Shady Men

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INT/EXT. CAR/STREET - DAY

Two men sit in a car looking as though they've been waiting for a long time. The men are GRAHAM, laid back, smoking a cigarette and ROB, in the drivers seat, looking slightly more curious.

ROB

I'm telling you, man, I've never met a skinny girl who smells like shit.

GRAHAM (Protest) There is no link between your weight and how you smell, for crying out loud!

ROB

Really? Then how come every time I get on a packed bus the fat girl on the bus always smells like shit?-

Graham chuckles and covers his face in disbelief of the conversation he's having:

GRAHAM

Jesus Christ-

ROB

It's true. Before I started driving I had to get the bus everywhere and my particular bus was always packed at around four PM which is when I'd get the bus. I remember there was always a different fat girl on the bus and each of them smelt like shit.

## GRAHAM

(Sarcastically agreeing) They had there own distinctive shit smell.

ROB Exactly. And I think I know why.

GRAHAM

Why?

ROB It has to do with wiping. Wiping after taking a dump. I mean a fat ROB

girls ass has so much surface area to wipe there's bound to be some left over shit between their fucking cheeks.

## GRAHAM

(Sarcastically realizing) And that's what generates the odor.

#### ROB

Yeah, that's where the smell comes from. But on a skinny chick she can just use like one square of tissue and all that shit is gone. Why? Because she's got less ass surface area to clean up. Meaning no odor being released from the anus.

### GRAHAM

Rob, you're a fucking weirdo man.

#### ROB

I'm sorry, I say alotta fucked up shit when I'm nervous. How long are they fucking taking anyway it's been about half an hour.

#### GRAHAM

They know what they're doing.

### ROB

I hope they do cause if they fuck up in there and the cops show up? I'm gone.

#### GRAHAM

If the cops show up right now we fucking slaughter them.

#### ROB

Graham, I ain't killing no cop, man? You'd actually kill a cop?

## GRAHAM

I'd do whatever it takes to prevent my partners from being nicked, yeah. Wouldn't you?

#### ROB

You're telling me you'd kill a cop for those hopeless motherfuckers in there? Even Danny? I mean that guys ROB

a bloody psycho. And Scott? the only reason why he's here's cause his fathers the freakin' boss. He can't even count to three the slow minded fuck. He'd kick my ass I know but that's just about it.

## GRAHAM

You really don't like Johnny's son, do you?

ROB I like him better than Danny. Smithy I don't mind because he's actually got brains. And you're alright though we haven't spoke much. Danny's a cheeky cunt and like I said, Scott's retarded.

Graham chuckles and takes a drag of his cigarette... A beat.

GRAHAM What about black girls?

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE BANK - CONTINUOUS

BANG! Three Men, SCOTT, bulky, DANNY, skinny, and SMITHY bearded, bust out of the bank front doors, each holding pistols! Smithy carries a duffel bag.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

They all sprint along the street, clumsily, constantly looking back.

SMITHY (To Danny) You're a fucking idiot!

DANNY I didn't mean to!

They reach the car.

ROB What happened?

They all get into the car except for Smithy.

DANNY I said I didn't fucking mean to!

SCOTT

Shut up!

Smithy puts the Duffel Bag into the trunk and then enters the car.

The car speeds off!

SUPER:

## "SHADY GUYS"

INT. BOSS' OFFICE - DAY

JOHNNY "BOSS" sits at his desk, suited, looking into a hand mirror, combing his slick back haircut.

The door opens, Johnny puts the mirror down and smiles. It's Scott. Boss gets up with his arms wide open.

JOHNNY

Ah, son.

They hug. Scott looks slightly nervous. They sit.

JOHNNY Just the man I wanted to see. How are you, son?

SCOTT I'm doing all right, Dad.

JOHNNY

How was the Job in America? Did you enjoy it? I'm proud of you- you know? Taking Musso's boys out without leaving a trace. Excellent.

SCOTT

Dad I-

JOHNNY Son, call me Johnny, that's my name, we're all men here.

#### SCOTT

... Johnny I just wanted to tell you that I wont let you down with the business. I'll be tough when I need to be and I'll be rough when I gotta be. I'll be just like you.

#### JOHNNY

Scott, about that. I know I told you I'd be passing the keys to our business to you when I retire. But I'm worried that you're not ready.

SCOTT

I am ready. Dad, you can trust me I won't mess this up-

#### JOHNNY

You're not ready, son, no. I'm sorry. There are certain responsibilities that come with being the boss. A lot of killing is involved. You cannot afford to be weak. And right now you *are* weak.

SCOTT

Dad-

JOHNNY Johnny. It's Johnny.

#### SCOTT

If I won't be getting the business then that means you're not retiring, right?

JOHNNY I'm giving leadership to Rob Daniels.

Scott jolts up!

### SCOTT

What? But I'm the rightful fucking heir!

# JOHNNY

(Chuckles)

Don't make me laugh. Scott you can barely tie your own shoelaces. I'm giving the business to Rob and that's the end of it. Get the fuck out my office before you break something. SCOTT (Protest) Rob?!-

JOHNNY (Repeating) Yes, Rob. Now go cry to your fucking boyfriend, Jason Costello.

SCOTT He's my fucking friend!

JOHNNY Yes, now go cry to him.

Scott storms out. Johnny pours himself a glass of gin, laughs silently and mutters:

JOHNNY Fucking disgraceful.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Danny, Scott, Smithy and Graham sit silently whilst Rob drives.

FOCUS ON Scott looking out the window, thinking. Beside him Danny stares at him.

DANNY What are ya thinking about, big guy?

GRAHAM Shut the fuck up, Danny, you killed a fucking civilian.

DANNY

It was a fucking mistake, all right, I told her not to move a muscle! And she moved a muscle.

SMITHY

That doesn't mean you shoot the girl you fucking nut!

DANNY Shut the fuck up all of you, it was an accident and I'm sorry. ROB Tell that to the girls family. Fucking idiot, man, I knew you were from the moment I laid eyes on ya.

GRAHAM I'd expect that shit from Scott.

SCOTT (Quietly) I'm not an idiot.

DANNY Whys everyone so negative, man? We just bagged around fifty million quid.

ROB And you just bagged yourself a girl!

## DANNY

I said I was sorry about that, Jesus, how many more times do I have to say it?

SMITHY However many times we want you to say it. Now shut the fuck up.

DANNY You shut the fuck up!

SMITHY You wanna fucking go, lets go!

Smithy and Danny grapple each other. Rob and Smithy laugh. Graham still smokes a new cigarette, slightly amused by what he is hearing.

> ROB Kids- kids stop fucking around we're here.

EXT. OUTSIDE SMALL WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The car pulls up in front of the warehouse.

GRAHAM

Rendevous.

CUT TO:

They enter through the front door. There is a table in the middle of the empty warehouse.

DANNY (Excited) Put the bag on the table I wanna see that money!

ROB I'll put the bag wherever the fuck I wanna put it.

Rob puts the duffle bag on the table. Danny rolls his eyes. They surround the table all anxiously staring at the bag... All except Scott. He walks a few feet away from the group.

> SMITHY Well what are you waiting for?

ROB Hold up, have some patience, what's with greed these days? It's ugly.

Rob begins unzipping the bag until he notices Scott.

ROB

Scott?

Scott pulls out his pistol and aims it at the group. They all put their hands up.

CUT TO:

INT. BOSS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Boss sits at his desk and dials a number into his mobile phone. It rings.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Rob is doing the dishes in a vest. His phone rings. He answers it.

ROB

Hello?

INTERCUT:

BOSS Rob, my boy.

ROB Yes Johnny. BOSS Listen, I've told my son about the thing. ROB What'd he say? BOSS He didn't seem too happy. ROB Fuck sake. BOSS Just a heads up. If he tries anything on the job tomorrow... You know... Anything stupid, just talk him out of it he ain't too right in the head it shouldn't be that hard. ROB Did you tell him the other thing? BOSS No, I'm never gonna' tell him he's not my real son, that'd crush him. ROB Can I kill him if he becomes deadly?-BOSS No! Whatever you do don't kill him you fucking hear me? If you kill him you're a fucking dead man!

ROB All right I won't kill him, Christ.

BOSS He may not be my real son. But I still raised him and I still love him. Regardless of whether he's a retard or a fucking scientist.

Rob's WIFE enters the kitchen and holds him.

ROB Shit- I've gotta go boss. Talk to ya later. Bye.

He cuts the phone. WIFE Who was that? ROB Just my boss (They kiss) He was just reminding me of some documents I need to file tomorrow. WIFE Oh right. Well Amy needs feeding so if you could boil some milk for me that would be great? ROB No problem. They kiss. He smacks her ass. A BABY is heard crying from another room. WIFE Now look you woke her up. ROB Your ass woke her up. She giggles and leaves. Rob gets the milk out the fridge and we-CUT BACK TO: INT. SMALL WAREHOUSE - PRESENT Continuing from earlier. DANNY -You dumb fuck! Rob sighs. SCOTT Shut up! DANNY

> SMITHY Scott put the gun down, buddy.

Who the fuck do you think you are?

SCOTT Don't 'buddy' me. I'm not an idiot, I'm not an imbecile.

DANNY Yes you are! You're pointing a gun at us for fuck sake!

SCOTT Danny shut the fuck up or I'll shoot you right fucking now! I'd love that- oh that would be so fucking good! To shoot you right in your loud, big mouth would make my fucking day!!

SMITHY Who's pulling your strings, Scott, tell us?

SCOTT My dad, YOUR BOSS, told me to.

The guys look at each other (Except Rob).

SCOTT Yeah, that's right. He wants me to kill you all! Who's the retard now?!

He fires three rounds into the ceiling.

ROB That's a lie.

A very brief silence.

SCOTT And what do you know about it? Nothing!

ROB You're troubled, Scott. Your father warned me you'd do something stupid.

SCOTT That's bullshit.

ROB

He wanted to test you. Don't you see? This was a test to see if you'd do anything fucking stupid.

ROB And if you didn't, your father would've given you the business. Rob begins walking towards Scott, slowly. Scott is visibly taking this in. SCOTT I... I don't believe you. Stay the fuck back!! ROB Honest... But It's not too late. Your father isn't here yet. We don't have to say anything if you don't do anything more. DANNY Kill the cunt we can't trust him anymore.

> SCOTT Danny's gonna kill me!

ROB (Calming) He won't don't worry, Scott. Just put the gun down.

Slowly, Scott puts the gun down.

## DANNY

Fuck this.

Danny shoots Scott repeatedly. Scott drops dead.

ANGLE ON Rob, eyes widened, speechless, knowing he's a dead man, staring at Scott's corpse on the ground.

SMITHY You fucking moron! We're all fucking dead! He's gonna fucking kill us!

GRAHAM The cunt deserved to die.

DANNY He would of killed us.

ROB (Quietly) He put his gun down. DANNY So what?-

ROB (Louder) He put his gun down.

GRAHAM His father won't-

ROB (Yelling) He put his fucking gun down!

Rob points his gun at Danny just as Danny pulls his gun at Rob.

DANNY If you're gonna shoot then shoot.

ROB I've got good reason to.

DANNY Then go on then.

ROB You're a fucking lunatic. You're a dead man. We're all dead men now because of you!!

GRAHAM Danny put your gun down.

DANNY (Quietly) No... why doesn't he?

After a few seconds, Rob lowers his gun. Danny then lowers his.

ROB Guess I'm the better man.

# DANNY

Sure thing.

Danny and Rob share a few deadly brief stares throughout the rest of the scene.

Smithy leads rob into the corner of the warehouse.

SMITHY (Leading Rob) We need to go right now!

leaving Graham and Danny behind with the bag. They reach the corner.

SMITHY We can't just leave his body here?

ROB We're gonna have to.

SMITHY Are you insane? Johnny will be here any second now and if he see's his dead sons fucking corpse on the ground he'll kill us!

ROB He'll know we've killed his son whether he see's the corpse or not. It's better we just leave it and scram.

SMITHY Yeah. There's something I've done that I need to tell--

CLANG! The front door opens! Graham and Danny walk backwards out of the doors with the bag, aiming their guns at Smithy and Rob.

## SMITHY

The fuck?

Smithy and Rob pull out their guns and fire multiple rounds at the doors but Graham and Danny are Long out of the way.

Smithy and Rob run to the exit and take cover.

EXT. OUTSIDE SMALL WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Graham and Danny head for the car, firing rounds at them occasionally.

They enter the car and begin to drive off. Smithy and Rob chase the car repeatedly firing at it as it heads down the road. They give up.

> ROB (Panting) Fucking cunts, man!

EXT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Graham, in the passenger seat, peeks out the window with his whole upper body, aims his gun at Smithy and Rob who can still be seen further down the road and FIRES!

EXT. OUTSIDE SMALL WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

FFT! Rob is hit in the shoulder! Very near the heart. He collapses but Smithy is there to catch him.

SMITHY AH shit you've been hit! Son of a bitch!

INT. SMALL WAREHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

They bust back into the warehouse, Smithy, supporting Rob.

SMITHY It's gonna be all right. All right? It's gonna be cool.

Rob, tries his best not to be noisy but he just can't help it. He moans and groans in horrific pain.

> ROB It fucking hurts, Smithy.

SMITHY (Soothing) I know, I know.

ROB

Help me!

SMITHY You're not loosing too much blood, don't worry, buddy.

ROB I'm fucking dying!

SMITHY You really aren't, buddy, he just missed your heart, you hear me?

Rob lets out a halfassed chuckle.

The door swings open! It's Johnny!

Rob, weeping and a bloody mess, and Smithy, cradling him just stare at him.

Johnny looks around and notices the corpse in the middle of the warehouse, face unseen because it is facing the other way.

> JOHNNY Huh? What the fuck happened? Wheres my son?

He begins walking towards the corpse.

ROB Johnny I'm sorry.

JOHNNY What the fuck you talking about?

He reaches the corpse.

JOHNNY Who the fuck is this?

He turns the corpse over to see that it is Scott!

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! CLICK! Smithy shoots Johnny repeatedly till his ammo runs out. Johnny Collapses onto his son.

Tired and weeping, Smithy nudges Rob:

SMITHY Let's go, Rob.

ROB Go where? Johnny's men will find is and kill us.

SMITHY I was gonna tell you before Graham and Danny tried to take off with the money. I've got the money.

ROB What do you mean you've got the money? SMITHY I swapped the bags.

# EXT. STREET - FLASHBACK

They reach the car.

ROB What happened?

They all get into the car except for Smithy.

SMITHY We'll tell ya later just drive!

DANNY I said I didn't fucking mean to!

SCOTT

Shut up!

Smithy opens the trunk, there is already a duffel bag inside the trunk. He drops the duffel bag he is carrying onto the floor, shuts the trunk and enters the car.

The car speeds off.

INT. SMALL WAREHOUSE - PRESENT

Rob looks at him.

SMITHY I had Darren pick up the money. I was gonna' tell you.

EXT. STREET - FLASHBACK

The Duffel bag sits there in the road, alone... A passing man, DARREN, picks it up and walks off.

INT. SMALL WAREHOUSE - PRESENT

Rob's eyes shut, dead. Smithy doesn't notice.

SMITHY

Now we just need to meet up with Darren and head off somewhere. We could go our separate ways if you wish-

He notices Rob is dead.

Rob? He shakes him. Rob don't fucking die on me now, buddy! He shakes him even harder. Rob, please! No response. Rob is definitely dead. Smithy weeps while holding him, dearly. After some time, Smithy gets up and pulls out his phone, dials: SMITHY Yeah, Darren? DARREN (THROUGH PHONE) Smithy? Did it work? SMITHY ... no. DARREN (THROUGH PHONE) What do you mean, no? SMITHY Look, you get the bag? EXT. STREET - FLASHBACK Darren walks, casually, with the bag in his hand. DARREN (THROUGH PHONE) V.O Yeah I got it. Around the corner, TWO POLICE OFFICERS appear, walking towards Darren.

SMITHY

SMITHY V.O Where can we meet at?

Darren turns around and TWO MORE POLICE OFFICERS appear behind him. Darren sprints!

EXT. STREET - FLASHBACK

Some moments later. Darren is getting cuffed against a wall.

DARREN (THROUGH PHONE) V.O

Erm...

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS (PRESENT)

Darren sits in a seat, on the telephone, a COP spectating him as he speaks.

DARREN Meet me at the pizza shop near the mall.

The officer nods.

EXT. OUTSIDE SMALL WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Smithy, stands, smoking a cigarette.

## SMITHY

All right. Talk to ya later.

He cuts the phone. He takes another drag from his cigarette and we-

CUT TO:

CREDITS

END OF SHORT