

# **BOTTLE ROCKET**

Screenplay by

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EXT. ALLEY. DAY

ANTHONY and DIGNAN walk down an alley behind a convenience store. Anthony's nineteen. He's got on a red jacket with an Enco patch. Dignan's twenty. He has a buzz-cut and wears a short-sleeved terrycloth shirt. He carries a vinyl tennis bag. It's got a pouch for a racquet but no racquet in it.

DIGNAN

What color hair does he have?

ANTHONY

Black hair. Paul Michael Glaser.

DIGNAN

Making Hutch David Soul?

ANTHONY

Right. The blond guy.

DIGNAN

OK. That's wrong.

ANTHONY

Dignan, it's --

DIGNAN

Plus where's Huggie Bear?

ANTHONY

He's not there. Huggie Bear isn't in every single episode.

DIGNAN

I think you might of dreamed this one, Anthony.

ANTHONY

No. It's a real episode. The killer is leading him across the city by calling different pay phones.

They climb over a high wooden fence.

EXT. BACKYARD. DAY

They walk through somebody's backyard.

DIGNAN

Why?

ANTHONY

As part of his plan. I don't know why.

DIGNAN

See, that's what I'm saying. It has the logic of a dream.

ANTHONY

The point is the killer always goes, May I speak to Starsky? He says his name.

DIGNAN

(pause)

What does Starsky say?

ANTHONY

He says. This is he.

DIGNAN

This is he?

ANTHONY

No. This is he.

They climb another fence. There's big house on the other side.

INT. HOUSE. DAY

Anthony and Dignan are inside walking through the foyer. Anthony goes up the stairway quickly and quietly.

Dignan walks to the master bedroom. Goes in the closet and grabs a box. Looks inside. Dumps it into his bag.

Anthony goes into a bedroom. Looks in a dresser and takes out two watches. Digs through some socks and finds some cash.

Dignan goes in the study. Opens a drawer and closes it.

Opens another and lifts out a set of thin leather coin books.

Anthony's in a kid's room. Looking at posters of a football player and John McEnroe on the walls. He grabs a walkman and a calculator. Then suddenly stops moving. He crouches down.

Looks at a shelf of dozens of little metal soldiers. They're in formations with different uniforms.

Dignan is walking down the hallway as Anthony comes down the stairs. They walk to the door and go out.

INT. DINER. DAY

A twenty-four hour diner. Anthony and Dignan are eating at the counter.

ANTHONY

Did you see what I meant about the window?

DIGNAN

Kind of. Except we've already got the keys.

ANTHONY

That's true. But what if they change the locks?

DIGNAN

Would they do that?

ANTHONY

Who knows? That's why I filed it down.

Dignan nods.

ANTHONY

Now that window can never be locked. It's impossible.

DIGNAN

See, your mind is very good with the more mechanical details. Whereas my strength would be --

A good-looking WOMAN about forty-five years old interrupts them.

WOMAN

Can I use your Tabasco?

ANTHONY

Sure.

Anthony hands her a bottle of Tabasco off the counter. She walks away. Down the counter.

ANTHONY

You don't see many women who like Tabasco.

They watch her for a minute. Dignan looks away.

ANTHONY

She's really kind of hot.

DIGNAN

(looks back at her, nods)  
She's an attractive older woman.

EXT. BOB'S HOUSE. DAY

A huge house with a wide lawn. BOB, who's about twenty-six, wearing black jeans and a V-neck T-shirt, is spraying down a battered 1972 Mercedes with a garden hose. He's got his shirt off and a towel around his neck. Dignan has an expression of intense concentration as he looks at the car.

BOB

Well, what do you think?

DIGNAN

I don't know, Bob. What about one of those?

Dignan points to a new BMW and a Lexus in front of the garage.

BOB

I'm not allowed to drive those.

DIGNAN

Not even for emergencies?

BOB

(a little angry)

No.

DIGNAN

I thought your parents were in Italy.

BOB

They are.

DIGNAN

So who's going to know?

BOB

My brother.

ANTHONY

Future Man.

BOB

Who?

ANTHONY

Future Man. You know. Cause he looks like he's from the future.

DIGNAN

He looks like he was designed by scientists. For desert warfare.

BOB  
That never would of --

DIGNAN  
Let's cut the bullshit.

Silence. They all look at the car. Pause.

ANTHONY  
It's got a V-8, Dignan.

DIGNAN  
What do you think the cops have?

INT. BOB'S HOUSE. DAY

They're sitting at the coffee table in Bob's great big living room. It's got high ceilings and two Persian rugs.

They're eating sandwiches and chips.

BOB  
If you're that worried, maybe we should just steal one.

DIGNAN  
What are you talking about, Bob?

BOB  
Can you use a coaster.

Bob slides a coaster under Dignan's glass.

ANTHONY  
Did you ever steal a car before?

BOB  
Yeah. I've stolen two cars before. One Jaguar. And one Trans-Am. With T-Tops. That Trans-Am was fun to drive.

DIGNAN  
You stole a Trans-Am.

BOB  
Yes. I did.

DIGNAN  
OK, Bob.

BOB  
It's true, Dignan.

DIGNAN

Well. What do you want to do? You want to steal one or just drive your car?

BOB

(thinks for a minute)  
I'll just drive my car.

INT. DELI. DAY

Anthony's playing pinball at a machine in the back of a little grocery store. Dignan's watching.

DIGNAN

Anthony, we'll get two hundred for the coin collection alone. That's less than what it's appraised at.

ANTHONY

But Dignan, do you really know that much about rare coins?

DIGNAN

I know about money, Anthony. I know the value of money. Plus the earrings are worth three times that.

Anthony looks at Dignan. Dignan points at the pinball machine.

DIGNAN

Your ball.

Dignan tries to hit the flipper.

ANTHONY

I told you not to take the earrings.

Anthony keeps looking at Dignan. Dignan doesn't look up from the machine. Anthony turns and walks away.

DIGNAN

You got another ball.

Dignan watches him go.

DIGNAN

I'm playing your game.

EXT. SIDEWALK. DAY

They're walking fast down the sidewalk.

ANTHONY

The list, Dignan. I know you remember the list because you signed it. "Things Dignan was not supposed to touch."

DIGNAN

Every valuable item in the house was on that list.

ANTHONY

That doesn't make any difference. I bought those earrings for my mother on her birthday. They have a very special value for her.

DIGNAN

Yeah, but I can't be sorting through that shit in the middle of a burglary. There's just not time for it.

ANTHONY

Then you shouldn't of gone in there, Dignan. Maybe we should of robbed your house. Did you ever think of that?

Dignan stops walking. Anthony looks back at him. Pause.

ANTHONY

What?

Dignan turns and starts walking the other way.

ANTHONY

Where are you going?

DIGNAN

I don't appreciate you ridiculing me.

ANTHONY

How was I ridiculing you?

DIGNAN

You're making fun of my family. You know there's nothing to steal from my mom and Craig. You know exactly what you're saying.



ANTHONY

That's not what I meant, Dignan.

They both see something. They keep walking. Dignan looks back down the sidewalk.

DIGNAN

Did you see that?

ANTHONY

Yeah, I saw it.

DIGNAN

I'm lookout.

ANTHONY

Dignan, it's got an alarm.

DIGNAN

I don't think so. Just reach on in.

ANTHONY

That sets it off.

DIGNAN

No, just do it real quick.  
(starts down the sidewalk)  
I'll meet you down there.

Dignan cuts into an alley. Anthony turns back. Looks at a parked car. Looks left and right. Walks to the car and reaches in the half-open window.

An alarm goes off. Anthony unlocks the door and opens it. Leans inside. Grabs a wallet off the seat.

A MAN standing on the sidewalk watches Anthony get out of the car. Anthony looks at him, then walks down the sidewalk not too fast. He turns down an alley and runs.

EXT. ALLEY. DAY

Anthony comes around the corner and meets Dignan beside a dumpster. The alarm is still ringing in the distance.

Anthony starts looking through the wallet.

ANTHONY

It had an alarm.

DIGNAN

Yeah, I heard that.

ANTHONY  
(counting the money)  
Five, seven, eight dollars.

He looks at Dignan.

DIGNAN  
(taking the wallet)  
Holy shit. What'd I tell you?

ANTHONY  
Eight dollars.

DIGNAN  
That's not bad.

Anthony keeps looking at Dignan. Dignan smiles. He hands Anthony a five dollar bill. Anthony looks at it. He takes it.

He puts it in his pocket. Dignan puts out his hand to shake.

Anthony waits a second. He shakes Dignan's hand for just a second and walks down the alley. Dignan smiles and walks behind him.

INT. HAMBURGER PLACE. NIGHT

Anthony and Dignan are sitting at a table with Bob.

ANTHONY  
What do herbs have to do with it? I don't understand the --

BOB  
Pot is an herb. It's just like any type of gardening.

DIGNAN  
How much could you grow? Realistically.

BOB  
As much as I want. When these plants bud I'll probably have about six thousand dollars worth of weed.

DIGNAN  
Six thousand dollars? Come on, Bob.

BOB  
You should take a look. I have an entire crop in my backyard.

ANTHONY

In your backyard? How do you protect them?

BOB

It's private property. Plus I have Hector.

ANTHONY

Hector woudn't do anything.

BOB

But he's got a loud bark. That's the most important thing is a loud bark.

DIGNAN

If it's that easy why doesn't everybody grow them?

BOB

Good question.

Bob looks at Anthony and Dignan. He suddenly gets worried.

BOB

Don't you guys tell anybody about my plants.

DIGNAN

You're paranoid, Bob.

BOB

Yeah, but don't tell anybody.

ANTHONY

Could you grow cinnamon?

BOB

I don't know. Sure, I guess.

ANTHONY

You could make your own cinnamon toast.

Bob looks at Anthony for a second. He looks at Dignan. Back at Anthony.

BOB

Are you a fag?

LITTLE RICHARD

You're the faggot.

Bob turns around to see LITTLE RICHARD, short but muscular, wearing a down vest and a baseball cap.

BOB

Little Richard. I don't believe it.  
They'll let anybody in this place.  
Sit down.

Little Richard sits down.

BOB

Dignan and Anthony, this is Little  
Richard. He's crazy. Totally nuts.

LITTLE RICHARD

(smiling)

I don't know about that.

BOB

Little Richard. Trust me. You're  
insane. Jesus, this guy used to  
carry a percussion bomb around in  
his trunk. You do not want a guy  
like that loose on the streets.

LITTLE RICHARD

It seemed like a good idea at the  
time.

BOB

The one and only Little Richard.

DIGNAN

Are you named after THE Little  
Richard?

LITTLE RICHARD

(stares at Dignan)

Ha! Ha! Ha! Why don't you stick it  
up your ass. Great group of guys  
you're hanging out with.

Little Richard goes out the door.

DIGNAN

What was that all about?

BOB

I can't believe you said that.

DIGNAN

What did I say?

BOB  
I told you he's crazy.

ANTHONY  
But he didn't say anything.

DIGNAN  
Hang on a second.

Dignan gets up and walks out of the restaurant. Anthony and Bob look at each other. They start to get up.

EXT. HAMBURGER PLACE. NIGHT

Anthony and Bob go out the door. Dignan is walking over to a station wagon. Little Richard is getting in.

DIGNAN  
Little Richard. Wait a second. Hang on. I didn't mean to --

Little Richard opens his door hard into Dignan's legs, then gets out fast and takes off his shirt. Dignan tries to hit him but doesn't connect. They grab onto each other and start knocking around. Another GUY gets out of the station wagon.

Two more GUYS rush out the door of the burger place. Anthony and Bob stand back, nervous.

ANTHONY  
Let them fight.

BOB  
Let them fight.

They all watch. Dignan keeps trying to punch Little Richard, but he's hanging onto him too tight. They keep spinning around together, moving down the sidewalk.

DIGNAN  
(calling out)  
Anthony.

Anthony looks at the other guys then moves toward Dignan.

ANTHONY  
OK. Break it up. Break it up.

Little Richard lets go of Dignan. They separate.

DIGNAN  
I separated my shoulder.

Dignan is holding onto his arm. He kind of moans.

ANTHONY

OK. Hang on.

Anthony grabs hold of Dignan's arm. Everybody's watching.

DIGNAN

Just pull straight up.

Anthony pulls up hard on Dignan's arm. Dignan tries not to yell, then suddenly he's OK and relieved.

ANTHONY

Is it back in?

DIGNAN

(moving arm slowly)

Yeah.

GUY #1

OK, man. Let's go.

DIGNAN

No. I'm not fighting anymore.

ANTHONY

His shoulder went out, man. It's over.

GUY #2

You guys better get out of here.

Guy #2 pushes Dignan. Anthony turns and pounds him in the face. Right on the nose. The guy goes crosseyed. He falls down with his legs all tangled-up in a strange position.

Everyone stands there stunned. Anthony takes a step back. He looks up. He and Dignan take off. Bob stands there. Frozen.

Everyone looks at him. Bob looks at Little Richard.

LITTLE RICHARD

Bob?

Bob takes off.

INT. CAR. DAY

The next day. They're driving with Bob. Dignan's up front.

He's banged-up from the fight.

DIGNAN

The guy is fucking insane.

BOB  
I warned you, Dignan.

DIGNAN  
You said it like it was a big joke,  
Bob. Like he's wild.

BOB  
No, I was saying crazy like a  
lunatic.

DIGNAN  
I know that now. He's a fucking  
psycho.

BOB  
Well, don't blame me. I told you.

DIGNAN  
I do blame you, Bob. And woah. Look  
at her.

There's a beautiful GIRL on the sidewalk. They drive past  
her.

DIGNAN  
Loop around real fast.

ANTHONY  
Just turn right here.

Bob immediately turns and they drive past the girl again.

They don't say anything as they go past her. They all just  
look at her. They drive on.

CUT TO:

A minute later. They've looped back. They're looking for the  
girl.

DIGNAN  
Where'd she go?

BOB  
Maybe she turned.

ANTHONY  
There she is.

She's on a side street. Bob hits the brakes hard. The girl  
looks back at them. They back up a few feet and turn down the  
street. They drive slowly toward the girl.

ANTHONY

Bob, don't be so obvious.

The girl keeps looking back at them.

DIGNAN

I think we might of scared her.

BOB

Let's just go.

They come up, beside the girl. She looks right at them, still walking.

Her expression is angry and also a little scared.

They drive away.

DIGNAN

You blew it, Bob.

INT. COFFEE SHOP. DAY

Anthony, Dignan, and Bob are meeting with TEMPLE. Temple is in his mid-fifties, short, heavy, completely expressionless wide face. They listen intently as he briefs them on the intricacies of firearms.

TEMPLE

A gun is a firearm. A pistol is a firearm. But anything you hold in your hand is a weapon. A knife. A wrench. A ballpoint pen.

ANTHONY

A ballpoint pen?

TEMPLE

Anyone who tells you a ballpoint pen is not a weapon needs intensive psychiatric treatment. You can stick them in the esophagus. You give them a ballpoint tracheotomy.

They nod seriously. Temple laughs.

EXT. FIELD. DAY

They're standing behind Temple's car in the middle of an open pasture. The trunk is open. Temple's got some guns in metal cases. They draw targets on pieces of paper. Anthony draws a man running on his target. They fire a bunch of different pistols. The last one they shoot's a .44 Magnum. They buy it.



INT. BOB'S HOUSE. DAY

The TV room. There are two big couches and a nice giant TV. The doors are open onto the balcony. The .44 is on the coffee table. Dignan is sitting there with a map and some diagrams laid out. Anthony and Bob are on either side of him.

Dignan's pointing at a notebook page with the heading "Escape Route."

DIGNAN

OK. Escape route. The most important thing you can have is an escape route. Just in case somebody's tailing us. Or even chasing us, as the case may be --

ANTHONY

You think we're going to be chased?

DIGNAN

That's a good question. No. I don't. I'm just being hypocritical here. However, I will say --

Bob reaches for the .44.

BOB

(quietly)

I'm going to take a look at this.

DIGNAN

(puts hand on gun)

Hang on. This is important, Bob. Anthony and I are responsible for the internal situation. The money and the people. You're responsible for the external situation. The streets and the getaway.

BOB

(nods)

That's my responsibility.

DIGNAN

That's your domain.

BOB

OK.

Anthony is making a little man out of a scrap of paper.

DIGNAN  
 Now. One thing we need to discuss  
 is timing. Timing is absolutely  
 crucial. What are you doing?  
 Anthony!

ANTHONY  
 (looks up)  
 Nothing. Go ahead.

Bob picks up the gun.

BOB  
 (to himself)  
 How many bullets can that hold?

Dignan grabs the gun away and sets it down out of Bob's  
 reach.

DIGNAN  
 Bob.

BOB  
 I'm paying attention. I just want  
 to look at it for a minute.

DIGNAN  
 (screaming)  
 What's your fucking problem? You're  
 a shithead!

BOB  
 I just want to see how much bullets  
 it takes.

Anthony picks up the gun off the table. He clicks the action.

DIGNAN  
 Anthony, give me the fucking gun!

ANTHONY  
 (pulling away)  
 No, Dignan. It's not your gun. It's  
 all of ours.

BOB  
 (quietly)  
 I paid for it.

DIGNAN  
 God DAMMIT.

Dignan stands up, grabbing his papers.

DIGNAN  
You two just don't give a shit, do  
you?

Dignan starts out of the room. Anthony stands up.

ANTHONY  
Dignan, calm down.

DIGNAN  
(turns back, screaming)  
You're out! I'm not working with  
either one of you!

ANTHONY  
Dignan! Stop!

Dignan stops. Looking at Anthony.

ANTHONY  
Calm down. Take a deep breath.

DIGNAN  
(pause)  
You're right. You're right.

Dignan sits back down and starts spreading out his papers again. Freezes. Looks at Bob. Bob's looking at the gun. Bob looks at Dignan. Bob looks away. Nobody moves.

EXT. DECK. EVENING

Anthony and Dignan have moved outside to the hot tub.

Anthony pets Bob's dog HECTOR. Bob's brother FUTURE MAN walks up the path from the driveway with his blonde cheerleader GIRLFRIEND.

FUTURE MAN  
What are you guys doing?

ANTHONY  
Nothing. We're just --

FUTURE MAN  
You seen my brother?

DIGNAN  
He's inside.

Future Man goes inside. His girlfriend stands there on the deck.

GIRLFRIEND

(smiles)

Hi.

ANTHONY & DIGNAN

Hi.

She stands there, looking across the yard. Anthony and Dignan sit there in the hot tub, looking around. We hear Future Man's loud voice inside:

FUTURE MAN

Goddammit, Bob! Get your shit together.

Future Man comes back out. He stops by the hot tub.

FUTURE MAN

What are you guys up to tonight?

ANTHONY

Nothing much.

DIGNAN

Just hanging around.

Future Man walks back out the gate.

GIRLFRIEND

Bye.

She follows Future Man. Anthony and Dignan watch them walk away. Bob comes back out with some drinks. He looks shaken.

DIGNAN

What'd Future Man want?

Bob shrugs and gets in the hot tub. They sip on their drinks. Bob's got a Heineken.

BOB

He doesn't get it. Held never understand what we're trying to accomplish here. It's too dangerous for him.

DIGNAN

Well, in reality it's not that dangerous, Bob. It's only dangerous if you don't know what you're doing.

BOB

Yeah, but what if some nut pulled  
gun on you?

ANTHONY

The only nut with a gun is going to  
be Dignan.

Anthony gets out of the hot tub and dives in the pool.

DIGNAN

(whispering, very serious)  
You know, Bob, Anthony did kill  
someone. He electrocuted our  
janitor senior year.

BOB

He electrocuted someone?

DIGNAN

It was an accidental. I don't want  
to go into the details. It was just  
one of those senior pranks that  
didn't really go right. I mean,  
obviously, since Swifty's dead.  
That's why Anthony never graduated.

BOB

His name was Swifty?

DIGNAN

Yeah. One of the nicest old guys  
you'd ever know.

BOB

That's too bad.

DIGNAN

(nods)  
You know, when somebody gets  
electrocuted, their skin starts  
smoking. At least Swifty's did.

INT. CAR. NIGHT

Anthony, Dignan, and Bob are sitting in Bob's car, parked in  
the dark. Bob's at the wheel. Anthony and Dignan are in the  
back. Anthony has on a dark blue ski cap. Dignan's wearing a  
baseball cap with the brim pulled down low. He puts a piece  
of adhesive tape across his nose and hands the roll to  
Anthony.

BOB

What are you doing?

DIGNAN

I'm putting a piece of tape on my nose.

Anthony tapes his nose. They stare out the windshield. The alarm on Dignan's digital watch goes off.

DIGNAN

(immediately, dead serious)

Let's get lucky.

EXT./INT. BOOKSTORE. NIGHT

Anthony and Dignan walk through the shadows in front of a huge bookstore. The lights are on inside. They watch for a minute and then go to the front door. Dignan hides behind a post. Anthony knocks on the glass. An EMPLOYEE appears.

ANTHONY

I left my sweater inside.

The employee shakes his head. He can't hear through the glass.

ANTHONY

Do you have a lost and found?

The employee unlocks the door and opens it an inch.

EMPLOYEE

We're closed.

ANTHONY

I left my sweater in there.

EMPLOYEE

Oh. I see. Come on in.

Anthony goes inside. Dignan comes out from behind the post.

EMPLOYEE

We're closed, sir.

DIGNAN

Where's that guy going?

EMPLOYEE

He left his sweater.

DIGNAN

Well, I left some money in there.

EMPLOYEE

Where?

DIGNAN

(pulls out the gun)

In the cash register. Step away  
from the door.

Dignan goes in. They walk through the store.

ANTHONY

Where's the manager?

DIGNAN

Where's the other stocker?

ANTHONY

There's another stocker, right?

DIGNAN

We know there's another stocker.

EMPLOYEE

Rob?

Dignan points the gun at the employee.

DIGNAN

Where is he? Where is Rob?

EMPLOYEE

I don't know. Maybe in literature.  
That's his section.

DIGNAN

You got that?

ANTHONY

Sure. Literature. The classics.

The MANAGER is locking the door of his office.

ANTHONY

Is that the manager?

DIGNAN

(to manager)

Unlock that door.

(to Anthony)

Check the aisles.

Anthony starts walking through the store, checking down each aisle. He picks up a copy of The Air War on Hitler's Germany and takes it with him.

He goes through literature and sees ROB in travel, kneeling in front of a low shelf with a carton of books beside him.

ANTHONY

Rob?

ROB

(looks up, a little  
puzzled)

Uh-huh?

ANTHONY

Why aren't you in literature?

ROB

(hesitates)

It's all full up.

Dignan is in the office with the manager and the first employee. He's pointing at a drawer.

DIGNAN

Open it up.

The manager opens it. It's full of office supplies.

DIGNAN

OK. Open the other. Let's go.

The manager opens the other drawer. It's full of cash.

Dignan looks at the manager. He looks back at the cash.

DIGNAN

Put it in one of those.

Dignan points at some bookstore bags. The manager picks up a little one and starts to put the money in it.

DIGNAN

A bigger one, you idiot.

MANAGER

(glares at Dignan)

Don't call me an idiot, you punk.

DIGNAN

I'm sorry. But that bag's too  
small.

CUT TO:



Anthony waiting outside the office door. Rob, the first employee, and the manager are sitting against the wall in the office. The manager's got an intense, angry look on his face, staring at Dignan. Dignan hands Anthony five little bags full of money and starts to close the office door.

DIGNAN

OK, guys. Just... Sit tight.

Dignan closes the door.

INT. CAR. NIGHT

Anthony and Dignan jump into the car.

DIGNAN

Go. Go. Drive slow.

Bob drives. Pretty slow. Anthony and Dignan keep looking back out the rear window. They're nervous. Nobody says anything for a block or two.

BOB

What happened?

DIGNAN

Shhh. Slow down, Bob. Drive natural.

BOB

This is natural.

DIGNAN

(looks at speedometer)  
That's good. Keep it at forty.

BOB

Did we get it?

DIGNAN

Be cool, Bob. Be cool.  
(quickly)  
Make that light.

They keep driving. Breathing hard.

ANTHONY

Holy shit.

DIGNAN

We got it. We got it.

BOB

How much is there?

DIGNAN  
Don't count it.

EXT. HAMBURGER PLACE. NIGHT

A picnic table in front of a hamburger place. Dignan is standing up with his drink in his hand.

BOB  
Was Dignan screaming like, Get me a bag!

DIGNAN  
No. I was calm.

ANTHONY  
What about what that guy said?

DIGNAN  
Oh, shit. That was scary. In the middle of the robbery. The manager looks at me. Right in the eye. And goes, I'm going to remember you.

BOB  
Are you serious?

ANTHONY  
Yeah. He said that.

DIGNAN  
I swear to God. In a very quiet voice.

ANTHONY  
Like he meant it.

DIGNAN  
Yeah.

ANTHONY  
Like he would find Dignan. One day.

DIGNAN  
Like I'm going to hunt you down and kill you.

Dignan stands there a minute and lets this sink in. Then he finally sits down and they all eat their burgers.

BOB  
You really think he'll remember you?

DIGNAN

(smiles)

No. All he'll remember is a guy  
with a piece of tape on his nose.

They laugh smugly.

EXT. 7-11. NIGHT

Anthony, Dignan, and Bob come out of a 7-11. Bob's got a slurpee. He's carrying the WWII book.

BOB

See you.

ANTHONY

See you, Bob.

DIGNAN

Hang on, Bob.

Dignan goes up to Bob and hugs him. Bob's not smiling.

DIGNAN

That was really good driving.  
Seriously. I mean it.

Bob nods and starts walking away, down the sidewalk.

DIGNAN

We'll see you later, Bob. Good  
driving.

Anthony and Dignan sit on the curb. Anthony's drinking a milk. Dignan's still watching Bob walk alone down the sidewalk.

DIGNAN

What's wrong with him?

ANTHONY

What do you think?

DIGNAN

Anthony, he sat in the car and  
watched a 4-11 in progress. He got  
what he deserved.

ANTHONY

He was the driver, Dignan. He did  
what he's supposed to do.

DIGNAN

I didn't realize you were so sensitive to Bob's feelings. Considering I did the plans, you're actually lucky you got --

ANTHONY

Don't even say it, man.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE. DAY

Dignan and Anthony are following Bob through his house. Bob is playing his electric guitar, not plugged in.

DIGNAN

Bob, will you please listen?

BOB

I don't want to talk about it.

Bob strums more intensely. They're walking through the kitchen.

DIGNAN

Look, I admit I was wrong for not telling you before the robbery that your share wouldn't be as equal as ours. But the fact remains me and Anthony were much more exposed to danger.

Bob has now come to the big glass patio doors where Hector sits outside, looking in. Bob keeps playing as he looks at Hector.

DIGNAN

I mean, Jesus Christ, Bob. You didn't have some vicious lunatic screaming, "I'm going to remember you!"

BOB

(smiles slightly, keeps playing)  
That's true. That would give me nightmares.

DIGNAN

Bob, I've got nightmares.

Bob stops playing. He looks at Dignan.

BOB  
You'll probably have them the rest  
of your life.

ANTHONY  
What was that?

Anthony opens the door to the patio.

DIGNAN  
What?

They hear breaking glass somewhere as they follow Anthony  
onto the patio. A voice yells out.

VOICE  
Motherfucker!

ANTHONY  
What's going on?

Bob sets down his guitar as they go out of the yard to see  
what's happening.

EXT. BOB'S HOUSE. EVENING

Anthony, Dignan, and Bob go around to the front. Bob's  
neighbor PHIL runs down the driveway with a wrench in his  
hand. Phil is short and heavy, wearing a golf shirt. He's got  
a bloody nose.

BOB  
Phil. What happened?

PHIL  
(hysterical)  
Motherfucker. I'll kill him.

BOB  
(looks around, suddenly  
concerned)  
Who?

PHIL'S GIRLFRIEND comes running out the front door.

PHIL'S GIRLFRIEND  
I've called the police. Oh, my God,  
Phil.

She reaches to hug him.

PHIL  
Don't touch me! I swear to God I'll  
get that guy.

PHIL'S GIRLFRIEND

I know you will, Phil. There was nothing you could do. All you had was a golf club.

ANTHONY

You're bleeding, man. Sit down.

A couple of NEIGHBORS have come over from across the street.

NEIGHBOR

What happened?

PHIL'S GIRLFRIEND

Some black man beat Phil up.

PHIL

He didn't beat me up. He attacked me.

PHIL'S GIRLFRIEND

He took two hundred dollars.

ANTHONY

(to Phil)

Tilt your head back.

Later. It's dark out now. There's a police car parked across the street and another pulling over, lights rolling. One of the OFFICERS walks across the yard, shining a flashlight in the bushes. Dignan is talking with one of the other officers.

DIGNAN

He was probably on drugs.

OFFICER

They usually are.

Two other cops are getting a statement from Phil. Anthony and Bob are listening. Some neighbors are milling around talking.

PHIL

As soon as I opened the door I saw him. A black guy. Looking through my dad's tool box. I wanted to trap this guy. So I closed the garage door.

COP

And that's when he hit you?

PHIL

(looking up to sky and concentrating)

(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)

He struck me. I fell down. He took my wallet. Then he opened the garage door and ran away.

COP

How'd the window break?

PHIL

I hit it with the golf club.

Dignan's still talking to the other cop.

DIGNAN

How long do you have to go?

COP

weeks.

DIGNAN

And what does that cover?

COP

Social issues. Crime prevention.

DIGNAN

Hand to hand combat?

Dignan suddenly looks toward Bob's backyard. The cop nods.

COP

Ground defense.

DIGNAN

Did you hear that?

OFFICER

What?

DIGNAN

Shhh.

Anthony's looking up into the treetops.

BOB

What the fuck is Dignan doing with that cop? He loves them.

ANTHONY

There's a million places to hide around here.

BOB

Oh, yeah. They'll never catch the guy.

ANTHONY

I hope not.

BOB

Phil probably provoked him.  
(looking at Dignan)  
Where's he going?

Dignan and the officer are walking over to the backyard.

DIGNAN

No, it was a rustling sound.

BOB'S VOICE

The dog. Look out for the dog.

OFFICER

Is this dog going to bite?

DIGNAN

No. Shit no.

Dignan jumps the fence. The cop looks over and shines his flashlight. Dignan's petting Hector. Hector's calm.

DIGNAN

See? I don't know what he's talking about.

Bob starts walking across the street.

ANTHONY

Where you going?

BOB

Move.

As Bob walks away he is looking back, past Anthony, toward the backyard.

ANTHONY

What's wrong?

Anthony turns to look.

In the backyard. Dignan is looking in the bushes.

DIGNAN

He probably went into the next yard. Shine the light over here.

Dignan looks across the yard at the officer. The officer is shining the light on the marijuana plants. He looks at Dignan.



DIGNAN

Those are...

Dignan sprints across the yard and over the gate.

OFFICER

Halt! Sir!

Anthony and Bob are standing in the shadows across the street. They see Dignan come racing down the driveway. The officer is yelling behind the gate.

OFFICER

Bill! He's running!

The other officers are running from their cars.

DIGNAN

The prowler! That way!

The officers run past Dignan, toward the back. Anthony and Bob take off as Dignan runs by. The three of them run full speed down the street, cutting across yards, between houses. They throw themselves over fences and scramble through bushes.

DIGNAN

Way to go, Bob!

BOB

I told you they were there.

DIGNAN

(about to explode)  
So it's my fault?

ANTHONY

Be quiet.

INT. BOB'S CAR. DAY

Bob's at the wheel, Dignan in front, Anthony in the back.

They're driving fast down the interstate, past fields and farmhouses. Dignan's drawing out a route in felt tip pen on a Texaco roadmap.

DIGNAN

In all probability nothing would of happened. But why take the chance? That's why I ran. I mean how many plants were even back there? Five? Ten?

BOB

There were more than that.

ANTHONY

Why don't you just tell them the truth. Those belong to my neighbor Phil.

BOB

I don't know. I personally don't need that shit in my life right now.

ANTHONY

Nobody does.

DIGNAN

Obviously. That's why we go on the road. The thing about cops is they have short attention spans.

EXT. GAS STATION. DAY

Dignan fills up the tank and checks the oil. Bob tests the tire pressure. Anthony does the windows.

DIGNAN

Can I get that credit card from you?

ANTHONY

(pause)

I don't like to use that credit card, Dignan.

DIGNAN

Why not?

ANTHONY

Because my mom gets the bill.

DIGNAN

She's not going to notice, Anthony.

ANTHONY

I don't want to use it.

DIGNAN

(pause)

Well, then cut it in half.

ANTHONY

I keep it for emergencies.

DIGNAN

Anthony, we're on the run. This is an emergency. It's only fair that...

Anthony gets in the car. Pause. Dignan reaches into his pocket and takes out a wad of cash. He counts some. Stands there a minute. Goes inside to pay.

INT. CAR. DAY

Anthony stretches out across the backseat on pillows, playing electronic football. Dignan reads Bob's WWII book.

Bob eats a Ding-Dong and smokes a cigarette.

EXT. FIREWORKS STAND. DAY

A fireworks stand on the side of the highway. The car's pulled over and they're buying roman candles, M-80's, and Black Cats from a KID wearing a baseball cap way back on his head.

As they get back on the highway Anthony lights a roman candle and fires it from the window. Dignan lights an M-80 and throws it out of the car.

EXT. LAKE. DAY

They drive to a big lake. A dog splashes in and swims for a tennis ball. Anthony does some nice dives. Dignan swings from a rope out over the water and lets go. Bob sits on a bench.

EXT. CAR. DAY

Late afternoon. They're driving on the interstate. Anthony's got a copy of Runner's World magazine.

ANTHONY

Here's mine right here. See?

Anthony lifts up his foot so Dignan can compare his shoe with the picture.

DIGNAN

See if mine are in there.

ANTHONY

(looks at Dignan's shoes)  
Dignan, those aren't running shoes.

DIGNAN

Yes, they are.

ANTHONY

Look at the treads on those.

DIGNAN

What about them?

ANTHONY

They obviously weren't designed for racing.

DIGNAN

Well, those treads stink. You'd blow a knee out racing on those.

BOB

Will you guys shut up? God. It's like having two little kids in the car.

ANTHONY

OK, Dad.

DIGNAN

Really. OK, Dad. But seriously, Anthony. These are fast shoes.

ANTHONY

You've never had a pair of fast shoes in your life, Dignan.

(to Bob)

In fifth grade Dignan used to wear cowboy boots for P.E.

DIGNAN

That's real cool, Anthony. Yeah, I wore boots. My parents wouldn't buy me any \$200 running shoes like yours. I wasn't spoiled.

ANTHONY

Don't call me spoiled, Dignan.

DIGNAN

You were spoiled rotten.

BOB

Enough. Jesus Christ.

EXT. SIDE OF HIGHWAY. DAY

Anthony and Dignan are lined up to race on the side of the road.

ANTHONY  
 (yelling)  
 You want to say it, Bob?

Fifty yards away, Bob's sitting on the hood of the car parked on the shoulder. He's reading a magazine. He shakes his head without looking up.

ANTHONY  
 I'll just say it.

DIGNAN  
 I'll say it.

ANTHONY  
 OK. Go ahead.

DIGNAN  
 On your marks...  
 (waits a second, says very  
 fast:)  
 Get set go.

They take off. Dignan has the jump, but Anthony pulls past him. A car blows by going the other way and they keep racing.

Anthony's out in front as they pass Bob sitting on the car.

Bob's watching. Dignan raises his fists into the air.

DIGNAN  
 (points at Anthony)  
 You owe me fifty bucks.

ANTHONY  
 Bob?

BOB  
 Anthony won.

Bob gets in the car.

DIGNAN  
 Bob wasn't even looking.

EXT./INT. MOTEL. DAY

A Holiday Inn. Bandera, TX. Bob's car is parked in front.

Inside: Dignan, Bob, and Anthony are checking in. There's a teenage GIRL behind the counter. Dignan pays cash. The girl hands over the keys. She's looking at Dignan's shirt:

GIRL  
Was that shirt made from a towel?

DIGNAN  
What?

GIRL  
(seeing his reaction)  
It's just terrycloth, isn't it?

DIGNAN  
Yeah. I think so.

EXT. MOTEL. DAY

They're walking along the balcony, looking for their room.  
Anthony has on his backpack. Dignan's got his tennis bag.  
Bob's got two large suitcases, a carry-on, and a garment bag.

ANTHONY  
Look, man. She didn't know anything  
about shirts.

DIGNAN  
No, I'm not saying her. I'm just  
saying, I don't know.

ANTHONY  
It's a great shirt. Don't worry  
about it.

They find the room and unlock the door.

INT. CAR. NIGHT

Driving in a small town. Bob's behind the wheel. Dignan's in  
front. Anthony's in back.

DIGNAN  
Armored trucks are very difficult  
to steal, Anthony.

ANTHONY  
I know. But once you get inside  
you're home free.

DIGNAN  
Right. Get back to me on that one.  
Once your plan is worth a shit.

ANTHONY  
It's not a plan. It's just --

DIGNAN

Actually. If you knew the exact route, you could plant explosives under a manhole cover and blow it up as it went over.

ANTHONY

Yeah, but you wouldn't have the truck if you blew it up.

DIGNAN

True.

There's a car stopped in front of them. A couple of girls are standing beside it, talking to the driver. Bob can't get around.

DIGNAN

What the fuck is this?

Dignan leans over and holds down the horn for about five seconds. The guy in the car sticks his hand out the window and shoots the finger at them. Dignan sounds dead serious:

DIGNAN

Ram him, Bob.

Bob waits for a nervous moment. He does two quick honks. The guy's reverse lights go on.

DIGNAN

Hit him!

Bob hits the gas and slams into the car. He puts his car in reverse and backs up a couple of feet. He leans forward and sees the back of the guy's car. It's all smashed up. The guy gets out of his car, shaken up, and looks at them. His expression is confused. Bob punches it and flies backwards down the street. The guy stands beside his car and watches them.

DIGNAN

Shit, Bob. What the fuck did you do that for?

BOB

He wouldn't move.

They go around the corner. Bob shifts into first and goes.

BOB

Is he chasing us?

DIGNAN  
I don't know.

ANTHONY  
Speed up, Bob.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

They're unlocking the door. They go inside.

BOB  
You think he got my license plates?

ANTHONY  
He looked too shaken-up.

DIGNAN  
I'm sure he did. We'll have to get  
new plates.

BOB  
It's registered in my mother's  
name.

DIGNAN  
(shakes his head)  
What the fuck possessed you?

BOB  
You're the one who kept saying ram  
him.

Dignan's walking into the bathroom.

DIGNAN  
I meant tap him. As a warning.

Dignan closes the door. Anthony lies down on one of the beds.

Bob just stands there.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. MORNING

The next day. Dignan and Bob are still asleep. Bob's on a folding bed. Anthony's sitting at the table, reading a newspaper eating some cereal from one of those little boxes where you cut open the sides.

EXT. MOTEL POOL. DAY

Anthony's swimming laps. He stops and hangs onto the side for a minute. Across the pool he can see a good-looking Mexican MAID about twenty years old standing beside her cart looking at him. He waves. She waves and gets back to work.



A little while later. Anthony's sitting in a chair by the pool, letting the sun dry him off. He's wearing just a swimsuit. Dignan and Bob are fully dressed, standing beside him.

ANTHONY

Dignan, I can't get my hair cut.  
That's just not possible, all  
right?

DIGNAN

Then you're going to have to dye  
it, Anthony. We've got to hide our  
identities. Especially after Bob  
crashed the car.

Bob has no reaction to this.

ANTHONY

No, Dignan. I'm sorry. I can't do  
that.

DIGNAN

Even if it's the difference between  
some trooper recognizing us and  
throwing us in prison or not?

Silence.

DIGNAN

Well, Bob, Samson has decided that  
his hair is more important than our  
safety.

(screaming)

My friend, that is a reckless  
decision! Let's go, Bob.

Dignan starts walking away.

DIGNAN

Bob. Are you coming?

BOB

See you in a little while.

ANTHONY

See you, Bob.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. DAY

Anthony's wearing a bathrobe, sitting on one of the beds.

The maid unlocks the door and looks inside. She sees Anthony  
and starts to go back out.

ANTHONY  
No, it's OK. Come on in.

She goes in and starts cleaning up. Anthony sits down in one of the chairs and makes conversation.

ANTHONY  
It's hot out, isn't it? Yeah. This is a nice little town. So, what, do you do all these rooms yourself? Or what? I'm Anthony.

He puts out his hand. She shakes it.

ANTHONY  
What's your name?

MAID  
Inez.

ANTHONY  
Inez?

She nods.

ANTHONY  
Let me give you a hand with that.

He helps her make the beds.

EXT. MOTEL HALLWAY. DAY

Anthony walks with Inez from room to room, helping her clean up.

ANTHONY  
How do you say nineteen?

INEZ  
Dies y nueve.

ANTHONY  
Right. Yeah. Yo soy dies y nueve.  
How old are you?

INT. MOTEL ROOM. DAY

Inez opens the door to one of the rooms. They go in to clean it.

ANTHONY  
Are you ever scared of finding a dead body in one of these rooms?

INEZ  
(laughs)  
No.

ANTHONY  
It could happen. This is the exact  
kind of place where it happens. But  
I don't want to scare you.

Anthony picks up a magazine off somebody's suitcase. He flips through it. Inez takes it out of his hands and puts it back on the suitcase.

INT. BATHROOM. DAY

Inez is putting a new bar of soap in the shower. Anthony picks up some wet towels off the floor. It's cramped in there.

ANTHONY  
People think because they're in a  
hotel they can act like a slob.  
It's bad manners.

Inez takes the towels. She pulls the shower curtain shut.

ANTHONY  
Were you born in Mexico?

INEZ  
Cuba.

ANTHONY  
Oh, really? That's interesting. Do  
you prefer Cuba or the United  
States?

Inez is trying to get out of the bathroom but Anthony's in the way.

INEZ  
Scuse me.

EXT. MOTEL HALLWAY. DAY

Inez is pushing the cart. Anthony has his hand on the cart.

ANTHONY  
These towels are still warm.

He picks one up and holds it to his face.

ANTHONY  
I guess from the dryer.

He hands the towel to Inez. She holds it to her face.

ANTHONY

I've never met anybody from Cuba  
before.

Inez says a few sentences of very fast Spanish. Anthony nods.  
Inez knocks on the door of a room.

INEZ

Housekeeping.

A WOMAN about thirty-five years old opens the door.

WOMAN

We're just checking out.

The woman goes back into the room. Inez follows her.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. DAY

The woman's packing a bag on the bed. Anthony comes in. The woman looks at him. He's about to say something when Anthony takes the liner out of the trashcan. The woman's HUSBAND comes out of the bathroom. Anthony picks up some stuff off the floor.

HUSBAND

Hi.

ANTHONY

Hi.

Anthony follows Inez into the bathroom. The husband looks at his wife.

INT. BARBERSHOP. DAY

Dignan's sitting in the waiting area of a barbershop reading a newspaper. We can see Bob out the window, talking on a pay phone. He hangs up and comes inside.

DIGNAN

You can go first, Bob.

BOB

My brother's in jail.

DIGNAN

What are you talking about?

EXT. BARBERSHOP. DAY

They're standing next to the spinning striped pole.

BOB

The weed.

DIGNAN

But it's not his. How can they arrest Future Man?

BOB

They said he's a drug dealer.

Bob looks off into the distance. Sickened.

DIGNAN

Those assholes. We got rapes. Murders. Violent crimes every second. And this is what they come up with.

(shaking his head)

They're just fucking him because he's from a prominent family.

INT. DINER. DAY

They're sitting at a table, waiting for their order.

DIGNAN

I don't think they can make it stick, Bob. I mean, what do they actually have on Future Man?

BOB

Well, the marijuana crop is a good start.

DIGNAN

That could be anybody's.

BOB

They also found my two beam scale in the garage.

DIGNAN

Since when is it a crime to have a scale in your house? Everybody has a scale.

BOB

The cops say it's a special kind of scale drug dealers use in selling marijuana.

DIGNAN

So tell them the truth. What do you use it for?

BOB

(pause)

I was just going to use it to see  
how much I had.

Dignan mulls this over for a minute.

DIGNAN

How long has he been in there?

BOB

I don't know.

DIGNAN

Then how come they haven't set the  
bail yet? That's unconstitutional.

BOB

We'll have to see when we get back.

Dignan looks at Bob for a minute.

DIGNAN

What do you mean get back?

BOB

(pause)

Well, obviously, we got to go back.

DIGNAN

Bob, that makes no sense.

BOB

Dignan, he's my brother. I can't  
just leave him there.

DIGNAN

This could be a trap.

BOB

Come on, Dignan.

DIGNAN

Don't "Come on, Dignan" me.

BOB

I'm going back.

DIGNAN

(louder)

Not in that car you're not.

BOB

Watch me.

DIGNAN

Good luck, since I got the keys.

Bob glares at Dignan. Dignan shrugs. The waitress brings over some glasses of water, ice clinking. Nobody says anything while she sets them down. She walks away.

BOB

Give me the keys, Dignan.

DIGNAN

I can't do that, Bob.

BOB

Dignan. You're going to give me those keys or you're going to get hurt.

DIGNAN

Don't threaten me, Bob.

BOB

Goddammit, Dignan! It's my car! If you don't give me my keys, I swear to God --

EXT. STREET. DAY

Dignan drives the car slowly alongside: Bob walking down the sidewalk, staring straight ahead. Dignan's, got his window down.

DIGNAN

Look, Bob. I understand your loyalty. You're a good person. But right now you're not using your best judgment.

Bob keeps walking.

DIGNAN

Future Man would not want you to go to jail I promise you. Just get in the car and we'll talk about it.

No reaction. Bob keeps walking straight ahead.

DIGNAN

Future Man would never go to jail for you, I'll tell you that.

BOB

His name's not Future Man, Dignan.

DIGNAN  
I know it's not.

BOB  
You don't even know his name.

DIGNAN  
Yes, I do.

BOB  
What is it?

DIGNAN  
Just get in the car, Bob.

BOB  
What's his name?

DIGNAN  
OK, Bob. I don't know his name. You know why? Because I don't care. He's Future Man. But I care about you. And to me it doesn't make sense to go back to the scene of a crime. Will you get in the car, Bob? This is stupid.

Bob stops walking.

BOB  
It's not your decision and he's not your brother, Dignan.

DIGNAN  
That's right. I only have one vote. We'll go talk with Anthony and figure it out.

Pause. Bob gets into the backseat. Dignan looks back at him for a minute.

DIGNAN  
You're going to ride in the back?

Bob nods and looks out the window.

DIGNAN  
Come on, Bob. Get in front.

Bob exhales and gets out. He gets in up front. Dignan looks at him for a minute.

DIGNAN  
You've got a beautiful walk, Bob.



BOB

Let's go.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

Dignan and Bob open the door and go in. Inside: Inez and two other Hispanic MAIDS are sitting at the table by the window. One's about seventeen and a little heavy, the other's in her mid-thirties. There's a bunch of glasses and a bottle of rum on the table. One of the maids is cutting up a banana. Inez smiles at Dignan. Dignan looks puzzled.

DIGNAN

Hi. How's it going.

Suddenly there's a loud crunching, grinding sound. Dignan and Bob are startled. They look around the room. The sound stops.

Anthony comes out of the bathroom carrying the pitcher from a blender. It's full to the top with yellow liquid. He sees Dignan and Bob and stops. Pause.

ANTHONY

I thought you guys went to get your hair cut.

DIGNAN

No. We didn't.

Silence.

ANTHONY

We're making banana daiquiris.

Anthony holds up the pitcher. Dignan looks at it. Nods. Pause.

ANTHONY

This is Inez. Carmen. Anita.

DIGNAN

Hi.

ANTHONY

Inez, this is --

DIGNAN

Jerry.

(pointing to Bob)

And this is my associate Cornelius.

A strange expression crosses Bob's face.

DIGNAN  
May I have a word with you, please?

ANTHONY  
Sure.

EXT. MOTEL HALLWAY. NIGHT

Outside the room. Dignan closes the door. There's three housekeeping carts in the hall.

DIGNAN  
What the fuck is going on here?

ANTHONY  
What. What's the matter?

DIGNAN  
Anthony, we're on the run from the law here. Did you tell these people your real name?

ANTHONY  
No. I didn't. Dignan, they don't speak English.

DIGNAN  
They don't?

ANTHONY  
No. Not really. Inez speaks a little.

DIGNAN  
Which one was that?

ANTHONY  
On the left.

Dignan cracks open the door and looks inside.

ANTHONY  
She's from Cuba.

DIGNAN  
No kidding.

BOB  
Dignan.

DIGNAN  
(closes the door)  
Anthony. Bad news.

EXT. MOTEL POOL. DAY

They walk around the motel.

ANTHONY

How long are they going to hold him?

BOB

I don't know. I don't know anything. Except Phil says they got him. And he's in jail.

DIGNAN

He needs to hire an attorney.

ANTHONY

No, no. Look. OK. Let's stay here until we find out what's going on.

BOB

Anthony, I --

ANTHONY

And if Future Man doesn't get let out of jail in 48 hours, then we go back. All right?

DIGNAN

Now that makes sense. We'll hang out for a couple of days. Get a little R&R. Make sure Future Man's OK and then get back on the road.

ANTHONY

As long as he gets out OK.

DIGNAN

Obviously. That's a given.

ANTHONY

Bob?

BOB

What?

ANTHONY

Is that OK?

Pause. Bob looks at Dignan. Looks at Anthony.

BOB

(shrugs)

Yeah. I guess so.

They shake hands and start back to the room.

DIGNAN

See, now we've got a plan.

ANTHONY

Don't worry about it, Bob.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

Anthony, Dignan, Inez, Carmen, and Anita are sitting crowded around the little table by the window in the motel room. They've got banana daiquiris and a bottle of wine. Moonlight comes through the window. Bob is standing up in front of them with a banana daiquiri in his hand. He's singing a blues number acapella. He's got a good voice.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

Dignan and Bob are playing slapjack with Carmen and Anita.

Everyone's got their hands ready as Carmen turns one card then the next. Bob's having a conversation in fluent Spanish with them about Las Vegas. He's talking about the rules at different casinos: Bally's, Caesar's, the Desert Inn.

Dignan's paying close attention to the deck. A jack comes up and he slams it.

EXT. MOTEL POOL. NIGHT

There's a light in the pool. Anthony and Inez are swimming.

Anthony swims around her with his eyes just above the water.

He goes under and comes up grabbing onto her. She laughs.

INEZ

Does my skin feel soft, Anthony?

ANTHONY

(passionate)

God, yes. Like silk.

Inez starts to giggle.

ANTHONY

What?

(starts laughing)

What?

INEZ

Like silk?

ANTHONY

God. That does sound corny. Oh,  
your skin feels so soft and silky.  
But it really kind of does.

He kisses her.

DIGNAN

No lifeguard on duty. Swim at your  
own risk.

They look up. Dignan's standing at the other side of the  
pool.

He smiles.

DIGNAN

You know, I did save Anthony from  
drowning once, Inez. Tell her,  
Anthony.

CUT TO:

Dignan sitting with his feet in the pool. Anthony and Inez  
are sitting on the steps beside him, in the shallow end.

DIGNAN

See, one day we were playing hot  
box over at my next door neighbor  
Mr. Langston's house and Anthony  
fell in the pool and got knocked  
unconscious. I had to dive in and  
save him.

ANTHONY

This was in fourth grade.

DIGNAN

Mr. Langston performed  
cardiopulmonary resuscitation. CPR.  
I've never said this before, but  
frankly I thought Anthony was dead.  
The veins in his face were all  
sticking out. His skin was blue. He  
truly did look dead.

ANTHONY

After that my parents never let me  
go to Dignan's again.

DIGNAN

They blamed my family for  
everything. They always said Mr.  
Langston saved Anthony's life.

Dignan stares wistfully across the pool. Anthony looks at him for a minute.

ANTHONY

But if it wasn't for Dignan I probably would of died.

DIGNAN

(nodding, whisper voice)  
Yes... It's true.

They're all quiet for a minute. Inez hangs onto the side.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

Bob's sitting in the room by himself, close to the TV, watching a war movie.

EXT. MOTEL. DAY

The next morning. Dignan bursts out the door of the motel room. He runs across the parking lot.

DIGNAN

Son of a bitch.

Dignan runs back into the room. He comes out with Anthony.

DIGNAN

He's gone. He stole the car.

ANTHONY

Where was it parked?

DIGNAN

Right here.

Anthony looks around the parking lot.

DIGNAN

That coward. Son of a bitch.

ANTHONY

Maybe he just went to the store.

DIGNAN

He took his stuff. He's gone.

(pause)

I should of seen this. I should of expected it. Bob doesn't have any character.

Anthony puts his hands in his pockets. Looks out at the highway.

ANTHONY  
He went back for his brother.

DIGNAN  
We said 48 hours.

ANTHONY  
That's a long time to be in jail.

They stand there in the empty parking lot. Anthony goes inside.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. DAY

In the room. The blinds are pulled. Anthony's sitting at the end of a bed. Dignan's pacing around the room.

DIGNAN  
We'll get him. Don't worry about that. We'll go back. We'll find him. And we'll blow up his car. Or do something. I promise you.

Anthony gets up and walks to the bathroom. He shuts the door.

Dignan follows him over to the sink and sits on the counter.

DIGNAN  
I mean, let's face it. Bob was dead weight. We're a lot better off without him.  
(pause)  
But who could expect it? Just like that. Steals the fucking car. What kind of person pulls that --

Anthony opens the door and walks out.

ANTHONY  
Bob didn't steal the car. He told me he was going. He had to go help his brother.

Anthony sits back down on the bed. Dignan's shocked.

DIGNAN  
When'd he tell you?

ANTHONY  
This morning.

DIGNAN  
Where was I?

ANTHONY

You were asleep.

DIGNAN

He told you and you let him do it.

ANTHONY

He told me because he wanted to know if I wanted to go.

DIGNAN

(hesitates)

If you wanted to go? What were you going to do? Just leave me here by myself?

ANTHONY

Well, I didn't do it, did I?

DIGNAN

So when you were saying Bob's at the store and acting real surprised, that was just an act. You were just --

ANTHONY

Bob went to help his brother. I understand that and I can't help it if you don't.

DIGNAN

I understand that if I had a few more friends like you and Bob I'd be dead.

ANTHONY

If you say so.

INT. DINER. DAY

Anthony and Dignan are sitting at a booth. Anthony's got a roadmap spread out on the table. There's a long silence.

DIGNAN

If you'd gone with Bob you'd probably be in Weatherford by now. Of course I'd be here frantically worrying thinking you must of got kidnapped.

ANTHONY

I didn't realize you had such an incredible ability to feel sorry for yourself, Dignan.



DIGNAN

Well, the world is a little bit colder today.

Anthony sits there thinking for a second, staring into space. Then he looks back at his map. He draws some lines in two different colors of felt tip pens.

ANTHONY

You want to look at the map?

Pause. Dignan kind of looks at the map, without leaning forward. Anthony turns the map more in Dignan's direction.

Dignan leans forward, looking.

ANTHONY

See. Here's where we are.

They look at the map for a minute. Dignan looks out the window.

DIGNAN

I didn't know he had it in him.

(pause)

I guess you could say the child has become the father of the man.

EXT./INT. MOTEL/TOWN. DAY

Anthony runs down the sidewalk, cuts across the street, and goes around the side of the motel. He pulls off his jacket as he goes up the stairs. He spots Inez's cart. He walks over to the room she's cleaning. She's in there making the bed. Anthony closes the door and grabs her by her belt. She's laughing and he pushes her onto the bed. He unbuttons her dress. She jerks a sheet out of the way. It swings in the air.

Then we see Anthony and Inez walking down the sidewalk. He's got one arm wrapped tight around her shoulders and she's got hers around his waist. They're talking while they walk, going past people in the town.

They watch each other walking reflected in a window.

EXT. MOTEL. EVENING

Dignan is doing the butterfly in the pool. Anthony and Inez walk over and wait for him at the end of the pool.

ANTHONY

We're going over to this bar if you feel like going.

DIGNAN

No. I'm going to swim. I'll see you later.

Dignan treads water. Inez looks at Anthony.

ANTHONY

Why don't you come with us.

DIGNAN

OK.

Dignan gets out of the pool.

INT. MEXICAN BAR. NIGHT

Anthony, Dignan, and Inez are drinking beers with limes and salt. The mood is good and they're getting drunk. Anthony and Inez dance. Then Dignan and Inez. Mexican-style, stomping their feet and clapping. There's a scruffy dog in the bar and he barks at the dancers. Anthony kisses Inez and they whisper to each other. Dignan orders another beer and moves over to the pool table. A skinny Mexican MAN puts his arm around Dignan's shoulder. He's drunk and slurring his words.

So's Dignan.

MAN

Hello, my friend. You in the Army, yes?

DIGNAN

No. I just have short hair.

MAN

Is that your chiquita?

DIGNAN

No, my friend knows her.

MAN

She Chicano, yes?

Dignan nods.

MAN

You like Chicanos?

DIGNAN

Sure.

He says something in fast Spanish to the people at his table and they smile.

MAN

Play pool? For one cerveza.

Dignan nods. The guy racks up the balls. They start shooting. Dignan makes a hard shot.

MAN

(smiling)

You a good pool player.

DIGNAN

Got a little lucky.

MAN

Where's your friend? He go with the chiquita?

Dignan looks over to the bar. Anthony and Inez are gone.

DIGNAN

I don't know.

MAN

She is a good looking woman.

Dignan ignores this. They keep playing. Dignan finally makes the eight ball. The man shakes Dignan's hand and holds on.

DIGNAN

Guess I'll get another Tecate.

MAN

Si. Tecate. You like to fight?

DIGNAN

What?

MAN

Fight. You know.

He pulls Dignan in and with his other hand fakes a hard punch.

DIGNAN

No. Just pool.

MAN

You Hoto?

DIGNAN

(pulls away)

Fuck you. You a Hoto.

MAN  
 (smiles)  
 No. Me no Hoto. Tecate?

DIGNAN  
 Right.

INT. BATHROOM. NIGHT

The bathroom is very small with one bare light bulb. Dignan stands at the urinal, muttering to himself.

The door opens and Dignan turns around just in time to see the Mexican man throw a hard punch. He hits Dignan in the stomach, punches him in the face. Dignan goes down hard. The guy kicks him and curses in Spanish.

MAN  
 Pinche cabrone. Puta madre.

The bartender comes in with a bat in his hand and starts talking fast and angry in Spanish. The guy gets out.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. NIGHT

Dignan's sitting in bed, watching TV. He's got a fat lip and a big bruise over his eye. Anthony's sitting in a chair beside him. Inez brings over a glass of water and some ice in a washcloth. She gives the ice to Dignan for his eye. She puts the glass of water on the nightstand where there's some fast food laid out for Dignan: burger, fries, an apple pie. Inez goes into the bathroom, closes the door, and turns on the water. Anthony's sitting there with his hands clasped, not looking at the TV.

ANTHONY  
 I can't believe he just jumped you.

DIGNAN  
 Can you hand me those french fries.

Anthony hands him the fries. Dignan watches the TV.

ANTHONY  
 I wish I'd been there.

DIGNAN  
 Would of been nice.

Anthony looks at Dignan.

ANTHONY  
 Man. I'm sorry. We just went for a walk --

DIGNAN

I don't really feel like talking about it. The only thing I feel like is getting the fuck out of this place.

ANTHONY

(pause)

We need a car.

For the first time Dignan looks away from the TV, at Anthony.

DIGNAN

I have an idea for that.

ANTHONY

What?

DIGNAN

Inez has a master key to all these rooms, doesn't she?

(pause)

Doesn't she?

ANTHONY

I don't think we can do that.

DIGNAN

I know we can. It's real simple. We go into a room, grab some car keys and --

ANTHONY

What I'm saying is she wouldn't go for that.

DIGNAN

She doesn't need to know.

ANTHONY

(pause)

I don't know, Dignan. I just --

DIGNAN

Look. I'm ready to get the fuck out of here. It's real torture for me to be here. Getting the shit kicked out of me by Mexicans.

ANTHONY

Shh.

DIGNAN

No one to back me up. Now I have a good idea. So unless you come up with something better --

ANTHONY

Dignan. I can't do that. All right? I just can't.

The bathroom door opens.

DIGNAN

Then you better think of something.

Inez comes back in.

INEZ

How are you, Jerry?

DIGNAN

(staring at TV)  
I feel great, Inez.

ANTHONY

(kisses her)  
I'll see you later.

Inez goes outside. She closes the door.

ANTHONY

I don't think we need any keys, Dignan. I think I can hotwire a car for us.

DIGNAN

You don't know how to hotwire.

ANTHONY

Yes, I do. Bob taught me.

DIGNAN

Bob taught you how to get electrocuted.

ANTHONY

No, I'm serious. He made me a diagram.

EXT. SIDEWALK. DAY

Dignan's standing on a corner alone. He looks sullen.

EXT. SIDEWALK. DAY

Anthony walks down an alley. He goes past a beat-up convertible. He stops, hands in his pockets. He looks both ways.

He cuts back to the car, opens the door, and slips inside.

INT. STOLEN CAR. DAY

Anthony's behind the wheel. He hand signals a turn and pulls up next to Dignan. Dignan shakes his head as he looks at the car. He gets in. They drive through the town. The wind's blowing hard. Anthony smiles at Dignan. Dignan tries not to smile.

CUT TO:

Dignan sitting in the parked car with the motor running. In the side mirror he's watching Anthony and Inez. Anthony's saying goodbye. He walks back to the car and gets in. He puts it in gear and they drive off.

DIGNAN

What'd you say to Inez?

Anthony shrugs.

DIGNAN

"I'll come back for you. I love you, Inez."

Anthony is silent.

DIGNAN

"I'm going to take you away from all this windexing and making beds."

Silence. Dignan exhales and looks out the window.

EXT. HIGHWAY. DAY

The car is on the shoulder, raised up on a Jack with the hood open. Anthony's looking underneath the car. Dignan's standing in the middle the road with his hands in his pockets. No cars in sight.

Anthony starts messing around under the hood. He tests some wires and connections. He steps away from the car.

ANTHONY

Man, I don't know anything about cars.

Dignan stares down the road.

DIGNAN  
You really know how to pick them.

Anthony walks over to Dignan. He stands beside him for a minute.

ANTHONY  
I think we better go home.

DIGNAN  
Don't panic, Anthony.

ANTHONY  
I'm not. But there's --

DIGNAN  
You can't just run home every time things get tough. First of all, we've got enough dough to --

ANTHONY  
Our money situation is not good.

DIGNAN  
(clapping him on the back)  
You're so spoiled. What is "not good" to you? Only a few hundred --

ANTHONY  
We've got sixteen dollars.

DIGNAN  
That's not correct.

Dignan stares at Anthony.

DIGNAN  
Give it to me.

Pause. Anthony reaches into his pocket and pulls out the money. Dignan takes it. He counts it. He looks at Anthony.

DIGNAN  
Sixteen dollars.

ANTHONY  
I know.

DIGNAN  
Where's the rest?

Dignan stares at Anthony. Pause.



ANTHONY

I had to give some to Inez.

DIGNAN

How much?

ANTHONY

\$383.

Dignan frowns slightly. Pause. He screams:

DIGNAN

What!

Pause. Dignan runs at the car and kicks the door as hard as he can. It makes a big dent. He runs down the shoulder and grabs a big rock. He runs at the car and smashes the rock through the windshield. He stands still. He turns to Anthony. He walks back over to him, yelling.

DIGNAN

You gave \$383 to the goddamn housekeeper! What the fuck is your problem?

ANTHONY

She needed it.

DIGNAN

A \$500 tip! For the housekeeper!

ANTHONY

Her name's Inez. Stop calling her the housekeeper.

DIGNAN

That's what she is!

ANTHONY

I know that. But --

DIGNAN

You're in love with the fucking housekeeper!

ANTHONY

Shut up!

DIGNAN

What are you going to do, get married? Have a bunch of little idiot janitor brats! And go around scrubbing the --

Anthony slaps Dignan hard in the face.

ANTHONY

Stop!

(pause)

Now listen to me.

Dignan punches Anthony in the face. Follows it up with one after another. Anthony ducks and puts his arms out. He falls on one knee. Dignan immediately turns and walks to the car.

Anthony stands up. He's got a bloody nose. He stares at Dignan. Not angry. Just weary.

Dignan pulls his tennis bag out of the car. He shuts the door and walks down the highway.

Anthony walks to the car and takes out his backpack. He pulls it tight around his shoulders. He looks down the highway at Dignan. Then turns and walks the other way, into the distance.

BLACKOUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. GOLF COURSE. DAY

A cold day on a nice country club course. Anthony watches Bob hit a hard shot straight into the rough. Bob stands there in a frozen follow-through. Then he suddenly swings his club and hits it down the fairway. He starts to walk back to the golf cart.

ANTHONY

Bob, where you going?

BOB

I'm not playing any more golf.

ANTHONY

Why not?

BOB

Cause I'm not getting any better.  
It's a waste of time.

ANTHONY

You've only been playing for two weeks, Bob. It takes a long time to learn this game.

BOB

You think I'm improving?

ANTHONY

(pause)

Yes. You just got to stick with it.

Bob looks down the fairway. He takes a deep breath and starts walking toward his club about twenty yards away.

INT. GOLF CART. DAY

In the cart. Bob's driving. There's a brief silence.

BOB

You don't have to talk about it if you don't want to.

ANTHONY

No, I don't mind.

BOB

I know it must of been a bad experience. But it doesn't sound like it was your fault.

ANTHONY

Well, I didn't mean to electrocute him. But the whole operation was my idea.

MONTAGE: Electronics wizardry. Splicing wires. Buzzing electrodes. A filament lights up blue. Pliers and clippers rewire a circuit breaker, short out the P.A. system, electrify doors and windows. Anthony continues in VOICEOVER.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

It took six months of research. I did all the wiring myself. Switched AC to DC. Doubled the voltage. Shorted out the generator. The whole school was shut down.

BOB (V.O.)

That's pretty complicated for a senior prank.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

I don't like that word prank, Bob. I was trying to do something more than a prank.

EXT. SCHOOL. DAY

A large school building. Tall oak trees and benches in the shade. Green and blue lights blink in the windows.

White flashes and loud jolts of energy dance from room to room. Mozart plays in the distance.

Students begin to swarm out into the yard.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

I wanted to create an event.  
Something everyone would remember.  
And at first it worked perfectly.  
The whole school was standing  
around outside. Kids running all  
over the place. Everybody laughing.

EXT. GOLF COURSE. DAY

Anthony and Bob are standing on the seventeenth green.

ANTHONY

Even the school custodian Swifty  
thought it was great. He kept  
laughing and shaking his head the  
whole time he tried to disconnect  
the generator. And then suddenly  
(snaps his finger)  
total silence except for Swifty  
hanging off the generator with his  
leg stuck to it being electrocuted.

Anthony stares down the fairway.

ANTHONY

Actually he died of a heart attack  
brought on by the shock. He was an  
older guy.

INT. GOLF CART. DAY

Anthony and Bob are driving back to the clubhouse.

ANTHONY

I felt terrible. I'd known Swifty  
since first grade. He was Dignan's  
medicine man for Indian Guides.  
They called each other Rattlesnake  
and Killer Whale. Whenever Dignan  
came to visit me he would act like  
he and Swifty weren't that good of  
friends, but that was just to make  
me feel better. The whole rest of  
the school had turned against me.

EXT. BOB'S HOUSE. DAY

Anthony and Bob are sitting by the pool, drinking beers.  
Future Man's swimming laps even though it's cold out.

ANTHONY

At first they were going to charge me with manslaughter. That's partly why I was in custody so long. Sixty days.

BOB

Sixty days?

ANTHONY

Yeah. One minute you're studying Great Expectations and the next minute you're drawing the Holy Mary for some kid who tried to stab his girlfriend.

BOB

Why were you drawing the Holy Mary?

ANTHONY

Prison tatoos. I got to be pretty good. It's not like drawing on paper.

CUT TO:

Future Man toweling off. He wears a Speedo swimsuit. He walks over to Bob and Anthony. Anthony's just finishing a drawing of a leaping jungle cat in black and red ink on Bob's shoulder.

Future Man stops and looks at them with no feeling.

ANTHONY

(pause)

It's a panther.

Pause. Future Man looks at Bob.

FUTURE MAN

How's that 700 bucks coming?

BOB

I'm working on it.

FUTURE MAN

Hard to find it sitting by the pool drinking beer and bullshitting.

He walks inside.

ANTHONY

I thought he didn't have to pay anything because of the technicality.

BOB

Yeah, but he still has the aggravation. Three days sitting in a cell.

ANTHONY

(pause)

Were you adopted, Bob?

BOB

Why do you say that?

ANTHONY

Well, because you guys don't look alike.

BOB

No. I wasn't adopted.

Long pause.

ANTHONY

Was Future Man adopted?

BOB

Jesus Christ! No.

INT. CAR. DAY

Dignan and APPLEJACK are sitting in, a '72 Monte Carlo by the curb two houses down from Bob's. Applejack is a small black man with white hair. It's hard to tell exactly how old he is. Around sixty-five.

DIGNAN

There's a lot of valuable shit in there, Applejack. The silver and the china. The crystal. And the grandfather clock. Goddammit, I bet that clock's worth ten grand.

APPLEJACK

Why the fuck do we need to blow up the car? It doesn't make any goddamn sense.

DIGNAN  
Just settling an old score. You  
might say revenge.

APPLEJACK  
That sounds like a lot of bullshit  
that'll land us in jail.

DIGNAN  
We might have to take that chance.  
Cause I feel pretty strongly about  
this.

APPLEJACK  
Is that Buckethead?

Anthony is walking Hector down the driveway.

DIGNAN  
Get down.

Anthony does some stretching exercises in the driveway.

APPLEJACK  
Is that him?

DIGNAN  
Wait a second.

They watch Anthony and Hector start down the street.

DIGNAN  
That's Anthony.

APPLEJACK  
That's your friend Anthony?

DIGNAN  
Yeah.

APPLEJACK  
What's he doing here?

DIGNAN  
Looks like he's staying with  
Buckethead. That's what I figured.  
He's probably got his own room.  
Let's see where he's going.

Applejack puts the car in gear. They drive slowly.

DIGNAN  
Don't get too close.

Anthony looks back.

DIGNAN  
Stop. He saw us.

Anthony keeps jogging with Hector.

DIGNAN  
Wait. Did he see us?

APPLEJACK  
We're going too slow. It looks like  
we're following him.

Anthony goes around a corner, down an alley.

DIGNAN  
Speed up.

They pull down to the end of the alley. Anthony and Hector  
are racing down the alley.

EXT. ALLEY. DAY

Dignan gets out of the car.

DIGNAN  
Anthony!

Anthony looks back. He stops running.

DIGNAN  
Wait up.

Dignan jogs down the alley. He stops a few feet away from  
Anthony.

DIGNAN  
Where you going?

Anthony points down the alley.

ANTHONY  
Just walking Hector.

Dignan looks down the alley. He looks at Anthony. Pause.

ANTHONY  
When'd you get back?

DIGNAN  
Ah. Couple days ago.

Pause.



DIGNAN  
(under his breath)  
You want to shake hands.

Anthony puts his hand out. They shake. Pause. Anthony looks down the alley.

ANTHONY  
Who's in the car?

DIGNAN  
That's Applejack. You want to meet him?

ANTHONY  
Sure.

They walk to the car.

DIGNAN  
This is Applejack.

They shake.

ANTHONY  
Nice to meet you, Applejack.

APPLEJACK  
You're Anthony?

ANTHONY  
Yeah.

APPLEJACK  
I hear you're a good thief.

Anthony shrugs and smiles. He nods.

EXT. HAMBURGER PLACE. DAY

A hamburger place with no other customers. Anthony, Dignan, and Applejack are sitting at an outdoor table. It's cold and their jackets are zipped up tight.

APPLEJACK  
I'm just sitting at this bar drinking my drink when this fine chick walks by. She was a living doll. And the big motherfucker who came in with her sees me looking, when he walks by he steps on my foot. Doesn't say shit. Just takes a seat with his lady.

(MORE)

APPLEJACK (CONT'D)

Well, I holler out to him, If I was as big as you, ain't no way in the hell you'd of stepped on my foot like that. He just laughed. He says, Little man, take your foot and put it in your pocket. I said, No, how about I take my foot and I stick it up your ass? Man, we went to war right there. I hit him so hard I knocked his nuts in his watchpocket. But this motherfucker wouldn't go down. Then all the sudden, out of nowhere, Dignan came up behind him and smashed a bottle on his head. And that big old boy went down. That's how I met Dignan. Good cat to have on your side. He'll go to war with you. He don't give a fuck.

Applejack and Dignan slap hands.

DIGNAN

Applejack would of got him anyway. This was just the quicker way.

ANTHONY

You really hit a guy with a bottle?

Dignan takes a little notebook out of his pocket.

DIGNAN

Pretty much. He kind of fell into me. But wait a second.

Dignan opens the notebook on the table.

DIGNAN

I want you to look at this.

ANTHONY

What is it?

DIGNAN

It's big, Anthony. Real big. It's called Hinckley Cold Storage.

ANTHONY

What's Hinckley Cold Storage?

EXT. HINCKLEY COLD STORAGE. DAY

Anthony, Dignan, and Applejack are standing in front of a massive structure with ladders and towers and huge doors.

Applejack's car is parked behind them. There are trucks lined up along the loading docks. A big sign says Hinckley Cold Storage.

DIGNAN

Mr. Henry has an inside source. We call him Steve. That's where we get our information.

ANTHONY

Who's Mr. Henry?

DIGNAN

You'll meet him this afternoon. He's helping us set it up.

APPLEJACK

Did you ever hear of the S. Cooper Trust robbery?

ANTHONY

(shakes his head)  
Uh-uh.

APPLEJACK

S. Cooper Trust, in San Francisco?

ANTHONY

Uh-uh.

DIGNAN

Mr. Henry pulled that job in 1965. It's famous. Applejack was the wheel man. Did you use this same car, Applejack?

APPLEJACK

Hell, no. This is a '72. I was driving a '63 Pontiac.

ANTHONY

What exactly is this place? Freezers?

DIGNAN

Right. Freezers. Imported foods.

Anthony stares at Hitckley Cold Storage.

APPLEJACK

Let's go, Abdul-Shabazz.

ANTHONY

Abdul-Shabazz?

DIGNAN  
Just a nickname.

EXT. WAREHOUSE. DAY

Anthony, Dignan, and Applejack are standing on the sidewalk at the front door of an old warehouse. Dignan knocks on the door, then tries the bell. They all wait.

ANTHONY  
What time did he say to be here?

DIGNAN  
Right now.

Dignan looks in the window. He tries the door. It's locked.

APPLEJACK  
I can knock a man out with a six  
inch punch.

ANTHONY  
What do you mean?

APPLEJACK  
Feel this.

Anthony puts his hand up. Applejack does a short, hard jab. Anthony shakes his hand out.

ANTHONY  
(whistles)  
You could give somebody a  
concussion.

DIGNAN  
Let me feel that.

Dignan puts his hand up. Applejack nails it.

DIGNAN  
(grabbing his hand)  
Ow. Shit.

A drop of water hits Dignan on the head. He looks up. More water falls on him. He gets out of the way. Everyone looks up. There's a man on the roof. He laughs, hysterically. They stare up at him.

MAN  
How's the weather down there?

DIGNAN

(pause)

Mr. Henry?

MAN

Come on in!

DIGNAN

It's locked.

MAN

No, it's not.

Dignan shrugs. He goes over to the door. Mr. Henry pours some more water on him.

A minute later: a steel garage door opens and the man steps outside. He is tall, about sixty years old with white hair clipped short and a trim goatee. He wears black trousers, black shoes, no shirt, and a string of animal teeth around his neck. This is MR. HENRY. He puts a towel around Dignan's shoulders and pats him on the back.

MR. HENRY

Dignan. Good to see you. Good to see you Applejack.

(looks at Anthony)

Who are you?

DIGNAN

This is Anthony Adams, Mr. Henry.

MR. HENRY

This is no good.

Mr. Henry stares hard at Dignan. He looks to Anthony. He looks back to Dignan.

MR. HENRY

This is no good, bringing him here. What are you thinking? What the shit, man? Are you crazy?

Mr. Henry stares at Dignan. He looks to Anthony.

MR. HENRY

I'm pulling your leg. Abe Henry.

They shake hands. Mr. Henry points to ROWBOAT, a tall, older black man standing in the doorway. Rowboat wears a white windbreaker.

MR. HENRY

This is my business manager,  
Rowboat.

ANTHONY

Nice to meet you.

MR. HENRY

That's a sharp jacket.

ANTHONY

Thanks.

INT. WAREHOUSE. DAY

The second floor of the warehouse is one huge room painted all white. Mr. Henry and Anthony are playing ping-pong. Dignan watches. Rowboat—and Applejack are on the far side of the room playing chess.

ANTHONY

It's hard to get much spin with  
this kind of paddle.

MR. HENRY

It's called a racquet, Anthony, and  
you're holding it wrong. That's  
ghetto play. Hold it like this.

Anthony changes his grip. Mr. Henry serves. The ball clicks back and forth. They're both solid players. Anthony whips a shot crosscourt and wins the point.

MR. HENRY

You know, your form is for shit,  
but you've got a hell of a talent.

ANTHONY

Thanks.

Mr. Henry serves. Anthony returns. Mr. Henry suddenly fires a scorching shot down the line. Anthony watches it click past him. He looks to Mr. Henry.

ANTHONY

Nice shot.

Mr. Henry smiles. He looks to Dignan.

MR. HENRY

Is he in?

DIGNAN

I don't know. Are you in, Anthony?

Anthony stands there silent. He looks to Applejack and Rowboat. He looks to Mr. Henry. Then Dignan.

ANTHONY

Yeah, I'm in.

Mr. Henry puts down his paddle. Stares at Anthony. Smiles.

MR. HENRY

OK, kid. Let's go talk about cops and robbers.

INT. WAREHOUSE. DAY

The ground floor is crammed with cars. Some have been taken apart. Some are shiny and perfect. Anthony and Dignan walk among the cars and junk with Mr. Henry. They've each got coffee in a styrofoam cup.

MR. HENRY

Every once in a while some cat comes to me. He wants to know how I made it. How did I become a success? The first thing I tell them is: follow your instincts. Let your instincts guide you. The second thing I tell them is, for Christ's sake: you got to know your grammar.

ANTHONY

Grammar.

DIGNAN

What do you mean grammar?

MR. HENRY

The basic grammatical rules of robbing.

ANTHONY

You mean like techniques?

MR. HENRY

(nods)

Technique. That's right. Seventy-five percent of your job is crowd control. Seventy-five percent. Do you believe that?

DIGNAN

(pause)

Yes, I do.

EXT. ROOFTOP. DAY

On the roof of the warehouse. They're standing near the edge, looking out. Mr. Henry is smoking a joint. He's got on a black beret. Anthony and Dignan are listening to him talk.

MR. HENRY

On the other hand you got to have the right equipment. I don't care if you're Harry Houdini. You can't pick a lock without a hairpin.

Dignan nods.

ANTHONY

I'd like to live in that place. Hinckley Cold Storage.

MR. HENRY

Yeah. Convert it into lofts. OK. Pop quiz. What's the single most important aspect of your job?

DIGNAN

The grammar?

MR. HENRY

Crowd control. Crowd control. Wake up, guys.

DIGNAN

Oh, yeah.

MR. HENRY

You're going to need a boxman for this one. But that can be arranged.

ANTHONY

You mean a safecracker?

MR. HENRY

Yeah. And I'll tell you who we're going to want: Kumar Banijamali.

DIGNAN

Is he good?

MR. HENRY

He's damn good.



INT. KUMAR'S ROOM. DAY

KUMAR is about sixty-five with white hair. He's short and wears a pale-green button-down shirt, dark trousers, and sandals. His room is small and has everything he needs in it. Books. Little TV. Possessions from all over the world.

Kumar sits on his bed. Anthony and Dignan sit in wooden chairs. Kumar stares out the window. They sit for a long silence.

DIGNAN

So what do you think of the plan,  
Mr. Kumar?

Kumar shrugs. Pause.

DIGNAN

We'd love to have you on the team.

Kumar nods. He looks at a plant growing by the window.

Silence.

ANTHONY

What is that? An orchid?

Kumar shakes his head. Sighs deeply. Long pause.

Kumar suddenly stands up and unbuttons his shirt. He throws it on the bed. He undoes his trousers and takes them off.

Anthony looks at Dignan. Kumar takes off his socks, then his shorts. He is naked. He walks over to his dresser and takes out a small satchell. He looks around the room. Right at Anthony. He walks quickly toward him. Anthony gets nervous.

Kumar grabs Anthony's shoulder and lifts him up a little. He pulls a towel out from underneath Anthony. He puts his hand on Dignan's shoulder as he walks to the door, into the hall.

KUMAR

Good plan.

He goes out. Anthony and Dignan sit there for a minute.

They're a little disoriented.

DIGNAN

What do you think?

ANTHONY

(nods)  
He seems pretty good.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE. NIGHT

The foyer of Bob's house. The doorbell is ringing. Bob walks in wearing a velour robe. He opens the front door. Anthony and Dignan are standing on the dootstep. Dignan and Bob shake hands. It's a little awkward.

BOB  
Hey, Dignan. How's it going?

DIGNAN  
Not bad.

BOB  
Come on in. What you been up to?

DIGNAN  
Not a whole lot, Bob.

They walk through the house.

BOB  
It's too bad about what happened on the road.

DIGNAN  
Yeah. It is.

ANTHONY  
Let's not even talk about it.

BOB  
It was stupid.

DIGNAN  
Right. It was extremely stupid.

BOB  
I don't expect an apology and I don't even want one. I just want us to --

DIGNAN  
I can't fucking believe this guy. An apology, Bob?

BOB  
Man, I don't want to go into this.

ANTHONY  
Yeah. Let's keep it --

BOB  
Cause you would of let my brother  
rot in jail.

DIGNAN  
You said 48 hours!

BOB  
I never agreed to that.

DIGNAN  
Bob, you're lying!

BOB  
Bullshit.

DIGNAN  
All right! Backyard! Right now!

Dignan walks straight to the back door and goes out. He  
stands on the deck.

DIGNAN  
Let's go, Bob!

Anthony gets up and tries to calm Dignan down.

ANTHONY  
Dignan. Take it easy.

DIGNAN  
Bob!

Bob is slowly moving toward the back door.

BOB  
No, Dignan. This is stupid.

Bob is standing just inside the back door.

ANTHONY  
Yeah. Dignan. Look. Let's just --

Dignan grabs Bob's shirt and pulls him out the door.

ANTHONY  
Stop, Dignan!

Anthony breaks them up. He stands in front of Bob, shielding  
him.

ANTHONY  
He doesn't want to fight.

DIGNAN  
Get out of the way.

ANTHONY  
No, Dignan. This isn't --

Dignan gets around Anthony and lands a glancing punch.

DIGNAN  
Come on!

BOB  
I don't want to fight you, Dignan.

ANTHONY  
Dignan, we're friends. Take it  
easy.

Dignan lands another punch. He grabs Bob's shirt and pulls him around. Then he starts landing punches. One. Two. Then Bob nails Dignan in the shoulder. They grab onto each other and start fighting hard. They're about the same strength. After a couple of seconds Anthony tries to break it up.

ANTHONY  
Dignan. Dignan.

All the sudden Dignan stops fighting.

DIGNAN  
All right. Stop.

Dignan puts his arms around Bob.

DIGNAN  
No fighting.

Dignan turns to Anthony. There's tears in his eyes.

DIGNAN  
No fighting. It wasn't Bob's fault.

ANTHONY  
Easy, Dignan. It's OK.

They all catch their breath for a minute. Dignan hugs Bob again.

DIGNAN  
It wasn't your fault, Bob. You had  
your brother.

BOB  
I didn't have any choice.

They stand there another minute.

DIGNAN  
I'm sorry, Bob.

BOB  
That's OK.

ANTHONY  
(starting to laugh)  
Shit, Dignan.

DIGNAN  
(smiles)  
What the fuck are we doing out here?

ANTHONY  
I don't know, Dignan. You went crazy.

DIGNAN  
I'm sorry, Bob.

BOB  
That's OK.

DIGNAN  
Look. We want you on the job.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB. DAY

The restaurant at Bob's country club. People are dressed for golf and tennis. The waiters wear white jackets and black bow ties. The whole crew sits at a big table by the front window.

MR. HENRY  
Let me get this straight. You don't play golf and you don't play tennis. So why do you belong to a country club?

BOB  
You got me.

MR. HENRY  
(shakes his head)  
You're a piece of work, Bob.

A black waiter about thirty-five, JACKSON, stops by the table.

JACKSON  
How you doing, Bob?

BOB  
Hey, Jackson. How's it going?

Jackson refills their water glasses.

JACKSON  
You keeping out of trouble?

BOB  
I'm trying.

JACKSON  
(looks at others at table)  
This boy's a troublemaker. He used  
to tear this place apart.

Mr. Henry laughs. Bob smiles sheepishly. Jackson stands there for a minute looking around the room.

JACKSON  
Your brother was up here the other  
day. He said you ran away from  
home.

BOB  
He said what?

JACKSON  
He said you ran away from home.

BOB  
No. I didn't run away. I went out  
of town.

Jackson nods.

DIGNAN  
Bob.

Bob looks at Dignan. Dignan's looking across the room.

There's Future Man and his friend CLAY fresh from a round of golf. They're standing on the other side of the room, looking across at Bob. They're smiling. Jackson picks up two empty plates and walks away. Future Man and CLAY walk to Bob's table.

FUTURE MAN  
Fancy seeing you here, Bob.

BOB  
Yeah. Hey, Clay.

CLAY

Hi, Bob.

FUTURE MAN

(smiling)

So what's shaking?

BOB

Nothing much.

Future Man looks at Anthony and Dignan. His smiles fades.

FUTURE MAN

How's it going.

ANTHONY

Fine, thanks.

Future Man looks at the rest of the crew. His smile comes back. Mr. Henry smiles.

FUTURE MAN

John Mapplethorpe.

(shaking hands with crew  
across table)

How are you. Hi.

MR. HENRY

Good to know you, John.

BOB

Jackson says you told him I ran  
away from home.

Clay laughs. Future Man smiles.

FUTURE MAN

I might have mentioned it.

BOB

John, I'm twenty-six years old I  
didn't run away from home.

FUTURE MAN

I know, Bob. You were on a secret  
mission.

BOB

I'd appreciate it if you didn't go  
around telling people lies about  
me.

FUTURE MAN

Right. I'm sorry.

(looks at Clay)

You've got a reputation to think about.

Clay smiles. Bob shakes his head. Mr. Henry stands up.

Everyone looks at him. He's got a cold but calm expression.

MR. HENRY

The world needs dreamers, son.

FUTURE MAN

What?

MR. HENRY

The world needs dreamers. To relieve the pain of consciousness.

Future Man nods. Pause. Mr. Henry doesn't sit down.

FUTURE MAN

Well, we'll see you later, Bob.

MR. HENRY

Pleasure to meet you, John.

FUTURE MAN

(hesitantly)

Nice to meet you.

Future Man and Clay walk away. Mr. Henry sits down.

MR. HENRY

I hope this doesn't offend you, Bob.

(looks closely at Bob)

Your brother is a cocksucker.

Bob smiles. They all smile.

BOB

No. That doesn't offend me.

EXT. HINCKLEY COLD STORAGE. DAY

Dignan's hidden in some bushes, watching the Hinckley Cold Storage building with binoculars. Anthony's crouched beside him taking notes in a notebook.



DIGNAN

OK. Man in blue jeans just left by southwest door. He is entering a white van. What time is it?

ANTHONY

Eleven fifteen.

DIGNAN

OK. Mark that down.

ANTHONY

I did.

Dignan keeps watching through the binoculars. He suddenly looks back at Anthony.

DIGNAN

God. Isn't this great? Working on the job. Got a wheel man. Got a safecracker. Good friends with Mr. Henry.

ANTHONY

Yeah. It's pretty good.

DIGNAN

It's like we've finally arrived.

Anthony nods. He's writing something.

DIGNAN

What are you writing?

Anthony shows him a little flip cartoon of a guy pole vaulting.

INT./EXT. PLANNING SEQUENCE. DAY

We see the team assembled around a table. They're drinking coffee and looking at pictures, charts, maps, diagrams, tools. Dignan passes out some walkie talkies.

They test out some smoke cannisters on the roof. Dignan throws one down. They all run for cover.

Applejack and Dignan drive fast through a slalom course in a deserted parking lot.

We see Kumar working on a safe. He wears a stethoscope and listens to the tumblers. He turns the dial. Dignan is timing him with a stopwatch.

Kumar opens the safe. He looks at Dignan. Dignan nods with a serious expression on his face.

EXT. RAILROAD TRACKS. DAY

Anthony and Mr. Henry are jogging along railroad tracks in the warehouse district. Anthony wears a blue T-shirt and shorts. Mr. Henry looks like a boxer in grey sweats with the hood up and a crisp white towel wrapped around his neck and tucked into his sweat top. He's wearing black Chuck Taylors. They've both got smooth running styles, though every twenty yards or so Mr. Henry rolls his shoulders and gives a quick flurry of punches. An older woman rides a bicycle across the tracks. She's not pretty, but she's got a strong face.

Pioneer stock.

MR. HENRY

Look at that woman. She's what? Fifty? Fifty-five? But she hasn't let herself go. I appreciate an older woman who has a commitment to her body.

ANTHONY

So do I.

They watch her ride down the street.

MR. HENRY

Tell me something. What the hell kind of name is Dignan?

ANTHONY

I'm not really sure. I think it's Irish. Or maybe --

MR. HENRY

I guess what I'm trying to say is what the hell kind of person is this Dignan?

ANTHONY

What do you mean what kind of person? He's a good person.

MR. HENRY

Sure, sure. He's a great person, and I'd call bullshit on anybody who said differently. But I wonder if the kid has the goods  
(taps his temple)  
up here.

ANTHONY

(long pause)

I don't think you're giving him enough credit. I know sometimes he doesn't think an idea through. He gets too excited. But --

MR. HENRY

As far as I can tell he hasn't thought his life through. He'd be fine cutting my grass or parking my car. But business?

(looks at Anthony)

You I can work with. You I could groom. Dignan's not going to make it.

Anthony stops running. Mr. Henry stops ahead of him and looks back, jogging in place. Pause.

ANTHONY

You're wrong about Dignan.

Mr. Henry stops jogging in place.

ANTHONY

And you're wrong if you think, I'd turn my back on a friend.

MR. HENRY

Hold it.

Mr. Henry walks to Anthony and puts his hand on his shoulder. Anthony knocks it off.

MR. HENRY

Anthony. I want to say one thing to you.

Mr. Henry looks Anthony right in the eye.

MR. HENRY

Congratulations. You passed the test.

ANTHONY

What do you mean?

MR. HENRY

The Abe Henry double-cross test. You just made a perfect score.

Anthony has to recover.

ANTHONY  
That was a test?

MR. HENRY  
Take a deep breath.

Anthony takes a deep breath. Mr. Henry massages Anthony's shoulders. He takes Anthony's head in his arms and does a quick pull to one side: cracks his neck. Then the other side.

MR. HENRY  
How does that feel?

ANTHONY  
It feels good.

Anthony rubs his hands on his neck and moves his head around.

ANTHONY  
Did Dignan take the test?

MR. HENRY  
(pause)  
Yes, he did.

ANTHONY  
How'd he do?

They start jogging again.

MR. HENRY  
Well, he agreed 100% that Bob should be dropped. And he also agreed you were a liability. But he felt his talent would make up for your weaknesses.

ANTHONY  
That sounds like Dignan.

They veer away from the tracks, picking up the pace, and head into a field toward Mr. Henry's warehouse.

EXT. ROOFTOP. NIGHT

They're having a party at Mr. Henry's warehouse. There are tables and a BBQ on the roof, with white Christmas lights strung up and music playing. Anthony, Dignan, Bob, Kumar, and Mr. Henry are there. Plus a couple of young GIRLS, eighteen or nineteen years old. Mr. Henry's got a name tag that says, Hi, my name is Mr. Henry. Everyone's mingling on the rooftop. Rowboat is at the grill. Applejack comes up the stairs with a grocery bag under his arm.

MR. HENRY

Woah. There he is. Applejack! What it is.

Mr. Henry and Applejack shake hands.

APPLEJACK

Is my car OK out there?

MR. HENRY

I love it. He always wants to know if the car's OK. Get a hot dog.

APPLEJACK

I don't eat pork.

MR. HENRY

Super K. Kumar. Come here.

Mr. Henry goes over to Kumar and throws his arm around him.

APPLEJACK

I don't know why the fuck we're having a party. The damn job's not over yet.

DIGNAN

Well, this isn't really a party per se.

APPLEJACK

You don't celebrate til it's over.

DIGNAN

True.

Dignan's solemn for a minute. He takes a bite of a hot dog.

APPLEJACK

What the fuck are you doing?

Dignan hesitates. He takes the hot dog away from his mouth. He's embarrassed. Applejack shakes his head, disgusted. He walks away.

ROWBOAT

What was that all about?

DIGNAN

Ramedan.

Anthony and Mr. Henry are standing together in a doorway. Mr. Henry's got a martini.

MR. HENRY

I'll tell you, Anthony. Times like this I get philosophical. What does it mean? What's it all about? Are you afraid to die?

ANTHONY

Me?

MR. HENRY

No, that door over there.

ANTHONY

I don't want to die.

MR. HENRY

Are you afraid?

ANTHONY

Yeah. I mean, I don't think about it all the time. But once in awhile I kind of go, Woah. Man.

MR. HENRY

Exactly. Woah.

ANTHONY

Death.

MR. HENRY

The fear of death, The pain of consciousness.

(taking a sip)

Did you mix this martini?

ANTHONY

No. Bob did.

MR. HENRY

Bob. Bob. That's a palindrome.

(laughs uproariously)

I love palindromes.

ANTHONY

Are you afraid to die, Mr. Henry?

MR. HENRY

(looks right at him)

Anthony, I'm petrified.

Bob is talking to the other girl.

BOB  
Is that sugarless gum you're  
chewing?

GIRL 2  
I'm not chewing gum.

BOB  
Would you like a piece?

GIRL 2  
(smiles brightly)  
Sure. Thanks.

Kumar and Applejack are sitting at a table.

KUMAR  
If someone could copy my life  
story. If I had someone, man, to  
just write what I talk. I have so  
many stories. Bestseller, man.

APPLEJACK  
I've been all over the Goddamn  
country. I've seen things.

KUMAR  
I used to go to Vegas and do  
headstands.

APPLEJACK  
No kidding.

KUMAR  
Easy.

Kumar does a handstand.

INT. WAREHOUSE. NIGHT

Anthony, Dignan, and Bob are sitting at the table in Mr.  
Henry's office. Dignan's got plans and diagrams spread out.

There's music playing in the next room and we can hear people  
talking outside the door.

DIGNAN  
Come on, Bob.

BOB  
I know it, man. Hang on.

DIGNAN  
Jesus Christ.

ANTHONY  
Give him a second.

BOB  
Hopscotch. The code name is  
hopscotch.

DIGNAN  
Good.

Mr. Henry looks in the door. He's got a glass of wine in one hand and a bottle and empty glasses in the other.

MR. HENRY  
Join the party, fellas.

DIGNAN  
We're just going over a few things.

Mr. Henry looks at the plans on the table. He sets down the three glasses and pours some wine.

MR. HENRY  
I'll tell you something, Dignan. It  
is possible to overplan. You don't  
want to turn the crew into robots.  
Right?

Dignan nods seriously.

MR. HENRY  
You got to have fun with it.  
There's no point if you're not  
having any fun. Would you like me  
to be there tomorrow?

DIGNAN  
Yes.

MR. HENRY  
(immediately)  
Why?

DIGNAN  
Well, I think --

MR. HENRY  
No, if I go out on this job, then  
it's just another score by Mr.  
Henry. And I don't see it like  
that. This is your job. Your  
creation. I want you to try this.

They all try the wine. Mr. Henry watches their reactions.



ANTHONY

This is good.

MR. HENRY

I want to ask a favor, boys. One day, when I'm long gone and all but forgotten, make one last toast to Abe Henry. And remember me as a friend.

They drink.

EXT. ROOFTOP. NIGHT

Back on the roof. Bob and Dignan are sitting at a table with one of the girls. Applejack is dancing with another. Kumar's talking to Reudi. Anthony and Mr. Henry are standing at the edge of the roof, looking out at the city. Mr. Henry's smoking a joint.

MR. HENRY

Well, that's just it, Anthony. A lot of criminals have problems. Some of them are alcoholics. Some have drug problems. Others come from broken homes. I see a real need for healing.

Mr. Henry passes the joint to Anthony. Anthony smokes it.

MR. HENRY

But you're thieves. It's what you are.

ANTHONY

Yeah.

MR. HENRY

It's an esoteric journey.

Anthony passes the joint back to Mr. Henry.

MR. HENRY

We're renegades from despair.

ANTHONY

(nods)

Can I ask you something, Mr. Henry?

MR. HENRY

Absolutely.

ANTHONY

Why'd you want to help us?

MR. HENRY  
 (inhales, pause, holding  
 in smoke)  
 Because I was like you once. And  
 there was no one there to help me.

Mr. Henry exhales the smoke. He hands the joint to Anthony.

Anthony takes a hit. They stare out at the darkness.

INT. BOB'S HOUSE. NIGHT

Anthony and Dignan are sitting in the kitchen. Anthony's got on a t-shirt and boxers. Dignan's wearing a bathrobe. All the lights in the house are out except one in the kitchen.

Anthony's drinking a glass of milk. Dignan's got orange juice.

DIGNAN  
 Next week we'll be drinking piña  
 coladas.

ANTHONY  
 (nods)  
 Hopefully this trip'll go a little  
 smoother than the last one.

Dignan nods.

ANTHONY  
 Or I might end up with a broken  
 nose.

DIGNAN  
 Did that hurt?

Anthony shrugs. There's a long silence.

DIGNAN  
 This'll be a good trip.

Anthony nods. Pause. He smiles slightly.

ANTHONY  
 I'll try not to hold you back  
 tomorrow.

DIGNAN  
 I don't think you will.

ANTHONY  
 I don't want to be too much of a  
 liability.

DIGNAN

Look, you're going to do fine. It's OK to be scared.

ANTHONY

(laughs slightly, shaking his head)

I don't think I ever said this to you. But it meant a lot to me the way you were after that Swifty stuff happened.

Silence. Dignan's a little embarrassed.

ANTHONY

He was a nice guy.

DIGNAN

(shrugs)

He was all right.

They both sit there for a minute. Quiet. Anthony sips his milk.

ANTHONY

Do you like Inez?

DIGNAN

As a person?

ANTHONY

Yeah. As a girl.

DIGNAN

Yes. I do.

ANTHONY

So do I.

Bob comes into the kitchen in his bathrobe looking haggard yet wired. Anthony and Dignan look at him. He goes to the refrigerator. He takes out a chocolate cake and a carton of milk. He pours himself a glass of milk. He goes over to the table with the cake and sits down. He cuts himself a piece of cake. He swallows two pills, one at a time, each with a long drink of milk. The pills are big capsules and he struggles a little when he swallows.

ANTHONY

You OK, Bob?

BOB

(snaps)

No, I'm having a heart attack.

(MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)  
Of course, I'm OK. What's that  
supposed to mean?

ANTHONY  
(pause)  
Nothing. I was just asking.

DIGNAN  
Jesus, Bob.

Bob senses that's he's over-reacted. He backtracks.

BOB  
No, I know. I'm just saying. I feel  
fine. You want a piece of cake?

ANTHONY  
(pause)  
Sure.

Bob starts to cut him a piece.

DIGNAN  
I'll take one of those, too,  
please.

EXT. HINCKLEY COLD STORAGE. DAY

Anthony is positioned behind some bushes, across from the  
building. He's wearing a black parka. He looks through some  
binoculars. Re pulls out his walkie talkie.

ANTHONY  
Bird Dog to Scarecrow. Bird Dog to  
Scarecrow.

DIGNAN (V.O.)  
Go ahead, Bird Dog.

ANTHONY  
You're all clear.

DIGNAN (V.O.)  
Roger.

ANTHONY  
(pause)  
We all set?

DIGNAN (V.O.)  
Hang on a second.

Anthony waits a second.

We see Dignan, Applejack, and Kumar getting out of the car.

DIGNAN  
(into walkie talkie)  
OK. Let's do it.

Dignan starts to move out. He remembers something. Says back into his walkie talkie:

DIGNAN  
Let's get lucky, Bird Dog.

Dignan, Applejack, and Kumar start across the parking lot.

Dignan's got on a business suit. Applejack has on sunglasses.

Kumar is carrying a leather satchel.

They go in the side door and down a narrow passageway. They get into the freight elevator and go up. Bob's voice comes through on Dignan's walkie talkie.

BOB (V.O.)  
Scarecrow?

DIGNAN  
Yeah?

We see Bob: standing on the loading dock behind the building.

He's wearing an extremely heavy wool jumpsuit with a hood.

BOB  
Everything OK?

DIGNAN (V.O.)  
Yeah. We're in the elevator. How's it look back there?

BOB  
It looks pretty good. There's nobody back here.

DIGNAN  
Stand by. Bird Dog?

We see Anthony: still in the bushes.

ANTHONY  
Uh-huh?

DIGNAN (V.O.)  
Take your second position.

ANTHONY

OK. Roger.

Anthony gets up and starts out across the parking lot, hands in his pockets, not too quickly.

Dignan, Kumar, and Applejack get off the elevator.

DIGNAN

OK. Six minutes.

Applejack goes one way down the hall. Dignan and Kumar go the other. They turn the corner. They go down a wide passageway.

KUMAR

Where did he go?

DIGNAN

Who? Applejack?

KUMAR

Why did he go that way?  
(points back down hall)

DIGNAN

He's going to watch the back  
stairwell, remember?  
(pause)  
Don't worry about it.

Dignan and Kumar come up to a door. Dignan slides a crowbar out of his jacket. He snaps open the door. They go in. It's a small office with a desk and a little safe in the corner.

Dignan clears everything off the desk with one quick sweep of the arm. He puts down the briefcase and opens it up. It's full of tools. Kumar unzips his satchel and takes out a roll of tape. He immediately sets to work on the safe. Dignan steps back out the door and closes it.

DIGNAN

(into walkie talkie)  
Bird dog? You in position?

We see Anthony on top of a fire escape, about four stories up.

ANTHONY

I'm in position, Scarecrow.

DIGNAN (V.O.)

Any activity?

ANTHONY

Not at all. The place is totally deserted.

DIGNAN (V.O.)

Good. It's supposed to be.

ANTHONY

I've got a great view up here. I can see all the --

DIGNAN (V.O.)

Stand by, Bird Dog.

We see Dignan standing in the hall, outside the office.

DIGNAN

Jackknife. Come in, Jackknife.

(pause)

Hello? Bob? Are you there?

We hear the sound of an elevator moving.

DIGNAN

(beat)

Bob? What the fuck is going on?

Anthony? Who's in the elevator?

We see Anthony on the fire escape.

ANTHONY

I don't know.

DIGNAN (V.O.)

Check the fucking elevator. It's moving.

Anthony goes in a little door. Down a passageway. Through a freezer. Into a corridor. Past the freight elevator, which is open on this floor. Then around a corner to a smaller elevator as it opens: Bob's inside.

ANTHONY

What are you doing?

BOB

My walkie talkie's busted. I can't tell what's going on.

ANTHONY

Let me see it.

(fiddling with it)

Did you drop it?

BOB

No.

Dignan's still standing in the hall as Anthony and Bob come around the corner. Dignan yells at them down the hall.

DIGNAN

What's happening? What's going on?

ANTHONY

It was Bob. His walkie talkie's busted.

BOB

I couldn't hear anything.

DIGNAN

Who's watching the door? What the fuck are you doing? Get back in position.

The elevator starts whirring again.

DIGNAN

Who did that? What the fuck is that?

ANTHONY

It's going back down.

DIGNAN

(pannicking, into walkie talkie)

Applejack! What's happening?

APPLEJACK (V.O.)

What?

DIGNAN

Bob! Get back in position!

For just a second we hear the sound of music playing. Everyone freezes. FOUR GUYS, two of them in jumpsuits like Bob's, step out into the corridor. They've got bags from Jack in the Box. They're drinking drinks and shakes. One of them is holding a jam box. They stop. Dignan pulls out his gun.

DIGNAN

Don't move! Get up against the wall!

Anthony and Bob pull out their guns and hold them on the four guys.



DIGNAN  
 (into walkie talkie)  
 They're back! Get down here!  
 (not into walkie talkie)  
 What are you doing here?

GUY IN JUMPSUIT  
 We work here.

DIGNAN  
 Time!

ANTHONY  
 (checks watch)  
 Two minutes.

Simultaneously: Kumar opens the door. Applejack comes running down the hall with his gun out.

APPLEJACK  
 Where'd they come from?

ANTHONY  
 The front stairs.

APPLEJACK  
 (to Bob)  
 Where were you?

BOB  
 My walkie talkie broke.

Applejack reaches in his pocket and pulls out a dark blue nylon stocking. He pulls it over his head. Dignan, Anthony, and Bob immediately do the same. Anthony's is red.

Dignan steps into the office with Kumar.

DIGNAN  
 What's the story?

KUMAR  
 Can't get it. It won't...  
 (makes gesture)

DIGNAN  
 What can we do?

Kumar looks at his tools. Moves them around on the desk.

DIGNAN  
 OK. Fuck it.

He goes back into the hall.

DIGNAN  
Let's go. Fuck it.

TWO GUYS with a cart stop at the end of the corridor.

ANTHONY  
Freeze!

DIGNAN  
Nobody move!

ANTHONY  
Get against the wall!

Bob's gun goes off. Everybody looks at him. Dead silence. Bob looks around like it must have been somebody else's gun that went off.

ANTHONY  
Jesus, Bob.

BOB  
I didn't do anything.

Applejack falls to his knees. He drops his gun.

ANTHONY  
Applejack? Are you OK?

Applejack clutches his arm and rolls onto his side.

DIGNAN  
(shouting)  
What's wrong with Applejack?

BOB  
He's having a heart attack or something.

DIGNAN  
(screaming)  
Let's go!

Dignan throws down his smoke cannister. Bob and Anthony automatically throw down theirs. Smoke instantly fills the hall.

The hostages stand completely clear of the smoke. They watch Anthony, Dignan, and Bob rush around blindly in the haze.

DIGNAN  
Help me move him.

ANTHONY  
Careful. Check his pulse.

Anthony holds all the guys at gunpoint. Dignan and Bob carry Applejack down the hall, into the elevator.

DIGNAN  
Is he breathing?

BOB  
I think so.

An alarm starts ringing.

DIGNAN  
Jesus Christ. What the fuck is that?

BOB  
I didn't think there was an alarm.

DIGNAN  
Take him to the car, Bob.

Dignan runs back down the hall to Anthony.

DIGNAN  
Who tripped the alarm?

ANTHONY  
It's the fire alarm. Somebody pulled the fire alarm.

DIGNAN  
Where's Kumar?

ANTHONY  
(looking around)  
I don't know.

DIGNAN  
Jesus Christ, Anthony. Did you lose him?

GUY ON FLOOR  
He's in the freezer.

DIGNAN  
What?

GUY ON FLOOR  
He went in there.

ANTHONY

What for?

The guy on the floor kind of shrugs. Anthony crosses the hall. He pulls open one of the big freezer doors. Kumar is standing there with his bag and the briefcase. You can see his breath in the air.

ANTHONY

What are you doing?

DIGNAN

Let's go. Come on.

They go down the hall to the freight elevator. They start down.

ANTHONY

What were you doing in there?

Kumar shakes his head and shrugs his shoulders.

EXT. HINCKLEY COLD STORAGE. DAY

They go out the front door, across the parking lot. Kumar's lagging behind.

ANTHONY

Wait for Kumar.

DIGNAN

Come on, Kumar.

They come up to the car. Anthony tries the door. It's locked. Bob comes running around the side of the building.

BOB

The elevator broke.

DIGNAN

Where's Applejack?

BOB

He's stuck between two floors.

ANTHONY

You're kidding.

DIGNAN

Applejack's stuck in the elevator?

BOB

Yeah.

ANTHONY  
Who's got the car keys?

Everyone looks at everyone else.

BOB  
Applejack drove.

DIGNAN  
(pause)  
Run. Run. Let's go.

Bob takes off at a sprint. Kumar follows him.

ANTHONY  
Jesus, Dignan.

Anthony pulls off the red stocking and throws it down. He tries the other doors on the car.

ANTHONY  
What the fuck happened to the the  
plan?

Dignan pulls off his stocking. Anthony starts walking fast across the parking lot. Dignan stands still by the car.

Staring straight ahead.

ANTHONY  
Come on.

DIGNAN  
I'll see you there.

ANTHONY  
What?

DIGNAN  
I'll see you there.

ANTHONY  
What are you talking about?

DIGNAN  
I'll get him.

ANTHONY  
There's not enough time.

DIGNAN  
Yes, there is. Let's get organized.

Dignan starts toward the building. Anthony moves after him.

ANTHONY  
Dignan, it's too late.

DIGNAN  
I don't think so.

Dignan and Anthony look at each other for an instant. Dignan turns and sprints back into the building.

Anthony stands alone in the parking lot.

CUT TO:

a bedroom with big French windows. No furniture.

CUT TO:

a wood-panelled study. Stripped bare.

CUT TO:

an elegant dining room. Cleaned out.

EXT. BOB'S HOUSE. DAY

A GUY in a moving company uniform carries a Louis XIV chair out the front door of Bob's house, down the path to the street. Two other MOVERS pass him on the way. They've got a dolly.

The guy carries the chair into a huge moving van. It's full of furniture and paintings.

Mr. Henry and Rowboat are standing in the street. Rowboat's smoking a cigarette, writing on clipboard. Hector stands behind them in the grass. Mr. Henry takes out two cigars. He holds one out to Rowboat. Rowboat shakes his head. Mr. Henry shrugs and lights one for himself.

MR. HENRY  
You know, Rowboat. People who smoke  
cigarettes die. People who smoke  
cigars just keep on going.

Rowboat nods, smoking. Mr. Henry looks at Hector. He points.

MR. HENRY  
Sit.

Hector sits. Mr. Henry smiles a broad smile. The movers go buy with a beautiful Moroccan divan.

EXT. HINCKLEY COLD STORAGE. DAY

Dignan comes out the front door pulling Applejack, semi-conscious, to the car. Dignan leans Applejack against the door. He checks Applejack's pockets for the keys. He looks around on the ground.

He hears sirens in the distance. He looks across the parking lot. Two squad cars screech in off the street.

Dignan takes off into the building.

INT. HINCKLEY COLD STORAGE. DAY

Dignan sprints down the corridor. Races up the stairs. Runs down hall after hall.

Two COPS appear out of the elevator.

COP

Freeze!

Dignan ducks into a stairwell. He runs down the stairs and into another corridor. He can hear cops yelling from two different directions. He crosses a catwalk. Cuts through an office. Pulls open a door and goes into one of the freezer rooms.

Cops come yelling down the hallway. Dignan runs through the freezer room and tries the other door. It's stuck. Three COPS come inside. Dignan instantly puts his hands up in the air.

COP #1

Drop the fucking gun!

COP #2

Don't move!

Dignan drops the gun. The cops rush him. They nail him into the wall. Get him in a headlock, pulling hard.

COP #3

You're caught, buddy.

They pull him into the hallway.

COP #1

Put your hands behind your back.

DIGNAN

I'm not going to do anything.

COP #3  
(squeezing his neck)  
Why'd you try to run, buddy? Don't  
you know what freeze means? Don't  
you speak fucking English?

COP #1  
Take it easy.

They put him face down on the floor and cuff him.

COP #1  
(to Dignan)  
Calm down.

They move him down the corridor. Dignan's nose is bleeding.

He looks terrified.

Applejack is sitting propped up against the wall. He's got an oxygen mask on his face and a team of paramedics and cops around him. Somebody's taking his blood pressure. Another one's giving him an IV.

CUT TO:

Anthony running down a sidewalk. He drops his gun in a trashcan without slowing down. He crosses a bridge and runs into the trees.

BLACKOUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. COUNTY JAIL. DAY

There's snow in the air. The prison yard is wide with dry grass and concrete. It's split up by chain link fences. Guards sit in the towers.

Dignan's wearing an inmate jumpsuit. Anthony and Bob walk with him across the yard. They've brought along two bags of food from a hamburger place.

DIGNAN  
I said to the DA, That cop who hit  
me must of given me CRS disease.

BOB  
What's that?



DIGNAN  
That's just what the DA asked. CRS  
is a disease where you can't  
remember shit.

Dignan smiles.

ANTHONY  
Like amnesia.

DIGNAN  
Can't remember shit. CRS.

BOB  
Oh.

Anthony kind of smiles.

DIGNAN  
Tell Mr. Henry I said that.

Anthony nods. Silence. They walk past a bunch of guys lifting  
weights on the other side of a fence.

DIGNAN  
So is Mr. Henry going to come by  
and see me or anything?

ANTHONY  
(pause)  
I don't think so. I mean. Actually,  
he robbed Bob's house.

DIGNAN  
He did?

ANTHONY  
Yeah.

DIGNAN  
You got to be kidding me.

ANTHONY  
I'm not kidding.

DIGNAN  
(pause)  
What'd he get?

ANTHONY  
Pretty much everything.

DIGNAN  
The grandfather clock?

BOB  
He got everything.

Dignan nods. Pause.

DIGNAN  
Wow.  
(pause, looks at Bob)  
Sorry, Bob.

Bob shrugs, looking at the ground. Dignan looks to Anthony.

DIGNAN  
You think Applejack knew?

ANTHONY  
(shrugs)  
We haven't heard from Applejack  
since he got out of the hospital.  
His case got dismissed.

Dignan's stunned to hear this.

DIGNAN  
Why?

ANTHONY  
We're not sure.

BOB  
We think Mr. Henry maybe --

ANTHONY  
His health isn't very good, you  
know. They take that into account.

Pause. Dignan nods.

DIGNAN  
No. That's true.

Long silence.

ANTHONY  
Mr. Henry never gave you a test,  
did he?

DIGNAN  
What do you mean?

ANTHONY  
Nothing.

CUT TO:

A picnic table in the prison yard. There's frost on the ground. They're eating lunch.

DIGNAN  
You're living on a sailboat?

ANTHONY  
(nods)  
It belongs to Bob's uncle.

DIGNAN  
How big is it?

ANTHONY  
Oh, I'd say about --

BOB  
It's in the driveway.

ANTHONY  
(pause)  
Temporarily.

DIGNAN  
Where?

ANTHONY  
Behind Bob's house.

Long pause.

DIGNAN  
Does it float?

ANTHONY  
We're not sure yet. It's going to need some repairs.

Dignan nods.

ANTHONY  
So how is it in there?  
(pointing at cell block)

DIGNAN  
(shrugs)  
What can I say? It's jail. You don't sleep when you want to. You don't eat when you want to.

BOB  
Do you have your own room?

DIGNAN

We don't have rooms, Bob. We have cells.

BOB

Do you have your own cell?

DIGNAN

No. I have a cellmate. His name's Carl.

ANTHONY

What's he in for?

DIGNAN

He stole a tractor.

BOB

Do they let you --

DIGNAN

I don't really want to talk about it, Bob.

Long pause.

Anthony takes a sip from a milkshake. Dignan unwraps the foil from a cheeseburger. He takes a bite.

DIGNAN

(with his mouth full of food)

This sure beats the shit out of the shit they crap out in this joint.

Anthony and Bob laugh. Dignan takes another huge bite.

DIGNAN

(smiling)

I might have to have another one of these.

CUT TO:

Dignan in handcuffs behind a chain link fence. He's standing in line with some other inmates.

DIGNAN

Thanks for coming.

Anthony nods. They stand there in silence. The line moves forward a few steps. Anthony and Bob walk with Dignan on the other side of the fence. The line stops. Pause.

Dignan leans toward the fence.

DIGNAN

Hey.

He motions for them to come closer to the fence. He whispers:

DIGNAN

I think I may have found a way out  
of here.

ANTHONY

(pause)  
You're kidding.

DIGNAN

No. I'm not.

ANTHONY

How?

DIGNAN

Shhh. Wait for my instructions.

ANTHONY

Dignan, I --

The line starts moving. Anthony and Bob walk with Dignan on the other side of the fence.

DIGNAN

When we go through the next gate  
you'll have 30 seconds to take out  
the tower guard.

ANTHONY

What?

DIGNAN

Have the car running at the north-  
west checkpoint. Bob and I'll --

ANTHONY

Dignan, I --

The line starts moving faster.

DIGNAN

Scale the barricade and tunnel  
through no man's land. And Bob.  
Remember:

ANTHONY

Scale the --

DIGNAN  
Shield me from the bullets. They  
won't shoot civilians. Ready?

BOB  
Hold on --

DIGNAN  
Here we go.

BOB  
Wait a second --

DIGNAN  
Now!

Anthony and Bob look all around in a panic. They look to Dignan.

Dignan shuffles along with the rest of the inmates. He looks at Anthony and Bob. He smiles. He shrugs.

DIGNAN  
So long.

Bob and Anthony slowly half-smile. They wave to Dignan as the line of inmates turns away. Anthony looks to Bob. Bob smiles.

The line of inmates stops about fifty feet away. Dignan looks back. Anthony looks at him. Dignan's expression has changed. He wasn't expecting them to see it. His eyes look cold. Anthony puts his hand on the fence. Dignan turns and the line of inmates disappears into the cell block.

Anthony stands there in silence. He lets go of the fence.

He walks with Bob down the long path in the cold air.

FADE OUT.

THE END