

**IN DEEP**

Written by

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IN DEEP

FADE IN:

INSERT: 1992. JUNE.

INT. WATERLAND EMPLOYEE LOUNGE – DAY

A small office with bamboo floors and a Tiki vibe at WATERLAND, your basic tier-2 waterslide park.

Outside, tweenagers belly-flop off the WATER PISTOL, a slide that cruelly shoots kids off a 20-foot drop.

Inside, MR. CORTEZ (40s), Waterland owner and manager, sits on a folding chair, dressed in Hawaiian shirt and neatly pressed khaki pants. Patient.

Across from him KEVIN and CALVIN, seemingly fresh out of college. Dressed in their best salesmen power suits.

Kevin leans forward in his chair, mid sales-pitch, vibrating like a divining rod. Calvin, his level-headed sidekick.

KEVIN

I'm going to ask you a question, and I'd like you to be totally honest with me. Honesty is the foundation of everything we do, isn't that right Calvin?

CALVIN

That's right Kevin.

KEVIN

Mr. Cortez, my question for you is this: do you hate your business?

Mr. Cortez bristles at the suggestion.

MR. CORTEZ

Excuse me?

Quickly, Kevin jumps in.

KEVIN

I'm not judging you either way. Maybe this place is a tax write-off for you or you're one of those people who hate money.

CALVIN

My brother-in-law is like that.

MR. CORTEZ

I've put every cent I have into this waterslide park. It's my life.

Calvin and Kevin exchange a glance. Confused.

CALVIN

Huh.

KEVIN

That is surprising to hear.

Now Mr. Cortez is really getting worked up. He's on the hook.

MR. CORTEZ

What exactly do you find so surprising about that?

KEVIN

It just doesn't *feel* like you care about your business, what with the way you've been neglecting newspaper advertising all these years.

This is the pitch. Calvin slaps a copy of the SENTINEL, a local, community newspaper down on the table.

KEVIN (CONT.)

I give you the power of the printed word. The most awesome power in the world. Not including nuclear.

CALVIN

Studies show, a moderate investment in newspaper advertising can positively impact ROI in less than three years.

KEVIN

My gut says, you double your sales in six weeks. Seven tops.

Mr. Cortez is tempted, but he's not taking the bait. Yet.

MR. CORTEZ

I don't know. Radio has always been good to us.

KEVIN

Sure, I love radio. You know who else loves radio? 1950. You gotta get with the times. It's not about FM. Today, it's all about discmans and hammer pants and local newspaper.

MR. CORTEZ

Isn't newspaper older than radio?

CALVIN

Exactly. That's how you know it's a quality product. Because it lasts.

Mr. Cortez thinks about this. Gazing out the window where a team of LIFEGUARDS carries a CRYING KID out of the water.

MR. CORTEZ

We do need to get some more people in here. A better crowd.

KEVIN

Then you just answered your own question.

MR. CORTEZ

What question?

KEVIN

Where do I sign?

Calvin hands a contract and a pen to Mr. Cortez. He considers this.

MR. CORTEZ

Oh, what the hell. Gotta try something.

He signs. Kevin nods to Calvin. Coffee is for closers.

INT. SENTINEL NEWSROOM — DAY

The heart of the newsroom, buzzing with life. The foyer by the reception desk is done in expensive marble. Seven clocks on the wall set to the time zones in major cities across the world, click mercilessly forward.

Kevin and Calvin enter like heroes returning from battle.

KEVIN

Guess who just landed the Waterland account?

This gets the attention of the whole room. Fellow Ad Reps looking on jealously. A LESSER SALES REP dressed in parachute pants, dumbfounded.

LESSER SALES REP

I thought they always put their budget into radio?

KEVIN

Looks like I just made radio my bitch, 'cause we signed them to a 52 insertion contract.

Calvin holds up the Contract as evidence.

CALVIN

Sorry Marconi.

(off the blank reaction)

Marconi. He invented the radio.

MR. O'CONNOR

Now that is how you get it done.

From the corner office, MR. O'CONNOR, owner of the Sentinel. An old-school newspaper man. 50s. Cigar chomped between his teeth.

Kevin and Calvin, in awe of this man. Almost like kids in his presence, which is formidable.

KEVIN

Thank you Mr. O'Connor.

CALVIN

(trailing off, nervous)

Thank you Mr. Con. ner.

Mr. O'Connor smiles. Throws an arm around each of them.

MR. O'CONNOR

Walk with me.

INT. MR. O'CONNOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Framed issues of the Sentinel going back almost a hundred years. Pictures of past owners of the Sentinel. Mr. O'Connor's father and grandfather.

Mr. O'Connor pours three glasses of Scotch from a tumbler.

MR. O'CONNOR

You know my grandfather started this paper. He was a tough man, but he loved this place. Taught me to love it too. Scotch?

He offers them their glasses.

CALVIN

It's 10:30 in the morning.

MR. O'CONNOR

It's the newspaper business boys. Don't forget it.

He hands them their drinks. They sip, dubious.

KEVIN

Mmmm. Very-

CAVLIN

Scotch.

MR. O'CONNOR

I like you guys. You don't back down. You have that killer instinct.

KEVIN

My parents made me compete relentlessly  
for their love and approval. Made me  
the man I am today.

At this MELINDA (12) walks in. Mr. O'Connor's daughter.  
Serious. Studious. She's reviewing a ledger.

MELINDA

The numbers don't match daddy.

MR. O'CONNOR

What's that?

MELINDA

The withdrawals don't match the  
deposits. Are you accruing your travel  
expenses?

MR. O'CONNOR

You've met my daughter Melinda? She got  
all her mother's brains, thank God.

Melinda looks up at Kevin and Calvin. Actually, focused on  
Calvin. A school girl crush? Maybe.

MELINDA

Hi Calvin.

CALVIN

Hello Melinda.

Mr. O'Connor takes the ledger from Melinda.

MR. O'CONNOR

Let the grown-ups worry about this  
stuff. Why don't you go play?

MELINDA

But the numbers don't match.

MR. O'CONNOR

Honey, when the product is strong, the  
numbers will always take care of  
themselves. Boys—

He hands them each an envelope. They look inside. Two BONUS  
CHECKS.

CALVIN

What's this?

MR. O'CONNOR

This is numbers taking care of  
themselves. Don't spend it all in one  
place.

Mr. O'Connor lights up his cigar. Kevin and Calvin step out

of the office into the

SENTINEL NEWSROOM

looking at their checks. \$50,000 each.

KEVIN

Did we just become big time?

CALVIN

I think maybe we did.

A GOLD MERCEDES 1992 300-CLASS COVERTABLE

With Kevin at the wheel, Calvin shotgun applying liberal amounts of sunscreen to his nose and neck. MC Hammer blaring from the tapedeck. Life is amazing.

KEVIN

Will the good times ever end?

CALVIN

I mean, insofar as the Universe is finite and will eventually burn out, then yes.

KEVIN

It's a rhetorical question Calvin. And the answer is no. They will never end.

INSERT: PRESENT DAY. ALSO JUNE.

EXT. MR. O'CONNOR'S BACK YARD - DAY

Sentinel employees taking in a beautiful day of sun and pool at the annual summer BBQ, hosted by Mr. O'Connor. It looks like the good times have indeed never ended.

Kevin and Calvin, older now, but their outlook on life unchanged. They walk through the BBQ chatting with co-workers. Big men on campus. Kevin in shorts and flip-flops. Calvin, still dressed for work, suit and everything.

By the BBQ Pit, BOB (40s). Normal guy. Unassuming. He flips burgers.

KEVIN

Looking good Bob.

As they keep walking they spot Ezra (30ish), sporting designer sunglasses and a polo shirt.

CALVIN

Hey Ezra.

EZRA  
What's up guys?

CALVIN  
You get the new circulation numbers yet?

EZRA  
Yup. Circ up 384%.

CALVIN  
That can't possibly be true.

Ezra shrugs. Unconcerned.

KEVIN  
It's a party Calvin. Relax.

Moving to the SWIMMING POOL where Jimmy (late 20s), lanky, tinkers with a REMOTE CONTROLLED BOAT.

JIMMY  
Check it. I converted this baby to diesel. Totally tricked it out.

KEVIN  
Nice Jimmy.

CALVIN  
Is that safe?

JIMMY  
Not even a little.

He sets the boat into the water and fires it up. It powers through the water, ramming into a water raft on top of which STORM (19), the intern, bakes in the sun.

The boat rams the raft several times until Storm, not amused, picks up the boat and flips it over.

It slowly sinks.

JIMMY  
Oh come on!

Storm goes back to her lounging.

Kevin and Calvin keep walking through the crowd, spotting CLIFF (late 30s), all alone on a bench. He's pudgy. Socially off.

KEVIN  
Cliff, you get in on any of that avocado dip?

CLIFF  
No way. I'm completely off vegetables.



CALVIN

I think avocado is a fruit.

CLIFF

I'm off fruit too. My spiritual advisor has me on this all meat diet. It's called the Tiger Diet. You basically just eat what a tiger eats. It's been a game changer for me.

Before they can respond, Mr. O'Connor swings his arms around Kevin and Calvin's shoulders. He too has aged, but he hasn't lost his edge. Cigar bit between his teeth.

MR. O'CONNOR

Having a good time boys?

KEVIN

I'm having a fantastic time.

MR. O'CONNOR

How'd that meeting with the Fish Emporium go?

CALVIN

Not so great. They pulled their business.

KEVIN

Short-sighted jerks.

MR. O'CONNOR

My grandfather used to always say there are two things you have to remember in life. One, the battle you lose today, you win tomorrow.

KEVIN

Deep.

CALVIN

What was two?

MR. O'CONNOR

Never let a hard one go to waste.

MELINDA

That's gross Dad.

Melinda, no longer a girl. Now a woman in her early 30s. Attractive in the same way some librarians are attractive. By the book. She plucks her dad's cigar out of his lips. Tosses it away.

KEVIN

Hello Mrs. O'Connor.

MELINDA

Okay, first of all, I'm not married.

KEVIN

Ms. O'Connor?

MELINDA

Second, you guys have known me since I was a kid. Melinda. Please.

CALVIN

Hi Melinda.

MELINDA

Hello Calvin. You're very dressed up.

CALVIN

Thank you.

Melinda smiles at Calvin. Still a flash of that schoolgirl crush.

MR. O'CONNOR

Someday, when I'm gone, this young lady is gonna be running the show.

MELINDA

Someday? I've been balancing the books since I was 12.

MR. O'CONNOR

You and your books. Why don't you make your father really proud and relax a little. Enjoy life.

He gives her arm a squeeze, then walks off. Calvin smiles at Melinda. Trying to make idle chit-chat.

CALVIN

Good party.

KEVIN

Great party.

MELINDA

Guys, I don't want to spoil a good time, but we are in trouble.

KEVIN

We're out of Diet Coke? I knew we should have doubled up on diet.

CALVIN

That's my fault.

MELINDA

Not the party, the paper. Readership is way down, we're losing accounts left

MELINDA (CONT.)  
and right. It's bad.

KEVIN  
Thank God for the Collectible Coin  
account. That's really the gift that  
keeps on giving.

Melinda, watching her father hand an EMPLOYEE one of his  
famous "bonus" envelopes. It pains her to see this.

MELINDA  
He's too generous. We're losing money  
and he keeps giving raises and bonuses  
and commemorative watches.

Kevin looks down at his own Commemorative Timex. A  
beautiful piece. He hides it behind his back.

MELINDA (CONT.)  
Meanwhile he's taking on more and more  
debt. We don't get some more revenue in  
quickly, I don't know what will happen.

Calvin and Kevin exchange a look. They know what they must  
do.

KEVIN  
Sounds like it's time to pay Waterland  
a visit. Get them to up their contract.

MELINDA  
You think you can?

CALVIN  
They just got bought out by Blackpoint,  
so all new ownership.

MELINDA  
Blackpoint? The chemical weapons  
company?

CALVIN  
Chemical weapons, feminine hygiene  
products, and amusement parks. It's a  
diversified portfolio.

Melinda runs the numbers through her head. Wheels churning.

MELINDA  
If you really could get them to double  
their business next year, that might  
buy us some time. It's a long shot, but  
at this point, it might be the only  
shot we've got.

KEVIN

Only shots are the only shots we take.

This doesn't make much sense, but sounds badass enough.  
Kevin and Calvin fist bump. About to save the day.

THE GOLD MERCEDES

No longer new. Missing a hubcap. M.C. Hammer still pumping from the tape deck. Kevin and Calvin cruising. Ready for action.

INT. WATERLAND EMPLOYEE LOUNGE – DAY

Kevin and Calvin enter, all business. At his desk CHAZ EVANS. Waterland Polo tucked into his khaki shorts. Little bit of a mullet. Pretty much a douche.

CALVIN

Mr. Evans.

CHAZ

Chaz.

KEVIN

Chaz, thank you so much for your time.

CHAZ

One sec—

Chaz holds up his hand. Totally engrossed with whatever is on his laptop.

CHAZ (CONT.)

Oh, oh, oh, shit.

(to Kevin and Calvin)

God bless internet porn, am I right?

Okay, what are we talking about?

Kevin and Calvin ready to pitch.

KEVIN

We're talking about the future.

CHAZ

Time machines. Dig it.

KEVIN

And the future is local newspaper.

Kevin pulls out a copy of the newspaper. Slaps it on Chaz's desk. Chaz studies it. Not impressed.

CHAZ

Oh.

KEVIN

Future of your business, right here.

CHAZ

The future? Isn't newspaper a media dinosaur?

KEVIN

If by dinosaur you mean amazingly cool and loved by kids everywhere, then yes.

CALVIN

Readership has taken a slight dip but-

KEVIN

Think about Jurassic Park. That had dinosaurs and it was a great movie. Check that, great movies because they were all kind-of amazing.

CHAZ

Look guys, I don't do sales pitches. You can't sell bullshit to a bull if you know what I mean. Two weeks ago I was in charge of lawn maintenance. Then Blackpoint bought this place, fired everyone above me, suddenly I'm running the show.

CALVIN

Wow.

CHAZ

Wow is right. I'm living the American dream here.

KEVIN

As a new manager, first thing you need to know is that the key to success is black and white.

Kevin gestures to the paper again. Chaz ain't having it.

CHAZ

I might not have an MBA in Business, but I do know one thing. You want to make money, you have to take money.

CALVIN

I'm not familiar with that expression.

CHAZ

That's why I've *taken* all our advertising money and put it into this.

Chaz reaches behind him and pulls out a POSTER BOARD. A Schematic of Waterland, but now with a GIANT LUXURY TOWER at the center. Like a Vegas hotel.

CALVIN

What is this?

CHAZ

Casino luxury towers. We were doing some renovations and dug up a bunch of Indian bones and shit. Gonna try and make this place a legit reservation. Get some blackjack. Pai Gow. Slides and slots. Pretty badass, huh?

KEVIN

So what exactly does this mean for your newspaper advertising?

CHAZ

It means fuck newspaper advertising. We're taking this park to the next level. 2.0 bitches. No offense.

KEVIN

With all due respect, an effort like this will need significant marketing support. I'd say at minimum, 104 pages.

CALVIN

As a trained newspaper marketing technician, I have to concur.

KEVIN

So Chaz, how many pages can we put you down for today? 100? 104? Give me a number.

CHAZ

I'll give you a number. Same number as the number of girls in my high school I didn't sleep with.

KEVIN

104?

CHAZ

Zero. Now if you'll excuse me, some ass-wipe took a dump in the Lazy River again. Don't walk on the grass on the way out.

Chaz leaves. Kevin and Calvin exchange looks. So confused.

KEVIN

What the hell just happened?

INT. MR. O'CONNOR'S OFFICE — DAY

Mr. O'Connor and Melinda, hearing the bad news from Kevin and Calvin.

MELINDA

Zero pages?

KEVIN

Give it a few months. When they stop seeing those two-for-one Tuesday coupons coming in, they'll come crawling back.

MELINDA

We don't have a few months.

Melinda hands Kevin and Calvin a piece of paper from the bank. FINAL NOTICE. Mr. O'Connor staring at the framed photos on the wall. Lost.

CALVIN

What does this mean?

MR. O'CONNOR

It means the Sentinel is no longer a family owned paper. It belongs to the bank. Or will. Soon.

KEVIN

Will this affect our jobs in any way?

MELINDA

Affect our jobs? Kevin, unless we come up with an extra \$500,000 to pay off our debts in the next two weeks, the Sentinel is finished.

Kevin looks to Calvin. Helpless.

CALVIN

I have \$724 in savings.

MELINDA

That's sweet Calvin, but it's not your fault. It's over.

KEVIN

It can't be over. Mr. O'Connor, this paper is your life. It's our life.

Mr. O'Connor sighs. Looking at a picture of himself as a young man, hoisting up a copy of the Sentinel.

MR. O'CONNOR

My first job was at this paper. I was eight. Paper route. I used to wake up at 3:30 in the morning. Lug that bag of papers around. God it must have weighed 100 pounds. I remember getting that first paycheck. It was, I don't know, five bucks? It could have been a million. That's what it felt like. Newspaper, this Newspaper, it means something to me. I can't be the only one.

(considering this)

Maybe I am the only one. I don't know. I guess I am. It was a good run.

And with that, it's over.

INT. SENTINEL OFFICES - DAY

Employees cramming what's left of their offices into cardboard boxes.

Kevin and Calvin packing up as well. Not talking.

Through the double glass doors they watch Mr. O'Connor, sitting in his empty office. Staring. Melinda is there, trying to talk to him but he is a broken man.

Jimmy approaches. Watching the same scene.

JIMMY

Think he's gonna be okay?

CALVIN

Doesn't look like it.

JIMMY

Do you know what the policy is on these USB drives? Can we keep them or what?

Kevin and Calvin glare at him.

JIMMY (CONT.)

Too soon? You're right. I'll just—

He looks to the handful of USB drives he's holding. Puts a few in his pocket.

Melinda leaving her dad, heads over to Kevin and Calvin.

CALVIN

Are you okay?



She smiles. Putting on a brave face. Hands them each a stack of papers.

MELINDA

Unemployment forms. Be sure you fill these out.

She leaves them their forms. Calvin immediately sets to work on his. Kevin can't bare it. He's taking in the sight:

CLIFF on the verge of tears, packing up a series of action figures into a box.

BOB and EZRA, taping up boxes of their stuff.

STORM, sniffing white out.

It's too much. Kevin takes his UNEMPLOYMENT FORM. Rips it in half. Tosses it in the trash.

CALVIN

I think we're supposed to fill those out.

KEVIN

A check from the government isn't going to solve our problems.

CALVIN

You get more than one check.

KEVIN

It's like the saying goes: "Give a man a fish, sure, that's great." *If* you like fish. But what if you don't, Calvin? What if you don't?

CALVIN

I like fish.

KEVIN

We're not giving up on this place. We're going to save the Sentinel.

CALVIN

We are?

Jimmy comes back.

JIMMY

Hey, just asked Melinda and she said the USB drives are fair game. So, good news on the USB front.

Kevin and Calvin ignore him. Focused.

INT. BURGER JOINT — DAY

Kevin and Calvin, munching on burgers and fries. Kevin scribbles on the back of a napkin.

KEVIN

We need \$500K in two weeks. Simple as that. Options?

CALVIN

Car wash? Bake sale? Cake walk?

KEVIN

We need to think bigger. Bolder.

CALVIN

My nephew invented an App that projects, in real time, how likely you are to get attacked by bees. Made some good money.

KEVIN

Too wonky. We need something simple.

Kevin frowns. Looks to a copy of the Sentinel on the table between them. Flips it open to the center spread, which is a FULL COLOR WATERLAND AD.

CAPTION: 4<sup>TH</sup> OF JULY WATERLAND BONANZA!!!

Calvin notes the ad as well.

CALVIN

Great ad unit. Center spread. Full color. Premium positioning. I guess that's the last one they'll ever run.

Kevin thinks about this some more.

KEVIN

What about this?

CALVIN

The 4<sup>th</sup> of July Waterland Bonanza? I mean, sure it's fun, but what about parking?

KEVIN

How many people show up to this every year?

CAVLIN

Tons. Waterland makes 70% of their annual profit on the 4<sup>th</sup> alone. They probably get close to 20,000 people.

KEVIN

20,000 people. \$35 a head. That's a lot of money.

CALVIN

So what?

They both look out the window. On the horizon, WATERLAND, towering over the landscape.

KEVIN

So this is our answer.

(looks to Calvin, who still doesn't get it).

We're going to pull off the greatest heist in the history of human history.

(pause for dramatic effect)

We're going to rob Waterland.

EXT. BENCH, OUTSIDE WATERLAND — DAY

Kevin and Calvin on a bench just outside the Waterland entrance. Watching as customers pour in and out.

KEVIN

It's a cash business. From the front gate to the concession stands to towel rentals. It's perfect.

CALVIN

We're not thieves.

KEVIN

It's hardly theft when the security is so lax.

They note Chaz outside the front entrance, patting down a group of 13-year-old punks.

CALVIN

It actually seems kind-of hardcore for a waterslide park. I mean, did you notice Chaz had a taser?

KEVIN

But does he know how to use it?

CALVIN

Why Waterland?

KEVIN

Poetic justice. They took down the paper, we take them down. Plus, it's a victimless crime. Places like this are always insured.

CAVLIN

So we're robbing from the insurance company.

KEVIN

No, because the insurance company has insurance too. It's an endless cycle. Like one of those Ponzi schemes. But a good one where everyone gets paid.

CAVLIN

I don't think it works that way.

Kevin shrugs. Stands up, ready to move on.

KEVIN

Come one. Let's talk to the Man.

INT. MR. O'CONNOR'S BACKYARD — DAY

Mr. O'Connor, sitting poolside. He looks worse for wear. Kevin and Calvin opposite him. Mr. O'Connor holds an unlit cigar in one hand, lollypop in the other.

MR. O'CONNOR

Melinda says I should have one of these (lollypop) every time I want one of these (cigar).

CALVIN

How's that working?

He puts both in his mouth. Lights the cigar.

MR. O'CONNOR

Fantastic.

KEVIN

So, what do you think? About the plan?

MR. O'CONNOR

What do I think? What do you think I think? I think you're two very nice boys, who have completely lost your minds. Stealing from a waterslide park? Since when are you two thieves?

KEVIN

We're in sales. It's close.

MR. O'CONNOR

Not close enough. Robbing from a company owned by Blackpoint? You have no idea. You ever heard of Brody Broyles?

CALVIN

No.

CUT TO: BRODY BROYLES

A fascist looking guy in his mid 40s. Military crew cut. Pummeling a HEAVY BAG at the gym. Emotionless.

MR. O'CONNOR

He's Blackpoint's head of security. A real stand up guy. Dick Cheney thinks he's an asshole. Once he caught an employee stealing office supplies, know what he did?

CALVIN

Fired him?

MR. O'CONNOR

Poisoned him. Not enough to kill him, just enough to make him shit blood for a year.

Kevin frowns. Stirs his drink a bit.

KEVIN

Well we can't just let the paper die. Forget about us, what about the community? Where will they read about city council meetings and zoning ordinances and the daily jumble? Are we even thinking about the daily jumble?

MR. O'CONNOR

I appreciate the passion. But I'm smart enough to know when the game is up. And trust me, it is up. You're still young. Move on and let an old man rest.

CALVIN

But—

MR. O'CONNOR

I don't want to hear another word about it.

He stubs out his cigar and tosses the lollypop. Kevin and Calvin take this as their cue. They start to head out.

MR. O'CONNOR (CONT.)

One more thing.

KEVIN/CALVIN

Yes?

MR. O'CONNOR

You keep Melinda out of this nonsense.  
She has enough to worry about. I don't  
need her worrying about you two going  
to jail as well.

They look through the window, where Melinda looks back at them. Deeply concerned. Calvin smiles at her. She tries to smile back, but can't.

INT. MERCEDES — NIGHT

Kevin driving now. Calvin looking out the window, uncertain.

CALVIN

So what do we do now?

Kevin doesn't answer. His eyes fixed on the road. Focused.

CALVIN (CONT.)

You aren't going to give up, are you?

Kevin, not answering.

CALVIN (CONT.)

We're still going to do this aren't we?

Again, silence. Calvin nods. Understands.

CALVIN (CONT.)

We're still going to do this.

INT. KEVIN'S KITCHEN — DAY

Lovely stainless steel appliances. A small breakfast nook where Calvin sharpens a series of number 2 pencils. Kevin opposite him. Both in their business suits. Ready to work.

KEVIN

You pull a job like this, you need some help.

CALVIN

So who are you thinking?

KEVIN

Jimmy for sure.

CALVIN

The copy editor?

FLASHBACK TO: SENTINEL COPY DESK

Jimmy, singing along to bad 80's pop on his iPod while he circles a series of ill-advised semicolons on a sheet of paper with a red pen.

A FRUSTRATED REPORTER watching his work get marked to hell.

BACK TO THE KITCHEN

KEVIN

Guy's a tech genius.

CALVIN

Really?

KEVIN

Oh yeah. He works at Radio Shack on the weekends. Five-time employee of the month.

INT. RADIO SHACK (WEEKEND) – DAY

Jimmy, now behind the counter. Looking at a SUPER HOT MILF with a remote control truck for her SON. Silicone enhanced boobs busting out of her shirt.

SUPER HOT MILF

I just can't get the thing to work.

Jimmy takes the truck. Flips it over.

JIMMY

Let's see what we got.

He opens up the battery case, where 9 or so Double-A batteries are awkwardly wedged into a battery case clearly meant for D batteries.

JIMMY (CONT.)

See, here's your problem. You've got A's in here. You need D's.

SUPER HOT MILF

I didn't think there was a difference.

She leans over, almost daring Jimmy to stare at her jugs.

JIMMY

(re: batteries or breasts or both)  
Oh, there is. There really is.

INT. MERCEDES - DAY

Calvin driving. Kevin going through a checklist of names.

CALVIN

Who else?

KEVIN

We need a guy that can run cons. I'm thinking Ezra.

CALVIN

He's a pathological liar.

KEVIN

I wouldn't go so far as to say pathological. He just lies a lot.

FLASHBACK: A FRIENDLY POKER GAME

Some guys from the newspaper in someone's living room. Kevin and Calvin included. Low stakes.

And then there's Ezra. He's got earmuffs on to block out distractions. Sunglasses. A hat pulled low. Like this were the Poker World Series. He smirks.

EZRA

Full house bitches.

Ezra throws down his cards. All 11 of them, some of which are UNO cards. Most from the wrong deck. And they don't even add up to a Full House.

FELLOW PLAYER

What the fuck is wrong with this guy?

INT. KEVIN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kevin and Calvin watching baseball. Crumpled up paper litters the room. They've been at this for a while.

KEVIN

And then there's a driver.

CALVIN

Why do we need a driver?

KEVIN

You know, to help us drive. Away. Storm would be perfect.

CALVIN

The intern?



KEVIN

She also works at Racer Town USA. She's a sweetheart.

EXT. RACER TOWN USA GO CART TRACK - DAY

Go-Carts banking a sharp turn around a miniature race track. They're all packed tightly together. Then, out of nowhere, a YELLOW CAR cuts violently through the pack. Reckless.

Several cars spin out as the Yellow Car breaks free, crossing the finish line first.

In the Yellow Car, a woman with a yellow racing helmet, tinted visor. It's STORM, who we have already met, briefly.

She pulls off the helmet and a cloud of smoke pours out. A joint between her teeth. She exhales another stream of smoke from her nose, giggling.

CALVIN (VO)

You think she'd be interested?

As Storm steps out of the car with her official RACER TOWN USA uniform on, she looks back at the damage she's done. Mostly tweens and young teens in wrecked cars, watching her.

Behind the wreckage, Racer Town USA managers, irate. Running after Storm.

STORM

Oh dude.

KEVIN (VO)

I know she needs the work.

Storm stumbles back into the Go-Cart, speeding off.

INT. LAVA ROOM - DAY

Kevin and Calvin tossing darts at their local pub, The Lava Room.

KEVIN

We need a weapons man. Someone with experience. Someone who knows his way around a crossbow or a longbow.

CALVIN

I know what you're thinking, and no.

KEVIN

You know he's good. Archery scholarship to Stanford. Almost made the US Olympic team until, well, you know...

CALVIN

Until he had a complete nervous breakdown and shot a volley of arrows at the team from Canada.

KEVIN

You have to admit, he's good. He hit three of those guys.

CALVIN

But, Cliff?

KEVIN

He's taken the paper closing pretty hard. He could use this.

A BOW AND ARROW

Pulled tight. A hand steadies the arrow. Aiming. Careful. Then...the release.

The Arrow streaks through the air, STRIKING its target. A PICTURE OF SADDAM HUSSEIN taped to a fencepost.

The archer, Cliff. In shorts and a stained T-shirt. On his shoulder, a FALCON, tethered to his arm.

CLIFF

(re: Saddam)

What do you have to say to that Mr. Hussein? Mr. Saddam? Nothing. Because you're dead. And now you have an arrow in your fucking face too.

The Falcon stirs on his shoulder. Cliff shushes it.

CLIFF (CONT.)

Easy Thor. Easy.

INT. BACK IN THE KITCHEN - DAY

CALVIN

So that's six of us.

KEVIN

Plus Bob. From Classifieds.

CALVIN

Why Bob?

FLASHBACK: THE BREAK ROOM AT THE SENTINEL

Bob. Early 40s. Perfectly normal. He's holding court with some co-workers, telling a story they're all laughing at.

KEVIN (V.O.)

He's just a really cool guy. I think he'd be fun to have around.

CALVIN (V.O.)

He is pretty cool.

INT. LAVA ROOM – NIGHT

Kevin nursing a beer. Calvin nursing a Diet Coke. It's been a long ass day.

CALVIN

So that's it?

KEVIN

That should be it.

CALVIN

You really think this could work?

Kevin sets down his beer.

KEVIN

You remember when we were meeting with Pedro's Pizza and they were talking about walking away from their franchise position in the Friday Entertainment section?

CALVIN

Yes.

KEVIN

And you remember what I said to them?

CALVIN

You said "Does this look like the kind of guy who's going to lose the Pedro's Pizza account," and then you dropped your pants and showed them your penis.

KEVIN

And you remember what they did?

CALVIN

They started screaming. One of them started to cry. Then they called the police and had us banned from all

CALVIN (CONT.)  
 Pedro's Pizza locations. Plus, we lost  
 the account.

Kevin nods. This is exactly as he remembers it.

KEVIN  
 Exactly. Point being, whatever happens,  
 there's no way I'm going to do that  
 again.

Calvin stabs the ice in his soda with his straw. Not  
 exactly sure what Kevin's anecdote has to do with anything.

CALVIN  
 I'm sorry, does that mean you do think  
 this will work or it won't work or...

Kevin deliberately doesn't answer. Finishes his drink.

KEVIN  
 Come on, let's get the gang together.

INT. KEVIN'S RUMPUS ROOM — NIGHT

A room adorned with pinball machines and a pool table, now  
 serving as a table with plates of taquitos and other  
 munchies on it.

The WHOLE GANG mingles. Snacking on appetizers. Not quite  
 sure what they're doing here.

Cliff sits in the corner, alone. Jimmy and Ezra load up on  
 taquitos. Bob chats amiably with Storm.

Kevin steps to the front of the room with Calvin.  
 Addressing the group.

KEVIN  
 Thank you all for coming. I'm sure  
 you're wondering why you're here.

JIMMY  
 Wait, are these taquitos not free?

CALVIN  
 No, they are. All you can eat.

JIMMY  
 Thank God. Don't fuck with me like that  
 Kevin.

KEVIN  
 I know everyone's time is valuable, so  
 I'll be brief: we're going to save the  
 Sentinel.

No one is sure what to make of this.

EZRA

Aren't we a little late for that?

KEVIN

We need \$500,000 to pay off Mr. O'Connor's debt and buy the Sentinel back from the bank.

CALVIN

And we need it in the next 14 days. That's how long we have until the bank officially liquidates the paper.

KEVIN

We plan on getting that money. With your help.

CALVIN

Any questions?

The group looks around. Too many questions to even articulate.

BOB

I'm sorry, you plan on coming up with \$500,000?

CALVIN

In 14 days, yes.

EZRA

What are you gonna do, rob a bank?

KEVIN

We were thinking of a waterslide park.

CALVIN

This waterslide park.

Calvin hands out PROMOTIONAL BROACHURES to Waterland.

JIMMY

Waterland? I had my fifth grade birthday there.

KEVIN

A lot's changed since 5<sup>th</sup> grade. Waterland's now a subsidy of one of the most vicious chemical weapons/feminine hygiene corporations in America. And their short-sighted advertising decisions have cost all of us our jobs.

CALVIN

And our paper.

Storm, for the first time engaged, rolling up a joint.

STORM

You know who we should rob? The politicians. They have all the money and the politics. Gotta take it back. Fight the power. You know?

BOB

Guys, I love the Sentinel. Worked there for 35 years. But what the hell do you know about robbing a waterslide park?

KEVIN

I know this much. We don't do this, these commemorative watches are the only thing we'll have to remember the Sentinel by.

Kevin holds out his commemorative watch.

Cliff raises his hand.

CLIFF

This may be a little off-topic, but if we accompany you on this quest, will there be free t-shirts?

CALVIN

Huh?

CLIFF

You know, like, team shirts. Uniforms I guess. Because I know for some people, that could be a real motivating factor.

KEVIN

I know we're asking a lot. If you don't feel this is for you, understood. Good luck with your job search.

CALVIN

I heard the Smoke 'N Go is hiring.

KEVIN

Part time.

STORM

Do they drug test?

CALVIN

They sure do.

STORM

Fuck it. I'm in.

Storm comes up. Stands beside Kevin and Calvin.

Ezra and Jimmy exchange a look. Then both come up. Cliff follows.

CLIFF

I've never really considered myself a violent person. I abhor violence of most kinds. Like a Quaker or a Pilgrim. But Mr. O'Connor is a great man. Possibly the greatest man our generation has seen since John Adams. And for him, I am willing to do whatever is necessary. Whether that means stealing or killing or raping—

CALVIN

To clarify, we won't be killing or *raping* anyone.

KEVIN

Intentionally.

All eyes on Bob, the last man holding out. He shrugs.

BOB

I'll be honest, this sounds like a terrible idea. On the other hand, I've got a month until my Nova Scotia Schmooze Cruise. So I guess what I'm saying is, what the hell.

They're all in.

KEVIN

We start tomorrow. 8 am sharp. Someone bring bagels.

INT. STUDY — DAY

Kevin's study. A simple room. Oak desk. A globe. On top of the desk, an unfolded map of Waterland. The kind you get when at the entrance of the park. Some bagels and lox set up on paper plates.

The whole gang huddles around.

KEVIN

Boys and girls, welcome to Waterland.

CALVIN

4.3 miles of logistics hell. Over 23 slides, ranging from the Pipsqueak Plunge to the Waterboarder.

KEVIN

It literally recreates the sensation of being waterboarded.

CALVIN

This is what we have to navigate through.

EZRA

So what's the plan? Smash'n Grab? Pudding in the Rice Bowl? Four Beavers and a Badger?

JIMMY

What the hell are you talking about?

EZRA

What, you've never robbed a waterslide park before?

Calvin circles part of the map with a yellow highlighter.

CALVIN

Main safe is right here inside the Tiki Lounge. Bottom floor. That's what we've got to hit.

STORM

Break in after hours and crack the safe open with liquid nitrogen. Easy.

Storm lights up her joint. Mission accomplished.

KEVIN

Three letters for you. A.D.T. It's only the best security system you can buy from a door-to-door salesman. It can't be beat. Unless you're like, you know, a professional.

CAVLIN

Luckily, it's only active at night.

BOB

Meaning?

KEVIN

We need to hit them in the middle of the day.

CALVIN

Not just any day. 4<sup>th</sup> of July. Busiest waterslide day of the year.

The group considers this, understanding that this is gonna be tough.

JIMMY

Look guys, if we're going to do this, we need to do it right.



Jimmy dumps a bag full of WALKIE-TALKIES onto the table.  
High tech.

JIMMY (CONT.)

I got these babies from a friend of mine. Black market. They use an untraceable frequency. Even CIA can't pick it up. It's totally secure.

One of the WALKIE-TALKIES crackles to life. A voice spilling out.

VOICE ON WALKIE TALKIE

(filtered)

Breaker breaker, this is Stevie-boy 32, what's your 20?

Jimmy quickly picks up the "hot" Walkie-Talkie.

JIMMY

(into Walkie-Talkie)

I'll g-chat with you later Steve.

(explaining to the group)

That's Steve. The guy who sold me these. Good guy.

KEVIN

Let's be clear on one thing: this will be the most dangerous thing we've ever done.

CALVIN

If anyone wants to back out, last chance.

No one moves.

KEVIN

In that case, let's get to work.

EXT. WATERLAND SLIDE AREA - DAY

Kids running, shoving, tripping over each other to get in line at one of several waterslides.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Step one. We'll need to get a handle on the day-to-day operations. To know every single detail of how this place works. Storm, Cliff, I want you to make Waterland your second home.

In the Lazy River, floating on inner tubes, Storm and Cliff. Storm in a bikini. Cliff in a speedo with zink oxide camo-style over his face. A waterproof backpack.

He pulls a small digital camera out of his backpack to click some pics.

From the outside, it looks like he's taking pictures of all the 12-14 year old girls in the river. This has many parents nearby concerned.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Next, there's tech-

INT. STUDY - DAY

Jimmy on a laptop computer with Kevin and Calvin behind him. He types a few keystrokes. Confident.

KEVIN

Ideally, we'd like to take control of all their internal systems. Security cameras, sprinkler systems, water filtration, bathrooms. Everything.

JIMMY

I'm about five steps ahead of you. Check this out.

He brings up the Waterland Facebook Page.

CALVIN

It's their Facebook page?

JIMMY

Nope. It's an imposter page. I set it up just now. Check out the comments.

Jimmy highlights one from a poster named POOPER4LIFE: WATERLAND USES CAT PEE FOR CHLORINE GROSSSSSSS!

KEVIN

Holy shit. Is that true?

JIMMY

Hardly. The page already has 56 friends and 22 of them are me. We're gonna flame the shit out of these guys.

CALVIN

How is that gonna help us rob them?

JIMMY

Are you kidding me? All this negative chatter? It's very demoralizing.

Kevin and Calvin, not really sure.

INT. JOE'S POOL SUPPLIES — DAY

An industrial pool supply warehouse, filled with gallons of chlorine.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Thirdly, we need to understand their chlorination system.

CALVIN (V.O.)

This is big.

KEVIN (V.O.)

How much do they use? When? Why? Everything.

Bob stands in the lobby, chatting up the receptionist as a WORKER walks by, loading vats of chemicals onto a truck. Bob slyly writes down the specifics on a piece of paper.

INT. DIVE BAR — DAY

Bob meeting with Kevin and Calvin. Gives his thorough report.

BOB

They order 25 gallons a day from Joe's. Deliveries come Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. They're funneled into a central filtering system in the morning and at night. Lifeguards test for chlorination and PH balance every hour, on the hour.

Kevin and Calvin exchange a look. The info is detailed, but somehow not what they were expecting.

KEVIN

Huh.

CALVIN

Great work Bob it's just, uh—

KEVIN

Well, we should have been more clear in what we were looking for, specifically.

CALVIN

The thing is—

KEVIN

What we really want to know is this: would it be possible for someone, maybe you, to sneak inside the park by hiding in a vat of chlorine?

They look to Bob. Expectantly.

BOB

Uh, no. That would not be possible.

KEVIN

Shoot.

CALVIN

I told you.

KEVIN

Yeah.

Kevin looks at his notepad and starts scribbling out something. Adjusting the "plan."

BOB

That wasn't a major part of the plan,  
was it?

Kevin and Calvin exchange a look.

CALVIN

Um.

KEVIN

Not *major* major.

Kevin scribbles out more and more from his note pad. Calvin helps him out

CALVIN

You'll have to change that. And that.  
Plus the second thing.

KEVIN

It's fine. Totally cool.

Kevin rips up his entire notepad and tosses it away. Smiling. Bob, less confident than ever in this plan.

INT. TIKI HUT EMPLOYEE LOUNGE – DAY

Chaz sitting at his desk, doing some mundane paperwork.

KEVIN (V.O.)

And then there's Chaz. This guy is a real dick. He probably masturbates to a picture of himself masturbating to a picture of Hitler. He's that big an ass. We need to figure out what makes his heartless body tick.

Chaz yawns. Takes a sip of water. No ice.

Through the window, Ezra watching. Making notes on a yellow lined piece of paper. The first thing he has written: NICE

SHIRT. That's all that he has written.

EXT. THE WATERBOARDER — DAY

A long line for the most popular slide. Chaz walks by and chats with a LIFEGUARD.

CHAZ  
Everything cool?

LIFEGUARD  
Only three kids have gone under so far.

CHAZ  
Sweet.

Right behind them, Ezra. As conspicuous as possible writing down more notes. "CARES ABOUT KIDS."

EXT. WATERLAND PARKING LOT — NIGHT

The end of the day. Chaz walking home. Ezra right behind him. Chaz turns around as Ezra ducks behind a lamppost. Chaz shrugs and keeps walking.

INT. DIVE BAR — NIGHT

Ezra briefing Kevin and Calvin on what he found out.

EZRA  
You picked one hell of a target. The guy is legit.

CALVIN  
Legit?

EZRA  
Too legit. Too legit to stop, if you catch my drift. Comes in before the park opens. Leaves after it closes. Even when he's off the clock, he's on.

FLASHBACK: SUPERMARKET CHECKOUT

Chaz buying a pint of ice cream. Beef Jerky. A couple Tall Boys.

Ezra behind him. Watching closely. Not subtle.

Chaz turns. Notes Ezra.

CHAZ  
Are you following me around or some shit?

Ezra freezes. Unsure what to do.

After a beat, he reacts, flipping over his own basket of groceries onto Chaz to create a diversion, then sprinting in the opposite direction

RETURN TO: THE BAR

EZRA

The guy's like ice. A total pro.

Kevin and Calvin exchange a look. Worried.

KEVIN

How did Storm and Cliff do?

CALVIN

Could have been better.

EXT. WATERLAND, LAZY RIVER - DAY

Cliff and Storm still floating along the lazy river. Storm trying her best to get some sun. Cliff refusing to shut up.

CLIFF

You should have known me in college. I was wild. I would go through 3, 6 girls a night.

STORM

Uh-huh.

CLIFF

I did it all. Every position. The Monkey. The Orangutan. The Octopus.

STORM

Are those supposed to be sex positions?

CLIFF

Oh yeah. The Zebra.

STORM

It sounds like you're just naming animals.

CLIFF

That's because they're based on how animals have sex. Animal style.

STORM

Dude, I'm just going to say it, you don't know what a vagina looks like.

CLIFF

That's absurd!

STORM

You have so never been laid.

Cliff almost falls off his inner tube.

CLIFF

You're insane. I have sex constantly.  
Pick someone in this pool and I'll have  
sex with them. Right now.

If the picture taking didn't do it, this comment puts every parent in the area on full alert. A MOTHER of one 13-YEAR-OLD GIRL hears this and GASPS. Clutching her daughter close.

A LIFEGUARD also hears this. Points a RED LASER POINTER at Cliff as SECURITY moves in.

INT. SECURITY ROOM — DAY

Cliff and Storm, in a plain room with a single table. Some back room in the bowels of Waterland. Chaz enters. Slams the door shut.

CHAZ

So we've got ourselves a couple  
perverts, huh?

CLIFF

I was making a rhetorical point.

CHAZ

Well guess what rhetorical boy? I'm  
about to go rhetorical all over your  
face. No cameras in this room.

Storm points to a camera in the corner of the room.

STORM

What's that?

CHAZ

Huh?

Chaz looks, genuinely startled to see a camera.

CHAZ (CONT.)

What the hell? Who installed that?

He waves his hand in front of the camera.

STORM

This is bullshit. You can't just hold  
us here.

CHAZ

I can do whatever I want. This is little Guantanamo. Anything goes. Anything. Check this out—

Chaz pulls out a pair of CHINESE THROWING STARS. Throws one at the wall.

CLIFF

Are those real?

CHAZ

Bought them in the North Korean airport. So yeah, they're real.

STORM

That's fucked up man.

CHAZ

I'll show you fucked up.

Chaz takes out a Polaroid. Clicks a pic of the two of them.

CLIFF

That's not going on the internet is it? I'm really trying to be careful about my digital footprint.

The Polaroid pops out. Chaz pegs it to a wall labeled WALL OF SHAME, mostly populated with tweenage punks and creepy old men.

CHAZ

Congratulations fuckwads. You just got yourselves banned from Waterland. For life.

INT. KEVIN'S STUDY — DAY

Kevin and Calvin sitting with Jimmy who is busy "hacking" Facebook. Storm and Cliff have just reported in.

CALVIN

Banned for life?

CLIFF

He wasn't really specific though on what that means. You know. "Life."

CALVIN

So one-third of our crew can't set foot in the park without alerting security? That's not good.



KEVIN

Let's not get lost in the numbers. Stay big picture. Jimmy, how are you doing?

Jimmy looks up from his work.

JIMMY

I just uploaded about thirty-five pictures of my junk to the Waterland website comments page. That should keep the censors busy for a while.

Kevin pats him on the shoulder.

KEVIN

Good work. Storm--

Kevin tosses her a pair of car keys.

KEVIN (CONT.)

Let's see what you can do.

EXT. WATERLAND PARKING LOT – NIGHT

The park is closed. Kevin, Calvin, and Storm walk around a seemingly new Nissan Sentra.

KEVIN

Two-wheel drive. Automatic locks and windows. AC. FM Radio. It's stocked.

STORM

Dude, you jack off to this car, don't you?

CALVIN

Just be careful. It's a rental.

They hop inside.

INT. NISSAN – NIGHT

Storm behind the wheel. Kevin shotgun. Calvin in the back seat.

KEVIN

We need you to be able to get from here, to the safe house in less than five minutes.

CALVIN

By safe house, he means Applebee's.

Kevin checks his watch.

KEVIN

We play our cards right, we should be enjoying two-for-one Buffalo wings in 300 seconds or less.

Storm puts on a pair of DRIVING GLOVES. Winks.

STORM

Buckle up.

She GUNS THE ENGINE, then floors it. The car PEELS OUT.

Storm banks the car HARD to the left, then the right. Shifting gears (even though it's an automatic), accelerating at a mad pace and then...SLAMMING ON THE BREAKS.

The car jerks to a stop. Kevin and Calvin, whiplashed.

STORM

Woah. That was awesome.

We pull back to see the car has traveled about halfway down the block away from Waterland.

A trail of serpentine skid marks reveal the unnecessarily indirect route they took to travel that block.

CALVIN

What the hell was that?

STORM

Pretty good for my first time driving a real car, huh?

She pulls out a joint and lights up. Kevin and Calvin, a little worried.

INT. DICK'S SPORTING GOODS – DAY

Rows of sporting goods stuff. Calvin, pushing a cart filled with miscellaneous heist supplies: duct tape, emergency flares, ski masks etc.

He investigates a REMINGTON 870 BIG GAME HUNTING SHOTGUN. Not sure exactly what to make of it.

MELINDA

Calvin?

Calvin quickly drops the shotgun into his cart. Sees Melinda, dressed casually. Hair pulled back in a ponytail.

CALVIN

Melinda? Hey. What are you doing here?

MELINDA

Picking up some fishing gear for Dad.  
Anything to try and get him out of the  
house.

CALVIN

How is he?

MELINDA

Not great. He just putters around all  
day. It's so hard to see him like that.

CALVIN

What about you?

MELINDA

Between dealing with him, bankruptcy  
lawyers, accountants, the bank, I don't  
think I've had time for me. I realized  
today, I haven't updated my resume  
since college.

CALVIN

You'll be fine. I know it.

MELINDA

That makes one of us. What about you?  
What are you up to?

She looks at his filled cart.

CALVIN

Little camping trip with the guys.

Melinda pulls the shotgun out of his cart.

MELINDA

You hunt?

CALVIN

Oh yeah. I'm a big time hunter. You  
know, your basic game. Elk and duck  
and, um, bear.

MELINDA

It's not hunting season is it?

CALVIN

I always go off-season. Beat the  
crowds.

MELINDA

Isn't that illegal?

CALVIN

Right, well, it's not like, real  
hunting. It's more like one of those

CALVIN (CONT.)

places where there are just animals around and you, you know, shoot at them. Like a trout farm, but with animals.

Calvin, fidgeting, uncomfortable.

MELINDA

Oh.

Jimmy's voice over Calvin's WALKIE-TALKIE cuts in.

JIMMY

(filtered)

Hey Calvin, Kevin wanted me to remind you to pick up scuba gear. Over.

CALVIN

(to Melinda)

It's a tropical hunting place. Very relaxing.

MELINDA

Well, good for you for getting out and having some fun.

CALVIN

(forced casual slang)

You know me. Down fo' what-ev-a.

MELINDA

If you ever want to swing by the house and say hi-

CALVIN

I'd like that.

MELINDA

Yeah?

CALVIN

Definitely.

MELINDA

Okay, well you should. Anytime.

They go in for a maybe handshake, maybe hug. Finally settling on a hug. Awkward. Calvin holds her a beat longer than he should. They both shy away.

INT. SNACK SHACK AREA - DAY

Kevin and Calvin sitting on a picnic bench inside the Snack Shack area of Waterland. Enjoying ice cream, watching the crowds.

In front of them a COMING SOON sign, featuring a KID GOING DOWN A WATERSLIDE that leads to a SLOT MACHINE.

KEVIN  
How'd she look?

CALVIN  
Good. Tired.

KEVIN  
You didn't tell her she looked tired, did you?

CALVIN  
No, I didn't tell her that.

KEVIN  
Just checking.

CALVIN  
She looked good.

Kevin checks his watch.

KEVIN  
Is it time?

CALVIN  
Should be.

KEVIN  
There we go.

An ARMORED TRUCK GUARD walks out of the Tiki Lounge, carting out a LOCK BOX.

CALVIN  
Follow the money.

KEVIN  
5:30. Like clockwork.

CALVIN  
Three days in a row now. That's a pattern. Other than the one day when it came at 3:30.

KEVIN  
67% of the time it's like clockwork.  
Plan is coming together.

Calvin is about to respond, when something distracts him. And Kevin.

An absolutely STUNNING, drop-dead GORGEOUS woman in a Waterland Polo, unbuttoned at the neck just enough to flash some cleavage. This is SOPHIA. Late 20's. A knockout.

She walks toward them, running her hand up and down the long, hard shaft of a PLUNGER. Approaches a DORKY LIFEGUARD (GABE) standing nearby.

SOPHIA

Gabe, someone dropped a deuce in the woman's shower. Again. It's a clogger.

GABE

I'm on it.

He runs off. Sophia sighs, then notes Kevin and Calvin staring at her. In their suits, they look totally out of place.

SOPHIA

Aren't you guys a little old to be hanging out at a waterslide park?

KEVIN

You're never too old for waterslides. You work here?

SOPHIA

When I have to.

Kevin, sensing an opportunity.

KEVIN

I'm Kevin. This is Calvin. I didn't catch your name?

SOPHIA

Sophia.

KEVIN

So Sophia, when you don't have to work, what do you like to do for fun?

SOPHIA

(flirtatious)  
Depends on my mood.

KEVIN

What kind of mood are you in now?

SOPHIA

Not sure. Maybe you should buy me a drink tonight and find out.

CALVIN

Unfortunately, we have plans tonight.  
(off Kevin's reaction)  
*Grey's Anatomy.*

KEVIN

Drinks sound good.

SOPHIA

Okay then. I get off at eight.

KEVIN

And I get off all the time.

Kevin walks off, confident. Calvin shrugs an apology.

EXT. WATERLAND PARKING LOT – NIGHT

The place is starting to clear out. Kevin scoping things with the binoculars.

CALVIN

I don't think this is a good idea.

KEVIN

It's a fantastic idea. We have an inside source now.

CALVIN

Don't we want to keep a low profile?

KEVIN

It's a three-step process: Charm her. Get information on the inner-workings of the park. Sleep with her.

CALVIN

Third step seems a little unnecessary.

KEVIN

It's vitally necessary.

INT. LAVA LOUNGE – NIGHT

The kind of bar with bright blue drinks named after Sex in the City characters. Kevin, Calvin, and Sophia crowded around a small table.

KEVIN

So it's not just about length, it's also about girth. That's important to remember.

SOPHIA

Wow. You sure know a lot about newspaper ads.

KEVIN

The stories I could tell you.

Calvin, clearly uncomfortable, checking his watch.

CALVIN

Well, it's getting late. We should probably—

KEVIN

So, what's it like working at Waterland? Is it fun? Is security really tight or not so tight?

SOPHIA

God, I do not want to talk about work. I want to have fun. Right Calvin? You like fun I bet.

CALVIN

Huh?

She puts a cherry from her drink between her lips. Works the stem into a knot using her tongue. Oozing sex appeal.

KEVIN

What about finances? Does everyone have access to the books or only a few people or—

Suddenly, Sophia ducks her head down. Ignoring Kevin completely. Worried about something else.

SOPHIA

Shit. My husband.

CALVIN

Husband?

SOPHIA

Just be cool.

Calvin looks up to spot Chaz, heading to the table.

CALVIN

Chaz is your husband?

CHAZ

Getting your drink on without me? Not cool.

(noting Kevin and Calvin)  
You know these fuckers?

SOPHIA

We just met.

CHAZ

Guess you guys have a lot of time to drink now huh? Cashing in those unemployment checks.



KEVIN

Right.

He greets Sophia by groping her Boob. Sophia accepts this greeting with the kind of wariness women with jackass husbands endure.

SOPHIA

I need another drink.

CHAZ

And you want me to buy it for you I bet. Figures. You guys are lucky women don't go for unemployed losers. This shit is expensive.

Chaz heads over to the bar.

SOPHIA

He is such an asshole. So jealous and overprotective.

CALVIN

We should probably leave.

At the bar, Chaz stares down both Kevin and Calvin. Fierce.

KEVIN

Yeah. It is *Grey's Anatomy* night.

SOPHIA

No, it's fine. Look, Calvin, if you want, you can fuck me in the bathroom real quick.

CALVIN

What?

SOPHIA

It's totally cool. I do this kind of thing all the time.

Calvin chokes. Chaz heads back over. Hands Sophia her drink. Then downs his in one swig.

CHAZ

(re: Kevin & Calvin)

So what's the deal? You guys butt buddies?

KEVIN

No.

SOPHIA

Oh, they're both very, very straight. Isn't that right Calvin?

CALVIN  
Sexuality is such a fluid concept. I  
hate to label it.

CHAZ  
I bet you do.

Sophia runs her foot up and down his thigh under the table.  
Chaz working on his second drink.

SOPHIA  
Looks like the ladies' room is free.

Calvin's phone rings, giving him the excuse he needs to  
turn away from Sophia.

CALVIN  
(into phone)  
Hello?

MELINDA  
(filtered)  
Calvin, it's Melinda, sorry to call you  
so late.

CALVIN  
It's no problem. Everything okay?

Across from him, Sophia mouths something indecipherable but  
unquestionably explicit to him. Chaz notes this. Calvin  
notes that Chaz notes this.

MELINDA  
(filtered)  
Dad had a stroke. He's in the hospital.  
Can you—

CALVIN  
We'll be right there.

Calvin hangs up. Looks at Kevin.

CALVIN (CONT.)  
We gotta go. Now.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM — NIGHT

Mr. O'Connor in bed. Asleep. IV and monitors around him.  
Looking frail. Melinda watches over him along with Kevin  
and Calvin.

MELINDA  
His vitals are stable, but he's still  
not conscious.

CALVIN

I am so sorry Melinda.

MELINDA

Thanks for coming. It means a lot.

KEVIN

I'm gonna get some cheese sandwiches from the vending machine. Maybe some Fritos. Anyone need anything?

They shake their heads. Kevin pats Melinda on the shoulder. Walks out leaving Calvin and her alone.

MELINDA

What am I going to do? I don't know what to do.

CALVIN

Look Melinda, we're working on something okay? I can't really talk about it, but we're working on something to try and get the paper back.

MELINDA

What are you talking about?

CALVIN

Do you trust me? Just trust me. We're going to get the paper back. You take care of your dad, we'll take care of the rest.

MELINDA

I don't understand. What do you mean?

CALVIN

We're gonna get the paper back and everything is going to be okay again. I can't give you details, but we are going to do it. I promise.

Melinda may not believe this, but right now, it's what she needs to hear. She squeezes Calvin's hand.

INT. LIVING ROOM – DAY

Kevin and Calvin going over details of the plan on yellow legal pads of paper.

KEVIN

Then we're home free.

CALVIN

I still don't get how we crack the safe.

KEVIN

I don't think that part will be too hard.

BOB

Uh, guys, we got a problem.

They look up. The whole gang gathered, and no one looks happy.

CALVIN

Cable out again?

BOB

You should see this.

Bob comes over and flips on the TV. Turns it to the news.

A LOCAL NEWS ANCHOR

Somberly reading a breaking story.

LOCAL NEWS ANCHOR

Tapes released by Homeland Security indicate a possible terrorist plot against Waterland for the 4<sup>th</sup> of July. These messages were intercepted from an encrypted frequency known to be used by Al Qaeda sleeper cells right here in the United States. Warning, what you're about to hear is very disturbing.

They cut to a distorted message that sounds a little bit like Jimmy, just an octave or two deeper. Scrambled.

RECORDED VOICE

We're gonna hit Waterland on the 4<sup>th</sup>. 4<sup>th</sup> of July. They won't see it coming. We're gonna BLEEP them in the BLEEPing BLEEP. Without a condom.

LOCAL NEWS ANCHOR

Blackpoint's Chief of Security Brody Broyles has already responded to the leaked tapes.

Brody Broyles, standing in front of a firing range.

BRODY BROYLES

If the terrorists want to come after Waterland, I say bring it on. I dare them to. 4<sup>th</sup> of July, I will be in the park personally with my top security brigade. I guarantee it will be the safest place in the world, if not the Universe. If we let the terrorists prevent us from enjoying a day at the waterslide park, then they've already won. We. Will. Not. Back. Down. To. Anyone. Exclamation. Point.

BACK IN THE LIVING ROOM

Having watched this, the group is shocked. A long moment of silence.

CALVIN

Jimmy?

JIMMY

Yeah?

CALVIN

The guy you got those walkie-talkies from?

JIMMY

Steve.

CALVIN

Right, Steve. Is he by any chance a member of Al Qaeda?

JIMMY

I don't know about Al Qaeda. The guy's a political dude though. Definitely has some out there ideas.

Calvin inspects his walkie-talkie. Notices some ARABIC WRITING on the back.

CALVIN

Uh-huh. I kind of wish we had known that. Earlier.

INT. LAVA SHACK SPORTS BAR – NIGHT

TVs playing European soccer along the walls. At a round table with several empty pitchers, the whole gang, recounting the turn of events.

KEVIN

It's definitely a setback.

BOB

Seems like more than a setback. We're not talking about robbing from a waterslide park anymore, we're talking about going up against Blackpoint security, not to mention the FBI, CIA-

CLIFF

EPA. I wouldn't be surprised if they got involved. Global warming. It's the real deal.

STORM

Why don't we rob something else? Like a bowling alley? Or Jack-in-the-Box? That place is so good.

BOB

Or maybe we should do the sensible thing and call this off?

KEVIN

Since when has the newspaper business ever been about the sensible thing?

JIMMY

We're not in the newspaper business anymore.

KEVIN

And if we don't pull this job off, we never will be. Okay, maybe they know we're coming now. All the more reason to come hard. As long as we're being safe, no reason to prematurely pull out. But if you guys want to get off and quit, door is that way.

No one moves, but doubt is growing.

EZRA

What do you think Calvin?

All eyes on Calvin. He knows the sensible thing is to back off, but he can't bring himself to say it.

CALVIN

They'll be looking for terrorists, not thieves. I say we stay the course.

This is the reassurance the team needed.

KEVIN

Well said. Dry run tomorrow. Let's try to get some sleep.

INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM – NIGHT

Kevin in his bed. On the floor next to it, Calvin in a sleeping bag.

CALVIN  
Big day tomorrow.

KEVIN  
Yup.

CALVIN  
Do you think we're ready?

Kevin sits up, peeks out the window.

OUTSIDE: EZRA, JIMMY, CLIFF AND STORM.

Lighting bottle rockets in the street. One gets out of control and almost catches Cliff on fire.

KEVIN  
We're ready.

INT. STUDY – DAY

The morning. The crew is gathered in the study where Kevin and Calvin take them through a DRY ERASE BOARD, like a Football coach prepping his team.

The board is a complicated mess of arrows, lines, X's, O's. The quadratic equation maybe.

KEVIN  
As you can see, the plan is rooted in simplicity.

Ezra, squinting at the board. Looking at his notes.

EZRA  
Is that algebra?

CALVIN  
Technically, trigonometry.

KEVIN  
Just a dry run. Goal is to gather intel and troubleshoot problems.

BOB  
I still don't understand how we crack the safe.

KEVIN  
One more time then. Let's take it from the top. Together. Step one, eyes in

KEVIN (CONT.)

the sun. Step two, infiltrate the crew.  
Step three, under the sea.

Everyone mouths along with this. It's clear they've practiced a while.

KEVIN (CONT.)

Step four, go-thirty-yards-past-the-  
fourth-lamp-light-and-turn-the-second-  
valve-a-quarter-turn-to-the-left-using-  
the-spackle-trivet-to-disable-the-  
water-system-that-we adore.

Now the crew finds it a little harder to keep up. But Kevin keeps plowing forward.

KEVIN (CONT.)

Step five—

INSERT: EIGHTY-THREE MINUTES LATER

Most of the crew in a daze. Some of them asleep. Kevin still going through the plan, punctuating his points with his index finger in the air.

KEVIN

Step 249--wire transfer at the AmEX building and everything is fine provided you have used the stun-gun to neutralize the entire security crew as explained in steps 222-229.

(catching his breath)

And it's just that simple. Got it?

Jimmy jerks his head up, as if out of a deep sleep.

JIMMY

What?

KEVIN

Awesome. Let's have some fun out there.

CALVIN

And remember to sunscreen up. Gonna be a hot one.

EXT. WATERLAND PARKING LOT — DAY

Cliff and Jimmy at the outside of the waterslide park. Hanging low. Cliff has his Falcon on his shoulder.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Eyes in the sun. We need to establish visuals inside the park. You are a go.



Jimmy hands Cliff a small webcam.

JIMMY

This is the most powerful wireless camera available for less than thirty dollars. This little baby will give us visuals on anything that happens in the park within a fifteen-foot radius.

CLIFF

Nice.

JIMMY

We just need to get this on the roof of the Tiki Lounge.

Cliff straps the Webcam to the Falcon's leg.

CLIFF

Leave it to Thor here.

He releases the Falcon, who immediately takes off.

A few feet into his flight, Thor SHAKES OFF the Webcam from his leg. The Webcam falls into the SPLASH POOL as the Falcon soars off into the distance, becoming a small spec on the horizon.

Jimmy and Cliff admire its majestic flight.

JIMMY

How do you get him to come back?

CLIFF

I don't know. I've never let him outside before.

(a beat)

Thor! Here Thor!

EXT. EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE, WATERLAND — DAY

Ezra, in an outfit that looks suspiciously like the Halloween costume version of a Life Guard.

Approaches the EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE with other Life Guards and Crew who are dressed nothing like him.

CALVIN (V.O.)

Next, we need someone on the inside.

Ezra strides confidently toward the entrance, almost immediately getting stopped by a SENIOR LIFE GUARD.

SENIOR LIFE GUARD

I'm sorry, this entrance is for employees only.

EZRA

Yeah man, I know, I've worked here for like eight years.

SENIOR LIFE GUARD

I have literally never seen you before in my life.

EZRA

I feel you. Now let's go save some lives, right homeboy? That's what it's all about.

The Senior Life Guard is not at all impressed with this.

SENIOR LIFE GUARD

If you want to sneak into the park, just hop the fence like everyone else.

EZRA

No, pump your breaks playboy, wait—

But the Senior Life Guard isn't buying it. He heads into the Employee Entrance shutting the door behind him. Ezra tries to open the door but it's locked. Kicks it once in frustration.

INT. WATERLAND — DAY

Inside the park. A pair OF FLIPPERS walking along through traffic.

KEVIN (V.O.)

If we want to control the park, we need to control it from underwater.

The flippers are strapped to a WET SUIT, which is attached to SCUBA GEAR, which is on Kevin, who slips a scuba mask over his head, moving in the shadows of one of the waterslides. Drawing a lot of stares.

He starts to head into one of the WADING POOLS, bringing the attention of a TEENAGE LIFEGAUARD.

TEENAGE LIFEGUARD

Woah, whoah, whoah. You can't go in there with that on.

KEVIN

It's okay. I'm with the pool. Company.

TEENAGE LIFEGUARD

What?

KEVIN

The company. Gotta check the water. The water company. We're all up to code. It's Kosher.

Kevin gives a thumbs up and starts to lower himself into the pool, but the Teenage Lifeguard grabs him by the arm. Kevin trying to toss himself into the water, the Lifeguard not letting him.

EXT. WATERLAND, WATER TREATMENT AREA – DAY

A small, fenced off area of land right outside the park where a series of water lines run to an industrial WATER PUMP.

CALVIN (V.O.)

It's critical we disable the water heating system. Precision is key.

Bob, staring at the mess of pipes in front of him. Dubious. Takes out a TRIVET and starts fidgeting with a WATER VALVE. In response, it ERUPTS A GEYSER of WATER.

INT. NISSAN SENTRA – DAY

Parked outside Kevin's house. Inside, Storm at the wheel. Kevin beside her. Pink Floyd on the CD. Things a little hazy in the car.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Once we're in, we gotta be ready to move out quickly.

CALVIN

Waterland parking lot in ten minutes. Ready?

STORM

You know what's weird? Your bones grow and your skin grows. But what if your bones grow faster than your skin?

CALVIN

Huh?

STORM

And what about how some people have bones on the inside, but some people have bones on the outside.

CALVIN

Who has bones on the outside?

STORM

Bones on the outside? Dude, you're  
freaking me out. Know what we need?  
Cheeseburgers.

Storm fires up the car and starts to drive. Not in the  
direction Calvin was hoping.

CALVIN

You're going the wrong way. Storm?

UNDERWATER

The murky haze, 15 feet underwater. At this point, the VO  
no longer matches the action.

CALVIN (V.O.)

Next, we remove the grating around the  
floor water filter and reverse the  
hydro-flow to create a pressure vacuum.

The water filter, filtering away. Safely undisturbed  
because meanwhile Kevin is...

EXT. WATERLAND GROUNDS — DAY

...surrounded by Life Guards who close in on him. He uses his  
AIR TANK as a weapon, releasing a blast of Oxygen/Nitrogen  
to keep the Life Guards at bay.

Grabs his TWO-WAY.

KEVIN

Eyes in the sun! Eyes in the sun! Need  
some help here.

INT. GARY'S PET SHOP — DAY

Jimmy and Cliff in a cluttered Pet Store. Jimmy picking up  
Kevin's SOS.

JIMMY

(into his two-way)  
A little busy right now.

Cliff talking to the PET SHOP OWNER in front of several  
bird cages, cluttered with parakeets, canaries, other small  
birds.

CLIFF

Which of these birds is most like a falcon?

EXT. WATERLAND, OUTSIDE GROUNDS – DAY

Bob trying to get the geyser of water under control.

KEVIN (V.O.)

At this point Bob should confirm with the viz-feed that the pressure has dropped below 1/600<sup>th</sup> per cubic foot.

He uses his trivet to try and wedge open another pipe, but it cracks, releasing a blast of GAS, which sparks and turns to a tiny TORCH.

BOB

Uh-oh.

EXT. WATERLAND EMPLOYE ENTRANCE – DAY

Ezra, still locked out of the park. Using a Phillip Screwdriver to try and pick the lock.

CALVIN (V.O.)

Ezra will run a diversion at the snack shack to create cover while Storm and Calvin get in position for the escape.

He works the screwdriver back and forth, failing to open the door, but succeeding in triggering the ALARM.

As he takes a few steps back from the door, he turns and sees a POLICE CRUISER driving by. It's lights flash on. Ezra makes a run for it.

INT. NISSAN SENTRA – DAY

Storm, stuffing her face with Jack-in-the-Box. Jamming to Bob Marley. Calvin, beside her frustrated.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Team B will rendezvous outside with Storm for the getaway.

CALVIN

Storm, we gotta get back to the park, okay? Feeling ready to go back?

STORM

I'm flyin'. Like a Lion. In Zion. Oh  
yeah I am.

CALVIN

(into the two-way)  
Team B, we might be a little late.

EXT. WATERLAND, OUTSIDE GROUNDS – DAY

Flames, shooting out a few feet high from exposed gas  
pipes. Fire trucks closing in. A crowd gathering. Bob  
shrinking away.

BOB

(into the two-way)  
I'm a bit off schedule too.

Bob turns to find a POLICE OFFICER waiting for him. In the  
back seat of his CRUISER, Ezra, waving to Bob.

EXT. WATERLAND GROUNDS – DAY

Kevin, sprinting as best he can, shedding his scuba gear.  
Security and Cops on his tail.

INT. CHAZ'S OFFICE – DAY

Chaz, looking out the window. Sees Kevin sprinting.

CHAZ

Oh, hell no.

Chaz gets up, ready to join chase.

KEVIN

Still running. Desperately calling out to whoever can hear  
him over the walkie-talkie airways.

KEVIN

Jimmy? Cliff? Need some help.

EXT. WATERLAND FRONT PARKING LOT – DAY

Jimmy and Cliff sitting on the curb. A parakeet on Cliff's  
shoulder. The two-way now serving as an FM Radio. No clue  
what's going on inside the park.

JIMMY

You think this will work?

CLIFF

Oh yeah. Parakeets are like catnip to Falcons.

They wait. Looking to the sky for the Falcon, who does not appear.

JIMMY

So, what happened to you? At Stanford?

CLIFF

Got mixed up with the wrong crowd. The whole performance enhancing drug thing.

JIMMY

You're kidding?

CLIFF

Nope. Anabolic Steroids. Human growth hormone. The Clear. The Not As Clear. The whole deal.

JIMMY

That stuff helps with archery?

CLIFF

Not really.

JIMMY

What about the Canadians?

CLIFF

They all survived. One of them even friended me online last year. Says losing the feeling in his right hand is the best thing that ever happened to him.

Another group of POLICE OFFICERS (2 & 3) approach Cliff and Jimmy. One with a CAGED FALCON in tow.

POLICE OFFICER 2

This bird belong to you gentlemen?

CLIFF

Thor!

POLICE OFFICER 3

You have a permit for this guy?

CLIFF

Don't need one. I found him at the zoo.

POLICE OFFICER 2

Okay, I'm gonna need to see some ID.

Cliff stands up, ready to show his ID. As he reaches for it, he reveals a CROSSBOW flashing out of his inside jacket

pocket.

The Cops react, guns drawn. Officer 3 radioing in the call.

POLICE OFFICER 3

We have a hostile with a concealed  
weapon. Requesting permission to fire.

Cliff pulls out the Crossbow so it's now pointed directly  
at the Cops.

CLIFF

It's not concealed!

JIMMY

Woah. Let's just turn the temperature  
down a little bit.

POLICE OFFICER 2

On your fucking knees or I will put one  
between your eyes so help me God!

Jimmy and Cliff drop down.

INT. NISSAN SENTRA — DAY

Storm driving at speeds approaching 25 MPH. Traffic backed  
up for miles behind her.

KEVIN (V.O.)

Once the safe team completes its  
excavation, we recalibrate the  
filtration system, run a grab-and-go  
con at exit 3, tunnel out through the  
Lazy River, and we're home free.

CALVIN

Speed limit is 45. Feel free to use  
that gas pedal if you need to.

STORM

I do not feel cool right now at all.  
How many mushrooms is too many?

CALVIN

Uh, do you think I should—

As if in answer, SIRENS FLASH BEHIND THEM. Storm freaks  
out.

STORM

Take the wheel, take the wheel!

She starts trying to climb over into the passenger seat,  
forcing Calvin to have to reach over and grab the wheel.



CALVIN

What are you doing?

STORM

Pretend you were driving.

Storm is halfway in shotgun, halfway in the driver seat. Her face buried in Calvin's crotch. He does his best to steer, but quickly loses control of the Sentra.

The car BANKS VIOLENTLY to the left, crashing into a pole.

The COP CRUISER pulls up next to the wrecked car. Through the window it looks like Storm has been giving Calvin a hummer.

EXT. WATERLAND GROUNDS — DAY

Kevin, sprinting away, finally free of any security or cops. He grabs his two-way.

KEVIN

Okay, we should be on step 187 now.  
Hello? Anyone there?

He ducks down an alley between the Towel Rental Shack and the Snack Bar. Seemingly free, until he finds himself face-to-face with Chaz.

CHAZ

Kevin.

KEVIN

Chaz. What's up? Just passing through.

CHAZ

I bet you were.

KEVIN

So—

CHAZ

No one messes with my water park.  
Terrorist.

Chaz fakes as if he's going to slug Kevin in the face with his right. Kevin flinches. Then, seeing he's safe—

KEVIN

I thought you were going to—

SLAM.

He wasn't ready for the left hook, which Chaz deploys mercilessly, knocking Kevin out cold.

INT. JAIL HOLDING CELL

The whole gang locked up. Kevin nursing a black eye with a bag of ice. This is what failure looks like.

KEVIN

So on the positive side, I thought the rhyming worked really well.

CALVIN

Agree.

CLIFF

I think we did great.

The BAILIFF comes over.

BAILIFF

You're free to go.

CALVIN

Really?

BAILIFF

You got some friends in high places.

INT. MINIVAN — NIGHT

A friend in a high place, aka Melinda, driving the crew home. Calvin sits shotgun, everyone else piled in back. She does not look happy.

JIMMY

Thank you for getting them to drop the charges Mrs. O'Connor.

MELINDA

It's Melinda, okay guys? Melinda. And you're just lucky my dad donates so much money to the department. And that he's too sick to see you all like this.

(to Calvin)

Are you plotting to blow-up Waterland?

CALVIN

No! Of course not.

CLIFF

It's for the paper.

CALVIN

Cliff, please.

MELINDA

No Cliff, please. Tell me about the wonderful things you are doing for the paper that involve you all getting arrested on the same day?

CALVIN

It's a little complicated.

But Kevin cuts Calvin off. His hand on Melinda's shoulder.

KEVIN

We're going to rob Waterland to buy back the Sentinel. Sorry to keep you in the dark, but it's kind of a need to know thing.

MELINDA

Are you kidding me? This was your plan?

CALVIN

I know it sounds crazy.

MELINDA

It doesn't sound crazy, it is crazy. And stupid. Unbelievable stupid.

EZRA

The plan itself is solid.

MELINDA

Yeah, it looks like it's working great so far.

KEVIN

To be fair, it was only a dry run.

MELINDA

(to Calvin)

I would have expected an idiotic idea like this from Kevin, but not you. I thought you were the one with some common sense.

KEVIN

You know we can hear you back here.

CALVIN

We're only trying to help.

MELINDA

You want to help? Stay out of jail. And don't try to help. How's that sound?

They drive on in silence. Fuming, angry silence.

STORM

This may not be the right time to bring this up, but is anyone else really craving pancakes, or is it just me?

JIMMY

I could totally dig on some pancakes. Mrs. O'Connor? Can we?

Melinda doesn't answer. Death gripping the wheel as they drive on.

EXT. KEVIN'S FRONT YARD — NIGHT

Having been dropped off, the group congregates outside of Kevin's.

KEVIN

Okay guys, tough day. Let's regroup tomorrow and get back at it.

BOB

You can't honestly still be thinking of going through with this?

KEVIN

I don't see any reason why not.

BOB

Our dry run ended with us all in jail. 4<sup>th</sup> of July is in a week and I still don't understand how we're getting into the safe.

KEVIN

You know, there's such thing as being too detail-oriented.

BOB

I love the Sentinel as much as anyone, but I got a cruise to think about. I'm sorry, I can't do this. Good luck.

Bob walks away.

KEVIN

Wow. And I thought he was a cool guy.

EZRA

So what do we do now?

KEVIN

I didn't want it to come to this, but at this point I see no other choice.

Kevin straightens his tie. Dusts off his coat sleeves. Runs

his hand through his hair.

CALVIN  
What are you going to do?

KEVIN  
The only thing I can do. I'm going to  
fuck Sophia.

And, like the martyr he is, he walks off.

EXT. WATERLAND EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE – NIGHT

Sophia, getting off a long shift. She pulls her hair back into a ponytail and steps into the parking lot to spot

THE MERCEDES

As shined up and new as a beat-up Mercedes can look. The door opens. Inside...

KEVIN

Smiling.

KEVIN  
Need a ride?

SOPHIA  
Hey. Is Calvin with you?

KEVIN  
Nope. Riding solo tonight.

SOPHIA  
Too bad.

KEVIN  
It's okay, I like riding solo.

SOPHIA  
Oh yeah?

KEVIN  
I'd like riding solo even better with  
you.

SOPHIA  
If you were with me, it wouldn't be  
riding solo, would it?

KEVIN  
I don't know. Tonight it feels like  
anything is possible, doesn't it?

Kevin opens the car door. Sophia shrugs. Hops in.

EXT. THE LAVA GRILL – NIGHT

Sophia and Kevin opposite each other. Sophia slurping up her drink, leaning into the table so Kevin can get a full view of her goods.

SOPHIA  
(re: drink)  
Yummy.

KEVIN  
You know what you like. I like that.

SOPHIA  
You know whose awesome? Calvin. He's amazing, isn't he?

KEVIN  
Sure. So your husband.

SOPHIA  
Asshole. Don't get married when you're 16. That's the moral there.

KEVIN  
Uh-huh. Would you say he trusts you with intimate information about the business? Like safe combinations or whatever?

SOPHIA  
Here's some *intimate* information.

She reaches under the table and slides Kevin a pair of black panties. Kevin, for all his BS, is not actually comfortable with this.

KEVIN  
Okay.

SOPHIA  
I'm not wearing any panties right now.

KEVIN  
Yes, I inferred that.

SOPHIA  
Backseat of your car looked pretty comfortable.

KEVIN  
It's not as comfortable as it looks. Besides, we should talk more. We're having such an amazing conversation.

Sophia hooks Kevin's shirt collar.

SOPHIA

My husband would rather jack-off to meth'd-out strippers online than sleep with me. Have sex with me right now, and I'll talk all you want later.

Now Kevin is way freaked out. Not ready for this. He signals a waiter.

KEVIN

You know what sounds good? Drinks.

INT. BEDROOM — NIGHT

Calvin in his bedroom. A sparsely decorated room with framed newspaper ads on the walls. He holds his cell phone. Pacing. Finally, dialing.

It rings once, then goes straight to MELINDA'S VOICEMAIL. Calvin leaves a message, nervous. Reading from some notes he's jotted down for himself.

CALVIN

Hello Melinda. It's me. Calvin. I wanted to, uh, say. Well first, thank you for getting us out of jail. That was really sweet. And I just want to explain things and let you know I'm sorry and just. Can you, maybe, come by and we can talk in person or grab coffee. Probably not coffee, I don't do well with caffeine at night but. If you could maybe come by and let me explain. I can explain. About the thing. The robbing Waterland thing.

The DOORBELL RINGS, mercifully. Calvin hangs up the phone. Wondering. Could it be her?

FRONT DOOR

Calvin opens the door to find Kevin. He looks a little unsettled.

KEVIN

Hey.

CALVIN

Hey. Shouldn't you be having sex with Sophia?

KEVIN

Yeah, no, I should. But...

CALVIN  
What did you do?

EXT. CALVIN'S FRONT YARD — DAY

A 15-foot U-Haul truck parked right in front of Calvin's yard. Calvin studies it carefully.

CALVIN  
You're moving?

KEVIN  
Not exactly.

They walk around to the back of the truck. Kevin opens it revealing, SOPHIA, inside. Barely conscious. Totally drugged.

CALVIN  
What the hell?

KEVIN  
I couldn't sleep with her. She's married. Even if it's to a douche, it's immoral.

CALVIN  
So instead you—

KEVIN  
Drugged her with tranquilizers and then kidnapped her.

CALVIN  
Holy shit! How many tranquilizers did you give her?

KEVIN  
Not sure. How many cups are in a milliliter?

Sophia just stares at them. Half smiling. Half unsure where she is.

CALVIN  
This is insane.

KEVIN  
She has usable intel, we just need to extract it.

SOPHIA  
(slurring)  
Monkey. I like you monkey.



CALVIN

How are we going to do that? She's drugged out of her mind.

KEVIN

Meaning she has to tell the truth.

CALVIN

That makes no sense.

KEVIN

I'm pretty sure I read somewhere that people under the influence of barbiturates are more likely to tell the truth.

SOPHIA

You're a hot monkey.

CALVIN

I can't believe you. First you get me involved with theft, now kidnapping? Where does it end?

KEVIN

Hopefully with kidnapping.

Calvin goes up to Sophia. Helps her to her feet, supporting her. Walking her out of the back of the U-Haul.

SOPHIA

Woo. Fun.

KEVIN

Where are you going?

CALVIN

I'm taking her home.

Sophia runs her hands up and down Calvin's neck.

SOPHIA

You can do whatever you want to me.

She sticks her tongue down Calvin's throat. A drugged-out-of-her-mind kiss.

CALVIN

Thank you.

MELINDA

Calvin?

Calvin looks up. Melinda. Getting out of her car, watching Calvin make-out with an inebriated woman.

CALVIN

Melinda! This isn't what it looks like.

He lets go of Sophia and she collapses to the ground like a heap of laundry.

MELINDA

Oh my God, how drunk is that woman?

CALVIN

She's not drunk, she's drugged. Not by me. I'm helping her.

MELINDA

Wow Calvin. And I thought seeing you in that jail cell was rock bottom. I guess you're not the guy I thought you were.

CALVIN

Wait, I am that guy. This is just a routine accidental kidnapping! It's easily explained.

MELINDA

Don't call me again.

She drives away. Kevin peeks his head out of the U-Haul.

KEVIN

Looks like we're both having women problems tonight.

CALVIN

This is your fault.

KEVIN

Well, agree to disagree on that.

CALVIN

You know what? For twenty years I've followed you around on your stupid goose chases. Your idiotic client boondoggles and harebrained schemes and what has it gotten me? I'm unemployed, living alone, and now I have a police record. I'm sick of it. I'm not doing it anymore. I'm done.

KEVIN

Obviously the stress is making you say completely irrational, nonsensical things right now.

CALVIN

I'll make it real simple: I'm out. Find someone else to rob a waterslide park with.

Calvin struggles to get Sophia off the ground. Half dragging her toward his car.

KEVIN

Oh come on, a few little setbacks and you quit? She'll forgive you! Calvin?

But he doesn't want to hear it.

EXT. KEVIN'S HOUSE — NIGHT

Kevin pulls the U-Haul in front of his house. Ezra, Jimmy, and Storm are outside, waiting for him. Kevin hops out.

EZRA

Are you moving?

Kevin walks past them, not bothering to acknowledge the question.

JIMMY

What's going on?

KEVIN

Take a good look around. You'll always remember where you were when all your hopes and dreams died.

INT. CALVIN'S BEDROOM — NIGHT

Calvin, in bed. He flips through a SCRAPBOOK filled with cut-outs of newspaper ads:

The OUTRAGEOUS TUESDAY PIZZA Full Page, the ROOSTER TABACCO SNUFF INSERT, the WET & WILD WATERWORLD DOUBLETRUCK ad.

Each one brings back a flood of memories. Calvin closes the book, then hits the light.

INT. EMPLOYEMENT SERVICES OFFICE — DAY

Kevin, dressed up as always. Sitting across from a CORPORATE RECRUITER. A plain woman, dressed in green. She eats a sliced apple as she reads over Kevin's resume.

CORPORATE RECRUITER

Any experience outside of newspaper?

KEVIN

I was co-captain of the Sentinel Paintball team. Made it to Weebelo in Cub Scouts. I'm a proficient reader.

CORPORATE RECRUITER

Any relevant experience?

KEVIN  
I don't follow.

INT. TRENDY DOT COM COMPANY — DAY

A warehouse office filled with annoying, just-out-of-college kids on Razor Scooters.

Calvin sits on a BRIGHT ORANGE BEANBAG CHAIR, in the center of a fiberglass egg/pod, which serves as a conference room.

A HIPSTER raps with Calvin, barely glancing at his resume.

HIPSTER  
Our mission is to create a sticky,  
content rich environment that adds  
value for users with a 360-degree,  
integrated experience.

Calvin nods. Taking notes.

CALVIN  
And, where do you see BigTits.org going  
in the next five years?

HIPSTER  
Well it's going to be so much more than  
tits, that's for sure. That's why we  
need some big time national  
advertisers. McDonald's or Disney. You  
think you could bring any of those guys  
on board?

A PHONE in the Pod rings. The Hipster picks it up, at which point we see that the phone piece is shaped like a GIANT DILDO.

INT. RADIO SHACK — DAY

Jimmy walking into his old store. A STORE MANAGER, seeing him approaches. Gives him a bear hug. Welcoming him back to work like a prodigal son.

INT. SMOKE 'N GO — DAY

A drive-thru Tobacco and Pipe shop. Storm looking at a NOW HIRING sign. Underneath it: YES, WE DRUG TEST. Storm sighs and walks away.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET – DAY

Cliff. Shooting arrows at pigeons on telephone poles.  
Dejected. Not even aiming.

INT. LIVING ROOM – DAY

Bob, on his couch. Looking through a stack of Schmooze  
Cruise Brochures. Outlining things of interest.

EXT. WATERLAND GROUNDS – DAY

Ezra, inside the park. Hawaiian shirt. Sandals. Notepad  
where he takes copious notes. A WOMAN walks by eating a  
grapefruit. Ezra gestures to her grapefruit.

EZRA

I invented that you know.

WOMAN

Huh?

EZRA

I invented the grapefruit.

The Woman smiles politely, but walks away. Ezra returns to  
his notes.

INT. HOSPITAL – DAY

Melinda, beside her Dad, who lies in his hospital bed.  
Alive but not much more than that. She holds his hand.

EXT. SENTINEL NEWSPAPER BUILDING – DAY

Kevin, walking by the old Sentinel Newspaper building, the  
doors chained shut.

INT. MISC. CORPORATE OFFICE WAITING ROOM – DAY

Pleasant muzak. Inoffensive beige. Calvin, sitting  
patiently in the waiting room. Resume in hand. Kevin walks  
in—sees Calvin.

CALVIN

Kevin?

KEVIN

Calvin.

CALVIN

You here for the Jr. Sales Associate job I take it?

KEVIN

Sure am. You?

CALVIN

I am as well.

Kevin sits down next to Calvin.

KEVIN

You look nice. Your hair is a little longer than I remember.

CALVIN

It's been two days.

KEVIN

Longest we've been apart since—

CALVIN

Thanksgiving snowstorm of '88.

KEVIN

Right.

The RECEPTIONIST comes in.

RECEPTIONIST

She'll see you now. Both of you.

INT. SENIOR SALES ASSOCIATE OFFICE — DAY

The SENIOR SALES ASSOCIATE (SSA), a woman probably a decade younger than Kevin and Calvin, sitting across from them at her desk.

SENIOR SALES ASSOCIATE

Sorry about the double interview. We've got a lot of applicants to see.

KEVIN

I don't mind. I thrive under pressure.

CALVIN

Me too. I thrive under pressure too.

KEVIN

But not as much as me.

CALVIN

Maybe more.

The SSA looks up. Confused at this, but determined to stay on script.

SENIOR SALES ASSOCIATE

Why don't you each tell me about some of your strengths?

KEVIN

Well, one thing I'm good at is not being a quitter and a pussy. Not everyone here can say that.

CALVIN

I'm really good at not ruining other people's lives with my idiotic ideas.

KEVIN

And I don't have a problem with premature ejaculation.

CALVIN

I don't have a problem with that.

KEVIN

Not what I heard.

CALVIN

(to the SSA)

I assure you, I ejaculate after a normal duration of intercourse.

KEVIN

You sound defensive.

CALVIN

At least my Uncle's not a War Criminal.

KEVIN

Gary is not a war criminal.

CALVIN

That's not what the UN says.

(to the SSA)

Google Bosnian genocide, Gary.

KEVIN

Maybe you should fuck off?

CALVIN

Maybe you should fuck off, you fuck.

KEVIN

You're the fuck.

CALVIN

Wrong, you are the fucking fuck.

KEVIN

Rubber and glue fucker.

Kevin jabs at Calvin's arm. Calvin slaps away his hand. Kevin slaps away Calvin's hand. They go back and forth like this, the SSA, horrified.

CALVIN

I have my references here as well.

He hands her a sheet of paper as Kevin pushes his chair over, and he falls backwards onto the ground.

INT. KEVIN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Kevin, watching an old HOME MOVIE on his TV. Drink in hand.

ON THE SCREEN

Some Sentinel Holiday Party from years past. A banquet hall of some kind. Kevin, with a mustache up at the center of the room, Calvin beside him.

KEVIN

If you had told me five years ago that we were gonna be named Sales Duo of the Year five years in a row, I'd totally believe it! I just gotta thank God and my family!

He holds up the AWARD PLAQUE in triumph. Calvin makes his way to the mic to say something too, but Kevin swings his arm around him in celebration and walks him back to the table.

BACK IN THE LIVING ROOM

Kevin notes this. Maybe for the first time. Frowns.

A KNOCK at the door.

EZRA enters.

KEVIN

What are you doing here?

EZRA

I figured out a way we can pull off the job. With only two people.

Ezra hands Kevin his notebook. Kevin flips through the book, reading carefully.



KEVIN

Huh.

EZRA

Pretty good, right?

KEVIN

This plan assumes we have access to a machine capable of drilling seven miles under the earth, a NASA strength industrial laser and, if I'm reading this correctly, one or both of us would need to be able to levitate.

EZRA

Both. Definitely both.

Kevin shuts the book. Hands it back to Ezra.

KEVIN

Without Calvin, there's no way.

INT. CALVIN'S BEDROOM – DAY

Calvin, in bed again. Reading Harry Potter. The phone rings.

He sits up, confused. Looks at the clock. It's already 9:30. A call at this hour? He picks up.

CALVIN

Hello?

Immediate concern on Calvin's face from whatever he's hearing.

CALVIN (CONT.)

Oh my God. When?

Calvin hangs up. Takes a deep breath.

INT. FUNERAL GROUNDS – DAY

Pristine grounds. Neatly kept cemetery plots and mourners, working their way to a funeral that has not yet started.

Calvin is there. Kevin is there. The whole gang is there. Melinda too, crying, which tells us all we need to know about who passed away.

Kevin and Calvin stand next to each other. Uneasy.

KEVIN

I always thought the old man would outlive me.

CALVIN

Me too. I've seen how many transfats  
you eat.

Kevin smiles at Calvin, briefly.

KEVIN

I let him down. I let you down. I blew  
it.

Calvin puts his hand on Kevin's shoulder. Comforting.

CALVIN

We did what we could.

INT. RECEPTION HALL – DAY

Small room with appetizers set up. Mourners circulate.  
Munch on carrot sticks. Kevin and Calvin in the corner,  
reflecting over

CALVIN

Remember when he took us fishing and we  
got drunk and you got in a fight with  
that catfish?

KEVIN

What a mean, mean fish.

Melinda walks up. Dressed in black of course. Kevin and  
Calvin stand, respectful.

CALVIN

We're so sorry.

Melinda walks over. Gives them both a hug. She can't stay  
mad at these guys.

MELINDA

He loved you guys. He really did.

KEVIN

We loved him too.

MELINDA

Let me ask you something, you think you  
could have done it?

CALVIN

What's that?

MELINDA

Got the paper back. Robbed Waterland.

KEVIN

It's possible, but we're done with that. Don't worry.

Melinda nods. That makes sense.

MELINDA

I think we should do it.

CALVIN

What's that?

MELINDA

My dad's always wanted me to take chances. Do something crazy. Robbing a waterslide park seems pretty damn crazy to me.

By now, the rest of the gang had gathered around.

CALVIN

We don't really have a solid plan and 4<sup>th</sup> of July is two days away.

MELINDA

Then I guess we have a lot of work to do, huh?

She takes out a pad of paper. Ready to work.

INT. STUDY – DAY

Kevin, Melinda, and Calvin gathered around a pad of paper. Melinda putting the finishing touches on her plan.

MELINDA

And that's how we get the safe.

KEVIN

Wow. This is the perfect plan. It's flawless.

MELINDA

I know. I came up with it.

KEVIN

I mean, it's really flawless.

MELINDA

Like I said, I know.

KEVIN

It makes me uncomfortable how good this plan is.

CALVIN

Melinda, you really don't have to do this.

MELINDA

I know I don't have to. But if you think I'm letting the Sentinel die without a fight, you really don't know me very well.

Kevin and Calvin exchange a glance. It's so on.

AN AMERICAN FLAG

Rising up a flagpole, blowing crisply in the wind.

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE STREAMERS

On bicycles, cars, people.

A GOD BLESS AMERICA, HAPPY 4<sup>TH</sup> OF JULY SIGN

Outside of Waterland, where the park has not yet open. It is, for the moment, quiet other than some FBI AGENTS in suits. Sipping coffee. Ready for anything.

EXT. KEVIN'S HOME — DAY

Our Crew. Filing out of the home like troops ready for battle. Shoulder to shoulder. Kevin and Calvin in suits. Cliff with Bow & Arrow and floaties around his arms. Melinda. Everyone ready.

Like really fucking ready.

EXT. WATERLAND PARKING LOT — DAY

Jimmy set up on his laptop outside the park with Cliff. Jimmy typing away.

CLIFF

You got it?

JIMMY

Going out over the inter-web as we speak. This should keep them on their toes.

On the COMPUTER SCREEN, Jimmy's fake Waterland Facebook

page. On the wall, he's entered: TODAY ONLY, 50% OFF WATERLAND ADMITTANCE WITH THIS COUPON.

INT. JOE'S POOL SUPPLIES, FRONT LOBBY — DAY

Bored, miscellaneous pool supply employees behind the counter. Killing time. Storm walks in wearing a DOWN 4 WHATEVEA shirt. Approaches a BORED CLERK

STORM

Hey.

BORED CLERK

Hey.

STORM

So, you guys sell pool stuff?

BORED CLERK

Yup. That's the deal.

STORM

Doesn't sound too fun.

BORED CLERK

It's not.

STORM

Want to make it fun?

The Bored Clerk looks at his COWORKER. Shrugs. Why not?

INT. STORAGE ROOM AT JOE'S POOL SUPPLIES — DAY

Storm, the Bored Clerk and his Co-worker in a pool supplies storage room. Storm passing an apple that's been fashioned into a pipe to the Bored Clerk. He takes a deep toke, laughing. His Co-worker already passed out.

INT. JOE'S POOL SUPPLIES, FRONT LOBBY — DAY

With no staff around, Bob makes his way through the pool supplies. Stops at a vat marked for Waterland. Opens the top and pours in some mystery liquid from a vial. Grabs a set of keys off the table.

INT. WATERLAND EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE — DAY

Ezra and Kevin, positioned behind a grassy knoll. Kevin scoping things out with binoculars until he finds a scrawny looking Waterland employee, standing outside, finishing a bottle of orange juice.

It's Gabe. Dorky lifeguard we previously met.

KEVIN

That's him.

EZRA

What's his name again?

Kevin, checking Melinda's notes.

KEVIN

Gabe Geller. First week on the job.

EZRA

I'm on it.

Ezra clips an official-looking nametag labeled JEFFERSON DAVIS to his crisp white shirt. Steps out of the car and heads toward Gabe.

EXT. EMPLOYEE ENTRANCE — DAY

Ezra approaches Gabe at the employee entrance.

EZRA

Excuse me son, you work here?

GABE

Huh?

Ezra flashes a LICENSE of some kind from his wallet.

EZRA

Jefferson Davis with the Fire Department. What temperature are these thermo-filters set to?

Ezra points to a set of DIALS AND NOBS on the gas meter next to the employee entrance.

GABE

Thermo what?

EZRA

Just like I thought. Total neglect. I see at least twelve fire hazards just from outside the park. I'm gonna have to ask you to come with me.

GABE

I should talk to a manager.

EZRA

Damn it, we don't have time for these semantics. Let's just hope we're not too late already.

Ezra motions toward the employee entrance. Gabe, unsure, opens it for him and they walk inside.

EXT. WATERLAND BACK ENTRANCE — DAY

Calvin, dressed in his sharpest suit. Melinda with him, adjusting his jacket. Fixing his hair.

CALVIN

I'm not sure about this.

MELINDA

Have some faith Calvin.

CALVIN

I just think there's got to be a better way out of that room than—

MELINDA

A little late for audibles now.

CALVIN

Melinda, I'm really sorry about everything. From before.

MELINDA

No time for apologies. You're on.

Calvin turns, heads for the park, before Melinda stops him.

MELINDA (CONT.)

Wait!

She pulls out a flower and pins it to his lapel. Spritzes him with a dash of cologne. Calvin looks at her, skeptical.

CALVIN

Really?

EXT. WATERLAND PARK GROUNDS — DAY

Brody Broyles marching with a squad of black-clad Blackpoint security. Barking out orders. Chaz jogging along side him, trying to keep up.

BRODY

I want snipers on the tops of every slide. Shoot first, apologize later.

CHAZ

I got such a chubby right now.

BORDY BROYLES

This park is now under martial law. Is that understood?

CHAZ  
Sir yes fucking sir.

EXT. WATERLAND, FRONT ENTRANCE – DAY

It's chaos, with ANGRY CUSTOMERS, waving FAKE COUPONS at confused Waterland employees who try to sort through the mess. One brave employee confronts an ENRAGED SOCCER MOM, with her whole family in tow.

CONFUSED WATERLAND EMPLOYEE  
These are not sanctioned coupons.

ENRAGED SOCCER  
Bullshit they aren't. They're from the goddamn internet.

Through the chaos, Cliff, decked out in a WETSUIT, along with Jimmy. They sneak through the front entrance, unnoticed. Jimmy hopping on the two-way.

JIMMY  
We're in.

EXT. WATERLAND PARK, SERVICE TRUCK ENTRANCE – DAY

The Joe's Pool Supplies truck pulls up to the Service Entrance, which leads into the guts of the behind-the-scenes water maintenance area of the park.

The gate opens. Inside the truck, STORM AND BOB, wearing Joe's Pool Supplies uniforms.

AN FBI AGENT stands guard. Inspects Bob & Storm's identifications. Then gives them the nod. They drive inside.

EXT. SNACK SHACK – DAY

Sophia licking an ice cream cone. Slacking off at work.

CALVIN  
That looks cold.

SOPHIA  
Well, well. I didn't expect to see you again.

CALVIN  
I guess I can't get that kiss we shared out of my mind.



SOPHIA

I can. Because I don't remember it.  
Because your friend drugged me.

Sophia steps to Calvin. Pissed. Calvin, hesitant. This might not work like he thought.

CALVIN

Right. About that.

SOPHIA

That was so hot.

Now she's back in sex kitten mode. Biting at his earlobe. He pats her head. An awkward attempt at affection.

CALVIN

Is there anyplace private we can go?

SOPHIA

Behind the corn dog stand?

CALVIN

Maybe someplace a little more...secure.

Sophia grins. She knows exactly the place.

INT. WATERPARK GROUNDS – DAY

Kevin, walking through the crowds. Hops on the two-way.

KEVIN

Grounds are clear. Check in when you  
are in position.

He's pretty conspicuous, almost immediately drawing the attention of BLACKPOINT SECURITY, who start moving in on him.

INT. EMPLOYEE LOCKER ROOM – DAY

Ezra, fiddling with the thermostat in the Employee Locker Room. Gabe next to him, increasingly uncertain.

EZRA

And here's another problem. These  
methane readings are off the charts.

GABE

Isn't that the A/C?

EZRA

I'm going to pretend I didn't hear that  
Gabe.

As he fidgets with the temperature with one hand, he swipes an EMPLOYEE ID BADGE off a hook on the wall with the other, discretely tosses it out the window to—

EXT. WATERLAND, OUTSIDE THE TIKI LOUNGE — DAY

Jimmy below, looking up at a second story window. In front of a door marked EMPLOYEES ONLY.

He waits for the ID BADGE to fall right into his hands.

But it doesn't. It gets CAUGHT on a DRAIN PIPE, suspended 15 feet above ground, out of reach.

JIMMY

Bad day to wear loafers.

EXT. WATERLAND WATER TREATMENT AREA — DAY

A series of PUMPS and TUBES, through which any chemicals that go into Waterland must transit. Bob and Storm prepare to load the MODIFIED CHLORINE into the system.

BOB

(on the two-way)

Going live. 15 minute countdown.

He pours the chlorine in.

EXT. WATERLAND GROUNDS — DAY

Kevin, watching two BLACKPOINT SECURITY OFFICERS moving toward the TIKI LOUNGE. They inspect every customer who walks by. Kevin tries to creep behind them without being seen when BLACKPOINT SECURITY OFFICER #3 stops him.

BLACKPOINT SECURITY OFFICER #3

Excuse me sir, can you come with me?

KEVIN

What's that?

BLACKPOINT SECURITY OFFICER #3

I'm going to have to ask you to come with us.

KEVIN

Have I broken some rule or something?

BLACKPOINT SECURITY OFFICER #3

Right this way. Sir.

He steps closer to Kevin, latching on to Kevin's arm. This

isn't optional.

INT. CHAZ'S OFFICE / SAFE ROOM – DAY

Sophia and Calvin slip into Chaz's office. The SAFE positioned in the back of the room. Sophia runs her fingers through Calvin's hair.

SOPHIA  
Secure enough for you?

CALVIN  
This looks pretty secure.

Sophia hops up onto Chaz's desk.

SOPHIA  
Of course my husband could come in at any time. The danger makes it so much more exciting.

Calvin turns his back to her. Taking a TOY SENTINEL DELIVERY TRUCK out of his pocket. About the size of a pack of cigarettes.

He places it on the window ledge directly opposite the safe. Discrete.

From his other pocket he pulls out two airplane bottles of SCOTCH and two DIXIE CUPS. He fills each glass dropping some kind of PILL into one of them.

Turns to offer the drinks to Sophia.

CALVIN  
Drink?

Sophia meanwhile has stripped to her leopard bra and panties. Calvin almost drops the drinks.

SOPHIA  
You like what you see?

CALVIN  
Wow.

He approaches her. Suddenly unsure of himself.

SOPHIA  
How about that drink?

CALVIN  
Right.

Calvin goes to offer her a drink from his left hand. Then his right. Not certain which one is drugged. Finally

settling on the one in his right hand.

SOPHIA

Last time I accepted a drink from a stranger I blacked out.

CALVIN

Like you said, the danger makes it more exciting.

Sophia puts the drink up to her lips, waiting for Calvin to do the same. He does so. They both drink.

SOPHIA

Now, where were we?

CALVIN

I was just—

But the room has started to spin. Calvin staggers, then falls to the ground.

SOPHIA

Oh for God's sake.

EXT. WATERLAND WATER TREATMENT AREA — DAY

Bob and Storm pouring the last of the Chlorine into the pool when a NOSY LIFE GUARD approaches.

NOSY LIFE GUARD

Hey! What are you two doing?

BOB

What's that?

NOSY LIFE GUARD

You heard me. What are you doing?

STORM

You know. Putting the stuff in the water to make it better.

NOSY LIFE GUARD

Yeah, well you left the gate open.

He gestures to a gate that leads to the Water Treatment Area.

BOB

Oh, sorry.

NOSY LIFE GUARD

Gotta keep that shut. It's a safety hazard. I've told you guys about a thousand times.

STORM

You're right.

The Life Guard nods. His work done. Leaves them to their chemical poring. Bob hops on the two-way.

BOB

Ten minutes. Cliff, you in position?

EXT. WATERLAND PARK GROUNDS – DAY

Cliff, in line for the Waterboarder, the most popular attraction. The line is incredibly long. The sign where he's at says: 45 MINUTES FROM THIS POINT.

He adjusts a small Bluetooth in his ear.

CLIFF

(into Bluetooth)  
Working on it.

Cliff takes a deep breath. He has no choice. He shoves aside two middle-school-aged kids and starts pushing forward.

EXT. WATERLAND, OUTSIDE THE TIKI LOUNGE – DAY

Jimmy throwing rocks at the key card above him. Nowhere close. He pounds on the door.

JIMMY

Not ideal.

The door won't budge. Frustrated, he KICKS THE DOOR. It easily pops right open. It wasn't even locked.

EXT. WATERLAND, OUTSIDE TIKI LOUNGE – DAY

On the other side of the Tiki lounge, an ARMORED SECURITY GUARD heads in, carting a LOCK BOX, presumably filled with cash.

EXT. WATERLAND FIRST AID STATION – DAY

A HELPFUL LIFEGUARD shines a flashlight into Calvin's eyes. Sophia watching over his shoulder.

HELPFUL LIFEGUARD

Wow. This guy's drugged out of his mind. What were you doing?

SOPHIA

Here's \$40. Don't tell Chaz. If he regains consciousness before my shift ends, page me.

INT. WATERLAND INTERROGATION ROOM — DAY

A familiar room. The same one Cliff and Storm were once held hostage in. Now it's Kevin's turn. He sits alone until Chaz enters and sets down some ominous looking knives on the table in front of Kevin.

CHAZ

I always knew you were a terrorist. It's written all over your queer terrorist face.

KEVIN

I'm not a terrorist.

CHAZ

Only a terrorist would have to deny it.  
(motioning to the cheese knives)  
You don't even want to know what these are for.

KEVIN

They're cheese knives.

CHAZ

No they're not.

KEVIN

Yes they are. William and Sonoma. I got them for my Mom last Christmas. Great for dinner parties.

Upon closer inspection, they are cheese knives.

CHAZ

You got about five minutes to tell me what you're doing here, or I start dropping napalm.

Kevin reaches into his back pocket. Pulls out folded piece of paper. It's a WATERLAND JOB APPLICATION.

KEVIN

Heard you were hiring.

INT. WATERLAND GROUNDS — DAY

Bob and Storm, walking away from the maintenance area. Still in uniforms.

BOB  
 (into two-way)  
 Three minutes. How we doing?

CLIFF

Muscling his way through the line. Literally tossing kids out of the way.

CLIFF  
 (into Bluetooth)  
 Almost there.

INT. TIKI LOUNGE UPPER LEVEL — DAY

Ezra, with Gabe, now surrounded by some lifeguards and Blackpoint Security. Skepticism growing.

EZRA  
 Frankly, I'm appalled at the unsafe conditions I'm seeing. This place is like the Hindenburg, but on the ground. And with waterslides.

BLACKPOINT SECURITY OFFICER #1  
 Sir, can I see some identification?

INT. INTEROGATION ROOM — DAY

Chaz, cutting a piece of Brie cheese and putting it on a Ritz cracker. Eating it right in front of Kevin.

CHAZ  
 You wanna play this like a tough guy?  
 Okay, play it like a tough guy.

KEVIN  
 I don't wanna play it like a tough guy.

CHAZ  
 How would you like it if I just karate kicked you in the face right now?

KEVIN  
 I imagine I wouldn't like it very much.

The door opens. Enter Brody Broyles. Wrong person to fuck with. He's just a total, total badass. Kevin, worried.

CHAZ  
 Oh, you are so, so fucked.

## EXT. FIRST AID STATION

Calvin, lying on his back. Opens his eyes. Groggy. Sees out of the corner of his eye the Helpful Lifeguard, rocking out to his iPod. Tries to push up off the ground but can't.

Tries again, dragging himself away.

## INT. TIKI LOUNGE, LOWER LEVEL - DAY

Jimmy in a hallway that leads to a large, bolted door that reads DO NOT ENTER, HIGH VOLTAGE. He positions himself at the end of the hallway with the remote control revved up. Jimmy straps a series of WIRES to the front bumper of the car.

CALVIN  
(into two-way)  
It's you Cliff.

## CLIFF

At the top of the slide.

He checks his watch. 45 seconds left. He is steps away from the entrance to the slide. Just one LITTLE SHIT in his way. He nudges him aside and is about to lower himself into the Slide Entrance when-

BIG DUDE  
Hey!

A BIG DUDE grabs him by his wet suit.

CLIFF  
Excuse me?

BIG DUDE  
You just pushed my kid.

CLIFF  
That's your kid?

BIG DUDE  
Sure is.

CLIFF  
Aren't Mongoloids normally sterile?

BIG DUDE  
Big mistake asshole.

The Big Dude gives Cliff a shove. He falls backwards into the MOUTH OF THE SLIDE, falling backwards down it.



INT. INTERROGATION ROOM — DAY

Brody Broyles and Chaz, opposite Kevin. Broyles leaning in. Sharpening one of the Cheese Knives.

BRODY BROYLES

The thing about pain is, it isn't just in your head. The pain of having your finger cut off is almost unimaginable. People assume the shock of a traumatic experience will numb the pain. It doesn't.

KEVIN

Do I get a phone call or something?

Now Brody takes out his cell phone. Shows it to Kevin.

BRODY

No bars.

CLIFF

Getting pummeled by the Waterboarder. The slide whips him around violently, shooting water in his face as he tries to retrieve something imbedded inside his wet suit.

The Waterboarder doesn't make this easy. Cliff reaches behind his suit, desperately working to pull out a long, thin rod. Like a flexible TENT POLE.

In fact, this is a COLLAPSIBLE BOW, along with an ARROW.

He almost has it assembled when another BLAST OF WATER knocks it free. He tumbles down the slide, the Bow and Arrow behind him.

EXT. TIKI LOUNGE, UPPER LEVEL — DAY

Ezra, struggling to keep up the con. Blackpoint security closing in. Guns drawn.

BLACKPOINT SECURITY OFFICER #1

Identification, now!

EZRA

Not a problem. Let me just uh.

Ezra stalls, searching his pockets. Looks at his watch. 30 Seconds.

LOWER LEVEL TIKI LOUNGE

Jimmy, sets the remote control car down. Checking his own watch. 20 Seconds.

THE ARMORED SECURITY GUARD

Finishing loading the cash into the safe in Chaz's office.

CALVIN

Stumbling away from the First Aid station. His vision blurry. His footwork clumsy. He barely makes out his watch. 15 seconds. Tries hard to shake off the cobwebs.

ON THE WATERBOARDER

Cliff, spinning down the slide. A few feet away from the SPLASH POOL. He reaches behind his head, trying to grab it before he hits the water.

UPPER LEVEL TIKI LOUNGE

Ezra, pinned back by Blackpoint Security. Nowhere to run.

BLACKPOINT SECURITY GUARD #1

I'm going to have to ask you to step outside.

WATERLAND GROUNDS

Bob and Storm, watching the water. It's starting to turn a very light shade of red. Storm pulls out a joint but Bob snags it from her.

BOB

(into two-way)

Take out the filtration system and we're a go.

CLIFF

Makes a final grab for the Bow & Arrow. His feet just hitting the water. His hand, just wrapping around the Bow as he plunges

UNDERWATER

It's calm. Murky blue. Cliff sinks deeper under, steadying his Bow. He's going to attempt to shoot it through the water.

## THE REMOTE CONTROL CAR

Zooming toward the DO NOT ENTER door. It's wired as if it were a moving bomb.

## UNDERWATER

Cliff, somehow, steadying the bow. Aiming for a SMALL FILTER, 15-feet under. Now directly parallel with him.

All around him the water is starting to turn light red.

Cliff concentrates. Aims. Releases and the arrow CUTS THROUGH THE WATER, heading toward AN OPEN VENT, through which a small POOL FILTRATION MOTOR.

## THE ARROW

STRIKES the filtration motor, JAMMING IT. As soon as the motor stops, the faint red tint to the water starts to solidify, turning into a red, slimy, goop.

## THE REMOTE CONTROL CAR

Driving full speed. Slams into the DO NOT ENTER door. The small bundle wired to the front bumper SLIDES off, under the door. Sparks.

Down the hallway Jimmy crouches down. Ready for the explosion. For a second, nothing happens. Then...

BOOM!

A small ELECTRIC FIRE, almost immediately triggering the FIRE ALARM.

## INT. TIKI LOUNGE, UPPER LEVEL — DAY

As Blackpoint Security grabs Ezra, the FIRE ALARM. Smoke already visible below. They pause.

## EZRA

Idiots. You see what I'm talking about? Now if you don't want to die of smoke inhalation, I suggest you evacuate this place, right now.

INT. TIKI LOUNGE, LOWER LEVEL – DAY

Smoke starting to fill the hallway. But Jimmy doesn't run. He stands before a door that reads AUTHORIZED EMPLOYEES ONLY, ALARM WILL SOUND.

But seeing how the alarm is already sounding, he OPENS THE DOOR.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM – DAY

Brody Broyles and Chaz, opposite Kevin.

BRODY BROYLES

Here's how this game works. Every minute that goes by without me hearing what you are planning, you lose a finger.

CHAZ

Time for some good old American justice. Saudi Arabian style.

KEVIN

How many times do I have to tell you? I'm not trying to do anything other than make a little money.

He motions to the Waterland Job Application. But the way he says this triggers something in Chaz. Something he hadn't previously considered.

CHAZ

Make money?

Almost on cue, the FIRE ALARM, from outside.

INT. CHAZ'S OFFICE / SAFE ROOM – DAY

Jimmy approaches the safe room. Goes over to the toy Sentinel Delivery truck that Calvin placed on the window ledge. Opens it up to reveal a concealed WEB CAM with display screen.

He rewinds through the footage on the screen until he arrives at a perfect shot of the Security Guard dialing the combination to the safe.

He jots down the combo. Turns to find Calvin, waiting for him.

JIMMY

You look pretty good for someone who just drugged himself.

CALVIN

Those one-hour roofies work as advertised. How we looking?

Jimmy hands Calvin the combo.

JIMMY

We're looking good.

Calvin turns, dials. The safe opens, revealing: Cash. Lots of it.

Calvin looks to Jimmy. A moment to enjoy this then, they start loading their DUFFEL BAGS.

EXT. WATERLAND GROUNDS – DAY

It's chaos. People running. Rinsing red goop off themselves.

Ezra and Cliff, walking away from it all, toward the exit.

INT. CHAZ'S OFFICE / SAFE ROOM – DAY

Chaz and Broyles charge into the office. No one is in there.

Chaz opens the safe. Turns to face Broyles.

CHAZ

Those fuckers.

JIMMY AND CALVIN

Carrying duffel bags, heading toward the exit. In all the panic, no one pays attention to them.

Almost no one.

CHAZ

Working his way through the crowd, spots them.

CHAZ

That's them!

Blackpoint security closes in from all sides.

Sensing this, Jimmy and Calvin speed up. Pushing through traffic. Power walking. Then running for the exit. Almost there when—

BRODY BROYLES

Cuts off their path. Standing directly in front of them. Menacing. Chaz closing in behind. Nowhere to run.

BRODY BROYLES  
Gentlemen. Your bags.

Nervous, Calvin hands over the duffel bags. Looking at the ground. Nothing they can do; they're busted.

CHAZ  
Gotcha.

Broyles rifles through their bags.

BRODY BROYLES  
What the hell is this?

CALVIN  
I know, I know. It's just—

JIMMY  
We couldn't resist. They're so nice.

CALVIN  
And soft.

Inside the duffel bags, WATERLAND RENTAL TOWELS. Each with a clear warning: DO NOT REMOVE FROM THE PARK.

JIMMY  
We can pay for them.

Broyles tosses them to the ground. Baffled. Meanwhile:

BOB AND STORM.

Carting TWO VATS OF CHLORINE, out the service exit toward the BOB'S POOL SUPPLIES VAN. They load the vats in the back where Cliff and Ezra are waiting.

Melinda behind the wheel.

MELINDA  
Right on time.

Storm and Bob hop in and they pull away.

IN THE BACK OF THE VAN

Ezra opens one of the vats and pulls out a duffel bag. It's filled with cash.

INT. CHAZ'S OFFICE / SAFE ROOM – DAY

Kevin and Calvin, standing before Chaz and Broyles.

KEVIN

I was with you boys the whole time.

CALVIN

I just like waterslides.

Chaz and Broyles have no response.

INT. STUDY – DAY

Champagne flowing. The gang celebrating. Bob counting  
STACKS OF DOLLARS on the desk.

CALVIN

That was genius. Pure genius.

MELINDA

Looks like I found my second calling.

CALVIN

I'm a little worried about you right  
now.

MELINDA

To be honest, so am I.

She squeezes Calvin's hand.

CLIFF

You know what we should rob next? The  
Federal Reserve.

KEVIN

Okay, slow down. Let's first get the  
cash together to buy back the paper.  
Bob, what's the count?

Bob, just finishing counting the last stack.

BOB

Uh, we got \$56 thousand here. Give or  
take.

KEVIN

You missed a decimal there. You mean  
\$560 thousand.

BOB

Nope. \$56 thousand. Total.

Now the celebration stops. Confusion.

JIMMY

That's it? What happened to all the money?

BOB

Did we ever have any reason to believe there would be half of a million dollars in the safe of a waterslide park?

Kevin and Calvin look at each other. Calvin taking out his pocket calculator. Trying to run the numbers.

CALVIN

It seemed reasonable.

STORM

What the fuck?

EZRA

So this was all for nothing?

There is no response. Kevin without words. Calvin without words. Everyone devastated.

KEVIN

I guess...I guess we messed up.

CLIFF

So wait, we're not getting the paper back?

Calvin looks at Melinda. Can hardly bare to meet her eyes.

CALVIN

Melinda, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. Your Dad.

MELINDA

Do you know what my dad loved most about the Sentinel?

KEVIN

Sudoku?

MELINDA

No. Well, he did really love Sudoku. But it was you guys. Working every day with you. That's the Sentinel. He would be so proud of what you did today. Or tried to do. I'm proud of you.

JIMMY

Proud doesn't bring the paper back.



MELINDA

Nothing is bringing the paper back. Or my Dad. I'm sorry, it was a valiant effort. Crazy and valiant and a little stupid, but let's be honest: we can't go back. It doesn't work that way. But you know what? We just made \$56 thousand. That's not a bad down payment on the future. So yeah, let's celebrate. Because from where I'm standing, the future looks okay.

She is looking right at Calvin, who raises his glass.

JIMMY

This is a joke right?

CALVIN

To the Sentinel.

KEVIN

To Mr. O'Connor.

One by one, everyone else (even Jimmy) raises their glasses. Sure, why not celebrate?

Melinda steps directly in front of Calvin. He hesitates, but Melinda doesn't, kissing him.

MELINDA

What do I taste?

CALVIN

That's probably Sophia's saliva. I think she liked cinnamon gum. It's kind of coating my tonsils.

MELINDA

Let's see if we can fix that.

She kisses him again. Deeply.

INSERT TITLE: 1 YEAR LATER

INT. SMALL OFFICE — DAY

Jimmy hunched over a computer with Bob in a small office.

BOB

Every time I click on the logo, my computer freezes.

JIMMY

So stop clicking on the logo.

BOB

That's your solution?

JIMMY

I don't see why you're clicking on the logo to begin with.

Cliff comes over, dressed in a business suit. Looking awkwardly formal.

CLIFF

I thought we all agreed to do suits?

JIMMY

Did we agree on that?

Ezra walks by, also in a suit. Sees Jimmy and Bob casually dressed.

EZRA

Oh come on.

Bob and Jimmy giggle.

On the other side of the office Melinda walks by. Sees Storm at her desk. Four SUCKERS in her mouth. Looking miserable.

MELINDA

Looking good Storm. Told you quitting wouldn't be so hard.

STORM

(unintelligible, but hostile)  
Fmph off.

MELINDA

Where are the boys?

BOB

Late. Again.

On cue, Kevin and Calvin walk into the office. Laughing at the punchline to some joke we just missed.

MELINDA

Guys, your meeting is in 15 minutes.

KEVIN

Sales rule number one: Always arrive five minutes late. It shows confidence.

Melinda walks up to them. Slugs Kevin in the arm. Then greets Calvin with a kiss.

CALVIN

Hello.

MELINDA

Hello yourself. You're late.

CALVIN

Don't worry.

MELINDA

This is a big meeting for us. Don't mess it up.

CALVIN

Ezra, you have the new consumer research numbers?

Ezra hands Calvin a file.

EZRA

Just pulled this morning. Interesting stuff.

KEVIN

Is any of this not made up?

Ezra doesn't answer. Kevin and Calvin shrug at each other. They're used to that.

CALVIN

Ready?

KEVIN

Always.

KEVIN AND CALVIN

In a meeting of some kind. Going through their sales pitch. We don't see quite where they are yet.

KEVIN

First, love the changes you've made here.

CALVIN

Really smart.

KEVIN

Speaking of smart, what if I told you there was a way to connect with local consumers in a smart, coupon-rich environment?

Calvin pulls out an IPAD. Pulls up a website.

CALVIN

Sentinel.com is your official guide to local news, coupons, deals—

KEVIN

Siddoku. It's local content for local businesses. The perfect way to focus your marketing dollars on the right people.

CALVIN

And our initial research suggests that 124% of all visitors download special offers from our advertisers.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Sophia, sitting behind a desk at an OFFICE AT WATERLAND, though things look different. The office is clean and professional. Sophia dressed conservatively.

SOPHIA

When I divorced my husband, took over this waterslide park, bought it from Blackpoint, and converted it into luxury condos for singles, people told me I was crazy.

Through the WINDOW we see the Waterslide park, now filled with hip, loft condo buildings.

CALVIN

Crazy? Who would say that?

KEVIN

Hip urban living and waterslides. The perfect combo. What's crazy is no one thought of this earlier.

SOPHIA

Now, you want me to advertise on your little website. My question is this: What are you going to do for me?

CALVIN

We can offer you a web banner program with e-mail blast and behavioral re-targeting—

SOPHIA

Take off your shirts.

KEVIN

What?

SOPHIA

Both of you. Shirts off. Now.

Kevin and Calvin exchange a look. Hesitate for a moment then, begin STRIPPING OFF THEIR SHIRTS.

She looks at Kevin and Calvin. Objectifying them with her eyes. Runs her fingers across Calvin's pecs.

Uncomfortable, Calvin slides a piece of paper across the table to her.

CALVIN

Contracts?

She considers this. Considers them. Finally, she signs.

SOPHIA

You want me to renew next year, better work on those abs.

She stands up and leaves. Kevin and Calvin look at each other.

CALVIN

We don't have to mention this to Melinda. Or anyone else. Ever.

KEVIN

Deal.

And they get up, grab their shirts and head for the door. Another sale closed. On to the next triumph. And we—

FADE TO BLACK