

TB

30 Minutes or Less

by

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TB

The following is very loosely based on some shit that actually happened...

TB

OVER BLACK

We hear the roar of a V8 engine, piped out through some throaty, fucked up muffler, as

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

An '89 Mustang bursts like a shot over a rise in the highway. It's got a rusted two-tone paint job, Maryland plates, and bald tires that scream as it peels off an exit and into the

EXT. SUBURBS - DAY

The car fast approaches a stop sign, dangerously blows through the intersection.

INT. MUSTANG - DAY - MOVING

We don't see the DRIVER, only the redlining RPMs, Vans slip-ons working the pedals, wristwatch being checked. The wheel cranks right as the car turns onto a -

One way street. A minivan flies right at us. The Mustang hops up onto the curb to avoid it, clips a trash can and -

Garbage explodes like confetti. The wipers engage, brushing the trash aside. The car whips another turn and

EXT. SUBURBS - DAY

The Mustang fishtails around a corner and skids away.

CUT TO:

TIRES SCREECH

Brake pads smoke. The Mustang stops outside

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The Driver jumps out of the car. As he rushes to the front door, we see the urgent package he is delivering.

TWO LARGE PIZZAS

Before he can ring the bell, the door opens and two smug 15-YEAR-OLDS stare out.

15-YEAR-OLD

That's 34 minutes. You're 4 minutes late. Pizza's free.

REVEAL our guy staring back at the kids. This is WILL (25), probably good looking in another life.

Right now, he is tired and unamused, wearing a red "Giorgio's Trattoria" hat and a sweaty matching t-shirt.

WILL

Gimme a break. You guys live two towns away. It's pretty much fucking impossible to get here in 30 minutes.

OTHER 15-YEAR-OLD

Exactly. That's why we ordered from your shitty "trattoria."

WILL

This is gonna come out of my paycheck. You sure you don't want to take the moral high ground?

OTHER 15-YEAR-OLD

We'd rather take the pizzas.

Will takes a calming breath. Hands over the pizzas.

WILL

Ok. You guys are pretty smart. You figured out a way to beat the system.
(peeks inside)
Got the house to yourselves?

15-YEAR-OLD

That's right.

WILL

Not bad. Any jailbait in there?
Little pizza and a rainbow party?

The kids shakes their heads.

WILL

Seriously? Well, two hustlers like yourselves gotta have the place stocked with beer and whippits and shit, right? Just call the girls up and let them know the party's on.

15-YEAR-OLD

Man, we don't have any of that stuff.

Will makes a show of mulling this over.

WILL

I really shouldn't do this...but you seem like a couple of good dudes. I'll tell you what, you give me the money that your mom left you for the pizzas, and I'll grab you some beers.

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

(beat)

But I get to keep the change as a
tip. Deal?

The kids look at each other. One hesitantly pulls out some
cash. Will snatches it and heads off.

WILL

I'll see you in like 20 minutes.

The kids look uncertain. As if sensing this, Will stops
before getting into his ride.

WILL

You boys like Budweiser, right?

15-YEAR-OLD

Uh, yeah, totally.

OTHER 15-YEAR-OLD

Love that shit!

INT. MUSTANG - DAY - MOVING

The sun sets. Will cruises back into his own middle-class
town in suburban Maryland.

A six pack of Budweiser rests in the passenger seat.

Will stops at a light. Checks out a PRETTY YOUNG THING in
the Jeep beside him. She catches him looking, rolls her
eyes. The light turns and the Jeep skids away.

Will self consciously removes his "Giorgio's" cap.

INT. GIORGIO'S TRATTORIA - NIGHT

Will enters and nods at CHRISTOPHER (40s), the manager. His
balding head is nearly translucent from absorbing a day's
worth of pizza grease.

WILL

Yo, Chris. Let me cash the fuck out.

Will hands over some cash to Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER

You have a pretty good shift?

WILL

For sure. I mean, the part where I
had to drop off all those pizzas
kinda sucked, but the rest was cool.

CHRISTOPHER

Oh, yeah? 'Cause, I got some kids calling in saying you ripped them off. Promised to buy them beer or something.

WILL

I actually did buy the beer, but it would have been illegal to give it to them, right? So I'm gonna do the responsible thing and drink it myself.

CHRISTOPHER

That's real funny. But I'm trying to run a business here.

WILL

What kind of business promises to deliver anywhere in 30 minutes? It's ridiculous.

CHRISTOPHER

I don't wanna hear another one of your bullshit excuses. You're fired.

WILL

Come on. If I didn't need this job, I wouldn't be doing this shitty job.

Chris is unmoving.

WILL

Fuck! Whatever!

Will storms off. As he gets to the door -

CHRISTOPHER

You know, you were an okay driver half the time. And you're not a Puerto Rican. Which means something to me.

WILL

That's poignant.

CHRISTOPHER

I guess I could rehire you, on a provisional basis. Of course, this would be at the slightly reduced "new company rate."

WILL

Are you fucking serious?

CHRISTOPHER

I don't know. Is there anyone else left in town for you to work for?

Will shakes his head. Swallows what's left of his pride.

WILL
When do I start?

EXT. SMALL APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Will sits on the darkened front stoop. He tosses an empty can into the bushes and gets to work on his fourth beer.

He looks over at a parked Hyundai Elantra. A YOUNG MAN sits in the passenger seat with a pensive look on his face. He makes a sudden, surprised gasp. The homely YOUNG WOMAN who was just blowing him sits up from his lap and rearranges herself in the driver seat. She leans over for a goodbye kiss. The Young Man obliges with much fanfare.

The Young Man gets out and the car pulls away. This is CHET (25), a clean cut guy dressed in the Gap Premium Collection. He heads toward the building, high off his BJ, humming Outkast's "Ms. Jackson." He stops when he notices Will in the shadows.

CHET
What the hell? Have you just been sitting there?

WILL
Yep. Caught the whole show. Really classy move at the end. You know, the kiss. Putting your tongue in her mouth right after you fucked it.

CHET
Hey, a nice girl decides to pleasure me on a weeknight, in her car no less...I'm not gonna make her feel like an untouchable. I'm gonna make her feel like a lady.

WILL
What manners. May I offer you some alcohol, sir. To wash the taste of yourself out of your mouth.

Will offers his beer. Chet takes a slug, gurgles for effect.

CHET
By the way, she said she had a friend. Maybe we can go on our first double date since you tried to talk Jackie Fortunato and her cousin into having a four-way with us.

WILL
I misread their body language. It happens.

Will picks up some rented movies sitting beside him.

WILL

Come on. Let's go inside, drink your beer and watch shit get crazy.

(fans movies)

Old favorites. You choose. *Lethal Weapon*, *Lethal Weapon 2*...was gonna get the third *Lethal Weapon*, but decided on a porn. So it's really between the first two.

CHET

I choose sleep. I gotta teach a class at eight.

WILL

You're a sub. Just call in sick. Like the real teacher did.

CHET

Come on, man, you know I got promoted to full-time last month. You bought me a laser pointer.

Will heaves a sigh.

WILL

Yeah, I know. I guess I'm just having a hard time accepting you as "the man." You know, flunking kids, giving out spite detentions to girls you wanna fuck, laser pointing at shit.

CHET

I also get healthcare and my summers off. It's not perfect, but it's a career.

Will grudgingly stands up.

WILL

I guess that's just the difference between you and me.

He holds up the *Lethal Weapon* DVDs.

WILL

I'm like Riggs. Cruising the streets. No rules, no attachments. Every other day some asshole is trying to take my badge. You're fucking Murtaugh. Always worried about your pension. Well, guess what, it gets old after the first movie.

CHET

I just got head. I'm totally Riggs.

Will shakes his head, turns and walks off.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

Will wakes up, legs dangling over the edge of a tiny couch. His TV is still on, displaying the menu screen from a porn.

Will looks down at his coffee table. Clears some magazines to reveal a file folder. Flips the cover -

It's full of college applications, drafts of admissions essays, a junior college transcript. Will thumbs through one of the glossy applications. The kids look young. Very young.

Will glances over at a picture on his wall: he and Chet at high school graduation, looking just as young. They have their arms around a pretty girl squeezed between them. Will and the girl look very high and very happy.

Will shuts the folder, slides it back under the coffee table debris. He looks over at a clock: it is already 2:00 PM.

WILL

Fuck.

INT. MUSTANG - DAY

Will jumps in and starts the engine. As he tucks his "Giorgio's" cap onto his head, he catches his reflection in the rear-view mirror.

WILL

You asshole. You titanic asshole.
Come on down and get your prize.

He makes his fingers into a gun, puts it to his head...pulls the trigger and

BOOM!

We're in

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

A watermelon explodes in a shower of red, juicy bits. Loud, dumb laughter echoes.

Standing 20 yards away is DWAYNE (32), an intense, meaty guy in a sleeveless Baltimore Ravens t-shirt. On his left bicep is a tattoo of the Tasmanian Devil flipping the bird.

DWAYNE

Fruit motherfuckin' salad!

Crouched beside him is JAY (27), tall and awkward, in a wool surplus cap. He carefully rigs homemade explosives to another watermelon, then looks up at Dwayne. His eyes are magnified into saucers by his thick glasses. There's a peculiar eagerness to please in them.

JAY

This one's gonna blow even bigger.

DWAYNE

Boy, if you weren't such a skinny little bitch you coulda been in the military or something.

JAY

Whatever. I don't need the military. I taught myself how to do this shit.

DWAYNE

I hear that. I taught myself how to eat pussy. And cut my own hair.

Jay jogs the watermelon a safe distance away. He returns and pulls out a detonator. Dwayne snatches it.

DWAYNE

This one's all me.
(makes "radio" sounds)
Mr. President, we have enemies at the gate. Give me the order.
(more "radio" sounds)
Fuck that, sir. I don't negotiate with terrorists!

Dwayne presses a button and

BOOM!

The explosion is so powerful that it sprinkles our guys' smiling faces with fruit juice.

INT. KITCHEN, NICE HOUSE - DAY

Large and early-90s chic. Dwayne and Jay have the fridge open, fixing themselves a cold cut plate. Dwayne is debating the amount of meat on the plate...adds some more.

DWAYNE

Wanna make sure I get enough calories.

JAY

I thought you wanted to get diesel for the summer. Bang that towel girl at the community pool.

DWAYNE

It's obvious you don't know shit-all about physical fitness. You gotta bulk up first, then you slim down. I'm clearly in the bulk up phase. I told you to watch *Pumping Iron* like a month ago. If you'd listened to me, maybe you'd know what the fuck I'm talking about.

(beat)

Grab some RC Cola.

INT. LIVING ROOM, NICE HOUSE - DAY

The shades are drawn. We hear a girl scream bloody murder!

The guys are watching FRIDAY THE 13TH PART 3...in 3D. They both wear cheap cardboard glasses.

Jay jumps back as Jason wields a 3D ax.

JAY

Shit, man! It's so real!

Dwayne reaches out, "touching" the 3D images. He stands and starts humping the air.

DWAYNE

Check it out. I ain't afraid of Jason. I'm fucking him.

(thrusting harder)

You like that, Jason!? In the mask!

Jay cracks up. The lights flick on.

GRIZZLED VOICE (O.S.)

Who are you two fags fucking?

Standing by the switch is Dwayne's dad, JERRY (70s). Most people just call him "THE MAJOR." The faded USMC tattoo on his thick forearm explains why.

JAY

Afternoon, Major.

Dwayne flops back onto the couch.

DWAYNE

Dad, we're watching a flick. We got 45 minutes and a potential 3D sex scene left. You're sorta coming in at the worst possible moment.

MAJOR

I bought that TV set so I could watch my programs, not so you and your friend could louse up my couch.

DWAYNE

You gotta learn how to share the common space.

MAJOR

The only thing common in this house is you. You remind me of your damn mother. Fat, dumb, and in my way.

The Major grabs Dwayne and pulls him up off the couch. He gets right in his face...scary, intense. Dwayne turns to Jay.

DWAYNE

Let's get outta here. This movie sucks anyway.

Jay gets up and files out the door. Dwayne goes to take the cold cut plate. The Major grabs his arm.

MAJOR

I paid for the damn cold cuts, too. Maybe if you had a job, or a fucking prospect, or a clue how to find any of the above, I'd let you eat 'em.

DWAYNE

(quietly)
You know, you can be a real sonofabitch, dad.

MAJOR

That's what it takes, boy. In the Corps, men like you wore dresses to keep us entertained.

DWAYNE

That's pretty fucking disturbing!

Dwayne storms off.

EXT. NICE HOUSE - DAY

Dwayne and Jay head out, passing a brand new pickup truck in the driveway. Dwayne spits on it.

DWAYNE

Fuck The Major!

The guys get in a shitty Ford Aerostar minivan and peel out.

INT. DIVE STRIP CLUB - DAY

R. Kelly's "Ignition (Remix)" pumps.

Large, fake breasts, sparkling with cheap body glitter and pierced at the nipples, shake before us. Their owner, JUICY (27), a petite Latina, phones in a lap dance as Dwayne pours his heart out to her.

Somewhere in the background, Jay hangs at the bar, all alone.

DWAYNE

- and he thinks he knows me. He don't know shit. I got ideas he could never dream of. I got plans bigger than his fucking house.

(beat)

He didn't even raise me. My mother did. That was a good woman.

JUICY

Oh yeah? What happened to her?

Dwayne shifts, uncomfortably, at the sore subject.

DWAYNE

She passed on.

JUICY

I hope you're not one of those guys that comes here looking to get mothered.

DWAYNE

I wouldn't mind nursing on them titties, mamacita.

JUICY

Sure. Whatever you say. Maybe just keep quiet for a while, forget about your old man and let me do my thing.

DWAYNE

I wish I could forget about that asshole for good. I'm just waiting around for him to drop dead. Don't wanna mess with my inheritance.

This piques Juicy's interest.

JUICY

What kinda inheritance?

DWAYNE

When my dad got outta the service, he started buying lotto tickets. He'd play his dog tag numbers. In '91, the fucker won five million bucks.

INSERT PHOTO: The Major holding a giant cardboard check.

DWAYNE

He had some health problems a few years back, and since then he's been burning through the money like an NBA draft pick. Probably only got a million or two left. But it's mine as soon as he kicks.

Behind inch-long fake eyelashes, Juicy's shrewd eyes narrow, mind working. She straddles Dwayne, tightly.

JUICY

You know, with a million bucks, you could have anything. Be like a king.
(almost a moan)
King Dwayne.

DWAYNE

That's right. And maybe I'll make you my queen. Let you polish my royal scepter.

JUICY

Practice makes perfect.

Juicy pantomimes a long, slow chicken head. Dwayne is blissed out. She smiles at him, sticky sweet.

JUICY

Let me ask you a question...do you really hate your daddy?

DWAYNE

Hate him like the Steelers.

JUICY

Then maybe I can help you get that money now. Before he spends another penny.

Dwayne looks confused. Juicy puts his hands on her breasts, emboldening him.

JUICY

I know a guy in Baltimore. He could help you out. Probably do it for...
(sizing him up)
...100Gs.

DWAYNE

Do what?

Juicy leans in, whispers softly in Dwayne's ear -

JUICY

Kill your mean old dad.

On Dwayne's face as this new possibility pinballs around his mind, setting off a flood of different emotions.

JUICY

So, what do you think...you ready
for your crown?

INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT - MOVING

Will has one pizza left in the back of his car. He pulls over outside an office building.

INT. LAW FIRM, OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Rows of cubicles. Speckled with late night STRAGGLERS, bleary eyes, too busy generating detailed lists of places they'd rather be to notice the pizza boy walking along. Will stops before one such work station, looks on for a beat.

WILL

Rio?

KATE (25) turns from the glow of her computer screen. She has short, messy hair and a sarcastic smile. This is the girl from the picture in Will's apartment.

KATE

That's the plan. Five days, six
nights. Culture. Beaches.
Acceptable probability of kidnapping.
I leave in the morning.

Kate looks back at her computer, logged onto an Expedia checkout page for a Rio vacation. She moves the mouse pointer from the "proceed" key...closes the window.

KATE

This morning I loaded up an African
Safari and a cruise to Alaska.

WILL

Oh, the places you'll go.

KATE

Fuck Expedia. Travel Advisor. Making
it seem so easy.

WILL

It is. Just do it. Get away for a while.

KATE

Even if I could afford that...they fired two other paralegals last week. Now's not the time to be putting in for vacation days.

WILL

Ok. Done. I've got my dose of the actual working world. Can we eat?

Will lays a pizza down on her desk.

KATE

How do you keep sneaking up here past the security guard?

WILL

He's there like half the time. The other half I smile at him. I'm relatively certain he's a homosexual.

KATE

Interesting theory...

Kate opens the pizza box, grabs a slice.

KATE

Maybe I should set him up with Tom Small. He came out to me today on Facebook.

WILL

That kid beat the hell out of me and Chet in grammar school. Wow.

KATE

Tell me about it. He fingered me at junior prom while they were playing "No Scrubs."

WILL

(winces)
Really? What a fucking scrub.

Will grabs a slice. They eat quietly for a beat.

KATE

So, I've got some news...

WILL

I thought the Tom Small stuff was enough of a headline, but go ahead.

KATE

I'm getting back together with Mark.

Will's delicious pizza suddenly tastes like shit. He does his best to swallow it down.

WILL

But you...you broke up with him...ended the relationship. Finality was had.

KATE

Yeah, but we were talking and -

WILL

Forget it. I don't want to know.

KATE

You sound like Chet.

WILL

Woah, don't compare me to your brother.

KATE

Well, neither one of you seems to care that I don't have a life. Mark's not perfect...but a relationship is better than working late every Friday because I have nowhere else to be.

WILL

Sure. I get it. Here we are. Friday night. Nowhere to be.

Kate shoves Will, good-naturedly.

KATE

You know what I mean.

Will shrugs, quietly devastated. Goes back to his pizza.

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

Most of the PATRONS are fixated on an Orioles game blaring from a large flat-screen TV.

At a booth in back, Dwayne and Jay are in deep conversation.

JAY

I don't wanna stick my nose into a family matter...but killing your old man? That's pretty messed up...I mean, unless you think it isn't.

DWAYNE

What we have here is a classic "lesser of two evils" debate. You got one evil: me shaving a few years off The Major's shitty life. Then you got the other evil: The Major ruining my entire awesome life by blowing through my inheritance. Maybe I'm biased, but mine sure as shit seems like the lesser.

JAY

I guess I...sorta see where you're coming from. And you have been waiting around forever for that money. You deserve it, Dwayne.

Dwayne nods, seriously.

DWAYNE

You know, there's a reason I sleep 'til noon everyday. And it ain't 'cause I'm lazy. It's on account of me having so many goddamn dreams. Big ones. And once that money's mine, they're all gonna come true.

Dwayne takes a long sip of beer, contemplative.

DWAYNE

Like I had this one dream last night. I was cruising through town in a Lamborghini Diablo. The wind was blowing through my hair, ruffling my open shirt. There was a hot little piece of ass sitting next to me. And in the back seat, Jay...was you. Strapped. Wearing a pair of Oakleys.

JAY

Wow. I didn't know you dreamt about me, Dwayne.

DWAYNE

It was only this once, Jay. To be honest, I didn't know what to make of it. So I consulted my dream book, and found out it means this: you're my road dog. You got my back.

(MORE)

DWAYNE (CONT'D)

That's why I want to make you my partner.

JAY

In what?

DWAYNE

In crime. And business. You see, it ain't just about the inheritance money. It's about what I'm gonna do with it.

Dwayne leans across the table.

DWAYNE

I'm about to clue you in on something. And then you'll understand the true magnitude of what's at stake here. Are you ready?

JAY

Yes. I'm totally ready.

DWAYNE

Then answer me this...what's this town missing? I'll give you a hint. It's a cash business, crawling with sexy bitches.

JAY

(beat)

A Chinese food restaurant?

DWAYNE

No. A tanning salon.

(beat)

Think about it. All that green. All that brown flesh.

Jay nods, thinking about. He smiles.

DWAYNE

It's also the perfect front for a prostitution ring.

JAY

Yeah, of course. Because of the booths.

DWAYNE

Yes. And because of the bitches.

(beat)

It can all be ours. 30 percent for you, 70 percent for me. You just gotta help me out here.

Jay looks conflicted. Dwayne goes dark, like a spurned lover.

DWAYNE

I'm starting to wonder if my dream book was wrong about you. Maybe you sitting behind me doesn't mean you're my road dog. Maybe it means you're plotting to stab me in the back, like some snake in the grass.

JAY

That's crazy. I'd never do something like that. The dream book was right!

Jay looks Dwayne in the eyes, knows it's all or nothing...

JAY

Ok. I'll do it. But I'm not shooting him or anything. I'll hold him while you shoot him. That's it.

Dwayne chuckles.

DWAYNE

Here's a fact: they don't build prisons for criminals, they build them for idiots. Shit, they got three different types of CSI on TV, just laying out how the police do their business...and still, idiots like you think you can just go out and do a murder yourself.

(beat)

If you wanna be a millionaire, you gotta think like one. And millionaires don't kill people. They hire assassins. Which I did. We gotta pay him on Tuesday.

JAY

What? Why would you do that?

DWAYNE

I was presented with an opportunity. I took it. 100 thousand bucks for a highly trained assassin is a steal.

JAY

But we don't have that kinda money.

DWAYNE

Now we're addressing the real problem: how do we get the 100 grand? 'Cause once we get that, we get the million.

(MORE)

DWAYNE (CONT'D)

And once we get the million, we will literally own this town and every single thing in it.

JAY

I guess we could just...rob a bank. One of these local banks with nothing but a dipshit security guard.

DWAYNE

Again, not quite thinking like a millionaire.

JAY

Okay, then let's hire someone to rob a bank.

Dwayne thinks about this for a second.

DWAYNE

Fuck hiring them, we could just force someone to rob a bank for us. Like with blackmail, or death threats, or -

JAY

(almost involuntarily)
A bomb. Everyone's scared of a bomb.

DWAYNE

I was gonna say hypnotism...but I like that. It's out of the fucking box. We just strap one to some motherfucker's chest, like we did to those watermelons. Think you can you build some kinda bomb vest?

JAY

Yeah, I mean...camel jockeys do it in caves. I got a garage workshop.

DWAYNE

I'm pretty sure this is exactly how a millionaire would do it. And the beauty of it is: we don't lose any sleep, 'cause no one gets hurt.

JAY

Except The Major.

DWAYNE

Yeah. The Major dies. But no one gets hurt.

Dwayne smiles. But a nagging thought interrupts him -

DWAYNE

There's just one problem. Where do we get our guy? 'Cause if we do a kidnapping, then we're right back where we started...doing shit that's gonna get us caught.

(mind working)

What we need is someone to come to us...to a place where we can control the situation. Someone without any connection to us.

The guys stare at each other, stumped. Until something catches Dwayne's attention...a local commercial playing on the flat-screen. A PIZZA CHEF slides a pizza into a box -

PIZZA CHEF

(on TV)

We'll deliver anywhere in 30 minutes or less! Or your pizza is free! Giorgio's Trattoria, where the customer gets what they want...pronto!

The guys look at each other.

DWAYNE

Sometimes fate just takes out its cock and slaps you in the face with it.

INT. CHET'S APARTMENT - DAY

A hand grabs a beer from the fridge.

VOICE (O.S.)

You're not trying to draw a psycho pension...you really are crazy!

Will heads into the living room with the beer. The voice belongs to Danny Glover. The guys are watching *Lethal Weapon*. Murtaugh (Danny Glover) has just stopped Riggs (Mel Gibson) from killing himself. Riggs looks at him, crazily, before -

RIGGS

(on TV)

I'm hungry. I'm gonna get something to eat.

Chet looks over at Will. He is drunk, and in a dark mood.

CHET

Maybe you should pace yourself. It's noon on a Saturday.

WILL

Fridge is full, man. We're all good.

Will drains half his beer.

WILL

Let me ask you a question. You remember Tom Small?

CHET

Yeah, he used to kick our asses.

WILL

Turns out he was probably jerking off to it afterwards. He's gay.

CHET

I hope he chokes on a dick. I never liked him.

WILL

Your sister did. She let him finger blast her. Big time.

Chet pauses the movie.

CHET

What the fuck are you talking about? I don't want that shit in my head.

WILL

Sorry. Kate told me about it last night. I thought you should know.

CHET

You two were swapping stories about getting fingered? That's pretty cute.

Chet chuckles. Will ignores him, sips his beer.

WILL

The point I'm trying to make is this: Tom Small was an asshole. He was totally wrong for your sister. Just like every other guy she's ever dated. Right through to that Mark dude she's gonna get back together with. Un-be-fuck-me-lievable...

CHET

Whatever. Why the fuck are we talking about who my sister goes out with?

At a loss, Will shrugs. Chet turns back to the TV, presses play. *Lethal Weapon* resumes. Something blows up. Chet pauses the movie and stares at Will for a beat.

CHET

You sneaky son of a bitch...you want to fuck my sister, don't you?

WILL

Chet, I really don't...

CHET

My twin sister!? Which is basically like fucking me!

WILL

Hey, if you guys had that twin ESP shit this would be a completely different situation. There'd be logistical problems.

CHET

We look exactly alike!

WILL

You look like a lot of people. You're a normal looking dude.

CHET

This is so fucked up I can't even begin to process it. How long has this been going on?

WILL

If I had to put my finger on it...middle school-ish.

CHET

So all those sleepovers, they were just some kind of opportunity for you to peek in Kate's bedroom?

WILL

It might have happened a few times. Most of them were accidental.

CHET

You're a peeping Tom. You realize that, don't you? You're a sexual fucking deviant.

WILL

Fuck you. I'm as normal as they come. Your sister is attractive. She excites me, in a sexual way. Fucking sue me. Can't we just be adults about it?

CHET

You? An adult? Sort of stretching the term.

WILL

Hey, let's not say shit we can't take back.

CHET

Take back? Will, you got kicked out of junior college for punching a professor that made fun of some poem you wrote.

WILL

That poem was about your sister!

CHET

That is, literally, the saddest thing I have ever heard. Like retards playing freeze tag sad. No wonder you deliver pizzas for a living.

WILL

Fuck you! Maybe I was just hanging out with you for your sister. You were always a whiny little bitch. And you stuttered. All the kids used to call you "Chutter."

CHET

Whatever. I only started hanging out with you because you had a Nintendo.

WILL

Did you see my Nintendo naked? Because I saw your sister changing into her swimsuit at your thirteenth birthday pool party. And it was the highlight of the whole shitty event.

Chet bites his lip.

CHET

Okay. You wanna do this?

WILL

I think we already are.

CHET

Well, you know who I saw naked? Jenny Rifkin. While I was nailing her. The week after she dumped you.

(MORE)

CHET (CONT'D)

Why do you think every time you wanna bet on whose cock's bigger I'm always willing to go in? 'Cause I know mine's bigger. 'Cause she told me!

WILL

Wow...wow. You pulled a Judas on Jenny fucking Rifkin. That is messed up. Almost as messed up as how I sold your Cal Ripken signed ball for 200 bucks.

CHET

My grandpa left me that ball in his will! You helped me look for it for a month!

WILL

Now you know why we never found it.

Will bows.

WILL

We done here?

Chet's face is red with anger.

CHET

Not quite yet. There's actually a mystery I wanna solve for you.

(beat)

I was the one who told John Tanner about how your mom fucked that lifeguard. And I always felt awful about it, because even though he swore secrecy, he told everyone else in town. And then your parents wound up getting divorced. But now...I don't give a shit.

WILL

What!?! You ruined...my fucking life!

Will takes a swing at Chet. He dodges it and puts Will in some sort of choke hold.

CHET

Krav Maga, bitch. I bet your poetry professor didn't know this shit.

WILL

Get offa me!

CHET

You threw the first punch!

WILL
I'm gonna break this hold and then
kick your skinny ass!

CHET
Try it!

Will flexes and tries to break the choke hold...no luck. He wrenches his back away from Chet and screams -

WILL
What the fuck is that!?

CHET
My knuckle in your spine! No holds
barred you backstabbing fuck!

WILL
I'm gonna pass out...

CHET
Good!

WILL
(face bright red)
I love her, Chet...I love Kate...

Chet lets Will go. He drops to the floor, panting.

CHET
Let me tell you something. And it's
the truest thing you'll ever hear,
from the person who knows you best
in the world...you're not good enough
for my sister. And you never will
be. You're the lowest common
denominator, Will. You're the square
root of fucking zero.

Will gets to his feet.

WILL
Fuck you...Chutter!
(grabs dick)
Square this!

CHET
Get out of my house. You're a shitty
friend.

WILL
Right back at you.

Will storms out.

EXT. CHET'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Will screeches away in his car.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

A day or so has passed. Will sits on his couch, an unshaven mess, watching *Lethal Weapon 2*. Murtaugh and Riggs laugh and joke around. Best buds.

Will looks like he might cry. He goes for his beer, knocks it over. He stares at the growing puddle of beer...then grabs the folder with his college applications and uses them to sop it up.

INT. GIORGIO'S TRATTORIA - NIGHT

Will sits at a table, looking out through the misty window.

Christopher boxes a pizza and drops it in front of him.

CHRISTOPHER

Come on, wake up and get to work.

Christopher hands him the order slip. Will checks the address.

WILL

Where the fuck is this?

CHRISTOPHER

How should I know? It's 30 minutes away or the pizza comes out of your paycheck. Tick tock.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Will's Mustang travels down a dark, empty stretch of highway. The lone working taillight fades as the car disappears into the distance.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Mustang stops at the mouth of a driveway. Overgrown shrubbery blocks anything beyond it from view. All that Will can see is a red and white radio tower jutting into the sky, beacon light flashing atop it.

Will checks the address, then drives through the open gate.

EXT. RADIO TOWER - NIGHT

The Mustang parks at the end of the driveway. Will gets out.

There is a large storage shed and, across a clearing, a radio tower built on top of a small office structure.

The office door is ajar. Florescent light glows from inside.

WILL

Hello?

DWAYNE (O.S.)

(calling back from beyond door)

Hey, bud! Sorry for the hike! The county's got us doing repairs at the ass end of the night!

This puts Will at ease. He heads toward the office. As he gets close, a figure appears in the doorway. It is Dwayne

WEARING A SCARY FUCKING GORILLA MASK

WILL

What the -

Will hears something behind him and whirls around -

To find Jay, also in a gorilla mask, charging at him.

WILL

Holy fuck!

Will makes a run for it. But the guys are on top of him in no time. He madly fights them off and dashes for his car.

DWAYNE

Stop! We got a gun, you asshole!

Will breaks toward the cover of the shrubbery.

DWAYNE

Fuck! Get him!

Jay is right on Will's tail. Without breaking stride, Jay picks up a large branch and wings it at him.

Will is hit in the legs and stumbles over himself. Jay leaps on top of him and locks his skinny legs around Will's body.

WILL

What the hell!?

(at a loss)

Rape!

Jay wrestles something from his pocket. A chloroform soaked rag. He presses it hard against Will's mouth and nose. Will soon goes limp.

Dwayne appears, looming above them. He pulls his gorilla mask back and smiles.

DWAYNE

Step one.

CUT TO:

Blurry vision coming into focus. Two gorillas.

EXT. RADIO TOWER - DAY

Whereas the masks looked scary at night, they look ridiculous now. Will is propped up on the hood of his car, staring at his captors. His mouth is duct taped, hands bound behind his back. He wears his "Giorgio's" cap and a buttoned up olive green Army jacket.

DWAYNE

You thought we were gonna rape you.
(chuckles)
Idiot.

Will mumbles something through the duct tape.

DWAYNE

Just shut up. The tape is there for a reason. 'Cause this next part is gonna take a measure of calm. Are you with me? Can you be calm?

Will nods. Dwayne holds up his driver license.

DWAYNE

Will Dixon, of 112 North Whatever-The-Fuck Street, right now you are wearing an explosive vest.

Will looks down at the jacket he is wearing, tries to get his hands loose so he can tear it open.

DWAYNE

Calm the fuck down!

Will stiffens. For emphasis, Dwayne reveals the gun tucked down the front of his pants like a big metal cock.

DWAYNE

Now stay still and my associate will show you.

Jay carefully unbuttons the Army jacket. Will is, in fact, wearing an explosive vest. It is a cobbled together but intimidating looking contraption, crisscrossed by multicolored wires. There is a thick lock at the hinge, with a digital display and a keypad.

Will begins to hyperventilate.

JAY

Take it easy, man. You're fine. I built this thing. It's pretty stable.

DWAYNE

For a fucking bomb. So don't trip over your shoelaces or anything. That thing's full of C-4. And the C is for chaos.

JAY

Actually, the C stands for "composite." But, yeah, I'd try not to slam into stuff.

DWAYNE

Can I take that tape off now, pizza boy?

Will nods. Dwayne rips the duct tape off his mouth.

WILL

Help!

Dwayne chuckles.

DWAYNE

You know where you are? You might as well be in space, motherfucker. Nobody can hear you scream.

WILL

Why are you doing this to me? I don't have any money.

DWAYNE

Not yet. But you're gonna go get us some.

WILL

Okay. Sure, man. Whatever you say. I'll go sell my car. I'll get you like a thousand bucks.

DWAYNE

I want 100 thousand.

WILL

Where the fuck am I supposed to get that much money?

DWAYNE

The Donner-Wells National Bank on Charles Road.

JAY

Across the street from the Olive Garden.

DWAYNE

Yeah, the one across the street from the Olive Garden.

WILL

Do you guys have an account or something?

Dwayne shakes his head like Will is an idiot.

DWAYNE

No, I don't have an account! You're gonna rob it!

WILL

How the fuck am I supposed to rob a bank?

DWAYNE

Figure it out. You got a bomb strapped to your chest. That's a start. It'll scare the fuck outta people. Maybe use your brain and go get a gun. Borrow one from a friend for all I care. It ain't rocket science.

WILL

Then do it yourself.

DWAYNE

I would, but I'm already wearing this gorilla mask and you're already wearing that bomb.

(to Jay)

Tell him about the vest.

Jay turns to Will.

JAY

You seem like a pretty trustworthy guy. I mean, you got a job and all. But just in case you were gonna try to take the vest off, we booby trapped it to shit. There's also a remote detonator on the back, so we can trigger it by dialing a number.

DWAYNE

And it's on speed dial. So do what you gotta do, but we'll be watching.

(MORE)

DWAYNE (CONT'D)

You go anywhere near a police station,
and Fourth of July comes early this
year.

Dwayne nods at the timer on the side of the vest.

DWAYNE

It's 9:00 AM. You got 8 hours.

He hands Will a slip of paper.

DWAYNE

Once you have the money, call this
number and you'll be given instructions
on where to drop it. You do good, we
give you the six-digit combination
that stops the timer and opens the
lock. Tomorrow morning, you can go
back to delivering pizza, the mail,
whatever the fuck you want.

(beat)

Now let me demonstrate what happens
if you don't get us the money.

Dwayne looks over to where an oversized stuffed bear, rigged
with its own bomb vest, sits on a tree stump 20 yards away.
Dwayne mimes answering a phone -

DWAYNE

Hey, Teddy Ruxpin...what's that?
You don't have the money? It was
too tough to rob the bank, so you
just went back to your bear cave and
cried like a bitch? Well, guess
what my stuffed friend...time is up.

Jay pushes a button on a detonator. Teddy Ruxpin explodes.
All that remains is a cloud of stuffing.

Will is frozen in fear.

DWAYNE

I liked that bear. I don't even
know you.

Dwayne throws Will his car keys.

DWAYNE

Go on. Get outta here.

WILL

Guys, can we please just talk about
this?

DWAYNE

Yeah, of course we can.

Dwayne pulls out the gun and fires two shots at Will's feet. Jay jumps backward, as does Will, who hits the hood of his car, slides across it and onto the ground by the driver side.

DWAYNE

Be careful!

Will awkwardly gets to his feet and arranges himself in the car, adjusting to the weight of the bomb. As he starts the engine and backs away -

DWAYNE

That's right! Get the fuck out of here! You're wasting time!

Once the car is gone, Jay yanks off his gorilla mask. Dwayne stays primate.

JAY

What the hell, Dwayne? You told me that was a replica gun.

DWAYNE

It was. Then I paid a Mexican 50 bucks to put a firing pin in it. Now it goes boom.

JAY

We didn't discuss a loaded gun! Especially not with the bomb around!

Dwayne gets right in Jay's face. The plastic eyes of his mask betray no emotion.

DWAYNE

Don't you ever question me. I'm fucking this bitch. You're just holding the camera.

JAY

(voice falters)

Sure, Dwayne...whatever you say.

DWAYNE

Good. 'Cause this ain't the Marines. This is cash money. You hesitate, you fuck up...and I will leave you behind.

A tense beat. Dwayne pulls his mask off. He looks oddly calm.

DWAYNE

Let's go get some breakfast.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Will's car flies down the road. It screeches to a stop, tires smoking. Will jumps out, stumbles to the shoulder and pukes. He drops to his knees.

WILL

Oh, god! Holy shit! Fuck me!
Someone please fucking help me!

Nothing but the wind.

Will fights back tears. He gets to his feet, wipes his mouth. He takes out his cell phone, scrolls through the contacts. He pauses on Chet's name...presses send.

The line goes to voicemail. Will looks at the bomb's timer: 7 hours, 47 minutes and counting. He hurries to his car.

INT. CLASSROOM, JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

A laser dot dances around the middle of a United States map.

Chet is teaching a history lesson to a bunch of SEVENTH GRADERS that look very mature and very bored. As he indicates with his laser pointer -

CHET

This whole region here, about 830 thousand square miles, was part of the initial Louisiana Purchase.

SEVENTH GRADER

(coughing)
Nice laser.

The class giggles. Chet, embarrassed, puts away the pointer.

There is a knock at the door. Chet turns to see Will's face in the door's window pane. He looks back to his class.

CHET

Take out your workbooks. Chapter 3.

Chet opens the door.

CHET

What do you want?

WILL

We gotta talk.

CHET

I'm working here. Do not mess with me at work.

WILL

Chet, for the love of god, just talk to me in private for one minute.

Chet sighs.

INT. HALLWAY, JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Chet leads a jumpy Will into

INT. EMPTY CLASSROOM, JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Chet shuts the door behind them. Will paces.

CHET

You wanna apologize, don't you? You look like shit. You've probably been up for days thinking about what an asshole you were. Well, it's gonna take a lot more than some pathetic groveling -

WILL

(suddenly)

Chet! Shut up! I don't wanna apologize to you!

CHET

Then what do you want? Because we don't have anything left to say to each other.

Will swallows hard.

WILL

Here goes. And this is gonna sound crazy. Because it is fucking crazy. But last night two guys in masks jumped me and strapped a bomb to my chest, and now I have less than eight hours to rob a bank.

Chet just stares at Will, unimpressed.

CHET

You're hysterical. Got me. Great joke. I'm going back to work now.

Will steps in Chet's way. He unbuttons his jacket, revealing the bomb.

CHET

What the fuck? Is that real?

Will nods.

Chet jumps backward, stumbles over a desk and scurries on his ass to the other end of the classroom. He presses himself flat against the wall.

CHET

Stay away from me! What the fuck are you involved in!? Terrorism!?

WILL

Chet, do you really think I'm a terrorist?

CHET

Yes! One of the dumb ones! The ones they convince to wear the bombs!

WILL

I am not fucking around here. Two guys did this to me. And if I don't rob that bank in time this thing is gonna blow.

CHET

Seriously?

WILL

Seriously.

CHET

And your first idea was to come to a school filled with young children?

WILL

I didn't -

CHET

Just back the fuck away from me with that thing.

Will backs all the way up, so that the guys are on opposite ends of the classroom.

WILL

Listen, I think the vest is safe for now. These guys don't want me to blow myself up on accident before I get their money.

CHET

Oh, so you figure the two psychopaths that rigged a bomb to your chest made sure it was safe? There's no margin for error in their fucking bomb vest design!?

WILL

I don't know! All I do know is that this is real. This is happening. And I'm sure you hate me as much as I hate you right now, but I have nowhere else to go.

CHET

For what?

WILL

For help, Chet. I need your help. Please. I can't do this alone.

Chet looks Will over. His desperation is palpable. Chet bites his lip, weighing the situation...

CHET

Damn it!

(takes a breath)

I'd like to tell you to get fucked, but you know what the problem is...I'm a better man than you. And someday, I might actually forgive you. So if I let you blow up, or whatever, that shit might come back and eat at my conscience, and totally affect my relationships with other people. Like my wife and kids and shit.

WILL

That's a...very rational way to look at the situation.

(genuinely)

And you're right, about being a better guy than me.

Chet takes a step toward Will.

CHET

Are you sure that thing isn't gonna blow at any second?

Will just looks at Chet...unable to offer any assurance. After a beat -

CHET

Could you just walk a few feet in front of me for a while?

WILL

I can do that.

Will opens the door, stops, looks back at Chet.

WILL

Thank you.

Will heads out. Chet takes a breath, bracing himself.

INT. HALLWAY, JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Will walks down the empty hallway. He glances back over his shoulder, where Chet walks several feet behind him.

CHET

Yes, I'm still here. I really am this stupid. Just pay attention to where you're going.

WILL

I think I can handle it.

CHET

These floors get waxed once a week. On Tuesday, which today is. You hit a slick patch, trip and fall, and I got a classroom full of kids wearing their skin inside out.

WILL

Chet, I'm fucking nervous enough as it is. Please. I don't need you back seat driving me right now.

CHET

Obviously.

Will stops, turns back toward Chet.

WILL

Just for the record, this isn't a nuclear weapon strapped to my chest. And there are metal lockers on either side of the hallway. If I fall, and if this thing goes off, I'm probably not taking out the whole school.

CHET

Do you really want to debate this?

Will sighs, turns back around. A second later, the school bell rings and kids flood the hallway, changing classes.

Will freezes. Multiple kids shove past him. Chet sweats bullets, gives Will a look of death.

After a beat, the hallway empties again.

CHET
You're an asshole.

WILL
Whatever. It's over.

Will continues walking. He tries to lighten the mood -

WILL
Who was the chick in the white jeans?

CHET
Kristi Evans. Why?

WILL
You know why.

CHET
Oh, come on. Just keep walking.

The guys' voices fade as they continue down the hallway...

WILL
Come on yourself. You knew exactly
who I was talking about.

CHET
Fuck you. She's in the eighth grade.

WILL
I bet you love it when she calls you
Mr. Chet.

CHET
She doesn't call me "Mr. Chet."
She's not a foreigner.

EXT. JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The guys get to Will's car. Chet wraps up a call on his cell -

CHET
...thanks so much, Mrs. Davis. I'll
call you after I talk to the doctor.

Chet hangs up. He is standing by the passenger door. He
looks over the roof of the car at Will.

CHET
So, this is it?

WILL
This is what?

CHET

Once I step inside this car, I'm basically in a steel coffin with you and...that thing. And if it goes off, all they're gonna find in there are two charred bodies and pieces of a bomb. They'll assume we were driving to a government building to blow it up. It'll be all over the news. Next thing you know, some militia or Islam group is claiming us as members. My family will be humiliated.

WILL

We'll also be dead, in that particular situation, so it won't really matter.

CHET

Exactly!

Will sighs.

WILL

I get it. Take your time, man.

Will gets in the car and shuts the door. He looks out at Chet, who stands uncertainly by the passenger side.

CHET

This is the world's biggest favor, you motherfucker. You didn't even help me move last winter.

Chet reluctantly hops in.

INT. MUSTANG - DAY

Will fires up the engine.

CHET

Given the situation, I think you should obey all traffic safety laws.

WILL

Fine.

Will pulls out of the school parking lot.

WILL

Okay, so where are we going?

CHET

I have no idea. I just got in your car. I thought you had a plan.

WILL

Well, I don't! I've been sorta preoccupied with this crushing fear of death!

CHET

No plan. I can't say I'm surprised.

WILL

Your plan is probably better. Just condescend me until I explode.

Will goes to turn on the radio. Chet grabs his hand.

CHET

Maybe we should turn on the radio. See if the signal sets the bomb off. That would be an interesting experiment.

Will heaves a frustrated sigh. Chet eases up.

CHET

Listen, let's just go back to my place. Figure out our options. Maybe you can get the vest off or something. I just don't want to do anything stupid.

WILL

Unless we have to.

The car hits a rough pothole. Chet's heart skips a beat -

CHET

Holy fucking shit!

- and he throws himself against the passenger side window, as far from Will as the confines of the car will allow.

Will slams the brakes.

WILL

Stop it! You're scaring the fuck out of me!

CHET

Okay. Okay. Fuck!

Chet makes the sign of the cross.

CHET

I'm cool now.

Will continues driving. Chet discreetly unlocks the passenger side door.

WILL
Why did you do that?

CHET
Do what?

WILL
I saw you.

CHET
It's in case I have to jump out.

WILL
If I survive the day, and you don't
because you jumped out of a moving
car and broke your neck, I'm gonna
laugh my ass off.

CHET
And if abandoning ship saves my life,
then that laugh will be mine.

The guys continue driving in silence.

SUPER COUNTDOWN: 6 hours, 59 minutes...

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM, CHET'S APARTMENT - DAY

The door is shut. Will sits on the toilet lid. He has the jacket off and we get our first complete look at the vest. The actual structure is composed of hollow metal tubes. The wiring that runs throughout the vest is messy and complicated, purposely so, to scare anyone out of fucking with it.

Will is in the process of trying to contort his arm so he can slide the vest off...no luck.

WILL
It's too tight!

He is calling off toward the

KITCHEN

Where Chet is crouched in a corner, at the furthest point in the furthest room from the bathroom. He uses his laptop to look for websites on disarming a bomb.

CHET
What if we try to separate your
shoulder?

WILL (O.S.)

Fuck you!

CHET

Well, all these sites say different shit. There's not a lot of consensus in the bomb disarming community.

Will emerges from the bathroom, sliding the jacket back on.

WILL

This is pointless.

Chet shuts his laptop.

CHET

I agree. We gotta call the cops, have them fly in the bomb squad or something.

WILL

We can't. These guys said they'd be following me. And I don't have a clue what they look like. For all I know, they're outside right now. They see the cops show up, they blow the vest and cut their losses.

Will stares at Chet, hopelessly overwhelmed.

WILL

What do I do, man? What do I do now?

CHET

I don't know, Will...I guess you gotta rob the bank.

WILL

I haven't been inside a bank in three years! How the fuck am I supposed to rob one!? They wouldn't even give me a savings account!

Will drops onto the couch and puts his head in his hands, fighting hysterics. Chet offers a stock reassurance -

CHET

It's gonna be okay.

WILL

No, it's not! I'm gonna blow up! That's way worse than getting stabbed or shot. At least some people survive that. No one survives being blown up.

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

No one is ever like, "Yeah, I heard Steve got blown up, tough break, but how's he doing now? Is he still in the Rec basketball league?" No of course he isn't, 'cause there's nothing left of Steve except a stain on the wall and a pair of fucking high tops!

Chet looks on as his friend begins to sob. It's a crushing sight. Chet strides across the apartment -

CHET

Pull yourself together!

- and attempts to give him one of those "get a grip" slaps. But Will flinches and Chet slaps him right on the ear.

WILL

Ow! Fuck! I think you popped my eardrum.

CHET

Sorry. Shit. I didn't mean to do that. But just listen to me now. You're not gonna die. You wanna know why? Because you know exactly how to rob a bank.

WILL

What are you talking about?

CHET

Point Break.

WILL

The movie?

CHET

Yes. That movie is like a how-to guide for bank robberies. You just bust in. Masks. Guns. Move fast. Stick to the tellers and don't bother with the vault.

WILL

Yeah...I guess it's pretty simple, right? And it's just a local bank. The Donner-Wells on Charles Road.

CHET

Really? I applied for a job there like a year ago.

WILL
You wanted to be a teller?

CHET
Yeah, so what? It's a good job.
You get benefits.

WILL
Like what, a name tag?

CHET
What kind of benefits do you get?
Free toppings?

WILL
That's really clever. No one ever
said that shit to me before. Anyway,
this is perfect. You know the whole
layout of the bank.

CHET
Not exactly. They didn't hand me
the security schematics with the
application. But I sat in the waiting
area for like 20 minutes. I know
what the place looks like.

WILL
How many guards?

CHET
One. I think.

WILL
That's a start.

CHET
It's a great start. You can do it.

Will pauses.

WILL
You're gonna do it with me, right?

CHET
I was actually gonna stick to giving
tips, ideas...motivational speeches.
More of a consultant or advisory role.

WILL
Jesus Christ, Chet. Please. I'm
begging you here. I need you on
this. If I do it alone, I'm dead.

CHET

Are you gonna cry again?

WILL

That was a moment of weakness.

(beat)

Yes. I'll fucking cry again if that's what it takes.

CHET

I should make you blow me.

WILL

Sure. Whip that shit out. I'm actually kinda curious. I wanna see if Jenny Rifkin lied to you. She obviously lied to me.

Chet cracks a smile.

WILL

All these guys want is 100 grand. We can do this.

CHET

We're gonna rob a bank for 100 grand? Just leave the rest of the money sitting there? Why?

WILL

I don't know. I guess they're very modest criminals. Who the fuck cares? Wait...you said "we" right?

Chet heaves a sigh.

CHET

I'm putting my life on the line for 100 grand...what does 100 grand even buy these days?

CUT TO:

THE GRILLE OF A MURDERED OUT 1997 NISSAN SENTRA

As the car pulls into

EXT. BACK PARKING LOT, DIVE STRIP CLUB - DAY

Where Juicy waits by the service entrance, smoking a cigarette. She spots the car and runs over. It parks and the door opens. A glassy-eyed African-American man (30s) steps out. His muscled body is covered in calligraphic prison ink. This is VAUGHN.

Juicy throws her arms around him.

JUICY

I missed you so much, baby.

VAUGHN

You don't got enough dicks to keep you warm in that place?

JUICY

You know it's not like that. Those guys get Juicy, but you get Marisol.

VAUGHN

Well, Marisol...what I want is to get my money, kill that old ass man, then get the fuck out of here.

JUICY

Then that's how it's gonna go. We're just waiting on a call.

Vaughn stares at her.

VAUGHN

This is my impatient face.

JUICY

Well, I think I can keep you entertained.

Juicy gets in the open driver side door and makes a show of crawling over into the passenger seat.

INT. WALMART - DAY

Fluorescent lights and pop music. Will and Chet roam the aisles with a full shopping basket. They turn into the "Sports & Fitness" section, where they find a variety of air pistols. They are incredibly realistic, though clear and with orange nozzles.

WILL

Should we go with the handguns...or the Uzis?

CHET

Handguns.

WILL

That's such a Murtaugh choice.

CUT TO:

A check out conveyor belt, as the guys' purchases drift past: air pistols, spray paint, ski masks, leather gloves, several 5-Hour Energy drinks.

The tough REGISTER WOMAN looks at the guys with abject disgust.

REGISTER WOMAN

You sure you don't want to grab some condoms?

WILL

Uh, no. Why?

REGISTER WOMAN

Because this is usually what men buy before they rape someone, and I want to make sure you all use protection.

WILL

Lady, we're just...buying some stuff.

REGISTER WOMAN

Is that cash or credit for your rape kit?

Will looks in his empty wallet, takes out a credit card. Chet grabs his hand.

CHEW

We'll pay cash.

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

The van is parked. Dwayne sits behind the wheel. Metallica's "Ride the Lightning" begins to play loudly.

DWAYNE

You really fucked up this mix tape.

Dwayne ejects the tape, tosses it at Jay in the passenger seat.

DWAYNE

We're not speed freaks knocking off a 7-Eleven. We're masterminding a heist here.

JAY

Sorry, Dwayne. That song just means a lot to me.

Dwayne shakes his head. He turns and looks out the windshield: they're parked in the Walmart lot, watching the store entrance.

DWAYNE

I wish he would hurry his shit up.

JAY

You worried about that other guy
he's with?

DWAYNE

No, man. He picked him up at a
school. So long as there ain't any
cops, he can take the whole town
with him. I just want my money.

Dwayne surveys the area. Something catches his attention:
the bland strip mall across the street. There's a Blockbuster,
Subway, and an empty space in between. Dwayne smiles.

JAY

What? You want me to run over to
Subway, get us a couple sandwiches?

DWAYNE

If you had any vision, Jay, you'd
know exactly what I'm thinking about
right now. And it's not a sandwich.

(beat)

Look how well trafficked that shopping
mall is. It's the perfect place for
the tanning salon.

Jay checks it out, nods.

JAY

Oh, you're totally right.

DWAYNE

I've been thinking about it, and I
want you to start off working the
counter. Sounds like a demotion, I
know, but it's an important position.
Because we're gonna be using code
words and shit. For example, if a
customer walks in and says he wants a
tan, that just means he wants a tan.
But if he says he wants a "deluxe
tan," that means a blow job and you
gotta get one of the girls in there
to suck him off. You with me?

JAY

So far. But what if he wants a fuck?

DWAYNE

There's gonna be codes for everything:
missionary, anal, black chicks. I
got it all written down back home in
my files.

(MORE)

DWAYNE (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna bother getting into it with you right now, because you're supposed to be on lookout and you're no good at multitasking.

JAY

Okay. 'Cause they're about to get away.

Dwayne spots the Mustang pulling away.

DWAYNE

Fuck.

He throws the van into gear.

INT. MUSTANG - DAY - MOVING

Will navigates the streets. Chet is in the back seat, where he has newspaper spread out and is spray painting the air pistols, and much of the car, black.

WILL

Be careful, you're getting paint everywhere.

CHET

Are you really worried about your upholstery right now?

WILL

Yes, because if I survive this shit I'm quitting my job. That means I'll probably have to give up my place and I'll be sleeping in the back of my car, which you're covering in toxic paint.

Chet touches up one of the guns, goes to flip it over.

WILL

That side isn't dry yet. You're about to ruin it.

CHET

It says it's fast drying.

WILL

Fast isn't the same as instant. You gotta let it sit for like 20 minutes.

CHET

How would you know? You do a lot of graffiti?

WILL

No, but I spray painted my bike last year after I got my license suspended. I didn't let it dry properly and I fucked it up.

CHET

We don't have time to sit around and literally watch paint dry. Aren't we going straight to the bank?

WILL

I was actually thinking we need to stop and steal a car first.

Chet drops the spray paint, whirls on Will.

CHET

What? No way! We've got a car.

WILL

Yeah, my car. I'm not gonna use it as a getaway vehicle. They can trace the plates. Even if we do get away, we'll be arrested.

CHET

Well, I can't hotwire a fucking automobile, and neither can you.

WILL

That's why I was thinking we'd steal one from your parents' friends. The Fishers. Remember how they used to pay us to clean their garage? They leave the keys in there. And they have a Datsun. That's a fast car.

CHET

I'm not stealing the Fishers' Datsun. Let's steal a car from your parents' friends.

Will seethes. He whips the car over to the side of the road and gets in Chet's face.

WILL

What friends? My parents don't have any. My dad moved away after your big mouth ruined his marriage and humiliated him, and no one wanted to hang out with the mom who everyone knew fucked a lifeguard.

CHET

You never should have told me! I was 13 years old. I couldn't process that kind of information. I had to tell someone else.

(shakes his head)

Fuck. I really am sorry about it. Okay? Despite what I said before. I was just a kid, but I messed up.

WILL

Okay.

Chet looks at Will, expectantly.

CHET

That's it? You're not gonna apologize for selling my Cal Ripken ball?

WILL

Sure. I'm sorry...I'm sorry that my family was going through a rough patch and I was smoking a ton of weed and listening to the Wu Tang Clan all the time. And that I needed some extra dough to indulge my habit. Which, in hindsight, was probably just a cry for help. But you never even noticed.

CHET

Thanks. Now I feel even worse.

Will sits there, stewing for a moment. Then he softens -

WILL

I shouldn't have stolen the ball. I knew it was wrong and I regretted it like the next day. I actually tried to buy it back but the guy wanted twice as much. I had to smoke even more weed just to get past the whole shitty incident. I guess that's why they call it a downward spiral.

CHET

I appreciate that you tried to buy it back. So, thanks.

An awkward moment passes.

CHET

We should probably get going.

Will turns back around, goes to pull out without looking and -

A horn blares as a speeding delivery truck barrels right at them. Will slams the brakes, barely avoiding a collision.

CHET

Fuck! Fuck! I just want this goddamn day to be over!

As Chet continues to freak -

SUPER COUNTDOWN: 5 hours, 15 minutes...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FISHERS' GARAGE - DAY

Will keeps watch of the house. Chet squeezes through a garage window he has pried open.

INT. THE FISHERS' GARAGE - DAY

Chet drops ungracefully to the floor, right beside a well maintained 1977 Datsun 240Z.

Chet hurries over and unlocks the side door. Will enters, hauling the Walmart bag of supplies. He goes right for a set of hooks on the wall.

WILL

The keys aren't here. They always used to leave the keys out.

CHET

Yeah. When we were teenagers. This is fucked.

WILL

Let's just find them.

The guys ransack the garage. Chet knocks over a shelf full of clutter.

CHET

Sorry.

Will goes to the car and tries the handle. It's open. He scours the interior.

CHET

You hear that?

WILL

What?

Chet peeks through the glass pane in the door.

CHET
Mr. Fisher is coming!

As he looks for an escape -

CHET
Oh shit, oh shit. Are the keys in there?

WILL
No!

Will hops out of the car. He rifles through the Walmart bag.

CHET
What are you doing?

Will pulls the ski masks out of the bag, along with one of the freshly painted air pistols.

WILL
I'm doing what I have to.

Will puts a ski mask on, then throws one to Chet. The door opens and MR. FISHER (60s) enters. Chet quickly pulls down his mask. It's backwards.

Will levels the pistol -

MR. FISHER
Oh, Jesus!

Mr. Fisher braces himself against a wall. Chet fumbles to turn his mask around. Will affects a deep voice -

WILL
Where are the car keys?

MR. FISHER
They're in my pocket! I'm just reaching in my pocket for the keys!

WILL
Quiet down and do it already.

Mr. Fisher reaches into his pocket and produces the keys. They jingle as he holds them out in his trembling hand. Will snatches them.

WILL
Now listen, I don't want you to report this car stolen or anything until later tonight. Let's say 5 o'clock. 6 to be safe.

MR. FISHER

Sure. Anything you say.

Will seems unconvinced. He looks to Chet, who shrugs. Will turns back to Mr. Fisher and gestures violently with the gun -

WILL

If you fuck with us, I swear, I will...I will shoot your son. Taylor. I know where he works. At the fucking travel agency. He's the douchebag with the bangs.

MR. FISHER

(stunned)

Please no. I won't do anything. I won't. Just leave Taylor alone.

WILL

I'm gonna trust you. But if you call the police, there's gonna be an undertaker styling his stupid fucking bangs!

(beat)

Now open the garage door.

Mr. Fisher hits a switch that raises the garage door. Chet grabs their stuff and gets in the passenger side. Will backs toward the driver side.

WILL

The car's insured, right?

Mr. Fisher nods.

WILL

Okay. I feel better. Worse comes to worst, something happens to it, you can get a Honda. This thing doesn't even have airbags.

MR. FISHER

Please, just go.

Will slides into the car and starts it up.

EXT. THE FISHERS' GARAGE - DAY

The car peels away.

INT. DATSUN - DAY - MOVING

The guys yank off their ski masks.

CHET

That old man's got a heart condition!
You could have killed him!

WILL

My hand was forced!

Chet tries to get comfortable in the seat.

CHET

Awesome. I'm stuck inside an even
smaller car with you and a bomb.

Will works the manual transmission. He steps on the gas.

WILL

This thing's got some pickup.

CHET

Could you just take it easy, we're
doing fine on time.

WILL

I know...but there's one last stop
we have to make.

CHET

Do you have to take a piss first?
Because I do.

Will nervously drums his fingers on the steering wheel, trying
to figure out how to say -

WILL

I need to see your sister.

CHET

Are you for real? Did you really
just ask me that? You salt-in-an-
open-wound motherfucker!

WILL

Chet, as if it isn't apparent, I may
die today. I'll probably die today.
And if there's one small thing that's
clear to me now, it's that I've wasted
two and a half decades as a pussy,
watching everything I want pass me
by. I don't wanna peace out of this
world as a pussy. I need to tell
her how I feel.

CHET

You're really gonna turn this into
some sort of dying wish bullshit?

WILL

Yes, I really am. It means that much to me. I am not fucking around here.

CHET

I don't think you are. I mean, apparently, you love my sister so much that you're willing to put her life in danger by going to see her with a bomb strapped to your chest.

WILL

She won't be in danger. I promise. I got it all worked out. And you can even take a piss while I'm inside.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

The Datsun pulls around and parks in back.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL the minivan parking across the street.

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

Dwayne and Jay watch Will hurry out of the Datsun.

DWAYNE

Where the fuck is he going? What's in there? Some sort of FBI headquarters? I told that guy not to fuck around!

Dwayne pulls out his cell phone, punches in the speed dial code. His finger hovers above the send button.

DWAYNE

Maybe I should give that bomb a call.

JAY

No! Let me just go see what he's up to.

Dwayne smirks.

DWAYNE

I was just fucking around. Are you gay for this guy or something?

JAY

I just wanna get the money, Dwayne. Same as you.

DWAYNE

All right. Then man up and go check it out.

As Jay reaches for the door handle -

DWAYNE

Don't even tell me you're about to do a reconnaissance without a cover. What's your cover?

JAY

I don't know...I'm from the telephone company?

DWAYNE

Yeah, nice fucking uniform.

Dwayne rummages in the back of the car, produces a shopping bag and starts filling it with random clothes strewn across the car. He shoves the bag at Jay.

DWAYNE

You're a personal shopper. You're delivering the latest fashions to Mr. Quilby in marketing. Got it?

Jay nods, hops out with the bag and slams the door.

Dwayne looks down at the cell phone in his hand, twirls it as he hums a revival song...sings the lyrics, softly -

DWAYNE

"He's got the whole world in his hands. He's got whole fucking world in his hands..."

INT. STAIRWELL, OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Will runs up the stairs, a phone pressed to his ear -

WILL

...no, I'm here right now.

KATE (O.S.)

(over phone)

Why are you acting so strange?

WILL

Because strange shit is going on. I'll explain everything. Just meet me where I texted you.

KATE (O.S.)

Will -

WILL

Please. Just do it.

EXT. ROOF, OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

You can see the entire shitty town from up here. The access door opens and Kate emerges, wind tousling her short hair.

KATE
(calling out)
Will?

Will waves at her from where he is standing, way across on the other side of the roof. Kate starts toward him.

WILL
Stop!

Will takes out his cell phone and dials. Kate's phone rings. She answers it, confused.

KATE
What are you doing?

We STAY on Will. We can see Kate, standing 30 feet away, but her voice comes over Will's cell phone, with a delay that is slightly jarring.

WILL
Just don't come any closer.

KATE
Why not? What's going on?

WILL
I'm gonna give you the short version of an incredibly complicated and fucked up situation, so please be cool.
(beat)
Some very bad guys strapped a bomb to my chest and they are forcing me to commit a crime.

KATE
Will, I swear, if this is -

WILL
I wish I was joking, but I'm not. I know it's a lot to swallow, but you gotta take it on face value, because there's a timer attached to this thing and it's counting down.

Kate's voice falters -

KATE
Oh my god, Will...we'll get help.
I'll get you help.

WILL

I didn't come here for help. I'm taking care of it. I came here because, should things not work out today as I would like them to, I want you to know why I was doing the things I did.

KATE

Please, just let me call someone. Let me do something. This is crazy!

WILL

I don't disagree with you. It's fucking nuts. But that's not even what this is about.

(struggling)

Do you remember when you found that picture in my car of you, me and Chet, with Chet cut out of it?

KATE

Will, I can't remember about some stupid picture while you're -

WILL

I need you to remember about the picture, and about how I stop by your office every Friday, and how I've always hated all your boyfriends, and how the two girls I've ever seriously dated have looked like less attractive versions of you.

(beat)

Do you see where I'm going with this? I love you Kate. I have for a very long time.

Kate is barely holding it together.

KATE

Will, this is a lot you're putting on me! You just told me people are trying to kill you or something, and now you say you love me. What the fuck is going on?

WILL

A whole lot of shit. I'm sorry to do this to you, but I was afraid I'd never get the chance to tell you. And I know you have feelings for me, too. Maybe you feel for me the way you feel for a good friend, or - if the world fucking hates me - a brother.

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

But what I hope is that you don't really know how you feel for me, and that maybe when you figure it out you'll realize it's the same way I feel for you. Does that make any sense?

KATE

Yes. I mean, I've known you forever. It's not an easy thing to figure out.

WILL

I don't need an answer now. Just think about it. And no matter what you decide, you're too good for assholes like Mark and the rest of them.

Kate manages a small, stifled laugh.

KATE

Okay. I will process all of this. It's just, the bomb -

WILL

It's distracting. I know. Anyway, I'd love to stay and talk some more, but I can't. I gotta ask you to leave now, because I'm running out of time.

Kate nods. Will hangs up the phone. She turns back toward the access door, stops. She yells across the roof at Will -

KATE

If I had time to think about it...I'd probably tell you that I've always felt very strongly for you. And I've never thought of you as a brother.

Will smiles, yells back -

WILL

That's a huge relief. Don't say anything else. I just really don't want to die now.

KATE

Try not to. Please.

Kate turns and continues to the access door.

INT. STAIRWELL, OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Jay paces about the landing that leads up to the roof. He hears the door opening and hurries down to the entrance for the nearest floor. He tries the door, but it's locked.

Kate enters the stairwell from the roof access door and spots Jay trying to force the door open. She is holding back tears. He just looks incredibly confused.

JAY

I'm, uh...I'm a personal shopper.
I'm looking for Mr. Quilby.

KATE

I'm sorry, I don't know who that is.

Kate continues down the stairs, tears coming now. Jay waits a beat, then hurries down and tries the door on the next level, which is open.

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

Jay jumps in the van, huffing and puffing.

DWAYNE

So?

JAY

It was just his girlfriend or something.

DWAYNE

Getting one last blow job in case he
don't make it. I kinda like this guy.

INT. DATSUN - DAY

Will, galvanized by the exchange, hops inside.

CHET

Did you tell her how you saw her naked
when she was 13? That always works.

WILL

I said my piece. She's gonna think
about it.

CHET

Shut up. She was freaked out.

WILL

Yes. By the bomb.

CHET

By you.

WILL

Would it be so bad if we ended up together? You and I would be family.

CHET

I don't want you in the family. You bring very little to the table. I want her to be with someone awesome. A pro quarterback. A war hero. At the very least, someone I've never watched porn with.

WILL

Well, now it's up to her.

CHET

Not if I set that bomb off myself.

WILL

Then you'd probably never get to rob a bank.

Will throws the car into gear and pulls away.

SUPER COUNTDOWN: 4 hours, 10 minutes...

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT, DONNER-WELLS NATIONAL BANK - DAY

The Datsun is parked in the half-full lot. The guys lean against the driver side, with their backs to the bank and the car providing cover. They each have a spray painted air pistol tucked into their pants.

WILL

You go for the money. I'll cover the crowd. In and out.

Chet clasps his hands around his stomach.

CHET

I'm not feeling so good. I drank like three of those 5-Hour Energy drinks.

WILL

It's just nerves. Let's pull our shit together and do this thing.

Chet reigns it in. The guys slide on the leather gloves and rolled up ski masks. They turn and stride toward the bank.

The guys stop as they get to the door. They pull the ski masks down and take out their air pistols.

CHET

What should I call you in there,
like if I need to ask you to do
something?

WILL

Call me Tivon. You'll be Darius.

CHET

I can tell you're not a black guy
through the ski mask.

WILL

Fine. Then you'll be Luis and I'm
Cruz. We're two loco motherfuckers
and that's the way we gotta roll
when we get in there.

INT. DONNER-WELLS NATIONAL BANK - DAY

It's business as usual for a dozen CUSTOMERS and about as
many EMPLOYEES. They all just want to get done with their
shit and go home, when -

Will and Chet burst through the bank doors, guns in hand.

WILL

Everybody put your hands in the air!

CHET

No, get on the ground!

WILL

Actually, listen to him and get on
the fucking ground!

Will and Chet are on an adrenaline high, waving their guns
everywhere. People scream.

WILL

Shut up! Please!

Will frantically scans the panicked crowd for -

The SECURITY GUARD (40s), rail thin and jumpy. Will points
his gun right at him.

WILL

You, just stand right there and don't
do shit! The rest of you get the
fuck down! Spread your arms and legs!
Why is no one listening to me!?

SECURITY GUARD

Just take it easy, man!

WILL

Don't be a hero, cowboy!

SECURITY GUARD

What the fuck does that mean? I'm
not a hero! Or a cowboy!

As people drop to the ground, whispering nervously to one
another -

Chet rushes the TELLERS standing behind the bulletproof glass
partition.

CHET

All of you, back away from the counter
and get out here! Anyone pushes a
button and one of these people gets
totally shot!

The Tellers hurry into the main area of the bank and get
onto their stomachs.

Will looks to the Guard.

WILL

Very slowly, take out your gun and
toss it away.

The Guard takes out his gun, lays it on the ground and shoves
it away. The gun slides across the waxed floor and -

Right into the outstretched hand of a sobbing MOM (40s),
whose DAUGHTER (11) lies beside her in a soccer uniform.

MOM

Oh, god! I don't want the gun!

WILL

(to Guard)

What the fuck!? Did you do that on
purpose!?

SECURITY GUARD

It was an accident!

CHET

Are you guys working together?

MOM

No! Please take this gun away!

WILL

Just toss it, lady!

The Mom slides the gun away like it were on fire. It skids all the way across the floor, slams hard against a wall and

BLAM!

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Ah!

A FAT MAN has been shot. He clutches his thigh.

FAT MAN

I think she got the femoral artery!

MOM

I'm sorry! It was an accident!

FAT MAN

Fuck you! Who slides a gun like that!?

DAUGHTER

Mommy, what's happening!?

MOM

Christi, be quiet. These men are dangerous.

Chet turns ashen. He moves close to Will, whispers urgently -

CHET

This is fucked. That dude is gonna bleed out and we're gonna go to prison.

WILL

Just calm down.

FAT MAN

Why is no one getting me help!?

WILL

Is anyone here a doctor?

Nothing. Just the heavy breathing of many frightened people.

Will hurries over to the Fat Man, who is bent over, hugging his leg.

WILL

Sir, let me see where you're hit.

FAT MAN

Just call me an ambulance!

WILL

Calm down, sir.

The Fat Man sits up, removes his hand from his leg. Will nervously takes a look. There is only a small amount of blood.

WILL

It's just a flesh wound. You're gonna be okay.

FAT MAN

But it hurts so bad.

WILL

You got shot, man. It's not supposed to feel good. But you're gonna be fine. And you'll have a great story to tell everyone.

FAT MAN

This is an awful story! This isn't a bank error in my favor! I got shot!

WILL

Point taken. Luis, how we doing on the money?

Chet snaps back to attention -

CHET

Oh, shit. Sorry, Cruz.

Chet picks out the most harmless looking teller, a mousy 20-something girl, and helps her up off the ground. He checks her name tag: SANDRA.

CHET

Hey, Sandra. I know you're probably scared right now, but if you go grab us 100 grand in a bag, we'll get out of here. This will all be over and you'll be fine. You trust me?

Sandra nods. Chet smiles, reassuringly. She hurries behind the counter, starts filling a bank bag with cash, as -

FAT MAN

My leg really hurts!

WILL

Can you please hurry up, Sandra!?

Sandra emerges from behind the partition with the bank bag. Will grabs it. He takes a last look at the people spread across the floor.

WILL

I'm really sorry, everyone. I know we probably fucked up your day.

(looks to Fat Man)

I'm thinking of you in particular, sir. Actually, you know what...

Will crosses to the Fat Man, offers the bank bag.

WILL

Quickly. Peel a few bills. On me. Anyone rats him to the cops and I'm coming for you. I remember faces.

The Fat Man hesitantly reaches for the bag. Opens it -

Red Dye explodes all over his face. He shrieks. Chet whirls on the teller.

CHET

What the fuck was that about, Sandra? I thought we had something going! What happened to trust?

SANDRA

I'm sorry! They make us do it!

WILL

Could you kindly fill another bag? Not a bank bag. A fucking garbage bag. And Luis, will you watch her this time?

Sandra hurries back behind the partition with Chet. He dumps out the contents of a trash can, grabs the bag and watches closely as Sandra stuffs it with cash.

CHET

Okay. That should be enough.

Chet grabs the bag and hustles out toward Will. They are home free, until -

They hear the wail of approaching sirens outside. They stop cold, panicked. Will whirls on the Tellers.

WILL

Fuck! Which one of you assholes tripped the alarm!? Was it you, Sandra!?

SANDRA

No! It was Mark! He pushed the button when you guys came in!

Another teller, MARK, looks up from the floor.

MARK

Sandra, you bitch! Now they're gonna
kill us both!

SANDRA

Fuck you, Mark! You're the manager!

Will loses his shit -

WILL

Fuck both of you! Fuck all of you!
I'm a regular guy! Just like you!
I'm a regular guy and you fucked me!
Thank you for fucking a regular guy!

People are freaked out. Sandra is crying, thinking she will
probably get shot now.

Chet grabs Will and pulls him toward the door.

CHET

Let's just get the fuck out of here.

The guys slam through the doors, out into

EXT. PARKING LOT, DONNER-WELLS NATIONAL BANK - DAY

Just as a lone police cruiser screeches into the lot. Will
and Chet make a run for it, but the cruiser cuts them off.

OFFICER ZURMAN (21), a jittery rookie, jumps out of the cruiser
and levels his gun. The guys reflexively level theirs.

OFFICER ZURMAN

Drop your weapons!

CHET

Don't shoot us!

OFFICER ZURMAN

Drop the guns or I'll have to!

Chet looks at Will with utter desperation. In the distance,
they hear the sirens of more cops approaching. Will tosses
his gun, rips open his jacket and grabs a cluster of wires.

WILL

Fuck you! You just brought a gun to
a bomb fight, officer! I pull these
wires out and we all go! You got
ten seconds to drop your gun and -

Zurman doesn't stick around for the rest. He turns and
sprints away.

As the guys make for the Datsun -

CHET
That was awesome.

WILL
He was tempting a desperate
motherfucker.

The guys jump in the Datsun and peel out as two more police cruisers race toward the bank. The cruisers change course and give chase. The Datsun blows right by the parked

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

Dwayne watches as the cars speed off into the distance.

DWAYNE
Holy shit! Our boy is causing some
serious mayhem!

JAY
He's gonna get caught or killed.

Dwayne whirls on Jay, punches him hard in the shoulder.

DWAYNE
Shut the fuck up! If you jinx this
with your negativity, I'm gonna strap
a bomb to your chest next.

Jay massages his shoulder, pissed.

JAY
Oh, yeah, who's gonna build it?

DWAYNE
You are!

EXT. STREET - DAY

Whiplash blur as the three cars race by, one after the other. Airborne leaves flutter in their wake.

INT./EXT. DATSUN - DAY - MOVING

Chet freaks out as they hurtle toward lunchtime traffic. Will weaves in and out of cars.

CHET
Shit! This is not cool!

Will is wild eyed, punching the gas. Chet's head is on a swivel. Behind them: police cruisers in hot pursuit. Up ahead: the world rushing at them at 80 mph, populated by nothing but potential collisions that will result in a fiery death.

CHET

Maybe we should pull over and
surrender.

WILL

I can outrun these guys. They're
not the FBI, they're local cops.
Just shut up and let me concentrate.
I do this for a living.

As they clip the side-view mirror off a Kia -

CHET

You don't do anything like this for a
living! I am not a pizza, I am a man!

The cruisers are gaining ground, throttles wide open.

Will downshifts, spiking the RPMs into the red, as he banks
a hard right and

EXT. TOWN CENTER - DAY

The Datsun explodes onto a crowded street. PEDESTRIANS
crossing an intersection jump out of its way.

The cruisers take the turn into town. One makes it. The
other slams into parked cars.

INT./EXT. DATSUN - DAY - MOVING

Will jumps the curb to avoid slow-moving traffic, slams into a
newspaper dispenser. It flips up onto the hood and crashes
into the windshield, where it stays lodged.

WILL

Holy fuck!

Will veers back into the street and blindly plows ahead as
cars he cannot see swerve to avoid him.

He finally slams the brakes, the momentum knocking the
dispenser loose and launching it onto the sidewalk, scattering
Pedestrians.

Chet whirls around to see the cruiser flying right at them.

CHET

Go! Go! Go!

Will steps on the gas. The light ahead turns red.

CHET

Stop! Stop! Stop!

Will rolls the dice and blows through the intersection. He's lucky. The cruiser behind him is not. It's T-boned by traffic in a brutal, crunching collision.

INT./EXT. DATSUN - DAY - MOVING

The cruiser wreckage disappears in the rear-view mirror as Will floors it toward a green light.

WILL

That guy got fucked up.

In the rushing moment as they cross the intersection, Chet glimpses the other cruiser barreling toward his side of the car from the perpendicular street. He has a millisecond, maybe, to process their impending doom, and then -

The cruiser smashes into the back passenger side of the car.

EXT. TOWN CENTER - DAY

The Datsun is sent spinning like a fucking top. Its ruined back wheel catches, sending the car tumbling onto its roof.

INT./EXT. DATSUN - DAY - MOVING

Madness. The guys scream as the car continues to slide, upside down, out of control. As it slams into a row of parking meters, the world goes

BLACK

Will blinks back to reality. He's hanging, inverted, by his seat belt. The car is a pool of shattered glass. It twinkles up at him. Hours could have passed, but it's only been seconds. He sucks in air. Satisfied that he is, in fact, still alive, he looks over at -

A battered and bruised Chet, head drooping straight back.

WILL

Chet? Are you okay? Chet!?

CHET

(rousing)

Oh my god...

WILL

Talk to me.

CHET

I thought you were gonna blow up.

Will's hands go to the bomb...still intact.

WILL
No. Luckily your side took most of
the impact.

CHET
Awesome.

WILL
We gotta keep moving.

Will unclicks his seat belt and falls to the roof of the car. He moves to Chet, unclicks his belt and helps him down.

EXT. TOWN CENTER - DAY

Will emerges from the overturned car. He drags Chet out, along with the bag of cash. He glances up to see the OFFICER who crashed into them stumbling out of his own ruined car, which has turned a fire hydrant into a geyser. Another cruiser races to the scene.

WILL
Oh, fuck, man. Come on.

Will pulls Chet to his feet and they take off, rounding a corner into

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

As Will huffs and puffs -

WILL
Chet...I don't know how to tell you
this...but you got a piece of the
car in you.

CHET
What!?

WILL
In your back.

Chet glances back to see a jagged piece of metal sticking out of his shoulder blade.

CHET
Ah! Get it out!

WILL
I will.

CHET
Do it now!

WILL

All right.

Without breaking stride, Will yanks the piece of metal out of Chet's back. He screams.

CHET

Is it rusty? Am I gonna get tetanus?

Behind them, two Officers turn into the alley in full sprint. They are way faster than the guys and soon gain on them. Will can barely keep up with Chet.

CHET

Why are you moving so slowly?

WILL

It's a combination of cheap sneakers and this heavy fucking bomb on my chest!

They burst out of the alley, onto

EXT. STREET - DAY

The guys frantically search for an escape, spot -

A bus pulling up to a stop down the street.

They sprint for the the bus, peeling off their ski masks and waving as it lazily rolls away from the stop.

WILL

Hey! Over here!

The bus slows and the guys trip over each other to board it.

INT. BUS - DAY - MOVING

The guys fall into seats, gasping for air, a complete mess.

Will looks out the window to see the Officers emerge from the alley and look around for them.

EXT. TOWN CENTER - DAY

A crowd has grown around the crash sites. Fire trucks and ambulances are on the scene.

Dwayne and Jay make their way through the crowd, trying to see what's what. Dwayne approaches a RANDOM LOCAL.

DWAYNE

You hear what happened to the guys they were after?

RANDOM LOCAL
Sounds like they got away.

Dwayne and Jay beam.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

The guys are covered in sweat as they hike along, eyes on the lookout. They arrive at Will's parked Mustang. Will hugs the car.

WILL
I never thought I'd see you again.

CHET
I thought you hated this car.

WILL
It's actually not that bad. You know,
as compared to that Datsun. The
Mustang's got more comfortable seats.
And it never would have flipped over.

INT. MUSTANG - DAY

The guys get in. They sit there for a moment, silent except for their heavy breathing. Will's eyes go to the garbage bag sitting between them.

WILL
There's a 100 grand in there. 100
fucking grand. Which we stole.
From a bank.

CHET
I told a bunch of people I was gonna
shoot someone. I was like "you
fucking move, and I will kill you
where you stand!"

WILL
I threatened to blow up a cop.
(beat)
And you never said "I will kill you
where you stand."

CHET
I know. But shit did get pretty crazy.

WILL
Yeah, it did.

Will starts to get a little emotional.

WILL

You know, there's no one I would have rather taken down a fucking bank with. I mean that.

Chet smiles.

CHET

Me, neither.

WILL

And as for all that shit I said...and all that shit I did...I hope you can forgive me. We've been friends for so long, and I guess you hurt the people you're closest to the most.

CHET

I messed up, too. I'm a dude who slept with his best friend's ex-girlfriend, and destroyed his parents' marriage, and sat on the sidelines watching his downward spiral. I'm a shitty human being. But I'm glad you know that now, because you can accept me for who I am.

WILL

I do. I accept you. Because you accept me.

Will goes in for a hug. Chet gets lost in the moment, before recoiling.

CHET

Woah! You still got a bomb on you.

WILL

You're right. Let's take care of that. But you owe me a hug.

Will pulls the slip of paper Dwayne gave him from his pocket.

WILL

It's all gravy from here.

Will takes out his cell and dials the number.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. TOWN CENTER - DAY

Dwayne and Jay cross toward a McDonald's. Dwayne stops and answers his vibrating cell phone.

DWAYNE

This who I think it is?

WILL (O.S.)

Can't you hear the ticking in the background?

DWAYNE

You know, you're a pretty funny guy.

WILL (O.S.)

Thanks. I'm happy to entertain a complete psychopath.

DWAYNE

Now wait a second, you're the murderer.

WILL (O.S.)

What's that supposed to mean?

DWAYNE

One of those cops who wrecked his car chasing you...he ain't breathing no more.

Will goes white, covers the phone and whispers to Chet -

WILL

We killed a cop.

CHET

You were driving! I'm just an accomplice!

WILL

They're gonna hunt us down and kill us. Cops don't take this shit lightly.

CHET

I bet he had like eight kids. We have to find them and support his family forever.

Dwayne is holding back laughter. Finally bursts out.

WILL (O.S.)

What's so fucking funny!?

DWAYNE

I'm just messin' with you. You didn't kill anyone. How'd a moron like you manage to rob a bank?

WILL (O.S.)

Jesus! Can we just get this over with? Where do you want the money?

DWAYNE

There's a boarded up gas station out on Commerce Avenue, past the highway. Be there in 30 minutes.

WILL (O.S.)

I'll be there in ten.

DWAYNE

Then you'll be standing around with your dick in one hand, and my money in the other.

Dwayne hangs up. He dials another number -

DWAYNE

Yo, Juicy, wrangle your boy. Money's on its way.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The Mustang shrieks past us.

SUPER COUNTDOWN: 2 hours, 58 minutes...

CUT TO:

INT. MCDONALD'S - DAY

Dwayne and Jay sit at a table with a fast food feast spread out. Dwayne eats a Big Mac, a look of utter satisfaction on his face, a man whom the gods have finally smiled down upon.

DWAYNE

I remember the summer after my mother passed was the first year they had the Monopoly game at McDonald's. I musta come here three times a day trying to collect all the game pieces. Packed on 20 pounds, got acne from all the grease. The Major said I was the fattest, ugliest 13-year-old he ever laid eyes on. But I didn't care, I just wanted to win the money and get the fuck out of there. So, one night, I followed this skinny register kid home, jumped him. I kept whaling on him, asking him where they were hiding the Park Place piece. The million dollar prize. But he didn't know shit. A year later, The Major won the lotto. I asked him for a Sega Genesis. He bought me one of those paddles with the ball attached.

Dwayne goes for a fry, sees his carton is empty and grabs a handful of Jay's.

DWAYNE

I'm not ashamed to admit that I've gone through some dark times since then. Depression. Addiction to a variety of shit, which I won't go into. I know you must think that's pretty silly, especially since you manage to get through the day and you don't got shit going on as compared to me. But that's just the way it is. That's life.

Jay looks pretty affected that Dwayne is opening up to him.

JAY

You know, I've been pretty low, too... if you ever want to talk about that kinda stuff.

DWAYNE

No. I don't. My whole point I was trying to make before you interrupted me was that that shit is all in the past. 'Cause I did it. I finally pulled it off.

JAY

We pulled it off, Dwayne. The two us. We're a good team.

DWAYNE

Are we? Would you do anything to protect me, my money, my empire?

JAY

Yeah, sure...

(nervous)

I mean, like what kinda stuff are we talking about?

Dwayne takes out his cell, keys in the speed dial code and slides the cell across the table to Jay.

DWAYNE

Would you push the button?

JAY

Why would you want me to do that?

DWAYNE

It's just a question, Jay. Would you? If I asked you?

(MORE)

DWAYNE (CONT'D)

I mean, it's no different than those watermelons.

JAY

Watermelons aren't alive.

DWAYNE

Yeah, they are. Not the ones you blew up, though.

Dwayne stares hard at Jay. A tense beat.

JAY

No one gets hurt...right, Dwayne?

DWAYNE

Oh, yeah. I forgot about that part.

Dwayne cracks a smile.

DWAYNE

Anyway, he hasn't even made the drop yet. I'm gonna go take a shit. Stay away from the bathroom. Someone could get hurt.

Dwayne heads off. Jay eyes the cell phone he has left behind.

EXT. BOARDED UP GAS STATION - DAY

Weeds have overtaken the abandoned place. Will leans against his parked car, waiting. Chet is nowhere to be seen.

Will spots Vaughn's Sentra approach. It pulls into the station and Vaughn steps. He could not look more menacing. Juicy hangs back in the passenger seat.

WILL

Where are the other guys?

VAUGHN

I'm the only guy.

(beat)

You got it?

Will picks up the garbage bag at his feet and walks it over to Vaughn. He opens it, looks in.

VAUGHN

What the fuck did you do...rob a bank?

WILL
(incredulous)
Yes.

Vaughn grins.

WILL
Now where's the code?

VAUGHN
I don't have any code.

Vaughn turns to leave. Will grabs his arm. Vaughn stops, looks purposefully down at Will's hand. Will draws back.

WILL
Listen, man, I just want the code.

VAUGHN
I don't know what the fuck you're talking about.

WILL
The code for the fucking bomb!

Will opens his jacket. Vaughn takes a sudden step back.

VAUGHN
What kind of stupid motherfucker wears a bomb to a drop?

WILL
Your boss put this on me.

VAUGHN
I am my boss.

WILL
Then give me the code!

VAUGHN
Motherfucker, I don't know no goddamn code. Whoever told you I did, lied to you. Now step the fuck off, or I'll shoot you in the face so you don't explode and mess up my boots.

Vaughn goes to leave again. Will runs ahead of him and gets in his way.

WILL
If you don't have the code, I want that money back.

VAUGHN

The only way you're getting this money back is if you kill me.

WILL

You don't know what I've gone through for that money!

In an instant, Vaughn has his gun out, aimed at Will's head.

VAUGHN

Do I look sympathetic? Now step the fuck aside.

INT. SENTRA - DAY

Juicy looks on with interest as Vaughn holds Will at gunpoint. Then she spots

EXT. BOARDED UP GAS STATION - DAY

Chet creeping up behind Vaughn, from wherever he was hiding, clutching a large metal pipe.

Juicy jumps out of the Sentra.

JUICY

Vaughn, look out!

Vaughn whirls around toward Chet, just in time to have his gun arm smashed by the pipe. The weapon drops from his hand. Chet takes another swing, cracking Vaughn across the face. He howls, blood spraying, and topples over. Chet goes for another swing, when -

Juicy jumps on him, wildly biting and clawing.

Will grabs the back of Juicy's track jacket for leverage and flings her away. She hits the back of the Sentra and careens clear across the trunk.

WILL

Let's go!

Will grabs the money. Chet kicks Vaughn's gun into the bushes. The guys break for the Mustang and get in.

Juicy gets to her feet, runs right by a dazed Vaughn and after the car, which pulls out into the road and leaves her behind, screaming and cursing.

INT. MUSTANG - DAY - MOVING

Will's mind is racing.

WILL
What the fuck was that?

CHET
They tried to screw us. You're a liability. They were just gonna let you blow up.

WILL
Not with the money they won't.

INT. JAY'S GARAGE WORKSHOP - DAY

A tidy space, filled with various half-finished devices, action figures and heavy metal posters. A low mechanical hum registers.

Dwayne sits on a stool in the center of the garage, while Jay carefully trims his hair with an electric clipper. Dwayne holds up a mirror to check out his work.

DWAYNE
Never comes out this nice when I do it myself. You might wanna take some more off the top, though. I wanna look real professional when I go down to the morgue to identify the body.

Dwayne's phone chimes from a nearby counter. He grabs it, looks at the incoming number, slightly concerned. He answers -

DWAYNE
You drop the money yet?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MUSTANG - DAY - MOVING

Will yells into the phone -

WILL
No! I've still got the money! And I cracked your friend's face open!

DWAYNE (O.S.)
Why the fuck would you do that!?

WILL
You lied! You said I'd get the code!

Dwayne is panicked, covers badly -

DWAYNE
I gave him the code. He told me he committed it to memory.
(MORE)

DWAYNE (CONT'D)

He was probably just embarrassed that he forgot it. I'll call him up and -

WILL (O.S.)

You didn't give him shit! I want the code now or you'll never see this money!

DWAYNE

Hold on there, big man. You got a bomb on you. I got a cell phone that detonates it. You're not exactly negotiating from a position of leverage.

WILL (O.S.)

I'm holding the money. I blow up, and it blows up. Who has the leverage now? Go ahead and push the button, you idiot.

Chet freaks out -

CHET

Don't tell him to push the button! Pull over! Pull over!

Dwayne is getting pissed off.

DWAYNE

Why don't you watch what the fuck you say! I own you! I tell you to rob a bank, and you rob a bank. I tell you to give me the money, and you give me the goddamn money and hope I show you some mercy.

WILL (O.S.)

I'm tired of this bullshit. I'm already dead, right? So fuck you. At least I'll die rich. I can't say the same for you.

The line goes dead. Dwayne tears off his haircut smock.

DWAYNE

That piece of shit hung up on me!

INT. MUSTANG - DAY - MOVING

Chet grabs the wheel and forces Will to pull over.

CHET

Get me out of this car!

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Chet jumps out while the Mustang is still slowing down. He runs 20 yards away. Will turns the car off and gets out.

CHET

That was colossally stupid!

WILL

It was a negotiation tactic. He'll call back and I won't answer. Then he'll call back and I will answer, and he'll realize the only way he gets the money is if he gives me the code.

CHET

Sure! That seems like a perfectly logical pattern of thought! I bet that's exactly what he'll do!

INT. JAY'S GARAGE WORKSHOP - DAY

Dwayne tries Will's phone again. It goes to voicemail. He explodes like a pack of Mentos in a two-liter of Diet Coke. Throws his cell across the room. Overturns a work table.

DWAYNE

Does this guy know who the fuck I am!?

Jay retreats into a corner. Dwayne's a big boy, and he soon tires himself out, hunches over, panting.

JAY

Dwayne...you never told me you weren't going to give him the code.

DWAYNE

We're not amateurs. He was a loose end. I let him live, someday I woulda been walking out of my mansion and... bam! FBI, CIA, NSA, all converging on my front lawn, 'cause a loose end turned state's evidence and they got what they need to put me away.

Dwayne shakes his head. Starts digging through the mess he's made...finds his phone.

DWAYNE

Fuck it, Jay. I'll just kill The Major myself.

Dwayne keys in the speed dial code.

JAY

Don't do it.

Dwayne looks down at the send button.

DWAYNE

You know what they say about a tree falling in the forest? Maybe the same thing applies to blowing up some motherfucker across town. Maybe it doesn't even make a sound.

Dwayne hits send.

DWAYNE

Boom.

But Dwayne notices something...the phone in his hand is ringing. He puts it to his ear. The line connects -

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hello...who is this...hello...?

Dwayne snaps the phone shut, looks to Jay, who tries to will the beads of sweat back into his pores.

DWAYNE

Who did I just call, Jay? 'Cause she sounded cute for a bomb.

JAY

(swallows hard)

Gina Kim. My seventh grade crush. Or whoever lives in Gina Kim's house now.

DWAYNE

Where's the number for the bomb?

JAY

In my head. I switched it out of your phone while you were taking a shit. You're out of control, Dwayne.

DWAYNE

I'm in perfect control!

Dwayne charges Jay. Jay holds up the hair clippers like a weapon, flicks them on. Dwayne rips the cord out of the wall, uses it to yank the clippers from Jay's hand, then whips him with the cord.

JAY

Stop it!

Dwayne goes to whip Jay again, but Jay moves like a jack rabbit and delivers a fierce kidney shot. Dwayne stumbles backward, falls onto the couch, groans -

DWAYNE

You asshole...I make you my partner and you pull this shit...

JAY

I'm tired of you pushing me around all the time! What kinda partner does that!?

DWAYNE

Fuck you...I'm gonna piss blood, aren't I?

JAY

That's what it said on the internet.

Dwayne's phone rings in his pocket.

DWAYNE

Go on. Get it out for me. I can barely move.

Jay pulls the cell from Dwayne's pocket...opens it and puts it to his ear so he can answer -

DWAYNE

Glad you came to your senses.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. BOARDED UP GAS STATION - DAY

Vaughn has a rag pressed to his swollen, bloody face. Juicy is nearby, banged up and dirty. Vaughn yells into his cell -

VAUGHN

Who the fuck do you think you're talking to!?

DWAYNE (O.S.)

I honestly don't know.

VAUGHN

Let me give you a hint: your boy just jumped me, tossed my bitch like a rag doll and split with the cash.

Dwayne realizes who's on the other line, recovers -

DWAYNE

That guy's not my boy. He's a dick. I'm sorry for all the, uh, confusion.

VAUGHN (O.S.)

Confusion? The only motherfucker that's confused is you. Apparently, you think you can fuck me and survive the day.

DWAYNE

I wasn't fucking you, I was fucking him. You gotta understand, you're like a pawn in a much larger game I'm playing here.

VAUGHN (O.S.)

Did you just call me a pawn, you stupid fuck!?

DWAYNE

I didn't mean it like that. I'm just juggling a whole lot of shit.

VAUGHN (O.S.)

I want my money. Right now.

DWAYNE

That may not be possible.
(delicately)

I just want to put this out there, to keep you in the loop...but I may need to bump the hit.

Vaughn paces, furious.

VAUGHN

This isn't a reservation at Sizzler! You don't "bump" it! I want you to bring me my money right now, to where I am standing in this shit hole town, bleeding from the motherfucking face!

DWAYNE (O.S.)

I don't exactly have the money...give me some time and -

VAUGHN

The deal's off! You just became the hit!

Vaughn hangs up, tosses the bloody rag to the ground and screams in frustration.

JUICY

He lives with his daddy. You already got the address.

INT. JAY'S GARAGE WORKSHOP - DAY

Dwayne looks down at his phone.

DWAYNE

That's it. The assassin's gonna
kill me now. I'm gonna die. Game
fucking over.

Dwayne cradles his arms around his wounded kidney, rocks
back and forth, wallowing in defeat.

JAY

We can still get him the money. Try
the pizza guy back.

DWAYNE

Why? So he can fuck around again,
and I wind up dead, anyway? No.
I'd rather just sit here. I want to
die right here on this couch.

JAY

No. We're gonna get that money.
Just like we planned. All we gotta
do is get the leverage back.

DWAYNE

How do we do that? Pizza boy's
obviously got some kinda death wish.

Jay gathers his resolve.

JAY

We take the girl. The one he went
to see. Then he won't try shit.

Dwayne looks up at Jay with something not unlike awe.

DWAYNE

That's actually...that's a great
fucking idea, Jay. It's the best
idea anyone's had all day.

Dwayne lowers his head. He removes the gun from his
belt...holds it out to Jay. Jay takes it. Feels its weight.
Then offers it back.

JAY

I was just trying to figure out how
you would do it, Dwayne.

Dwayne takes the gun. Struggles to stand. Jay helps him.

DWAYNE

Ok. Then let's do it right. We leave nothing to chance. Because if we go to prison for this, I won't be able to watch out for you.

JAY

Ok, Dwayne.

Dwayne looks over at a frame backpack hanging from a hook on the wall. PVC piping bulges from it.

DWAYNE

You should probably bring the flamethrower, buddy. There's gonna be some evidence to dispose of.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

Will and Chet sit on the ground, still 20 yards apart. Chet checks his watch.

CHET

It's been half an hour.

WILL

He'll call.

CHET

In another 30 minutes I'm calling the bomb squad.

Chet gestures to the vast emptiness all around them.

CHET

These guys obviously aren't watching you anymore.

WILL

You know, even if they get the bomb squad here in time, and they can somehow get this thing off me, we still gotta answer for the robbery.

CHET

I'll take the heat with you, Will.

WILL

Nah. I'll tell them I forced you into it. That you didn't have a choice.

CHET

Thanks, man.

Will looks at Chet for a beat.

WILL

That's it? You're not gonna think about it a little longer? After all we went through...tear down the relationship, rebuild it...you're gonna let me go to prison alone?

CHET

You offered.

WILL

It was a test. Your grade: F minus. You know what the "F" is for?

CHET

To fuck myself?

WILL

You passed that test. Failed the important one.

As the guys continue to argue -

SUPER COUNTDOWN: 1 hour, 28 minutes...

CUT TO:

INT. LAW FIRM, OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Kate walks down a hallway, turns into an office. Two figures rush past from the intersecting hallway and duck behind a corner.

Kate emerges from the office and continues into

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM, OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Kate goes to the mirror, checks herself out. She's been crying. She splashes water on her face, then enters a stall.

The bathroom door opens and Dwayne and Jay enter. Dwayne pulls something hairy from his pocket.

Inside the stall, Kate reaches for some toilet paper...from underneath the barrier, she notices two pairs of dirty, masculine sneakers. Her breath goes shallow. She takes out her cell, quietly opens it. She presses the first 9 in "911," but her keypad volume is on and the phone makes a dull, electronic beep that echoes in the quiet bathroom.

DWAYNE (O.S.)

Why don't you just slide the phone under the door, so I don't have to kick it open and see you with your panties down.

Kate slides the phone out. One of the sneakers crushes it. She gets off the toilet, arranges her clothing and steps out out of the stall. She gasps at -

The two ominous men standing there in gorilla masks. Dwayne's gun is plainly visible, tucked into the front of his pants.

DWAYNE

What's the quietest way out of the building? 'Cause I might get excited in a confrontation, and you might wind up shot in the face.

EXT. LIVING ROOM, NICE HOUSE - DAY

The Major is watching reruns of *Three's Company*. He doesn't laugh or remotely smile at any of it.

The subtle click of a door opening does not escape his finely tuned senses.

MAJOR

Dwayne?

Nothing. The Major gets up and goes to a desk, rifles through a drawer and pulls something out. A simple pen. He clutches it like a weapon.

INT. HALLWAY, NICE HOUSE - DAY

The Major creeps along.

VAUGHN (O.S.)

Just stay where you are, old man.

The Major turns to find Vaughn pointing a gun at him.

VAUGHN

I'm looking for your son.

MAJOR

Even if I knew where he was, I wouldn't tell you nothing.

VAUGHN

Don't be stupid.

MAJOR

You know, I saved a black man's life in the shit. So if I took yours I'd be even.

VAUGHN

I see where your son gets his common sense.

(MORE)

VAUGHN (CONT'D)

But you might want to readjust your attitude, because I ain't fucking around. I want Dwayne. I don't know why you'd want to protect him, the motherfucker hired me to kill you.

If this news has any effect at all on The Major, he doesn't show it.

VAUGHN

Just tell me where he is!

Vaughn pulls back the hammer of his gun.

MAJOR

You think I'm scared of death?
There's a whole generation of gooks
that think I'm the grim reaper.

Vaughn shakes his head. Almost imperceptibly, The Major repositions the hand with the pen in it. Vaughn is about to squeeze the trigger -

But The Major beats him to it, clicking the pen, which is actually a pen gun. It fires a .22 caliber round into Vaughn's neck. He drops the gun and clutches the geyser of blood.

The Major charges Vaughn, jumps on him and wrestles him to the ground, trying to jam the pen into the wound in his neck.

MAJOR

I'll ride you all the way to hell!
I know exactly how to get there!

Vaughn reaches for his gun. His fingers curl around it and he whips it across The Major's face, knocking him backwards.

Vaughn scrambles to his feet, gun pointed at the felled Major.

VAUGHN

What now, old man!? You can't kill
me! None of y'all can kill me!

The Major looks up at Vaughn, once again face to face with a loaded weapon.

MAJOR

Go on and -

BANG!

The Major goes limp, one searing hole in his chest.

Vaughn clasps a hand to his neck to staunch the flow of blood. He steps over the The Major's body and continues upstairs.

INT. BATHROOM, NICE HOUSE - DAY

Vaughn rifles through the cabinets, dumps all of the first aid supplies into the sink. He gets to work on his wound.

INT. DWAYNE'S ROOM, NICE HOUSE - DAY

The locked door is kicked open. Vaughn, neck crudely bandaged, flicks on the lights and looks around the childish room. Chinese Fighting Fish swim in a large tank, seem to stop and look out at him like guard dogs.

Vaughn ransacks the place. He finds a desk drawer locked. Takes out his gun and blows it open.

Vaughn pulls a stuffed file folder out of the drawer. Flips through it. It's full of details about Dwayne's plan, the tanning salon, etc.

VAUGHN

Motherfucker has lost his mind...

He finds a map of the town in the file. Three locations are highlighted: the bank, the boarded up gas station, and the radio tower. PUSH IN on the radio tower.

Vaughn stuffs the map into his pocket. He stops before leaving the room, turns and shatters the fish tank with the butt of his gun. Water spills out and the Chinese Fighting Fish flop onto the floor. As Vaughn lifts a boot to stomp them -

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Will and Chet are still arguing -

CHET

Look at the upshot, while you're behind bars you can finally finish your degree. If I was there, too, it would just be a distraction.

WILL

Great idea, Chet. Thanks a lot. I'll just sit here and figure out a fucking major.

Will stews. After a beat, his hand goes to his pocket. It's vibrating. He pulls out his cell.

WILL

Hey, it's them.

Will answers -

WILL
You ready to talk now?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MINIVAN - DAY - MOVING

Dwayne drives with his cell pressed to his ear. Jay keeps watch on Kate in back. She is blindfolded, hands bound behind her back with duct tape.

DWAYNE
(into phone)
Yeah, I'm ready to talk. I want my money. Meet me back at the radio tower in 50 minutes.

WILL (O.S.)
I've barely got an hour left!

DWAYNE
That's the point. I want you on a short leash.

WILL (O.S.)
Fuck that. Give me the code first. Then you can have your money. You'll just have to trust me when I say that I don't want it.

DWAYNE
Yeah, I'm sure. You just wanna go back to your fantastic life. Your great job. And that blonde bitch with the sexy voice.

Will's mind jumps to the only logical conclusion. Roller coaster stomach drop. His voice cracks as he asks a useless question -

WILL
What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

DWAYNE (O.S.)
It means that girl you paid a visit to today is sitting in the back of my van right now. And it ain't exactly consensual.

WILL
Fuck you! You crossed a line!

Dwayne just laughs, maniacally.

DWAYNE

There are no lines! There's just me and you and 100 thousand dollars. Once we get that shit in order, you can have her back, and your life, too. So you're gonna show up where I say, when I say. Alone. And if you try anything stupid, the two of you will be delivering pizzas to Saint Peter.

WILL

Let me talk to her.

DWAYNE

You got ten seconds.

Dwayne hands the phone back to Jay, who puts it to Kate's ear. She is trembling.

KATE

Will...?

WILL (O.S.)

Kate, I'm so sorry.

KATE

It's okay...I'm fine...I'm just really -

Dwayne snatches the phone.

DWAYNE

She's just really gonna die if you fuck this up.

Will absorbs this like a blow to the chest. The line disconnects.

WILL

Fuck!

CHET

What happened?

WILL

They have Kate.

CHET

What the fuck does that mean!?

WILL

They took her, man. They must have followed us to her office.

CHET

Damn it! You had to go see her!

WILL

I'm sorry. I messed up...I finally messed up worse than I could have possibly imagined.

CHET

We gotta get her back, Will. These guys are crazy.

WILL

We still got the money. As long as we have that, she's alive. Come on.

Chet grabs the bag of cash. They hustle into the car and it peels out, leaving behind a swirling cloud of dust. As the sun begins to set -

SUPER COUNTDOWN: 58 minutes...

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Two menacing headlights come at us on the empty road. They belong to

INT. SENTRA - NIGHT - MOVING

Vaughn holds up Dwayne's map as he drives. He seems to be on the right road, headed for the radio tower. He crumples the map and throws it in back.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Mustang stops by the gate to the radio tower. Chet jumps out and disappears into the bushes.

EXT. RADIO TOWER - NIGHT

The Mustang pulls up. Will gets out and looks around the deserted place. He holds up the money bag.

WILL

I'm here!

In the shadow of the nearby shed, the minivan is revealed as its interior lights come on. The door opens and Dwayne emerges, in his mask.

DWAYNE

How much time you got left?

Will takes off the jacket and tosses it to the ground. He looks at the timer.

WILL

Ten minutes.

DWAYNE

Damn. Maybe we should just wait around for the money shot.

The guys meet in a clearing. Dwayne nods at the bag.

DWAYNE

That the money?

WILL

Maybe. Where's the girl?

Dwayne grins.

DWAYNE

In the van. Maybe.

WILL

Get her out here. You're wasting time.

Will grips the bag close to him.

Dwayne whistles. The minivan door opens and Jay steps out. Strapped to his back is the frame pack we saw at his workshop. A long tube connects the pack to the handle of a metal pipe-like device in his hand.

Jay helps Kate, still bound and blindfolded, out of the van. They approach Dwayne and take up position behind him.

KATE

Will, are you there?

WILL

I'm here. It's gonna be okay.

DWAYNE

This is a fucking tearjerker.

WILL

Just let her come over here.

DWAYNE

I will. But you should know, my associate over there is packing a flamethrower.

Jay aims the metal device he has been holding. He hits a button and a pilot light comes on.

JAY

(flat)
Just do what we say. Don't mess
around or anything.

DWAYNE

Unless either of you can outrun a 25-
foot flame.
(gestures to gun in his belt)
Or a bullet.

Dwayne roughly pulls Kate away from Jay and shoves her
forward. Will grabs her, pulls her blindfold off and pushes
her behind him.

WILL

Get back.

DWAYNE

I gave you the girl. Now give me
the money.

WILL

How about we get the code out of the
way first, since this bomb happens
to be ticking so close to all of us.

DWAYNE

Fair enough.

Dwayne pulls a slip of paper from his pocket.

DWAYNE

(taunting)
You ready to be a free man?

WILL

Just give it to me!

DWAYNE

448921.

Will keys in the numbers. The timer freezes and the lock at
the hinge opens. Will carefully extricates himself from the
vest. He lays it down on the ground and steps away from it.
His shirt is drenched in sweat from where the bomb sat.

Will takes a final look at the money bag, then throws it to
Dwayne. He looks inside, smiles. Jay takes a peak.

DWAYNE

It's so fucking pretty, ain't it?

JAY

Yeah. It's awesome.

Dwayne looks up at Will.

DWAYNE

Okay, you can get out of here now.

WILL

I actually have this sneaking suspicion that once we turn around, you're gonna put a bullet in both of our backs - and this is just a guess - burn our bodies.

DWAYNE

They say great minds think alike. And in this case, so do we.

WILL

I figured as much. That's why I got a gun pointed at you, too.

(loudly)

I got a sniper in the bushes locked on you right now.

DWAYNE

Do I look that dumb?

WILL

I can't tell, you're wearing a mask.

Before Dwayne can react, he stops and blinks, something shining in his eyes.

JAY

Hey...on your forehead.

Dwayne's eyes turn upward, just barely making out the red dot that dances on his forehead.

DWAYNE

Son of a bitch. Well played.

In the bushes, hidden from sight, Chet carefully aims his laser pointer at Dwayne's forehead.

Will grins at Dwayne.

WILL

We're gonna walk out of here now. If you shoot, my sniper shoots. I can't guarantee he'll get both of you. But he'll definitely get you.

As Will turns away -

VAUGHN (O.S.)

Hold the fuck up.

Vaughn emerges from the darkness. He looks at Will.

VAUGHN

Wasn't expecting to see you here.

Without warning, Vaughn cracks Will over the head with the butt of his gun. He goes down hard. Kate screams. Vaughn points the gun at her and she shuts up.

Dwayne steps forward with the bag.

DWAYNE

It's all good. We got your money.

VAUGHN

Nice mask, Dwayne. Now throw the money over here.

Dwayne complies. As soon as the bag lands, Vaughn aims the gun at him.

DWAYNE

Hold up. You don't have to do this.
I just paid you.

Kate looks on, terrified, an unconscious Will at her side.

Vaughn's eyes burn a hole through Dwayne.

VAUGHN

I've been hit with a pipe, shot with a pen, and wasted my whole motherfucking day...all because of you and this job.

DWAYNE

I don't know what you're talking about.
Just take the money.

VAUGHN

I will. And then I'm gonna tie up the two loose ends in the gorilla masks.

DWAYNE

I'm not a loose end!

VAUGHN

You're a fucking idiot. You are as loose as ends get.

Panicked, Dwayne's eyes flash over to Jay, who tightens his grip on the flamethrower handle. Jay catches Dwayne's eye. Dwayne nods. Vaughn sees this.

VAUGHN

What the -

Jay rears up with the flamethrower. Vaughn couldn't be more surprised to see the device Jay is holding spit a massive ball of fire at him.

Vaughn dives to the ground, fires off two wild shots, one of which -

Nails Dwayne in the shoulder, spinning him backward and knocking him off his feet.

Kate recoils in horror as: Vaughn scurries madly on the ground, intermittently firing, while Jay screams and tries to torch him with the 25-foot flame. A hand touches Kate's shoulder and she whirls around to find -

KATE

Chet!? What are you doing here!?

CHET

Not now. We gotta take off.
(looks around)
Where's Will?

Kate looks to the empty spot beside her where Will just was.

Flames inches from him, Vaughn lines up a desperate shot -

Good news: the bullet only grazes Jay's side. Bad news: it keeps going and punches through the flamethrower backpack, which happens to be filled with gasoline, which happens to have an incredibly low flash point. So the spark from, say, a bullet, would cause

AN ERUPTION OF FLAMES

Meanwhile, Will pops up behind Chet and Kate, clutching the garbage bag.

WILL

I got the money. Let's get the fuck
out of here.

They take off toward Will's car.

Dwayne groggily comes to...no SOUND, just a ringing. The first thing he sees: Vaughn storming toward him, god-knows-what spewing from his mouth. Vaughn levels his gun -

It doesn't make a sound for two reasons. The second being that it's out of bullets.

Dwayne fumbles for his own hardware. Muzzle flash.

Vaughn drops to his knees. Pulse snatched from him.

SOUND SLAMS BACK to the tune of Jay's screams. Dwayne looks over to see his friend in flames, flailing his arms and shrieking. Dwayne's head snaps to the other side, where he sees the Mustang's tires peel. He tears off his mask, frantically looks around. The money is gone.

DWAYNE

No!!

Jay disentangles himself from the backpack, the source of the flames, but his clothes are now ablaze. In his frenzy, he somehow manages to string together two coherent words -

JAY

Dwayne! Help!

Dwayne gets to his feet as the Mustang roars down the driveway. He looks to Jay, then to his minivan. Dwayne's face: *Two roads diverge in a wood.* Which to take?

DWAYNE

Goddamn it, Jay!

Dwayne sprints over to Jay, rips off his jacket and uses it to beat the flames down.

DWAYNE

Stop, drop and roll!

Jay hits the deck. Dwayne continues fighting the flames, finally falls on top of Jay with the jacket spread and smothers the last of them out.

Jay looks up at Dwayne with puppy dog eyes.

JAY

You came back for me...you said you never would.

DWAYNE

You didn't hesitate back there, Jay.
You did good.

Jay smiles. Flames overtake the field all around them.

DWAYNE

I'm gonna go put a bullet in that motherfucker and get our money.
Think you can get outta here?

JAY

Yeah. Go get him.

Dwayne hurries toward the minivan. Jay stumbles up to his feet and limps off toward the woods.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Mustang travels away from the rising flames.

INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT - MOVING

Will's face is a mess of dirt, sweat and dried blood. He and Chet stare ahead, completely shell-shocked.

Kate looks from one of them to the other.

KATE

Uh...I just got kidnapped.

CHET

Yeah, that was totally Will's fault. In case you want to factor that in while you're mulling over the whole relationship thing.

WILL

I'm very sorry about the kidnapping. This is me, taking responsibility for it. Growing up. Like a viable life partner.

CHET

This man has spied on you in the nude before!

WILL

What? No, I didn't.

CHET

He's lying. He's trying to build a relationship on a foundation of lies. And it won't stand.

KATE

I just got kidnapped! Can we talk about that!?

Something catches Will's attention: a set of headlights rapidly growing larger in the rear-view mirror.

INT. MINIVAN - NIGHT - MOVING

Dwayne's speedometer is buried past 100 mph. His eyes burn with intensity.

INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT - MOVING

Will hits the gas.

WILL

Oh, shit. One of those dudes is
definitely not dead!

Chet and Kate look out the back window. Chet screams -

CHET

Hurry up! He's already on us!

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Dwayne's car pulls even with the Mustang.

INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT - MOVING

Will looks over at Dwayne, who pulls out his gun and takes
aim. He flashes a sick grin -

DWAYNE

I own this town.

Before Dwayne can get a shot off -

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

An explosion rocks the minivan from inside. The back end is
lifted off the ground and the car tumbles over itself. It
lands on its roof and skids into a ditch.

INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT - MOVING

Chet and Kate watch the burning wreck disappear out the back
window. They are equal parts confused and happy to be alive.

KATE

What the hell was that?

WILL

That was the bomb I carried around
all day. I reactivated it and put
it in the back of his van. I guess
his time was up.

CHET

"His time was up?" Were you thinking
that up the whole day?

WILL

I was prepared, yes. I can't help
it if I'm the kind of guy who thinks
about the future.

CHET

(to Kate)

He's not that kind of guy. He doesn't think about the future. Ever.

KATE

What exactly happened since I saw you this afternoon?

WILL

Primarily, we robbed a bank.

KATE

What!? So you're, like, fugitives? What do we do now?

CHET

Yeah, Will. What does the future hold?

WILL

Nothing good if we stay in town and they pin this on us. Kate, I think you should put in for that vacation time. Right now. If anyone gives you a problem, tell them to fuck off. There's 100 grand in that trash bag by your feet. A third of it's yours.

Kate opens the bag...smiles through the dirt and grime.

KATE

Will, that's -

CHET

Fucked up. Why does she get a share?

WILL

Why do you get a share?

Chet stews. Will catches Kate's eyes in the rear-view.

WILL

Airport's 30 minutes away. Pick a destination. This time it's not a practice run.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The car zooms off.

SUPER COUNTDOWN: 0 hours, 0 minutes...

CUT TO:

EXT. DITCH - NIGHT

Wind fans the flames of the burning minivan. The shattered windshield sprouts another crack...then another, as -

Dwayne's foot kicks it out. He drags himself from the smoldering steel carcass. He is a charred, blood splattered mess, but he is alive.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Dwayne is propped up against a sign, lingering on the edge of consciousness. The headlights of a lone pickup truck approach. Dwayne feebly waves the truck down for a ride.

INT. NICE HOUSE - NIGHT

The door opens and Dwayne stumbles through. He has made it home. He drops like a puppet whose strings have been cut.

From where his head has landed on the floor, Dwayne sees something odd...long red streaks. He crawls forward on all fours to investigate...

It is a trail of sticky red blood. Dwayne follows it until he comes upon its source...the crumpled body of his father, lying face down. Dwayne's face: shock and confusion and joy.

DWAYNE

Dad?

Dwayne inches closer, pokes the body. Nothing.

DWAYNE

Dad, are you -

The body emits a low groan. Dwayne rolls it over. His father's face is white, he's lost a lot of blood, but he isn't totally spent yet. He struggles to speak -

MAJOR

Dwayne...

DWAYNE

What happened to you?

MAJOR

Some guy...said you hired him to kill me.

DWAYNE

Dad, I...I'd never...

MAJOR

Look at you...lip quivering like
you're getting fucked...be a man.

DWAYNE

I am a man! I killed you, didn't I?
Now I'm gonna use your money to open
a tanning salon where they let you
fuck the chicks.

This stirs something in The Major.

MAJOR

You mean...like those whorehouses...in
'Nam...I used to tell you about?

Dwayne softens at the recollection.

DWAYNE

Those were great bedtime stories.

The Major nods. Opens his hand. Reveals a cordless phone.
Dwayne looks to the bloody streaks down the hall, leading to
the phone table. The Major dragged himself the whole way.

MAJOR

Medics are late...probably a couple
lazy spicks...you tell 'em I said
so...all right, son?

DWAYNE

Sure thing, pop.

The Major looks up at Dwayne's bruised face, as if for the
first time.

MAJOR

Hell of thing...I think I
may...actually respect you now.

Dwayne's eyes well up. He reaches out, cradles his father
as he expires. It's like a very bloody, white trash version
of the Pietà. Dwayne sobs uncontrollably, until -

He drops his father and pound-pound-pounds his chest in some
approximation of a life saving resuscitation.

DWAYNE

Get up, you pussy! Come on, soldier!

PULL AWAY as Dwayne pounds the body and distant sirens grow
nearer.

FADE OUT:

BLACK. THE DARKNESS RIPPLES...

Into waves. It's the ocean, long past sunset. PULL BACK to find a lone figure staring out at it, sitting on

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Will. Shirtless. Could be anywhere.

Chet approaches and sits beside him.

CHET
Fucking nine dollars to use the internet.

WILL
And?

CHET
Police think it was that black guy. They found some kind of map in his car. And I'm sure racial profiling played a part.

WILL
But nothing about us?

CHET
Nope. Guess it's time to head back.

WILL
I was thinking we'd stick around a little a longer.

CHET
Why? So you have more time to delude my sister?

WILL
Yes. And it'd be easier if you gave us five fucking minutes alone.

Chet stares out at the ocean for a beat.

CHET
You really think she's into you?

WILL
(swallows hard)
I kissed her last night. No tongue. Then you walked in.

Chet just nods. Will gets up.

CHET

You're gonna go fuck my sister now,
aren't you?

WILL

I'll be thinking of you the whole
time.

CHET

At the very least...be a considerate
lover. Give pleasure, before taking
pleasure.

WILL

I think I'm reading you. And I will
try my best.

Will heads up a trail that leads to a hotel bungalow. Kate
opens the door, steps out onto the porch.

Will stops, looks back at Chet. He whistles. Chet turns.

WILL

You're Riggs! You always have been!

Chet smiles, shakes his head as -

Will reaches the porch. He stands close to Kate. His nerves
clock overtime.

WILL

I lied and told your brother I kissed
you. I thought it would make this
easier.

KATE

Here's an idea: pretend you have a
bomb strapped to your chest. Tick,
tick -

Will closes the gap and kisses her. After a beat -

KATE

Is Chet watching us?

WILL

Probably. We should go inside. I
promised him I'd satisfy you.

Kate laughs, leads him inside and the door shuts to -

BLACK

CREDITS ROLL.

But they are pushed to one side of the screen, as the other side is filled with -

A lo-fi, 2001-style light tunnel. It deposits us in the furthest reaches of the galaxy, where we find -

A tanning bed. Rotating in orbit. Dwayne's voice booms and reverberates -

DWAYNE
GRAND OPENING SPECTACULARRR!

The tanning bed explodes, like a star gone supernova. From the light and fire and chaos...emerges a logo:

MAJOR TAN

A bad MATCH CUT takes us to the same logo. Camera ZOOMS OUT unsteadily to reveal it is a banner above a strip mall storefront. We are watching a local commercial with appropriately poor production value.

INT. MAJOR TAN - DAY (LOCAL COMMERCIAL)

Dwayne walks backward down a hallway while addressing camera and trying not to trip -

DWAYNE
Here at Major Tan, our specially trained technicians are hard at work developing new technologies that harness the power of the sun, to ensure a cutting-edge tanning experience.

Dwayne enters a tanning room. A man in a lab coat stares down at a clipboard, on which a complicated scientific equation is written.

DWAYNE
How's it looking?

The man turns: it's Jay. His smiling face is speckled with healing burn wounds.

JAY
It's our most advanced tanning bed yet!

He gestures to a very ordinary looking tanning bed.

DWAYNE

Hey, don't just take this scientist's word for it. The proof...

Dwayne snaps his fingers. A BAD SPECIAL EFFECT makes him disappear, then reappear with a totally orange tan.

DWAYNE

...is in the tan.

We follow Dwayne back out into the hallway.

DWAYNE

But Major Tan isn't just about looking good. It's also about feeling good.

Dwayne gestures to another room. The door opens and Juicy saunters out in a bikini. A beat later, a RANDOM GUY exits.

RANDOM GUY

That "Deluxe Tan" was fantastic!

EXT. MAJOR TAN - DAY (LOCAL COMMERCIAL)

Dwayne stands outside the store.

DWAYNE

So come on down to Major Tan...where we're proud to be a family business.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL...The Major beside Dwayne. He's only about four feet tall now, on account of the wheelchair. But he's grinning like a jackal, in a POW-MIA cap.

A SUPERED LOGO appears: Military Discounts Available!

As father and son smile and wave at us -

END COMMERCIAL.