

24/7

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

An empty city street illuminated by the glow of street lights on the wet asphalt. The only car in sight is a faded black, 1992 Chevy Celebrity, sitting at a red light.

INT. CAR

The driver, DAVID CARLISLE (28) is tapping his fingers on the steering wheel to the tune of a pop song, while he hums it, off-key to himself.

He leans forward and checks left and right and sees no cars are coming towards the intersection. He looks up and sees the light is still red.

He sighs and drives through the intersection and proceeds on.

EXT. 24/7

David pulls into the 24/7 CONVENIENCE STORE and stops his car at the gas pumps.

INT. CAR

He grabs a notebook from under the passenger seat and grabs a pen from his shirt pocket. He writes "BE GENTLE! I'M OLD!" on it.

He opens the door and gets out.

EXT. 24/7

David loosens the tie around his neck from his suit jacket.

He tears the piece of paper out of the notebook and tosses the notebook into the driver's seat and slams the door shut.

He sticks the piece of paper underneath the windshield wiper and latches the wiper blade down.

He turns around and walks up to the convenience store. The sliding double doors open and he strides in.

INT. 24/7

He exhales a sigh of relief as soon as he enters the store.

He turns to the left and walks up to the dark-haired cashier, MICHELLE HARRINGTON (20).

He leans on the counter, facing her and just smiles.

MICHELLE  
May I help you?

David looks at her name tag, then back at her eyes.

DAVID  
(clearing throat)  
Hello, Michelle.

MICHELLE  
Hi?

DAVID  
What time are you guys open till  
tonight?

MICHELLE  
All day, every day.

David clicks his tongue.

DAVID  
That's good, because you might be  
going home a little late tonight.

David places a handgun down on the counter and spins it facing her.

Michelle jumps back in disbelief.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Now, please don't touch that  
alarm... Yet.

Michelle just stands there, frozen in place. David exhales in frustration.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Nod if you understand, shake if you  
don't.

She slowly nods her head up and down.

DAVID (CONT'D)

That's great, because I was still going to do this anyway... Now, if you'd back up a smidge, so I don't hurt you.

Michelle slowly backs away until she's leaning up against the lottery ticket dispensers.

David puts one hand on the counter and jumps over it.

MICHELLE

Look, the money's yours. Just take it, please, and leave.

David rolls his eyes and looks at the register.

DAVID

Open it.

Michelle slowly walks over to it and presses a few buttons and the register opens.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Count it.

She picks up each stack of money and counts it. After counting them, she neatly re-stacks them on the counter.

MICHELLE

872.

DAVID

"872". Look at me.

(Beat)

This suit cost me \$450, alone...  
Now, do I really look like I need that pocket change?

Michelle shakes her head.

MICHELLE

No.

DAVID

But, you're working here, which means you do.

(Beat)

Shit, how much do you get paid to work here?

Michelle scoffs at the ridiculousness of the question.

MICHELLE  
\$250... A week.

DAVID  
Well, there you go. Take three  
weeks off.

MICHELLE  
I can't do that.

DAVID  
Oh, here it comes.

Michelle places both of her hands on her hips and glares at him.

MICHELLE  
What? You act like you're so much  
better than me and that's just--

DAVID  
(Stern)  
No. Wrong. I am not better than  
you. You are better than this.

David turns and points out towards the store.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Look at this shithole. Do you want  
to spend the rest of your life  
here? 'Cause if you're not careful,  
that's exactly what's gonna happen.

David opens the door from the counter and waves his hand at Michelle.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Come here.

He holds his arm out towards the middle of the store.

She walks past him and stops once she's out from behind the counter.

David motions with his finger for her to turn around.

MICHELLE  
Why?

David sighs and glares at her. He walks over to the double doors and flips a switch above them, locking the doors.

He turns back and looks at her.

DAVID

For this to work, you're going to have to trust me.

MICHELLE

Yeah, I have to trust you. You're the one with the gun. I've just never seen one of those in real life before.

DAVID

You still haven't. Watch.

David shoot the gun and it sprays water across the front of Michelle's shirt.

Michelle looks at the gun with disbelief, then looks up at David.

MICHELLE

It's... water.

DAVID

Of course.

MICHELLE

You tried robbing a store with a water gun?

DAVID

Well, I didn't really try. I just can't believe you couldn't tell it was a water gun. Seriously.

MICHELLE

Excuse me for not being some gun expert.

David shrugs his shoulders at her.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing here, anyway?

DAVID

I'm sorry, but you're a part of something bigger than yourself.

David looks down at his watch.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Hmm...

David looks down by the door, then over at Michelle.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Michelle, where's your newspapers?

Michelle points down at the ground, right next to her.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Right.  
(Beat)  
And, tape?

MICHELLE  
Other side of the candy aisle.

David starts walking but looks back.

DAVID  
Don't go nowhere. We're gonna have  
us an interesting evening.

MICHELLE  
(To herself)  
He is kind of cute.

She giggles quietly.

David runs his finger along the shelf of items.

DAVID  
(To himself)  
Tape, tape, tape, tape.  
(Beat)  
Ah. Tape.

He grabs a large roll of scotch tape and walks back to the counter.

Michelle is still just standing there while David stops and looks at her.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
You don't have to be afraid, you  
know. I'm not going to hurt you.

MICHELLE  
I'm not afraid.

David smiles and bends down to pick up the stack of newspapers. He sets them all on the counter.

DAVID

Ok. When I get to the Sports section, press that beautiful little button you have behind the counter, there.

MICHELLE

Why?

DAVID

Because you wanted to know what I'm doing here.

David opens a newspaper and stretches it out and starts taping it to the door.

MICHELLE

What are you doing?

DAVID

Well, when the cops show up, I don't want them to be able to see in here. So, I'm blocking out the windows.

Michelle just sits back, looking at her hands.

MICHELLE

Can I help?

David looks back at her, awkwardly.

DAVID

No, you can't help. You're the hostage. You stay put.

David reaches up and struggles to tape the newspaper up.

Michelle walks over and stands on the edge of her toes, holding the newspaper up.

He looks over and Michelle smiles.

David reaches over with his left hand and grabs a piece of tape and puts it on the paper.

They both back away from the door and watch as the newspaper holds up, on the door.

David grabs Michelle's left hand and kisses it.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 Thank you for your assistance,  
 miss.  
 (Beat)  
 But, now, you're a hostage again.

MICHELLE  
 Not anymore.  
 (Beat)  
 I'm an accomplice.

DAVID  
 Not a chance. You don't want to get  
 involved in this.

Michelle gets up close to him.

MICHELLE  
 As soon as I helped you put those  
 newspapers up, I'm in this as much  
 as you.

DAVID  
 You don't have a choice in the  
 matter. You're the clerk, I'm the  
 thief.

MICHELLE  
 You don't even have a gun.

David shakes his head at her and pulls out a revolver from  
 the back of his pants.

He faces it towards Michelle and opens the cylinder, showing  
 her the bullets inside. He spins the cylinder and shuts it.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)  
 This whole time, you had a real  
 gun?

DAVID  
 I just didn't want you to be  
 afraid.

David grabs more newspapers and bends down at the door,  
 taping more of them to the glass.

He looks back and her with sad eyes.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 Sorry.

David backs up and looks at the door. All the glass is covered by newspapers. He nods his head and walks over to the counter.

He leans over it and looks around.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Where's the alarm on this thing?

David looks over at Michelle but she just stands there, covering her mouth.

He stands up straight and walks over to her. He points the revolver right in her face.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Where is it?

While still covering her mouth, Michelle shakes her head slowly back and forth.

David's hand shakes as he quickly lowers the gun out of her face.

David sets the gun down on the counter and looks at the old, rusted clock on the wall.

Michelle quickly leans in forward and kisses David. He tries to back away at first, but ends up settling into the kiss.

The kiss turns into a slow embrace as Michelle slowly backs away.

They both exhale deeply and stare into each other's eyes.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Why?

MICHELLE  
Because I think I love you.

DAVID  
What?

MICHELLE  
I think I love you.

DAVID  
You shitting me, right?

Michelle shakes her head. David runs his hand through his hair and looks past Michelle.

David turns away and slams his fist on the counter.

Michelle walks around and looks him in the eye again.

MICHELLE

Please. Forget about whatever you were going to do. Let's just get out of here.

DAVID

I can't.

MICHELLE

So, you don't care about me at all?

DAVID

I do.

(Beat)

That's why it kills me to do this.

MICHELLE

Don't call the cops. Let's go out somewhere tonight.

(Beat)

Then, we can do this thing that you wanted to do tomorrow... Together.

DAVID

I don't even know you.

MICHELLE

Let's change that.

David walks around the counter and presses the alarm under the counter.

David exhales deeply and looks at the ceiling.

DAVID

I'm fucking thirsty.

(Beat)

You thirsty? Hungry?

MICHELLE

I already ate.

DAVID

Suit yourself.

David walks from behind the counter down to the cold drinks. He opens the door and grabs a small carton of strawberry milk.

He walks back and sits on the counter.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Well, we're going to be here for a while, now so, what do you want to know about me?

Michelle smiles and sits up on the counter, next to him.

MICHELLE

How about we start with a name? I mean, we can't all have name tags, right?

DAVID

Says who?

David gets off the counter and grabs the roll of tape. He turns and presses a button on the register and some receipt tape comes out.

He grabs a pen from next to the register and writes "DAVID" on it and tapes the receipt to his shirt.

MICHELLE

David. I'm...

She runs her hand along her shirt, right under her name tag.

DAVID

So, tell me about yourself.

MICHELLE

I don't know where to begin.

DAVID

Me neither. I've never had a getting-to-know-you session during a robbery before and I ain't had a date in six years.

MICHELLE

Why not?

DAVID

'Cause not long after that date, I was hitched.

David lifts a necklace out of his shirt, with a ring attached to the end.

MICHELLE

So, she left you?

DAVID

Well, that is one way to say it.

(Beat)

Of course, fucking around behind my back is another.

David exhales and shakes his head.

DAVID (CONT'D)

It was my fault, though. I was hardly ever home.

David just stares in a trance, like he's deeply concentrating. He shakes his head and snaps out of it.

DAVID (CONT'D)

How about you, kiddo? Who's the lucky guy?

MICHELLE

His name's Frank. He's always friendly and really loyal.

DAVID

You don't hear "Frank" much anymore. Family name?

MICHELLE

Sort of. It was the name of our last dog, too.

David gets a really perplexed look on his face as he turns and looks at Michelle.

She looks back at him.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

What?

DAVID

Nothing.

MICHELLE

Sorry. I thought it was clear. Frank is my dog.

DAVID

That is an interesting name for a dog. Sounds like a basset hound or something.

MICHELLE

Man, you're good. And, yeah, he's named after my favorite actor.

DAVID

Who's that?

MICHELLE

Frank Whaley.

David just stares forward with the blankest of stares.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

In Pulp Fiction, he was Brett.

DAVID

Oh, was that the breakfast scene?

MICHELLE

Yeah. Right. He was the guy who kept saying "What?"

DAVID

Yeah, all right. I know who you're talking about now.

(Beat)

But, I was actually asking more if you had a boyfriend or something.

MICHELLE

Why? Are you interested in the position?

DAVID

Hey, you wanted to talk. Let's talk.

MICHELLE

Nope. Never had one.

DAVID

You see, this is what I'm talking about.

(Beat)

You're beautiful, you work in this God damn convenience store and you've never had a boyfriend.

MICHELLE

Well, I've never been in love before.

DAVID

Well, that's a lie, for sure.  
Considering you told me that you  
loved me less than five minutes  
ago.

(Beat)

Anyone else?

MICHELLE

All right, you win. I had a crush  
on some guy in seventh grade...

David makes a gesture with his hand for her to keep talking.

DAVID

Details. Details, come on.

MICHELLE

Well, he shot me down right in the  
middle of the cafeteria.

(Beat)

That bastard. I still hate him for  
that.

A tear starts rolling down Michelle's face.

DAVID

Hey, come here.

Michelle moves closer and leans her head on his shoulder.  
David hugs her and holds Michelle close.

DAVID (CONT'D)

(Whispering)

Hey, it's all right. It's ok.

David turns her head and looks into her eyes.

DAVID (CONT'D)

It's fine. That was almost ten  
years ago.

Michelle snuffles and wipes the tears from her eyes.

MICHELLE

You don't understand. I was  
heartbroken after that.

(Beat)

I never asked anyone out again.  
Never even crossed my mind to do  
so.

DAVID

Well, it's high time you got back  
on the horse, little lady.

The approaching wail of a SIREN can be heard in the distance.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Shit. I gotta get back to work.

(Beat)

Where's the tape?

Michelle points at the scotch tape roll on the ground.

DAVID (CONT'D)

No, no, not that. The VCR tape. For  
the camera.

MICHELLE

This store doesn't have a camera.

DAVID

God, what a shithole.

(Beat)

How about a phone? This store does  
have a phone, right?

MICHELLE

Yeah, there. Next to the register.

DAVID

Ok. One of the first things they're  
going to do after making contact is  
shut down the ability to call out  
of here to anywhere other than the  
police dispatch or to the police  
outside, directly.

The SIREN is really close now. The loud screech of tires on  
asphalt is almost deafening.

DAVID (CONT'D)

And, here we go.

The wail of another SIREN approaches even faster than the  
previous.

MICHELLE

So, what happens now?

DAVID

We wait for contact.

(Beat)

So, tell me more about Frank.

MICHELLE  
What about him?

DAVID  
Well, you said he's a basset. What  
else? You know, how old?  
(Beat)  
Where'd you get him? That kind of  
stuff.

MICHELLE  
We got him nine years ago. I  
remember it almost perfectly. Me  
and my mom were driving...

David interrupts abruptly.

DAVID  
"My mom and I."

MICHELLE  
What?

DAVID  
As opposed to "Me and my mom".

David smiles and Michelle snickers at him.

MICHELLE  
My mom and I...

Michelle glares at David. He shrugs his shoulders.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)  
...were driving to make reception  
arrangements for my brother Jonah's  
wedding, when we saw this cute,  
little dog laying down by a  
mailbox.

DAVID  
What? Was he all gimped out or  
something?

MICHELLE  
Actually, he was. We stopped and  
when I picked him up, he started  
shaking, so we took it to the vet  
and he figured the dog was hit by a  
car at some point.

DAVID  
Oh, Jesus.

MICHELLE

The dog was going to survive and everything, but it went so long without getting its leg fixed that they said he would never fully recover.

DAVID

As much as I love animals, I prefer cats to dogs anyday.

MICHELLE

Well, didn't you think about that?

DAVID

About what?

MICHELLE

When they arrest you...

DAVID

*If they arrest me.*

MICHELLE

When they arrest you, you won't see your cat again. They'll end up taking it to the pound, or something.

DAVID

Yeah, probably. If I had a cat.

MICHELLE

You said you had a cat.

DAVID

No, I said I prefer cats. What they stand for.

(Beat)

I'm actually allergic to them so owning one would be pretty God damn difficult.

The sound of both SIRENS dissipate.

The phone rings. David and Michelle both look at it. Michelle reaches for it.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Nope.

David walks around the counter and answers the phone.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
24/7, this is Vincent speaking.

MICHELLE  
(Whispering)  
Vincent?

David smiles back and shrugs his shoulders.

RIEGERT (O.S.)  
Who is this?

DAVID  
Vincent, like I said before. Who is  
this?

RIEGERT (O.S.)  
This is Sergeant Joseph Riegert.  
Who am I speaking with?

David hangs up the phone and tosses it onto the counter.

DAVID  
I can't talk to these fucking  
people.  
(Beat)  
I told them who I was twice.

They both sit there quietly for a moment.

The phone rings again. David answers it immediately.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Yeah?

RIEGERT (O.S.)  
Son, I think we got disconnected  
for a moment.

DAVID  
No, I hung up on you.  
(Beat)  
What do you want?

RIEGERT (O.S.)  
How are things in there?

DAVID  
Things are just dandy, except you  
keep calling.

RIEGERT (O.S.)  
Is everything all right?

DAVID  
Yeah. The store's just being  
robbed.

Michelle covers her mouth, holding back laughter.

RIEGERT (O.S.)  
Is the person who's robbing it in  
there now or did he get out?

DAVID  
He's here.

RIEGERT (O.S.)  
Are you hiding somewhere in there?

DAVID  
Nope. I'm the one robbing the  
place.

RIEGERT (O.S.)  
Ok. And, what was your name, again?

David holds the phone horizontally and pretends to snap it in half. But, he calmly puts it back up to his ear.

DAVID  
You know what? Just call me "Roy".

RIEGERT (O.S.)  
And, is anyone hurt in there, Roy?

DAVID  
Not yet. But, if you try and come  
in, things are likely to get messy.  
(Beat)  
Look, Sarge, I gotta go. Give me a  
call back when a negotiator shows  
up so I can go through my  
demands... Unless you'd like them.

RIEGERT (O.S.)  
Look, I, uh--Yeah, why don't you  
give them to me and I'll pass them  
along when the negotiator gets  
here?

DAVID  
Fair enough. You see that black  
piece of shit by the pumps, out  
there?

A brief pause.

RIEGERT (O.S.)

Yes.

DAVID

All right, Joe, I'm sick of driving that stupid car. Had the damned thing eleven years and I want a better one.

Michelle walks away when David turns his back on her.

RIEGERT (O.S.)

A better what?

DAVID

A better car. An upgrade.

(Beat)

You ever driven a car with 460,000 miles on it, Joe?

RIEGERT (O.S.)

Can't say that I have.

DAVID

Well, trust me, it ain't a pretty sight.

Michelle taps David on the shoulder. David turns and Michelle is holding open a notebook and written on the page is, "460,000?!"

David smiles and nods his head and faces around, again.

DAVID (CONT'D)

So, here's my demand. I want a 1969 Boss 302 brought down here tonight.

(Beat)

And, I want to sit in the driver's seat.

RIEGERT (O.S.)

Excuse me, but you want us to find a car that's been out of production for 40 years and you want it there tonight?

DAVID

Not just tonight. I want it here in twenty-five minutes.

(Beat)

Good luck.

David hangs up the phone and sets it down on the counter.

David turns around and smiles.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
What do you think?

MICHELLE  
I think you're out of your mind.

DAVID  
And, *I* think we're about to find out.

(Beat)  
Want to see how predictable they are? Watch this.

David picks up the phone and holds it in his left hand and points at the phone with his right hand.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Three, two, one and...

The phone rings. Michelle starts to laugh and David smiles at her.

MICHELLE  
Holy shit. How did you do that?

DAVID  
How do you get to Carnegie Hall?

David raises his eyebrow and answers the phone.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Yes, I know it'll take forever to find, but you're in luck. You'll find one at 20 Palmetto Drive.

RIEGERT (O.S.)  
First, before we go get your car...

DAVID  
It's not my car. I'm just borrowing it for tonight.

RIEGERT (O.S.)  
Well, before we get it, we need to know that the clerk and whoever else is in there is ok. Ok?

DAVID  
Yeah, it's fine. Talk all you want.

David turns and faces Michelle.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Cop wants to talk to you.

David hands the phone to Michelle.

MICHELLE  
Hello?

RIEGERT (O.S.)  
We're going to get you out of  
there. Tell me, is anyone else in  
there?

MICHELLE  
(sobbing)  
No. I'm the only one who was in  
here.

RIEGERT  
And, you're not hurt?

MICHELLE  
(Sobbing)  
No. I'm ok.

RIEGERT (O.S.)  
Ok, can you put the man back on,  
please?

Michelle hands the phone back to David. He covers up the receiver.

DAVID  
Sounded all right. Crying could've  
used a little work.

Michelle rubs her eyes with her fingers. She shows her fingers to David and they're wet.

MICHELLE  
It wasn't completely fake. I keep  
thinking about that bastard, Chris  
DeJesus.

David puts the phone up to his ear.

DAVID  
Hang on a tick, Slim.

He covers up the receiver again.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Who's that?

MICHELLE

He's the one who turned me down,  
that I told you about.

David chuckles for a moment.

DAVID

Forget about it. It's over and done  
with.

David reaches over and pinches her cheek.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I promise you. When this night is  
over, you will never think about  
his name again.

David hugs Michelle and kisses her on the forehead.

He puts the phone back to his ear.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Yeah?

RIEGERT (O.S.)

Ok. We'll go get the car and bring  
it here as soon as we can.

DAVID

Not good enough, Joe. You've got  
20...

David thinks for a moment and turns to face Michelle.  
Michelle holds up two fingers, followed by one finger.

DAVID (CONT'D)

...21 minutes left.

RIEGERT (O.S.)

Look, it might take a little more  
time.

DAVID

No, it won't. The car is thirteen  
miles from here.

(Beat)

Consider yourselves lucky. Only  
sixteen-hundred of these are in  
existence and you have one in this  
town.

(Beat)

Now, get crackin'.

RIEGERT (O.S.)  
 Ok, they're on their way to get it  
 now. Now, I'd like to talk to you.

DAVID  
 (imitating Jack Nicholson)  
 Ok. Let's talk.  
 (Beat)  
 What do you want to talk about?

RIEGERT  
 I'd like to know how things are  
 going in there.

DAVID  
 (Normal voice)  
 Ok. First, I ask a question, then  
 you ask a question because standard  
 chit chat is boring.  
 (Beat)  
 You long have you been a cop?

EXT. 24/7

Two cop cars are outside, in front of the store.

Two police officers are huddled around the hood of the car  
 directly in front of the store.

On the phone is an overbearing, African-American male, JOSEPH  
 RIEGERT (43).

RIEGERT  
 Eighteen years.

DAVID (O.S.)  
 Wow, that's impressive.  
 (Beat)  
 Your turn.

MATTHEW WINSLOW (29), a short, clean-cut, Caucasian male  
 holds up a dry erase board with the word "Stall" written on  
 it.

RIEGERT  
 Why are you doing this?

DAVID (O.S.)  
 Elaborate.

Riegert scoffs.

RIEGERT

"Elaborate".

(Beat)

Well, I don't mean to be stereotypical here, but you don't sound like some junkie who's robbing the store to pay for their next fix. Know what I mean?

DAVID (O.S.)

I'm not. Never taken a drug in my life. Never stolen in my life, either.

RIEGERT

You haven't, huh? What do you call this?

DAVID (O.S.)

Hey! My turn.

(Beat)

You happily married or just regular married?

RIEGERT

I don't want to go into that with you.

Winslow holds up the board and it says, "Don't piss him off!" and is underlined twice.

DAVID (O.S.)

Yeah? Well, I don't want to shoot the clerk here, but I will.

(Beat)

You wanted to talk... so talk.

Winslow erases the board and writes something. He holds up the board and it says, "Talk".

RIEGERT

(Stern)

Happily married.

DAVID (O.S.)

Glad to hear.

RIEGERT

What do you plan to do when we get your car here?

DAVID (O.S.)  
I get my car, you get your hostage  
and I surrender. Simple as that.

Winslow holds up the board. It reads, "Hang up".

RIEGERT  
I'll call you back.

On the other end of the line, the phone clicks.

RIEGERT (CONT'D)  
What did I hang up for?

WINSLOW  
Look, something's up with this guy.  
He's calm, he's not in a rush but  
he set a deadline and he's just  
willing to surrender?  
(Beat)  
Something isn't right about it.

RIEGERT  
So, what do you suggest?

WINSLOW  
Don't give him the car.

EXT. 24/7 - LATER

The loud sound of glass rattling startles the officers. They look up to the double doors, which are opened just a crack and see a glass bottle rolling along the pavement.

The doors shut, behind the bottle.

The two officers slowly walk up to the store with their guns drawn. Riegert grabs the bottle and they quickly walk backwards until they're back at their car.

Riegert holds the bottle up and sees a paper inside. He reaches inside and pulls the paper out.

He unrolls the note and looks at it.

RIEGERT  
"Get some damn food here now. This poor girl has already worked a nine-hour shift without a break. Her: turkey sub w-slash-o cheese. Me: not hungry. Love, Roy. P.S.: X-V-I"

WINSLOW  
What is that?

RIEGERT  
It's sixteen. Telling us we have  
sixteen minutes left.

WINSLOW  
Sergeant, what do we do about the  
car?

RIEGERT  
Forget the car. Just go down there  
and get that damn sandwich.

INT. 24/7 - LATER

David walks back to the aisle he got the tape from.

The phone rings.

DAVID  
Hey!

Michelle gets closer to get a better look. David holds up a  
small, chicken-wire bag of water guns and smiles.

MICHELLE  
All right.  
(Beat)  
Get the phone first.

David sighs in a frustrated tone as he walks with the guns  
with him.

David slams the pack of guns on the counter and picks up the  
phone.

DAVID  
Got the car yet?

RIEGERT (O.S.)  
Not yet.

DAVID  
Got the sub?

RIEGERT (O.S.)  
Haven't gotten that yet, either.

David covers up the receiver.

DAVID  
Jesus Christ.

He uncovers the receiver.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
So, why are we talking right now?

RIEGERT (O.S.)  
I wanted to continue our chat.

DAVID  
Too late. I don't want to talk anymore. When you get the car or the sub, then, we'll talk. Later.

David hangs up the phone.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
God, it's taking them forever to get your damn sub.

MICHELLE  
That's all right. I can wait a bit longer.

DAVID  
Yeah. Nine straight hours of work without food.  
(Beat)  
But, maybe this'll cheer you up.

David runs down the aisle to the coolers and grabs three bottles of water and starts to run back but he's mesmerized by something on the shelf.

Michelle just stares at him.

MICHELLE  
What is it?

David holds up a huge water gun. Much larger than the others.

DAVID  
Super Soaker.

MICHELLE  
Dibs!

DAVID  
Hell no, this thing's mine.

MICHELLE

Please?

Michelle stares at him with the "sad, puppy dog eyes" look.

DAVID

Fine, but I have all the rest.

MICHELLE

Toss it over.

David runs over with the Super Soaker and the water bottles.

He hands her the Super Soaker as David tears into the bag.

DAVID

Oh, before we start, put the money  
back in the register.

(Beat)

Would be a shame to get that wet.

Michelle walks around the counter. David holds up an orange  
revolver.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What do you think of the little six-  
shooter?

Michelle shrugs her shoulders.

MICHELLE

Doesn't look like it can hold much  
water.

DAVID

Good point.

David drops it into the trash. David pulls out a purple  
handgun.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Hey, look at this.

MICHELLE

Maybe I should take that one. I  
love purple.

David reaches into the back of his pants.

DAVID

No, no, no. Not that.

David pulls out his black water gun and holds it right next to the purple one. They're identical.

MICHELLE

Is that the same one?

DAVID

I have no clue. I just went to the store one day and bought a water gun but they look the same to me.

David opens up a bottle of water and starts pouring it in to the purple gun.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Let's just have some fun. We don't have a lot of time.

David shoots the water gun right in her face, continuously.

Michelle screams and squeals loudly. She starts shooting him in the face with her Super Soaker.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Holy shit, it's cold!

The phone rings.

David puts the water gun up to Michelle's cheek and smiles. He picks up the phone with his other hand.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Yeah?

RIEGERT (O.S.)

What was that?

DAVID

What?

RIEGERT (O.S.)

That scream. Is everything still cool in there?

DAVID

Very cool. I guess she hasn't adjusted to having a gun in her face.

(Beat)

Need to talk to her, or do you trust me?

RIEGERT (O.S.)  
 I believe you.  
 (Beat)  
 And, her sub is almost here.

DAVID  
 Good to know, Sarge. What's the  
 word on the car?

RIEGERT (O.S.)  
 Just got it now. Been driving for  
 about two minutes.

DAVID  
 Very good. You're that much closer  
 to have this have a happy ending.  
 (Beat)  
 Adios amigo.

David hangs up the phone.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 Ready?

Michelle slowly nods her head up and down.

David takes the gun away from her face and dives on the  
 ground, down one of the aisles.

He scrambles to his feet and leans with his back against an  
 endcap.

MICHELLE (O.S.)  
 Come out, come out, wherever you  
 are.

We see David leaning against the endcap while Michelle sneaks  
 along the aisle right next to him.

DAVID  
 (Quietly)  
 Where are you? Where are you? Where  
 are you?

Michelle hits a penny with the edge of her shoe and it slides  
 alongside David's foot.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
 (Quietly)  
 There.

David pops out and they both continuously shoot water at each other. They both have to look away and they keep shooting each other in the face.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Time out! I can't even see!

MICHELLE  
All right! All right, stop!

They both stop firing.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)  
I win!

DAVID  
Bullshit, you won. I win.

MICHELLE  
Tie?

David shoots Michelle in the face one more time.

DAVID  
Yeah. Tie.

Someone knocks at the double doors.

David's demeanor changes completely as he immediately pulls out his revolver.

He slowly walks up to the doors with Michelle walking behind him. He tears a small piece of newspaper off and see two cops out by the cop car out front.

David looks down and sees a sub right in front of the door.

He pulls open the door a little bit.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
All right, it's close enough.  
(Beat)  
Get your sub.

Michelle walks over to the door and bends down, sticking her arm out through the door.

She grabs the sub and brings it inside. David closes the door.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Go eat. The car should be here any time.

Michelle sits down on the counter and unwraps the sub. She inspects it closely and sees cheese lining the outside.

Michelle tears out each slice of cheese as David watches her.

DAVID (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

MICHELLE

Nothing. Those guys just forgot to say no cheese.

DAVID

God damn it, I specifically told them!

MICHELLE

It's not that big a deal.

(Beat)

I can take it off.

David walks down the aisle and grabs a beer bottle. He pries the top off and pours it out in the soda fountain.

He grabs a mini notebook and a pen from his shirt pocket.

He sets the notebook on the fountain and writes "Call back" on it.

David rolls the note up and sticks it inside the bottle. He walks back to the door and opens it a bit.

He throws the bottle and it lands just off the steps to the store.

David closes the door again and waits by the phone.

As soon as the phone rings, David answers it immediately.

DAVID

Hey! What's with this cheese on the sub bullshit?!

Michelle taps David on the shoulder. He turns.

MICHELLE

It's still really good. The cheese isn't a problem.

DAVID

(Quietly)

You sure?

MICHELLE  
Very. It's delicious.

David nods his head and turns back.

RIEGERT (O.S.)  
I'm not sure, Roy. The other  
officer told them very explicitly  
to not put cheese on.

DAVID  
You know what? I believe you.  
(Beat)  
Besides, Michelle likes the sub  
regardless of the cheese.

RIEGERT (O.S.)  
That's really good.

DAVID  
Yeah, very lucky for you guys.  
Which brings me to sunny point  
number two. What's the car  
situation?

RIEGERT (O.S.)  
Six miles out.

David looks back at the clock.

DAVID  
Better hurry it up, Joe. Six miles  
in eight minutes in a residential  
area is cutting it a little too  
close.

RIEGERT (O.S.)  
Don't remind me.

DAVID  
Don't give me that attitude, you  
selfish, son of a bitch.  
(Beat)  
I've made this as easy as I  
possibly could for you.

The phone clicks on the other end. David takes the phone away  
from his ear and stares at it.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Son of a bitch!

David slams the phone on the floor, shattering it, sending pieces everywhere.

EXT. 24/7

Riegert looks over at Winslow.

RIEGERT  
Let's see how he reacts to that.

Riegert holds up the phone and presses "Redial".

OPERATOR  
I'm sorry, but your call could not be completed as dialed. Please hang up and try again.

Riegert looks at the phone, then at Winslow, who's listening to the call on an earpiece.

WINSLOW  
Maybe he's making another call?

RIEGERT  
He wouldn't. He told me to call him that time. I think he's losing it.  
(Beat)  
Where's that damn car?

WINSLOW  
About five miles out, now.

RIEGERT  
Good. We're going to make it. I don't want to see what this guy does if he gets pissed off.

INT. 24/7

David sits on the counter next to Michelle. She puts her hand down on top of his. David looks over.

DAVID  
What are you doing?

MICHELLE  
Make love to me.

DAVID  
What? Are you kidding me?

MICHELLE

What's the problem? I was waiting for someone special. I think it's you.

DAVID

You're still a virgin?

MICHELLE

Yeah. That's another reason. If I'd want anyone to do it right now, it would be you.

David looks away and shakes his head.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Why not?

DAVID

Because I don't know you.

David looks past her at the clock on the wall.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Just stall for a few more minutes.

David looks away again, back at the doors.

He sees himself and Michelle kissing by the doors. He puts his hand on her breast and opens her shirt with the other hand.

She jumps up and wraps her legs around his hips as he continues to kiss her neck as they lean against the doors.

David shakes his head and looks back at her.

DAVID (CONT'D)

No.

(Beat)

Can't do it.

MICHELLE

Why?

DAVID

Because I love you. I can't do that to you.

MICHELLE

At least kiss me one more time.

David leans over and kisses her. His left hand is reaching towards her shirt and shaking.

He pulls his hand away and they stop kissing.

Michelle starts to cry and leans her head on his shoulder.

DAVID  
What's wrong?

MICHELLE  
I'll never see you again, after  
this.

DAVID  
It's all right. Memories.

MICHELLE  
I don't want memories. I want to be  
with you. Forever.

DAVID  
Me too.  
(Beat)  
Me too.

She lifts her head up and stares him right in the eyes.

MICHELLE  
Then, we both go out there. Say we  
were in it together.

DAVID  
No. I'm not letting you throw your  
life away for me.

MICHELLE  
But, at least it would be my  
choice.

The loud roar of a car engine approaches.

DAVID (V.O.)  
Almost out of this.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
All right. We'll go out together.

David exhales deeply and puts his head in his hands.

MICHELLE  
So, when do we go?

DAVID  
When they tell us the car is here.

MICHELLE  
Are we going to steal it?

DAVID  
Why?

MICHELLE  
Because it sounds like fun.

David jumps off the counter and pulls out his notebook and pen. He grabs the small carton of strawberry milk and walks down to the cooler and puts it back inside.

He grabs a small carton of strawberry milk and writes something down in the notebook.

He walks over to the bag of guns on the shelf and writes something in the notebook.

He looks down on the shelf and sees rolls of tape. He writes something else in the notebook.

DAVID  
(To himself)  
Ok, \$6.48.

He walks to the other side of the aisle and looks at the Super Soakers.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
(To himself)  
Five.

He writes in his notebook and walks back to the cooler.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
How many did I take? Two or three?  
Think it was three.

MICHELLE (O.S.)  
It was three!

DAVID  
Of the waters?

MICHELLE  
Yeah.

David walks back the aisle as Michelle watches him.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)  
What is that?

DAVID  
Shopping list.

He looks down at the newspapers.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
And, one newspaper at \$2.75.

David sets the notebook down next to Michelle and spins it around.

MICHELLE  
"Milk; ninety-nine cents, guns;  
three fifty, tape; one ninety-nine,  
Super Soaker; five, water "X"  
three; three seventy-five, paper;  
two seventy-five".  
(Beat)  
"\$17.98".

Michelle looks at him, then back at the list. She finally looks right at David.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)  
You're paying them back?

DAVID  
Why wouldn't I?

MICHELLE  
But, you're going to go to jail.

DAVID  
Maybe so, but not for being a  
thief.

The revving of the loud engine outside is overpowered by a car horn honking several times.

David looks over to the door then back at Michelle.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
I'll post bail by 11AM tomorrow.  
(Beat)  
I have about four million dollars  
saved and after that, we can be  
together, I promise you.

MICHELLE

I'm going to be arrested with you,  
though.

DAVID

We've been through this already.  
You're the clerk. You're going to  
sleep in your own bed tonight.

David pulls out his wallet and opens it on the counter. He  
pulls \$20 out and hands it to Michelle.

DAVID (CONT'D)

\$2.02, please.

MICHELLE

Man, you are something else.

She takes the \$20 and opens the register. She puts it inside  
and grabs two \$1 bills and two pennies and puts them in  
David's out-stretched hand.

DAVID

No receipt?

He smiles at her and she giggles.

MICHELLE

No refunds.  
(Beat)  
Have a nice day.

Michelle reaches under the register and grabs her purse.

Michelle walks out from behind the counter. David reaches in  
the back of his pants and pulls out his revolver.

DAVID

I want you to have it.

MICHELLE

Why me?

DAVID

I prefer the water guns.

David holds the gun by the barrel as Michelle takes it from  
him. She puts it inside her purse. David smiles as he holds  
her hand tight.

They stand side by side, waiting.

MICHELLE  
Are you ready?

David breathes in deeply and exhales, as such.

DAVID  
Oh, wait. Can you grab my black  
water gun from the shelf?  
(Beat)  
Behind you.

MICHELLE  
Sure.

Before she turns, she kisses David on the lips one more time.  
She turns and sees a shelf but no gun.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)  
Hey, where is it?

She turns back around and David headbutts her right in the  
forehead. She instantly falls to the ground, unconscious.

DAVID  
I'm sorry.

David walks over to the counter and spins his notebook around  
again.

He writes, "I'm sorry. They won't look for it, here. 10PM:  
Riverside Grill. Love, David."

David opens his wallet and takes out stacks of \$20's, \$50's  
and \$100's and folds them in half.

He grabs the note and puts it inside the money and bends down  
to the ground. He places the money inside Michelle's bra,  
carefully.

He stands up and grabs a pair of handcuffs from his back  
pocket and grabs Michelle's right arm. He cuffs her arm to  
the counter and sets the key next to the register.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Goodbye.

He grabs the black water gun from the front of his pants and  
holds it above his head.

David flips the switch above the doors as they slide open.  
David watches outside as the two cop cars are now six cop  
cars, not including his Boss 302.

EXT. 24/7 - CONTINUOUS

COPS

Get on the ground! Put your hands  
up! Get down, asshole!

He slowly walks out and sets the gun down on the ground. With his foot, he kicks it to the side and continues walking.

TWO COPS run up to David and slam him to the ground and handcuff him. David puts up no struggle at all.

They stand him up and walk him towards the cop car, straight out in front of the store.

COP 1 picks up his gun and looks at it.

COP 1

Sergeant, it's a water gun.

Riegert walks forward and stares David in the eyes. David looks beaten.

RIEGERT

Uncuff him.

COP 2

Sir?

RIEGERT

Not all the way. Cuff his hands in  
front of him.

(Beat)

For now.

COP 2 uncuffs David's hands then cuffs his hands in front.

RIEGERT (CONT'D)

I'll take him.

Riegert grabs David by the shoulder and walks him over to the Boss 302.

Riegert looks over at Winslow, who's standing right by the car.

RIEGERT (CONT'D)

Open it.

Winslow opens the driver's side door.

Riegert turns David around and looks him right in the eyes.

RIEGERT (CONT'D)  
Don't try anything stupid.

David nods his head.

Riegert helps David into the car. David looks past the steering wheel and sees the keys aren't in the ignition.

David looks over and Riegert who is hovering right over him, with the door open.

DAVID  
Can you close the door?

Riegert looks over at Winslow who shakes his head and looks back at David.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
Please?

RIEGERT  
Thirty seconds.

Riegert steps away as David grabs the door and carefully closes it.

He puts both hands on the steering wheel and stares forward with a big smile on his face, the smile of an innocent child. His focus is deep and he continues to stare ahead.

David's smile fades as he knocks on the driver's side window. Riegert opens the door and pulls him out.

Now, David looks Riegert right in the eyes.

DAVID  
Thank you.

RIEGERT  
What were you doing here, Roy?

DAVID  
David.

RIEGERT  
David.

DAVID  
You have to read me my rights  
before you me ask that.

RIEGERT

You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to have an attorney present now and during any future questioning. If you can't afford an attorney, we will appoint one. Do you understand these rights as I've read them to you?

DAVID

Yep.

RIEGERT

So, what were you really doing?

DAVID

Trust me, Joe, if I told you everything that went on, you still wouldn't understand what happened tonight.

RIEGERT

Well, you're under arrest for armed robbery, kidnapping and assault.

DAVID

She's going to need an ice pack.

RIEGERT

Excuse me?

DAVID

The girl in there, the clerk. I hit her on the head pretty hard. Get her an ice pack.

Riegert looks over at another cop and nods his head.

The cop walks over and grabs David's arm and walks him to the cop car.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Hey, Sarge!

Riegert looks back and the cop stops walking David.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Tell her I was sorry.

Riegert turns and walks towards the store.

The cop walks David to the cop car and puts him inside.

David leans his head back against the seat and closes his eyes. He smiles.

FADE OUT.

THE END.