

The Three Little Pricks (and the Big Bad Wolf)

Written by
Cooper Knight

Draft 1.0

cooperknightwrites@gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

HARRY SVINE (30's) lays asleep in a lawn chair. He's stubby, overweight, shirtless and wearing expensive jewelry. His red, sunburned gut hangs over a pair of snug Hawaiian shorts.

Nearby GIGGLING wakes him up.

Reveal: Harry is outside of a massive mansion with a glistening pool and expensive gaudy lawn decorations.

Two beautiful BIKINI BABES (20's) are chicken fighting in the pool. They're straddling Harry's brothers, JAMES (20's) and TIMMY (20's). Both are also sunburned, stubby and overweight. James has the shorter stature and temper.

One of the women is KNOCKED into water. More LAUGHTER.

Harry sees this, smiles and closes his eyes.

The doorbell RINGS.

INT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

James goes to answer the door shirtless, barefoot and still dripping from the pool. Beer in hand.

The doorbell RINGS again.

JAMES

Jesus! Hold on.

He opens the door.

A team of serious looking FEDERAL AGENTS is on the other side.

Up front: The lead agent, DAMON WOLFE (30's), is scruffy, impatient, and looks especially annoyed.

AGENT WOLFE

Is this the Swine residence?

JAMES

(annoyed)

"Suh-vine". It's Scandinavian.

AGENT WOLFE

Right.

(beat)

Are you Harold?

JAMES

No -- but what the fuck is it to you?

Agent Wolfe pulls out a badge.

AGENT WOLFE

I'm agent Damon Wolfe with the FBI.
We have a warrant to search the
premises.

Agent Wolfe hands James a folded warrant from his jacket.

James looks it over. Yells toward the back of the house.

JAMES

Yo, Harry!

HARRY (O.S.)

What?

JAMES

The feds are here. They want to
search the house!

HARRY (O.S.)

What? Hold on.

James pulls out his cellphone and snaps a photo of the
warrant.

Harry walks up to the door in a robe.

HARRY

What's all this about officer?

AGENT WOLFE

Sir, we have reason to believe, that
illegal activity is being conducted
on this property.

HARRY

What?

Takes the warrant from James. Reads it over.

HARRY (cont'd)

You know who our father is right?

AGENT WOLFE

Yes, we know who your father is.
Consider us, not kicking in your
door, a professional courtesy.

Reveal: FEDERAL AGENTS surround the house with guns drawn.
Waiting for a signal from Agent Wolfe.

JAMES

Wow, you must feel real big and bad
right now. Just wait until our father
hears about this. He'll have your
fucking badge --

Harry motions to try and calm his brother down.

Agent Wolfe smirks.

AGENT WOLFE

Your father being a Senator, doesn't
change the fact that I'm going to
need you both to step out of the way.
Right now.

HARRY

Now hold on, let's talk about this.
Why don't you give us a second to get
our father on the phone. I'm sure we
can all figure something out.

AGENT WOLFE

This isn't a negotiation.
(peers into the house)
Are you trying to stall us?

HARRY

What? Stall you?

SMASH CUT TO:

MONTAGE - INT. MANSION (UPSTAIRS) - DAY

- 1) Timmy POURS a bucket of colorful pills down the toilet.
FLUSHES.
- 2) Timmy SMASHES hard drives with a hammer.
- 3) Timmy frantically SHREDS papers. A tall stack of
documents remains.

INT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

HARRY
Of course not.

Beat.

AGENT WOLFE
Okay -- we're coming in.

Agent Wolfe motions to the other agents. They push the brothers aside.

Harry and James just stare. Silently.

INT. MANSION (UPSTAIRS DEN) - DAY

Timmy frantically SHREDS papers while looking over his shoulder. Sweat drips from his face.

A sizable pile of paperwork remains.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Bikini Babes SCREAM as agents rush in with guns.

AGENTS
No need to panic. We're just
executing a search warrant.

INT. MANSION (UPSTAIRS DEN) - DAY

Timmy JAMS more papers into the shredder. It won't take any more. Panicked, he starts SHOVING paper into his mouth.

INT. MANSION (DOWNSTAIRS) - DAY

Agents rush from room to room, opening drawers and closets as they go. They approach a winding staircase.

INT. MANSION (UPSTAIRS DEN) - DAY

Timmy FEEDS the shredder more paper.

TIMMY
Come on, come on, come on.

Outside the FOOTSTEPS get louder. Timmy's eyes open wide.

EXT. MANSION - DAY

A LUXURY CAR speeds up the driveway. Tires SQUEAL as the car stops suddenly.

An ATTORNEY, 60's, steps out. Alligator shoes. Diamond encrusted watch. Armani suit. Serious swagger.

ATTORNEY

You need to pull your men back right now.

AGENT WOLFE

Excuse me?

The attorney pulls out his phone. A snapshot of the warrant is on the screen.

ATTORNEY

You need to pull your men back. You have a big problem with your warrant.

AGENT WOLFE

And who are you?

ATTORNEY

I'm the Svine family attorney -- and this warrant has incorrect information.

Agent Wolfe takes the original warrant from Harry. Looks it over closely.

ATTORNEY (cont'd)

This says, "Thirty-twenty Feather Lane". We're at Three-oh-two.

AGENT WOLFE

That must be a typo. Not a big deal.

ATTORNEY

Actually, it's a huge deal. You're not authorized to be here.

AGENT WOLFE

Well, we'll just get a new warrant then.

ATTORNEY

You certainly can -- but until then, you've got to go.

Holds up his phone.

ATTORNEY (cont'd)
 If the warrant doesn't fit -- your
 boys -- have got to split.

Agent Wolfe mouths the word "fuck". Angrily yanks a portable
 radio from his belt.

INT. MANSION (UPSTAIRS DEN)

Timmy SHREDS more documents but a sizable pile remains.
 Agents are on the other side of the door, ready to enter.

Wolfe's message BLARES across their RADIOS.

AGENT WOLFE (O.S.)
 (over the radio)
 We need to pull back, right now.
 Stand down.

Timmy looks relieved. Wipes his sweaty forehead. Spits out a
 wad of paper.

INT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

Wolfe looks angry. The attorney is smug. Agents stream out.

ATTORNEY
 You better make sure you cross your
 T's and dot your I's next time.

The final agent leaves. They have nothing.

ATTORNEY (cont'd)
 And don't you even think about
 talking to my clients again without
 calling me first.

He hands Agent Wolfe his BUSINESS CARD.

It reads: Attorney Mason Ree -- Criminal Lawyer

AGENT WOLFE
 Mason Ree?

ATTORNEY
 That's right. The best in the city.

The attorney steps inside the house and grabs the front
 door.

ATTORNEY (cont'd)
Now have a nice day gentlemen.

Harry and James smirk at Agent Wolfe.

AGENT WOLFE
We'll be back.

James makes a face at Wolfe.

JAMES
Blow me.

Door SLAMS

FADE TO BLACK

THE END