

The Getaway

by
Kirsten James

Copyright (c) 2016 This screenplay may not be used or reproduced for any purpose including educational purposes without the expressed written permission of the author.

FADE IN

EXT: BANK OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

An ALARM goes off. The main entrance door swings open. Two men wearing balaclavas run out. They each carry a large bag.

COLLIN (30's) a native of England's East End, falls over a planter box by the door, tumbles to the ground bag still in hand. Gets up, continues running.

His short shorts reveal a pair of weedy white legs.

They run to a car parked across the road. Jump in and take off.

INT: ROBERTS CAR - NIGHT

They are both out of breath.

ROBERT, a native of Ohio, early 50's, grey haired and good looking, pulls off his balaclava.

His white shirt, tie, tan jersey and brown trousers with a perfect crease down the middle, show off his conservative side.

Collins balaclava comes off. His brown curls spring free.

His t-shirt sits tightly across his scrawny chest. DON'T READ THIS SENTENCE scrawled across the front. He rubs his elbow feverishly.

COLLIN

(cockney accent)

I think I broke me funny bone.

Robert is well-articulated, but it's a bit over the top.

ROBERT

You cannot break your funny bone.

It starts to rain, loud THUNDER and LIGHTENING strike. Robert jumps in his seat and yells.

ROBERT

Holy knickers and boobs Batman!

He shakes his head and sighs. Collin snickers.

ROBERT

Stop it.

COLLIN

I can't help it.

ROBERT

Well neither can I.

Collin raises his right brow, and looks out his window.

ROBERT

(quietly to himself)

Why, why, why.

COLLIN

What's up with you tonight?

Robert grips the steering wheel tightly.

ROBERT

The weatherman said it
would not storm. I swear he
said it... what a bunch of lairs!
I have got to stop watching Fox
News.

Suddenly the window wipers stop mid wipe. Collin and Robert look at each other, confused. Robert grabs the control and furiously turns it on and off.

ROBERT

Noooo!

COLLIN

At least it ain't pouring down.

Suddenly there is a torrential down pour. The windshield looks like the ocean.

ROBERT

Collin! I can't see, I can't see
anything...

(deep guttural)

Collin!

COLLIN

Ah shit, hang on.

He frantically presses his finger up and down on the window button. The window disappears one increment at a time.

ROBERT

What are you doing! Keep your finger down on the button!

Collin looks at Robert then back at the button, holds his finger on it till it opens, sticks his head out into the thrashing rain.

COLLIN

(yells)
Go right, go right.

The car veers to the right towards the side of a bridge.

COLLIN

Okay go straight, go straight, we're on a bridge.

ROBERT

I can't see a thing!

COLLIN

There's a Mc Donald's on the right. Go in there. It's comin' up.

ROBERT

Tell me when to turn.

COLLIN

Okay, not yet, not yet, okay...
Now! Turn!

ROBERT

Now?

COLLIN

Yeah! Now, now!

EXT: MCDONALDS CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS

They pull into the parking lot, and park the car into a parking space that faces the road. A police car is parked in front of the restaurant across from them.

ROBERT

Oh no! There's a police car.

COLLIN

Wow, that were fucking crazy.
Mc D's just saved us.

Robert holds onto the steering wheel, tries to compose himself.

ROBERT

Don't swear.

COLLIN

But we did it Bobstah! We lived.

ROBERT

Don't call me Bobster!

(beat)

This is great. There's a cop right there, and this whole kerfuffle
(throw's his hands up
at windscreen)

is going to cause me to be late home. AND it's a Saturday. Linda is going to throw a huge wobbly, and break something. Probably the television, that's not broken yet. She always assumes that when I'm late, I've been out canoodling with some younger, better looking lady. Every - single - time. And Saturday night is the worst. We have church the next day and she gets all...

(throws his hands
in the air)

stressed about having to pretend to her church friends that our marriage is perfect, JUST because her paranoid brain thinks I'm having an affair. Even though I'm not. I'm just stealing things.

Collin pulls something out of his right pocket, then his left.

COLLIN

Well no offense mate, but she's a bit Patrick Swayze.

ROBERT

What?

COLLIN

Patrick Swayze... crazy.

ROBERT

What on earth has crazy got to do with Patrick Swayze?

(beat)

Ohhhhhh.. it's another one of your Cockney slang saying thingies isn't it? That only you and your silly friends get?

COLLIN

Geeze, that's harsh, even for a Bible fucka like you.

ROBERT

Please don't swear. Linda's the bible...

(tries to spit out a word)

whatever, not me.

COLLIN

Alright so can I keep bloody swearing then?

Collin puts the something from his pocket between his lips. It's a joint. He lights it. Robert does a double take.

ROBERT

What are you doing!

He whacks the joint out of Collins mouth.

ROBERT

Are you on something?! Are you 'trippin'?

The joint lands on Collins bare leg. It burns him instantly. He YELPS and flicks it off. It lands on Robert.

EXT: MC DONALD'S CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS

The car rocks and bumps. The silhouettes of Collin and Robert jump around as they try to capture the burning joint.

INT: POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

The COP (40's) is asleep in his car.

Head back, mouth wide open. A lit cigarette clings for dear life from one side of his lip and a dob of ketchup sits on the other.

Mc Donalds wrappers lay open across his protruding belly. His uniform is tight. A button on his shirt remains undone. His man boobs have made it impossible to do up.

A voice comes over the 2way radio.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S)

All cars be on the lookout for two male suspects driving a dark blue Honda Civic, possibly 1990. Last seen leaving the Merit Bank office building on Travis road around 10.30pm. A witness has stated that she thought one of suspects was an alien? He had glowing stick legs. She was too distracted to get an ID on the second suspect.

The cop continues to sleep.

INT: ROBERTS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Robert bends down and grabs the joint from off the floor and throws it out the window.

LIGHTENING and THUNDER strike again, the loud violent house shaking kind. He yells at the top of his lungs.

ROBERT
Holy knickers and boobs Batman!

INT: POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

The cop wakes, Roberts yelling is loud enough to be heard through the cop's window.

COP
(yells as he wakes)
Ahhhhhh, Batman, what!

The cigarette falls from his lip, hits the wrapper and lands on the floor. He leans down to get it but can't reach. His big pot-belly is in the way.

He sits back, tries to suck in his stomach with a deep BREATH IN and lean's forward. Still can't reach. He gives up. His body slumps over the steering wheel and expels air like a deflating balloon.

He turns his attention to the parking lot. Who had woken him? He looks in the rear view mirror, sees Collin and Robert in the car talking. He watches them.

INT: ROBERTS CAR - CONTINUOUS

COLLIN
I'd be laughin again if it
weren't for the fact me legs on
fire.
(beat)
So what's up with the yellin?

ROBERT
What?... you know.

COLLIN
Na, I don't. I've just come to
the conclusion that you're nuts.
Sorry... but you are a bit strange
mate.
(laughs)
Well go on then spill it. The
rain ain't goin away.
Tell me Bobstah, why - are -
ya - nuts?

ROBERT

I am not nuts... it is a nervous tic I cannot seem to get rid of. When I was a kid I watched a lot of Batman and Robin. I had the largest collection of batman merchandise in the state. My high school paper even did an article on it. If I remember correctly I was in the People to Watch Out For section. I was quite proud of that, they thought I was an up and coming young man. Even though couldn't quite understand why the other two stories were on Mr Grady the local pedophile and Joe the senior that was caught doing it with a mop in the janitors closet.

Collin looks at him like he just heard the punch-line to a joke and didn't get it.

Robert stops and shakes his head. He knows he's waffling.

ROBERT

Anyway... I had a problem with storms. I was a very sensitive boy and every time one happened I--

He pauses, too embarrassed to say it.

COLLIN

Come on, spit it out, can't be that bad.

ROBERT

I messed my pants.

COLLIN

(trying not to laugh)
Everytime?

Robert nods.

COLLIN

Ah don't worry bout it, we've all got our **DIRTY** lil' secrets.

Collin stares at him and grins.

COLLIN (CONT'D)

So what, were you like fifteen?

Robert is lost in his memories oblivious to what Collin is saying.

ROBERT

So because Batman and Robin were my heroes I made up my own Holy Batman line to help calm me during a storm. It made me feel like I was one of them... tough, manly, a real lady killer... that I could handle anything. I picked knickers and boobs, because I was also very horny back then.

COLLIN

Hang on, you're talking bout them guys that wore them tights?

ROBERT

It was their costume Collin! Surely coming from England you would know Batman and Robin well?

COLLIN

Na, all I remember when I was a kid is seein a couple a poofs in tights and nearly choking on me spuds. I think I got a mental block from the trauma.

Robert shakes his head.

ROBERT

Well it worked. Whenever it stormed I would hide under the bed and yell out my awesome line. I only had to spend 4 weeks at the psych hospital after mother caught me. She had to spend a couple of days there too. She had a difficult time getting rid of the image of me under my bed wearing her grey pantyhose, humping my sisters 18" American Doll, while yelling out 'Holy

ROBERT (CONT'D)
knickers and boobs batman', over
and over.

(beat)
I called them tights but mother
would disagree. It did stop me
messing my pants, but only in
the back.

COLLIN
Okay Patrick, not sure I'm
surprised.

Robert frowns, then turns and looks out his window.

ROBERT
Wonderful! It has stopped raining.
Right... we are going.

EXT: MCDONALDS CAR PARK - CONTINUOUS

The civic engine STARTS and leaves the parking lot.

The police car slowly pulls out and follows them.
They have no idea the cop is behind them. It starts
to pour again.

INT: ROBERTS CAR - CONTINUOUS

ROBERT
OH not again, come on!

COLLIN
Don't worry mate, we're pretty
close to your place. Just stick
ya head out the window, there's
no one ahead.

INT: POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

The cop sees Robert's head sticking out of the
window.

He switches his red and blues on and wails the siren
once.

INT: ROBERTS CAR - CONTINUOUS

Robert pulls his wet head back in, panicked.

ROBERT

Collin! It's the cop!
I have to pull over. Is there
anything in the way, can I pull
over here?

Colin taps at the window button again, stops, then holds it down. He sticks his head out.

COLLIN

Yeah, go right, there's just a
lawn, and a garden...Yeah but don't
run over the flowers. Yeah, ya
ran over the flowers. Doesn't
matta. Okay you're alright. Now,
you can stop. Now! Stop!

The car stops in the middle of a flower garden. Collin looks down at the smashed petunias.

ROBERT

Oh sugar... Alright, alright, just
keep quiet Collin. Let me do the
talking, I will deal with it.
The window wipers just broke on
us, we are fine, he can't do
anything, we are fine.

Collin winds the window back up. Reaches down beside his seat and pulls a lever. Nothing happens, he moves his hand and pulls another lever. The seat reclines. He stretches his legs out. Puts his hands behind his head. Relaxes.

COLLIN

Whatever ya say Robin.

INT: POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

The cop looks up from his note-pad. Notices the trunk lid on the car slowly open.

Collin's fumbling with the leavers unlocked the trunk. A MAN sits up. His mouth is duck-taped and his hands are tied behind his back. He looks around wide-eyed and confused.

COP

What the?

He gets out of the car.

INT: ROBERTS CAR - CONTINUOUS

They turn to Collins window. The cop is standing in front of it with a pistol pointed at them. Their hands go up.

The cop imitates a window being wound down. Collin opens the window with one hand still raised. It's drizzling now.

ROBERT

Officer, I'm really, really sorry, our window wipers just stopped working, and we couldn't---

COP

(finger to his lips)
Shhhhhhhh. Yi know...you guys could have easily gotten away with this.

The cop looks back and forth at them.

COP (CONT'D)

Which one of you likes Batman?

ROBERT

(points finger up)
Me

COP

Well, you certainly have a set of lungs on you. I was having one of the best dreams I've had in a long time. Cathy Griffin was about to warm up my fella with her hot ---

Collin interrupts.

COLLIN

Ewww, Cathy Griffin?

COP

(confidently at Collin)
Yeah, Cathy Griffin... Anyway,
your yelling woke me up. It
diverted my otherwise
uninterested attention to you
two bozo's. Now... what I want to
know is...

The police officer beckons to the man from the trunk.
He walks over and stands in front of the window,
duck-tape still across his mouth, hands still tied
behind his back.

COP

Who the hell is this?

COLLIN

Hey, yeah that's the cleaner
from the bank. Geezus you
Hundini? How'd you get outta
the trunk?

Collin realizes what he just said. He throws his hand
over his mouth.

Robert sighs deeply and puts his head on the steering
wheel, it presses on the horn. The horn BLARES and
continues to BLARE...

FADE OUT