

AMERICAN GARBAGE

written by

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FIRST DRAFT

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FADE IN:

INT. DINER - MORNING

We are at the entrance of a small diner. It is in the morning, around breakfast time.

We then STEADICAM through the diner, weaving past tables and booths.

Finally the CAMERA stops at a table where two young men sit. The men are SILAS GREENWOOD and CLEMENT BROWN.

They are laughing, as if someone has just finished telling a joke. They are done with their meal, and are just enjoying conversation. Clement talks between drags of cigarettes.

CLEMENT

See man-- that's some crazy shit right there.

SILAS

Crazy indeed-- crazy indeed.

CLEMENT

Goddamn.

SILAS

Hey-- you wanna hear somethin' really nuts?

CLEMENT

Well that depends. Exactly how nuts are we talkin' here?

SILAS

I don't know-- Christ. It's just some fucked up story I heard.

CLEMENT

Well then, let's hear it.

SILAS

Alright. This is just some myth-type shit I heard around. I don't know if its true-- but it's a good fuckin' story.

CLEMENT

Go on...

SILAS

Alright-- don't piss yourself.

CLEMENT

I ain't pissing myself. If you say you have a story, just tell the story.

SILAS

Okay.

(Pause)

So there's this bar-- right on the border of Arizona and Mexico. I mean right smack dab on the fuckin' border. Its this shitty little hell hole of a dive called the "El Diablo."

CLEMENT

El Diablo. Ain't that Spanish for somethin'?

SILAS

Yeah. It means "The Devil."

CLEMENT

The devil.

SILAS

Yeah-- you know: Satan, Beelzebub, that shit.

CLEMENT

I know who the devil is. You think I'm some dumb motherfucker or something?

SILAS

No. Anyway, this place, "El Diablo," its one shit hole-- the filth of the earth. There are some low-down, son-of-a-bitch scumbags in this place. I'm talkin' the worst of the worst. Some real filthy bastards.

CLEMENT

That bad huh?

SILAS

Oh yeah. That bad.

CLEMENT

Go on.

SILAS

So its this one really hot
afternoon-- I'm talking a fuckin'
scorcher here. So hot, your dick
would melt in your hands.

CLEMENT

No shit. Right in your hands?

SILAS

Yes. I said it was fucking hot.
Your dick will fucking melt in
your hands. Can I please continue
the story?

CLEMENT

Whoa-- I'm sorry. Please continue.
I was just makin' sure.

SILAS

Well are you sure now?

CLEMENT

Damn-- I said continue. I'm sure.

SILAS

So... Shit. Where was I?

CLEMENT

Hot afternoon, with melting dicks.

SILAS

Right, right. So, its this hot
afternoon. There's the usual
trash in this bar. I'd say about
twenty or so low life shit wads.
There just sitting around talking
and getting shit-faced-- much
like anyone would do on a hot day
in a bar.

CLEMENT

Amen to that.

SILAS

So, these fucks are just doing
their shit-- nothin' unusual
about this scene at all. Then--
the door to the bar opens. There
is a rush of hot air from outside.
Then this man walks into the bar.
Now, this man my friend-- he is
no ordinary man.

CLEMENT

He isn't?

SILAS

Oh no-- he most certainly is not. There's somethin' different about this man. He ain't like the scums of the earth that are in this bar. Hell no. This guy is different-- this guy is fuckin' cool.

CLEMENT

Cool? What you mean by cool?

SILAS

This guy is a smooth operator. He isn't thin-- but he ain't fat neither. He has this long black hair, and it is slicked back. Real cool like. He's dressed in all black-- mind you its the fuckin' surface of the sun outside-- and he's in all black. That's just how cool this dude is.

CLEMENT

That's one pretty cool son-of-a-bitch if I've ever heard one.

SILAS

Hell yes-- he is one cool son-of-a-bitch. One cool dude my friend.

CLEMENT

Fucking cool...

SILAS

So, our man walks into this bar full of trash. But he doesn't just walk in-- no. Even his walk is the shit. He has this smooth walk-- like he's walkin' on air. He's fuckin' gliding. It's a real sort of smooth swagger. Its like John Travolta-- he walks like John Travolta.

CLEMENT

Travolta in "Grease," or like in "Saturday Night Fever?"

SILAS

What-- what the fuck?

CLEMENT

You said he walked like Travolta--
did you not say he walked like
Travolta?

SILAS

Yeah-- I said he walked like
Travolta. So?

CLEMENT

So? So did he walk like Travolta
in "Grease," or like Travolta in
"Saturday Night Fever?" That's
what I'm askin' you.

SILAS

Jesus Christ-- I don't know. That
doesn't matter. Why the fuck does
that matter?

CLEMENT

It matters-- my friend, cause
there's a big fuckin' difference
between Danny Zuko from "Grease,"
and Tony Manero from "Saturday
Night Fever." That is why it matters.

SILAS

No-- that doesn't matter. Did I
say he walked like Danny Zuko?
Did I say he walked like Tony Manero?

CLEMENT

No.

SILAS

No I didn't did I?

CLEMENT

No you didn't.

SILAS

Then what did I say? Tell me what
I said-- you tell me what the
fuck I said.

CLEMENT

You said he walked like John
Travolta.

SILAS

Bingo! Johnny tell 'em what he's
won!

(MORE)

SILAS (CONT'D)

I said he walked like John Travolta. I don't care what Tony Manero walks like, or what Danny Zuko walks like, or what the fuck Vinny Barbarino walks like. Do you know why?

CLEMENT

Why?

SILAS

Because the son-of-a-bitch walks like John-fucking-Travolta-- not a John Travolta character. Now do you want to hear the rest of this story or not?

CLEMENT

Yeah I wanna the rest of it.

SILAS

Then stop interruptin' me with your dumb shit.

CLEMENT

All right man-- chill. Jeez. Just be cool.

SILAS

May I continue the damn story now?

CLEMENT

Go right on ahead-- I'm just gonna listen.

SILAS

Okay. So this cool son-of-a-bitch walks into the bar-- like JOHN TRAVOLTA. He comes in, and with his cool walk he goes right up to the bar, and sits down on this old piece of shit stool. He sits right next to this big, fat ass dude.

Silas takes a pause, and prepares himself as if the story is about to get really good.

SILAS (CONT'D)

So by this time, every one of those low life bastards in the whole bar has noticed this.

(MORE)

SILAS (CONT'D)

They are all watching him like fuckin' hawks. There is a very unsettling vibe about this whole scene now.

CLEMENT

I can imagine.

SILAS

You bet your ass you can.

CLEMENT

I do.

SILAS

So, this guy is sittin' at the bar. Now, the bartender-- the proprietor of this little shit hole-- walks over to him. This bartender is just as slimy as the rest of the ass bags in this place-- real ass wad. He would have to be.

CLEMENT

Why do you say that?

SILAS

What's wrong with that?

CLEMENT

Well, now you are implying that only scumbags work in filthy shit holes like this place. That just ain't true. Good clean people can work in places like that too-- a job is a job.

SILAS

Holy Christ-- are you gonna start this again? What did I say about interrupting? What the did I say?

CLEMENT

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. You're right-- my apologies.

At this moment, a WAITRESS carrying a pot of coffee walks up to their table.

WAITRESS

Can I give any of you a refill?

SILAS

I would love one. Thank you very much.

She refills his cup.

WAITRESS

You?

CLEMENT

No thank you-- I'm cool.

WAITRESS

Alright then-- I'll be back out with your bill.

SILAS

Thank you.

She walks away.

SILAS (CONT'D)

Okay so anyway-- the bartender walks over to our guy. He's acting real suspicious. Hell-- I would be too. So he walks over to the guy and asks him, "What can I getcha?" So the guy says in a real cool voice, "I would like a bottle of your finest draft."

CLEMENT

A nice cold one on a hot day.

SILAS

So the bartender reaches down, brings up a bottle of beer, and puts it on the bar. "That's five dollars," he says with a real snide in his voice. "Well hold on," our man says real smooth-like. "Let me try it first, and if I like it, I'll pay you the five dollars and finish drinkin' it." "And what if you don't like it?" the bartender asks with a mean fuckin' snarl. "If I don't like it," he replies-- still totally cool, "then I'll pay you for it, but I wont finish it."

CLEMENT

Goddamn-- this guy has a pair alright.

SILAS

So, the bartender thinks for a second, and then lets go of the beer. Our man picks it up, puts it to his parched lips, and drinks it.

CLEMENT

Does he like it?

SILAS

At this point, it doesn't really matter if he like it or not. Its so damn hot out-- and he's so fuckin' thirsty-- that he'd drink cat piss. But anyway, by this time, this group of about five dudes-- real ass bags-- who were watchin' this guy from the second he came into the bar, have walked up behind him at the bar.

CLEMENT

Some shit is about to go down.

SILAS

So the fuckers are standin' behind him at the bar. The biggest of these guys-- some huge ass piece of shit asshole-- says to the guy, "What are you doin' in here boy? You don't belong here. This is a private bar." Without even turnin' around, our man says, "I'm here cause its very hot outside, and I wanted a drink. I didn't see any signs sayin' that this was a private bar, so you must be mistaken."

CLEMENT

Oh shit.

Silas is really into the story now. He is full of emotion, and is ACTING OUT the things he's saying.

SILAS

Now this bastard is pissed-- he's fuckin' pissed. He says, "Oh no my friend. You're the one who's made a mistake." He grabs the guy's shoulder, and starts to spin him around in the stool.

(MORE)

SILAS (CONT'D)

He is goin' to fuckin' deck this guy-- and most likely kill him.

CLEMENT

Goddamn-- this bitch is dead. You ain't never supposed to mess with huge ass guys.

SILAS

So, just as our man is being spun around by the gargantuan-- he grabs his beer bottle, and POW! He smashes him with it right on his fuckin' skull. This bitch is down-- clutchin' his blood soaked head, screaming in pain.

CLEMENT

Whoa damn.

SILAS

You remember the guy our man sat next to at the bar?

CLEMENT

That fat fucker?

SILAS

Yes. Well, he immediately turns and goes to take a shot at our guy. But, the man-- like lightning-- elbows the fat ass in the face, breaking his nose, and sendin' him to the floor as a bloody mess too.

CLEMENT

Holy shit.

SILAS

Then, he spins around in the stool, and pulls two pistols out of nowhere-- and POW, POW, POW, POW-- he sprays the rest of the shits behind him with bullets.

CLEMENT

Hell yeah.

The waitress returns, and places their bill on the table and walks away off screen again. The men don't even notice her.

SILAS

By this time, every piece of shit in the place has seen what went down. Now these guys are scum-- they ain't about to take this. They all whip out there guns: big guns, small guns-- guns galore. There is a shit load of guns.

CLEMENT

A lot of damn guns.

SILAS

In response, our dude says, "Don't you guys make me do this." Someone in the back of the bar then replies, "Fuck you bitch."

CLEMENT

Oh man.

SILAS

Then, in a second-- POW, POW, POW, POW. A fucking barrage of bullets. Every guy in the place opens fire all at once-- its like fuckin' World War Three.

CLEMENT

Oh man-- a shootout.

SILAS

Everyone is shootin' at our guy, except not one damn bullet hits him. Instead, he's painting the walls with the rest of these dudes' blood. He's takin' 'em all out.

CLEMENT

Man. That is messed up.

SILAS

So then, all of the pieces of shit are dead. Every last one of 'em has been blown away.

CLEMENT

So that's it-- its over?

SILAS

No way. All of a sudden he hears a shotgun cock, and feels the barrel pressed against the back of his skull. Then a voice says, "You fucked up my bar asshole. You're dead you son-of-a-bitch."

CLEMENT

Who the hell is it?

SILAS

So our guy turns around slowly, and who's holdin' the gun to his head? None other than the bartender.

CLEMENT

Oh shit-- the bartender. Goddamn. So then what?

SILAS

Then the bartender says, "You screwed up big time man. Got any last words before I blow your fuckin' brains out?"

CLEMENT

Oh man.

SILAS

So then the guy replies-- still totally cool and calm, "Actually I do. Before you kill me I'd like one last smoke and a shot of whiskey."

CLEMENT

Holy hell. The dude's about to be executed and he wants a smoke a drink? Damn.

SILAS

So the bartender says, "Why should I give you a smoke and a drink? Give one good reason?" And the man responds, "Well you seem like a fair man. And seein' as I'm goin' to die anyway, I don't see why I couldn't have one last smoke and a drink."

CLEMENT

Oh I get it now. This son-of-a-bitch is crazy.

SILAS

So the bartender stares at him for a few moments-- gun still to his head. Then he says, "Alright. You convinced me. Besides, I'm no monster." Then with one hand, he takes out a cigarette and a book of matches and places them on the bar. Then he takes out a shot glass, and pours some whiskey into it.

CLEMENT

Damn-- it worked. I don't believe this shit.

SILAS

Then the man picks up the cigarette and puts it behind his ear. Then he picks up the shot glass and downs the whiskey. Now the bartender still has the gun on him and is watchin' him real fuckin' closely. Our guy picks up the matches and lights one.

Silas stops telling the story, and gets a HUGE SMILE across his face.

CLEMENT

What-- what is it? What the fuck is it?

SILAS

The guy brings the lit match to his face and stops. He just stares down the bartender, lookin' him right in the eye. Then in an instant, he spits the whiskey out of his mouth. It hits the match, catches fire, and sprays all over the fuckin' bartender.

CLEMENT

Oh fuck. Oh shit. Motherfucker.

SILAS

So the bartender goes up in flames. He's screaming bloody murder. Our man swings his arm and grabs the shotgun from him. Then he proceeds to pump shotgun rounds into the bartender's flaming body.

CLEMENT

Oh-my-God. Amazing.

SILAS

He pumps away until the gun is dry. The bartender's body lays behind the bar a bloody, a smoldering mess-- he's so dead. The the guy leans the gun up against the bar. He takes out two five dollar bills-- one for the beer, and one for the whiskey and cigarette-- and places them on the bar. Then he turns around, and just as smoothly and cool as he came in, leaves the "El Diablo" and walks back out into the hot afternoon.

CLEMENT

Is that it?

SILAS

Yep-- that's it.

CLEMENT

Holy shit. That was amazing-- fuckin' amazing. Is that shit true?

SILAS

Well I don't know if its true. Its just some story I heard. Its an urban legend.

CLEMENT

Well its a good fuckin' story-- best damn urban legend I've ever heard. Ten times better than that bathtub full of ice shit.

SILAS

Thank you, thank you. Thank you very much.

Clement then catches a glance at his watch.

CLEMENT

Oh shit-- we gotta get goin'.

SILAS

Oh-- oh shit. Let's go. I'll pay the bill and you go bring the car around. Cool?

CLEMENT

Yeah. Cool.

Silas takes one last sip of coffee, picks up the bill, and walks away. Clement puts out his cigarette and gets up from the table.

CLOSE ON SILAS' WAIST

He has a GUN tucked in his pants.

BACK TO SCENE

We STEADICAM behind Clement as he weaves his way through booths and tables. He walks past Silas paying the bill at the counter, and exits the diner.

The CAMERA HOLDS, and we see him walk outside and out of sight.

We HOLD for a few moments and then...

FADE TO BLACK.

OPENING CREDIT SEQUENCE:

"AMERICAN GARBAGE"

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY - DAY

The CAMERA is at the end of a long hallway in a police station. The hallway is empty.

Then, two men round the corner at the far end and walk down the hallway towards the CAMERA.

The first man is DETECTIVE FRANK COHEN. He is carrying a manila folder. Following closely behind him is DETECTIVE JACK FARLEY.

They walk past the CAMERA.

The CAMERA then PANS AROUND and we see them standing in front of a door.

FARLEY

Ya think the fucker's gonna talk?

COHEN

If he knows what's good for him he will.

FARLEY

What if he clams up and doesn't give us shit?

COHEN

If he decides to go all tough on us, then we'll have to fuckin' break the little prick in two-- we'll make him talk.

FARLEY

So what are we gonna use-- the "Good Cop- Bad Cop" act?

COHEN

Nah-- too predictable. That never works anymore.

FARLEY

So then what? How are we gonna make him talk?

COHEN

Let's just go in there and show that son-of-a-bitch whose boss. We'll force him into talkin'-- no matter what it takes.

FARLEY

So what? Are we gonna do it by the book?

COHEN

Never read the fuckin' book. I hate reading.

Cohen OPENS the door and goes inside. Farley follows him inside, and SHUTS the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is bare. The only things in the room are a TABLE with THREE CHAIRS.

Sitting in one chair on the far side of the table alone is a young man. His name is TROY PARKER. He sits TOTALLY STILL.

Cohen and Farley walk into the room, and Troy watches them closely with his eyes.

Farley sits at the table across from Troy. Cohen walks around the room, and then stands next to the table.

COHEN
So uh, Troy. That's your name
right-- Troy Parker?

Troy doesn't respond. He sits in silence.

COHEN (CONT'D)
Well Troy, I'm Detective Cohen,
and this is Detective Farley.

FARLEY
Hi.

Troy STARES at Farley for a moment, and then puts his eyes back on Cohen. He is watching him like a hawk.

COHEN
So Troy-- how do you feel about
this? I mean life? Life is pretty
fucked up ain't it?

Troy stares right into Cohen's eyes. He doesn't say a word.

COHEN (CONT'D)
I mean life works in pretty
strange ways doesn't it? It
fascinating how two people's
lives can suddenly become
connected. You know what I'm sayin'?

Still no response from Troy. He's a rock.

COHEN (CONT'D)
This is a perfect example right
here. Yesterday we didn't even
have a fuckin' clue that each
other existed. And now, today,
here we are. Our paths have
crossed-- our lives are now
forever connected. That shit is
pretty amazing isn't it? Pretty
fuckin' strange.

Troy is silent for a moment.

TROY
Yeah-- its a fuckin' miracle.

Cohen and Farley show slight surprise that Troy spoke. They quickly hide it.

COHEN
 Oh shit-- it speaks. Well come on,
 say somethin' else.

Troy sits silent again.

COHEN (CONT'D)
 What? Cat got your tongue? Come
 on, talk some more.

Troy just sits silent.

FARLEY
 Look Troy-- you're in a very bad
 position right now. Not talkin'
 is only goin' to make it worse.
 So why don't you do yourself a
 favor, and tell us everything.
 What do you say? Help us to help you.

TROY
 Fuck you.

COHEN
 Excuse me? What was that?

TROY
 I said fuck you. Fuck you!

Cohen and Farley look at each other for a moment.

Then in the blink of an eye, Cohen LEAPS across the table
 and GRABS Troy by his shirt collar.

TROY
 Hey. Fuck.

COHEN
 (exploding)
 Shut up! Shut the fuck up! You
 listen to me you little bastard.
 You will talk you motherfucker.
 I'll make you talk. People are
 dead you little shit, and you
 will help us. So help me God--
 you will talk or I'll fuckin'
 kill you myself you Goddamn prick!

FARLEY
 Frank, Frank! Come on man!

Cohen STARES into Troy's eyes for a moment, and then he
 THROWS him down into the chair.

COHEN
Motherfucker!

Cohen turns around, and STORMS out of the room.

Farley looks at Troy, and then heads for the door.

FARLEY
We'll be right back. Don't go
anywhere.

Farley EXITS the room and SHUTS the door.

Troy sits alone in the chair, BREATHING HARD.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY

Cohen is walking down the hallway. He is FURIOUS.

Farley comes RUNNING after him.

FARLEY
(yelling after Cohen)
Hey Frank-- wait!

Cohen STOPS walking and SPINS AROUND.

Farley catches up to him.

COHEN
(still angry)
What?

FARLEY
Jesus man. What the hell was that
in there?

COHEN
What do you mean?

FARLEY
That freak out you just had.
Christ-- I thought you were gonna
kill him.

COHEN
Listen Jack. This is our fuckin'
case-- we need him to talk. I'm
not gonna let that son-of-a-bitch
get the best of me.

FARLEY

Shit man-- he just did. This is what he wants. He wants to screw with us. We can't let it work.

COHEN

We have to get him to fuckin' tell us what he knows. We need him.

FARLEY

I know, I know. So let's just calm down. Just cool off man. Be cool.

COHEN

Okay, okay.

FARLEY

You cool?

COHEN

(calmer)
Yeah-- I'm cool.

FARLEY

You calm?

COHEN

I'm calm.

FARLEY

Are you sure?

COHEN

Yeah I'm sure.

FARLEY

Are you one cool, badass motherfucker?

COHEN

What?

FARLEY

I said are you one cool, badass motherfucker?

COHEN

I guess so.

FARLEY

Don't guess. You either are or you aren't. So are you?

COHEN
I am.

FARLEY
Then say it.

COHEN
What?

FARLEY
Say it.

COHEN
I'm one cool, badass motherfucker.

FARLEY
(louder)
You are one cool, badass
motherfucker!

COHEN
(even louder)
I am one cool, badass motherfucker!

FARLEY
How do you feel? You feel better?

COHEN
Yeah-- yeah I do. I feel much better.

FARLEY
Good. Now let's go in there and
do this. Let's go in as a team.
Together we can crack this
asshole-- together we can make
him talk.

COHEN
Let's go fuckin' do it.

Cohen and Farley BUMP FISTS.

FARLEY
Let's break this prick in two.

They walk back over to the door to the interrogation room.

Farley OPENS the door, and Cohen walks in. Farley follows,
SLAMMING the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM

Troy is still sitting in the chair. When he sees the detectives enter, he gets a slight SMIRK on his face.

Cohen and Farley each sit at the table across from Troy.

FARLEY

Told you we'd be back.

Troy positions himself to face the detectives.

COHEN

Well Troy, we've come to the conclusion that you're not gonna talk to us. So we've decided--

FARLEY

--we've decided that we're just gonna talk. We'll talk, and you can just listen.

COHEN

How does that sound?

As usual, Troy doesn't respond. He just STARES at them.

COHEN (CONT'D)

Okay then-- peachy.

Farley puts the manila folder on the table and OPENS IT.

He takes out a PICTURE and hands it to Cohen.

Cohen HOLDS IT UP for Troy to see.

COHEN

This is Chester Jamison. Chester here is a self-proclaimed drug lord. He's been real thorn in the side of this department for a long fuckin' time.

Troy looks at the picture. He says nothing.

FARLEY

But you knew that already. We know that.

COHEN

It is also known that Mr. Jamison is very wealthy, and very powerful. A man not to be fucked with.

FARLEY

Something that we also know you already know.

COHEN

Are we going to fast? Would you like us to slow down?

Troy just sits TOTALLY SILENT.

FARLEY

Okay then.

Farley hands Cohen another PICTURE.

Cohen HOLDS IT UP.

COHEN

This is Max Keller. You know this though, because he is a friend of yours-- a good friend in fact.

FARLEY

He is a friend of yours isn't he Troy?

Troy is silent. However, he now seems interested.

COHEN

Well Max here, he was found dead this morning in a motel room-- he was shot to death. Upon checking his phone records from the motel, we found that he had made a phone call. Guess who he called?

Troy still says nothing.

FARLEY

He called you Troy.

COHEN

That's right-- he called you. And this is why you're now here.

FARLEY

But that isn't the whole story. That isn't everything.

COHEN

It isn't by far. You see, you might be asking what your dead friend and Chester Jamison have to do with each other.

Troy sits silent.

FARLEY

Well allow us to tell you.

Farley hands another PICTURE to Cohen.

Cohen again HOLDS IT UP.

COHEN

These two men are Clement Brown and Silas Greenwood. They were also found dead today, in a convenience store, along with two other people.

FARLEY

They were killed in what we believe to be a botched robbery.

COHEN

But what is the connection? Mr. Brown and Mr. Greenwood were associates of Chester Jamison. When they were found at the store, they had a duffel bag containing two bricks of cocaine-- Mr. Jamison's cocaine.

FARLEY

But that's not all. The plot thickens.

COHEN

You see, we found Max's fingerprints on the duffel bag.

FARLEY

We also found his fingerprints on a gun we recovered from the motel room. Its registered to a Douglas Wilhelm. However, he wasn't home when we went to check it out. So, that piece of evidence is still a mystery-- not much help.

COHEN

But the real great part, is that we have been able to link Mr. Greenwood and Mr. Brown to the motel room where Max was killed. They were there when he was killed.

(MORE)

COHEN (CONT'D)

In fact, ballistics has confirmed that their guns killed Max. They killed him.

FARLEY

Max was connected to Chester Jamison. He must have done something that caused Mr. Jamison to want him offed. And we believe it had something to do with those two bricks of coke, and that gun.

Troy STARES at the detectives.

They STARE back at him.

TROY

Well bravo. I've gotta say, that was one very good fuckin' story-- very imaginative. I was riveted. But now I would like to ask you two a fuckin' question.

COHEN

Go ahead-- shoot.

TROY

Why am I here? What does your piece of shit story have to do with me? Can you tell me that?

FARLEY

Come on Troy-- don't play dumb. The officers on the scene picked you up at the motel this morning. You were there because you knew Max was there. You know what was goin' on.

Cohen slides a piece of paper across the table towards Troy.

COHEN

Look familiar?

CLOSE ON PIECE OF PAPER

It has the name of a motel and a number written on it.

BACK TO SCENE

FARLEY

The motel clerk said that he saw Max leave the motel, and then return later. We know that he met with you, and told you everything. He asked you for help-- and you agreed to help him.

TROY

And? What the fuck does that prove?

COHEN

You are the missing link Troy-- you hold all the answers. We need to know what Max told you. We need to know what you know, so we can bring down Chester Jamison.

FARLEY

So what's it gonna be man? You gonna tell us what we need to know? Will you help us?

Troy is silent for a few moments.

Then he takes a DEEP BREATH and LEANS TOWARD the detectives.

TROY

Go fuck yourselves.

Cohen and Farley look at each other.

Cohen gets up and walks over to Troy and stands next to him.

FARLEY

Fine-- have it your way.

Then, Cohen SPINS troy around, WHIPS out his gun, and puts it right to Troy's crotch.

Both detectives LOSE IT. They go NUTS.

COHEN

(exploding)

Alright motherfucker! We asked nicely-- we tried to be cool, but you just won't fuckin' help us! So now no more nice guys. We're gonna make you fuckin' talk you cocksucker!

FARLEY

(yelling)

Come on Troy-- fucking talk man!
Tell us what Max said! Tell us
what you know!

TROY

(frightened)

What the fuck?

COHEN

(exploding)

You're gonna talk you motherfucker!
If you don't I swear to Christ
I'm gonna blow your dick right
the fuck off!

FARLEY

(yelling)

Come on Troy! Tell us-- fucking
tell us!

TROY

(frightened)

Oh God, oh fuck.

COHEN

(exploding)

I'm gonna blow your sack right
out from between your legs! Then
your fuckin' dick! Then I'll blow
out both of your kneecaps! Your
gonna fuckin' wish you were dead!

FARLEY

(yelling)

Tell us Troy! Fucking tell us!
Don't make him do this!

COHEN

(exploding)

You're dead fucker-- you piece of
shit! Here it fucking comes--
here we go!

FARLEY

(yelling)

Come on! Fucking come on! Tell us!

COHEN

(exploding)

Bye-bye fucker!

Cohen is just about to PULL THE TRIGGER.

TROY
 (yelling in fear)
 Okay! Alright! I'll talk-- I'll
 talk! I'll tell you everything!
 (crying)
 Please don't kill me. Please.
 I'll talk!

Cohen takes the gun off of Troy's crotch.

COHEN
 (calm)
 Okay then. Let's hear it.

CUT TO:

INT. DUNBAR'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON NAME PLATE

It sits on a desk, and reads CAPTAIN DANIEL W. DUNBAR.

BACK TO SCENE

Sitting behind his desk is CAPTAIN DAN DUNBAR.

Across from him at his desk sit Cohen and Farley.

No one is speaking. Dunbar is leaning back in his chair, and is in DEEP THOUGHT.

REVERSE ANGLE

Cohen and Farley stare at him waiting for him to speak.

DUNBAR
 This is quite interesting. Its
 some story.

FARLEY
 Yes it is Capt'n. It really is.

DUNBAR
 And this is all true? He wasn't
 bullshittin' you was he?

COHEN
 Uh, no sir. Its legit. This is
 what went down.

DUNBAR
 I see...

Dunbar goes back to his thoughts.

Cohen and Farley just sit for a few moments.

FARLEY

And the best part sir, is that we have enough now to bring Jamison down. We can finally nail his ass.

DUNBAR

Really? And what exactly do you two have in mind?

The two detectives stare at each other and SMILE.

COHEN

Well sir, Troy Parker, the one we have in custody... well he's agreed to help us.

DUNBAR

Well I'll be damned. And why exactly has he agreed to help us get Jamison?

COHEN

Well sir, we uh-- we just told him that with all of this shit that went down it would be in his best interest to help us.

DUNBAR

Uh huh. That's it? That's all it took?

FARLEY

Well Capt'n, we also told him that if he didn't help us to bring down Jamison, he would be charged as an accessory to murder.

COHEN

Basically we scared the shit out of him to get him to help. We said that if he helped us, he could pretty much keep his ass out of trouble.

DUNBAR

I see...

Cohen and Farley both SMILE again.

DUNBAR
 What-- what the fuck is so
 Goddamn funny?

FARLEY
 (starting to laugh)
 Well sir its just that--

COHEN
 --its just that we might have
 been a little to threatening. We
 also may have used a little too
 much persuasion on our part.

DUNBAR
 What the fuck does that mean?

FARLEY
 We might have had a gun on him at
 the time is what we're sayin' Capt'n.

Dunbar STARES at the detectives, who are clearly amused by
 the situation.

They are HOLDING BACK LAUGHTER.

DUNBAR
 So you're tellin' me that you put
 a gun to a man's head, threatened
 him, and forced him to assist us?
 Is that what you're sayin'?

COHEN
 Well actually we put a gun to his
 genitals, but other than that-- yes.

Dunbar STARES at them for a few moments.

Then, he cracks a HUGE SMILE.

DUNBAR
 (laughing)
 You motherfuckers are sick.
 You're both fuckin' crazy.

The three of them BREAK OUT LAUGHING.

COHEN
 Thank you Capt'n, thank you very
 much.

They LAUGH for a few moments, and then they collect themselves.

Its time to get back to business.

DUNBAR

So how are we gonna do this? You guys have a plan?

FARLEY

Well Troy has agreed to wear a wire.

DUNBAR

He has?

FARLEY

Yes.

DUNBAR

So what exactly you have in mind?

COHEN

Well Capt'n, we plan on sendin' him to Jamison's to do a deal. We'll have him make the call and tell Jamison he's interested in making a purchase. He'll show up-- wired-- to buy some coke. Jamison won't have a clue what's really goin' down. Then, all we have to do is get him to say on tape that he had somethin' to do with the murders, and we've got his fuckin' ass.

FARLEY

We can take out this son-of-a-bitch for good. How does that sound sir?

DUNBAR

Well it sounds pretty risky.

FARLEY

We know its risky sir, but given our current circumstances, its the best move we have.

COHEN

Besides, if we wait any longer on this, we'll miss the opportunity. We have to fuckin' move now while we have a shot.

Dunbar sits and thinks for a moment.

DUNBAR

Alright then-- let's do this shit.

COHEN

Fuck yeah.

Cohen and Farley BUMP FISTS.

Then they each SHAKE HANDS with Dunbar.

FARLEY

Thank you Capt'n. You won't regret this. We're gonna nail this fucker.

DUNBAR

I hope-- I really fuckin' hope.

Cohen and Farley turn and head for the door. They are just about to leave.

DUNBAR

(calling after them)
Jack! Frank! Hang on a sec!

They stop and turn to Dunbar.

COHEN

Yeah sir?

DUNBAR

Let's try not to get anybody killed on this thing. It'll make me look bad.

COHEN

Sure thing Capt'n.

Cohen and Farley leave the office, SLAMMING the door behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKED UNDERCOVER VAN - DAY

An undercover police van is PARKED outside of Chester Jamison's home. It is far enough away as to not be noticed.

Inside the van are Cohen, Farley, Troy, OFFICER JOHN MALONE, OFFICER HANK JENKINS, and OFFICER PAUL GIBBONS.

Cohen is sitting alone in the driver's seat, while the rest of them are in the back of the van, setting up Troy's wire.

FARLEY
 (to Troy)
 You okay?

TROY
 Yeah. Never better.

JENKINS
 I fuckin' doubt that.

FARLEY
 (to Jenkins)
 Christ-- come on. Cut that shit out.

JENKINS
 My bad. Sorry.

FARLEY
 (to Troy)
 Its okay Troy. Don't worry.
 Everythin' will be alright.

TROY
 I hope so.

FARLEY
 It will.

MALONE
 Okay we're all set.

TROY
 Its on? Its ready?

MALONE
 Yep. Just need you to say
 somethin' to test this bitch out.
 Gotta get all the levels set.

FARLEY
 Say somethin' into the mike Troy.

Troy sits for a moment, thinking of something to say.

TROY
 (singing)
 OH MY DARLIN', OH MY DARLIN'...
 OH MY DARLIN' CLEMENTINE! YOU
 WERE LOST AN' GONE FOREVER...
 DREADFUL SORRY CLEMENTINE!

They all LAUGH.

It helps to momentarily break the tense moment.

GIBBONS

(to Troy)
You're real fuckin' funny man.

TROY

Thanks.

MALONE

Okay then. This big bastard is ready to go. We're all set to do this shit.

FARLEY

(to Troy)
Okay Troy-- you ready?

TROY

I guess so.

COHEN

(yelling to Troy)
Hey Troy!

TROY

Yeah?

COHEN

Come up here. I wanna talk to you for a second.

Troy looks at the officers, and then goes to the front of the van.

He sits in the passenger seat next to Cohen.

TROY

Yeah?

COHEN

You ever heard of the siege of Hatra?

TROY

What?

COHEN

The siege of Hatra-- have you ever heard of it?

TROY

No. I don't think so.

COHEN

It was during the third-century. Hatra was where Iraq is today. You see, the Roman army invaded Hatra. The Roman empire wanted to take it over, much like they had most of the known world.

TROY

Yeah?

COHEN

Well, the inhabitants of Hatra-- in order to defend themselves, put scorpions into clay pots. Then, when the Roman army was invading, they dropped these pots with scorpions onto the soldiers' heads. By doing this, they were able to keep them out, cause no one wants to fuck with scorpions. You see what I'm saying?

TROY

Not really.

COHEN

These people were able to use clay pots with scorpions to defend themselves against the Roman army. The fuckin' Roman army. They were the biggest, baddest, meanest motherfuckers around. They were unstoppable. And then these people-- who were obviously no match at all, defeated them with such simple technology. They stopped the fuckin' Roman army.

TROY

I don't think I get what you're tryin' to say.

COHEN

Its just like the story of David and Goliath. You know that one right?

TROY

Yeah.

COHEN

David was able to defeat Goliath, a fuckin' giant, with nothin' more than a slingshot and a rock. You see Troy-- the little guy can win. The odds mean shit. You see, you're David, and Chester Jamison is Goliath. You're Hatra, and he's the Roman army. You see now?

TROY

Yeah. I get it.

COHEN

Don't worry what it looks like-- you can do this. We're right here backin' you up. Don't worry. You'll be fine. Everything will be okay. You can fuckin' do this. Chester Jamison is goin' down.

TROY

Okay. I can do it.

COHEN

Alright.

Cohen and Troy BUMP FISTS.

FARLEY

Okay Troy. Its time to do this.

TROY

Okay. I'm ready.

Troy climbs into the back of the van.

FARLEY

Remember, we need Mr. Jamison to admit on tape that he was involved with Max and the murders. We need that to bring him down.

TROY

Got it.

FARLEY

Okay. Just be calm, be cool, and don't worry-- you can do this. As soon as we get what we need, we'll move in.

TROY

Okay.

FARLEY
 Alright. Let's do this.

Farley SLIDES OPEN the van door.

Troy starts to get out of the van.

COHEN
 (calling after Troy)
 Hey. Good luck man.

TROY
 Thanks.

Troy gets out of the van.

He looks back at the men inside, and then starts WALKING TOWARD the house.

Farley SLAMS the van door CLOSED.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHESTER JAMISON'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

We STEADICAM along with Troy as he walks across the street toward the house.

When he reaches the front door, he stops and collects himself.

TROY
 (to himself)
 You can do this, you can do this.

He takes a DEEP BREATH and is ready.

TROY
 (to himself)
 Its showtime!

Troy RINGS THE DOORBELL.

He stands and waits for a response.

After a few moments, we hear a VOICE from behind the door.

VOICE
 Who the fuck is it?

TROY
 My name is uh, Troy. I'm here to see Mr. Jamison.

VOICE

What for?

TROY

I uh, spoke to him on the phone earlier. I'm interested in uh, making a purchase.

After a few moments, the door SWINGS OPEN.

VOICE

Come in. Mr. Jamison is expecting you.

Troy goes inside, and the door SLAMS CLOSED behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKED UNDERCOVER VAN

The detectives and officers inside the van are gathered around the equipment.

They are monitoring the event, and waiting for their moment to strike.

MALONE

Alright motherfucker, we are in!

COHEN

Come on Troy. You can do this.

CUT TO:

INT. CHESTER JAMISON'S HOUSE

Troy ENTERS the house.

Standing by the door is BIG SETH.

Sitting on a couch nearby is the man himself, CHESTER JAMISON.

CHESTER

Troy, come on in. I've been waiting for you.

Troy starts walking toward the couch.

TROY

Yeah. Sorry I'm late its just--

Big Seth STOPS Troy.

BIG SETH

Hold it.

Big Seth begins to PAT DOWN Troy.

Troy gets NERVOUS.

CUT TO:

PARKED UNDERCOVER VAN

COHEN

Fuck.

MALONE

Calm down. He won't find it.

COHEN

You sure?

MALONE

Positive.

COHEN

But what if you're wrong?

MALONE

I'm not.

COHEN

But what if you are?

MALONE

I'm not fuckin' wrong.

FARLEY

Both of you-- shut the fuck up.

BACK TO:

CHESTER JAMISON'S HOUSE

CHESTER

(to Big Seth)

Oh come on Seth-- cut that shit out.

Seth finishes the search.

BIG SETH

He's clean.

CUT TO:

PARKED UNDERCOVER VAN

MALONE

Told ya.

Cohen lets out a big SIGH OF RELIEF.

BACK TO:

CHESTER JAMISON'S HOUSE

CHESTER

Of course he's fuckin' clean ya
jackass. What'd you expect?

Seth steps aside and Troy walks over to Chester.

CHESTER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry Troy. Don't mind him.

TROY

No its okay-- really.

CHESTER

Please, please-- sit. Have a seat.
Relax.

Troy sits on a chair next to the couch.

TROY

Thanks.

CHESTER

You want somethin'? You want a drink?

TROY

No-- no thanks. I'm alright.

CHESTER

You hungry? Want somethin' to eat?

TROY

No I'm fine. Really-- I don't
want anything.

CHESTER

You sure?

TROY

Yeah I'm sure.

CHESTER
Okay. But if you change your mind
just ask.

TROY
I will.

CHESTER
Okay then. Alright.

CUT TO:

PARKED UNDERCOVER VAN

GIBBONS
Jesus Christ.

JENKINS
Fuckin' ass clown.

FARLEY
Come on Troy-- you can do it.

BACK TO:

CHESTER JAMISON'S HOUSE

CHESTER
So then-- I guess you just wanna
get right down to business?

TROY
Business is good.

CHESTER
(chuckling)
Yes-- yes it is. God I fuckin'
love this kid.

TROY
You and my parents both.

Troy and Chester LAUGH.

CUT TO:

PARKED UNDERCOVER VAN

MALONE
Kid's pretty fuckin' funny.

JENKINS

Real cool too.

BACK TO:

CHESTER JAMISON'S HOUSE

CHESTER

Okay then.
 (to Big Seth)
 Seth, bring it over.

Seth walks past them and DISAPPEARS into another room.

TROY

(looking around the room)
 This is a nice place you got here.
 Real nice.

CHESTER

Thanks. I uh, decorated it myself.

TROY

You did a real fuckin' nice job.

CHESTER

Well I tried hirin' someone to do it-- you know a professional. But those motherfuckers have no idea what you want. They have no Goddamn clue. And its fuckin' impossible to explain it to 'em, so you're just better off doin' the job yourself.

TROY

Well it looks real nice.

CUT TO:

PARKED UNDERCOVER VAN

GIBBONS

What is this? Fuckin' HGTV or some shit?

FARLEY

He's gettin' him into conversation. Tryin' to make him say somethin'.

MALONE
Smart fuckin' kid.

BACK TO:

CHESTER JAMISON'S HOUSE

Seth walks back into the room and goes over to Chester.
He hands him a BROWN PAPER BAG.

BIG SETH
Here ya go sir.

CHESTER
Thank you, thank you.

He looks inside the bag.

CHESTER
Wonderful.
(handing the bag to Troy)
And here you go.

TROY
(taking the bag)
Thank you.

Troy opens the bag, looks inside, and SMILES.

CUT TO:

PARKED UNDERCOVER VAN

MALONE
Jackpot!

COHEN
Fuckin' A.

BACK TO:

CHESTER JAMISON'S HOUSE

CHESTER
Are we happy?

Troy removes a BRICK OF COKE from the bag.
He holds it in his hand and looks at it.

CHESTER
Well?

TROY
Oh yeah. We happy.

Troy puts the coke back into the bag, and places the bag on coffee table.

CHESTER
Well then, I believe its your turn now.

TROY
Of course.

Troy reaches into his pocket and takes out a STACK OF BILLS.

CHESTER
Is that the price we talked about?

TROY
(handing the money to Chester)
Yes it is.

CHESTER
Fantastic!

Chester hands the money to Seth.

TROY
Ya know-- I could go for a drink now.

CHESTER
Great. What would ya like?

TROY
You got OJ?

CHESTER
Uh-huh.

TROY
A Screwdriver would be great-- if it isn't too much trouble.

CHESTER
Not at all.
(to Big Seth)
Two Screwdrivers Seth.

Seth nods and EXITS the room.

CUT TO:

PARKED UNDERCOVER VAN

GIBBONS

What the fuck is this, happy hour?

FARLEY

This is it. He's gonna get him to say somethin'.

COHEN

Come on kid, come on.

BACK TO:

CHESTER JAMISON'S HOUSE

TROY

Alone again.

The two of them chuckle.

CHESTER

Ya know, this deal is a real lifesaver. I needed this.

TROY

Really? Whaddaya mean?

CHESTER

Well yesterday-- yesterday was fucked up. I'll say that.

TROY

Fucked up how?

CUT TO:

PARKED UNDERCOVER VAN

FARLEY

Come on, come on...

BACK TO:

CHESTER JAMISON'S HOUSE

CHESTER

You seem like a good kid Troy.
You a good kid?

TROY
I guess so. Why?

CHESTER
I mean I can trust you right?

TROY
What are you tryin' to say?

CHESTER
Just hear me out. I can trust that what goes on in here, stays in hear right? You're not gonna go talkin' to people about any of this shit are you? I mean I can trust that we have confidentiality here right?

TROY
Oh yeah, yeah. Of course. I'm not gonna tell anyone anythin'. I promise.

CHESTER
Good, good. Cause if you did-- I'd hafta fuckin' kill you.

TROY
Huh?

CUT TO:

PARKED UNDERCOVER VAN

GIBBONS
Oh fuck, oh fuck.

FARLEY
Not yet-- don't move yet.

COHEN
Come on...

BACK TO:

CHESTER JAMISON'S HOUSE

CHESTER
That's what I'm sayin'. Yesterday this little prick-- this dumb fuck ripped me off.

TROY

Really?

CHESTER

Sure fuckin' did. I mean I sold to this little shit, and then he comes in here and fuckin' steals from me.

TROY

What-- what did he steal?

CHESTER

The fucker swiped two bricks of my finest coke. He fuckin' comes in here, and robs me at fuckin' gunpoint.

TROY

He did that all by himself? Shit.

CHESTER

No, no. He had some other dumb fuck with him. But he didn't make it out-- well not alive anyway.

TROY

No-- no shit.

CUT TO:

PARKED UNDERCOVER VAN

MALONE

His story checks out..

FARLEY

I knew it would.

COHEN

Come on Troy-- you got him.

BACK TO:

CHESTER JAMISON'S HOUSE

CHESTER

And that's not the worst part. You wanna hear the worst part?

TROY

Yeah.

CHESTER

I sent two of my guys to find this kid-- you know, take care of him. They were supposed to do that and bring me back my shit. And they even fuckin' found the cocksucker. But you know what?

TROY

What?

CHESTER

(angry)
They didn't fuckin' come back. They found the prick, killed him, and then fuckin' ran off with my shit! Those little fucks!

CUT TO:

PARKED UNDERCOVER VAN

FARLEY

That's it- we got it! Let's move!
Now! Move, move, move!

They SLIDE OPEN the van door and EXIT.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHESTER JAMISON'S HOUSE

The men BURST out of the van, guns ready.

We STEADICAM with them as the RUN TOWARD the house.

BACK TO:

INT. CHESTER JAMISON'S HOUSE

TROY

They didn't run off with it-- they're dead.

CHESTER

What?

TROY

You killed my friend you son-of-a-bitch!

CHESTER
What the fuck?!

TROY
You're fuckin' busted asshole.

ANGLE ON THE FRONT DOOR

The officers come BURSTING through the door.
Their guns are aimed and ready to fire.

FARLEY
Freeze! You're under arrest!

CHESTER
Motherfucker!

BACK TO SCENE

Just then Big Seth enter with the drinks.

BIG SETH
Here ya g-- Fuck!

MALONE
Don't fuckin' move!

Big Seth DROPS the drinks to the floor.
He reaches for his gun.

COHEN
Don't!

Cohen FIRES, HITTING Big Seth in the chest.
As he is hit, Big Seth starts FIRING his gun.

The officers return FIRE.

Its RAINING BULLETS.

Gibbons gets HIT and goes DOWN.

Chester DIVES onto the floor.

Troy gets HIT and FALLS.

COHEN
No!

Jenkins is HIT and FALLS to the ground.

Finally, Big Seth is DOWN.

FARLEY
Go call for backup! Now!

Malone heads for the door.

COHEN
Fuck! Troy's down!

FARLEY
Where's Jamison?!

Suddenly Chester EMERGES with a HANDGUN.

CHESTER
Motherfuckers!

He FIRES.

Farley is HIT in the head and FALLS to the ground.

COHEN
No!

Chester FIRES and HITS Cohen in the shoulder.

Cohen FIRES at Chester, and HITS him right between the eyes.

COHEN
(clutching his shoulder)
Fuck!

MALONE
Oh shit!

COHEN
Go get help! Go!

Malone FLIES out of the house.

Cohen surveys the carnage.

Big Seth is DEAD.

Gibbons is DEAD.

Jenkins is DEAD.

Troy is DEAD.

Farley is DEAD.

Chester is DEAD.

He walks over to Farley's body and crouches down.

COHEN
(almost crying)
I'm sorry man. I'm fuckin' sorry.

He picks up Farley's head and holds him.

Then he looks over at Chester.

ANGLE ON CHESTER

He lays DEAD on the floor.

BACK TO SCENE

COHEN
We got him Jack. We got that son-
of-a-bitch.

He lays Farley's body onto the floor.

Then he gets up and walks to the door.

He looks back one last time at the room.

Then he EXITS the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHESTER JAMISON'S HOUSE

Cohen walks out of the house still CLUTCHING his shoulder.

Malone can be heard by the van CALLING for backup.

Cohen walks past the CAMERA.

The CAMERA then PANS AROUND and Cohen walks toward the van.

Then the CAMERA PANS UP to the sky.

We HOLD for a few moments then...

FADE TO BLACK.

BLACK SCREEN

We hear a CAR drive up.

The door OPENS and someone gets in.

The door SLAMS SHUT.

The car DRIVES AWAY.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - MOVING - MORNING

The car is DRIVING down the road. Inside the car are Silas and Clement. Clement is behind the wheel and Silas is in the passenger seat.

This is occurring right after the earlier scene in the diner. They have just left and are on their way to an unknown destination.

CLEMENT

-- no way man. We've been through this shit way too many times.

SILAS

Yeah, but you're so fuckin' narrow minded about it.

CLEMENT

Look-- Michael Keaton is the best Batman, and there's nothin' else to it.

SILAS

True he was good, but was he really the best?

CLEMENT

Yes-- yes he is. I just fuckin' said it and I'll say it again: Michael Keaton is the best fuckin' Batman-- hands down.

SILAS

Come on man. What about Val Kilmer? "Batman Forever" was fuckin' good.

CLEMENT

No-- "Batman Forever" was shit.

SILAS

Oh come on! Val Kilmer was one badass Batman and you know it.

CLEMENT

Uh-uh. He did not work as Batman.
He was horrible.

SILAS

How can you say that-- how can
you say that? Did you ever see
that movie... what the fuck was
it called?

CLEMENT

What movie?

SILAS

The one where he played John
Holmes. He was John Holmes.

CLEMENT

"Wonderland."

SILAS

That's it! He was fuckin' good in
that. That movie was awesome.

CLEMENT

That has nothin' to do with him
playin' Batman though.

SILAS

Whaddaya mean?

CLEMENT

Sure he was good in that movie,
but that doesn't mean he'd make a
good Batman. He's just not the
right guy for it.

SILAS

What about Clooney? He was good.

CLEMENT

Nope. He didn't work either.
"Batman and Robin" was the worst one.

SILAS

What the fuck man? Clooney is so
fuckin' awesome.

CLEMENT

Yes he's awesome. In "From Dusk
Till Dawn" he was one badass
motherfucker-- he was the shit.

(MORE)

CLEMENT (CONT'D)
But that just doesn't work as
Batman. He's not the right kind
of actor.

SILAS
Jesus Christ man.

CLEMENT
Look man-- "Batman" was a fuckin'
awesome movie. It had Michael
Keaton. It had fuckin' Jack
Nicholson as the Joker. That shit
is unbeatable.

SILAS
What about "Batman Returns?"
Keaton was in that.

CLEMENT
It was good-- not as good as the
first, but still better than the
other two.

SILAS
Aw man...

CLEMENT
There's just no beatin' Keaton.
He has everything that Batman
needs-- he's the best. No one
will ever be a better Batman than
he was, and that's all there is
to it.

SILAS
What ever man, whatever.

They DRIVE ALONG without talking for a little bit.

Then Clement looks at the DASHBOARD.

CLEMENT
Oh fuck...

SILAS
What?

CLEMENT
Fuck, fuck!

SILAS
What?

CLEMENT
Son-of-a-bitch!

SILAS
Jesus Christ-- what the fuck is it?

CLEMENT
You were supposed to put gas in
the car weren't ya?

SILAS
(quietly)
Yeah, I guess.

CLEMENT
Were you or were you not supposed
to put gas in the fuckin' car?

SILAS
(yelling)
Yes-- yes I was!

CLEMENT
Well did ya?

SILAS
No, I forgot.

CLEMENT
You forgot. You fuckin' forgot...

SILAS
Yeah I did. So?

CLEMENT
Motherfucker!

SILAS
What's the big fuckin' deal?

CLEMENT
What's the big fuckin' deal? The
big fuckin' deal is that we're
out of gas.

SILAS
Get out.

CLEMENT
We are out of fuckin' gas.

SILAS
Stop it already-- it ain't funny.

CLEMENT

I know it ain't funny. This shit
ain't funny cause its fuckin'
true-- we are out of gas!

SILAS

Oh shit. We're really out of gas.

CLEMENT

Yes we're really out of gas,
that's what I've been fuckin' sayin'!

SILAS

Oh shit! Fuck!

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET

The car PULLS OVER to the side of the road. The two men EXIT
the car, SLAMMING the doors SHUT. They walk to the front of
the car.

Traffic is WHIZZING PAST them as they talk.

CLEMENT

Goddammit man! Fuck!

SILAS

Shit-- I'm sorry. Jeez.

CLEMENT

What the fuck-- what the fuck do
we do now?

SILAS

We'll hafta find another way there.

CLEMENT

Find another way?

SILAS

Yeah-- find another way.

Clement STARES at Silas for a moment.

CLEMENT

(yelling loudly)
Motherfucker!

Clement KICKS the car tire.

CLEMENT
(in pain)
Fuck!

He CLUTCHES his foot and HOPS AROUND.

SILAS
You should do that man-- it
fuckin' hurts.

CLEMENT
(sarcastically)
Thanks a lot.
(Pause)
So how the fuck do you suggest we
get there?

SILAS
I think I know how.

CLEMENT
How?

SILAS
We'll take the bus.

CLEMENT
The bus?

SILAS
Yeah. You know-- the city bus.

CLEMENT
The city bus? Are you serious?

SILAS
Yeah. What's wrong with the bus?

CLEMENT
The fuckin' city bus...

SILAS
You got a better idea?

Clement STARES back at Silas.

SILAS
Well?

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - BUS STOP - MORNING

Silas and Clement are standing next to a BUS STOP SIGN.

The CAMERA is behind them.

CLEMENT

Can't believe we're takin' the fuckin' bus.

SILAS

Would you rather walk?

CLEMENT

No I don't wanna fuckin' walk.

SILAS

Okay then.

CLEMENT

Are you sure the bus even goes by the motel?

SILAS

It goes near it. I don't know how close, but its near it.

CLEMENT

Are you sure? cause I don't wanna get on the motherfuckin' bus and end up on the other side of town or some shit like that.

SILAS

Don't fuckin' worry about it.

CLEMENT

Well I hope you're right.

SILAS

I am.

CLEMENT

I hope so.

(Pause)

I need a fuckin' smoke.

Clement takes out a PACK OF CIGARETTES. He puts one in his mouth. Then he holds the pack out to Silas, offering him one.

SILAS

No thanks man-- I don't smoke.

CLEMENT
(putting the pack away)
You don't smoke?

SILAS
No I don't.

CLEMENT
Shit man. I didn't know that.
Since when?

He LIGHTS his cigarette.

SILAS
Since always. You're always
fuckin' puffin' on that shit.
Didn't you ever notice that I
never once smoked?

CLEMENT
No. I guess I didn't.

SILAS
Besides, that shit'll fuckin'
kill ya faster than bacon fat.
Causes cancer and shit.

CLEMENT
I ain't gotten cancer yet.

SILAS
Well you will.

CLEMENT
Well then, if I get cancer then I
get cancer.

They stand there waiting for the bus. Clement puffs away on his cigarette.

CLEMENT
You know-- some people smoke
their whole lives and don't get
cancer.

SILAS
Yeah, well they're just lucky I
guess.

CLEMENT
Well how do you know I won't be
of 'em lucky people?

SILAS
Cause if it wasn't for bad luck,
you'd have no luck at all.

CLEMENT
Real fuckin' funny. Real cute.

They stand around and wait for the bus for a little while.

Then, the bus ROARS in front of them and STOPS. The doors
HISS as they SWING OPEN.

CLEMENT
Bout fuckin' time.

They go to board the bus. Then, Silas stops Clement.

SILAS
Christ man. You can't smoke on
the fuckin' bus-- damn. Put that
shit out.

Silas GETS ON the bus. Clement stays back and takes one last
PUFF of his cigarette, THROWS it on the ground, and PUTS IT
OUT with his shoe.

CLEMENT
(to himself)
Motherfucker tellin' me... gettin'
fuckin' cancer... no smokin' on
the fuckin' bus.

After his cigarette is out, he BOARDS the bus.

The doors SWING SHUT, and the bus ROARS OFF SCREEN, leaving
behind a CLOUD OF SMOG.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY BUS - MOVING - MORNING

The bus is semi-crowded with PEOPLE. Silas and Clement sit
across from each other. Next to Silas sits an OLD LADY.

CLEMENT
Do you know what stop it is?

SILAS
I think so.

CLEMENT
Well do ya?

SILAS
 Christ man-- calm the fuck down.
 I'll recognize it when we get there.

The old lady gives Silas a DIRTY LOOK.

CLEMENT
 (to himself)
 This is fuckin' ridiculous.

They just sit on the bus taking in the atmosphere. Then, Silas' coat slides over.

CLOSE ON SILAS' WAIST

His gun is sticking out from under his coat.

ANGLE ON OLD LADY

She STARES at the gun, with a look of shock.

BACK TO SCENE

Clement notices this, and nods at Silas. Silas doesn't understand, so Clement nods again.

SILAS
 (whisper)
 What?

CLEMENT
 (whisper)
 Your coat.

SILAS
 (whisper)
 What?

CLEMENT
 (whisper)
 Your coat. Your fuckin'...

Silas SHAKES HIS HEAD to show he doesn't understand.

CLEMENT
 (louder whisper)
 Your coat. Fix your fuckin' coat man.

Silas then notices his gun is showing. He fixes his coat and covers it up again.

He then looks at the old lady, who gives him another DIRTY LOOK, and then looks away.

SILAS
 (whisper)
 Shit.

They LAUGH QUIETLY to each other.

Then Silas looks out the window.

SILAS
 I think this is it.

CLEMENT
 This is the stop?

SILAS
 Yeah-- this is it.

CLEMENT
 Then stop the bus. Pull the
 fuckin' thingy.

Silas reaches up.

CLOSE ON BRAKE ROPE

Silas' hand PULLS the rope.

BACK TO SCENE

The bus SCREECHES to a STOP. Silas and Clement get up and
 EXIT and bus.

The old lady looks at them in disgust as they leave.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET

Silas and Clement EXIT the bus as it ROARS away. They are
 standing across the street from a MOTEL.

SILAS
 (pointing to the motel)
 See man, I fuckin' told ya it
 went by here.

CLEMENT
 You were right. I'm sorry for
 doubting you.

They start to WALK toward the motel. We STEADICAM along with
 them.

CLEMENT

You almost fuckin' blew it back there.

SILAS

How the hell am I supposed to know my gun's fuckin' showin'?

CLEMENT

Well I fuckin' told ya it was.

SILAS

No-- you nodded at me.

CLEMENT

And?

They walk up to the FRONT DOOR of the motel.

SILAS

How the fuck should I know what that means?

CLEMENT

It means: "Your fuckin' gun is pokin' out, so fuckin' fix it."

SILAS

(opening the door)
And I'm supposed to know all that?

CLEMENT

Yeah.

They ENTER the motel.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL - HALLWAY - MORNING

They walk through the WINDING hallways of the motel, WEAVING their way around. We continue to STEADICAM along with them.

SILAS

How the fuck should I know a nod means all that?

CLEMENT

You just should.

SILAS

That's the dumbest shit I've ever heard.

CLEMENT

Well what the fuck do you want me to do? Stand up and say, "Hey! Your fuckin' gun is stickin' out man! Why don't you fix it before somebody notices that you have a fuckin' gun on a fuckin' city bus!"

SILAS

Well no-- Christ. But somethin' a little more than a nod woulda helped.

CLEMENT

So no one's ever nodded to you or communicated with you in a non-verbal way before?

SILAS

Well I guess. I don't fuckin' know.

CLEMENT

Would ya have rather had me tap out morse code with my foot? Would that have been better?

SILAS

Fuck you.

CLEMENT

(laughing)
What? Come on.

They continue to walk until they come to a door. They then stop in front of it.

SILAS

This is it.

CLEMENT

You sure?

Silas takes a small PIECE OF PAPER out of his pocket.

SILAS

(looking at the paper)
Yep-- this is it. This is his room.

They both take out their GUNS.

CLEMENT

Is he alone?

SILAS

I don't know. He might be.

CLEMENT
 Fuck-- okay. Let's go in there
 and do this shit.

SILAS
 Okay.

CLEMENT
 You ready?

SILAS
 Yeah.

CLEMENT
 Alright then, let's do this shit.

Clement reaches for the door handle.

CLOSE ON DOOR KNOB

Clement turns the handle; the door's open.

BACK TO SCENE

SILAS
 Its open?

CLEMENT
 Yeah.

SILAS
 (surprised)
 Damn.

CLEMENT
 Let's go.

Clement OPENS the door, and the two of them go in.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Clement and Silas ENTER the room, SHUTTING the door behind them.

ANGLE ON BED

Sitting on the bed is MAX KELLER. He is young, and is obviously startled to see the two men enter the room. He begins to STAND UP.

BACK TO SCENE

CLEMENT
(pointing his gun at Max)
Sit. Don't get up.

Max sits back down onto the bed. He is scared.

Silas then notices that the bathroom door is closed.

SILAS
(pointing to the
bathroom door)
Check it out. Whaddaya think?

CLEMENT
I don't know.
(to Max)
Is anyone in there?

MAX
Huh?

CLEMENT
The bathroom-- is anyone in there?
Is it empty?

MAX
(nodding)
Yeah.

CLEMENT
Are you sure?

MAX
Yes.

SILAS
Want me to check it?

CLEMENT
Of course I do.

Silas goes to OPEN the bathroom door.

CLEMENT
(stopping Silas)
Hang on...
(to Max)
Are you absolutely positive that
nobody is in this bathroom?

MAX
Yeah.

CLEMENT

Well you'd better be sure. Cause if someone is in there, that motherfucker is gonna get shot in the head. Then, I'm gonna put a bullet in yours. Are we clear?

MAX

Yes.

CLEMENT

So there ain't nothin' you'd like to say before we open that door then?

MAX

(shaking his head)

No.

CLEMENT

Alright then.
(to Silas)
Go ahead.

Clement keeps his gun aimed at Max. Silas opens the bathroom door and looks inside.

CUT TO:

MOTEL BATHROOM

SILAS' POV

We PAN across the bathroom. Its EMPTY.

BACK TO:

MOTEL ROOM

Silas comes back into the room and closes the door.

SILAS

All clear.

CLEMENT

Good. Now that that's over, we can get to business.

Clement walks over toward Max. Max watches him closely with his eyes. Silas hangs back. Clement then seats himself in a chair across from Max.

CLEMENT
 Okay then. First things first--
 you must be Max right? Max Keller?

MAX
 Yeah-- that's me.

CLEMENT
 Good. That means we at least got
 the right room.

Clement smiles at this. Max is too scared to smile.

CLEMENT
 Well Max, I'm Clement Brown.
 (pointing to Silas)
 And that guy over there is Silas
 Greenwood.

SILAS
 Hey.

CLEMENT
 We work for Mr. Chester Jamison
 Max. You know who Chester Jamison
 is correct?

Max doesn't answer.

CLEMENT (CONT'D)
 I said, you do know how Chester
 Jamison is don't ya Max?

MAX
 Yeah. I know him.

CLEMENT
 Good-- that's good. Then I guess
 you know why we're here then huh?

SILAS
 He knows damn well why we're here.

Clement shoots Silas a look as if to tell him to shut up.

CLEMENT
 Well Max, I guess its understood
 why we're here. You see, you've
 made Mr. Jamison very angry--
 he's quite agitated. And Mr.
 Jamison doesn't like it when
 people make him angry-- he
 doesn't like to be agitated. he
 doesn't like it one fuckin' bit.

Max is pretty scared now. He knows he's in deep trouble. Meanwhile, Silas seems to be enjoying all of this. Its like he's watching a show.

CLEMENT (CONT'D)

You see, you stole from him, and that really pisses him off. You've put yourself in a very bad position Max-- a really shitty one. You stole from him, and we can't have that. Is there anything you'd like to say in your defense?

MAX

No.

CLEMENT

So you're not denying that you stole from Mr. Jamison?

MAX

No I'm not.

CLEMENT

So you admit to it then?

SILAS

Come on man he just said--

CLEMENT

(yelling at Silas)
--shut up Silas!

(to Max)
So you admit to it then?

MAX

Yes I do. I stole from him.

CLEMENT

Good, good. Honesty-- I like that. Honesty is a good quality for a person to have. Its pretty rare these days. You're takin' this like a man-- I like that. I respect that.

MAX

Thanks.

CLEMENT

So I guess the next question I have for you is: "Where is it?"

MAX
Under the bed.

CLEMENT
Under this bed right here?

MAX
Yep.

CLEMENT
Okay then.

Clement motions to Silas to go look under the bed. Silas walks over to the bed and kneels down beside it.

CLEMENT
(pointing his gun at Max)
Don't move.

CUT TO:

UNDER THE BED

A black DUFFEL BAG rests under the bed. Silas looks at it from the floor.

SILAS
Is this it here in the bag?

MAX (OS)
Yeah-- that's it.

Silas reaches over and GRABS the bag. He DRAGS it out from under the bed.

BACK TO:

MOTEL ROOM

Silas stands up and holds the bag out.

CLEMENT
(to Max)
That it?

MAX
That's it.

CLEMENT
(to Silas)
Toss it here.

Silas THROWS the bag to Clement. he then opens it up and looks inside.

CLEMENT'S POV

Two bricks of coke rest inside the bag.

SILAS (OS)

Well?

BACK TO SCENE

Clement looks up at Silas.

SILAS

Is that it?

Clement removes the bricks from the bag. He then CLAPS them together smiling.

SILAS

(smiling)

Alright then.

Clement puts the coke back into the bag and then just STARES at Max. he seems to be thinking about what to say next. Max sits silently, scared.

CLEMENT

You like jokes Max?

MAX

Huh?

CLEMENT

Jokes-- do you like 'em?

MAX

Yeah. I like jokes.

CLEMENT

Do you like listenin' to 'em, or do ya like tellin' 'em?

MAX

What?

CLEMENT

I noticed that there are people who like to tell jokes, but they don't like to listen to jokes bein' told by other people.

(MORE)

CLEMENT (CONT'D)

Then there are people who like to listen to jokes, but don't like tellin' 'em themselves, for whatever reason that is. I was just wonderin' which one of those people you were.

MAX

I don't know-- I like both I guess.

CLEMENT

Slammin'. Ya see, there's this joke I heard earlier, and I was wonderin' if you'd like to hear it.

MAX

Yeah, sure.

CLEMENT

Slammin'.

Clement puts the bag down next to the chair. Silas walks over and stands next to Max.

CLEMENT

Okay. So this guy flew to Las Vegas to gamble. However, his luck isn't so good, and he loses all of his money-- all of it. All he had left was his plane ticket home, so he decided to just give up and head home. Now, he needed a way to get to the airport. So he goes outside, and finds a taxi. He gets into the cab, and explains his situation to the cabby. he promised to send the taxi fare money from home, but the cab driver wasn't buyin' it. The driver said: "If you don't have money for the fare right now, then get the fuck outta my cab!" So this guy was forced to hitchhike all the way to the airport.

Silas and Max listen intently. Silas occasionally looks over at Max and watches him. He also fiddles with his gun.

CLEMENT (CONT'D)

Well, a few months later this guy comes back to Las Vegas. Only this time, he hits it big-- he wins a shitload of money. So this time, when he leaves the casino he finds a long line of cabs waiting out front. And who should he see at the end of this line? The cabby who refused to give him a ride when he was down on his luck. Then, the guy comes up with a brilliant fuckin' idea. So he gets into the first cab and asks how much the fare was to the airport, and the driver says: "Fifteen bucks." So then the guy asks: "And how much for you to gimmie a blowjob once we get there?" Well the driver replies: "Get the fuck outta my cab!" So the man asks each cab driver in the line the same question-- with the same results each time. So when he finally gets to his old friend in the back of the line, he gets in and says: "Take me to the airport." So then, as they drove past the long line of cabs, the guy gave a big smile and a thumbs up to each driver.

Clement, Max, and Silas all LAUGH at the joke for a few moments.

SILAS

(laughing)

Oh man-- that is some funny shit right there.

CLEMENT

(laughing)

Thank you, thank you.

They all laugh for a little while longer. Then, they collect themselves. Joke time is over.

CLEMENT

Okay, okay. Now that that's done with, its time to get down to it Max.

MAX

Down to what?

CLEMENT

Come on man. You didn't think Mr. Jamison was just gonna forget about this did ya?

MAX

Well no but...

CLEMENT

Do you really think he sent us all the way down here just to get the shit back? We went through some real shit just to get here.

MAX

But...

CLEMENT

Max, you can't fuck up the way you fucked up and get away with it. Ya just can't.

MAX

No...

Max looks over his shoulder.

ANGLE ON SILAS

He has his gun pointed right at Max.

BACK TO SCENE

Clement then takes his gun and points it at him.

CLEMENT

What did you expect to happen?

MAX

(screaming in fear)

NO!

Silas and Clement OPEN FIRE on Max, his body FLAILING like a rag doll as he is filled with bullets. His bullet ridden corpse then FALLS onto the bed, blood soaked clothes and sheets.

The two hitmen put away their guns. Their job is done. Clement then goes and picks up the duffel bag of coke.

SILAS

Lets get outta here.

CLEMENT
 (tossing the bag to Silas)
 I hear that.

Silas CATCHES the bag. Then the two of them turn to leave the room. Suddenly, Clement stops.

CLEMENT
 Hold on a sec.

SILAS
 What?

Clement turns around and walks over to the night stand next to the bed.

CLOSE ON CAR KEYS

Clement's hand picks them up off of the night stand.

BACK TO SCENE

CLEMENT
 (holding up the keys)
 I ain't takin' the bus again.

SILAS
 Good idea.

The two men then EXIT the room, leaving it empty, except for Max's body laying on the bed.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - MORNING

Silas and Clement exit the motel, and are in the parking lot. Silas is carrying the duffel bag.

They stand in the parking lot, looking around.

SILAS
 Well?

CLEMENT
 Well what?

SILAS
 You know what. Which car is it?

CLEMENT
 I don't know exactly, but its here somewhere.

SILAS
If we don't even know which
fuckin' car it is, how the hell
are we supposed to take it?

CLEMENT
Just relax man-- shit.

SILAS
Relax? Look, I ain't fucking
walkin' all the way back to
Chester's.

CLEMENT
Just calm down-- we ain't gonna
fuckin' walk.

SILAS
Calm down?

Silas throws his arms up and stares at Clement.

SILAS (CONT'D)
Then what are we gonna do?

CLEMENT
Just chill. I got this shit.

SILAS
You do?

CLEMENT
Yeah.

SILAS
Okay then-- how you gonna find it.

Clement holds up Max's keys.

CLEMENT
Watch and learn.

Clement starts walking around the lot, pushing a button on
the clicker hanging from the key ring.

Suddenly, a CAR ALARM starts BLASTING.

Clement and Silas turn around.

ANGLE ON MAX'S CAR

The lights are FLASHING, and the alarm is going off.

BACK TO SCENE

Clement gives Silas a look as if to say, "I told you so."

The two men walk over to the car. The alarm is still BLASTING.

SILAS
(yelling)
Turn this shit off!

CLEMENT
(yelling)
What? I can't-- hang on!

Clement pushes another button, and the alarm TURNS OFF.

CLEMENT
Whaddya say?

Silas stares at Clement.

SILAS
You're a fuckin' asshole.

Clement smiles.

CLEMENT
What?

Silas goes to open the passenger side door, but its locked.

SILAS
Open the damn door.

CLEMENT
Do I have to do everything?

SILAS
Asshole.

Clement unlocks the doors. They open them and start to get into the car.

SILAS
I think ya made me deaf.

CLEMENT
Stop whinin' ya son-of-a-bitch.

SILAS
Kiss my ass.

They get into the car and shut the doors.

The car TURNS ON.

The radio is PLAYING LOUDLY.

The car backs out of the spot, and then drives away from the motel.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - MOVING - MORNING

Clement and Silas are SPEEDING down the road in Max's car, with Clement behind the wheel, and Silas holding the duffel bag of coke. The radio is BLASTING as the two men sing along with it. They are just enjoying themselves now that their job is done. This goes on for a while.

SILAS

--oh my God!

Silas suddenly covers his mouth and nose with his hands.

CLEMENT

What?

SILAS

Holy Christ!

CLEMENT

What-- what is it man?

SILAS

You don't smell that?

CLEMENT

Smell what?

SILAS

That smell. I don't know what the hell it is.

CLEMENT

I don't smell anythin' man.

SILAS

Jeez-- did you rip ass or somethin'?

CLEMENT

No way man. I didn't do nothin'.

SILAS

What the fuck is that?

Clement sniffs the air, and suddenly it hits him too.

CLEMENT

Goddamn!

SILAS

You smell it now?

CLEMENT

Yeah I do. What the hell is that shit?

SILAS

I have no idea, but I can't take it anymore.

Silas rolls down his window and sticks his head out. Clement then rolls down his window.

SILAS

Holy shit!

CLEMENT

It must be the car. I wonder when was the last time he washed it.

SILAS

I don't know man, but that is vile.

CLEMENT

Yeah it is. Smells like death.

SILAS

Uh-uh-- death smells much better than that.

They LAUGH.

CLEMENT

Smells like rotten eggs.

SILAS

A shitload of rotten eggs.

CLEMENT

Hell yeah.

SILAS

Smells like someone ate rotten eggs, crapped them out, then ate the shit.

CLEMENT

Awe man!

SILAS

Then they crapped that out, and an animal ate it. The the animal died, and rotted. Then someone ate the animal, crapped it out, and then let it sit in the sun.

CLEMENT

Man that is nasty.

SILAS

But that's what it smells like.

CLEMENT

I don't know how much longer I can take this.

SILAS

Yeah. We should stop off and get some spray or somethin' to get rid of the smell.

CLEMENT

Sounds good to me.

SILAS

I think there's a convenience store commin' up here.

CLEMENT

Do they have spray or somethin'?

SILAS

They should.

CLEMENT

Okay then.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The car turns off the road into the parking lot. They PARK the car, and get out.

CLEMENT

Hey wait.

SILAS

What?

CLEMENT

What about the bag? You just gonna leave it in the car?

SILAS

Right-- I'll take it with.

Silas opens the door and takes out the bag. They then walk over to the store and go inside.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE

Silas and Clement enter the store. The bell on the door JINGLES as they walk in.

Behind the counter is a young kid named TIM. He leans on the counter flipping through a magazine. Its a slow moving day; there is only one customer in the store. His name is MARK. He is looking up and down the aisles for something. He seems very jittery.

Silas walks up to the counter.

SILAS

Hey.

TIM

Mornin'. What can I do for ya?

SILAS

Do you have like sprays-- like air freshener spray to get rid of smells?

TIM

Like in a can?

SILAS

Can, spray bottle, whatever. Do you have that?

TIM

Um yeah-- pretty sure.
 (pointing to the back
 of the store)
 It'd be in the back over there.

SILAS

Alright, thanks.

TIM

No problem.

Silas heads to the back of the store. Clement looks around the place. He happens to catch a glance of Mark, who looks back at him. They stare at each other for a few moments. Mark then breaks the stare and goes back to the shelves.

Clement then walks over to the freezer of drinks.

CLEMENT

(yelling to Silas)
Hey Silas-- you wanna drink?

SILAS (OS)

No thanks man. I ain't thirsty.

CLEMENT

(yelling to Silas)
Alright then. I'm gonna get one.

The CAMERA is behind Clement as he looks at the different drinks in the freezer.

CUT TO:

BACK OF STORE

Silas is in the back of the store looking at the shelves for spray.

SILAS

(to himself)
Spray, spray-- where is it?

BACK TO:

FRONT OF STORE - FREEZER

Clement finds a drink that he wants.

CLEMENT

(to himself)
There we go.

He opens the freezer and reaches inside.

CUT TO:

BACK OF STORE

Silas finally finds the sprays.

SILAS
(to himself)
Alright-- we've got spray.

BACK TO:

FRONT OF STORE - FREEZER

Clement closes the freezer. He then puts the cold drink to his forehead and closes his eyes.

MARK (OS)
Shut the fuck up and gimmie the fuckin' money!

TIM (OS)
(terrified)
Oh God, please...

Clement removes the drink from his head and slowly turns around to see what is going on.

CUT TO:

FRONT OF STORE

Mark is standing at the counter. He is holding a GUN, which is pointed right at Tim's head. Tim has his hands up and is scared to death.

ANGLE ON CLEMENT

He cannot believe what he is seeing.

BACK TO SCENE

MARK
Come on man-- gimmie the fuckin' money or you're dead!

TIM
(terrified)
Okay, okay. Just don't kill me, please.

Tim opens the register and starts taking out the money. He puts it into a brown paper bag. When the register is empty, he goes to hand the bag to Mark.

TIM
 (giving Mark the bag)
 Here...

MARK
 The safe. I want the money in the
 Goddamn safe!

Tim bends down behind the counter and begins to open the safe. Mark keeps his gun on him the whole time.

MARK
 Come on man, come on!

Clement bends down and puts the bottle on the ground. As he stands back up, he removes his gun. He then slowly walks over to Mark.

MARK
 Come on! Faster!

Tim comes up with the paper bag, now full with the money from the safe. Mark reaches out take the bag.

CLEMENT (OS)
 Not so fast motherfucker.

Mark turns around.

ANGLE ON CLEMENT

He has his gun aimed right at Mark.

BACK TO SCENE

MARK
 What the fuck?

CLEMENT
 Don't move-- don't you move.

MARK
 Whaddaya think you're doin' man?

CLEMENT
 What am I doin'? What the fuck
 are you doin'?

MARK
 Stay outta this man.

CLEMENT
 No way buddy-- I'm part of this
 now. Put the money on the counter.

MARK

Fuck you!

CLEMENT

Put it on the counter!

MARK

No way!

CLEMENT

Jesus Christ just do it!

MARK

No fuckin' way!

SILAS (OS)

Do it asshole!

Clement and Mark turn.

ANGLE ON SILAS

His gun is pointed right at Mark.

BACK TO SCENE

This robbery has turned into a Mexican Stand-off.

MARK

Shit!

CLEMENT

Just do it man. Put the bag on the counter.

MARK

Fuck...

SILAS

Come on! Do it!

MARK

Fuck you!

CLEMENT

Listen man just calm down. Be cool, be fuckin' cool. Are you cool?

CLEMENT

Listen man just calm down. Be cool, be fuckin' cool. Are you cool?

MARK

Naw man-- I ain't cool. This ain't fuckin' cool.

CLEMENT

Well then get cool. Its over man.

MARK

Naw man, no way.

CLEMENT

Yes way. Just give it up-- its over.

MARK

No, no...

SILAS

Let's just waste this son-of-a-bitch Clem.

MARK

Fuck you!

CLEMENT

Calm down man, calm down. We ain't gonna waste anyone today.

SILAS

(chuckling to himself)
Huh, yeah.

Clement gives Silas a look.

CLEMENT

Look man, just put down the bag and walk away. That's all. Just walk away.

MARK

Uh-uh-- I can't.

CLEMENT

Why? Why can't you?

MARK

Cause I can't.

CLEMENT

Cause why?

MARK

Cause I need the fuckin' money man!

CLEMENT

No-- no man. You don't need it
this bad.

MARK

Yes, yes I do.

CLEMENT

This ain't worth it. This is
never worth it.

MARK

I need the money...

CLEMENT

There's other ways. You don't
need it this bad, not like this.

SILAS

Come on man-- we gotta fuckin' do
somethin'! Let's blow him away!

CLEMENT

No, no! We ain't gonna do that!

SILAS

Well we'd better do somethin'.

MARK

Fuck, shit...

CLEMENT

Listen-- listen to me. You
listenin' to me?

MARK

(quietly)
Yeah...

CLEMENT

(loud)
I said are you listening to me?

MARK

Yes! I'm listenin'.

CLEMENT

Look man-- this situation can
either get better, or it can get
worse. And I don't want it to get
worse. You don't want it to get
worse. Nobody wants it to.

(MORE)

CLEMENT (CONT'D)
 So just put the bag on the
 counter and walk outta here.
 That's all, cause if you don't
 we're gonna have to shoot you.
 Got it?

Mark doesn't respond.

CLEMENT (CONT'D)
 I said do you got it?

MARK
 Yeah, yeah. I got it.

Mark lowers his gun and turns to put the bag on the counter.
 Clement and Silas both lower their weapons.

SILAS
 (relieved)
 Jesus Christ...

Suddenly, Mark WHIPS AROUND toward Silas, yelling, and FIRES
 at him.

CLEMENT
 Fuck!

Silas is HIT several times. As he flails and falls backward,
 he drops the duffel bag.

Clement then bring up his gun and FIRES at Mark, HITTING him
 with every shot.

Silas' gun goes off as he hits the ground, HITTING Clement a
 few times.

Clement falls, hitting the counter on the way down.

As Mark hits the ground, his gun FIRES, and HITS Tim in the
 head.

Tim falls onto the counter.

Once the gun fire is gone, it is DEAD SILENT. There is blood
 everywhere.

Silas, Clement, and Mark lay on the floor DEAD.

Tim is laying on the counter DEAD.

The CAMERA then SLOWLY ZOOMS IN on the duffel bag, soaked in
 blood, sitting on the ground.

We then HOLD on the bag.

The bell on the door the JINGLES OFF SCREEN as a CUSTOMER walks into the store.

CUSTOMER (OS)

Holy shit!

The bell on the door JINGLES again as the customer runs out of the store.

We HOLD on the duffel bag for a few more moments.

FADE TO BLACK.

BLACK SCREEN

CHESTER (VO)

--this shit is some good shit.
And I really fuckin' mean it. Its
most likely the best stuff out there.

FADE IN:

INT. CHESTER JAMISON'S HOUSE - DAY

We are inside Chester Jamison's living room. It looks the same as before, minus the blood and carnage. This is before that event took place.

CLOSE ON MAX KELLER

He looks much better now than he will dead. He sits on the couch listening to Chester speak OFF SCREEN. They are in the middle of a drug deal.

CHESTER (OS)

--And I'm not just sayin' that
either. This coke right here is
grade-A my friend. I'm willing to
bet all I have on that statement.
Hands down, this is just some
plain good shit.

MAX

That good?

CHESTER (OS)

Oh yeah. It's that fuckin' good.

Max leans back in the couch. He is thinking about what he has just been told; he's wondering if its really that good.

REVERSE ANGLE

We can now finally see Chester. He is sitting on a couch across from Max. Big Seth stands behind him.

Chester picks up a small BAGGIE OF COKE and holds it up.

CHESTER

So, what's it gonna be? This deal is a fine deal-- unbeatable. You are gettin' some good shit here, and for a price too.

MAX

How much was it again?

CHESTER

Well I can sell you this stuff for five-fifty a gram--

MAX

--five-fifty?

CHESTER

--hey. Let me remind you that that this is some pretty high quality shit here. In fact, it should be more, but I'm no monster here.

MAX

(sarcastically)
Oh yeah-- thanks.

CHESTER

Come on man. In a way, I'm losin' money on this deal, but because you're such a good customer, I've got no problem cuttin' you a break. I wish I could do better-- I really do-- but I can't.

Max sits and thinks about the offer some more. Chester stares at him and gives him a SMILE.

CHESTER

(waving the baggie)
Well? What's it gonna be?

MAX

Okay, okay-- I'll buy some.

CHESTER
Slammin'. You've just made a very
wise decision Max.

MAX
I hope so.

CHESTER
Believe me when I say that this
shit will not disappoint-- cause
it won't.

MAX
If you say so.

CHESTER
I do, I do. So how much of my
"magic dust" wouldya like?

MAX
Uh, three grams should be good.
(Pause)
Yeah, three is good.

CHESTER
Three it is.

Chester turns around and hands the baggie of coke to Big Seth.

CHESTER
Three grams Seth.

BIG SETH
Gotcha.

Big Seth takes the baggie and leave the room.

CLOSE ON MAX

He watches Big Seth as he leaves.

ANGLE ON BIG SETH

He turns and STARES at Max as he leaves the room.

BACK TO SCENE

Chester turns back to face Max.

CHESTER
Three grams commin' right up my
friend.

MAX
Thanks Chester.

CHESTER
Oh, hey. come on now-- its my job.

Chester LAUGHS at himself. Max just SMILES.

CHESTER
Well, I think now there's the matter of the money.

MAX
The money.

CHESTER
Well this shit ain't free my friend. I wish I could just give it to ya-- but I can't do that.

MAX
You sure?

CHESTER
Oh yeah-- I'm sure.

They both LAUGH.

MAX
Okay so, how much?

CHESTER
Well uh, three grams at five-fifty--
(doing the math in his head)
-- that's uh sixteen-fifty.

MAX
Shit man. Sixteen-fifty, shit.

CHESTER
Hey man, that's business-- and business ain't cheap.

MAX
Especially with you.

Max reaches into his pocket and removes a STACK OF BILLS. He then counts out the money he needs.

Chester watches him as he counts, just to make sure is isn't being cheated.

MAX
 (counting the money)
 You don't trust me?

CHESTER
 Oh, sorry. I trust you, but I
 just gotta look out for Chester
 ya know?

Max finishes counting the money. He puts the extra money
 back into his pocket.

MAX
 (handing the money to Chester)
 Sixteen-fifty you fuckin' thief.

CHESTER
 Thank you, thank you.

Chester takes the money from Max.

Big Seth comes back into the room. He hands a small BAGGIE
 OF COKE to Chester. Chester gives him the money.

CHESTER
 (holding up the baggie)
 Your three grams.

Chester TOSSES the baggie to Max.

MAX
 This shit had better be as fuckin'
 good as you say it is.

CHESTER
 Trust me, it is. Its that fuckin'
 good. You're gonna be WHOOSH-- so
 high you ain't gonna wanna come down.

MAX
 If you say so.

They sit for a few moments without talking. Max examines the
 baggie of coke in his hands.

CHESTER
 Well...

Max just looks at the baggie. He seems to be in deep thought.

CHESTER
 Max?

No response.

CHESTER
 (loud)
 Max?

MAX
 (looking up)
 Huh?

CHESTER
 You okay man?

MAX
 Yeah, yeah. I'm fine.

CHESTER
 Okay then, good. Well Max, its
 been a pleasure doin' business
 with ya.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROAD - DAY

ZOOM.

Max's car FLIES past the CAMERA. It SPEEDS down the road.

CUT TO:

INT. MAX'S CAR - MOVING - DAY

Max is behind the wheel as the car SPEEDS down the road. The radio is on, but it isn't that loud; he isn't even really listening to it anyway.

He is just watching the road. He has a blank expression on his face, like he's thinking. He is totally out of it. He seems depressed almost.

He then looks over at the passenger seat. There rest the BAGGIE OF COKE. He reaches over and picks it up. He holds it and looks at it for a while.

MAX
 (to himself)
 Sixteen-fifty...
 (Pause)
 ...motherfucker...

He TOSSES the baggie back onto the passenger seat. He then reaches into his pocket and takes out the rest of the money from before.

He thumbs through the bills. He then SIGHS, and becomes frustrated.

MAX
 (to himself)
 Goddammit...
 (Pause)
 ...Fuck!

He then angrily shoves the money back into his pocket. He then BANGS on the steering wheel in anger.

MAX
 (angrily)
 Fuck, fuck, fuck! Shit!

He regains control of his emotions, and leans back in the seat. he is still angry, but he's keeping it inside.

After a little bit, he reaches over and turns up the volume on the radio. He then drives in silence, with the radio BLASTING.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - DAY

A group of teens sit around a coffee table in a basement.

The room is filled with smoke. A nearby stereo is playing music. The kids are drinking, and there are beer bottle on the table. The BAGGIE OF COKE sits open on the table; they're using it.

Max sits on a couch next to LANCE. Max seems pretty out of like he did before. Something is clearly bugging him. Across from them sit JIM and his girlfriend HEATHER. They sit together on an arm chair.

At the head of the table sits SCOTTIE WILHELM. Right now Scottie is telling a story to the rest of them, while they drink and snort the coke.

SCOTTIE
 Okay, okay. So I get into my car
 alright-- I'm... I'm headin' over
 to the mall...

JIM
 (to Scottie)
 For what?

SCOTTIE

...huh?

HEATHER

(to Scottie)

Why are you goin' to the mall?

SCOTTIE

I don't remember, shit. That's not important. Doesn't matter why I'm goin' to the fuckin' mall, just that I'm goin'...

LANCE

(to Scottie)

Are you goin' to buy a dress?

Lance starts LAUGHING.

SCOTTIE

(to Lance)

What the fuck? What's wrong with you?

LANCE

Nothin'...

SCOTTIE

(to Lance)

Nothin' my ass. You been snortin' too much of that shit-- you're all fucked up.

JIM

(to Lance)

Yeah man. You should give that shit a rest.

LANCE

Hey Jim?

JIM

Yes Lance?

LANCE

Fuck... you.

Lance LAUGHS again. He then SNORTS a line of coke from the table.

SCOTTIE

Okay, great. May I please continue with my thing here?

HEATHER
Yes you may Scottie.

SCOTTIE
Thank you Heather...

HEATHER
No problem.

SCOTTIE
Okay so I gotta get on the highway you know-- to go to the mall. So I'm goin' to get on the highway, and you know the on ramp over here to get on?

JIM
Yeah. The one right over here...

SCOTTIE
...yeah, yeah. You know which one I mean. Well the ramp isn't very long-- its a short ramp.

JIM
Yeah man-- I hate that. I really do.

HEATHER
(to Jim)
Yes I know you do.

JIM
I do...

Lance passes some coke to Max.

LANCE
(to Max)
Here man...

MAX
Thanks...

Max SNORTS a line of the coke.

SCOTTIE
So I'm gettin' on the highway, but there isn't an opening. So, I gotta slow down you know-- cause I can't get on yet...

JIM
Yeah and...

SCOTTIE

Yeah well ya know how there's that curve to get on the ramp?

LANCE

Yeah... the fuckin' curve.

SCOTTIE

Yeah well, you gotta take it slow around that shit right? Well this car comes flyin' around this curve okay, and I'm like oh shit. There's this Asian girl drivin' the car...

JIM

Oh shit...

HEATHER

What? So she's Asian-- big deal...

SCOTTIE

Listen I'm not like racist or sexist or anything, but its just a proven fact that Asians, and most usually the women, are shitty drivers.

HEATHER

What? Oh come on...

JIM

Its true...

HEATHER

No way...

LANCE

It is-- its totally true.

HEATHER

Oh my God...

SCOTTIE

Hey look-- I don't make this stuff up. I just tell it how it is.

HEATHER

Whatever...

JIM

Hey Lance-- pass me another beer man.

LANCE

Sure thing.

Lance takes a bottle of beer from the box, and passes it to Jim.

JIM

Thanks.

SCOTTIE

Okay so this Asian bitch...

HEATHER

...hey...

SCOTTIE

...sorry, girl. This Asian girl comes flyin' around the curve, and then she tries to go around me.

JIM

On the ramp?

SCOTTIE

Yeah right on the fuckin' ramp. So clearly there's no where she can go, so she slams on her brakes.

LANCE

Damn...

SCOTTIE

But right then, this other girls, who was tailgating the Asian one comes flyin' around the curve...

HEATHER

Oh no...

SCOTTIE

...and since she was tailgatin', she had no time to react. So, she slams right into me.

JIM

Son-of-a-bitch!

HEATHER

Hey...

JIM

Sorry...

LANCE

So what did ya do Scottie? Where ya pissed?

SCOTTIE

You bet your fuckin' ass I was pissed. My car was totaled.

JIM

Ya see man, this is why I say certain people shouldn't be allowed to drive. they just suck at drivin', and they cause problems like this.

SCOTTIE

I agree-- I totally do.

(to Lance)

Hey man pass me some of that shit.

LANCE

Sure thing.

Lance passes some of the coke to Scottie. He puts it into a line, and then SNORTS it.

SCOTTIE

Damn-- son-of-a-bitch. That's some good shit right here.

LANCE

Yeah I know-- its fuckin' sweet.

SCOTTIE

(holding up a beer bottle)
I'd like to propose a toast to Max-- for buyin' this fuckin' great coke.

They all hold up a beer bottle to toast; all except for Max. he just sits there not aware of what is going on.

JIM

To Max...

They all KNOCK their bottles together. Then they all take a drink.

SCOTTIE

Hey Max...

No response.

SCOTTIE

Hello... Max.

(Pause)

Max!

Max snaps out of it and looks at Scottie.

MAX

Yeah... what?

SCOTTIE

Christ man, what's wrong with you today?

MAX

What... nothing. Nothin'-- I'm fine.

SCOTTIE

Like hell you are. You've been sittin' here totally out of it the whole time.

JIM

Yeah man-- what's up?

MAX

Nothin'-- nothing's up. I'm fine.

SCOTTIE

Bullshit.

HEATHER

Come on Max... what's wrong?

LANCE

Yeah man, you can tell us.

MAX

I've just-- you know-- just been thinkin' about stuff.

JIM

What stuff?

MAX

Just like about money...

SCOTTIE

Money...

MAX

Yeah money. Its so... its so fucked up...

(picks up baggie of coke)
...like this shit. You know how much this cost? Sixteen-fifty. That's a lot of fuckin' money. I mean, why is it so much?

LANCE

Shit Max, that's just how it is.

MAX

Yeah well... why? I mean I don't have that much money. I need more ya know? I'm close to broke.

HEATHER

But you have a job.

JIM

Yeah man, isn't that enough?

MAX

Its... I work at a fuckin' grocery store. Its not that much. I mean, its not fair. I mean, how come fuckin' Chester Jamison can sit on his ass and sell this-- sell drugs to people-- and make so much money. I mean he's like rich, and its not, its not fair.

Everyone can see now that Max is really upset. They seem worried about him. Scottie however, just sits back and listens to Max very closely. Something has caught his attention.

LANCE

Yeah man but that's Chester Jamison man. No one fucks with him. He's like, he's high up.

JIM

Like whaddaya wanna do man?

MAX

I don't-- I don't know. Its just not fair ya know? I mean someone should like, teach him a lesson...

This statement has really caught Scottie's attention. He's thinking about something.

SCOTTIE

Whaddaya mean... teach him a lesson?

MAX

I don't know. I mean shit-- I could sell the damn drugs. I should like go and take them from him ya know? Take his drugs and sell 'em myself. I could do that-- I could make money...

Everyone sits silent for a moment. They are absorbing what Max just said. Then, Jim, Heather, and Lance break out LAUGHING. Scottie doesn't make a sound.

HEATHER

Oh come on Max-- that's crazy.

JIM

Yeah man. Steal from Chester Jamison-- that's hilarious.

LANCE

If some jackass did a stupid thing like that, that fucker would be dead.

Lance makes a gun with his fingers and points it at Max.

LANCE (CONT'D)

Pow! Fuckin' dead...

The three of them LAUGH some more. Scottie just STARES at Max.

MAX

Yeah, yeah-- you're right...

JIM

Very creative though.

Max then looks at his watch.

MAX

Oh shit-- I gotta go to work.

JIM

Alright man, its been fun.

MAX

(standing up)
Yeah.

LANCE

Hey don't forget your shit.

MAX

Oh, thanks.

Max picks up the baggie of coke and puts it in his pocket.

MAX

Is it cool if I take a piss on my way out?

JIM

Sure man-- knock yourself out.

MAX

Thanks.

Max starts walking to the door. As he walks away, Scottie follows him with his eyes.

LANCE

(yelling after Max)
See ya later man.

HEATHER

Yeah-- bye Max.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Max FLUSHES the toilet. He then starts to WASH his hands in the sink. He leans over the sink, and SPLASHES some water on his face. He grabs a towel and dries his face.

As he turns to leave, he comes face to face with Scottie, who is standing in the doorway.

MAX

Holy shit Scottie...

SCOTTIE

Sorry man-- didn't mean to scare ya there.

MAX

Well ya did.

SCOTTIE

Sorry about that.

MAX

Its okay.

(Pause)

So uh... what is it?

SCOTTIE
Where you serious?

MAX
What?

SCOTTIE
Did you mean what you said before?

MAX
Said about what?

SCOTTIE
About Chester Jamison. About
teachin' him a lesson.

MAX
I don't think I...

SCOTTIE
Cause I agree one hundred percent
man. I'm down-- I'll help.

MAX
You'll help?

SCOTTIE
I wanna do it. I think its pretty
fucked up too. besides, I could
use the money.

MAX
Are you serious?

SCOTTIE
As serious as a heart attack.

MAX
You'd really wanna...
(Pause)
...you'd wanna rob Chester Jamison?

SCOTTIE
Hell yeah.

MAX
Look Scottie I don't know. I mean
I was just venting steam in
there-- I don't think I'd really...

SCOTTIE
--not another word. Look man, if
you were just venting that's cool.
(MORE)

SCOTTIE (CONT'D)

But if you realize that you're down for doin' this shit, I'm in all the way. You've got my number right?

MAX

Yeah...

SCOTTIE

If you decide that you wanna do this thing, gimme a call. Okay?

MAX

Uh, yeah. Sure.

SCOTTIE

Slammin'.

Scottie turns to walk away. Then he stops and turns around again.

SCOTTIE

Oh, and uh Max?

MAX

Yeah?

SCOTTIE

This conversation-- it never happened. Got it?

Max is quiet for a second.

MAX

What conversation?

SCOTTIE

Good.

Scottie PUNCHES Max in the shoulder and walks away. Max stands in the bathroom for a few moment taking in what just happened. Then he exits the bathroom, leaving the frame EMPTY.

CUT TO:

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Max is the cashier at a checkout line. is is ring up somebody's food. He seems out of it again. He isn't paying too much attention to what he's doing. He's thinking about what Scottie said to him.

The CAMERA SLOWLY ZOOMS IN on him as he continues ringing up the food. Then, he stops and looks right into the CAMERA.

CUT TO:

EXT. PUBLIC PHONE - EVENING

Max puts some coins into the pay phone, and DIALS a number. He puts the phone to his ear. It starts RINGING.

CUT TO:

INT. SCOTTIE'S ROOM - SAME TIME

CLOSE UP- A phone on a small table. It starts RINGING. A hand reaches over and picks it up.

We PAN over and see Scottie laying on his bed holding the phone.

SCOTTIE

Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. PUBLIC PHONE

MAX

Hey, Scottie.

Scottie JOLTS UP in his bed.

SCOTTIE

Max-- is that you?

MAX

Yeah its me?

SCOTTIE

How are ya?

MAX

Good, good. You?

SCOTTIE

I'm alright.

MAX

That's good.

There is a silence.

SCOTTIE
So... uh Max-- what's up?

MAX
Remember what you said to me in
the bathroom? The conversation we
never had?

SCOTTIE
Yeah...

MAX
Well I'm down.

SCOTTIE
You are?

MAX
Look, I need the fuckin' money--
I really need it.

SCOTTIE
So you're in?

MAX
I'm in.

SCOTTIE
Slammin'.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Max and Scottie sit across from each other at a small
kitchen table.

SCOTTIE
Okay-- so you ever done anythin'
like this before?

MAX
No.

SCOTTIE
Okay that's fine-- no big deal.

MAX
Have you?

SCOTTIE
Broke into a house once while the
family was away on vacation.

MAX

Oh...

SCOTTIE

Now I'm not sayin' I'm an expert at this shit, but I have a pretty good idea.

MAX

Okay...

SCOTTIE

Alright. So what we're pullin' here a robbery. we go in, grab some coke or whatever, and get the fuck outta there. We have to be quick, in and out.

MAX

In and out...

SCOTTIE

Now this is gonna be a tough bastard we're dealin' with. Chester Jamison isn't your everyday, run-of-the-mill jerk-off. He's pretty big time.

MAX

Yeah I know...

SCOTTIE

Now things are gonna go pretty fuckin' fast in the Max. You have to stay on your toes.

MAX

Got it.

SCOTTIE

Just let me handle all of the talkin' okay? I can take care of this guy.

MAX

Okay...

SCOTTIE

Now, we don't wanna hafta hurt anyone, but if worst comes to worst...

MAX

Yeah...

SCOTTIE
Was my uncle home?

MAX
No, he was out.

SCOTTIE
Did you get the guns?

MAX
Yep.

SCOTTIE
Were they under the bed?

MAX
Under the bed, just like you said.

SCOTTIE
Good. Did you get the stockings?

MAX
Yep...

SCOTTIE
And a bag?

MAX
A bag...
(Pause)
...yeah I got one. I got a bag--
a duffel bag.

SCOTTIE
Perfect.

MAX
So that's it?

SCOTTIE
No. That's just the easy part.

There is a pause.

MAX
Ya know, he can track us down. He
can find us.

SCOTTIE
I know. But lets just hope he
doesn't know who he has to track
down.

MAX
Ya really think we can do this?

SCOTTIE
Well... there's only one way to
find out.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHESTER JAMISON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Its quiet outside. The lights are on in Chester's house. Its pretty dark out.

Then, Max's car slowly pulls up into frame, across the street from the house. Max is behind the wheel and Scottie is in the passenger seat. The car turns off.

CUT TO:

INT. MAX'S CAR - NIGHT

Max is breathing pretty hard. he is very nervous. Scottie is much calmer.

SCOTTIE
You okay?

MAX
Yeah, yeah. I'll be fine.

SCOTTIE
You gotta puke or somethin'?

MAX
No-- I'm okay.

SCOTTIE
Alright then. Let's see what we got.

Scottie opens the door and gets out. Max takes a DEEP BREATH, and does the same.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - TRUNK - CONTINUOUS

The trunk to the car POPS OPEN.

Max and Scottie look inside.

SCOTTIE
Beautiful...

Scottie reaches into the trunk and brings out a SHOTGUN.

SCOTTIE
Perfect...

He reaches in again and takes out a HANDGUN. He gives it to Max.

SCOTTIE
You know how to use it?

MAX
Not really...

Scottie takes the gun back. He turns the safety off. Then he hands it back to Max.

SCOTTIE
Just aim... and shoot.

MAX
Okay...

Scottie reaches into the trunk again and takes out a familiar BLACK DUFFEL BAG.

SCOTTIE
Excellent. Where are the stockings?

MAX
In the bag.

Scottie takes out two pair of pantyhose from the bag. He hands one to Max.

SCOTTIE
Put it on.

They both put the pantyhose on their heads. Then they look at each other, and for a second they LAUGH.

SCOTTIE
Remember, just follow me okay?
I'll take care of this.

MAX
Okay...

SCOTTIE
And Max?

MAX

Yeah?

SCOTTIE

If it comes down to it, just shoot. Don't think-- just shoot. Got it?

MAX

Yeah...

SCOTTIE

Are you sure?

MAX

I'm sure.

SCOTTIE

Max?

MAX

Yeah?

SCOTTIE

If anything happens to me, get the fuck outta there.

MAX

Okay...

SCOTTIE

Okay...

Scottie the COCKS his shotgun dramatically.

SCOTTIE

Alright then-- let's rock.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHESTER JAMISON'S HOUSE

We STEADICAM along with Scottie and Max as they make their way across the street to Chester's house. They get to the front door and stop.

Inside the house, they can hear MUSIC PLAYING. There is also LAUGHING and TALKING.

Scottie takes a SCREWDRIVER from his pocket.

CLOSE ON DOOR LOCK

Scottie sticks the screwdriver into the lock of the door, and wiggles it around a little. Then he HITS it, and there is a CLICK. The door is unlocked.

BACK TO SCENE

He puts down the screwdriver and clutches his gun.

SCOTTIE
(whispering)
You ready?

Max nods his head.

Max and Scottie both have their guns ready.

SCOTTIE
(whispering)
One...
(Pause)
Two...
(Pause)
Three...

CUT TO:

INT. CHESTER JAMISON'S HOUSE

The front door BURSTS OPEN, and Scottie and Max come in, guns aimed.

SCOTTIE
Nobody fuckin' move!

The CAMERA WHIPS AROUND, and we see Chester, Big Seth, and TWO GIRLS. They are doing drugs, drinking, and just partying. They are clearly very startled by this. The girls SCREAM.

CHESTER
What the fuck is this?

Scottie and Max advance towards them. The girls keep screaming.

SCOTTIE
Nobody fuckin' move! Nobody move!

CHESTER
What the fuck?

ANGLE ON BIG SETH

He starts to reach for his gun.

ANGLE ON SCOTTIE

He quickly points his gun at him.

SCOTTIE
Don't even think about it cocksucker.

ANGLE ON BIG SETH

He takes his hands away.

BACK TO SCENE

The girls are still screaming.

CHESTER
What the fuck is goin' on here
you assholes?

SCOTTIE
Tell them to shut up!

CHESTER
What?

SCOTTIE
Tell them fuckin' bitches to
chill out. Tell 'em to be fuckin'
cool.

CHESTER
(to the girls)
Shut up! Be quiet-- stop it!

They stop screaming, but are still very scared.

Scottie keeps his gun trained on Big Seth, while Max covers Chester.

SCOTTIE
That's better.

CHESTER
What are you fucks doin'?

SCOTTIE
What does it look like?

CHESTER
Looks like you're robbin' me.

SCOTTIE
Exactly. We're restorin' balance
to the world.

CHESTER
Oh you little shits. You're so
fuckin' dead.

SCOTTIE
That's not they way I see it. We
got the guns asshole.

Big Seth goes to reach for his gun again.

SCOTTIE (CONT'D)
Hey! What the fuck did I say?

Big Seth moves his hands a way again. He STARES ANGRILY at
Scottie.

CHESTER
So what do you want?

SCOTTIE
We want to teach you a lesson you
son-of-a-bitch.

CHESTER
What the fuck?

Scottie then looks over at the table.

CLOSE ON TABLE

TWO BRICKS OF COKE are sitting on the coffee table.

BACK TO SCENE

SCOTTIE
Bingo! That'll do just fine.
(to Max)
There-- let's take that.

MAX
Okay...

Max walks over to the table. Scottie trains his gun back and
forth between Chester and Big Seth.

SCOTTIE
No one fuckin' move...

When Max gets to the table, he opens the duffel bag, and
puts the coke into it.

CHESTER
Oh you both are dead-- you're so
fuckin' dead...

SCOTTIE
Shut the fuck up!

CHESTER
So fucking dead! I'm gonna find
you both and fuckin' kill you...

Scottie aims the shotgun right at Chester, forgetting about Big Seth.

SCOTTIE
Shut the fuck up!

ANGLE ON BIG SETH

He sees his opening.

He reaches and takes out his gun. he aims it right at Scottie.

ANGLE ON MAX

He sees Big Seth about to shoot Scottie.

MAX
(to Scottie)
Look out!

BACK TO SCENE

But its too late.

Big Seth FIRES, and HITS Scottie in the chest.

The girls SCREAM, and take cover behind the couch.

MAX
No!

He FIRES again.

Scottie DROPS the shotgun, and FALLS to the floor.

Max WHIPS his gun around at Big Seth, and FIRES. He HITS him in the shoulder.

Big Seth DROPS his gun.

Max FIRES again, and HITS him in the side.

Big Seth FALLS to the floor.

Then, Chester CRAWLS over to Scottie's shotgun.

Max sees this, runs over, and SMACKS Chester in the head with his gun, knocking him to the floor.

Chester lays unconscious, and Big Seth GROANS in pain. The girls WHIMPER behind the couch.

MAX
(looking around)
Fuck...

He then RUNS over to Scottie. He removes the pantyhose from his head, and then removes Scottie's.

He kneels over Scottie, holding him. Scottie isn't moving; he's DEAD.

MAX
Fuck, fuck, oh shit...
(starts to cry a little)
Fuck I'm sorry Scottie. Fuck...

Max puts down Scottie. He stands up, and picks up the duffel bag. He closes it.

CHESTER (OS)
(forced)
Max?

Max looks down at Chester.

ANGLE ON CHESTER

He lays with his eyes open, STARING at Max with disbelief.

CHESTER (CONT'D)
...fucking son-of-a-bitch...

ANGLE ON MAX

He aims his gun at Chester.

BACK TO SCENE

CHESTER (CONT'D)
...you're fucking dead...

Big Seth GROANS.

Max aims his gun at him.

ANGLE ON BIG SETH

He's squirming on the ground, trying to reach his gun.

ANGLE ON MAX

Max aims his gun back and forth between them.

ANGLE ON COUCH

The girls look out from behind the couch. They are CRYING.

ANGLE ON MAX

He aims at them.

Max then turns around, and RUNS out of the house.

CUT TO:

INT. MAX'S CAR - NIGHT

Max gets into the car and SLAMS the door shut. He puts the duffel bag and the gun on the passenger seat.

He is very shaken up and scared. He tries to calm himself.

Then, he suddenly covers his mouth. He then turns around, and VOMITS into the back of the car. he sits for a few moments, BREATHING HARD.

Then, he starts the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHESTER JAMISON'S HOUSE

Max's car PEELS AWAY, leaving a trail of smoke behind.

All is quiet and calm.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Max walks down the long motel hallway. He is carrying the duffel bag. He then stops in front of a door. He checks his room key to make sure that its his room; it is.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

The room is very DARK. Then, the door OPENS and Max walks in. The room is momentarily filled with some light from the hallway. Max SHUTS the door, and the room falls into darkness again.

Max walks over the the bad and sits down. He sits in the dark for a little while, recovering from what has happened. Then he turns on the light on the bedside table.

HE sits for a little longer, thinking about what to do. Then, he picks up the duffel bag and puts it on his lap. He opens it, and takes out his gun. He leans over, and opens the bedside table drawer.

CLOSE ON DRAWER

Max puts the gun in the drawer, next to the BIBLE.

BACK TO SCENE

He then puts the duffel bag on the floor, and pushes it under the bed. Then he sits on the bed for some time, still thinking about what to do.

After some time, he reaches over and picks up the phone. He DIALS a number, and puts the phone to his ear.

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Troy is sitting at a booth in a restaurant with a GROUP OF PEOPLE. They are talking, but we can't really hear what they're saying, but it doesn't really matter anyway. The place is LOUD, with music playing.

SLOWLY ZOOM IN on Troy.

Suddenly, Troy's CELL PHONE STARTS RINGING. He notices this, and takes it out of his pocket. He then stands up from the table.

TROY
I gotta take this...

He walks away from the table.

We STEADICAM with him as he WEAVES through the restaurant. He ends up near the BATHROOMS, where it is quieter than the rest of the place. He leans against a wall, and answers the phone.

TROY
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Max is still on the phone.

MAX
Hey Troy...

TROY
Max-- is that you?

MAX
Yeah, yeah... its me.

TROY
Shit man its late.

MAX
Yeah I know... I'm sorry...

TROY
No, no-- its fine.
(Pause)
So what's up?

MAX
I'm in trouble Troy...

TROY
Trouble?

MAX
Yeah-- I'm in big fuckin' trouble
and I need help...

TROY
Whoa... slow down. What kind of
trouble?

MAX
I fucked up Troy. I did something
so stupid...

TROY
What-- what happened? What'd you do?

MAX
I stole something. I robbed
someone...

TROY
Shit... who? Who'd you rob?

MAX
Chester Jamison....

There is a pause.

TROY
Fuck... oh fuck.

MAX
I know...

TROY
Jesus Christ Max-- what the fuck
were you thinking?

MAX
I don't know...

TROY
Are you alright?

MAX
yeah I'm fine, but I'm in deep
shit Troy. I'm fucked...

TROY
No, no you're not. Where are you?

MAX
I'm... I'm in a motel.

TROY
Okay... shit.

MAX
I need help man...

TROY
Okay, okay-- just stay calm.
(Pause)
Can you leave the motel? Safely?

MAX
Yeah... I think so.

TROY
Okay. You know that diner--
remember the diner-- the one we
went to that time someone keyed
my car?

MAX
Yeah I think so...

TROY
Okay-- go there. meet me there in
half an hour. Okay Max? Can you
do that?

MAX
Yeah... half an hour.

TROY
Okay...

MAX
I need help Troy...

TROY
Don't worry-- its okay. I'm gonna
help you.

MAX
Okay...

TROY
Half an hour.

MAX
Half an hour...

Troy hangs up the phone.

Max sits holding the phone to his ear for a while. Then he hangs it up and puts it back on the bedside table. He lays down on the bed, and STARES at the ceiling for a while.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Max opens the door to the diner and walks in.

This is the same diner that we were in at the beginning of the story.

Max looks around the diner.

TROY (OS)
Max!

Max looks.

ANGLE ON TROY

He is sitting at a booth on the far side of the diner.

TROY
(waving to Max)
Over here!

BACK TO SCENE

Max walks over to the booth, and sits down across from Troy.

TROY
Christ man, you look like shit.

MAX
Yeah I know.

TROY
Are you-- are you okay?

MAX
I think so... I don't know...

TROY
Okay just calm down.

MAX
God Troy, oh man... I'm so fucked.

TROY
Hey. Don't talk like that, don't
say that.

MAX
I'm dead-- fuckin' dead. I'm a
grease spot.

TROY
No you're not Max. Trust me--
you'll be fine.
(Pause)
Now tell me what the hell happened.

MAX
It was dumb. It was a dumb idea...

TROY
Tell me. What happened?

MAX
I needed money man. I need money.
So I thought, you know-- I could
sell drugs. I mean Chester
Jamison did it.

(MORE)

MAX (CONT'D)

He charged so much-- it was so much money, and I don't have a lot. So I thought I could steal some from him, and sell it myself and make some money...

TROY

So then what?

MAX

I told this to the guys, Jim and them, and they thought I was crazy-- I thought I was crazy. I mean I didn't really want to do it...

TROY

Then why did you?

MAX

Scottie--

TROY

--Scottie? He was involved?

MAX

Yeah. He wanted to do it-- he thought it was a good idea. He convinced me to...

TROY

Dammit Max. He's fuckin' crazy. Why would you listen to him? Why?

MAX

I don't know... I needed money.

TROY

Where is he? Where's Scottie?

MAX

He's dead.

TROY

Oh fuck. How?

MAX

They... he got shot.

TROY

Shit...

Just then, a WAITRESS comes over to the table, carrying TWO CUPS OF COFFEE, and TWO SLICES OF PIE.

MAX (CONT'D)

There was yelling and screaming--
it was loud. Scottie was in
control, at least he seemed to be...

TROY

Then?

MAX

Then I got uh... some coke-- two
bricks of it and put it into a
bag. Then we were gonna leave.

TROY

But...

MAX

I don't know what happened
exactly, but something went wrong,
and Scottie got shot.

TROY

Who shot him?

MAX

It was Chester's bodyguard. They
call him Big Seth.

TROY

Big Seth... then what?

MAX

Then I shot him...

TROY

Chester?

MAX

No-- Seth.

TROY

Did you kill him?

MAX

No, no. I don't think so. He was
alive when I left.

TROY

And then you got out?

MAX

Yeah-- I ran out.

TROY

And then ?

MAX

Then I checked into a motel.

TROY

Then you called me?

MAX

Then I called you...

TROY

Okay...

They are quiet for a moment while Troy thinks.

TROY (CONT'D)

You didn't tell anybody else
about this did you?

MAX

No, no. I haven't talked to
anyone but you.

TROY

Okay good...

There is another silence.

TROY (CONT'D)

Well, you had your face covered
right?

MAX

Yeah...

TROY

So Chester doesn't know who you
are-- he didn't see you.

MAX

Well... not exactly.

TROY

What do you mean "not exactly?"

MAX

I took the stocking off...

TROY

What-- why?

MAX
Scottie was dead, I was scared--
I don't remember why...

TROY
And he saw you?

MAX
He said my name. I buy drugs from
him, and he knows me. He saw me,
and said my name. He said I was
fucking dead...

TROY
Fuck-- Goddammit.

MAX
Troy I'm in deep shit. I'm so fucked.

TROY
No-- don't say that. There's hope.
I can help you, I'm gonna help
you. Don't worry...

MAX
What are you gonna do? I need
help big time...

TROY
Just wait here okay. I hafta call
someone.

MAX
Okay...

TROY
Just wait here.

Troy gets up from the table and walks away.

CLOSE ON MAX

He stays at the table and eats his pie and drinks the coffee.
He looks around the diner.

MAX'S POV

Its pretty empty. The people that are there are just talking
and eating.

BACK TO SCENE

Then Max just sits and waits for Troy to come back. He is very scared, so he just waits.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

Troy stands in front of the diner on his cell phone.

TROY
 You think you can?
 (Pause)
 I would really appreciate it...
 (Pause)
 He's really scared and--
 (Pause)
 Yeah I know.

He is pacing back and forth.

TROY (CONT'D)
 Thank you so much...
 (Pause)
 I know, don't worry.
 (Pause)
 Thank you...
 (Pause)
 Trust me I'll take care of it...
 (Pause)
 Okay, bye.

Troy hangs up the phone.

BACK TO:

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Max is still sitting at the booth, just looking around.

Troy comes back, and sits down.

TROY
 Okay-- I think I've got it.

MAX
 Really? You can help me?

TROY
 Yeah. Look, I called my cousin--
 he works at the airport. He said
 that he can get you a plane ticket...

MAX

To where?

TROY

Don't know yet, but to where ever.
I don't think it really matters,
just as long as you aren't here.

MAX

Thank you...

TROY

But, the only problem is that he
can't get you one until tomorrow

MAX

Tomorrow?

TROY

Yeah, so you're gonna have to
stick it out for tonight.

(Pause)

You weren't followed here were you?

MAX

No...

TROY

And know one else knows you're
stayin' at that motel right?

MAX

Right...

TROY

You sure?

MAX

Yeah... I'm sure.

TROY

Okay. So you should be safe
stayin' there for tonight. Now,
there's one last thing...

MAX

What?

TROY

The coke-- the coke you stole.
Where is it?

MAX

I have it-- its in the motel room,
under the bad.

TROY

Okay, you can't be carryin' that
around with you, beside you'd
never be able to get it on a plane.

MAX

So what should I do with it?

TROY

I'll take it. I'm gonna come by
tomorrow, take, and take you to
the airport. This way, you can
leave your car, cause they know
what it looks like.

MAX

What are you gonna do with it?

TROY

I don't know yet.
(giving Max a piece of
paper and a pen)
Write down the name of the motel
and what room you're in.

MAX

Okay...

Max writes on the paper. When he's done, he gives it to Troy.
Troy puts it in his pocket.

TROY

Okay then-- let's get outta here.
(picking up the bill)
I'll pay this...

Max and Troy get up from the booth, and walk away.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINER - NIGHT

Max is standing in front of the diner. Then, Troy walks out,
having just paid the bill.

TROY

Okay, so what are you gonna do?

MAX

Go straight to the motel lock the door, and stay there.

TROY

Right-- don't talk to anybody understand?

MAX

Got it...

TROY

Okay, and I'll be there in the morning to take you to the airport.

MAX

I'm scared Troy...

TROY

Don't worry Max, everythin' is gonna be fine. I told you it would. You're gonna be fine.

MAX

Okay...

(Pause)

Are you sure you wanna do this? I mean-- you're puttin' yourself in danger and--

TROY

-- hey. You came to me for help, and I said I'd help. That's what friends do-- they help each other out. I'm sure. Everything is gonna be okay.

MAX

Okay... I trust you.

TROY

Alright then... go. I'll see ya tomorrow.

MAX

Okay. Thanks Troy, thanks a lot.

Max and Troy HUG.

TROY

Don't worry pal-- you'll be fine... I promise.

MAX

Okay...

Max then walks over to his car. Troy stands in front of the diner and watches him.

ANGLE ON MAX'S CAR

Max get into the car, and starts it up. He backs out of the parking spot, and drives past Troy. They wave to each other. The car pulls out of the parking lot, down the road, and drives away into the distance.

ANGLE ON TROY

Troy stands in front of the diner for a long while, trying to make sense of everything that just happened.

Then, he lets out a BIG SIGH.

TROY

(to himself)

What a day... what a fuckin' day...

He then walks over to his car.

The CAMERA stays in front of the diner, and watches from a distance.

He gets into his car, and starts it up. He turns on the radio, and the MUSIC BLASTS. Then car just sits there for a while, with the music playing.

Then, it backs out of the parking spot, and drives past the CAMERA. It pulls out of the parking lot, and drives down the road.

The car keeps going, until we can't see it anymore. The music from the radio continues to play. Then we--

FADE OUT.

THE END