

ALL THE FIVES

By

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**FADE IN:**

**INT. MITCH'S CAB (MOVING) - DAY**

A Metro Cab I.D. dangles from a rear-view mirror. Clipped to it is a sports betting slip. A sun bleached headshot peeks from beneath the slip -- a sullen, scrappy looking twenty-something. The name reads 'Mitch'.

A fare meter zeroed on the dash.

A center console ashtray overflows with cigarette butts and crumpled scratch-cards.

MITCH, late 30s, tunes the radio, one eye on the road, impatient. He's older, no wiser and a heap more jaded than his photo. Greasy hair spills from beneath his sweat-stained Pittsburgh Steelers ball-cap.

NEWSREADER (V.O.)  
Downtown remains sealed to the  
public in an ongoing police --

TRAFFIC REPORTER (V.O.)  
Traffic backing up across the south  
side due --

Wail of SIRENS. Something big going down somewhere.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)  
Jones to pass, throwing deep  
downfield...

Mitch settles, blesses the betting slip for good luck.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)  
...Smith intercepts...

The smile turns to a frown.

Ahead, a tangle of vehicles clog a junction. Mitch cuts the wheel, swinging the cab into an alleyway.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)  
...Smith, still on his feet, look  
at him go...

Mitch, distracted by the radio, his dismay building.

Through the windshield, a FIGURE steps from a side alley, straight into his path.

Mitch looks up, hits the brakes stopping inches from --

NED, late 40s, humourless eyes, thick frame padding out his jacket, face flush with effort. He opens the back door, tosses a holdall onto the seat, half falls in after it.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)  
...Smith at thirty, twenty, ten --

Mitch dials down the radio, eyeballs Ned in the mirror, silently walking the tightrope between outrage and duty.

NED  
Take me to Mercy.

A fare's a fare. Mitch starts the meter, pulls away, eyes flicking between mirror and alley with brooding contempt.

MITCH  
Everything south of Forbes'll be stacked up. I can jam the back route, ain't the cheap seats but it'll get you there quick.

NED  
Quick's good.

MITCH  
In this town it's a fucking miracle.

Mitch swings the cab back into the daylight of a main road and accelerates to a steady pace.

They ride in silence. Mitch stealing glances at Ned, trying to fathom his passenger. Ned squirms in discomfort, pale, sweating hard. He catches Mitch's eyes in the mirror.

MITCH  
Want me to drop a window?

NED  
Sure.

Air rushes in through the lowering windows.

WHOOP-WHOOP-WHOOP!

Ned startles, instinctively looks behind them.

MITCH  
It's cool, just the alarm.

Mitch fiddles with the electronic fob, kills the alarm.

MITCH

She's janky, damp in the electrics  
or something. On my to-do, I swear.

Ned glowers. He settles in, savours the cool air. Unzipping  
his jacket he takes out a wallet.

MITCH

You want some water..?

Mitch waggles a bottle of spring water. The words 'INSTANT  
WIN, CASH PRIZES!' printed on the label.

NED

Just watch the road.

MITCH

That's cool too. More water for  
Mitch. Maybe a prize.

...The fare meter ticks over to \$15:55.

Mitch strains to hear the game commentary.

MITCH

You cool if I turn it up?

No answer.

Mitch turns up the volume.

SPORTSCASTER (V.O.)

...Smith, bringing it home for the  
Ravens in a last quarter comeback  
for a major league upset--

MITCH

You sons of bitches!

He punches the dash, looses a stream of abuse, drowned out  
as the alarm WHOOPS into life from the jolt.

Mitch composes himself, quickly cuts the alarm.

MITCH

Goddamn you piece of--

(to Ned)

Man, I had money riding the Black  
and Gold all season. Big money.

(to himself)

Kind I don't got. Shit. Shit...

(to Ned)

A sure thing, huh, can you believe  
that shit?

He checks the mirror: Ned's not there.

Mitch glances through the partition.

MITCH

Hey, you can't ride back there like that, man.

Mitch BANGS on the perspex.

MITCH

Like I don't got enough shit.

One handed the wheel, Mitch reaches through the partition window.

MITCH

Wake it up!

Mitch withdraws his arm, angry. He spots the blood on his fingers, cranes his neck for a better look.

Ned slumps on his side, the holdall wedged beneath him. Blood pools out across the vinyl seat.

SCREECH of brakes.

#### **I/E. MITCH'S CAB (STATIONARY) - DAY**

The cab idles at the curbside. The post game commentary continues in the background.

Mitch slaps Ned's cheeks in a bid to rouse him. Nothing.

He peels open Ned's coat to reveal a blood soaked shirt. The handle of a revolver curls over an inside pocket.

Mitch recoils, thinks. His eyes travel to the holdall.

He teases open the zip, just enough to see it's stuffed with bundles of banknotes.

Mitch takes a careful look around: An industrial area. Derelict buildings. Stray dogs, pigeons the only witnesses.

Hand wrapped in his sleeve, Mitch plucks out the gun. A balaclava tumbles out with it.

He checks the revolver's cylinder -- six spent casings.

Mitch pats down Ned's pockets finding nothing.

He stares at the holdall, the gears turning as the crowd ROARS the win over the radio.

**INT. MITCH'S CAB (MOVING) - DAY**

The engine HUMS. Meter ticks to \$45.00

A parade of billboards blast past the windows. Mitch guides the cab along the freeway and out over a bridge.

He watches the wing-mirror -- nothing close behind. He wraps the gun in the balaclava and hurls it out the window.

Ned is propped up in back, seat-belt on. Mitch's cap angled low over his pallid face.

Mitch checks his handiwork in the mirror.

MITCH  
How 'bout them Steelers...

**LATER**

Dusk now. Headlights pick over a dirt track flanked by forest. The meter reads \$124.00

Mitch threads the cab over the rough ground.

Ned rocks in his seat, jostled by every bump.

Mitch blinks, tired, trying to stay awake. He finds the bottle of water, twists it open.

NED (O.S.)  
(weak)  
Sonofabitch...

Mitch gags in shock. Drops the bottle in his lap.

NED  
This ain't the North Shore.

**I/E. MITCH'S CAB (STATIONARY) - NIGHT**

Mitch braces himself in the doorway, chugs down water.

Ned is propped against the offside door, too weak to move. He regards his blood drenched shirt through heavy eyelids.

NED

Red...what d'ya know. Some Ravens  
fan I turned out to be... Gonna  
bury me?

Mitch looks at the ground, spits.

NED

Huh...

MITCH

Ain't like I dig for a living.

NED

Well you oughta. We're talking  
deep. Shallow get you caught. Deep  
get you caught all the same. Just  
makes damn sure they sweat for it.

MITCH

Yeah? How about that...

NED

Get this shit-crown off me.

Mitch drops the empty water bottle onto the back seat and  
leans in to retrieve the ball-cap.

NED

We ain't so different.

MITCH

How you figure that?

NED

Backing the wrong play all our  
lives.

MITCH

Says you old man.

Mitch snugs the cap into place, a little hurt.

MITCH

This is a classic hat.

NED

Gimme some air will ya', kid.

He reaches across Ned, drops the window.

NED  
(re: the holdall)  
You checked 'em all, right?

Distracted, Mitch turns --

Ned brings his other hand up from beneath his open jacket, SLAPS a handcuff to Mitch's wrist.

NED  
Here's your fuckin' Steelers.

Ned spits the key out the window into the brush.

Mitch tugs at the cuff to find the other end locked to the door handle. He yanks at it in a panic.

Ned watches, his bemused wheezes turning to a death rattle.

Feet planted against the door Mitch pulls at the cuffs with all his strength.

His sneakers kick at the handle...it holds.

Ned stares lifelessly into nowhere.

Mitch rests half in the rear footwell, smeared in Ned's blood from his efforts.

He frowns, rummages around beneath him, pulls out a wallet. A photo of a WOMAN, 50s, peeks from the fold.

Inside: cash, credit cards...a police badge and I.D. showing a picture of Ned.

Mitch bends his eyes to the dead man. There's no mistaking.

The holdall sits open on the seat. Mitch thumbs the cash bundles, one after another, finally he finds it -- a small circuit board buried among them. A tracker.

THRUM of an engine O.S.

Mitch looks up to see headlights spot the trees. A sedan follows, swinging round to hold the cab in its brights.

Mitch squints, blinded.

ANTONIO (O.S.)  
You got greedy, Ned. A little graft here and there, this we accept. Is good business. But hijack my drop? Kill my guys? Badge or not, non è un bene.



Footsteps...a HEAVY appears, silhouetted against the lights through the open door, face hidden, gun in gloved hand.

MITCH

Woah, woah, I don't speak the  
linga, I got no idea who he is. I  
don't even know how this happened.

The Heavy grabs the holdall, scrapes up the bundles that Mitch removed, including the tracker.

MITCH

Come on, amigo, I never saw  
nothin'. I was never here.

The Heavy returns to the car. A MUFFLED conversation O.S.

After a moment the Heavy returns. He carefully slips a pistol from a plastic baggie and rests it on the cab's dash.

ANTONIO (O.S.)

In bocca al lupo, amico.

Mitch watches the Heavy climb back into the sedan. They drive away.

Crickets CHIRP.

Mitch palms the partition, looks forlornly from the pistol on the dash to the betting slip clipped to his I.D.

He loses it, lashes out at the perspex, rocking the cab in anger till he slumps against Ned, exhausted.

..A bottle-cap tumbles into his lap, the word 'WINNER!' printed under the cap.

MITCH

Motherf--

**EXT. FOREST - DIRT ROAD - NIGHT**

The cab at the side of the track. The booking number stamped in big letters on the wing: 412 5555. All lights flashing. WHOOP-WHOOP-WHOOP of the alarm drowning Mitch's cries.

**FADE OUT**