CAM
Then you watch Egg Foo Young here, and
I'll go wrap it up in a towel.

She gets out of her seat. Moves toward the rear of the bus.

ASIAN ART DEALER

Sits in his seat. Trembling with anger. Glares at Cam.

ASIAN ART VENDOR
Egg Foo Young is CHINESE FOOD. NOT
Japanese.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Cam comes up to him. Places her gun against his head.

CAM
You're confusing me with someone who
gives a fuck.
(CLICKS the safety)
Go ahead. Give me a reason.

ROD
CAM. Stop fucking around.

CAM
(lowers her gun, to Asian)
This is your lucky day, Grasshopper.
(strokes the barrel)
Me love you long time.

EXT. STREET CORNER - AT THAT MOMENT

Bobby and Taya RUN down the alley off the boardwalk. Reach the corner. Stop. Look around.

BOBBY
Shit.

TAYA
Fuck.

BOBBY
Where did they go?

Another POLICE CRUISER roars up the corner. BRAKES with a SCREECH of rubber. They dash over to it.

BEEFY HISPANIC COP
Are you Robbery/Homicide?

BOBBY
(nods)
Detective Teen, this is detective Ralls.

HISPANIC COP
(eyes her)
Hi, there.
(nods at the car)
Jump in. They're around her somewhere.
Could use the extra eyes.

They get in. The cruisers ROARS off down Speedway.

INT. WINNEBAGO - AT THAT MOMENT

Cam's got the gym bag filled with wet money. Water drips onto the floor. Rod finishes tying up Asian Art Vendor with rope. SLAPS duct tape over his mouth. He stares balefully.

CAM
Chink's got eyes like a puppy dog.

Rod grabs a towel. Ties it around his head.

ROD
There.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAM
Maybe we should put him to sleep.

ROD
NO. We're in enough trouble as it is.

CAM
Jesus Christ, I was JOKING.

ROD
You're a goddamn laugh-riot. Now let's
get the fuck out of here.

EXT. WINNEBAGO - CONTINUOUS

Rod and Cam walk down the alley. Approach an old VW van.

ROD
Perfect.

He goes to the passenger door. Jimmies it open. They pile in.

INT. VW VAN - CONTINUOUS

Cam shoots Rod a look.

CAM
What is it with you and old cars?

ROD
I told you, they're easier to break into
-- and there's usually no alarm.
(looks in the rear view)
Shit, COPS. Duck down --

They crouch down in the seat.

IN THE ALLEY

The police cruiser pulls up alongside the Winnebago. Bobby and Taya JUMP out. RACE over to door. Pull out their guns.

IN THE VW VAN

Rod and Cam peer over the seat. Watching.

CAM
I say we drive outta here real slow.
Pretty soon this place is gonna be
crawling with pigs.

ROD
(looks at her)
You watch a lot of old movies, don't you?

She shoots him a look. Raises her gun. Crooked smile.

CAM
(low)
You've got to ask yourself one question,
punk.
(CLICKS the safety)
Do I feel lucky?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IN THE WINNEBAGO

Bobby and Taya walk carefully into the back, weapons drawn.

BOBBY
 (nods at the door)
 I'm gonna check out the bedroom. You
 cover me.

TAYA
 Got it.

Bobby KICKS OPEN the door. BURSTS IN.

IN THE BEDROOM

Bobby sees Asian Art Vendor. Rushes to him. Peels off the duct tape. Starts untying the ropes.

IN THE MAIN ROOM

Taya starts climbing the circular staircase. Bobby comes into the room with Asian. Sees Taya.

BOBBY
 Look what I found.

Asian stares. Mute. Terrified.

TAYA
 A hostage --

BOBBY
 And he's in shock.

TAYA
 I'm gonna go upstairs. You stay with him.
 Look for evidence.

BOBBY
 Got it.
 (beat)
 Love it when you take charge.

Taya starts up the stairs. Bobby motions for Asian to sit on the couch. He does. Looks like he's about to implode.

Bobby goes to the coffee table. Wets a finger. Wipes it on the glass. Tastes it.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
 Got ourselves some cocaine cowboys.

ASIAN ART VENDOR
 Not cowboys -- man and woman.

BOBBY
 Did you see their faces?

ASIAN ART VENDOR
 Yes. I can draw picture if you like.

BOBBY
 I like.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

UPSTAIRS

Taya slowly reaches the top of the stairs, gun aimed with both hands. Listening. She walks into the bedroom, and sees --

Hondo and Net's dead bodies. Lying in pools of blood. Candle still flickering. Soft Buddha chill still thumping.

She SCREAMS.

EXT. VENICE ALLEY - AT THAT MOMENT

The cop in the cruiser hears the scream. JUMPS OUT of the car. DASHES into the Winnebago.

ROD AND CAM

Watch from the VW van.

ROD
That's our cue.

He touches two stripped wires together on the steering column. They SPARK. The bus engine ROARS to life. He puts it in gear, and they start slowly driving down the alley.

IN THE VAN

Cam looks at Rod.

ROD (CONT'D)
Where we gonna go?

CAM
Hell if I know.

ROD
Let's go down to the Venice pier. We need to think, regroup. We can sleep in the back.
(weird smile)
Pretend it's the summer of love.

CAM
We can -- play that game again.

ROD
Don't you ever want -- vanilla?

CAM
Sorry, love-bucket.
(pulls out her gun)
Not on the menu.

INT. WINNEBAGO - LIVING AREA - AT THAT MOMENT

The joint hums with activity. Two pairs of CORONER'S OFFICE TECHS carry out the bodies on gurneys. CRIME SCENE TECHS dust the place for prints. A PHOTOGRAPHER takes pictures.

Asian Art Vendor sits on the couch with a sketch book, drawing. Bobby and Taya sit on either side watching him.

BOBBY
You're really good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ASIAN ART VENDOR
Thank you. I like to -- sketch.

TAYA
(writes in notebook)
What's your name, please?

ASIAN ART VENDOR
Kim Oh.

BOBBY
Kim O. -- what?
(off his look)
Your last name?

KIM
Oh. Spelled 'O,' 'H.'

TAYA
Oh. Got it.

KIM
You couldn't pronounce real name.

BOBBY
You ever consider working for the police
department, you've got a job.

Hispanic Cop walks into the room.

HISPANIC COP
How's it going.

BOBBY
Amazing. Take a look.
(nudges Kim)
Show him?

Kim turns the sketch around. We see an incredibly photo-realistic picture of Cam and Rod.

HISPANIC COP
Holy shit. That's them.

BOBBY
Can you get this out right away?

HISPANIC COP
Sure.

BOBBY
Send it to every department in a hundred
mile radius.

TAYA
And the media.

HISPANIC COP
(takes the drawing)
I'm on it like white on rice.
(realizes)
Uh -- sorry about that.

He leaves. Kim looks at the coffee table. Wipes the glass with a finger. Rubs it on his gums.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TAYA

Hey.

BOBBY

It's okay. He's in shock.
 (to Kim)
 No more of that, okay?

KIM

(nods, looks at him)
 That's good shit.
 (beat)
 Nice -- freeze.

EXT. VENICE PIER - DUSK

Sunset. A cloud-covered orange smear on the gray horizon.
 The VW bus rolls into the lot. Stops.

IN THE VAN

Cam rubs her bare arms.

CAM

I'm cold.

ROD

Let's go get something to warm us up.

CAM

(evil smile)
 Liquor store?

ROD

Uh-uh.
 (meaningfully)
 Hinano's.

CAM

What's Hinano's?

ROD

You don't know HINANO'S? It's only been
 around for 75 years. 50 microbrews on
 tap. Hot and cold running shooters.
 Killer jukebox. Best cheeseburgers in
 town. And if you know the owner, you can
 get *mescal*.

CAM

Let's go eat the worm.
 (beat)
 You think they'll have much in the
 register?

ROD

Cam, this is one of my old hangouts.

CAM

So we're just gonna have drinks?

ROD

Yeah. We're just gonna chill for a little
 bit. You know, like 'normal' people?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAM
Normal? What's that?

INT. HINANO'S - MOMENTS LATER

A warm, cozy, dark, beachy dive. Old-school. Sawdust and peanut shells on the floor. Pool table. Neon beer signs. The jukebox plays The Clash's cover of I FOUGHT THE LAW over --

A pair of LOCALS at end of the bar watch a ball game on an old TV suspended by chains up above.

Rod and Cam walk in. All eyes turn and look. THE BARTENDER (40's), is a large gal with a gorgeous face. Biker-chic, with long red hair. Harley T-shirt. Bandana. Boots.

FAT BARTENDER
ROD FUNK? What the FUCK? Where the hell have YOU been?

ROD
(smiles)
Rosie. Haven't changed a bit.

ROSIE
Bull-shit. I get fatter every year.
(looks at Cam)
And who is this? You cheating on me?

ROD
This here is Cam. Fastest gun at the beach.

CAM
Hey.

ROSIE
Pleased to meet you, doll.
(to Rod)
Am I getting older, or are your fillies getting younger.

ROD
Don't give me that shit. You don't look day over twenty-nine, baby.

ROSIE
Flattery will get your dick sucked. Name your poison. First round's on the house.

ROD
Double shot of Jack, and a bottle of Corona.

CAM
Works for me.

Rosie turns, grabs a bottle of Jack. Pours three shots. Slides two over. Grabs two bottles from the cooler. CRACKS them open. Puts them in front of Rod and Cam.

ROD
(lifts his shot)
Much obliged.
(to Cam)
Honey? A toast?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAM
 (lifts hers)
 To?

ROSIE
 (raises hers)
 Getting FUCKED UP.

They all smile. DOWN them.

ROD
 (wipes his mouth)
 Hit me again. Fucking cold out there.

ROSIE
 (smiles, pours)
 So what do I owe the pleasure of your
 company this fine evening?

ROD
 Just in the nabe. Haven't been here in
 awhile, thought it would be fun to --

ROSIE
 (to Cam)
 Did you know your fella used to play *Ring
 Around the Rosie*?

ROD
 Rosie --

CAM
 WHAT?

ROSIE
 That's right, dolly.
 (glares at Rod)
 Said he liked a gal with a little MEAT on
 her bones.
 (glares at Cam)
 But now it looks like he prefers BONES --
 with no MEAT.

CAM
 What the FUCK?

ROD
 Rosie --

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
 Holy fucking SHIT.

A GRIZZLED REGULAR at the end of the bar looks at Rosie.

GRIZZLED REGULAR
 ROSIE. Turn on the news. Them two are
 BANK ROBBERS. Cops are lookin' for 'em.

ROSIE
 Get the fuck outta here.

She turns around. Flicks on the TV next to the register.

ON THE TV

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

We see Kim's perfect drawing of Rod and Cam.

REPORTER (V.O.)
 -- wanted in connection with the deaths
 of three police officers and two
 civilians. If you see them, contact your
 local precinct immediately, and be
 careful. They're considered armed and
 extremely dangerous. We go now to David
 Brazil, on the scene at Venice Beach.

Rosie reaches under the bar --

ROSIE
 You fucking ASSHOLE. You have the nerve
 to come in here --
 (raises up a baseball bat)
 And FUCK with my BUSINESS.

Cam WHIPS out her Glock. CLICKS the safety.

CAM
 Put the fucking bat down, you FAT PIG --
 or I'll blow your TITS OFF.

ROSIE
 You wouldn't fucking DARE.

ROD
 Cam, let's just get the fuck outta here.

ROSIE
 Beat it, WHORE.

CAM
 CUNT!

Cam FIRES -- BANG. The mirror behind the bar EXPLODES.

ROSIE
 (swings the bat)
 Fucking BITCH!

Cam PLUGS Rosie in the face. BANG, BANG, BANG. Her head
 EXPLODES. She DROPS the bat, CRACK. Hits the floor, THWUNK.

GRIZZLED REGULAR
 (whispers)
 Holy SHIT.

CAM
 (to Rod)
 Empty the register and let's get THE FUCK
 outta here.

Rod HOPS over the bar. BANGS open the drawer. Starts grabbing
 the money. Turns and looks.

ROD
 Why did ya have to go and do that?

CAM
 (glaring)
 She disrespected me. Some boyfriend YOU
 turned out to be.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CAM (CONT'D)
 (lowers the gun)
 Grab a couple bottles and LET'S GO.

Rod shoves the money in his pocket. Grabs the booze. Grizzled Regular stares at Cam. Shaking with fear.

GRIZZLED REGULAR
 Please don't shoot. We didn't see nothing. We-we-we won't t-talk.

The other regular, a dumb-looking CONSTRUCTION WORKER whispers into his cell phone. Cam sees this. MARCHES over.

CAM
 GIMMEE THAT PHONE.
 (snatches it from him)
 Who THE FUCK were you calling?
 (looks)
 911? GODDAMMIT.

She SHOOTS him in the head. BANG.
 Dumb-looking falls off his stool. Hits the floor. THUMP.

GRIZZLED REGULAR
 Ohmigod, NO -- PLEASE, NO!

Cam puts the gun in the waistband of her jeans. Smiles. Evil.

CAM
 Don't worry. You get to live.
 (beat)
 Gotta leave someone to tell the story.

Grizzled nods vigorously, scared shitless.

CAM (CONT'D)
 You tell the fucking cops that it was SELF-DEFENSE. That the fat, fucking whore was gonna ATTACK ME. Got it?

GRIZZLED REGULAR
 G-got it.

CAM
 (to Rod)
 C'mon. Let's blow this cluster-fuck.

And they RACE out the door.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - AT THAT MOMENT

Bobby and Taya sit in their car parked in the alley behind the Winnebago. Sipping coffee.

TAYA
 So fucking unprofessional.

BOBBY
 So you screamed. Big deal.
 (looks at her)
 Your first -- stiffs?

TAYA
 Yeah. I mean, up close. Back in my neighborhood, someone was always -- getting shot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She trails off. Eyes full of tears.

BOBBY
Tell you what. Why don't we call it a
night. We can go grab a bite, see a
flick. Take your mind offa things.

TAYA
You mean -- like a date?

BOBBY
No, no -- not a date -- more like a, a --

His cell phone RINGS.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
Hold that thought.

Taya looks at him. Amused.

BOBBY (CONT'D)
This is Teen --
(listens)
It belongs to WHO?
(listens)
Of course I know who he is.
(listens)
Yeah. We're on our way. Thanks.
(listens)
Holy shit is right. Bye.

He hangs up. Looks at Taya.

TAYA
So?

BOBBY
The luxury RV. It belongs to GEFFIN
CLINCH.

TAYA
The media mogul?

BOBBY
The one and only.

TAYA
I've seen his compound on TV. It's like a
fortress. NOBODY can get in there.

BOBBY
You know what that means.

TAYA
One of our heisters either works for him -

BOBBY
Or is related to him.
(starts the engine)
Wanna earn a little overtime?

TAYA
(stares out the window)
Yeah, sure. It's a -- big lead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Bobby pulls the car out, starts driving down the alley.

BOBBY
Tell you what. Why don't we pick up some
Fatburger on the way, and bottle of
something for afterward.

TAYA
(looks at him, a half-smile)
That would be -- nice.

BOBBY
Hey. I might be an asshole sometimes. But
I gotta heart.

TAYA
Not to mention a big dick.

BOBBY
(looks at her, turns red)
I, uh --

TAYA
Shut up and drive.

EXT. VENICE PIER - PARKING LOT - AT THAT MOMENT

Rod and Cam RUN to the VW van. JUMP in. SLAM the doors.
He rubs the wires together. They SPARK. The engine ROARS.

ROD
Let's get the fuck OUTTA HERE.

Cam turns, looks in the back.

CAM
The MONEY, it's GONE!

ROD
(SLAMS on the brakes)
What THE FUCK?

He looks.

THE BACK OF THE VAN

Is empty.

ROD

POUNDS on the steering wheel.

ROD (CONT'D)
God-DAMMIT! That was TWO-HUNDRED GRAND.

CAM
We should've taken it with us, LIKE I
SAID.

ROD
Shut the fuck up and let me think.

CAM
Think while you're driving. We gotta get
THE FUCK OUTTA HERE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rod puts the van into gear, and ROARS out the parking lot.

ROD
We gotta find a place to hole up for a bit. Then make a new score.

CAM
How much did we get from the bar?

ROD
About five-hundred. That should keep us going for a little while.

CAM
Rod, we gotta blow town. The cops are gonna trace the RV back to my parents.
(beat)
If they already haven't.

ROD
Shit. Fuck me in the ass. FUCK ME.
(thinks)
Okay. Here's what we do. We hole up in a fleabag motel, the kind where they don't give a fuck. Then, tomorrow -- we change our appearance, so we look different, and then go knock off another bank.

CAM
NOW you're talking.

ROD
(looks up ahead)
As a matter of fact, there's a nice little 'adult motel' coming up.

The van drives through an intersection.

CAM
You mean the kind with the *magic fingers* bed?

ROD
Give you any ideas?

CAM
How can you think of sex at a time like this?

ROD
I'm a guy.

CAM
That's all you guys think about. You think with your dick.

ROD
Hey. At least I don't think with my gun.

EXT. ADULT MOTEL - NIGHT

A shitty, run-down joint with bars on the windows next to a vacant lot. The sign reads THE STARLET. FREE HBO.

The VW van pulls into the parking lot. Stops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IN THE VAN

Rod turns, looks at Cam.

ROD
Cam, baby. We've been through a lot of
shit today. We're both exhausted. Strung
out.

CAM
Yeah.

ROD
I really care about you. And I'm sorry
about what happened with -- you know.

CAM
DON'T say it.

ROD
It's okay. I won't.
(beat)
Let's just chill out, have a couple of
drinks, watch a movie, and get some
sleep. How does that sound?

CAM
(a whisper)
That would -- be nice.

ROD
And I won't try anything. Promise.
(beat)
Okay?

Cam looks at him. Her lip quivers. Tears glimmer in her eyes.

CAM
Okay.

She leans over. Puts her arms around him.

CAM (CONT'D)
I could -- almost love you.

EXT. CLINCH ESTATE - AERIAL SHOT - NIGHT

An enormous complex of buildings behind high stone walls on
the exclusive side of Bel Air.

EXT. CLINCH ESTATE - GARAGE - NIGHT

More like a hangar, really. Dozens of top-shelf sport cars
and luxury sedans from around the world. And enough classics
to make Jay Leno hard.

RAOUL LUNA (50's), chauffeur, polishes a Rolls Royce hood.
Slim and elegant. World-weary, with a bit of a lisp.

RAOUL
I thought those friends of hers looked a
little -- rough.

Bobby and Taya stand nearby, listening. Taking notes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY

Did she say where she was going?

RAOUL

Not specifically. Just 'up the coast' somewhere. I had no idea should would get into any -- trouble.

TAYA

Has she ever been hospitalized for -- psychological reasons?

Pause.

RAOUL

May I speak off the record?

BOBBY

Certainly.

Bobby and Taya put their notebooks away.

RAOUL

I'm going to tell you this because I love Cameron. She and I became close over the years. She confided in me. I came to think of her like a daughter.

(beat)

Cameron had a -- troubled relationship with her father.

TAYA

Did they argue alot?

RAOUL

That's one word for it.

(beat)

You didn't hear this from me. I would lose my job. It could be --

(looks around)

Very dangerous.

BOBBY

Go on --

RAOUL

Cameron's father had -- sexual relations with her. She was so ashamed.

(beat)

When she confided in me about it, I was horrified. But what could I do? He's one of the most powerful men in the world.

TAYA

Was she ever -- violent?

RAOUL

She had -- anger management issues. Last year she had a -- nervous breakdown.

BOBBY

And she was hospitalized?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAOUL
 Unfortunately, yes. It broke my heart.
 (smiles)
 I was so happy to find out she was out.

BOBBY
 She was released?

RAOUL
 Not exactly --

TAYA
 She ESCAPED?

RAOUL
 Cameron is a free spirit. She's hard to control. But she seemed fine when I saw her. She was the old Cameron, happy. And she was going on a vacation trip with friends.

BOBBY
 More like a hit and run holiday.

RAOUL
 If there's anything I can do to help, please let me know.

BOBBY
 You said her parents are out of town?

RAOUL
 Yes. They've been in Switzerland. But after I spoke with you on the phone, I received a call from Mr. Clinch.

TAYA
 The police called him.

RAOUL
 (nods)
 They're on a plane right now.

BOBBY
 What time do you expect them?

RAOUL
 Tomorrow morning, bright and early.

BOBBY
 Let me guess. Then the shit's gonna hit the fan.

RAOUL
 Try World War III.

INT. THE STARLET MOTEL - MORNING

Nine AM. Sunlight streams through the edge of the drawn curtain. It hits Cam's Glock on the night table.

IN THE BATHROOM

Cam looks in the mirror. Holds up a pair of scissors.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAM
You really think I can pull off dressing
like a boy?

ROD (O.C.)
(chuckles)
Maybe a gay boy.

CAM
I knew you had tendencies --

She starts CLIPPING off chunks of her long hair.
They flutter down into the sink.

Rod walks in. His hair is now in a blonde buzz cut.
He takes a swig from a bottle of vodka.

ROD
HEY. I was passed out.

CAM
(still clipping)
Yeah, but your dick still got hard.

ROD
I was fucking SLEEPING, Cam --

She finishes cutting. The hair that's left is ragged, choppy.

CAM
Gimme some vodka.

He hands it to her. She takes a swig. Stares in the mirror.

ROD
God, you look different.

CAM
Kinda like it.
(growls)
I'm BUTCH.

He hands her an Ace bandage. She hands him the bottle.

CAM (CONT'D)
What's this for?

ROD
(takes a swig)
To bind down your tits. And then another
one to wind around your waist. We gotta
do something about that hourglass figure
of yours.

Cam starts wrapping the bandage around her chest.

CAM
(sings)
*I'm too sexy for my gun, too sexy for my
gun --*

ROD
We could go to West Hollywood. Blend.

She finishes. Starts wrapping the other one around her waist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAM
That's actually a great idea.

ROD
What?

CAM
We could go jack a West Hollywood bank.
There's a First Nationwide on Santa
Monica Boulevard. It's small, but I bet
it's nice and juicy.

Cam is done. She looks at her waistline. And the lack of one.

ROD
(hands her a t-shirt)
Here. Try this on.

CAM
(as she pulls it on)
Gays have more money, they have no kids.
Bet it's nice and juicy.

She looks in the mirror. No figure. Rod holds a moustache in his hand. He applies spirit gum. Hands it to her.

ROD
Village People, here we come.

Cam carefully puts it on. Stares in the mirror.

CAM
(low)
Hey, sailor. Buy me a drink?

Rod takes a swig of the bottle. Hands it to her. Cam takes a long pull. Wipes her mouth.

ROD
Let's do it.

CAM
Take a walk on the wild side?

ROD
You know what they say --
(SMACKS her ass)
When in Rome --

CAM
HEY.

ROD
That's right, I forgot. You're a top.

CAM
And don't you forget it.

INT. CLINCH ESTATE - OFFICE - AT THAT MOMENT

A large study converted into a home office. Fireplace. Walls of books. Large glass and steel desk with a computer. Everything, the best that money can buy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Behind the desk sits GEFFIN CLINCH (50'S), short, bald and tan. Bright eyes blink with ferocity. Sharp as a tack. And about as painful. Right now he's on the phone.

Bobby and Taya sit facing him, trying not to listen.

GEFFIN
 (into the phone)
 Well, you tell Malone that we REJECT his offer. He's not raiding MY BOARD.
 (listens)
 Tell him to shove it up his ass -- with no lube.
 (listens)
 Gotta go. My nine-o'clock is here. Bye.

He BANGS down the phone.

GEFFIN (CONT'D)
 I'm so sorry. Where were we?

BOBBY
 No problem. About your daughter --

GEFFIN
 Yes -- my dear, darling daughter.
 (closes his eyes)
 So let me get this straight --
 (opens them, glaring)
 Cameron escaped from the psychiatric facility, came here, BORROWED my TWO-HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLAR recreational vehicle -- and then she and her *friends* ROBBED A BANK and KILLED three police officers. Is that about the size of it?

BOBBY
 (clears his throat)
 Yes, sir.

TAYA
 We realize this must be difficult for you, Mr. Clinch.

GEFFIN
 Difficult? *Difficult?* DIFFICULT?
 (beat)
 How about fucking IMPOSSIBLE. My virtual shopping network is going out with an IPO, and if this news gets out, I'm FUCKED.

TAYA
 We realize this is sensitive information.

BOBBY
 We haven't told the media any --

GEFFIN
 THE MEDIA? I AM the fucking MEDIA. If her identity is leaked to the press, I'll have your asses in a SLING. You'll be reading parking meters in COMPTON when I get through with you.
 (off Taya's reaction)
 Oh, was that POLITICALLY INCORRECT?
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

 GEFFIN (CONT'D)
 (BANGS the desk with his fist)
 WHAT ELSE do you know?

 BOBBY
 We just learned that a VW van was stolen
 right near where the Winnebago was
 abandoned. There's a good chance that she
 and her friend are in this vehicle right
 now.

 TAYA
 (hopefully)
 We put out an APB. Every cop in the city
 has the license number.

 GEFFIN
 Don't you idiots realize that's the WORST
 thing you could do?

 BOBBY
 I'm sorry, sir -- but we're sworn to
 uphold the law.

 TAYA
 Don't you want to help your daughter?

 GEFFIN
 (to Bobby)
 I realize that. You're just doing your
 JOB.
 (to Taya)
 OF COURSE I want to help her -- but she's
 been nothing but trouble since the day
 she was born. I wish I could just --
 (wrings his hands)
 Her identity CANNOT be revealed to the
 media. Do you understand?

Bobby stands. So does Taya.

 BOBBY
 I understand.

 GEFFIN
 I realize that as officers of the law,
 you're not entitled to accept -- gifts.
 (beat)
 But please know that if you help me with
 this, I can help YOU.
 (beat)
 Perhaps -- a transfer downtown? Where
 things are little more -- exciting?

Bobby and Taya exchange looks.

 GEFFIN (CONT'D)
 Think about it. And keep me posted.

 BOBBY
 Will do. Thanks for your time.

They leave. Geffin PUNCHES a number on his phone.

 GEFFIN
 (listens)
 Gato? It's Clinch.
 (listens)
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GEFFIN (CONT'D)

I need you to do a job for me. Double your usual rate.

(listens)

It needs to be done immediately. It's urgent.

(listens)

I'll send a messenger with a package right now. You'll have it in ten minutes.

(listens)

You can do it any way you want to. As long as it gets done.

(listens)

My god, man -- you're evil. Just check with the cops. They have the license plate number.

(listens)

How I sleep at night is none of your fucking business. Just DO IT.

INT. THE STARLET MOTEL - SHITTY ROOM - AT THAT MOMENT

A tiny boombox plays The Cramps LET'S GET FUCKED UP. Rod chops lines on the table. Shaking it to the music.

Cam is now in male drag in her baseball cap and shades. Takes a swig of vodka. GRABS her crotch like a guy. Struts around.

CAM

(low, throaty)

It's fun to stay at the Y-M-C-A --

ROD

(looks, laughs)

Be careful, don't get that mustache wet. Cheap ass piece of shit might fall apart.

He leans over. HONKS up a line. Then another.

ROD (CONT'D)

Honey -- *breakfast's ready.*

Cam grins. Goes to the table. Takes the straw. INHALES a line. And another. Then a third. Rubs her nose.

CAM

Ahhh -- breakfast of champions.

Rod picks up his gun. Puts it his waistband. Zips up his jacket. Goes to Cam. Puts his arms around her.

ROD

You ready to roll, big fella?

CAM

Lock and load, gay boy.

ROD

Shut up. Don't call me that.

She kisses him.

ROD (CONT'D)

What was that for?

CAM

I dunno. Felt like it.
(rubs up against him)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAM (CONT'D)
I feel -- different. More POWERFUL. Maybe
when this is all over, I'll get a sex
change.

ROD
Over my dead body.

CAM
(evil smile)
Careful what you wish for --

INT. CADILLAC SUV - AT THAT MOMENT

A large, hulking MAN sits behind the wheel. Meet GATO WEED
(40), sleazy PI-for-hire. Right now he's listening to his
police scanner. He lights up a smoke. Grabs his I-phone.

He wipes the keypad with his fingers.

ON THE SCREEN

We see a GPS display. Kind of like MapQuest. A small,
blinking red light slowly moves across the screen.

GATO
Fucking app -- amazing shit.

The scanner SQUAWKS to life.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)
(electronic)
All units, bank robbery suspects are
travelling in a 1979 Volkswagon van,
light blue with white trim. License
number is R as in Robert, 560-5861.
They're armed and dangerous. Approach
with caution.

Gato picks up his cell. PUNCHES a number. Listens.

GATO
It's me. Got some news. They're
travelling east on Wilshire Boulevard,
just passed the 405. I'm on my way.
(listens)
Hold onto your dick. I got 'em.

He clicks the phone shut. Starts the engine. HITS the gas.

GATO (CONT'D)
Fucking freak.
(beat)
Must be nice to have more money than God.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - MOVING - AT THAT MOMENT

Taya drives. Bobby leans over a high-tech listening device.

BOBBY
GOT IT.

TAYA
Sneaky bastard. I still can't believe you
put a listening device in his office.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOBBY
 Hey -- sometimes you gotta bend the rules
 a little. They're fucking cop killers,
 and we're gonna NAIL their asses.
 (beat)
 Turn north on Bundy, then go east on
 Wilshire.

TAYA
 We're CLOSE.

BOBBY
 Luck of the Irish, doll.

TAYA
 But you're not Irish.

BOBBY
 You haven't seen me drink whiskey --

INT. CADILLAC SUV - MOVING - AT THAT MOMENT

Gato's stuck in a traffic bottleneck just east of the 405.
 He POUNDS on the steering wheel.

GATO
 MOVE, asshole, MOVE.

He pulls out a flask. Takes a sip. Wipes his mouth.

GATO (CONT'D)
 GODDAMMIT.

EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - CONTINUOUS

Gato's SUV swerves off into the bus lane, starts passing
 cars. A CITY BUS behind him HONKS.

INT. VW VAN - MOVING - AT THAT MOMENT

Some weird oldie plays on the crappy car stereo. Rod drives,
 cigarette dangling on his lip. Cam puts her hand on her neck.
 Looks like she's in pain. Rod looks at her, concerned.

ROD
 What's wrong, love doll?

CAM
 It's -- hot.

ROD
 What? You have a headache?

Cam looks at him. Tears in her eyes.

CAM
 No -- my father, he --

ROD
 What?

CAM
 He, he --

Another swig. She rubs her neck. Tears stream down her cheek.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROD
It's okay. You can tell me.

CAM
He put a, a -- *microchip* in me.
(whispers)
So he could fucking track where I was.

ROD
What THE FUCK? He MICROCHIPPED you? Like
a fucking DOG?

CAM
Yeah.
(rubs her neck)
And when it's on, it gets hot.

ROD
When it's ON? You mean -- he's tracking
us RIGHT NOW?

CAM
(smiles sadly)
Dear old dad must be back home.
(beat)
You got another joint?

ROD
(pulls one out)
Here. Shit. We gotta figure out what to
do.

Cam lights it. Takes a big hit. Holds it in. Passes it to
Rod. EXHALES a cloud of smoke. Eyes burning.

CAM
We could -- cut it out.

ROD
Are you fucking KIDDING ME?

CAM
Well, if we don't, Daddy's goons are
gonna get us.

ROD
His GOONS?

CAM
Daddy doesn't believe in cops. He's got
his own.

A SIREN WAILS behind them.

ROD
(looks in the rearview)
Shit, COPS. *Real* ones.

CAM
(turns around)
FUCK me.

BEHIND THEM

Bobby and Taya's unmarked sedan is in pursuit.
Red dome light on the roof FLASHING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

IN THE SEDAN

Taya glances at Bobby.

TAYA
They're not stopping.

BOBBY
Why am I not surprised.

Bobby grabs the mike, raises it to his lips. Flips a switch.

IN THE VAN

BOBBY (O.C.) (CONT'D)
(electronic)
You in the van, PULL THE VEHICLE OVER,
NOW.

CAM
SHIT, what are we gonna DO.

ROD
I've got an idea. Hold on --

EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - AT THAT MOMENT

Gato's SUV makes through the traffic. BARRELS east. Gets to a red light. ZOOMS into the intersection. Cars HONK.

FURTHER ON UP THE STREET

The canyon of high-rises entering Westwood.

The van slows down, as if its looking for a place to pull over. But every parking space is filled.

IN THE SEDAN

TAYA
Thank god they're not THAT stupid. I'm not in the mood for a high-speed chase.

BOBBY
Don't count your chickens before they're fucked.

IN THE VAN

Rod pulls over next to a parked car. Stops.

ROD
Hold onto your tits.

BOBBY (O.C.)
TURN OFF THE ENGINE and get out of the vehicle WITH YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR.

CAM
What are you gonna DO?

ROD
Ever played *bumper cars*?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He JAMS the gear in reverse, STOMPS on the gas.

ON THE STREET

The van JERKS backwards, and PLOWS into Bobby's car with a BANG. The hood CRUMPLES like an accordion.

IN THE SEDAN

Bobby and Taya shoot each other a look.

TAYA
They fucking RAMMED US.

BOBBY
(undoes his seat belt)
Motherfuckers.

IN THE VAN

Cam smiles at Rod.

CAM
Holy fucking SHIT.

ROD
Once more with feeling.

ON THE STREET

The van goes forward a bit. Stops.
Bobby and Taya JUMP out of their car, weapons drawn.
The van ZOOMS backwards, RAMS the sedan, pushing it backwards, into traffic.

THE SEDAN

Enters the intersection. Gets HIT by a city bus. Buh-bye.

ON THE STREET

Bobby and Taya slowly approach the van. Now idling.
Taya grabs her walkie.

TAYA
This is unit 2-Felix 13. Officers need assistance, requesting backup. Corner of Wilshire and Westwood. Suspects have rammed our vehicle, and we are now on foot. REPEAT, officers need assistance, NOW.

IN THE VAN

Rod looks in the rearview. Pulls out his sawed-off shotgun.
Cam pulls out hers. CA-CHINK, CA-CHINK.

ROD
Ready, Butch?

CAM
Whenever you are, Sundance.

ON THE STREET

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bobby and Taya slowly advance toward the van.

BOBBY
Outta the car, NOW! Or we'll START
SHOOTING!

Rod and Cam lean out their windows. Start FIRING. Bobby gets it in the chest. BANG. He FLIES BACKWARDS. Taya DUCKS, rolls to the side, just missing Cam's SPRAY of BUCKSHOT.

TAYA
BOBBY, NO!

She sees him lying in the street. Blood and guts everywhere. She SCREAMS. Grabs her walkie.

TAYA (CONT'D)
Officer has BEEN SHOT, needs ASSISTANCE.
Where the FUCK is my BACKUP?!

ROD AND CAM

Take off down the sidewalk. BUMPING into pedestrians.

GATO'S SUV

Pulls up to where Bobby lays. Sees Taya.

GATO
(leans out the window)
Holy shit. I'll call the cops.

TAYA
I AM the cops.

A SQUAD CAR pulls up. Uniformed officers LEAP OUT. An AMBULANCE arrives. EMS TECHS jump out, race to assist.

TAYA (CONT'D)
(to Gato)
MOVE IT, you're blocking traffic.

Gato nods, takes off.

TAYA (CONT'D)
(to the EMS Tech)
Is he OKAY?

A LARGE TECH checks Bobby's vitals. Looks at Taya. Shakes his head. Taya SCREAMS. A female officer races over. Hugs her.

TAYA (CONT'D)
We gotta GET THEM.

ROD AND CAM

Race up the sidewalk. Get to the corner. Stop.

CAM
Which way?

ROD
(points north)
This way. Walk. Don't attract attention.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CAM
(rubs her neck)
Ow. He's getting closer.

They cross the street with the light.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - MOVING - AT THAT MOMENT

Two UNIFORMED OFFICERS ride in front, one a GRIZZLED VET, the other a green ROOKIE. Taya sits in the back.

TAYA
(looks out the window)
Fuck, they could be anywhere by now.

GRIZZLED VET
What where they wearing?

TAYA
That's the fucking PROBLEM. It looked like TWO MEN, I dunno -- maybe she was in disguise.

GRIZZLED VET
Great. So we're looking for either a man and a woman, or two men.

TAYA
So what are we gonna do NOW?

GRIZZLED VET
We're just gonna haveta wait 'til they make their next move.

Taya pulls out the pint. Takes a big swig.

TAYA
That's just fucking GREAT.

EXT. SIDE STREET - AT THAT MOMENT

Rod and Cam turn off Westwood Blvd. Walk down a side street. They get to a vintage Jaguar convertible.

ROD
Holy shit. There IS a god.

They hop in. Rod fiddles with the ignition wires. STARTS it.

CAM
Jesus died for somebody's sins, but not mine.

And they TAKE OFF.

EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - AT THAT MOMENT

Gato drives the SUV slowly in the right lane. Pulls into a parking space. Grabs the GPS. Looks at it.

GATO
They're right nearby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE RED LIGHT

Is blinking. But not moving.

THE JAGUAR

ROARS east on Wilshire.

ROD
How are you doing?

CAM
(rubs her neck)
It's -- getting better.

ROD
Hold on.

He PUNCHES the gas. The car TAKES OFF.

INT. CADILLAC SUV - AT THAT MOMENT

Gato looks at the GPS.

GATO
They're MOVING.

He eases out the parking space --

EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - CONTINUOUS

And gets RAMMED by a pickup truck. The SUV goes SKIDDING into traffic, gets CLIPPED by another vehicle, and BANGS into a parked car. Nearby, a SIREN WHOOP-WHOOPS.

IN THE SUV

Gato grips the steering wheel. Blood drips down from his temple. He picks up his phone. Dials a number.

GATO
He's gonna be PISSED.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BOULEVARD - A LITTLE LATER - DAY

The Jaguar drives into West Hollywood. 'Boy's Town.' Neatly trimmed foliage in the median. Cute, quaint little shops and eateries. And, of course -- GAY MEN milling about.

INT. JAGUAR CONVERTIBLE - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Rod slows down. Looks around.

ROD
It's -- changed so much.

CAM
Think I'm gonna like being a fag.

ROD
That mean I can do you in the ass?

CAM
My ass is an exit, NOT an entrance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROD
Glad to see you're feeling better.

CAM
(looks, points)
There's the bank. On the next corner.

ROD
Then let's go make a withdrawal -- and
get the fuck out of Dodge.

He pulls over. Stops. They both tie bandanas around their
necks. Reload their weapons. Look at each other.

EXT. FIRST INTERSTATE BANK - CONTINUOUS

A small, neighborhood red brick bank on the corner. The
Jaguar is parked in front. Cam and Rod get out. They pull
their scarves up over their noses. Look at each other.

ROD
You know, when I was a kid, I always
thought I'd grow up to be a hero.

CAM
It's too late for that now.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - MOVING

Taya sits in the back seat, looks out the window. Searching
the mass of commuters on the sidewalk.

TAYA
They were both wearing jeans, baseball
caps and shades.

GRIZZLED VET
We've gone around this block three times.

TAYA
Then go around the NEXT ONE. We have to
FIND THEM -- they KILLED BOBBY.

GRIZZLED VET
Okay, okay.
(to Rookie)
Open the glove box.

Rookie does. Pulls out a pint of bourbon.

BLACK ROOKIE
Hey, this is booze.

GRIZZLED VET
No shit, Sipowitz -- you'll make sergeant
in no time.

BLACK ROOKIE
But it's against regulations.

GRIZZLED VET
Give it to HER.

He does, reluctant. Taya opens it. Takes a swig.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TAYA
Thanks, I needed that.
(looks at the bottle)
He loved -- bourbon.

INT. FIRST INTERSTATE BANK - MAIN LOBBY - AT THAT MOMENT

A small joint. Four teller windows. Two are empty. FAT BANK MANAGER at a desk in the corner. A single GUARD, a tall, thin older guy. A handful of CUSTOMERS wait in line.

Cam and Rod BURST in the door. Shotguns aloft.

ROD
This is A ROBBERY!

CAM
Everybody on the floor, NOW!

The CUSTOMERS get down. Crying. Whimpering.

Cam RACES over to the teller windows. SHOOTS the glass. BANG. It SHATTERS. The TELLERS scream.

CAM (CONT'D)
Put your hands in the air where I CAN
SEE 'EM.

They do. Trembling.

HOT BABE TELLER
Don't SHOOT, don't SHOOT.

MATRONLY WOMAN TELLER
P-Please don't h-hurt us.

CAM
Do what I say, and no one will get hurt.

ROD

Points his gun at the guard. Who's wet his pants.

ROD
Gimmee your piece, Pops.
(takes it)
Looks like someone didn't wear their
Depends today.
(beat)
Get on the floor with the others, and try
not to get piss on 'em.

The guard, shaking, walks over. Lays down.

CAM

THROWS a duffle bag at Hot Babe.

CAM
Start filling it up. No MARKED BILLS. And
no fucking DIE PACK, we know all about
that SHIT.

ROD

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Points his gun at Fat Bank Manager.

ROD
You, Tons of Fun, go join your customers.
If you behave, we'll serve a snack,
later.

He nods, trembling. Goes to where they are. Lays down.

OUTSIDE

Two BICYCLE COPS wait for the light across the street.

SMALL BICYCLE COP
That was a gun shot.

GAY BICYCLE COP
You sure?

SMALL BICYCLE COP
I know a fucking gun shot when I hear
one.
(points)
Over there, at the bank.

GAY BICYCLE COP
Oooh. My first bank robbery.

SMALL BICYCLE COP
Glad I could break your cherry. Let's go.

INT. INTERSTATE BANK - MAIN LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Cam watches the TELLERS fill the bag with money. Rod keeps his gun trained on the customers on the floor, and the guard.

CAM
C'mon, HURRY IT UP.
(holds her neck)
SHIT.

ROD
What's wrong?

CAM
It's ON AGAIN. He's ON HIS WAY.

ROD
Shit. Fuck. Piss. Motherfucker.
(beat)
GOD-DAMMIT.

CAM
(to the tellers)
HURRY THE FUCK UP!

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
POLICE! Drop your WEAPONS.

SHORT BICYCLE COP

Stands in the doorway. Aiming his gun with two hands.
Rod WHIRLS AROUND -- and PUMPS A SHOT in his chest. BANG.
He FLIES out the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROD
(looks at Cam)
He's wearing *bike shorts*?

CAM
It's WEST HOLLYWOOD.

OUTSIDE

Gay Bicycle Cop SHRIEKS into his cell phone.

GAY BICYCLE COP
They killed MY PARTNER. Send BACK-UP,
RIGHT AWAY. It's a, a -- BANK ROBBERY.

IN THE BANK

Cam GRABS the money. Waves her gun at the tellers.

CAM
Both of you, out here with the rest.

They walk out from behind. Join the group on the floor.

ROD
(to Hot Babe)
Show me where the back entrance is.

HOT BABE TELLER
There is no -- back entrance.

ROD
All these podunk joints have a back door.
SHOW ME.

HOT BABE TELLER
I'm sorry, we don't.
(bites her lip)
Please don't shoot me.

CAM
FUCK. What are we gonna do?

ROD
We're gonna call the cops. Negotiate.
(to the customers)
Somebody give me their cell phone.

Everyone raises theirs. Rod chooses a phone from the hand of a CHUBBY ASIAN KID (18).

ROD (CONT'D)
Look at this space-age shit.
(starts punching buttons, then)
Hello? Gimme West Hollywood police
headquarters.
(listens)
What's MY BUSINESS? How about I'm holding
a BANK FULL OF HOSTAGES AT GUNPOINT?
(listens)
Sure. I'll hold.
(looks at Cam)
Law enforcement sure ain't what it used
to be.

INT. CLINCH ESTATE - OFFICE - AT THAT MOMENT

Geffin Clinch talks on the phone. Face beet red. Beyond angry. He takes a sip of scotch.

 GEFFIN
 The story's been leaked to THE MEDIA?
 What the FUCK do I PAY you flacks for?
 (listens)
 Good publicity?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PRESS AGENT'S OFFICE - AT THAT MOMENT

A GLOSSY PR HOTTIE sits back in her chair. Presses buttons on her BlackBerry. Talks into her hands-free.

 GLOSSY PR HOTTIE
 The public *hates* you, Geffin. All we've
 been able to do was spin control. But
 THIS -- this is your chance to look
 sympathetic.

 GEFFIN
Sympathetic? Really?

 GLOSSY PR HOTTIE
 Hell, yeah. The wayward heiress stick-up
 queen -- and her distraught father? I can
 see you now, on camera, tears in your
 eyes. The public will lap it up.

 GEFFIN
 I could do that.

 GLOSSY PR HOTTIE
 Great. So get your ass down to the bank
 right now and negotiate with her.

 GEFFIN
 Which bank did she -- ?

 GLOSSY PR HOTTIE
 The First Interstate Bank in West
 Hollywood.

 GEFFIN
 I'm on my way.

 GLOSSY PR HOTTIE
 And wear something 'man of the people,'
 like we've talked about, like jeans and a
 polo shirt. No Armani.

 GEFFIN
 Okay. Bye.
 (beat)
 Oh, shit. Wait a minute.
 (punches another number)
 Weed? It's Clinch. I'm calling it off.
 Call me as soon as you get this message.
 DO NOT do anything. Got it?

EXT. FIRST FISHERMAN'S BANK - AT THAT MOMENT

A dozen SQUAD CARS are parked in front. So is a NEWS VAN.
The CREW sets up, while a SULTRY ASIAN ANCHOR reads notes.

GATO'S SUV

Pulls up to the curb across the street. He gets out, carrying
an attache case. SLAMS the door. Looks at the brewing storm.

GATO
Great. Just great.

He turns. Looks at the business he's in front of. MILLIONS OF
MILK SHAKES. Then up at the roof of the one-story building.

GATO (CONT'D)
Three Days of the Condor it is.

INT. FIRST INTERSTATE BANK - AT THAT MOMENT

Rod talks on his cell to the cops.

ROD
We want a bus -- that'll take us to the
airport -- and a plane. A charter. You
got that?
(listens)
We've GOT money. What THE FUCK do you
think we're DOING here?
(listens)
You've got ONE HOUR. Then we kill a
hostage. And then another every hour
until we get what we want. Got it?

Cam points her guns at the hostages.

CAM
Get up, all of you. You're going into the
vault.

They get up. Stare at her balefully.

CAM (CONT'D)
C'mon, MOVE IT.

The hostages trudge toward the rear.

CAM (CONT'D)
Get a MOVE ON, get your ASSES in there.
(holds her neck)
Goddammit.

Rod listens on the phone. Goes to the window.

ROD
And tell that fucking SWAT team to BACK
THE FUCK AWAY from the building.
(listens)
You want a hostage NOW?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. FIRST INTERSTATE BANK - CONTINUOUS

The West Hollywood POLICE CHIEF (50's) big and burly, stands behind a sawhorse talking on his cell phone.

BURLY POLICE CHIEF
Give us one hostage. You'll still have eight. What's the harm?

ROD
(looks at his watch)
You've now got FIFTY-SIX MINUTES.
(hangs up, looks at Cam)
Neck still hurting you?

CAM
The closer he gets, the HOTTER it gets.

Rod goes to her. Takes Cam in his arms. Strokes her hair.

ROD
It's gonna be okay. They're gonna get us a bus, take us to the airport. Then we'll go to Bolivia.

CAM
Like Butch and Sundance.

ROD
Uh -- maybe Mexico would be a better idea.

In the background, we see Chubby Asian Kid tip-toe toward the door along the far wall. Cam sees him out of the corner of her eye. PULLS AWAY from Rod. Points her gun at the ceiling.

CAM
HEY, YOU -- little FUCK. What THE FUCK do you think you're doing?

She SQUEEZES the trigger. BANG. Blows a hole in the ceiling. Tile fragments SPRAY, RAIN DOWN on him.

OUTSIDE THE BANK

Burly hears the blast. Angrily PUNCHES a number in his cell.

BURLY POLICE CHIEF
What THE FUCK is going on in there?!

DOWN THE STREET

Taya piles out of a police cruiser. Start walking toward the bank. The uniformed officers get out. Follow her.

TAYA
The bitch killed MY PARTNER.

GRIZZLED VET
(grabs her arm)
We're out of our jurisdiction here.

TAYA
(WHIPS her arm away)
Get your hands OFF ME.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INSIDE THE BANK

Cam SHOVES Chubby Asian in the vault. Closes the barred door.

CAM
Stay the fuck IN there.

MATRONLY WOMAN TELLER
I have to use the -- ladies room.

Cam rubs her neck. Winces.

CAM
Goddammit.
(beat)
Who else needs to go?

Hot Babe raises her hand. So does an OLD WOMAN.

CAM (CONT'D)
Alright, the three of you, let's go.

EXT. FIRST INTERSTATE BANK - AT THAT MOMENT

Burly Police Chief chats with the SWAT COMMANDER. Geffin Clinch and an ACNE-SCARRED UNIFORMED OFFICER approach them.

ACNE-SCARRED UNIFORMED OFFICER
Chief. This is the girl's father.

BURLY POLICE CHIEF
Mr. Clinch. Thank you for coming.

GEFFIN
Please, call me Geffin. Tell me what I need to do.

BURLY POLICE CHIEF
We'd like you to speak with her. See if you can talk her into giving herself up.

GEFFIN
I'll see what I can do. I do a lot of negotiating in my business -- but, this --
(trying for tears)
This is my *daughter*.

EXT. MILLIONS OF MILKSHAKES - ROOF - AT THAT MOMENT

Gato takes position lying down. Adjusts his sniper-scope rifle. Aims it at the bank entrance.

GATO
(sees Geffin)
What the fuck? What's HE doing here?

IN THE BANK

Cam guides the women back into the vault. Closes the door. Walks over to Rod, who is pacing furiously.

ROD
(stops)
How you feeling?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CAM
It's WHITE HOT. I wanna fucking KILL
SOMEONE.

ROD
(pulls out a joint, lights it,
gives it to her)
Here. This might help.

CAM
Thanks -- Sundance.

ROD
Any time, Butch.

She takes a big hit. Holds it in. EXHALES.

ROD (CONT'D)
Don't worry, baby. I'll get us out of
here. As soon as the bus gets here --

GEFFIN (O.C.)
(LOUD, on a megaphone)
Cameron, this is YOUR FATHER. Please come
outside. I'd like to TALK TO YOU.

CAM
What the FUCK?

ROD
Your -- FATHER?

CAM
What's HE doing here?

GEFFIN (O.C.)
Please, Cameron. Let's talk. I know we've
had our -- problems --

CAM
Problems? *Problems?* PROBLEMS?!
(KA-CHINKS her gun)
I'll show you a PROBLEM.

OUTSIDE THE BANK

Taya walks around to the side of the building. Approaches a
group of SWAT officers in formation behind shields.

GRIM SWAT OFFICER
You'll have to step away, miss. Crime in
progress.

TAYA
(flashes her badge)
Detective Ralls, Robbery/Homicide. The
SUSPECTS in there killed my PARTNER.

GRIM SWAT OFFICER
(to someone over her shoulder)
Someone get this woman a helmet and
shield.

TAYA
Now you're talking turkey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

INSIDE THE BANK

Cam walks to the front door. Turns, looks at Rod.

CAM
Cover me.

ROD
(raises his gun, nods)
Be careful, hot stuff.

CAM
I'm not the one that needs to be careful.

OUTSIDE THE BANK

Geffin stands a few feet from the front door holding a megaphone. Cam appears in the doorway. Opens it. A dozen weapons CLICK-CLICK.

GEFFIN
Cameron.

CAM
Hey, Dad.
(aims at him, to the cops)
Lower your guns or the OLD FUCK gets it.

GEFFIN
Cameron, put the gun down. Let's talk.

CAM
TALK? You wanna TALK? What do you wanna talk ABOUT?

GEFFIN
I'm sorry I haven't been there for you all these years, but I'm trying to now --
(tears up)
Please, Cammy. Turn yourself in. We'll get you the best lawyer money can buy --

CAM
BEEN THERE for me? OH, YEAH -- you WERE there for me when you were FUCKING ME.

The crowd GASPS. Cam GRABS the bullhorn from him. Presses the button. A SQUEAL of feedback. She raises it to her lips.

CAM (CONT'D)
(to the crowd)
Oh, you didn't KNOW about that? You didn't know that my DARLING DADDY here started DIDDLEING ME when I was THIRTEEN? And when I finally said NO, he PUT ME AWAY in a LOONY BIN?

GEFFIN
Cameron, let's not make up stories --

CAM
MAKE UP STORIES? How about the one where you fucking MICROCHIPPED me?

A voice SHOUTS from the rear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
What the fuck is up with THAT?

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)
You should be ASHAMED of yourself!

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
Yeah, treating her like a DOG.

FEMALE VOICE (O.C.)
Doggy-STYLE is more like it.

LAUGHTER from the crowd.

UP ON THE ROOF

Gato has disassembled the rifle. He packs it in its case.
Looks at the GPS device. Shuts it off.

GATO
Damn. I really wanted that Camaro.

IN FRONT OF THE BANK

Cams eyes BURN WITH FIRE. The pain has stopped.

CAM
If you want to HELP me, tell the fucking
cops to get us that BUS, so we can THE
FUCK OUTTA HERE.
(anger rising)
Fucking ASSHOLE. How DARE you show up
like this. I KNOW you -- you just want
the PUBLICITY.
(hisses)
You don't give TWO SHITS about me.

GEFFIN
Now you listen to me --

CAM
SHUT UP.
(CLICKS the trigger)
SHUT THE FUCKING *FUCK UP!*

GEFFIN
How DARE you talk to your father like
that. It WILL NOT be TOLERATED.

CAM
Oh, yeah?
(beat)
Tolerate THIS, *asshole.*

She SHOOTS him in the belly. BANG. He FLIES BACKWARDS.
The cops OPEN FIRE. Cam RACES back inside, dodging bullets.

INSIDE THE BANK

She races over to Rod. Embraces him.

CAM (CONT'D)
I -- shot him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ROD
Your father?

CAM
Yeah.
(beat)
The pain stopped.

Cam RIPS off her mustache. They kiss. Passionately.

OUTSIDE THE BANK

The SWAT commander approaches Burly Police Chief.

SWAT COMMANDER
Chief -- the hostages are in the vault.
We've got a clear shot.

BURLY POLICE CHIEF
Go ahead. Take them out.

INSIDE THE BANK

Cam GRABS Rod by the hand. Starts PULLING him away.

CAM
C'mon.

ROD
What are you doing?

CAM
I wanna do it.

ROD
Do what?

CAM
(GRABS his crotch)
THIS.

ROD
But we're in the middle of a --

The windows EXPLODE with gun fire. They LEAP to the floor.
ROLL toward the back. Sit in the far corner.

CAM
It's now or never, baby.
(sexy)
C'mon -- take me to Bolivia.

Rod pulls off his pants. She pulls off her top. Her trousers.
They grapple, start making love. Urgent. Passionate.

OUTSIDE THE BANK

We see the SWAT team and Taya FIRING through the windows.

INSIDE THE BANK

Bullets WHIP by over their heads, HITTING the walls.
SPLINTERED SHARDS OF WOOD go FLYING -- as they make love.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ROD
(kisses her)
Think ya used enough dynamite there,
Butch?

A bullet HITS Cam in the arm. She FLINCHES.
Moves her hips with his. Rides him.

CAM
(sucks on his neck)
Why is everything we're good at illegal,
Sundance?

A shot SLAMS into Rod's leg.

ROD
(closes his eyes)
Who ARE these guys?

A bullet HITS Cam in the shoulder.

CAM
(closes hers)
So much for -- going straight.

IN SLOW MOTION

They continue making love. Now feverishly. Gaining momentum.
Start reaching a crescendo, as bullets RIP into them -- they
CLIMAX. Arch their backs, in that perfect moment of bliss.

Their bodies are ROCKED like rag dolls, FLY IN THE AIR --
And slowly, slowly, like a feather -- come to rest.

As they EXPLODE in a red mist.

FADE TO BLACK