

## **30 Minutes or Less**

by

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7-07-09

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

OVER BLACK

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

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

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

EXT. SUBURBS - DAY

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

INT. MUSTANG - DAY - MOVING

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

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

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

EXT. SUBURBS - DAY

The Mustang fishtails around a corner and skids away.

CUT TO:

TIRES SCREECH

Brake pads smoke. The Mustang stops outside

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

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

TWO LARGE PIZZAS

Before he can ring the bell, the door opens and two smug 12-YEAR-OLDS stare out.

12-YEAR-OLD

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

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

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

WILL

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

OTHER 12-YEAR-OLD

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

WILL

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

OTHER 12-YEAR-OLD

We'd rather take the pizzas.

Will takes a calming breath. Hands over the pizzas.

WILL

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

Got the house to yourselves?

12-YEAR-OLD

That's right.

WILL

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

The kids shakes their heads. Will looks shocked.

WILL

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

12-YEAR-OLD

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

Will makes a show of mulling this over.

WILL

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

WILL (CONT'D)

(beat)

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

The kids look at each other. One of them hesitantly reaches into their pocket and pulls out some crumpled bills, starts to count them. Will snatches all of the bills and heads off.

WILL

I'll see you in like 20 minutes.

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

WILL

You boys like Budweiser, right?

12-YEAR-OLD

Uh, yeah, totally.

OTHER 12-YEAR-OLD

Love that shit!

INT. MUSTANG - DAY - MOVING

The sun sets. Will is at the end of his shift. He cruises back into his own middle-class town in suburban Maryland.

A six pack of Budweiser rests in the passenger seat.

He stops at a light. A Jeep Wrangler packed with TEENAGERS pulls alongside him, top down, pop music thumping. Will checks out a PRETTY YOUNG THING. She catches him looking, rolls her eyes. The light turns and the Jeep skids away.

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

INT. GIORGIO'S TRATTORIA - NIGHT

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

WILL

Yo, Chris. Let me cash the fuck out.

Will hands over some cash to Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER

You have a pretty good shift?

WILL

For sure.

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

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

CHRISTOPHER

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

WILL

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

CHRISTOPHER

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

WILL

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

CHRISTOPHER

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

WILL

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

Chris is unmoving.

WILL

Fuck! Whatever!

Will storms out. As he gets to the door -

CHRISTOPHER

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

WILL

That's poignant.

CHRISTOPHER

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

WILL  
Are you fucking serious?

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

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

WILL  
When do I start?

EXT. SMALL APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

CHET  
I'm pretty sure she chewed some gum in between. You must have missed it.

WILL  
Dude, you know you can't lie to me.

CHET  
Okay, fine. I had to. I mean, she drove. And it was our second date. I'm in no position to be turning down a post blow job kiss.

WILL

I guess you can't get action on a second date without a little collateral damage. Have one of these.

Will hands over a beer.

WILL

The alcohol should wash the taste of yourself out of your mouth.

Chet takes a slug of beer, gurgles for effect.

CHET

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

WILL

I swear I saw her drop E like three times that night.

CHET

That was Mydol. She was on her period.

WILL

That girl was always on her period.

CHET

Yeah. What a bitch.

Will picks up some rented movies sitting beside him.

WILL

Come on. Let's go inside, drink your beer and watch shit get crazy.  
(fans movies)  
Old favorites. You choose. *Man on Fire*, *The Last Boy Scout*...that third one is a porn. So it's really between the two.

CHET

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

WILL

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

CHET

Come on, man, you know I got promoted to full-time last month.

(MORE)

CHET (CONT'D)  
You bought me a laser pointer.

Will heaves a sigh.

WILL

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

CHET

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

WILL

It's cool. I get it, man. Gotta pay the bills. I'll take my flicks and roll.

Will grudgingly gets up. He gathers his stuff and heads off. Chet watches him go. After a beat, he calls after him -

CHET

Hey, this weekend, we'll hang out. We'll watch *Lethal Weapon*. The whole trilogy!

WILL

(without breaking stride)  
There's four of them! You better clear your whole Saturday!

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY

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

Will stretches, looks down at his coffee table. He clears some magazines to reveal a file folder. He touches it, carefully, like the contents are radioactive. Flips the cover -

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

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

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

WILL

Fuck.

Will grabs his stuff and rushes out the door.

INT. MUSTANG - DAY

Will hops in and starts the engine. As he tucks his "Giorgio's" cap onto his head, he catches his reflection in the rear-view mirror. He stares at himself in the dumb hat.

WILL

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

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

BOOM!

We're in

EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY

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

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

DWAYNE

Fruit motherfuckin' salad!

Crouched beside him is JAY (27), tall and awkward, in thick glasses and a wool surplus cap. He carefully rigs homemade explosives to another watermelon, then looks up at Dwayne, eager to please.

JAY

This one's gonna blow even bigger.

DWAYNE

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

JAY

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

DWAYNE

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

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

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

Dwayne presses a button and

BOOM!

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

INT. KITCHEN, NICE HOUSE - DAY

Large and late-80s chic. Dwayne and Jay have the fridge open, fixing themselves a cold cut plate. Dwayne is debating the amount of meat on the plate...adds some more.

DWAYNE  
Wanna make sure I get enough calories.

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

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

Grab some RC Cola.

INT. LIVING ROOM, NICE HOUSE - DAY

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

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

Jay jumps back as Jason wields a 3D ax.

JAY  
Shit, man! It's so real!

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

DWAYNE  
Check it out. I ain't afraid of Jason. I'm fucking him.  
(thrusting harder)  
You like that, Jason!? In the mask!

Jay cracks up. Suddenly, the lights flick on.

GRIZZLED VOICE (O.S.)  
Who are you two fags fucking?

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

JAY  
Afternoon, Major.

Dwayne flops back onto the couch.

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

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

DWAYNE  
You gotta learn how to share the common space.

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

The Major grabs Dwayne and pulls him up off the couch with surprising ease. He gets right in his face...scary, intense. Dwayne suddenly looks like a wounded animal. He turns to Jay.

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

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

MAJOR

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

DWAYNE

(quietly)

You know, you can be a real sonofabitch, dad.

MAJOR

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

DWAYNE

That's pretty fucking disturbing!

Dwayne storms off.

EXT. NICE HOUSE - DAY

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

DWAYNE

Fuck The Major!

The guys get in Dwayne's shitty Ford Aerostar minivan. One side view mirror has been knocked off and hangs limply by a wire. They peel out.

INT. DIVE STRIP CLUB - DAY

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

Large, fake breasts, sparkling with cheap body glitter and pierced at the nipples, shake before us. Their owner, JUICY (27), a petite Latina, grinds her ass into Dwayne's crotch as he pours his heart out, mid lap dance.

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

DWAYNE

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

(beat)

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

Juicy looks back over her shoulder at Dwayne, speaks with a sexy lisp.

JUICY  
What happened to her, baby?

Dwayne shifts, uncomfortably, at the sore subject.

DWAYNE  
She passed on. Don't get me talking about my mother.

JUICY  
You want me to mother you?

DWAYNE  
You can let me nurse on them titties, mamacita.

JUICY  
You so loco, Dwayne. You my big-D. Relax and forget about your old man.

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

This piques Juicy's interest.

JUICY  
What kinda inheritance?

DWAYNE  
When my dad got outta the service, he started buying lotto tickets. He'd play his dog tag numbers. In '87, the fucker won five million bucks.

INSERT PHOTO: The Major holding a giant cardboard check.

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

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

JUICY

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

DWAYNE

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

JUICY

That sounds real nice.

Juicy straddles Dwayne, tightly.

JUICY

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

DWAYNE

Hate him like the Steelers.

JUICY

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

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

JUICY

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

DWAYNE

Do what?

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

JUICY

Kill your mean old dad.

Dwayne's face is troubled, but curious, as he lets this possibility sink in.

INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT - MOVING

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

Will grabs a clean button down shirt from the back seat and puts it on over his uniform t-shirt.

INT. HALLWAY, OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT

Will carries the pizza down the empty hallway. He gets to an open office and looks in, enjoying what he sees for a moment, before announcing his presence with a knock.

KATE (25) looks up from her cluttered desk. She has short, messy hair and a sarcastic smile. She's gorgeous, despite being tired and stressed out. This is the girl from the picture in Will's apartment.

KATE  
You're very reliable.

Will lays the pizza down on her desk.

WILL  
Predictable. I'm predictable. So are you. Friday night I always know where to find you.

KATE  
I live a life of danger and intrigue.  
I just uploaded my story about the  
Mayor's VFW fund-raiser.

Will checks out Kate's laptop. It is logged onto the online edition of the Emberton Dispatch. Kate's article has an accompanying picture of the kindly old MAYOR.

WILL  
I'm telling you, I've always felt that man has a dark side. At the very least, he's a homosexual.

KATE  
I'm pretty certain he's not...

Kate opens the pizza box and grabs a slice.

KATE  
...but you know who is? Tom Small.  
He came out to me today on Facebook.

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

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

WILL  
(winces)  
Really? What a fucking scrub.

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

KATE  
So, I've got some news...

WILL  
(perks up)  
Wait...are you breaking up with Mark?

KATE  
Actually, yes.

Will smiles broadly.

WILL  
Good call. Great call. 'Cause I saw  
it getting serious, and I was worried.  
But you're doing the right thing.  
(beat)  
It's because he's a lawyer, right?  
Fucking lawyers. Doesn't impress  
me, either.

KATE  
No...it's because he didn't want to  
move to Atlanta.

WILL  
Who'd want to move to Atlanta?

KATE  
Me. That's what I was trying to  
tell you. I got offered a job at a  
paper there. Bigger market, pay  
increase. I do it for a few years  
and I can be working in New York.

Will is gut-punched.

WILL  
When did this happen? Did you tell  
your brother?

KATE  
Not yet. You know how overprotective  
Chet is. Besides, I wanted to tell  
you first.  
(beat)  
What do you think?

WILL

About Hot-lanta? I know a bit about it from rap music, and it sounds like a fucked up place.

KATE

My dad's from Atlanta. So's MLK, and Coca-Cola. It's a cool city.

WILL

Whatever. They call it the "Dirty South" for a reason. I think you should stay.

KATE

You're joking, right? I mean, this is everything I've been working toward. You're my friend, I want you to be happy for me.

Kate looks at him, expectantly. Will forces a smile.

WILL

Yeah...I was just messing around. I'm actually...I'm totally happy for you. I'll buy you a krunk CD or something.

Kate laughs. Will looks quietly devastated. He has a lot more to say, but shoves his face with pizza instead.

INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT

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

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

DWAYNE

He just dropped 30K on that fucking truck. Bought it in cash. And the TV last month, the sauna, all that shit from The Sharper Image catalog. He's spending more than ever.

JAY

You gotta get to that money while there's still money to get.

Dwayne nods seriously.

DWAYNE

You know, Jay, there's a reason I sleep 'til noon everyday. And it ain't 'cause I'm lazy.

(MORE)

DWAYNE (CONT'D)

It's on account of me having so many goddamn dreams. Big ones. And once that money's mine, they're all gonna come true.

Dwayne takes a long sip of beer, contemplative.

DWAYNE

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

JAY

That sounds pretty awesome.

DWAYNE

It was. Do you know what it means?

JAY

I don't.

DWAYNE

I didn't either. So I consulted my dream book, and found out it means this: you're my road dog. You got my back. That's why I want to make you my partner.

JAY

In what?

DWAYNE

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

Dwayne leans across the table, lowers his voice.

DWAYNE

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

JAY

Yes. I'm totally ready.

DWAYNE

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

JAY

(beat)

A Chinese food restaurant?

DWAYNE

No. A tanning salon.

(beat)

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

Jay nods, thinking about. He smiles.

DWAYNE

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

JAY

Yeah, of course. Because of the booths.

DWAYNE

Yes. And because of the bitches.

(beat)

If you help me out here, it can all be ours. 30 percent for you, 70 percent for me.

JAY

Fuck it, let's just kill your dad ourselves.

Dwayne chuckles.

DWAYNE

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

(beat)

If you wanna be a millionaire, you gotta think like one. And millionaires don't kill people. They hire highly trained assassins.

JAY

Millionaires have money to pay  
assassins. We don't.

DWAYNE

Now we're addressing the real problem:  
how do we get that 100 grand? 'Cause  
once we get the 100 grand, we get  
the million. And once we get the  
million, we will literally own this  
town and every single thing in it.

JAY

Let's just...rob a bank. One of  
these local banks with nothing but a  
dipshit security guard.

DWAYNE

Again, not quite thinking like a  
millionaire.

JAY

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

Dwayne shakes his head. Then he stops, thinks about this  
for a second.

DWAYNE

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

JAY

A bomb. A fucking bomb.

DWAYNE

I was gonna say hypnotism...but the  
bomb works. I like that. It's out  
of the fucking box. We put one in  
some guy's living room, be like "rob  
this bank or your shit blows up."

JAY

Or we could could just strap it to  
their chest, the same way we did to  
those watermelons. Slap a timer on  
it, a lock. Bingo.

DWAYNE

(beat)

Can you actually build something  
like that?

JAY

Yeah, man. Camel jockeys do it in caves. I got a garage workshop. It'll take a few days.

DWAYNE

I want you to look me in the eyes, Jay, because I probably won't ever say this to you again. But that is a fucking genius plan. I'm pretty sure it's exactly how a millionaire would do it.

Jay beams.

DWAYNE

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

(mind working)

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

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

PIZZA CHEF

(on TV)

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

The guys look at each other.

DWAYNE

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

INT. CHET'S APARTMENT - DAY

A hand grabs a beer from the fridge.

VOICE (O.S.)

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

Will pops the top off the beer, heads back into the living room and flops down on the couch.

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

RIGGS  
(on TV)  
I'm hungry. I'm gonna get something to eat.

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

CHET  
Maybe you should pace yourself. We got like three and a half movies left here.

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

Will drains his beer. After a beat -

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

CHET  
Yeah, he used to kick our asses.

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

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

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

Chet quickly pauses the movie, turns to Will.

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

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

CHET  
What's your problem?

WILL

No problem.

Will stumbles to the fridge and grabs another beer. He throws one to Chet, who awkwardly catches it.

CHEP

Where'd you even see Kate?

WILL

At her office. Friday nights I usually have an extra pie or two. She works late. So I swing by and...

CHEP

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

Chet chuckles. Will ignores him, sips his beer.

WILL

The point I'm trying to make is this: Tom Small was an asshole. He was totally wrong for your sister. Just like every other guy she's ever dated. Right through to this Mark dude she broke up with because he wouldn't move to Atlanta with her.

CHEP

Wait...Kate's moving to Atlanta?

WILL

Fuck, I might have ruined the surprise. She got a new job.

CHEP

Good for her. I mean, that's great news and all, and I'm sorta pissed she hasn't told me yet...but why the fuck are we talking about who my sister goes out with? Who's she supposed to go out with?

WILL

I don't know.

(sips beer, thinks for a beat)

A decent guy. Not some career obsessed pretty boy that doesn't know how to have fun. You know, the type of guy who'd get her stoned at high school graduation, then take the heat for it when they got caught.

CHET

(beat)

You did that. You just described yourself.

WILL

(carefully)

That was just meant as, like, an example.

CHET

So your example of the type of guy Kate should be going out with is yourself?

At a loss, Will shrugs. Chet stares at him for a beat.

CHET

Maybe I'm wrong, but this feels like some roundabout way of telling me you're into my sister.

WILL

Chet, I really don't -

CHET

Just answer me, Will. Are you, or are you not, attracted to Kate?

Will swallows hard.

WILL

I'm gonna be honest with you. Because you're an adult and I think you can handle it.

(beat)

Yes, I am incredibly attracted to Kate. And I mean that in the most respectful possible way.

CHET

So, respectfully, you want to fuck my sister? Is that it?

WILL

Chet, let's not -

CHET

My twin sister!? Which is basically like fucking me! Respectfully! With your dick!

WILL

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

CHET

We look exactly alike!

WILL

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

CHET

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

WILL

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

CHET

12 years!? And you never told me!?  
Your best friend. Or was that all just bullshit? A way for you to indulge some obsessive fixation with my sister?

(beat, fuming)

I treated you like a brother. And so did she, for the record, which makes this all a bit creepy.

WILL

It's not like I was sleeping over all those years just so I could peek in her bedroom.

CHET

Are you sure? Because you have a habit of being an unprincipled, idiotic douche bag.

WILL

Hey! Let's not say shit we can't take back.

CHET

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

WILL

That poem was about your sister!

Chet chuckles.

CHET

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

WILL

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

CHET

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

WILL

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

Chet bites his lip.

CHET

Okay. You wanna do this?

WILL

I think we already are.

CHET

Well, you know who I saw naked? Jenny Rifkin. While I was nailing her. The week after she dumped you. Why do you think every time you wanna bet on whose cock's bigger I'm always willing to go in? 'Cause I know mine's bigger. 'Cause she told me!

WILL

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

CHET

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

WILL

Now you know why we never found it.

Will bows.

WILL

We done here?

Chet's face is red with anger.

CHEP

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

(beat)

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

This news lands like an electric shock.

WILL

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

Will takes a swing at Chet. Chet is surprisingly quick, dodges it and puts Will in some sort of choke hold.

CHEP

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

WILL

Get offa me!

CHEP

You threw the first punch!

WILL

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

CHEP

Try it!

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

WILL

What the fuck is that!?

CHET

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

WILL

I'm gonna pass out...

CHET

Good!

WILL

(face bright red)

I love her, Chet...I love Kate...

Chet keeps the choke hold for a moment longer, then lets Will go. Will drops to the floor, panting.

Chet looks down at him, his face filled with hurt.

CHET

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

Will gets to his feet.

WILL

Fuck you...Chutter!

(grabs dick)

Square this!

CHET

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

WILL

Right back at you.

Will storms out.

A beat later, he storms back in, ejects the DVD from the player, collects his *Lethal Weapon* box set and leaves.

EXT. CHET'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Will screeches away in his car.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT

A day or so has passed. Will sits on his couch, an unshaven mess, watching *Lethal Weapon 4*. Murtaugh and Riggs have just been promoted to captains. They laugh and joke around with each other. Best buds.

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

INT. GIORGIO'S TRATTORIA - NIGHT

The place is dead. Will sits at a table, staring off through the misty window.

In the background, Christopher takes a phone order. He hangs up, boxes a pizza and drops it in front of Will.

CHRISTOPHER

Come on, wake up and get to work.

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

WILL

Where the fuck is this?

CHRISTOPHER

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

Will pulls himself up out of the chair.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

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

EXT. SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

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

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

EXT. RADIO TOWER - NIGHT

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

There is a large, corrugated storage shed to one end of the property, and, across a clearing, a radio tower built on top of a small office structure.

The office door is ajar. Florescent light glows from inside. Will takes a step toward it, stops.

WILL

Hello?

DWAYNE (O.S.)

(calling back from beyond door)

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

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

WEARING A SCARY FUCKING GORILLA MASK

WILL

What the -

Will hears something behind him and whirls around -

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

WILL

Holy fuck!

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

DWAYNE

Stop! We got a gun, you asshole!

At that, Will breaks toward the cover of the shrubbery.

DWAYNE

Fuck! Get him!

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

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

WILL

What the hell!?

(at a loss)

Rape!

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

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

DWAYNE

Step one.

CUT TO:

Blurry vision coming into focus. Two gorillas.

EXT. RADIO TOWER - DAY

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

DWAYNE

You thought we were gonna rape you.

(chuckles)

Idiot.

Will mumbles something through the duct tape.

DWAYNE

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

Will nods. Dwayne holds up his driver license.

DWAYNE

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

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

DWAYNE

Calm the fuck down!

Will stiffens. For emphasis, Dwayne reveals a gun tucked into his pants.

DWAYNE

Now stay still and my associate will show you.

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

Will begins to hyperventilate.

JAY

Take it easy. You're fine. This thing is pretty stable.

DWAYNE

I wouldn't go getting it shot, or slamming it into a wall.

JAY

Yeah, don't do any of that stuff. There's enough explosives here to send you and anyone standing next to you to hell.

DWAYNE

Or heaven. But what the fuck does that matter, 'cause you'll be dead.

(beat)

Can I take that tape off, pizza boy?

Will nods. Dwayne rips the duct tape off his mouth. Will immediately screams at the top of his lungs -

WILL

Help!

Dwayne and Jay chuckle.

DWAYNE

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

WILL

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

DWAYNE

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

WILL

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

DWAYNE  
I want 100 thousand.

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

DWAYNE  
The Donner-Wells National Bank on  
Charles Road.

JAY  
Across the street from the Olive  
Garden.

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

Will tries to process this.

WILL  
Do you guys have an account or  
something?

Dwayne turns to Jay, shakes his head to indicate Will is an idiot. He turns back to Will and explodes -

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

WILL  
How the fuck am I supposed to rob a  
bank?

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

WILL  
Then do it yourself.

DWAYNE  
I would, but I'm already wearing  
this gorilla mask and you're already  
wearing that bomb.  
(to Jay)  
Tell him how it works.

JAY

The vest is booby trapped to shit, so don't try to take it off. Maybe you'll get lucky and figure it out, but more likely you'll blow yourself up.

(pointing)

There's a timer and a keypad lock on the side. If you enter the six-digit combination, the timer stops and the lock opens. There's also a transmitter on back, which means we can remotely detonate the vest just by dialing a number. And it's on speed dial.

DWAYNE

We'll be checking in on you. Do what you gotta do, but you go anywhere near a police station, and we will blow the vest.

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

DWAYNE

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

He hands Will a slip of paper.

DWAYNE

Once you have the money, call this number and you'll be given instructions on where to drop it. You do good, we give you the lock combination and this is all over. You can go back to delivering pizza, the mail, whatever the fuck you want.

(beat)

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

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

DWAYNE

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

Dwayne nods at Jay, who pushes a button on a detonator. Teddy Ruxpin explodes. All that remains is a cloud of stuffing.

Will is frozen in fear.

DWAYNE

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

Dwayne throws Will his car keys. He fumbles to catch them.

DWAYNE

Go on. Get outta here.

WILL

Guys, can we please just talk about  
this?

DWAYNE

Yeah, of course we can.

Dwayne pulls the gun from his pants and fires two shots at Will's feet. Will jumps back onto the hood of his car, slides across it and onto the ground by the driver side.

Dwayne and Jay jump back.

DWAYNE

Be careful! You got a bomb on your  
chest!

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

DWAYNE

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

Once the car is gone, Jay looks to Dwayne, who takes off the gorilla mask to reveal his sweaty face.

JAY

That was pretty cool...with the gun.

DWAYNE

It was totally fucking cool. Just  
thought it up on the spot.

The guys pound fists.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

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

WILL

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

Nothing but the wind.

Will fights back tears. He gets to his feet, wipes his mouth. He takes out his cell phone, scrolls through the contacts. There are not many. He pauses on Chet's name...presses send. It rings, and rings -

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

INT. CLASSROOM, JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

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

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

CHET

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

SEVENTH GRADER

(coughing)

Nice laser.

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

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

CHET

Take out your workbooks. Chapter 3.

The kids lazily comply.

Chet opens the door, struggling to keep his classroom demeanor.

CHET

What do you want?

WILL

We gotta talk.

CHET

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

WILL

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

Chet sighs.

INT. HALLWAY, JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Chet leads a jumpy Will into

INT. EMPTY CLASSROOM, JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Chet shuts the door behind them. Will paces. Chet grins knowingly.

CHEP

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

WILL

(suddenly)

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

CHEP

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

Will swallows hard.

WILL

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

Chet just stares at Will, unimpressed.

CHEP

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

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

CHEP

What the fuck? Is that real?

Will nods.

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

CHET

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

WILL

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

CHET

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

WILL

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

CHET

Seriously?

WILL

Seriously.

CHET

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

WILL

I didn't -

CHET

Just back the fuck away from me with  
that thing.

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

WILL

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

CHET

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

WILL

I don't know! All I do know is that  
this is real. This is happening.

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

And I'm sure you hate me as much as  
I hate you right now, but I have  
nowhere else to go.

CHET

For what?

WILL

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

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

CHET

Damn it!

(takes a breath)

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

WILL

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

(genuinely)

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

Chet takes a step toward Will.

CHET

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

WILL

I would love to say yes...but I guess  
I have to be honest and ask you to  
take a leap of faith with me.

CHET

That sounded incredibly gay.

WILL

I know it did. I'm sorry. This  
shit is fucking with my emotions.

CHET

Let's just...we should get out of  
the school first.

WILL

That's a good idea.

Will waits for Chet to move. He doesn't. After a beat -

CHET

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

WILL

Okay.

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

WILL

Thank you.

Will heads out. Chet looks at the open door, leading to god knows what. He takes a breath, bracing himself, then follows after Will.

INT. HALLWAY, JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

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

CHET

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

WILL

I think I can handle it.

CHET

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

WILL

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

CHET

Obviously.

Will takes another step, stops. He turns back toward Chet.

WILL

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

CHET

Do you really want to debate this?

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

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

After a beat, the hallway empties again. Chet looks to Will.

CHET

You're an asshole.

WILL

Whatever. It's over.

Will continues walking. He tries to lighten the mood -

WILL

Who was the chick in the white jeans?

CHET

Kristi Evans. Why?

WILL

You know why.

CHET

Oh, come on. Just keep walking.

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

WILL

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

CHET

Fuck you. She's in the eighth grade.

WILL

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

CHET

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

EXT. JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

From high above, we see the guys exit the school. Chet gradually closes the gap between he and Will.

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

CHET

...thanks so much, Mrs. Davis. I'll call you as soon as I get out of the doctor's office.

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

CHET

So, this is it?

WILL

This is what?

CHET

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

WILL

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

CHET

Exactly!

Will sighs.

WILL

I get it. Take your time, man.

Will gets in the car and shuts the door. He looks out at Chet, who stands uncertainly by the passenger side. Will taps his fingers on the steering wheel for a beat, then opens his coat and points at the timer. Chet reluctantly hops in.

INT. MUSTANG - DAY

Will fires up the engine.

CHET

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

WILL

Fine.

Will pulls out of the school parking lot.

WILL

Okay, so where are we going?

CHET

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

WILL

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

CHET

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

WILL

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

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

CHET

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

Will heaves a frustrated sigh. Chet eases up.

CHET

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

WILL

Unless we have to.

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

CHET  
Holy fucking shit!

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

Will slams the brakes.

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

CHET  
Okay. Okay. Fuck!

Chet makes the sign of the cross.

CHET  
I'm cool now.

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

WILL  
Why did you do that?

CHET  
Do what?

WILL  
I saw you.

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

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

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

The guys continue driving in silence.

**SUPER COUNTDOWN: 6 hours, 59 minutes...**

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM, CHET'S APARTMENT - DAY

The door is shut. Will sits on the toilet lid. He has the jacket off and we get our first complete look at the vest.

The actual structure is composed of hollow metal tubes. The wiring that runs throughout the vest is messy and complicated, purposely so, to scare anyone out of trying to fuck with it.

Will is in the process of squirting lotion onto his arm. He rubs it in, then tries to maneuver his arm inside the vest so he can slide it off...no luck.

WILL

It's too tight! I can't do it!

Will is calling off toward the

KITCHEN

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

CHET

What if we try to saw it off?

BATHROOM

Will inspects the metal tubes. Wires run into them, as well.

WILL

I think they're booby trapped.

KITCHEN

Chet scrolls through websites. He finds one with a complicated wiring diagram.

WILL (O.S.)

You got anything?

CHET

This one site says you have to cut the primer wire first, then the reactor wire, then the wire that feeds the ignition timer.

BATHROOM

Will picks up a pair of nail scissors sitting on the counter.

WILL

What color are those wires supposed to be?

CHET (O.S.)

I don't know. This other site says all bombs are made differently.

WILL

What kind of teacher are you!? You're confusing the shit out of me!

Will tries to make sense of the jumbled wires.

KITCHEN

Chet glances at the bathroom door.

CHEP

What are you doing in there?

Nothing.

CHEP

Are you cutting wires? Don't cut anything with giving me a warning.

Chet takes a pan from the stove, bangs on it to test its effectiveness as a blast shield, then holds it up in front of his face.

CHEP

Will? What's going on in there?

WILL (O.S.)

I'm trying to take a piss. And I'm honestly so scared that I might piss blood, so just shut up for a second.

The sound of Will peeing in stops and starts. Then the toilet flushes and Will emerges from the bathroom, sliding the jacket back on.

WILL

This is pointless. We can't get this thing off.

Chet shuts his laptop and crosses the apartment toward Will, still keeping a good distance between them.

CHEP

I agree. There's no way we're defusing that thing ourselves. We gotta call the cops, have them fly in the bomb squad or something.

WILL

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

Will stares at Chet, hopelessly overwhelmed. He pleads in a strangled voice -

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

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

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

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

CHET  
It's gonna be okay.

WILL  
No, it's not! I'm gonna blow up! That's way worse than getting stabbed or shot. At least some people survive that. No one survives being blown up. No one is ever like, "Yeah, I heard Steve got blown up, tough break, but how's he doing now? Is he still in the Rec basketball league?" No of course he isn't, 'cause there's nothing left of Steve except a stain on the wall and a pair of fucking high tops!

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

CHET  
Pull yourself together!

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

WILL  
Ow! Fuck! I think you popped my eardrum.

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

(MORE)

CHET (CONT'D)  
You've seen it done plenty of times.

WILL  
What are you talking about?

CHET  
Well, for example, *Heat*.

WILL  
(beat)  
The movie?

CHET  
Yes, the movie. They robbed a bank  
and got away.

WILL  
They mowed down liked a hundred cops  
with automatic weapons. And they  
don't get away. Everyone dies but  
Val Kilmer. And he gets shot in the  
neck.

(getting into it)  
But what about *Inside Man*?

CHET  
There's no time for that shit. What  
did they do in *Dog Day Afternoon*?

WILL  
I never saw that movie. I think the  
robbers are both gay or something.

CHET  
What else is there? *Killing Zoe* is  
a blood bath.

WILL  
(realizing)  
*Point Break*. That's the way to do  
it. Just bust in with guns. Masks.  
Move fast. Stick to the tellers and  
don't bother with the vault.

CHET  
There you go.

WILL  
I mean, it is just a local bank.  
The Donner-Wells on Charles Road.

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

WILL

You wanted to be a teller?

CHEP

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

WILL

Like what, a name tag?

CHEP

What kind of benefits do you get?  
Free toppings?

WILL

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

CHEP

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

WILL

How many guards?

CHEP

One. I think.

WILL

That's a start.

CHEP

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

Will pauses.

WILL

You're gonna do it with me, right?

CHEP

Will, I mean...

WILL

You said you'd help.

CHEP

That's what I was just doing, with  
all those ideas.

WILL

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

Chet takes the deepest breath of his life...

CHET

Are you gonna cry again?

WILL

That was a moment of weakness.

(beat)

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

CHET

I should make you blow me.

WILL

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

Chet cracks a smile. After a beat, he shakes his head, sighs -

CHET

So we're gonna need some weapons,  
right? You don't happen to have a  
firearm license do you?

WILL

No, I don't.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

The guys cross the lot. A giant Walmart sign looms up ahead.

INT. WALMART - DAY

The guys roam the aisles. They turns into one labeled "Sports & Fitness," pass bikes, skateboards, ping pong paddles and basketballs, until they find -

Air pistols. They are incredibly realistic looking, though clear and with orange nozzles. The guys grab two of them.

CUT TO:

The guys grab black spray paint from another aisle.

CUT TO:

The guys try on various ski masks, weighing the respective intimidation factor of each.

CUT TO:

Air pistols, spray paint, ski masks, leather gloves, several 5-Hour Energy drinks...the items glide past us on a checkout conveyor belt.

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

REGISTER WOMAN

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

WILL

Uh, no. Why?

REGISTER WOMAN

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

WILL

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

REGISTER WOMAN

Is that cash or credit for your rape kit?

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

CHET

We'll pay cash.

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

The van is parked. Dwayne sits behind the wheel. Metallica's "Ride the Lightning" begins to play loudly. Dwayne looks over at Jay in the passenger seat.

DWAYNE

You really fucked up this mix tape.

Dwayne stops the music, ejects the tape and tosses it at Jay.

DWAYNE

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

JAY

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

DWAYNE  
Typical.

Dwayne looks out the windshield and we now see that they are parked in the Walmart lot, watching the store entrance.

DWAYNE  
I wish he would hurry his shit up.

JAY  
You worried about that other guy  
he's with?

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

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

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

DWAYNE  
If you had any vision, Jay, you'd  
know exactly what I'm thinking about  
right now. And it's not a sandwich.  
(beat)  
Look how well trafficked that shopping  
mall is. It's the perfect place for  
the tanning salon.

Jay checks it out, nods.

JAY  
Oh, you're totally right.

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

JAY

So far. But what if he wants a fuck?

DWAYNE

There's gonna be codes for everything: missionary, anal, black chicks. I got it all written down back home in in my files. I'm not gonna bother getting into it with you right now, because you're supposed to be on lookout and you're no good at multitasking. I mean, if I was to go ahead and tell you that a "grande tan" meant giving a Mexican a facial, do you really think you'd be able to commit it to memory?

JAY

Probably not.

DWAYNE

That's a surprise.

Jay suddenly spots something through the windshield.

JAY

Hey, there they are! They just got in the car! They're getting away!

DWAYNE

Fuck.

Dwayne throws the van into gear and follows the Mustang.

INT. MUSTANG - DAY - MOVING

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

WILL

Be careful, you're getting paint everywhere.

CHET

Are you really worried about your upholstery right now?

WILL

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

Chet touches up one of the guns with a few careful sprays, goes to flip it over.

WILL

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

CHET

It says it's fast drying.

WILL

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

CHET

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

WILL

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

CHET

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

WILL

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

Chet drops the spray paint can, whirls on Will.

CHET

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

WILL

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

CHET

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

WILL

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

CHET

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

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

WILL

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

CHET

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

(shakes his head)

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

WILL

Okay.

Chet looks at Will, expectantly.

CHET

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

WILL

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

CHET

Thanks. Now I feel even worse.

Will sits there, stewing for a moment. Then he softens, shakes his head.

WILL

I shouldn't have stolen the ball.  
(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

I knew it was wrong and I regretted it like the next day. I actually tried to buy it back but the guy wanted twice as much. I had to smoke even more weed just to get past the whole shitty incident. I guess that's why they call it a downward spiral.

CHEP

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

Will nods at him. An awkward moment passes.

CHEP

We should probably get going.

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

A horn blares as a speeding delivery truck barrels right at them. Will slams on the brakes, barely avoiding a collision. Chet nearly jumps out of his skin.

CHEP

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

As Chet continues to freak -

**SUPER COUNTDOWN: 5 hours, 15 minutes...**

CUT TO:

EXT. THE FISHERS' GARAGE - DAY

Will keeps watch of the house. It looks like no one's home. He glances back at Chet, who squeezes himself through a tiny garage window he has pried open.

INT. THE FISHERS' GARAGE - DAY

Chet drops ungracefully to the floor, right beside a well maintained 1977 Datsun 240Z. Not the coolest car in the world but it's pretty quick.

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

WILL

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

CHET

Yeah. When we were teenagers. This is fucked.

WILL

Let's just find them.

The guys ransack the garage. Chet knocks over a shelf full of clutter, manages to grab half the stuff but the rest falls loudly to the floor.

CHET

Sorry.

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

CHET

You hear that?

WILL

What?

Chet peeks through the glass pane in the door.

CHET

Mr. Fisher is coming!

As he looks for an escape -

CHET

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

WILL

No!

CHET

We're dead.

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

CHET

What are you doing?

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

WILL

I'm doing what I have to.

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

Will points the pistol -

MR. FISHER  
Oh, Jesus!

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

WILL  
Where are the car keys?

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

WILL  
Quiet down and do it already.

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

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

MR. FISHER  
Sure. Anything you say.

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

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

MR. FISHER  
(stunned)  
Please no. I won't do anything. I won't. Just leave Taylor alone.

WILL  
I'm gonna trust you. But if you call the police, there's gonna be an undertaker styling his stupid fucking bangs!  
(beat)  
Now open the garage door.

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

WILL  
The car's insured, right?

Mr. Fisher nods.

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

MR. FISHER  
Please just go.

Will slides into the car and starts it up.

EXT. THE FISHERS' GARAGE - DAY

The car peels away.

INT. DATSUN - DAY - MOVING

The guys yank off their ski masks.

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

WILL  
My hand was forced!

Chet tries to get comfortable in the seat.

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

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

WILL  
This thing's got some pick up.

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

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

CHET

Do you have take a shit first?  
Because I do.

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

WILL

I need to see your sister.

CHET

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

WILL

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

CHET

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

WILL

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

CHET

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

Will's eyes are fixed dead ahead.

WILL

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

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

The Datsun pulls around and parks in back.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL the minivan parking across the street.

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

Dwayne watches Will hurry out of the Datsun.

DWAYNE

Where the fuck is he going? What's in there? Some sort of FBI headquarters, maybe?

JAY

I don't know, I've never been in that building.

DWAYNE

Well, follow him, you idiot.

Jay reaches for the door handle.

DWAYNE

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

JAY

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

DWAYNE

Yeah, nice fucking uniform.

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

DWAYNE

You're a personal shopper. You're delivering the latest fashions to Mr. Quilby on the twelfth floor. Got it?

Jay looks over at the building.

JAY

I only count like six floors.

DWAYNE

Improvise!

Jay nods, takes off with the bag.

INT. STAIRWELL, OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Will jogs up the stairs. He has a cell phone pressed to his ear, mid-conversation -

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

KATE (O.S.)  
(over phone)  
Why are you acting so strange?

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

KATE (O.S.)  
Will -

WILL  
Please. Just do it.

EXT. ROOF, OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

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

KATE  
(calling out)  
Will?

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

WILL  
(calling out)  
Stop!

Will takes out his cell phone, holds it up to show her, then hits a button. Kate's phone rings. She answers it, confused.

KATE  
What are you doing?

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

WILL  
Just don't come any closer.

KATE  
Why not? What's going on?

WILL  
I'm gonna give you the short version  
of an incredibly complicated and  
fucked up situation, so please be  
cool.

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

(beat)

Some very bad guys strapped a bomb  
to my chest and they are forcing me  
to commit a crime.

KATE

Will, I swear, if this is -

WILL

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

Kate's voice falters -

KATE

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

WILL

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

KATE

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

WILL

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

(beat)

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

KATE

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

WILL

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

(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)

(beat)

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

Kate is barely holding it together.

KATE

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

WILL

A whole lot of shit. I'm sorry to  
do this to you, but I was afraid I'd  
never get the chance to tell you.  
And I know you have feelings for me,  
too. Maybe you feel for me the way  
you feel for a good friend, or - if  
the world fucking hates me - a  
brother. But what I hope is that  
you don't really know how you feel  
for me, and that maybe when you figure  
it out you'll realize it's the same  
way I feel for you. Does that make  
any sense?

KATE

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

WILL

I don't need an answer now. Just  
think about it.

KATE

Okay. I will. It's just, the bomb -

WILL

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

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

KATE

If I had time to think about it...I'd  
probably tell you that I've always  
felt very strongly for you.

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)  
And I've never thought of you as a  
brother.

Will smiles, yells back -

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

KATE  
Try not to. Please.

Kate turns and continues to the access door.

INT. STAIRWELL, OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

Jay jumps in the van, huffing and puffing.

DWAYNE  
So?

JAY  
I think it was his girlfriend or  
something.

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

INT. DATSUN - DAY

Will, galvanized by the exchange, hops inside.

CHET

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

WILL

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

CHET

Shut up. She was freaked out.

WILL

Yes. By the bomb.

CHET

By you.

WILL

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

CHET

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

WILL

Well, now it's up to her.

CHET

Not if I set that bomb off myself.

WILL

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

Will throws the car into gear and pulls away.

**SUPER COUNTDOWN: 4 hours, 10 minutes...**

CUT TO:

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

The Datsun is parked in the half-full lot. The guys lean against the driver side, with their backs to the bank and the car providing cover.

WILL

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

Chet clasps his hands around his stomach.

CHEP

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

WILL

It's just nerves. You'll be fine.

Chet pulls himself together. Will slips him one of the pistols and he tucks it into his pants. Will tucks the other into his own pants. He spots something at his feet -

WILL

Fuck. Should we have changed our shoes? Can they trace the prints?

CHEP

I doubt you're the only guy in town with cheap Nikes.

WILL

These are cross trainers. 65 dollars. Maybe you should have changed yours. You're the only person alive who still wears Hush Puppies.

CHEP

Hush Puppies are back in. Read the November issue of *Men's Health* then suck a dick.

WILL

If I was reading *Men's Health*, chances are I sucked a dick earlier in the day.

CHEP

You're thinking of *Details*.

WILL

Whatever. The Hush Puppies are a liability, but we don't have time to do anything about it.

(beat)

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

The guys turn and -

SLO-MO: we see them stride toward the bank. They each pull on a pair of leather gloves, put the rolled up ski masks on.

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

CHET

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

WILL

Call me Tivon. You'll be Darius.

CHET

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

WILL

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

INT. DONNER-WELLS NATIONAL BANK - DAY

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

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

WILL

Everybody put your hands in the air!

CHET

No, get on the ground!

WILL

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

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

WILL

Shut up! Please!

Will frantically scans the panicked crowd for -

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

WILL

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

SECURITY GAURD

Just take it easy, man!

WILL

Don't be a hero, cowboy!

SECURITY GAURD

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

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

Chet rushes the TELLERS standing behind the bulletproof glass partition.

CHEP

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

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

Will looks to the Guard.

WILL

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

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

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

MOM

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

WILL

(to Guard)

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

SECURITY GAURD

It was an accident!

CHET  
Are you guys working together?

MOM  
No! Please take this gun away!

WILL  
Just toss it, lady!

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

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)  
Ah!

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

FAT MAN  
I think she got the femoral artery!

MOM  
I'm sorry! It was an accident!

FAT MAN  
Fuck you! Who slides a gun like that!?

DAUGHTER  
Mommy, what's happening!?

MOM  
Christi, be quiet. These men are dangerous.

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

CHET  
This is fucked. That dude is gonna bleed to death and we're gonna go to prison. I don't wanna be a white boy on the inside.

WILL  
Just calm down.

FAT MAN  
Why is no one getting me help!?

WILL  
Is anyone here a doctor?

Nothing. Just the heavy breathing of many frightened people.

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

WILL

Sir, let me see where you're hit.

FAT MAN

Just call me an ambulance!

WILL

Calm down, sir.

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

WILL

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

FAT MAN

But it hurts so bad.

WILL

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

FAT MAN

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

Some BLOND GUY in gym clothes pipes up -

BLOND GUY

Why don't you just get out of here so we can get the man some help?

WILL

You wanna get shot in the leg too, or do you wanna shut fuck up?

BLOND GUY

I'm gonna shut the fuck up.

WILL

Luis, how we doing on the money?

Chet snaps back to attention -

CHEP

Oh, shit. Sorry, Cruz.

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

CHET

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

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

FAT MAN

My leg really hurts!

WILL

Can you please hurry up, Sandra!?

Sandra emerges from behind the partition with the bank bag. Will runs over and grabs it. He takes a last look at the shell-shocked people spread across the floor.

WILL

I'm really sorry, everyone. I know we probably fucked up your day. We're both really sorry. Thank you for cooperating, for the most part.

The guys head for the door. A thought occurs to Will -

WILL

Wait.

Will looks down at the bag in his hand, then back at Sandra.

WILL

Sandra, you didn't put one of those dye packs in here, did you?

Sandra shakes her head, but her eyes tell a different story. Will and Chet look at each other.

WILL

I don't believe her.

CHET

Me, either.

Will tosses the bag to a RANDOM GUY.

WILL

Open that.

The Random Guy opens the bag. Red dye explodes all over him. He shrieks.

CHET

What the fuck, Sandra? I thought we had something going back there!  
What happened to trust?

SANDRA

I'm sorry! They make us do it!

WILL

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

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

CHET

Okay. That should be enough.

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

They hear the wail of approaching sirens outside. Will loses his shit on the Tellers.

WILL

Fuck! One of you assholes tripped the alarm! I'm a regular guy! Just like you! I'm a regular guy and you fucked me! Thank you for fucking a regular guy! You in particular, Sandra!

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

Chet grabs Will and pulls him toward the door.

CHET

Let's just get the fuck out of here.

The guys slam through the doors, out into

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

Just as a lone police cruiser screeches into the lot, siren blaring. Will and Chet try to make a run for it, but the cruiser pulls in front of them, cutting them off.

OFFICER ZURMAN (21), a jittery rookie, jumps out of the cruiser and levels his gun. The guys reflexively level theirs. They are only about eight feet apart.

OFFICER ZURMAN  
Drop your weapons!

CHET  
Don't shoot us!

OFFICER ZURMAN  
Drop the guns or I'll have to!

Chet looks at Will with utter desperation. In the distance, they can hear the sirens of more cops approaching. Defeated, Chet lays his gun down on the floor. Will stands his ground.

WILL  
Officer, I'm gonna open my jacket.

OFFICER ZURMAN  
Do not move a muscle except to drop that goddamn gun!

WILL  
I'm gonna open my jacket. And if you want to shoot me, it'll be the dumbest thing you ever did, because I'm wearing a bomb and we will all die.

This panics Zurman, but he tries to reel it in.

OFFICER ZURMAN  
Just stay where you are and don't do a thing!

WILL  
You stay where you are, asshole.  
I'm the one with the bomb.

Will keeps his gun levelled, while unbuttoning the jacket with his free hand. Zurman soon sees that he is not lying about the bomb. Will puts his hand around a cluster of wires.

WILL  
If I pull these out, this whole thing goes off. I have a bomb and a gun and very few options. So you're the one that's gonna listen to me. Throw your gun away and handcuff yourself around that pole. You have ten seconds, and then we all find out who goes to heaven and who goes to hell. One!

Zurman is torn, sweating bullets. The sirens get closer.

WILL  
Fuck it, I'm going straight to seven.  
Eight! Nine! Goddamn it!

Will suddenly tightens his grip around the the wires -

OFFICER ZURMAN  
Don't do it!

Zurman drops the gun, hurries over to the pole and handcuffs himself around it.

WILL  
Throw me the keys.

Zurman tosses Will the keys. Will chucks them across the lot and the guys sprint for the car.

CHET  
That was over the line.

WILL  
It kept me alive and you out of jail.

In the background, Zurman looks over at Chet's abandoned air pistol.

OFFICER ZURMAN  
Hey! Is that a fake gun? Hey!

The guys jump in the Datsun and fire it up as two more police cruisers race toward the bank.

The Datsun peels out of the lot. The cruisers change course and give chase. The Datsun picks up speed, blowing right by the parked

INT. MINIVAN - DAY

Dwayne and Jay excitedly watch as the cars speed off into the distance.

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

JAY  
He's gonna get caught or killed.

DWAYNE  
Shut the fuck up and don't jinx it.

EXT. STREET - DAY

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

INT./EXT. DATSUN - DAY - MOVING

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

CHET

Shit! This is not cool!

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

CHET

Maybe we should pull over and surrender.

WILL

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

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

CHET

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

The cruisers are gaining ground, throttles wide open, engines as loud their sirens.

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

EXT. TOWN CENTER - DAY

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

The cruisers take the turn into town. One makes it. The other doesn't fare as well and slams into parked cars.

INT./EXT. DATSUN - DAY - MOVING

Traffic is stopped at a red light. Will jumps the curb to avoid it, slams into a newspaper dispenser.

It flips up onto the hood and crashes into the windshield, where it stays lodged.

WILL

Holy fuck!

Will blindly barrels through the intersection. Horns blare as cars he cannot see swerve to avoid him. Will finally slams the brakes, the momentum knocking the dispenser loose and launching it onto the sidewalk, scattering Pedestrians.

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

CHEP

Go! Go! Go!

Will steps on the gas, but he has no shot of getting up to speed fast enough to outrun the approaching cruiser. He whips the wheel left and guns it for the mouth of an alley.

The cruiser skids into a turn and follows. It catches up to the Datsun and slams into it as the two cars squeeze into

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Sparks fly as the cruiser rams the Datsun, trying to trap it in the tight space.

INT./EXT. DATSUN - DAY - MOVING

Glass rains in on Chet as his side of the car is smashed against the alley wall.

CHEP

Why aren't you hitting him back!?

WILL

I'm trying! But we have a very light car! It's built for speed!

Will attempts to the ram the cruiser back and jockey for position, but the other car is just too heavy.

Up ahead, a dumpster narrows the path. The guys are on a collision course right for it. Will jams the gas.

CHEP

Why are you speeding up!?

WILL

I can make it.

CHEP

You can what?

Will upshifts and leaps ahead of the cruiser just in time to edge it out and squeeze through the gap between the dumpster and the wall. They fly toward the exit of the alley and

EXT. TOWN CENTER - DAY

The Datsun catapults out of the alley, skids through a turn, over a median, and winds up facing off with oncoming traffic.

The cruiser flies out of the alley a moment later and is immediately -

T-boned by traffic in a brutal, crunching collision.

INT./EXT. DATSUN - DAY - MOVING

Will jumps back over the median, moving with traffic now. The cruiser wreckage disappears in his rear-view mirror as he floors it toward an intersection.

WILL

That guy got fucked up.

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

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

EXT. TOWN CENTER - DAY

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

INT./EXT. DATSUN - DAY - MOVING

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

BLACK

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

A battered and bruised Chet, head drooping straight back.

WILL

Chet? Are you okay? Chet!?

CHET  
(rousing)  
Oh my god...

WILL  
Talk to me.

CHET  
I thought you were gonna blow up.

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

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

CHET  
Awesome.

WILL  
We gotta keep moving.

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

EXT. TOWN CENTER - DAY

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

WILL  
Oh, fuck, man. Come on.

Will pulls Chet to his feet and they take off, rounding a corner on wobbly feet.

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

CHET  
What!?

WILL  
In your back.

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

CHET  
Ah! Get it out!

WILL  
I will.

CHET  
Do it now!

WILL  
All right.

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

CHET  
Is it rusty? Am I gonna get tetanus?

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

WILL  
How are you moving so fast in Hush Puppies?

CHET  
How are you moving so slowly?

WILL  
This bomb isn't exactly aerodynamic.

Will spots a bar up ahead and pulls Chet into it.

INT. BAR - DAY

The guys book past scattered PATRONS.

WILL  
This way!

They head for the

INT. BATHROOM, BAR - DAY

Will slams the door shut behind them, looks for a lock that isn't there.

WILL  
Out the window.

As Chet forces a window open -

Will drags a large condom machine and tips it over in front of the door.

Chet disappears through the window. The door slams as the Officers fight to push the condom machine out of the way.

Will hurries out the window.

EXT. BACK OF BAR - DAY

The guys run and leap up onto a chain link fence, claw their way over as the Officers come out of the bar window, one after the other.

Chet and Will land in the back of some store and yank the service entrance open.

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Will and Chet emerge from the back area and shove past SHOPPERS. Will takes out an entire rack of clothing, stumbles back up to his feet, keeps going.

EXT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

The guys push out the door and frantically search for an escape. They spot -

A bus pulling up to a stop down the street.

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

WILL  
Hey! Over here!

The bus slows and the guys trip over each other to board it. It starts to pull away again as -

The Officers emerge from the clothing store, looking around for our guys. They head for an alley across the street as the bus inconspicuously continues on its route.

INT. BUS - DAY - MOVING

The guys fall into seats, huffing and puffing, a complete mess, Will clutching the trash bag. He looks to the DRIVER.

WILL  
This thing stop anywhere near Harring Street?

DRIVER  
Nope.

WILL  
Great. Just let us off at the next stop.

Will leans his head back against the window. The town rolls by behind him.

EXT. BUS STOP - DAY

Will and Chet get off the bus and it pulls away.

EXT. TOWN CENTER - DAY

A crowd has grown around the crash sites, which have been roped off by law enforcement. Fire trucks and ambulances are on the scene. LOCALS gossip and try to get a peak.

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

DWAYNE

You hear what happened to the guys  
they were after?

RANDOM LOCAL

Sounds like they got away.

Dwayne and Jay beam.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

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

WILL

I never thought I'd see you again.

CHEP

I thought you hated this car.

WILL

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

INT. MUSTANG - DAY

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

WILL

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

CHET

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

WILL

I threatened to blow a cop up.  
(beat)

And you never said "I will kill you  
where you stand."

CHET

I know. But shit did get pretty crazy.

WILL

Yeah, it did.

Will looks to Chet, starts to get a little emotional.

WILL

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

Chet smiles.

CHET

Me, neither.

WILL

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

CHET

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

WILL

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

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

CHET

Woah! You still got a bomb on you.

WILL

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

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

WILL

It's all gravy from here.

Will takes out his cell and dials the number.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. TOWN CENTER - DAY

Dwayne answers his vibrating cell phone. He and Jay move away from the crowd.

DWAYNE

This who I think it is?

WILL (O.S.)

Can't you hear the ticking in the background?

DWAYNE

You know, you're a pretty funny guy.

WILL (O.S.)

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

DWAYNE

Now wait a second, you're the murderer.

WILL (O.S.)

What's that supposed to mean?

DWAYNE

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

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

WILL

We killed a cop.

CHET

You were driving! I'm just an accomplice.

DWAYNE (O.S.)  
What's up now, cop killer? That  
motherfucker got decapitated. Fuck  
the po-lice, right?

WILL  
(whispers to Chet)  
He got decapitated.

CHET  
We're going to hell. We're literally  
gonna burn.

Dwayne overhears this, starts to crack up.

WILL (O.S.)  
What's so fucking funny!?

DWAYNE  
I'm just messin' with you. No one  
got decapitated. How'd a moron like  
you manage to rob a bank?

WILL (O.S.)  
Jesus! Can we just get this over  
with? Where do you want the money?

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

WILL (O.S.)  
I'll be there in ten.

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

Dwayne hangs up. He starts dialing another number.

INT. TACKY APARTMENT - DAY

Juicy hangs up her phone and leaps off a white leather couch.  
Her silk nightgown trails open as she runs into the

INT. BEDROOM, TACKY APARTMENT - DAY

Where a glassy-eyed African-American man (30s) lounges on  
the bed in his underwear, watching some disturbing porn.  
His hair is arranged into tight cornrows, and his muscled  
body is covered in calligraphic prison ink. This is VAUGHN.

Juicy climbs onto the bed and straddles him.

JUICY  
Money's on its way, baby.

Vaughn looks past her, at the porn, where some coked up doll does something involving several dicks.

VAUGHN  
Shit doesn't even get me off anymore.

JUICY  
I'll get you off, Vaughn. After we get that money, I'll make you so hot.

VAUGHN  
After we get that money, I gotta kill some old man. You wanna suck a killer's dick?

JUICY  
Oh, yeah. And then I wanna go back to Baltimore with you, papi. You know I can ride.

Vaughn turns back to her. Squeezes one of her pierced nipples. She moans.

VAUGHN  
Yeah, I bet you can. Let's just get that cash first.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

The Mustang shrieks past us.

**SUPER COUNTDOWN: 2 hours, 58 minutes...**

CUT TO:

INT. MCDONALD'S - DAY

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

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

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

JAY

You know, if you ever want to talk  
about that kinda stuff -

DWAYNE

I don't. My whole point I was trying  
to make before you interrupted me  
was that that shit is all in the  
past. 'Cause I did it. I pulled it  
off. And now my life is gonna be so  
good I'm gonna have to hire someone  
to help me enjoy it.

Dwayne takes another bite of his Big Mac, savors it.

DWAYNE

There is one thing that worries me.

JAY

What is it?

Dwayne makes sure no one is listening, lowers his voice -

DWAYNE

If I was willing to kill my own daddy  
to get at that money, then how can I  
ever trust anyone not to kill me for  
the same fucking reason?

JAY

I'd never kill you. Ever.

DWAYNE

I know you wouldn't. But what about  
the rest of our crew?

(beat)

That's why the first thing I'm gonna  
do is hire a fleet of personal  
bodyguards. And all of them are  
gonna be retard.

JAY

Retards?

DWAYNE

Yes, Jay, retard. Water heads.  
The type of people you rode the bus  
to school with.

JAY

Why the hell would you do that?

DWAYNE

'Cause they ain't smart enough to want my money. And they can fuck up anyone who does come at me with their super strength. You see, since their minds don't work, their bodies compensate. I got attacked by one in grammar school and he nearly split my skull. I get like five or six retard, pay 'em in quarters and dimes...I'll be untouchable.

(seriously)

But listen to me, Jay...don't you ever give one of the retard a firearm, 'cause they're liable to shoot themselves. And then we gotta find a new one.

JAY

Where are we gonna find six retard in the first place?

DWAYNE

(matter of factly)

At the zoo. They like to watch things fuck.

Jay thinks this over for a beat.

JAY

I guess it's a pretty smart plan.

DWAYNE

Of course it is. It's just good business. Like hiring a Mexican to paint your house.

Dwayne polishes off his Big Mac. Leans back and loosens his belt.

EXT. BOARDED UP GAS STATION - DAY

Weeds have overtaken the abandoned place. There is nothing around for miles, except a few long forgotten industrial buildings, windows shattered, rotting.

Will leans against his parked car, waiting. Chet is nowhere to be seen.

Down the road, Will spots a car approach. It is a 1997 Nissan Sentra, murdered out, complete with a flat black paint job.

The Sentra pulls into the station and parks on the opposite end from the Mustang. Vaughn steps out of the car. He could not look more menacing.

Juicy hangs back in the passenger seat. Will is a bit uneasy.

WILL  
Where are the other guys?

VAUGHN  
I'm the only guy.  
(beat)  
You got it?

Will picks up the garbage bag at his feet. He and Vaughn approach each other and meet between the two cars. Vaughn stands nearly a foot taller than Will. Will hands over the bag. Vaughn opens it, looks in.

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

WILL  
(incredulous)  
Yes.

Vaughn grins.

WILL  
Now where's the code?

VAUGHN  
I don't have any code.

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

WILL  
Listen, man, I just want the code.

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

WILL  
The code for the fucking bomb!

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

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

WILL  
Your boss put this on me.

VAUGHN  
I am my boss.

WILL

Then give me the code!

VAUGHN

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

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

WILL

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

VAUGHN

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

WILL

You do not know what I've gone through for that money!

VAUGHN

I do not care.

WILL

Gimme the fucking money!

In an instant, Vaughn has a very large gun out, and it is aimed at Will's head.

VAUGHN

Step aside.

INT. SENTRA - DAY

Hip-hop pounds. Juicy looks on with interest as Vaughn holds Will at gunpoint. She can't hear what they are saying over the music. Suddenly, she spots

EXT. BOARDED UP GAS STATION - DAY

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

Juicy jumps out of the Sentra, screaming -

JUICY

Vaughn, look out!

Vaughn whirls around toward Chet, just in time to have his gun arm smashed by the pipe. The weapon drops from his hand.

Chet takes another swing, cracking Vaughn across the face. He howls, blood spraying, and topples over. Chet goes for another swing, when -

Juicy jumps on him, wildly biting and clawing.

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

WILL

Let's go!

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

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

INT. MUSTANG - DAY - MOVING

Will's mind is racing.

WILL

What the fuck was that?

CHET

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

WILL

Not with the money they won't.

INT. JAY'S GARAGE WORKSHOP - DAY

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

Dwayne and Jay are hanging on an old couch. Dwayne appears to be weeping.

DWAYNE

This is exactly how I'm gonna look when I gotta go down to the morgue and identify the body. Pretty convincing, right?

Jay nods, impressed. Dwayne turns off the waterworks.

DWAYNE

I can cry on command. I just draw on a painful memory. Basically, anything from my childhood.

Dwayne's cell phone vibrates. He looks at the incoming number, slightly concerned. He answers.

DWAYNE  
You drop the money yet?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MUSTANG - DAY - MOVING

Will yells into the phone -

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

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

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

Dwayne is panicked, covers badly -

DWAYNE  
I gave him the code. He told me he  
committed it to memory. Maybe he was  
just embarrassed that he forgot it.

WILL (O.S.)  
You didn't give him shit. I want  
the code now or you'll never see  
this money.

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

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

Chet freaks out -

CHET  
Don't tell him to push the button.  
Pull over. Pull over.

Dwayne is getting pissed off.

DWAYNE

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

WILL (O.S.)

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

The line goes dead. Dwayne looks to Jay, shocked.

DWAYNE

That piece of shit hung up on me.

INT. MUSTANG - DAY - MOVING

Chet grabs the wheel and forces Will to pull over.

CHEP

Get me out of this car!

EXT. ROAD - DAY

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

CHEP

That was colossally stupid!

WILL

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

CHEP

Or he'll just let you die!

Will lets this sink in.

WILL

Fine. But I didn't have a choice.

Will takes the garbage bag from the car and tosses it toward Chet.

CHEP

What are you doing?

WILL

I want you to have the money. In case I'm a bad negotiator. But don't save it. Buy something cool with it.

Despite himself, Chet cracks a smile.

CHET

I'll be the only teacher at school with a used Ferrari.

WILL

All the girls will want to fuck you.

CHET

They already do.

INT. JAY'S GARAGE WORKSHOP - DAY

Dwayne fumes as Will's phone goes to voicemail. He throws his cell across the room.

DWAYNE

I can't believe the nerve of that guy!

JAY

Maybe we should actually give him the code.

DWAYNE

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

Dwayne's phone vibrates across the room. He whirls on Jay.

DWAYNE

Go get it!

Jay scurries after the phone and retrieves it. Dwayne answers -

DWAYNE

Glad you came to your fucking senses.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. BOARDED UP GAS STATION - DAY

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

VAUGHN

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

DWAYNE (O.S.)

I honestly don't know.

VAUGHN

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

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

DWAYNE

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

VAUGHN (O.S.)

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

DWAYNE

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

VAUGHN (O.S.)

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

DWAYNE

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

VAUGHN (O.S.)

I want my money. Right now.

DWAYNE

That may not be possible.  
(delicately)

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

Vaughn paces, furious.

VAUGHN

This isn't a reservation at Sizzler!  
You don't "push" it!

(MORE)

VAUGHN (CONT'D)

I want you to bring me my money right now, to where I am standing in this shit hole town, bleeding from the motherfucking face!

DWAYNE (O.S.)

I don't have the money! Give me some time and -

VAUGHN

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

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

JUICY

I know where he lives.

INT. JAY'S GARAGE WORKSHOP - DAY

Dwayne looks down at his phone.

DWAYNE

Why do people keep hanging up on me?  
Fuck!

JAY

We gotta get the money. Call the pizza guy back.

DWAYNE

No. I can't risk him fucking around. He's obviously got a death wish. We arrange another drop, he's liable to pull some shit and get us all killed. We need to get the leverage back.

(mind working)

That girl he went to see, you remember what she looked like?

JAY

She was hot.

DWAYNE

All the more reason to pay her a visit.

Dwayne gets up, collects his gun off a table and tucks it into his pants. He looks around the room, eyes landing on a frame backpack with PVC piping coming out of it.

DWAYNE

And Jay...bring the flamethrower.

JAY

Really?

DWAYNE

Yep. We're gonna have a lot of  
evidence to dispose of

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY

Will and Chet are both sitting on the ground, still 20 yards apart. Chet is counting the money.

CHET

Hey, turns out there's only like 98  
grand in here.

WILL

You wanna go back for the other two?

Chet laughs. He checks his watch.

CHET

It's been 30 minutes.

WILL

He'll call.

CHET

I really don't want to sit here and  
wait for you to explode.

WILL

(firmly)

He'll call.

CHET

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

WILL

40 minutes.

CHET

Deal.

**SUPER COUNTDOWN: 1 hour, 38 minutes...**

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY, OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Kate walks along. She turns into an office and we hear a brief, muffled conversation. Two figures rush past from the intersecting hallway and duck behind a corner.

Kate emerges from the office and continues into

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM, OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

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

We hear the sound of her peeing. The bathroom door opens and Dwayne and Jay enter. Jay wedges his foot against the door so it cannot be opened from the outside. Dwayne pulls something hairy from his pocket.

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

DWAYNE (O.S.)

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

From outside the stall, we see the phone slide out. Dwayne crushes it with a sudden, violent stomp. After a beat, the stall door opens and Kate emerges. She gasps at -

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

DWAYNE

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

EXT. LIVING ROOM, NICE HOUSE - DAY

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

The subtle click of a door opening somewhere in the house does not escape his finely tuned senses.

MAJOR

Dwayne?

Nothing.

The Major gets up and goes to a desk, rifles through a drawer and pulls something out. A simple pen. He clutches it like a weapon.

INT. HALLWAY, NICE HOUSE - DAY

The Major creeps along.

VAUGHN (O.S.)  
Just stay where you are, old man.

The Major turns to find Vaughn standing ten feet away, pointing a gun at him.

VAUGHN  
I'm looking for your son.

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

VAUGHN  
Don't be stupid.

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

VAUGHN  
I see where your son gets his common sense. But you might want to readjust your attitude, because I ain't fucking around. I want Dwayne. I don't know why you'd want to protect him, the motherfucker hired me to kill you.

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

VAUGHN  
Just tell me where he is!

Vaughn pulls back the hammer of his gun. The Major stares down the barrel.

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

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

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

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

MAJOR

I'll ride you all the way to hell,  
you black bastard!

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

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

VAUGHN

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

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

MAJOR

Go on and -

BANG!

The life snaps out of The Major, one searing hole in his chest.

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

INT. BATHROOM, NICE HOUSE - DAY

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

INT. DWAYNE'S ROOM, NICE HOUSE - DAY

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

Vaughn ransacks the place, flipping the bed, pulling drawers out. He finds a desk drawer locked. He searches for something to jimmy it open with, comes up with nothing. He kicks it in frustration. Then he takes out his gun and blows the drawer open.

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

VAUGHN  
Motherfucker has lost his mind...

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

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

EXT. ROAD - DAY

Will sits with a thousand yard stare. Chet calls over -

CHET  
It's time. We gotta call the cops.

Chet gestures to the vast emptiness all around them.

CHET  
These guys obviously aren't watching you anymore.

Will nods, stands up and dusts his pants.

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

CHET  
I guess I don't get my Ferrari.

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

CHET  
Thanks, man.

Suddenly, Will stiffens. His hand goes to his pocket. It's vibrating. He pulls out his cell.

WILL  
It's them.

Will answers the phone -

WILL  
You ready to talk now?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MINIVAN - DAY - MOVING

Dwayne drives with his cell pressed to his ear. Jay keeps watch on Kate in back. She is blindfolded, hands bound behind her back with duct tape.

DWAYNE  
(into phone)  
Yeah, I'm ready to talk. I want my  
money. Meet me back at the radio  
tower in 50 minutes.

WILL (O.S.)  
I've barely got an hour left!

DWAYNE  
That's the point. I want you on a  
short leash.

WILL (O.S.)  
Fuck that. Give me the code first.  
Then you can have your money. You'll  
just have to trust me when I say  
that I don't want it.

DWAYNE  
Yeah, I'm sure. You just wanna go  
back to your fantastic life. Your  
great job. And that blonde bitch  
with the sexy voice.

Will's mind jumps to the only logical conclusion. Roller coaster stomach drop. His voice cracks as he asks a useless question -

WILL  
What the fuck is that supposed to  
mean?

DWAYNE (O.S.)  
It means that girl you paid a visit  
to today is sitting in the back of  
my van right now. And it ain't  
exactly consensual.

Will explodes.

WILL  
Fuck you! You crossed a line!

Dwayne just laughs, maniacally.

DWAYNE

There are no lines! There's just me and you and 100 thousand dollars. Once we get that shit in order, you can have her back, and your life, too. So you're gonna show up where I say, when I say. Alone. And if you try anything stupid, the two of you will be delivering pizzas to Saint Peter.

WILL

Let me talk to her.

DWAYNE

You got ten seconds.

Dwayne hands the phone back to Jay, who puts it up to Kate's ear. She is trembling.

KATE

Will...?

WILL (O.S.)

Kate, I'm so sorry.

KATE

It's okay...I'm fine...I'm just really -

Dwayne reaches back and snatches the cell phone.

DWAYNE

She's just really gonna die if you fuck this up.

Will absorbs this like a blow to the chest. The line disconnects. Will suddenly shouts skyward -

WILL

Fuck!

Chet looks over, confused, agitated.

CHET

What happened?

WILL

They have Kate.

CHET

What the fuck does that mean!?

WILL

They took her, man. They must have followed us to her office.

CHET

Damn it! You had to go her to see!

WILL

I'm sorry. I messed up...I finally messed up worse than I could have possibly imagined.

CHET

We gotta get her back, Will. These guys are crazy.

WILL

We still got the money. As long as we have that, she's alive.

(beat)

Come on.

Chet grabs the bag of cash, their only hope. They hustle into the car and it peels out, leaving behind a swirling cloud of dust. As the sun begins to set -

**SUPER COUNTDOWN: 58 minutes...**

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Two menacing headlights come at us on the empty road. They belong to

INT. SENTRA - NIGHT - MOVING

Vaughn holds up Dwayne's map as he drives. He seems to be on the right road, headed for the radio tower. He crumples the map and throws it in back.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Mustang stops by the gate to the radio tower. Chet jumps out and quickly disappears into the bushes. The Mustang continues through the gate.

EXT. RADIO TOWER - NIGHT

The property lights illuminate the area. The Mustang pulls up. Will gets out and looks around the deserted place. He holds up the bag of money.

WILL

I'm here!

In the shadow of the nearby shed, the minivan is revealed as its interior lights come on. The door opens and Dwayne emerges, in his mask.

DWAYNE  
How much time you got left?

Will takes off the jacket and tosses it to the ground. He looks at the timer.

WILL  
Ten minutes.

DWAYNE  
Damn. Maybe we should just wait around for the money shot.

The guys approach each other and meet in a clearing, Will still keeping his distance a bit. Dwayne nods at the bag.

DWAYNE  
That the money?

WILL  
Maybe. Where's the girl?

Dwayne grins.

DWAYNE  
In the van. Maybe.

WILL  
Get her out here. You're wasting time.

Will grips the bag close to him.

Dwayne whistles loudly. The minivan door opens and Jay steps out, also in his mask. Strapped to his back is the frame pack we saw at his workshop. A long tube connects the pack to the handle of a metal pipe-like device in his hand.

Jay pulls Kate, still bound and blindfolded, out of the van. They approach Dwayne and take up position behind him.

KATE  
Will, are you there?

WILL  
I'm here. It's gonna be okay.

DWAYNE  
This is a fucking tearjerker.

WILL

Just let her come over here.

DWAYNE

I will. But you should know, my associate over there is packing a flamethrower.

Jay menacingly aims the metal device he has been holding. He hits a button and a pilot light comes on.

DWAYNE

So if you were planning on pulling some shit, I'd think again. I doubt either of you can outrun a 25-foot flame.

(gestures to gun in his belt)  
Or a bullet.

Dwayne roughly pulls Kate away from Jay and shoves her forward. Will grabs her, pulls her blindfold off and pushes her behind him, protectively.

WILL

Get back.

DWAYNE

I gave you the girl. Now give me the money.

WILL

How about we get the code out of the way first, since this bomb happens to be ticking so close to all of us.

DWAYNE

Fair enough.

Dwayne pulls a slip of paper from his pocket.

DWAYNE

(taunting)

You ready to be a free man?

WILL

Just give it to me!

DWAYNE

448921.

Will quickly keys in the numbers. The timer freezes and the thick lock at the hinge opens. Will carefully extricates himself from the vest. He lays it down on the ground and steps away from it. His shirt is drenched in sweat from where the bomb sat.

Will takes a final look at the money bag, then throws it to Dwayne. He opens it and looks inside, smiles. Jay takes a peak at the cash.

DWAYNE  
It's so fucking pretty, ain't it?

JAY  
It's awesome.

Dwayne looks up at Will.

DWAYNE  
Okay, you can get out of here now.

WILL  
I actually have this sneaking suspicion that once we turn around, you're gonna put a bullet in both of our backs - and this is just a guess - burn our bodies.

DWAYNE  
They say great minds think alike.  
And in this case, so do we.

WILL  
I figured as much. That's why I got a gun pointed at you, too.  
(loudly)  
I got a sniper in the bushes locked on you right now.

Dwayne chuckles.

DWAYNE  
Do I look that dumb?

WILL  
I can't tell, you're wearing a mask.

Before Dwayne can react, he stops and blinks, something shining in his eyes.

JAY  
Hey, Dwayne...on your forehead.

Dwayne's eyes turn upward, just barely making out the red dot that dances on his forehead.

DWAYNE  
Son of a bitch. Well played.

In the bushes, hidden from sight, we find Chet carefully aiming his laser pointer at Dwayne's forehead.

Will grins at Dwayne.

WILL

We're gonna walk out of here now.  
If you shoot, my sniper shoots. I  
can't guarantee he'll get both of  
you. But he'll definitely get you.

As Will turns away -

VAUGHN (O.S.)  
Hold the fuck up.

Vaughn emerges from the darkness. He looks at Will,  
pleasantly surprised.

VAUGHN  
Wasn't expecting to see you here.

Without warning, Vaughn cracks Will over the head with the  
butt of his gun. He goes down hard. Kate screams. Vaughn  
points the gun at her and she shuts up.

Dwayne steps forward with the bag.

DWAYNE  
It's all good. We got your money.

VAUGHN  
Nice mask, Dwayne. Now throw the  
money over here.

Dwayne complies. As soon as the bag lands, Vaughn aims the  
gun at him.

DWAYNE  
Hold up. You don't have to do this.  
I just paid you.

Kate looks on, terrified, an unconscious Will at her side.

Vaughn's eyes burn a hole through Dwayne.

VAUGHN  
I've been hit with a pipe, shot with  
a pen, and wasted my whole  
motherfucking day...all because of  
you and this job.

DWAYNE  
I don't know what you're talking  
about. Just take the money.

VAUGHN  
I will.  
(MORE)

VAUGHN (CONT'D)

And then I'm gonna tie up the two  
loose ends in the gorilla masks.

DWAYNE

I'm not a loose end!

VAUGHN

You're a fucking idiot. You are as  
loose as ends get.

Panicked, Dwayne's eyes flash over to Jay, who is tightening his grip on the flamethrower handle. Jay catches Dwayne's eye. Dwayne nods. Vaughn sees this.

VAUGHN

What the -

Jay suddenly rears up with the flamethrower. Vaughn couldn't be more surprised to see the device Jay is holding spit a massive ball of fire at him.

A 25-foot flame lights up the night in flickering shades of yellow and orange. It completely engulfs Vaughn.

VAUGHN

Motherfuckers keep sneaking up on me!

Vaughn fires off two wild shots, one of which -

Nails Dwayne in the shoulder, spinning him backward and knocking him off his feet.

Kate recoils in horror as Jay continues to torch Vaughn. A hand touches her shoulder and she whirls around to find -

KATE

Chet!? What are you doing here!?

CHEP

Not now. We gotta get out of here.

(looks around)

Where's Will?

Kate looks to the empty spot beside her where Will just was.

A burning Vaughn drops to his knees, fires off one last shot -

Which travels right through Jay and hits the fuel filled backpack. Jay goes supernova.

Dwayne comes to just in time to see his friend being burned alive, running and flailing his arms, shrieking. His last words are -

JAY  
Dwayne! Help me!

Then he drops to the ground. A flaming corpse.

Will pops up behind Chet and Kate, holding the garbage bag.

WILL  
I got the money. Let's get the fuck  
out of here.

They take off toward Will's car and hop in.

Dwayne sees the Mustang's lights come on. It whips a U-turn and peels away as flames overtake the field. Dwayne pulls off his mask, frantically looks around. The money is gone.

DWAYNE  
No!

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Mustang travels inconspicuously away from the rising flames.

INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT - MOVING

Will is panting, one hand loosely gripped around the steering wheel, his face a mess of dirt, sweat and dried blood. Chet just stares ahead, completely shell-shocked.

Kate looks from one of the guys to the other, trying to get a grasp on the situation.

KATE  
I just got kidnapped...

WILL  
I know. I'm really sorry about that.

KATE  
What the fuck happened since I saw  
you this afternoon?

CHEP  
It's a very long story. And it's  
probably better if you don't know  
most of it. For your own protection.

WILL  
Shut up, Chet.  
(looks back at Kate)  
I had to rob a bank. Your brother  
helped me. There's a hundred grand  
in that trash bag by your feet.  
(MORE)

WILL (CONT'D)  
You already met the guys who made us  
do it. Fortunately, they're dead.

KATE  
What do we do now? Go to the cops?

Will and Chet exchange nervous glances.

WILL  
That probably wouldn't work out so  
well. I say we split the money three  
ways, then Chet and I get out of  
town for a while and hope they never  
connect us to this thing.

KATE  
Oh, cool...I guess my credit card  
debt is no longer an issue.

Something catches Will's attention: a set of headlights  
rapidly growing larger in the rear-view mirror.

INT. MINIVAN - NIGHT - MOVING

Dwayne's speedometer is buried past 100 mph as he flies down  
the highway. His eyes burn with rage.

INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT - MOVING

Will hits the gas.

WILL  
Oh, shit, it's him!

Chet and Kate look out the back window.

CHEP  
Hurry up! He's already on us!

KATE  
Isn't this supposed to be a fast car!?

WILL  
He's going too fast already!

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Dwayne's car pulls even with the Mustang.

INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT - MOVING

Will can't push the gas any harder. He looks over at Dwayne,  
who pulls out his gun and takes aim. He flashes a sick grin -

DWAYNE  
I own this town.

Before Dwayne can get a shot off -

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

An explosion rocks the minivan from inside. The back end is lifted off the ground and the car tumbles over itself. It lands on its roof and skids into a ditch.

INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT - MOVING

Chet and Kate watch the burning wreck disappear out the back window. They are equal parts confused and happy to be alive.

KATE  
What the hell was that?

Will smiles.

WILL  
That was the bomb I carried around all day. I reactivated it and put it in the back of his van. I guess his time was up.

CHET  
"His time was up?" Were you thinking that one up the whole time?

WILL  
Maybe.

Kate is trembling, smiling, trying to get a grip on all of this. Will glances back at her.

WILL  
It's gonna be okay.

She laughs at the absurdity of it all.

KATE  
So you guys really robbed a bank?

WILL  
After everything you've seen, that's what you're skeptical of? Yes, we robbed a bank. Chet was awesome. He was all like "anyone moves, and I will kill you where you stand!"

KATE  
No, he wasn't.

CHET  
I totally was.

**SUPER COUNTDOWN: 0 hours, 0 minutes...**

CUT TO:

EXT. DITCH - NIGHT

Wind fans the flames of the burning minivan. The shattered windshield suddenly sprouts another crack...then another, as -

Dwayne's foot finally kicks it out. He drags himself from the smoldering steel carcass. He is a charred, blood splattered mess, one leg badly broken. But he is alive. He struggles to his feet with grim determination.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Dwayne has somehow crawled or limped a ways down the road. He is propped up against a sign, lingering on the edge of consciousness. The headlights of a lone pickup truck approach. Dwayne feebly waves the truck down for a ride.

INT. NICE HOUSE - DAY

The door opens and Dwayne stumbles through. He has made it home. He suddenly drops like a puppet whose strings have been cut.

From where his head has landed on the floor, Dwayne sees something odd...long red streaks. He crawls forward to investigate...

It is a trail of sticky red blood. Dwayne follows it until he comes upon its source: the crumpled body of his father, lying face down. Dwayne looks from the body to the cordless phone, sitting on a nearby counter, that The Major was dragging himself toward. He never made it.

DWAYNE  
Dad?

Dwayne inches closer, touches the body. Nothing. Dwayne's face: shock and confusion and joy. He pokes the body again.

DWAYNE  
Dad, are you -

The body emits a low groan. Dwayne rolls it over. His father's face is white, he's lost a lot of blood, but he isn't totally spent yet. He struggles to speak -

MAJOR  
Dwayne...

DWAYNE

What happened to you?

MAJOR

You tried...to have me killed.

DWAYNE

Dad, I...I'd never...

MAJOR

Shut the fuck up...don't stammer  
like your mother...be a man.

DWAYNE

(with conviction)

I am a man.

The Major looks up at his son's bruised face.

MAJOR

I know you are...I think I  
may...actually respect you now.

Dwayne's eyes well up. He moves closer to his father. Cradles him in his arms as he expires. It's like a very bloody, white trash version of the Pietà. Dwayne sobs uncontrollably. Now he's laughing. Now he's crying again.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A TV mounted above the bar plays the local nightly news. We see footage of the burning radio tower and fire fighters battling the blaze, which has spread to much of the surrounding wooded area. An ANCHOR reports -

ANCHOR

Fire Fighters have contained a blaze,  
which began tonight at a  
decommissioned WSAW radio tower and  
claimed the lives of two unidentified  
men. A car discovered at the scene  
has led authorities to believe one  
of the men may be Vaughn Dunn -

Vaughn's picture comes up on screen.

ANCHOR

- a Baltimore native wanted in  
connection with an armed robbery  
case.

The name has caught the attention of Juicy, who sits at a booth alone. And now she realizes the person she is waiting for will not show. As she stands and approaches the TV -

## ANCHOR

A map uncovered in the car links these men to today's robbery at the Donner-Wells National Bank, in which a local man was shot.

Juicy tunes out the rest of the news report. Tears well in her eyes. She bites her lip and takes a moment to compose herself, the money and her ticket out of town gone. After a beat, she notices an older SHARPLY DRESSED MAN checking her out from across the bar. She puts on her game face and heads over to introduce herself, heels click-clacking, working it with all she's got.

FADE OUT:

A CLEAR BLUE SKY

**SUPER TITLE: 3 Weeks Later**

"Welcome to Atlanta" by Jermaine Dupri and Ludacris kicks in as a plane flies overhead, then touches down on the tarmac.

EXT. ARRIVALS TERMINAL, ATLANTA INTL AIRPORT - DAY

TRAVELERS haul luggage. Taxis jockey for position at the curb. A DRIVER tosses a duffel bag in his trunk and slams it. He hops inside

INT. TAXI - DAY

The Driver looks back at his fare -

It's Will, only slightly different. He is incredibly tan, in a cap and sunglasses. He looks cool, like Danny Ocean. Or like a guy trying to look like Danny Ocean.

DRIVER

Where to?

Will looks down at a slip of paper.

WILL

Fourth and Grand.

As the cab pulls away -

DRIVER

What are you in town for?

WILL

See a friend. Might check out some schools.

DRIVER  
College?

Will nods.

DRIVER  
Never too late. I went to Oglethorpe.  
Great school. Made a lot of really  
good connections.

Will mentally crosses this off his list. They pull onto the highway and he looks out at the looming city.

WILL  
Got any advice for a romantic evening?

DRIVER  
Yeah. Play with her nipples. It's  
an aphrodisiac.

WILL  
I meant like a restaurant or  
something.  
(deciding)  
Fuck it. Is there a decent pizza  
place on the way?

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

The front door opens. Will stands in the hallway, duffel bag slung over his shoulder, pizza box in hand.

WILL  
I thought it would be cute if I  
brought pizza.

Kate is beaming, happy to see him. She takes the pizza box and gives him a hug.

KATE  
It's very cute.

Will enters. The apartment is full of half unpacked boxes.

KATE  
How was Mexico?

WILL  
Not bad. Chet stayed in the room the whole time. He was convinced everybody was an undercover Federale. But it seems like if there was gonna be any heat it's blown over by now. According to the news, they think those other guys did it.

KATE

So, you're a free man?

WILL

Looks that way.

Will and Kate stand there. A pregnant pause.

WILL

You know, we left right after  
everything happened, and Chet wouldn't  
let me use the phone while we were  
down there...

(struggling)

I just want you to know that all that  
stuff I said to you, I meant it.

KATE

It wasn't just because you thought  
you were gonna die?

WILL

Well, the only reason I had the balls  
to say it was because I thought I  
was gonna die. But it was all true.

(beat)

So, did you have a chance to, uh,  
think about it...?

KATE

Will, I've known you for so long  
that I've thought about you in a  
hundred different ways. I mean, we  
went through puberty together, of  
course I've been attracted to you.  
It's just, before you said anything,  
I thought we'd settle into a  
friendship. For better or worse.

WILL

And after I said something...?

Kate takes a step toward Will.

KATE

You were going to die and you thought  
of me. You were gone for three weeks  
and all I thought about was you. I  
think there's more than friendship  
there.

Will closes the gap between them. He stops. His cell phone  
is vibrating. He takes it out and checks a text message.  
Hands it to Kate.

WILL  
From Chet.

KATE  
(reading the text)  
"I just got a weird feeling. Are you making out with my sister? I think I do have ESP."  
(beat)  
You don't really think...?

WILL  
Nah, he's sent me like six of those so far. He's just playing the numbers.

Kate makes a move for Will. She tosses the phone. It lands on the couch. We STAY on the phone. A new text from Chet comes through: *You're making out with her right now, aren't you? I can tell. This is gross. Call me.*

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, NICE HOUSE - DAY

A bare back, covered in healing bruises. Between the shoulder blades is a brand new thug-style "In Memoriam" tattoo showing Jay's angelic face.

A shirt is pulled over the tattoo as Dwayne dresses in a good suit before a mirror.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Two headstones, side-by-side. Husband and wife. Jerry Cross and Elaine Cross.

Dwayne looks down at his parents' final resting place. He holds flowers in one hand, the other rests on a fancy cane. He looks like he has grown up quite a bit.

DWAYNE  
Seems like lately I'm surrounded by so much death and destruction. I saw my best friend burned alive. Sometimes I hear his screams at night, then I wake up and there's this creaking all around the house, like little footsteps. I honestly think Jay's haunting me, and I wish he would stop. Please put in a good word for me. Tell him I'm sorry for the way shit went down. I thought the tattoo squared us. Let him know that he'll always be my road dog.

Dwayne starts choking up, does his best to reign it in.

DWAYNE

I look forward to seeing all of you in the next life. Right now, I want to get on with this one, which I expect will be filled with many terrific and amazing things. I only ask that you look down on me from time to time and make sure that none of my enemies ever sneak up behind me. If they come at me dead on, I'm pretty sure I can handle them myself.

Dwayne drops the flowers between the two graves. He makes the sign of the cross, then turns and limps off with his cane.

INT. LAW OFFICE - DAY

Dwayne enters and crosses the office. A LAWYER stands up from his desk and greets him. Dwayne takes a seat.

LAWYER

We put all of the paperwork in order while you were in the hospital. I'll try to make this as quick and painless as possible.

DWAYNE

Thanks. It sure has been an ordeal. Come home from a brutal car wreck, just to find your father killed by a home invader. Bad luck is what it is.

LAWYER

Certainly.

The Lawyer opens a file and turns it toward Dwayne.

LAWYER

As you can see, you owe a little over 500 from the funeral expenses.

DWAYNE

Go ahead and deduct that from the inheritance. Let's talk lump sums.

LAWYER

Mr. Cross...there is no inheritance.

DWAYNE

My father was a millionaire. He won the lotto. Get your shit straight.

LAWYER

Your father was a millionaire. A long time ago. According to his accountant, his spending had been running unchecked for too many years. He died deep in credit card debt.

Dwayne tries to process this, mind racing. The Lawyer struggles with the rest -

LAWYER

The reason I asked you to come down here in person was to tell you that we'll probably have to sell the house to cover the debt. I'm so sorry, Mr. Cross.

Dwayne just stares at the Lawyer.

DWAYNE

Are you fucking with me?

LAWYER

I'm not, uh, messing around with -

DWAYNE

I said, are you fucking with me?

LAWYER

No. I most certainly am not.

Dwayne nods, contemplative.

DWAYNE

He was a real sonofabitch, wasn't he?

LAWYER

I never knew him.

Dwayne gets up and turns to leave.

LAWYER

Mr. Cross, I still need you to sign -

Dwayne whirls around and uses his cane to smash a wall of framed pictures, diplomas, etc. His rage subsides, and he stands there, panting for a moment. He glances back at the Lawyer, who is staring at him, terrified at the outburst.

DWAYNE

The fuck are you looking at? Do you even know who I am?

The Lawyer says nothing.

DWAYNE

I didn't think so.

Dwayne strides out and slams the door -

BOOM!

**THE END**