

A
Million
Reasons

Original Screenplay

By

Kevin Loughnane

BLACK SCREEN:

SUPER:

"Behold the turtle. He makes progress only when he sticks his neck out." (James Bryant Conant)

FADE IN:

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM IN LA GYM - MORNING

STEVE (40s) picks up his towel, has a massive heart attack, and drops down dead. No one else is present.

INT. MAIN FLOOR OF LA GYM

BEN, a personal trainer, is beside a water dispenser when an attractive woman (30s) approaches him and smiles.

WOMAN

Hey Ben.

BEN

Ah hi there.

WOMAN

Remember me?

BEN

How could I forget.

She begins to caress his crotch.

WOMAN

I guess you must've forgotten my number then.

BEN

No I've just been real busy lately what with everyone wanting to slim down for the summer.

She removes a tube from the back pocket of her shorts.

WOMAN

There's something else that's larger than average around here.

BEN

Look...

She pulls the waist band of his shorts outwards.

WOMAN

Pam.

BEN

Pam I've gotta go but I'll call you later I promise.

PAM

You sure you won't forget?

BEN

Absolutely.

PAM

How about I give you something to remember me by anyway?

BEN

No, Jesus, not here.

She pops the lid off the tube, shoves it down the front of his shorts, and shakes it violently.

PAM

Now try forgetting me you fucking loser.

BEN

What the fuck?

PAM

Bullet ants. More painful than a kick in the nuts any day.

Ben runs towards the men's locker room, enters, and oblivious of the dead body he heads for the showers.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM

LIZ wakes to the sound of an alarm clock, turns it off, and reads a post-it which says: Time to get up and make brunch! I'll be back around noon. She rolls it into a ball, flicks it away, and lays her head back down on the pillow.

INT. MEN'S CHANGING ROOM

Ben leaves the showers massaging his groin and sees the body lying on the floor.

BEN

Steve, are you okay?

He checks for a pulse.

BEN

Oh no. Shit.

He moves towards the door but realizes that he's naked from the waist down so he puts on a pair of brightly colored Bermuda shorts that lie on top of the dead guy's sports bag. He exits and runs into a glass fronted office directly across from the locker room entrance.

BEN

George we've got a problem.

GEORGE stares at Ben's wet polo shirt and unusual shorts.

GEORGE

I can see that.

BEN

Hey these shorts are the least of our problems right now.

GEORGE

I find that hard to believe.

BEN

He's dead.

GEORGE

Who's dead?

BEN

Steve..fuck I can't remember his last name.

GEORGE

Ah I see. Another one of your surfing buddies has been run over by a dolphin so you'd like some time off to go and play with your new shorts.

BEN

What? Jesus George these aren't mine, okay. They belong to the dead guy.

GEORGE

You killed a guy for them?

BEN

Look there's a dead body in the locker room so are you coming or what?

GEORGE

If this is another one of your pranks then you're outta here, you hear me?

They leave the office and enter the locker room.

GEORGE

Isn't he one of your clients?

BEN

Yeah.

GEORGE

Jesus Ben what have you done?

BEN

What are you saying?

GEORGE

What happened? Your current bimbo dumps you, so you take it out on your clients? Is that it?

BEN

Oh my God. First some crazy chick puts killer ants down my shorts and now you're blaming me for this? Is everybody in here out of their fucking minds today?

GEORGE

Killer ants?

BEN

I'll tell you about it later.

GEORGE

Sure, whatever. Look all I'm saying is did you push him a bit harder than usual today?

BEN

No...maybe...look I didn't kill him alright.

GEORGE

Okay, calm down. I just don't want a lawsuit on our hands. Are there any guy's still out on the floor?

BEN

Yeah, old Reg.

GEORGE

Christ we don't want him coming in here and having a heart attack as well. I'll get Clive to bring the wheelchair and we'll move him to the wellness area.

BEN

The wellness area? Are you hoping for some kind of a miracle?

GEORGE

Look there's nowhere else I can think of. We'll put a bathrobe and a pair of shades on him.

BEN

Are you serious?

GEORGE

Deadly, it's LA for God sake, everyone wears shades. Oh and find his cell phone. If he's got a wife then we need to call her.

George leaves. Ben opens the guy's bag, removes his wallet, and looks inside.

BEN

Tyler. Steve Tyler.

He removes some clothing, finds his cell phone on top of several bundles of hundred dollar bills, and whistles.

BEN

What the fuck are you doing
with all this cash Steve?

The wheelchair collides with the door. Ben closes the bag as CLIVE, a tall African American (30's), enters.

CLIVE

Man there's nothing like the
sight of a stiff to make you
feel truly alive. You know
what I mean?

BEN

Clive you crazy fuck.

CLIVE

I'm taking him to the
meditation room where there's
incense and scented candles so
he'll smell real nice when the
cavalry arrives.

Clive crouches down and grabs the guy under his armpits.

CLIVE

Right let's get him up and sit
him down on this.

They place him in the wheelchair, on top of an open bathrobe, and dress him. Clive then applies the finishing touch with a pair of dark glasses.

BEN

Where did you get those?

CLIVE

The tanning salon.

BEN

He looks like a blind man.

CLIVE

Well he can't see shit now can
he? Is that his cell?

BEN

Yeah.

CLIVE

Is it on?

BEN

Uh-huh.

CLIVE

Find any family members?

BEN

I'm not calling anyone.

CLIVE

Relax. Mister control freak wants to do it. That guy would love to be a dictator somewhere but instead he has to make do with ordering our sorry asses around.

BEN

Clive...

CLIVE

It's true man. And the reason everyone's so fucking depressed these days is because there hasn't been a decent revolution since Lincoln made Lee suck on one of my forefather's big black cocks.

Clive leaves. Ben opens his locker, empties the contents of his own bag onto the bench, transfers all the money into it, and covers them with his towel.

INT. OPEN PLAN KITCHEN IN APARTMENT

Liz is mixing some eggs in a bowl. The phone rings and Steve's name appears so she answers. SPLIT SCREEN - George sits in his office.

LIZ

Listen just because you fucked me all night doesn't mean I'm gonna slave away in your kitchen all day.

George's eyes almost pop out of his head.

LIZ

I mean it. I'm only doing this because I'm in a good mood. Next time you're taking me out somewhere nice.

(Pausing.)

Are you alright? Hey you'd better say something right now or I'm gonna hang up.

GEORGE

Mrs. Tyler?

Liz mouths the word 'Fuck'.

GEORGE

I'm sorry to disturb you but my name's George Franco and I'm the manager here at Trinity Gyms.

LIZ

I'm not Mrs. Tyler.

GEORGE

Oh. Is there a Mrs. Tyler do you know?

LIZ

I dunno. I haven't been around long enough to find out. Hey why are you calling from Steve's cell? Did he leave it behind?

GEORGE

No. I mean yes. Look maybe you can help me. Do you know any close friends or a family member that I could contact?

LIZ

Why? What's happened?

GEORGE

Nothing. Um, how long did you know Steve?

LIZ

Oh my God.

GEORGE

What? Are you okay?

LIZ

He's dead isn't he?

GEORGE

I didn't say that.

LIZ

You said 'did'.

GEORGE

I did?

LIZ

Yeah.

GEORGE

Well it wasn't intentional.

LIZ

Yeah well no one intends to die, except suicide bombers.

GEORGE

What I meant to say is...

LIZ

What you meant to say, is that you need to speak with a member of his family before you'll speak with me. Well I have a question. I've spent the past twenty minutes preparing to make an omelet so I'd like to know whether Steve's going to join me or maybe you'd like to come over? But I'm talking about eating here not fucking unless you happen to look like Brad Pitt.

GEORGE

Look I'm sorry to have bothered you.

LIZ

That's alright. I'll just
have to replace the batteries
in my vibrator.

Liz hangs up. SPLIT SCREEN ENDS - George puts the cell
phone onto his desk but it suddenly rings and after
hesitating for a few seconds he decides to take the call.

GEORGE

Hello?

SPLIT SCREEN - TEO, a Hispanic man (early 40s), is
sitting on a bench in a park.

TEO

Put Steve on the phone.

GEORGE

I'm sorry he's not here right
now.

TEO

Listen I don't give a fuck if
he's banging your missus just
put him on okay?

GEORGE

Are you a family member?

TEO

What the fuck. Listen shit
head the next voice I'd better
hear is Steve's otherwise
there's gonna be trouble.

GEORGE

Look he's...

TEO

Chingada Madre (*Motherfucker*).
I'm gonna rip your fucking
tongue out if you say another
word.

George hangs up. SPLIT SCREEN ENDS - Teo glares at his
cell phone.

TEO

You're a dead mother fucker.
You think you can just hang up
on me. Nobody hangs up on me

you dumb fuck.

A male passerby glances at Teo.

TEO

What the fuck are you looking at?

The guy looks away and quickens his pace. Teo throws his cell phone at him and hits him on the back of the head.

TEO

Hey, look at me when I'm talking to you.

The guy turns. Teo looks at the ground and notices that the casing of his cell phone has split apart.

TEO

Look what that thick cabeza(Head) of yours has done to my phone.

The guy looks down. Teo grabs him and headbutts him.

TEO

I've got the head of a bull and the balls to go with it so don't fuck with me.

The guy turns and runs away as fast as he can.

TEO

That's it. Run home to your butt fucking Romeo.

ANJEL, a Hispanic guy (late 20s), clicks the casing of the cell phone back together before handing it to Teo.

TEO

Find that motherfucker and bring me the money, the drugs, and his left testicle.

ANJEL

Why don't I just bring you the whole fucking package?

TEO

Nah. But tell him if he ever tries to pull this kinda shit on me again then I'm gonna

personally shove the other one
in his mouth and watch him
swallow.

INT. BEDROOM OF APARTMENT

Liz removes her jacket from the built-in wardrobe and kicks the skirting underneath it in frustration. The skirting collapses inwards so she crouches and discovers a holdall hidden inside. She opens it on the bed and takes out a bundle of fifty dollar bills.

LIZ

Whoa.

She removes a bag of cocaine.

LIZ

Shit.

INT. RECEPTION AREA OF GYM

Police officers and medics gather around George, Ben, and Clive. BILL, the lead cop, looks at Ben.

BILL

So you were the last person to
see him alive and the first to
discover the body?

BEN

Yeah.

BILL

And you were responsible for
moving the body?

CLIVE

Yessir, just doing my job as a
good citizen of this great
nation of ours.

George glares at Clive.

BILL

And you're the manager who
orchestrated everything?

GEORGE

Yeah, except for the dying
part. We're not responsible

for his death.

George points at Ben.

GEORGE

Although he might've had something to do with it coz he did mention killer ants.

BILL

Is this true?

BEN

Look I'm happy to give you a statement but not out here.

RECEPTIONIST

Ah come on Ben what's the matter? Did somebody put ants in your pants?

Bill turns to his fellow officers FRANK and JOE.

BILL

Frank, Joe, cordon off the locker room and take a look at the crime scene. I mean...you know what I mean.

FRANK

Yeah. We'll go check it out.

Bill then looks at the medics.

BILL

You'd better go and take a look at the body.

The medics nod and head off down the corridor.

BILL

Alright George how about we all go to your office.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF AN APARTMENT IN LA

MEL (late 30s) sits naked on a couch. A nineteen year old girl, who is also naked, is giving him a blow job. A door opens and Liz storms in.

MEL

Liz, Jesus, what the fuck.

LIZ

It's good to see you too Mel.

TEENAGE GIRL

I thought your name was
Melpomene?

MEL

It is babe.

LIZ

Oh he's Melpomene alright but
that Greek Goddess is ancient
history now coz the guy whose
cock you're sucking believes
that he's the reincarnation of
Jim Morrison.

MEL

Thanks Liz.

He smiles at the young girl.

MEL

I was born on the third of
July nineteen seventy one.
The day he died.

Liz drops the holdall and laughs.

MEL

Liz why don't you fuck off
into the kitchen and get
yourself a beer?

LIZ

Yeah good idea, but do me a
favor and don't start reciting
that tragic poetry of yours
after you've both climaxed
okay?

Mel picks up a CD from the couch and flings it at her.
Liz ducks, gives Mel the finger, and leaves the room.

INT. GYM MANAGERS OFFICE

Bill sits in George's chair examining a sheet of paper.

Ben and George sit across from him while Clive stands.

BILL

Harry Callaghan?

CLIVE

It's Harold actually.

BILL

I know. I've seen the movies.

CLIVE

I know what you're thinking.

BILL

Excuse me?

CLIVE

Dirty Harry, did he fire six shots or five? Well you've gotta ask yourself one question.

Clive aims an index finger at Bill as if it were a gun.

CLIVE

Do I feel lucky? Well, do ya, punk?

GEORGE

Look is it really necessary for him to be here?

BILL

Are you on something?

(Pausing.)

Is he always like this?

GEORGE

I'm afraid so. He used to work in a mortuary.

CLIVE

Yeah. Seeing all those dead people kinda makes you realise that living is nothing to be afraid of.

BILL

Yeah well I've seen my fair share of stiffs too but I

don't go around acting like a fool.

CLIVE

The fool on the hill man,
that's me.

BILL

Did you hire this guy?

GEORGE

He's a good cleaner, very
methodical.

CLIVE

When you've cleaned as many
old corpses as I have then
mopping up kids vomit is a
piece of cake.

BILL

Alright another word outta you
and I'll have you arrested for
obstruction of justice.

Clive picks up a clipboard from a storage unit beside him, writes something, places it on the table facing the cop, and leaves the room. Bill reads the following:
There is no justice in this world so how can I obstruct it?

There's a loud scream so they all leave the office and run off in the direction that it came from.

INT. SHOWER ROOM OF MEN'S LOCKER ROOM

Joe is shaking his right hand and stamping the tiled floor with his left foot. Frank arrives.

FRANK

What the fuck happened?

JOE

The fucking thing bit me. I
feel like I've been shot.

FRANK

What bit you?

JOE

That little fucker.

Frank crouches as the others arrive.

BILL

What happened?

FRANK

Joe's been bitten by an ant.

BILL

Jesus Joe what did you scream for?

JOE

Coz it was pretty fucking painful.

BILL

Are you responsible for this?

BEN

Kinda...well not exactly. A female member gave them to me.

BILL

That seems like an unusual gift.

BEN

Oh they weren't a gift.

BILL

I see. So are there anymore of these guys around?

BEN

I don't think so.

BILL

Okay let's bag this one. Did you find anything in his personal belongings?

FRANK

Nah. No family photos, no girl, nothing. You?

BILL

Nah. He put Harry Callaghan down as the person to be contacted in case of an emergency on his application

form.

FRANK

He's the kinda guy you wanna have around when you're in a tight spot alright.

BILL

Anything worth looking at in the locker room?

FRANK

Nah.

BILL

Have you got a locker in there?

BEN

Yeah.

BILL

Joe, go take a look inside.

JOE

Sure.

INT. KITCHEN OF APARTMENT

Liz is drinking from a bottle of beer when Mel enters.

MEL

You're unbelievable you know that?

LIZ

Where's your friend?

MEL

She didn't know who Jim Morrison was so I lost the will to maintain my erection. Look Liz what's your fucking problem?

LIZ

You are.

She walks out of the room and returns carrying the holdall. She swipes a few used mugs and plates from the table which smash on the tiled floor.

MEL

You're gonna pay for them.

Liz places the bag on the table, unzips it, and tosses a bundle of fifty dollar bills towards Mel.

MEL

Jesus Liz is this real?

LIZ

Yeah I think so.

MEL

You're not doing what I think
you're doing are you?

LIZ

Don't even say it. Coz if you
do I'll beat your scrawny ass.

JIMMY enters.

JIMMY

Hey Liz.

LIZ

Jimmy.

JIMMY

What's going on?

MEL

Catch.

JIMMY

Where'd this come from?

MEL

Liz.

JIMMY

Whoa Liz you must be fucking
some seriously rich guys.

Liz spins around and kicks him in the balls.

MEL

What the fuck Liz? I think
you'd better leave.

Liz removes a bag of cocaine from the holdall and throws
it at Mel.

LIZ

Not before we decide what
we're gonna do with this.

INT. KITCHEN OF STEVE TYLER'S APARTMENT

EMILIO, a Hispanic guy (30s), is eating some chopped up
peppers from the counter. The place looks like a tornado
has passed through it. Anjel is on his cell phone.

ANJEL

Hey boss. Nah he ain't in his
apartment and neither is the
money or the drugs.

(Listening.)

Yeah we've looked everywhere.

(Listening.)

Okay will do.

He hangs up.

ANJEL

Let's get outta here.

The phone in the kitchen rings. Anjel see's Steve's name
appear so he smiles and picks it up.

ANJEL

You're a dead motherfucker you
know that?

SPLIT SCREEN - Bill sits in George's office.

BILL

Who's this?

ANJEL

Who the fuck do you think it
is? Hey who the fuck are you?
Where's Steve?

BILL

Are you a relative?

ANJEL

Yeah you could say that. I'm
like the brother he now wishes
he never had. So where is he?

BILL

First give me your name?

ANJEL

Look if you don't wanna be a
dead motherfucker then you'll
tell me what I want to know
and you'll tell me right now.

BILL

Hey I'm an LAPD officer.

ANJEL

I sympathize I really do. Is
Steve in some kinda trouble?

BILL

No but you will be if you
don't start co-operating.

ANJEL

Fuck you, you Loser Anal Prick
Depository fuck.

Anjel hangs up. SPLIT SCREEN ENDS.

ANJEL

Shit. Looks like Steve's been
picked up by the cops.

EMILIO

Ours or theirs?

ANJEL

Theirs I guess. Anyway
they're probably on their way
over here so let's go. I'll
call Teo and let him know
what's happened.

INT. GYM MANAGERS OFFICE

Bill sits at the desk while George and Frank stand.

BILL

Well the woman you were
talking to earlier has either
grown a pair of balls or
there's a couple over there
who don't wanna talk. Frank,
get the nearest available unit
over there ASAP and let's see
if we can find out what's

going on.

FRANK

You want to bring them in for questioning?

BILL

Yeah, if there's anyone still there, and tell Joe we're leaving before any more crazy shit happens.

INT. TOILETS OF MEN'S LOCKER ROOM

Ben sits in a cubicle holding his head in his hands.

JOE(OS)

Are you alright in there?

BEN

Yeah.

He stands, flushes the toilet, leaves the cubicle, and begins to wash his hands at the sink beside the cop.

JOE

Jesus you don't look so good.

BEN

Huh? I'm fine, just a bit shaken up you know. It's the first time I've seen a dead body like that.

JOE

Yeah. I know what you mean. First one I came across had no head. A shotgun at close range will do that you know.

Joe follows Ben to where his locker is located.

JOE

After I'd thrown up in the dead guy's toilet and returned to the patrol car, I noticed that I had a piece of his brain lodged in the sole of one of my shoes.

Ben opens his locker. Joe can see that he's stressed.

JOE

Jesus. I'm sorry. Talking about shit like that after the morning you've had.

Ben places his bag on a bench and begins to unzip it.

JOE

Sorry about this but I gotta follow orders. You know how it is.

Ben nods as he opens his bag, revealing his towel. Joe reaches towards it when suddenly the door to the locker room opens and Frank appears.

FRANK

Joe we gotta go.

JOE

Okay. I'm done here anyway.

Joe's hand hovers above Ben's towel for a second but he decides to shake Ben's hand instead.

JOE

That's okay. Sorry again about the tale of the exploding head.

BEN

It's cool, really.

JOE

Good. Glad to hear it. Tell me something, were those ants really given to you by a female member?

BEN

Yeah.

JOE

Man you must've really pissed her off. I sure hope I won't be seeing you again soon. I mean...I hope she's not some psycho who's gonna try to give you a present of a knife in the kidneys next.

BEN

So do I.

JOE

Well you be careful coz it
really is a jungle out there.

He holds up the evidence bag with the dead ant and winks.

BLACK SCREEN:

SUPER:

"If opportunity doesn't knock,
build a door." (Milton Berle)

INT. AN LA OFFICE - FOLLOWING MORNING

LENNY, a middle aged slightly overweight guy with small
sly looking eyes and sneering lips, sits at his desk.
Liz and Mel sit opposite him.

LENNY

Fifty percent take it or leave
it.

LIZ

Forty.

LENNY

Hey you arrive in here with a
bag full of drugs; you won't
tell me where it came from,
which means I'm probably
looking at stolen goods here
and that increases the risk.
Now I'm prepared to take that
risk but not at that price.

LIZ

Forty five.

LENNY

Nah.

LIZ

Okay fifty percent and in
return you give us a full
day's session in the recording
studio.

LENNY

You know Liz the first time I met you I knew you were a winner surrounded by a bunch of losers.

He glances at Mel.

LENNY

No offence Mel.

MEL

You're just a guy reeking of jealousy, but I'm not your enemy, I'm just the man that you wanna be.

Lenny frowns and looks at Liz.

LENNY

Is he a rapper now? Coz I keep losing track of his muse swings? Anyway as I was saying that's why I decided to represent your band and it's also why we now have ourselves a deal.

Lenny shakes Liz by the hand.

LIZ

I know roughly how much all of this is worth, so don't try to screw us Lenny coz you don't want me as an enemy.

INT. OFFICE IN AN LAPD PRECINCT

A senior cop is on the phone.

SENIOR COP

All I know is he dropped dead yesterday and there's no sign of your money so either somebody's decided to hold onto it and say nothing or he didn't have it on him. Also his ex-wife and their teenage kid identified the body and were asked a few routine questions.

(Listening.)

Their address? Yeah I'll text it to you. Maybe they might have what you're looking for.

INT. KITCHEN IN AN APARTMENT

Ben enters the kitchen carrying a copy of *On The Road* by Jack Kerouac. JD, his friend, is pouring orange juice into two glasses.

BEN

Morning JD.

Ben reaches out to take a glass of juice.

JD

Hey man, get your own. That's for...topless girl taking orders.

BEN

Man I've really gotta get into this acting business.

JD

Pussy doesn't pay the rent you know?

BEN

I know. Living with you has thought me a lot of things.

JD

Yeah, well when I become a millionaire you'll be glad that you supported me during these difficult times.

BEN

And what about me?

JD

What about you?

BEN

What if I become a millionaire before you do?

JD

Then I'd get I love Ben but I

just married him for his money
tattooed on my ass.

BEN
Really? Which cheek?

JD
What?

BEN
The tattoo.

JD
Shit I don't know, the left
one I guess.

BEN
What colour?

JD
Whatever man. You pick one?

BEN
How about Hot Pink?

JD
Yeah why not. But it's never
gonna happen now is it?

JD glances at Ben's book as he's leaving the kitchen.

JD
Are you reading that again?

BEN
Nah, it's just an idea I have.
I'll tell you about it later.

INT./EXT. A STREET IN THE SUBURBS - EVENING

MATEO and RAMONE, two Hispanic guys (20s), sit in a
parked car.

MATEO
Looks good man.

RAMONE
Best damn burrito this side of
the border.

MATEO

Where'd you get it?

RAMONE

My Nana.

MATEO

What the one who's fucking
Aemilio's old man?

RAMONE

Hey watch your fucking mouth.

MATEO

You know you should buy her
some mouthwash and a few
rubbers to show her that you
care.

Ramone grabs him by the shirt collar.

RAMONE

After we're done I'm gonna
bust your jaw so badly you
won't be able to say shit like
that for a month.

MATEO

Hey watch where you're putting
those hands. She's probably
given you more than just a
burrito you know.

Ramone is about to punch Mateo when his cell phone rings.

RAMONE

Shit. You're a lucky mother
fucker. Hello?

(Listening.)

Yeah the kid and his mother
went in with some groceries
about a half hour ago.

(Listening.)

Nah haven't seen any sign of a
boyfriend unless she has him
locked up in the basement.

(Listening.)

Sure thing Anjel, it'll be
like taking candy from a
kindergarten.

He hangs up.

RAMONE

We're going in and after we're done you're going down.

MATEO

Let's get this over with then.

They cross the street. Ramone raises his t-shirt and places a hand on his gun but Mateo shakes his head and motions for him to lower his t-shirt.

MATEO

Let's try to be nice first okay?

Mateo knocks on the door and the two stand there waiting. After a few seconds the door is opened by BRAD.

MATEO

Heya Kid is your Mum around?

BRAD

What do you want?

RAMONE

We want to bring Jesus back into your lives.

MATEO

Don't mind him. It's been a long day. We just have a few questions for her that's all and then we'll be on our way.

RAMONE

Yeah we're carrying out a survey in the area.

BRAD

What kind of survey?

Ramone pulls out his gun and points it at Brad.

RAMONE

Look I'm Smith and this is Mr. Wesson and we've come to hear your confessions.

INT. KITCHEN OF BEN & JD'S APARTMENT

Ben and JD sit at the table drinking beer.

JD

Are you fucking with me?

BEN

No, I'm serious.

JD

Man.

JD looks down at Kerouac's novel on the table.

JD

We've talked about doing this
but I never thought we'd
actually get around to doing
it for real. You know?

BEN

Yeah I know.

JD

So have you won the lottery or
something?

BEN

Nah, I've just inherited some
money that's all. So I've
decided to take a few weeks
off and celebrate.

JD

Who died and made you happy?

BEN

Ah one of my clients.

JD

Fuck. Really?

BEN

Yeah, I guess they were
feeling generous.

JD

Man I wish someone would die
and leave me some money coz
every time I imagine myself

marrying a rich old widow
she's always removing her
dentures before giving me a
blowjob. What a nightmare
huh?

BEN

Yeah. But then again you
could just close your eyes.

JD

Aw man you're a sick fuck you
know that.

BEN

Well a man's gotta do what a
man's gotta do.

JD

Have you no shame?

BEN

Hey I spend my days with
sweaty Lycra covered clowns
who are addicted to Prozac and
plastic surgery and you're
asking me about shame?

EXT. MILITARY AIR BASE IN KABUL, AFGHANISTAN - MORNING

DAVE (Mid 40s) is getting out of a jeep with a backpack.
He dials a number on his cell phone.

DAVE

Jeff it's Dave. Listen I need
your help, a few guys turned
up at my place and threatened
Linda and Brad about an hour
ago.

(Listening.)

Yeah look these guys were
armed so I need you to go over
there ASAP. Can you do that
for me?

(Listening.)

Nah, Brad's got them tied up
but I dunno who the fuck they
are or what they want.

(Listening.)

Yeah, I'm on my way. I said I

had to go and deal with a family crisis so Harry's got me on a direct flight into Charleston.

(Listening.)

Just keep them safe until I get there and see if you can find out what the fuck's going on. Look I gotta go. I'll see you soon.

INT. BEDROOM IN LA - NIGHT

Teo's with two women in a bed that's shaped to look like a penis, with the head of the penis at the base and two oval shaped pillows representing the testicles at the other end. He looks at his watch.

TEO

I'll be back in a minute so don't go falling asleep on me you hear?

He puts on a silk bathrobe, picks up a remote, stands at the end of the bed, and presses a green button. The square meter of floor beneath his feet begins to slowly descend into the room below. The women giggle as Teo disappears from view at the foot of the bed.

Teo waits for the hydraulic pole to stop its descent and then moves towards Anjel, who is on a large red L-shaped leather couch in the opposite corner of the living room.

TEO

So?

Anjel's busy playing UFC on the play station 3.

ANJEL

Just give me a sec boss.

Teo throws his remote at Anjel.

TEO

What the fuck's going on? It's after ten already, why haven't they called?

ANJEL

Sorry boss I'll call them now.

TEO

Who'd you send over there
anyway?

ANJEL

Mateo and Ramone.

TEO

Those two Pendejo's (*Idiots*).

ANJEL

It's just a woman and a kid.

TEO

And my fucking million
dollars.

Anjel gets his cell phone and calls Ramone but as he's
moving the phone to his ear Teo grabs it from him.

TEO

Answer you dumb fuck.

(Pausing.)

Chingada Madre.

He throws the cell phone at Anjel.

TEO

Get them on the phone now or
get your ass down there.

ANJEL

Don't worry boss I'll fix
this.

TEO

Fix this. Those fucking
Payaso's (*Clowns*) better have
everything under control
otherwise I'm gonna hold you
personally responsible.

Teo picks up his remote and heads back across the room.

TEO

And don't have me waiting
around like some fucking love
sick teenager otherwise one of
us is going to be heartbroken
and it isn't going to be me.

INT. DINING ROOM

Mateo and Ramone are tied up and have Bart Simpson pillow cases over their heads. Brad stands guard. Jeff enters the room.

JEFF

Hey man. I like what you've done with the place. Your mum's gone to pack a few things so I'm just gonna have a quick word with one of these guys before we leave.

Jeff removes the pillow case and insulation tape from Mateo's mouth.

MATEO

You're gonna be skinned alive for this kid, you know that?

JEFF

Hey, shut the fuck up.

MATEO

I've seen it done to a guy you know, never heard someone scream so loud.

JEFF

Now you listen to me.

MATEO

Why? What're you gonna do huh?

JEFF

Okay playtime's over.

Jeff takes out a gun and places it against Mateo's head.

JEFF

Now you're gonna tell me what you're doing here or you're on a one way ticket to hell. One, two...

MATEO

We're here for the money.

JEFF

What money?

MATEO

Look all I know is that his old man was meant to deliver a million dollars to my boss yesterday only he's now dead and my boss wants his money.

JEFF

Do you know anything about this?

BRAD

No.

JEFF

You'd better not be lying to me kid.

BRAD

Hey listen...

JEFF

No you listen coz we're running outta time here. My van's parked up against your garage door so we're gonna load these guys into the back nice and quiet. Okay?

INT. BLACK S-CLASS MERCEDES

Anjel sits in the back with Emilio in the driving seat.

ANJEL

Let's go. And don't stop for anything okay?

EMILIO

No problemo. Tonight the streets of LA are gonna be my own personal Indianapolis five hundred track.

ANJEL

Whatever just move it.

Emilio floors the accelerator and Anjel is thrown backwards as the Mercedes takes off down the drive.

EXT. FORD TRANSIT VAN

Jeff pulls out of the drive and starts driving down the road with Linda in the passenger seat. The van turns left and disappears from view. A few seconds later the black s-class Mercedes pulls up outside the house and Anjel and Emilio get out and head towards the front door.

BLACK SCREEN:

SUPER:

"Whether you think you can or
whether you think you can't,
you're right." (Henry Ford)

EXT. ON A COASTAL ROAD SOMEWHERE IN LA

Ben and JD are cruising along on their Harley's.

JD

Man I can't believe we're
really doing this. We're on
the fucking road man, with
nothing but fresh air and hot
chicks to fuck between here
and New York.

JD accelerates and Ben follows.

INT. LARGE LIVING ROOM

Teo is aiming a gun at Anjel's head.

TEO

Tell me why I shouldn't just
pull the trigger huh?

Anjel stares silently at his boss.

TEO

You know I thought you had a
fucking brain and
cojones(*balls*) but it turns
out you're just as dumb as the
rest of them.

He points the gun at the ceiling and fires. Plaster falls from the ceiling, landing on their heads.

TEO

That's why I spent a fucking fortune soundproofing this room coz every organisation ends up with people in the firing line from time to time. But I ain't terminating your contract just yet.

Teo points the gun at a pair of large double doors.

TEO

Now go sort this shit out before I change my mind and ventilate that thick fucking head of yours.

INT. JEFF'S KITCHEN

Jeff, Linda, and Brad are sitting at the kitchen table.

JEFF

So you only met her once?

BRAD

Yeah. She was leaving the apartment as I was arriving.

JEFF

Girlfriend?

BRAD

Probably just one of his short term sexual playthings.

(Pausing.)

Sorry Ma.

LINDA

Don't be, that's all most of you guys are good for anyway.

JEFF

Well either she has the money or it's somebody from the gym.

LINDA

Do you really think they're gonna leave us alone if we find it?

JEFF

What?

LINDA

If we find the money and
return it to them will that be
the end of it?

JEFF

The only thing those
motherfuckers will be getting
from me is a bullet between
the eyes.

The doorbell rings.

JEFF

That'll be Dave.

INT. BLACK S-CLASS MERCEDES

Emilio looks over his shoulder at Anjel.

EMILIO

Are you okay man?

Anjel nods.

EMILIO

So where to?

ANJEL

Trinity Gym, West Hollywood.

EMILIO

Are you sure this is a good
time to be working out?

ANJEL

That's where the fucker
dropped dead. So maybe that's
where the money is.

EMILIO

Well if somebody's kept it as
a souvenir then they've
probably taken it out of there
by now.

ANJEL

Yeah but the scent should
still be warm.

EMILIO

True. Coz there's nothing
like the smell of freshly
minted Benjamin Franklins
first thing in the morning.
I always keep a few on my
bedside locker to remind me
what the meaning of my fucked
up life really is.

INT. STAIRS LEADING TO A BASEMENT

Jeff leads Dave down the stairs.

DAVE

So how dangerous are these
fuckers?

JEFF

They're just pussies acting
like tigers.

DAVE

You sure?

JEFF

Course I'm sure. I've got
two Oscar winners down here.
One's pissed himself and the
other had rosary beads around
his neck. So I took them off
him and hammered a nail
through his foot.

DAVE

What?

JEFF

I only hit him on the toes
but you should've seen the
look in his eyes when I was
swinging that hammer.

DAVE

You're insane you know that?

JEFF

You wouldn't have called me
if I wasn't now would you?
Anyway I've already started
rounding up the posse.

DAVE

Is that really necessary?

JEFF

Abso-fucking-lutely. One of
the fuckers threatened to
have Brad skinned alive.

DAVE

I'll fucking kill him.

JEFF

Now you're talking.

INT. OFFICE IN LAPD PRECINCT

A police chief sits at his desk examining a colour chart
when there's a knock on his door.

CHIEF

Come in.

The door opens and Bill enters.

BILL

You wanted to see me Chief?

CHIEF

Hmm. I don't know if want is
the right word. Let's just
say that I'm intrigued.

The Chief holds up the color chart for Bill to see.

CHIEF

What color would you say these
are?

BILL

Blue?

CHIEF

Tell that to my wife then
would you, because apparently
they're all purple.

The chief takes a sip of coffee from a mug on his desk.

CHIEF

Should I be adding a drop of whiskey to this do you think?

BILL

When you hear what I have to say we may both be in need of something stronger than caffeine.

CHIEF

So I take it this is no longer simply a case of a bad heart and some Amazonian ants that were lost in transportation?

BILL

Yeah I guess. The manager of the gym called to say that a detective Hernandez had been into the gym asking questions. So he wanted to know what the fuck was going on and why we were taking up so much of his time with a heart attack victim when we should be out on the streets trying to catch some real criminals.

CHIEF

Who the hell's Hernandez?

BILL

Joe called the other departments and there's no detective Hernandez currently working in the LA area.

CHIEF

Holy shit. So what's going on?

BILL

Well the interesting thing is he seemed to be mainly concerned about the guy's personal belongings.

CHIEF

Any idea what he might've been looking for?

BILL

I'd say he's looking for either money or drugs, which explains why the guy's apartment was ransacked.

CHIEF

So who else was using the locker room around the time of the incident?

BILL

So far as we know only the personal trainer, the manager, and the cleaner.

CHIEF

You've interviewed them, so who's our likely suspect?

BILL

The cleaner I guess. He fits the profile of an angry anarchist who's a freethinker and a possible lawbreaker.

CHIEF

I see. Well you'd better question him further and see what he has to say.

EXT. BACK OF A DISUSED WAREHOUSE SOMEWHERE IN LA

Mateo and Ramone sit on the ground naked from the waist up. They're tied together, the pillow cases are over their heads, and they both have tattoos of a Buchis Bull on their chests.

Emilio and Anjel pull up beside them in the black s-class Mercedes and get out.

EMILIO

What the fuck?

They remove the pillow cases and tape from their mouths.

ANJEL

What happened?

MATEO

We we're ambushed.

ANJEL

By who? The fucking boy
scouts?

MATEO

These guys were armed and knew
what they were doing?

ANJEL

And you didn't? Is that it?

MATEO

Hey we were only expecting a
bitch and her kid.

ANJEL

Do they have the fucking
money?

MATEO

Nah I don't think so.

Anjel takes out a gun and points it at Mateo.

ANJEL

How about now?

MATEO

They don't have it alright?

ANJEL

How do you know?

MATEO

Coz when I told them we were
looking for it they looked
pretty fucking surprised.

ANJEL

Fuck.

EMILIO

Anjel you'd better take a look
at this.

ANJEL

I'm kinda fucking busy here.
What did they look like?

MATEO

White, middle aged, but they
were in good shape.

ANJEL

This city's full of fuckers
like that. So you've never
seen these guys before?

MATEO

Nah.

ANJEL

Do you know where they brought
you?

Mateo points at the pillow case on the ground.

MATEO

We had them on all the time.

ANJEL

You didn't even get a look at
the licence plate?

EMILIO

Man you gotta take a look at
this coz there's some serious
fucked up shit going on here.

Anjel walks around and examines Mateo's back.

ANJEL

Cabrón(*Motherfucker*).

He then takes a look at Ramone's back.

ANJEL

Mierda(*Shit*).

MATEO

What'd they do?

ANJEL

Shut the fuck up. I'm gonna
call Teo and I don't wanna
hear another fucking word out

of either of you.

Anjel walks around to the far side of the car, opens the back door, sits down, and calls Teo.

ANJEL

Yeah. Some guys with shooters were waiting for them and they're beat up pretty bad.

(Listening.)

Nah Mateo says they don't have the money. So like I was saying earlier before we got the call I'd say this punk from the gym has the money.

(Listening.)

Yeah I'll head over there now. So whaddya want me to do with these two?

(Listening.)

Alright.

He hangs up, attaches a silencer to his handgun, and gets out of the car. The camera remains focused on the back seat of the Mercedes and after a few seconds some muffled shots are heard.

Emilio and Anjel look down at their dead gang members.

EMILIO

Sizzle and burn?

ANJEL

Yeah.

They open the trunk, put on a pair of heavy duty gloves, and remove a Jerry can each. Emilio crouches and begins to pour some of the contents of his can onto Ramones back. As soon as the powerful acid makes contact it begins to bubble and hiss. Anjel points at Mateo.

ANJEL

Turn him over first. I wanna make sure the graffiti on his back is burned to fuck too.

Emilio turns Mateo over revealing the following words:

The Buchinista gang are
bullshit bandits with no balls

EMILIO

You know I'd love to meet the

crazy fuck who went to the trouble of stencilling that shit on them.

ANJEL

Oh you'll be seeing him, only when you do I'll be carving a few words into his back. Come on let's get this over with coz we've gotta head over to the gym guys place next.

EMILIO

Aw you're shitting me man. Tonight's my card night.

Anjel opens his can and pours petrol over the bodies.

ANJEL

You wanna tell Teo that?

EMILIO

Dumb ass motherfuckers.

Emilio takes out a packet of cigarettes, removes his lighter, and rips off the top of the box.

EMILIO

If I'da known these guys were gonna ruin my evening like this I'da beaten their sorry asses before you popped them.

Emilio takes a step backwards as the petrol ignites.

EMILIO

You know something? If I could be anyone in this fucked up Universe then I'd be the Devil.

ANJEL

Come on you mad fuck let's get outta here.

BLACK SCREEN:

SUPER:

"The reasonable man adapts himself to the world; the

unreasonable one persists in trying to adapt the world to himself. Therefore all progress depends on the unreasonable man." (George Bernard Shaw)

INT. JEFF'S BASEMENT - THE FOLLOWING MORNING

Six guys sit in a semi circle. Jeff stands beside a portable white board. Written at the top is 'Operation Weed and Bleed'. Buchinista Gang is circled in the middle of the board with arrows pointing towards key phrases such as 'Early Retirement Fund', 'The Magnificent Seven', and 'The Million Dollars'.

JEFF

Now that you've all been briefed here's what's on today's agenda. Dave and I are gonna meet up with this detective friend of mine to get some intel on this gang. Rob, Josh, you're both on duty tonight so here's a list of everything we're gonna need for the operation.

Jeff hands ROB a piece of paper.

JEFF

Paul, Scott I want you to check out the gym and search the apartment and see if your eagle eyes can spot anything that the others may have missed re the missing money. Any questions?

ROB

Yeah. The guns and the body armour aren't a problem but the infrared gear and the explosives are just too damn risky.

JEFF

Look they're not gonna miss a couple of night vision specs if we're only borrowing them for a few days and there's

enough explosives in there to keep our guys in the middle east going for months.

ROB

What the fuck are we gonna be blowing up anyway?

JEFF

They're for opening the doors to our retirement funds and dealing with any potential weed clusters.

SCOTT

Weed clusters?

JEFF

If you find some of these chicken shits all huddled together then you've got yourself a weed cluster. You lob in a grenade and boom. Best damn weed killer there is.

ROB

I dunno man this is all beginning to sound a bit crazy to me.

JEFF

And working in the Middle East as mercenaries isn't?

PAUL taps the white label on his chest.

PAUL

Jeff why Bernardo?

JEFF

You know why?

PAUL

All the same I'd like to hear it from the horse's mouth.

JEFF

Cos you're a bastard Irishman who cheats at cards and enjoys killing too much.

DAVE

Alright we've all got work to do so let's get going.

Everyone leaves the room except for Dave and Brad.

BRAD

So what do you want me to do?

DAVE

Look after your Mum.

Brad rips a label, with Chico on it, from his t-shirt.

BRAD

Well I don't need this then, do I?

DAVE

Take it easy. I'm very grateful that your quick thinking saved Linda from those scumbags.

BRAD

She's the one who kicked the guy holding the gun in the nuts. So maybe she should be wearing this.

DAVE

Yeah but you were the one who finished the job.

Dave places the sticker back on Brad's chest.

DAVE

Besides imagine how Jeff would react if a member of our Magnificent Seven was replaced by a woman.

BRAD

What's so fucking great about them anyway?

DAVE

Hey I'm just glad Jeff wasn't around when you told me you'd never seen the film. Look he has it on DVD so why don't you

watch it while we're out?

BRAD

Cheesy Westerns aren't really my thing.

DAVE

Whoa there partner, that movie's a classic and if you're gonna be Chico then you might as well get to know him.

BRAD

Let me have a few beers and you've got yourself a deal.

DAVE

Sure, just don't drink too much.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF TEO'S LA MANSION

Teo sits in an armchair with a cigar in one hand and a piece of paper in the other. Anjel stands before him.

TEO

So you think this kid's got my money then huh?

ANJEL

He found Steve's body and now he's disappeared.

Teo looks at the photocopied photo of Ben in his hand.

TEO

Yeah well this motherfucker's gonna vanish for good pretty soon.

ANJEL

We tore that place apart so he's either stashed it somewhere or he's taken it with him.

TEO

What about the neighbours?

ANJEL

Nobody knows where he's gone but someone saw him head off

on his motorbike with another
guy from the apartment.

TEO

So we're looking for a couple
of bikers?

ANJEL

This city's full of fucking
bikers.

TEO

Yeah, but where would you go
with a million dollars?

ANJEL

Las Vegas.

TEO

They're probably fucking some
high class bimbos with my
goddamn money right now.

Teo sets fire to the photo of Ben with his cigar.

TEO

Well it's the last fuck
they're ever gonna have.

ANJEL

Teo that's...

TEO

Shut the fuck up and go get me
on a plane to Vegas.

Teo tosses the burning page into the fireplace.

TEO

What the fuck's wrong with
you?

ANJEL

I didn't make any copies of
that.

Teo taps an index finger against the side of his head.

TEO

All the copies we need are
right here. And as soon as I

lay eyes on that motherfucker
he's gonna wish that his dad
had saved us all a lot of
trouble by wearing a rubber.

INT. A SUITE AT THE CAESARS PALACE IN LAS VEGAS - DAY

JD takes some bundles of hundred dollar bills from a
coffee table while Ben tries not to laugh.

JD

You really are an asshole you
know that?

BEN

Hey you're the one who said..

JD

Oh so suddenly you're
listening to every fucking
word I say huh?

BEN

You can get it removed you
know?

JD

And I guess you'll pay for
that too will you? I feel
like I've been violated. You
sick fuck.

BEN

Hey we've been smoking nothing
but joints since we left LA
and we hit the bars as soon as
we got here.

JD

So?

BEN

So, it takes two to tango you
know?

JD launches himself at Ben and they wrestle on the floor
but they're interrupted by a knock at the door.

BEN

It's probably the cleaning
lady.

JD gets to his feet and heads towards the door.

BEN

Don't open it.

JD

Fuck you.

JD opens the door.

CLEANING LADY

Oh I'm sorry. I'll call back later.

JD

Hold on a second, can I ask you something?

CLEANING LADY

Sure.

JD

We're having a discussion and I'd really like your opinion on it.

BEN(OS)

JD, no.

JD

It'll only take a second.

CLEANING LADY

Look if this a private matter I'd rather not get involved.

JD

I just want you to take a look at something and tell me what you think?

JD turns to look at Ben.

JD

Pass me one of those bundles.

BEN

JD stop it man.

JD

Give me the fucking money.

Ben tosses it over, JD peels away a hundred dollar bill, and offers it to her.

JD

Look here's a hundred dollars.
All I want you to do is look
at something for me. Please?

CLEANING LADY

I ain't going in there.

JD

That's fine you can take a
look at it from here.

CLEANING LADY

Alright but if you try
anything funny I'm calling
security.

JD

Sure. Now see the guy behind
me?

CLEANING LADY

Yeah.

JD

Well he made me get a tattoo
and I'd like you to tell me
what you honestly think about
it okay?

BEN

Seriously JD stop fucking
around.

CLEANING LADY

What's going on here huh?

JD pulls down his boxer shorts revealing the tattoo on his left cheek written in hot pink: I love Ben but I just married him for his money.

CLEANING LADY

Ay Dios Mio(*Oh my God*).

JD pulls up his shorts and turns to face her.

CLEANING LADY

He did this to you?

BEN

Hey I didn't...

JD

Shut the fuck up and listen to what she has to say. You see he's rich and I'm poor. So he offered me a lot of money and I just couldn't refuse.

She glares at Ben.

CLEANING LADY

You're all the same, coming here in your fancy jets and your big cars and thinking you can do whatever you want.

She holds up a gold cross from around her neck.

CLEANING LADY

But your day of judgement will come and when it does, I pray that I will be there to witness it.

JD

Thank you.

She gives JD a hug.

CLEANING LADY

You're in God's hands now and he will help you.

BEN

Only a good plastic surgeon can help him now.

CLEANING LADY

Asshole. Do you want me to wait here while you get your stuff together?

JD

Nah I'll be okay.

CLEANING LADY

Did he do anything else to you?

JD

Yeah. He robbed me of my
dignity.

CLEANING LADY

Do you want me to call
security?

JD

Nah I'm just gonna get my
things together and leave.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF JEFF'S HOUSE

The final scene of the Magnificent Seven comes to an end.
Brad switches off the TV and heads into the kitchen where
his mum is reading a magazine.

LINDA

So did you enjoy it?

BRAD

Yeah it wasn't bad.

LINDA

Look I want you to know that I
made Dave promise me that
you're gonna be their backup
guy.

BRAD

Aw what did you do that for?

LINDA

You know why. Steve's dead
and there's no way I'm gonna
risk losing the best thing
that ever happened to me as
well.

BRAD

But...

LINDA

It just ain't gonna happen, no
matter what you say. Okay?
These guys are all highly
trained soldiers who know how
to take care of themselves.

BRAD

Look I'm old enough to make my own decisions.

LINDA

And you're also young enough to make plenty of bad ones that you'll hopefully live to regret.

BRAD

I'm not afraid of anyone or anything just like the guys in that film.

LINDA

I know. That's what scares me the most.

INT. LAPD OFFICE, BILL'S DESK

Bill bangs the receiver of his phone against his desk as Frank arrives.

FRANK

Hey quit damaging public property will ya?

BILL

If I were to bang your head against this desk would that also be a violation of public property?

FRANK

Jeez Bill, lighten up will ya?

BILL

I've just had it with this bullshit case.

FRANK

What's happened now? This Hernandez guy got a twin brother or something?

BILL

I was talking to the cleaner.

FRANK

What about?

BILL

I told him that the guy may have been carrying something of value on him when he died, which now appears to be missing. So I asked him if he'd answer a few routine questions.

FRANK

And what did he say?

BILL

That we're always trying to pin things on the Blacks and the Hispanics and that if I didn't have a warrant then the only thing that he'd freely allow me to do was to kiss his righteous ass.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL IN LAX

Teo, Anjel, and Emilio are queuing to board a flight. Teo's talking on his cell phone.

TEO

Yeah find out everything you can about this Ben Engelman. I wanna know where the fuck he is so put a trace on his cell phone, credit card transactions, the works.

(Listening.)

Since when have you done anything that isn't illegal except for boning that ugly motherfucking dog of yours? And I'm not referring to your wife although then again I haven't met her so I guess I can't be too sure about that now can I?

(Listening.)

Yeah, yeah, just do it or I'll find someone else who will.

He hangs up and hands his ticket to the air hostess.

TEO

Hey there. Listen if you're staying overnight in Vegas then you've just gotta take a look at the view from my penthouse suite in the Bellagio. It's one of the seven wonders of my incredible fucking world.

AIR HOSTESS

What about the other six?

TEO

Well I always have my top two with me at all times so I think three wonders should be enough for tonight don't you?

AIR HOSTESS

Sorry but I'm gonna have to say no coz your small dick and phony personality will only spoil the view.

She hands him back his ticket stub.

AIR HOSTESS

Same shitty line different guy, have a nice flight.

BLACK SCREEN:

SUPER:

"The future has several names. For the weak, it is the impossible. For the fainthearted, it is the unknown. For the thoughtful and valiant, it is the ideal."
(Victor Hugo)

INT. BASEMENT ROOM IN JEFF'S HOUSE

The Magnificent Seven examine their black t-shirts which Jeff designed using the internet, a printer, some iron on transfer paper, and an iron.

PAUL

We're gonna look fucking

stupid if we wear these
tonight.

SCOTT

Yeah, these guys are gonna die
laughing.

ROB

Well I think it's a great
idea.

SCOTT

That's coz you've got James
Coburn watching out for you on
both sides. I've got a
picture of Brad Dexter with
lucky written underneath for
Christ's sake.

JEFF

That's coz you're our lucky
charm.

SCOTT

Why not Harry Luck?

JEFF

Hey I was gonna put Lucky
Harry but then I thought that
would be disrespectful.

SCOTT

Well I'd much prefer to have
Clint Eastwood with Lucky
Harry or even Dirty Fucking
Harry underneath instead of
this shit.

DAVE

Look anyone who doesn't wanna
wear these can fuck off now.
The rest of you let's get down
to work. Chico I need you to
go out and get us some coffee
and Doughnuts.

BRAD

But..

DAVE

Just do it okay?

Brad glares at him before storming out of the room.

DAVE

From now on we refer to one another by our new names. No exceptions. So everyone put on their t-shirt and let's get started. Vin?

They put on their t-shirts and gather around a table.

For the next part of the screenplay the characters new names will appear in parenthesis after their real names every time they speak.

JEFF(VIN)

Okay tonight's operation is called Calvera's prom night.

PAUL(BERNARDO)

Let me guess that's coz we're about to fuck these guys.

JEFF(VIN)

Yeah. We're gonna take away their money and destroy whatever drugs we find.

On the table there's a collection of photos, a roughly drawn sketch of the area around their target, and a detailed drawing of the inside of the gang's building.

JEFF(VIN)

Dave and I watched the comings and goings there last night while running through a few options that we'd formulated from the surveillance footage and the additional Intel that we received from the detective.

DAVE(CHRIS)

Now these lazy dumb motherfuckers have become so arrogant that this shit hole is now the central bank for all their drug dealing. So tonight we become rich men.

EXT. SIDEWALK BESIDE SOME SHOPS, CAFES, AND RESTAURANTS

PHIL tries to hand Brad a flier. Brad pushes him away causing him to fall and his fliers scatter all over the pavement. Brad offers to help him up but Phil gives him the finger so Brad starts to pick up some fliers.

PHIL

Hey asshole hand them over.

Brad stares at the woman on the flier with a microphone in her hand and a group of long haired moody looking guys around her. It's the woman that he'd seen leaving his dad's apartment a few days before he died.

BRAD(CHICO)

Do you know her?

PHIL

I sure as hell ain't gonna give you her number now am I?

BRAD(CHICO)

Look I really need to talk to her. She was a friend of my dad's.

PHIL

So she likes older men, big fucking deal.

BRAD(CHICO)

His funeral's in a few days.

PHIL

Ah shit man I'm sorry. But that still doesn't give you the right to go pushing people around you know?

BRAD(CHICO)

Yeah, sorry about that. Look could you give her a message from me?

PHIL

Sure.

BRAD(CHICO)

Do you have a pen on you?

The guy hands Ben a pen and he starts to write on the

back of a flier.

INT. A PENTHOUSE SUITE IN THE BELLAGIO HOTEL, LAS VEGAS

Teo talks on his cell phone.

TEO

So nothing since Caesars
Palace huh, well they're
probably using motels now and
paying by cash. And if you're
not picking up a signal from
his cell then he's probably
tossed it.

(Listening.)

I got one of the guys to go
back to their apartment and
send me a photo of the two of
them. So I've sent it out to
a few guys I know and I'm
gonna let them do the donkey
work for me. I've put up
fifty grand so it's only a
matter of time before that
motherfucker's mine.

INT. STAGE AREA IN A BAR IN LA

Liz and the band, Mel, Jimmy, FRED, and BOB, are
rehearsing. Phil arrives as the song they're playing
ends.

LIZ

Hey Phil. You done already?

PHIL

Yeah, we should've printed up
more.

LIZ

Let's see how many show up
first.

PHIL

I was asked to give you this
by some kid who says you knew
his father.

LIZ

What does he want?

PHIL

Dunno, said his father just died.

Liz, shocked by what she's just heard, drops the flier.

PHIL

Hey are you okay?

LIZ

Huh?

Phil picks up the flier and offers it to Liz but Mel snatches it from him.

MEL

Who's Brad?

LIZ

Mel, give it to me.

MEL

Man you look like you've just seen a ghost.

LIZ

Stop fucking around and give it to me okay.

MEL

What's going on Phil?

PHIL

Some kid wants to invite her to his dad's funeral I guess.

Liz kicks Mel and retrieves the flier.

FRED

Shit, someone is haunting her after all.

MEL

Maybe she killed him and that's where the mystery bag came from.

LIZ

He died of a heart attack alright.

FRED

Jeez Liz you didn't fuck him
to death did you?

She turns towards Fred and glares at him.

LIZ

You're lucky we've got this
gig tomorrow otherwise you'd
be on your ass right now.

FRED

Take it easy I'm just joking
around.

LIZ

Yeah well why don't you all go
and jerk each other off coz I
gotta go make a call.

EXT. RUN DOWN NEIGHBOURHOOD OF LA - 2AM

Jeff parks his van down an alleyway, gets out, and makes sure no-one's around before letting the others out of the back. Everyone's wearing black combats, black ponchos, and black ski masks that are currently rolled up to look like beanies on their heads. They split into pairs and head off except for Brad, Dave and Jeff who remain at the back of the van.

DAVE(CHRIS)

If everything goes to plan
then all you're gonna be doing
is babysitting the front door.
But if anyone makes it that
far just make sure they get no
further. Don't lose your
focus, not even for a second,
because if you do it could be
your last. Aim for the head
and then the chest but no more
than two shots unless of
course you miss.

BRAD(CHICO)

Hey last time at the firing
range I almost kicked your
ass.

DAVE(CHRIS)

Yeah, what am I worrying about

huh?

EXT. ROOF OF BUILDING ADJACENT TO THE GANGS

Paul and Scott exit a doorway onto the roof. They're both wearing communication devices. They remove their ponchos, pull down their ski masks, and move over towards the adjacent roof. A young Hispanic guy sleeps against a wall beside a doorway with a bottle of whiskey at his feet. Paul takes out his handgun, with silencer attached, and shoots the guy in the forehead.

PAUL(BERNARDO)

Hope I caught you in the
middle of a nice dream kid.

EXT. ALLEYWAY BEHIND THE GANGS BUILDING

Rob and Josh are on the fire escape. They remove their ponchos, pull down their ski masks, and put on their night vision goggles. Rob speaks into his communication device.

ROB(BRITT)

Ready to go Chris.

EXT. THE FRONT OF THE GANGS BUILDING

Dave heads around the corner towards the main entrance. A Hispanic guy stands with his back against the wall beside the doorway. Dave removes a packet of cigarettes and stops.

DAVE(CHRIS)

You got a light?

The guy looks at Dave's poncho while getting his lighter.

GUY AT DOOR

Who the fuck are you supposed
to be Clint Eastwood or Zorro?

DAVE(CHRIS)

Neither.

Dave leans in with the cigarette between his lips and plunges a knife into the guy's chest.

DAVE(CHRIS)

I'm the grim fucking reaper.

Dave eases him onto the ground. Jeff peers around the corner and both he and Brad head towards Dave. Dave removes a set of keys from the guy's jacket.

DAVE(CHRIS)

Alright let's do this.

Dave removes his handgun and opens the door. The corridor's empty so Jeff and Dave remove their ponchos, lower their ski masks, and drag the guy's body inside. Dave then speaks into his communication device.

DAVE(CHRIS)

Prom time everyone.

EXT. ROOF OF BUILDING

Paul and Scott enter the gangs building by the door.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE IN ALLEYWAY BEHIND THE BUILDING

Rob and Josh enter a dark room via a window.

INT. LA NIGHTCLUB

A barman watches as Lenny slides a small bag of cocaine across a table to a guy. A waitress approaches the bar.

BARMAN

Molly who's that guy over there?

The waitress glances over at Lenny.

MOLLY

The small fat guy?

BARMAN

Yeah.

MOLLY

He's a music agent. Why? What's up?

BARMAN

He's also a dealer.

MOLLY

So? Everyone in here is either buying or selling.

BARMAN

Yeah but he seems to be
carrying a lot of gear.

MOLLY

He looks after bands for fuck
sake. What's it to you
anyway?

BARMAN

A friend of mine asked me to
keep an eye out for any
unusual activity that's all.

MOLLY

Give us two gin and tonics
will you.

INT. BASEMENT AREA OF GANGS BUILDING

Jeff and Dave tie up a member of the gang to a chair.
Paul and Scott enter the room followed by Rob and Josh.

DAVE(CHRIS)

Are we done?

PAUL(BERNARDO)

Fucking amateurs. A total
waste of my time and
expertise.

JEFF(VIN)

Well take a look in there and
tell me if you still think
we've ruined your evening.

They pass by the gang member who stares at the t-shirts
that they have on over their Kevlar vests.

DAVE(CHRIS)

I'd better go get Chico.

JEFF(VIN)

Yeah, I'll explain to this guy
why we've spared his sorry
ass.

Dave leaves. Paul pops his head in from the other room.

PAUL(BERNARDO)

Man I've never seen so much

dough piled up like that.
They're like bricks on a
fucking building site.

JEFF(VIN)

Yeah well start bagging them
will ya. And tell Lee to
start flushing the drugs down
the nearest toilet he can
find.

Jeff moves towards the gang member who spits at him,
hitting the photo of Steve McQueen on Jeff's t-shirt.
Jeff presses his handgun against the guy's forehead.

JEFF(VIN)

If you wanna live motherfucker
then know this, I don't tend
to give second chances, and I
never go beyond that. So do
that again and I'll happily
reunite you with the rest of
your chickenshit outfit.

INT. MAIN STAIRCASE IN TEO'S LA MANSION

Anjel climbs the stairs, approaches the first door on his
right, and knocks.

TEO(OS)

What the fuck.

Anjel opens the door as Teo switches on his bedside lamp.
A woman remains asleep in the bed beside him.

TEO

This better be fucking
important.

ANJEL

It is. Carlos called.
There's been an incident down
at the Buchis.

TEO

Did some stupid fuck nearly
burn the place down again?

ANJEL

Nah, this was an outside job.

TEO

What? Tell me the
motherfuckers are dead.

ANJEL

This looks like a well planned
attack.

TEO

That's not what I fucking
asked you now, is it?

ANJEL

I don't think they killed any
of them.

TEO

Are you fucking kidding me?

ANJEL

We'd better get down there.

TEO

What are you now fucking
Einstein? Get Emilio and
whoever else is around. And
make sure the trunk has all
the necessary hardware coz
we're going hunting.

INT. COFFEE SHOP IN LA

Liz and Brad sit across from one another in a booth.

LIZ

Like I said I'd been seeing
your dad for a few months and
it was nothing serious. So
when I hadn't heard from him
these past few days I didn't
think much of it.

BRAD

Sure but what I really need to
know is, were you with him the
night before he died?

LIZ

No.

BRAD

So you don't know anything about any money or drugs that he may have had?

LIZ

No. Look I don't give a fuck what people do with their lives and I sure as hell don't ask them either. My relationship with your dad was purely physical.

BRAD

Whatever, just do me a favor and stay out partying after the gig tonight and try not to go home before dawn.

LIZ

What are you my fucking minder?

BRAD

Hey if they connect you with my dad then you could end up with a gun pointed at your head as well.

LIZ

Look I don't have anything belonging to your dad and even if I did I wouldn't just hand it over to you.

Liz slides out of the booth.

BRAD

Whoa. If you don't wanna take my advice then that's fine. I just don't like seeing funeral parlours any busier than they ought to be that's all.

LIZ

Oh so you're a wise guy too huh? Just like your old man. Well I can look after myself okay?

Liz starts to walk away but then stops and turns around.

LIZ

Funeral's tomorrow afternoon?

BRAD

Yeah.

LIZ

Look your dad seemed like a nice guy and our brief time together was fun but funerals aren't really my thing.

BRAD

Really? You know I always wondered why they called it the wedding crashers and not the funeral fanatics.

LIZ

I don't do weddings either shithead.

BRAD

Go fuck yourself.

LIZ

Oh I fully intend to coz when it comes to that department most of you guys are amateurs who couldn't make me cum even if I offered you a million fucking dollars.

Her raised voice and choice of words attract the attention of the other customers. Liz leaves.

INT. BASEMENT OF THE BUCHIS BUILDING

Teo prowls the room looking at a card in his hands.

TEO

You're fucking kidding me. Nobody leaves behind this kind of shit except the fucking Joker. The Kansas Comanches. I mean what kinda dumb ass name is that huh? And you're saying that they were wearing t-shirts with fucking cowboys on them.

Anjel, Emilio, and CARLOS struggle not to laugh.

SURVIVOR

Sorry Teo we never expected anyone to be dumb enough to try to rob this place.

TEO

Yeah well who's the dumb fuck now huh?

Teo spots Carlos smirking.

TEO

Do you think this is funny?

CARLOS

Hey I wasn't here so don't take it out on me.

Teo pulls out his handgun and shoots the survivor in the head.

TEO

You're right now let's torch this place and get outta here.

Teo calls someone on his cell phone while the others grab petrol cans and leave the room.

SPLIT SCREEN - A middle aged, overweight, Caucasian man in a suit stands in the lobby of an old building.

TEO

I've got a fucking situation here that I need your help with.

GUY

Teo?

TEO

Nah it's the fucking Pope dip shit.

GUY

I told you never to call me during working hours.

TEO

Well I have a problem here that needs your fucking

attention right now.

GUY

This isn't a good time.

TEO

I don't pay Congressmen to tell me what the fuck to do okay? So listen to me. Some guys went into my private bank this morning and stole my fucking money.

CONGRESSMAN

And what the fuck do you expect me to do about it huh?

TEO

They're probably military fuckers coz they were well armed and killed six of my men so you're gonna talk to your contacts in the FBI, the CI fucking A, and anyone else who might be able to tell me what the fuck's going on okay?

CONGRESSMAN

Jesus Teo, there's gonna be cops crawling all over this.

TEO

We're torching the place now so all they're gonna find when they get here is pieces of charred chickenshits.

CONGRESSMAN

I thought you had a good working relationship with your neighbours?

TEO

These guys aren't local. They say they're from Kansas but I think that's fucking bullshit.

CONGRESSMAN

So what do you know?

TEO

Not a whole fucking lot
otherwise I wouldn't be
calling you now would I?

CONGRESSMAN

Look I'll see what I can do.

TEO

My dogs better be chewing on
their motherfucking balls real
soon otherwise they're gonna
be eating yours.

CONGRESSMAN

I gotta go, I'll call you
later.

TEO

You'd better otherwise I'm
gonna have to start calling
you Congress motherfucking
Eunuch.

INT. DINER SOMEWHERE IN NEVADA

Ben and JD are sitting in a booth drinking orange juice.

JD

Like I said that hundred
dollars was the best damn
money I ever spent.

BEN

Why'd you have to smash up my
cell phone like that, huh?

JD

Hey stop moaning. There's no
way I was gonna let those
photos survive so tough. You
can afford a new one anyway.

BEN

But...

JD

Enough, you're gonna give me
fucking indigestion and I
haven't even had my eggs yet.

Ben looks up at a TV screen that's on the wall behind JD.
A reporter stands in front of a smoldering building.

FEMALE REPORTER

This fire may have been
accidental or it could be
arson however we did receive
an anonymous call this morning
from a person claiming that
there was a shootout here
during the night between rival
gangs regarding a million
dollars in cash that was
apparently stolen from the
locker room of an LA gym.

Orange juice erupts from Ben's mouth.

JD

Aw Jeez man?

BEN

Shit, what have I done.

JD

What are you talking about?

JD turns. An anchorman is now talking to the reporter.

ANCHORMAN

Any ideas as to the name of
the gym that this money was
supposed to have been stolen
from?

JD turns around to face Ben.

JD

You? Fuck. I don't believe
it.

BEN

Shit. I think I'm gonna throw
up.

INT. JEFF'S KITCHEN

Jeff is watching the same news report. The phone rings.

JEFF

Hey Mike.

(Listening.)

Yeah I'm watching it now.
That should help us flush out
whoever's got the dough.

(Listening.)

No complications and no-one
got hurt. Your intel made the
operation run real smooth.

(Listening.)

Yeah another big night ahead
of us, anyway I'll call you
tomorrow and we can arrange to
meet up and settle our
account.

EXT. HIGHWAY SOMEWHERE IN NEVADA

Ben and JD are parked on a quiet stretch of desert road.

JD

Alright here's the deal, we're
splitting the money fifty-
fifty.

BEN

Are you fucking insane?
They're probably looking for
me right now.

JD

Yeah but no-one can say for
sure that you took the money
now can they?

BEN

I've gotta hand it in.

JD

Great idea and the cops will
thank you by putting you in
jail for a few years.

BEN

But if I don't and they find
me then they're gonna fuck me
over real good.

JD

Calm down. Look you needed a
few weeks off after finding

one of your clients dead.
That's perfectly reasonable.
Now the chances are nobody can
say for certain that this guy
had the million dollars on him
when he died.

BEN

I dunno, somebody might, a
bank teller maybe.

JD

Oh please. Criminals don't go
into their local branch to
take out that kind of money.
You need to start looking at
this situation rationally.

BEN

I have the cops and some
dangerous motherfucking
gangsters looking for me and
you're asking me to be
rational? Fuck you.

JD

Okay I'll do the thinking.

BEN

Look this is my problem. It
has nothing to do with you.

JD

Oh but it does because we're
partners now remember?

BEN

Look if I manage to hold onto
the cash, stay out of jail,
and live long enough to enjoy
it then I'm not splitting it
with you okay?

JD

Oh but you are. Otherwise
I'll turn you over to the cops
myself. There might even be a
reward.

BEN

So what do you think we should

do.....partner?

JD

Bury most of it and continue our trip. We'll keep a few grand and pay for everything by cash. That way we'll be harder to find.

BEN

If I'd known this was going to happen.....

JD

Then you'd continue to be a poor fucking loser.

BEN

Oh yeah, well what am I now huh?

JD

You can never cross the ocean unless you have the courage to lose sight of the shore.

BEN

What?

JD

Christopher Columbus said that and without his bravery and vision who knows what the history of this continent might've been.

BEN

Yeah well tell that to the American Indians and see what they have to say.

JD

Look an opportunity presented itself and you had the balls to grab it with both hands. Now let's find a safe place to bury this.

INT. STAGE IN BAR

Liz and the band are playing their final song to a sizeable crowd. The song ends and they leave the stage to the sound of clapping, cheering and whistling.

MEL

Man that was fucking insane.

LIZ

Yeah but where the fuck's Lenny?

MEL

Well he did say he had to make a few special deliveries on his way over, remember?

LIZ

He'd better not be fucking with us over this deal.

MEL

Hey this is Lenny we're talking about. He may be a sly fuck but he knows he can't afford to dick you around.

LIZ

He was supposed to video the gig tonight so he's already fucking with me.

MEL

You sure he's not here? He's a small motherfucker after all?

LIZ

He's a dead motherfucker is what he is.

MEL

Maybe something happened?

LIZ

Yeah well he can tell us his bullshit story while I'm busy making footprints all over his fucking Armani suit.

Fred, Jimmy, and Bob appear with bottles of beer.

FRED

Jimmy just wrote his number on
some chick's breasts with
lipstick.

JIMMY

I'm now officially a God of
sex, drugs, and rock and roll.

Jimmy offers Liz a beer but she refuses to take it.

LIZ

Why don't you guys go fuck
some groupies while I find out
where the fuck Lenny is?

JIMMY

Jeez Liz can't you just chill?

LIZ

You're right, what's wrong
with me huh?

She accepts the bottle and pours it over Jimmy's head.

EXT./INT. A BAR ALONG A DESERT HIGHWAY, NEVADA

A group of Hells Angels pull off the highway and enter
the bar. While ordering their drinks one of the group
glances at a nearby table where Ben and JD are sitting.

HELLS ANGEL

Hey Cain isn't that the guy?

CAIN turns, glances at Ben, and takes out his I-phone.
He opens up a message, revealing a photo of Ben and JD.
There's a circle around Ben and a price tag of \$50,000.

JD's cell phone rings.

JD

It's Clive again. Fuck you'd
better talk to him after all
those messages he's left.

BEN

Yeah I guess.

JD hands Ben the phone and heads to the bathroom.

SPLIT SCREEN - Clive sits at a table outside a bar.

BEN

Hey Clive.

CLIVE

I dunno whether to slap that motherfucking head of yours or kiss it.

BEN

What're you talking about?

CLIVE

Look the cops have been wandering around like lost fucking sheep today and George's been pointing his fat little Judas finger at me so don't bullshit me.

BEN

Look man I'm sorry...

CLIVE

That ain't good enough. Anyway I won't be cleaning that shit hole anymore coz I finally told George what I think of him. So seeing as how you're the cause of all this I expect to be compensated.

BEN

Do you really think I'm the kind of person who would take stuff belonging to a client of mine who's just died?

CLIVE

Nah you're too much of a loser to empty the guys wallet but we're not talking about small change here now are we motherfucker?

BEN

Alright what do you want?

CLIVE

Well seeing as how I ain't got a greedy bone in my body I'm putting in a claim for ten percent.

BEN

How about five?

CLIVE

How about I get my hundred grand otherwise I'm gonna hang you by the balls from whatever palm tree I happen to find you under.

BEN

You know Clive you'd make a great businessman.

CLIVE

And you've the legs of a ballet dancer but you'd need to shove a dildo down your tights to make up for your shortcomings.

BEN

Very funny you crazy fuck. Look we're gonna lay low for a few weeks and come up with a plan. JD knows a guy who's got a boat and he says we should head off to the Caribbean and open up a bar on a beach somewhere.

CLIVE

I like the sound of that. Serving cocktails to hot chicks and picking up more than just tips.

BEN

Why don't you join us?

CLIVE

Yeah I might just do that coz I gotta get outta here before my will to live shrivels up and dies.

BEN

I gotta warn you though that we could all end up being shot by gangsters or rotting away in a jail somewhere?

CLIVE

Do you know what a pessimist is? It's someone who can see and yet has no vision.

BEN

Goodbye Clive.

CLIVE

Ben.

BEN

Yeah.

CLIVE

I'm proud of you man.

BEN

Get outta here.

They hang up. SPLIT SCREEN ENDS.

A Hells Angel stops a guy entering the men's toilets.

HELLS ANGEL

Come back in a few minutes okay man?

GUY

What? But I really need to piss.

HELLS ANGEL

Then go water the desert and do your bit for the planet.

GUY

Hey listen.

HELLS ANGEL

Do I look like the listening type to you?

The guy marches off. Ben approaches and the Hells Angel smiles and steps out of his way. Ben enters and finds himself face to face with Cain.

CAIN

Ah there you are. I was just asking your friend here why he doesn't have a fifty thousand dollar price tag on his head. Maybe you can tell me?

BEN

Fuck.

CAIN

Why don't you join the negotiations?

Cain moves towards a cubicle behind him where JD sits on the toilet with another Hells Angel standing over him.

CAIN

Your friend here's offered to give us the fifty thousand reward for you, which I think is pretty decent of him, and he's also gonna give us an extra twenty five if we agree to leave you two alone. Now when someone I've never met before suddenly offers me seventy five thousand dollars I have to ask myself why is this guy being so generous?

Cain ushers Ben into the same cubicle as JD.

CAIN

So here's what I think. You didn't just stick your finger in somebody else's pie. You took the whole fucking lot didn't you? And I'm guessing that we're talking about a pretty big fucking pie here otherwise you wouldn't be worth shit to nobody. Do you see where I'm coming from?

JD

A hundred grand.

CAIN

How about you shut the fuck up while I talk to your lover boy

here and see how much he
thinks his life is worth.

INT. ENTERTAINMENT ROOM IN TEO'S MANSION

Lenny is tied to a chair and gagged. The door opens and Paul and Scott enter and aim their handguns at him.

PAUL(BERNARDO)

You don't look like a gang
member to me?

Lenny Stares at Charles Bronson on Paul's t-shirt and also at the mini machine gun hanging from his neck.

PAUL(BERNARDO)

Although you do look like a
slimy fuck so maybe you're
their lawyer or accountant.

Paul removes the bandana from Lenny's mouth.

PAUL(BERNARDO)

And if you are then I'm
curious to know whether you
also received a complimentary
tattoo when you decided to
move over to the dark side.

LENNY

Please don't kill me.

PAUL(BERNARDO)

Do you know if I had a dollar
for every time that's been
said to me over the years then
I'd be a very rich man by now?
So what're you doing here coz
you don't look like the S&M
type to me?

INT. TEO'S LIVING ROOM

Teo lies on the ground bound and gagged. Jeff examines the many bullet holes around the room while Dave unrolls a special tool kit on the coffee table.

JEFF(VIN)

You know I'm not a real fan of
art but like Van Gough I can

tell that you're a tortured soul. And you didn't use a silencer so that means this room must be soundproofed.

DAVE(CHRIS)

Well there's only one way to find out now, isn't there?

JEFF(VIN)

Yeah coz we do like to get our facts straight.

Dave selects a scalpel from his array of implements.

DAVE(CHRIS)

Which ear did Van Gough cut up Vin?

JEFF(VIN)

Left I think but I'm not sure.
(Pausing.)

You know when I heard that your gang's trade mark is to cut the balls off your victims I thought to myself well at least the crazy fuck has a sense of humor.

INT./EXT. BACK SEAT OF S-CLASS MERCEDES

Anjel holds a bloodstained t-shirt over his right hand. Emilio pulls up and waits for the gates to open.

EMILIO

If I were you I'd put some disinfectant on that bite. I mean that bitch could have rabies or something.

ANJEL

Shut the fuck up.

The car advances up the drive. Josh and Brad hide behind some hedging near the front of the house.

JOSH(LEE)

You stay here while I go and take these guys out. And whatever you do don't get trigger happy okay? Coz I

don't want to get shot.

He holds up his hand as Brad prepares to respond.

JOSH(LEE)

And yeah I know you're a good shot but trust me when you aim at your first live target everything becomes blurred. So just cover my ass and only come out all guns blazing if I go down okay kid?

BRAD(CHICO)

Christ I really feel like I'm in a fucking western now.

JOSH(LEE)

That's the spirit. Now enjoy the show coz you're about to see how us pros do it which is not the same as watching a bunch of overpaid actors.

Josh pulls out two identical handguns while striding towards the car. He shoots Emilio in the head as he's getting out of the car. The back door on the opposite side of the car opens and as soon as Anjel's head appears Josh puts a hole in it. He takes a look inside while holding the two guns out in front of him ready to fire.

JOSH(LEE)

Show's over kid.

Brad walks over and looks down at the bodies.

BRAD(CHICO)

So what do we do now?

JOSH(LEE)

A round of applause would be nice.

BRAD(CHICO)

How about an autograph?

JOSH(LEE)

Hey watch it kid coz you'll probably never see an ambidextrous assassin as good as me again in your lifetime.

BRAD(CHICO)

What can I say I'm impressed.

JOSH(LEE)

Good, now let's take their
valuables and then drag them
inside for the big bonfire.

Josh begins to rifle through Anjel's pockets.

JOSH(LEE)

Check the other guy and while
you're around there pop the
trunk will you?

Brad picks up the car keys and opens the trunk.

BRAD(CHICO)

What the fuck?

JOSH(LEE)

What is it kid? Money?
Drugs?

BRAD(CHICO)

I don't fucking believe it.

JOSH(LEE)

What is it the Mona fucking
Lisa, or Lisa fucking Mona?

Josh looks inside and sees a woman bound and gagged.

JOSH(LEE)

Probably just some hooker who
wouldn't give them their cut
or maybe somebody ordered
themselves a little take away.

BRAD(CHICO)

She can hear you, you know?

JOSH(LEE)

Yeah well I'd normally oblige
only she's not really my type.

BRAD(CHICO)

Seriously shut the fuck up, I
know her alright.

JOSH(LEE)

In that case all I can say is,
you could do better kid.

BRAD(CHICO)

Okay I'm gonna untie you now
but remember I'm not
responsible for bringing you
here or for anything that he's
just said alright?

JOSH(LEE)

Man, if I have to listen to
any more of this I'm gonna
throw up.

Brad unties Liz who then pushes him away.

LIZ

What the fuck's going on?

She gets out of the trunk. Josh crouches over the dead
body of the driver. Liz kicks him in the ass.

LIZ

I'm not a fucking hooker or a
takeaway item you male
chauvinist fuck.

Brad grabs her but she squeezes his balls and brings the
heel of a boot sharply down onto one of his feet. The
front door to the house opens and Rob appears.

ROB(BRITT)

What's going on out here huh?

LIZ

Christ it's James fucking
Coburn. What is this a cowboy
convention?

ROB(BRITT)

Now listen here smartass.

LIZ

Fuck you.

She marches down the drive with the others in pursuit.

INT. ENTERTAINMENT ROOM OF TEO'S MANSION

Lenny sits on the couch, drinking from a bottle of brandy while Paul smokes a cigar. Rob walks in followed by Brad and Josh who are carrying Liz between them.

LENNY

Liz, thank God you're okay.

LIZ

You're alive?

LENNY

Just about.

LIZ

Well not for long.

She starts hitting him. Jeff enters the room.

JEFF(VIN)

Who's the girl?

BRAD(CHICO)

She's the one I was telling you about.

JEFF(VIN)

Great, listen we've found the safe so Lee we need you to blow the motherfucker open okay?

INT. TEO'S BEDROOM

Scott stands at the foot of the bed. The sheets are removed and a large zip running around mattress at the head of the penis has been opened. Jeff enters with Josh who's carrying a green rectangular metal box.

SCOTT(LUCKY)

As soon as I saw this bed I said to myself, this is where I'd hide my safe if I was a crazy delusional fuck.

JOSH(LEE)

You couldn't get the combination out of this guy?

JEFF(VIN)

Nah, he'd been snorting cocaine and drinking tequila all day. So all he did was laugh at us or swear in Spanish. But as soon as Scott found the safe we silenced him.

BLACK SCREEN:

SUPER:

"To be yourself in a world that is constantly trying to make you something else is the greatest accomplishment."
(Ralph Waldo Emerson)

INT. CREMATORIUM IN LA

Steve's coffin enters the furnace to the sound of Disco Inferno by The Trammps.

DAVE

I'm surprised Steve made a will.

LINDA

I'm more amazed by his choice of music.

DAVE

Yeah I never realized he was such a comedian.

INT. POLICE CHIEF'S OFFICE

The chief sits in his chair with a pipe in his mouth. There's a knock on the door so he removes it.

CHIEF

Come in.

The door opens and Bill enters.

BILL

You got a moment chief?

CHIEF

I was hoping it wouldn't be you.

BILL

I can come back later?

CHIEF

Or leave and never return?

(Pausing.)

I'm kidding. Come on in.

Bill closes the door and sits down.

CHIEF

So what do you think?

BILL

I think this case is gonna bury me.

CHIEF

Nah I mean the pipe. I saw it in a store window and said fuck it, if I'm gonna go through my mid life crisis then I might as well do it in style.

BILL

I thought you'd given up smoking?

CHIEF

It's not for smoking it's for cogitating.

BILL

I see. Yeah, it looks good.

CHIEF

It does, doesn't it? Okay I'm gonna put it back in my mouth now which means that you're gonna do all the talking.

BILL

Okay.

CHIEF

I'll shake my head if I think

you're wrong and raise my hand
if I've heard enough.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CREMATORIUM AFTER THE SERVICE

Dave, Linda, Brad, and Jeff stand under a tree.

JEFF

The fat fucker's gonna deliver
the money tomorrow. Are you
sure you want to give the girl
her half?

DAVE

Yeah. People with balls have
to be placated or.....

JEFF

Castrated, yeah I know. What
she really needs is a real man
to tame her ass.

Jeff notices that Brad's cheeks have turned red.

JEFF

Aw man no, you haven't, have
you?

Linda starts to laugh.

LINDA

Sorry I don't know why I'm
laughing. Steve's just been
reduced to a pile of ash and
his son now has the hots for
his girlfriend.

JEFF

Listen kid she's bad news so
I'd stay the fuck away from
her if I were you.

Brad's cell phone rings so he moves away from the others.

JEFF

That's her isn't it?

DAVE

Probably.

LINDA

He's young, he'll learn.

JEFF

He's foolish and he's gonna get burned. Sorry Linda that was inappropriate.

LINDA

Nah you're right he's gonna get hurt just like the rest of us but this past week has made me realize that he's far more mature and resilient than I give him credit for.

EXT. VENICE BEACH

Clive, about to go for a swim, waves towards Frank and Joe who are watching him. A teenager approaches the cops.

TEENAGER

Excuse me. I was asked to give you this.

FRANK

Thanks kid.

Frank opens up the folded piece of paper.

JOE

What's it say?

FRANK

He want's us to bring him down a soda and a hot dog after his swim.

JOE

I hope the fucker gets bitten by a shark.

A woman rushes over to them.

WOMAN

Officers, there's a guy holding up a seven eleven around the corner.

FRANK

Where?

WOMAN

At the end of the block.

JOE

You go I'll keep an eye on
him.

FRANK

Oh no you don't, the guy's
probably armed so you're
coming with me.

JOE

What about him?

FRANK

He's swimming for fuck sake.
He ain't going anywhere. Come
on.

The cops jog around the corner as Clive swims out into a quiet stretch of the pacific and then disappears. Scott, wearing scuba gear, holds Clive from behind while Paul, handcuffs him to a leather strap that hangs from the back of one of their underwater scooters.

Clive stops struggling, accepts the spare mouthpiece that Paul offers him, and the ex-Navy Seals head off with their captive.

EXT. A PAYPHONE SOMEWHERE IN LA

Dave holds the receiver to his ear. SPLIT SCREEN - The crooked Congressman sits at the counter of an empty bar with a shot glass of whiskey in front of him.

CONGRESSMAN

Hello?

DAVE

Congressman Cook?

CONGRESSMAN

Who's this?

DAVE

I have a message for you.

CONGRESSMAN

Look this isn't a good time so
call my office and talk to my
secretary okay?

DAVE

Hey there's plenty more gangs in LA to extort money from so cheer up.

CONGRESSMAN

What do you want?

DAVE

To be left alone that's all. So here's what's gonna happen. You and your crooked comrades are gonna pick a gang and then you're gonna blame them for this violent outburst and hit them hard.

CONGRESSMAN

And why would I want to do that huh?

DAVE

Coz I have disks containing every transaction that you and all your corrupt buddies have made with the Buchinistas. It seems Teo had himself an insurance policy in case anything went wrong. And now that I have it you're gonna make damn sure that we sail off into the sunset otherwise everybody drowns. Understood?

CONGRESSMAN

Yeah.

DAVE

Now we're sending a package to your home in Malibu tomorrow morning. It'll contain the handguns that were used in the shootings. They're untraceable so all you have to do is plant them on the gang that you're gonna arrest. They're our gift to you from the Middle East which is fitting in a way since it's people like you who got us all into this mess in the first

place.

CONGRESSMAN

That doesn't give me much
time.

DAVE

If you can't make it back from
Washington then I'm sure your
wife will understand.

Dave hangs up. SPLIT SCREEN ENDS - The Congressman
knocks back the whiskey in his glass.

CONGRESSMAN

Can I get another whiskey
here?

EXT. SMALL MOTOR BOAT OFF THE COAST OF LA

Josh and Rob pull Clive onto the boat and sit him down.

CLIVE

What the fuck are you guys
doing huh? Look I don't have
no secret formula and I ain't
no fucking terrorist so you'd
better release me coz I used
to play basketball with Obama
and I still have him on speed
dial.

ROB

You're a mouthy motherfucker
aren't you?

JOSH

A friend of ours had to fly
back from the Middle East coz
of the missing million dollars
and now he wants to be
compensated.

CLIVE

Did I just accidentally swim
onto the set of a new X-Flies
movie or something?

Rob pulls out a knife and grabs Clive by the balls.

ROB

Keep it up coz I just love
doing things the hard way.

CLIVE

Oh yeah. Well I meet jealous
white motherfucker like you
everyday of my goddamn life.

JOSH

Rob, take it easy will you.
Let's just play him the tape.

Josh presses play on a recording device. Clive listens
to his conversation with Ben regarding his ten percent.

CLIVE

How the fuck...

JOSH

The girl at the bar last
night.

CLIVE

Aw man the first chick to turn
me down and now I know why.

JOSH

Okay here's the deal, you and
your friends get to walk away
with half a million and your
lives and we take the rest.

CLIVE

Are you the good guys or the
bad guys?

JOSH

Let's just say that we're
experts in both saving lives
and in ending them if that's
any help.

CLIVE

That shit on the news was
that...

Josh nods.

CLIVE

Fuck. Okay but I want you to
do something for me in return.

You tell those motherfuckers
that the five hundred grand is
to be divided up equally
between us.

JOSH

But you've already got a ten
percent deal.

CLIVE

Yeah, well that was before my
swim was interrupted by a
couple of sharks.

JOSH

Alright you've got yourself a
deal. Rob, remove the cuffs.

Rob helps Clive to his feet, removes the cuffs, and
pushes him overboard.

ROB

I hope you're a strong swimmer
coz nobody calls me a
motherfucker and gets away
with it.

CLIVE

Did I say motherfucker? I
meant to say cocksucker, coz
the only mother you've ever
been inside forced you out
nine months later.

Rob pulls out a gun. Clive dives beneath the waves
before he fires. Josh grabs hold of Rob.

JOSH

What the fuck are you doing
huh?

ROB

You heard what he said.

JOSH

Yeah well right now he's our
only lead to the million
dollars.

They watch as Clive surfaces and gives them the finger.

CLIVE

I know you wanna suck my big black cock but they say too much salt is bad for you and I don't wanna give you guys a heart attack.

Clive swims off towards the shore.

BLACK SCREEN:

SUPER:

"If you've got them by the balls their hearts and minds will follow." (John Wayne)

INT. LIVING ROOM OF APARTMENT - DAY

Clive kisses the woman who diverted Frank and Jeff towards the seven eleven store before opening the front door.

CLIVE

Now I know how this goes, coz I happen to be the most addictive love machine there is, so when those cravings start just give me a call.

WOMAN

You know you're the first guy I've met who almost lives up to his own hype.

CLIVE

And you're a very lucky woman.

The woman shakes her head, smiles, and leaves. Clive struts towards the couch rubbing his naked torso. His phone rings so he makes a detour to a nearby table and picks it up.

CLIVE

Hello.

OPERATOR(OC)

I have a collect call from a Ben in Nevada. Can I put him through?

CLIVE

What? Shit, yeah go ahead.

SPLIT SCREEN - Ben is standing in a pay phone.

BEN

Clive?

CLIVE

You cheap motherfucker, what's up? Has JD's phone run out of juice?

BEN

Everything's fucked up and I need you to wire us some money.

CLIVE

Hey how about you apologize for what happened to me yesterday first? And what do you mean you want me to wire you some money? What the fuck have you two done now huh?

BEN

The money's gone Clive.

CLIVE

What?

BEN

Some Bikers took it.

CLIVE

You handed a million dollars over to a bunch of hairy fuckers? Why's that? Coz they asked for it nicely or coz you've got the heart of a hamster who's too scared of his own fucking shadow?

BEN

Hey there was a reward of fifty thousand dollars on my head for fuck sake.

CLIVE

Shit I'm gonna find you free

of charge and when I do you're gonna work overtime until you give me my hundred grand.

BEN

Hey do you think I'm happy about this? Do you? Look we're running out of gas and they took everything off us so I really need you to wire us some money and I'll pay you back as soon as I get to LA.

CLIVE

Man those army fuckers are gonna be pissed.

BEN

What the fuck are you talking about?

CLIVE

Shit you really didn't get my messages did you?

BEN

They flushed JD's cell down the john. So what gives?

CLIVE

These guys picked me up yesterday looking for five hundred grand compensation and they're not the kind of motherfuckers you wanna mess with. In fact they're responsible for all those killings we've been seeing on the news.

BEN

Fuck.

CLIVE

Hey it's cool though man coz I've just got outta bed with this chick who works with them.

BEN

Jesus Clive.

CLIVE

Relax will you? I tried to keep things on a professional level but you know how it is. Anyway they're all ex-military guys who're now working for one of these private armies.

BEN

And what the fuck do they have to do with all this?

CLIVE

Long story but hey listen maybe they could help us to get the money back?

BEN

Do you think? Coz we have the plate number of the main guy's bike.

CLIVE

You do? Cool, I'll give these guys a call. They'll know what to do.

EXT. BEAR VALLEY SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA - DAY

Jeff, Dave, Paul, Scott, and Rob, reach the top of a mountain ridge on horseback wearing black Stetsons, black ponchos, black jeans, and black cowboy boots. They dismount. Clive arrives dressed in the same attire but riding a Mule. He dismounts and massages his behind.

PAUL

How's the ass?

CLIVE

Feels like Mike Tyson's been using it as a punch bag.

PAUL

I wasn't asking about your sorry ass. It's the Mule I'm worried about.

The others laugh. Clive eyeballs Paul.

JEFF

When you said you couldn't

ride a horse I didn't realize that included all four legged animals.

PAUL

Yeah you spent more time on your ass then you actually did on the ass.

DAVE

Alright let's get to work shall we? Scott, Rob tie up the horses over by that tree. Clive you do the same with your friend there and then I want you to feed them that bag of sugar.

Jeff and Dave head over to the other side of the summit, lie down, and examine a solitary dwelling in the valley below through a pair of binoculars. They watch a dozen or so Hells Angels bikers sitting outside drinking beer.

EXT. BEAR VALLEY SPRINGS - DAY

Ben and JD pull off the desert road behind a truck for transporting horses. Brad and Josh get out of the truck.

JOSH

Alright listen up coz we haven't got much time. There's a change of clothes in the back of the truck and if either of you upset the horses in there then you'll answer to me.

JD

Thanks for the clothes man but we're good.

JOSH

Oh yeah I almost forgot. As long as you don't talk and do as I say then I won't have to knock out all of your teeth.

Brad opens the back of the truck while Josh returns to the driver's seat. JD frowns, Ben silently shrugs, and with Brad's help they load their bikes into the truck.

EXT. BEAR VALLEY SPRINGS

Brad and the others reach the summit. JD and Ben wear the same cowboy gear at the others except that it's white. Clive laughs.

CLIVE

Shit I knew you two were close but I never thought there'd be a wedding. I guess JD must be the lucky bride huh?

PAUL

They're wearing white coz they were too lily-livered to stand up for themselves. I have no idea why they let you live but I intend to find out when we get down there.

DAVE

Yeah, they're obviously too lazy or dumb to play by the rules otherwise you'd be six feet under by now and starting out a new life as cactus feed. Anyway lucky for you the plate that you memorized was legit.

JEFF

Alright everyone gather round coz tonight I'm gonna fulfill a childhood dream of mine by riding into battle as a cowboy. True I never imagined I'd be attacking a bunch of drunken Hells Angels but then when has life ever lived up to our expectations huh?

Jeff removes his poncho revealing a black t-shirt on over his black shirt with a picture of John Wayne on it.

JEFF

Some say that the days of the Wild West are over but they're wrong coz there are still plenty of people around who belong in a zoo. However the guys down there don't even deserve a cage coz we've seen their file and some of the

things they're responsible for
no man should ever do.

Everyone else, except for Ben and JD, remove their ponchos, each revealing a different cowboy movie icon. Clive has Cleavon Little playing Sheffiff Bart from blazing saddles on his.

Jeff mounts his horse and the others follow suit.

JEFF

And as the Duke once said:
There's right and there's
wrong. You got to do one or
the other. You do the one and
you're living. You do the
other and you may be walking
around but you're dead as a
beaver hat.

(Pausing.)

Yeehaw.

Jeff leads them down into the valley as the sun begins to set. Clive pulls out the wooden baseball bat from the rifle holster that is attached to his saddle and strokes the neck of the Mule with his other hand.

CLIVE

Now you listen to me. As soon
as I get my share of the
million I'll say goodbye to
your sorry ass but until then
we're partners alright? So
you're gonna take me down
there and while I'm swinging
at these motherfuckers like
Babe Ruth feel free to kick'em
where it hurts okay?

Clive takes up the rear and disappears from view beneath a blood red sky.

FADE OUT:

THE END