

**30 MINUTES OR LESS**

Written by

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**12-**

**11-09**

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 15-YEAR-OLDS stare out.

**15-YEAR-OLD**

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

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

2.

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

**WILL**

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

**OTHER 15-YEAR-OLD**

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

**WILL**

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

**OTHER 15-YEAR-OLD**

We'd rather take the pizzas.

Will takes a calming breath. Hands over the pizzas.

**WILL**

Ok. You guys are pretty smart. You figured out a way to beat the system.

**(PEEKS INSIDE)**

Got the house to yourselves?

**15-YEAR-OLD**

That's right.

**WILL**

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

The kids shakes their heads.

**WILL**

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

**15-YEAR-OLD**

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

Will makes a show of mulling this over.

**WILL**

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

**(MORE)**

3.

**WILL (CONT'D)**

**(BEAT)**

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

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

**WILL**

I'll see you in like 20 minutes.

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

**WILL**

You boys like Budweiser, right?

**15-YEAR-OLD**

Uh, yeah, totally.

**OTHER 15-YEAR-OLD**

Love that shit!

**INT. MUSTANG - DAY - MOVING**

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

A six pack of Budweiser rests in the passenger seat.

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

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

**INT. GIORGIO'S TRATTORIA - NIGHT**

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

**WILL**

Yo, Chris. Let me cash the fuck out.

Will hands over some cash to Christopher.

**CHRISTOPHER**

You have a pretty good shift?

**WILL**

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

4.

**CHRISTOPHER**

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

**WILL**

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

**CHRISTOPHER**

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

**WILL**

What kind of business promises to deliver anywhere in 30 minutes?

It's ridiculous.

**CHRISTOPHER**

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

**WILL**

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

Chris is unmoving.

**WILL**

Fuck! Whatever!

Will storms off. As he gets to the door -

**CHRISTOPHER**

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

**WILL**

That's poignant.

**CHRISTOPHER**

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

**WILL**

Are you fucking serious?

**CHRISTOPHER**

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

5.

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

**WILL**

When do I start?

**EXT. SMALL APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT**

Will sits on the darkened front stoop. He tosses an empty can into the bushes and gets to work on his fourth beer. He looks over at a parked Hyundai Elantra. A YOUNG MAN sits in the passenger seat with a pensive look on his face. He makes a sudden, surprised gasp. The homely YOUNG WOMAN who was just blowing him sits up from his lap and rearranges herself in the driver seat. She leans over for a goodbye kiss. The Young Man obliges with much fanfare. The Young Man gets out and the car pulls away. This is CHET

(25), a clean cut guy dressed in the Gap Premium Collection. He heads toward the building, high off his BJ, humming Outkast's "Ms. Jackson." He stops when he notices Will in the shadows.

**CHET**

What the hell? Have you just been sitting there?

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

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

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

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

I misread their body language. It happens.

**6.**

Will picks up some rented movies sitting beside him.

**WILL**

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

**(FANS MOVIES)**

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

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

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

Will heaves a sigh.

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

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

Will grudgingly stands up.

**WILL**

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

He holds up the Lethal Weapon DVDs.

**WILL**

I'm like Riggs. Cruising the streets.  
No rules, no attachments. Every  
other day some asshole is trying to  
take my badge. You're fucking  
Murtaugh. Always worried about your  
pension. Well, guess what, it gets  
old after the first movie.  
7.

**CHET**

I just got head. I'm totally Riggs.  
Will shakes his head, turns and walks off.

**INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - DAY**

Will wakes up, legs dangling over the edge of a tiny couch.  
His TV is still on, displaying the menu screen from a porn.  
Will looks down at his coffee table. Clears some magazines  
to reveal a file folder. Flips the cover -  
It's full of college applications, drafts of admissions

essays,

a junior college transcript. Will thumbs through one of the

glossy applications. The kids look young. Very young. Will glances over at a picture on his wall: he and Chet at high school graduation, looking just as young. They have their arms around a pretty girl squeezed between them. Will and the girl look very high and very happy. Will shuts the folder, slides it back under the coffee table debris. He looks over at a clock: it is already 2:00 PM.

**WILL**

Fuck.

**INT. MUSTANG - DAY**

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

**WILL**

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

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

**BOOM!**

**WE'RE IN**

**EXT. OPEN FIELD - DAY**

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

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

**DWAYNE**

Fruit motherfuckin' salad!

8.

Crouched beside him is JAY (27), tall and awkward, in a wool surplus cap. He carefully rigs homemade explosives to

another

watermelon, then looks up at Dwayne. His eyes are magnified into saucers by his thick glasses. There's a peculiar eagerness to please in them.

**JAY**

This one's gonna blow even bigger.

**DWAYNE**

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

**JAY**

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

**DWAYNE**

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

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

**DWAYNE**

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

Dwayne presses a button and

**BOOM!**

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

**INT. KITCHEN, NICE HOUSE - DAY**

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

**DWAYNE**

Wanna make sure I get enough calories.

**JAY**

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

**9.**

**DWAYNE**

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

**(BEAT)**

Grab some RC Cola.

**INT. LIVING ROOM, NICE HOUSE - DAY**

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

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

Jay jumps back as Jason wields a 3D ax.

**JAY**

Shit, man! It's so real!

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

**DWAYNE**

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

**(THRUSTING HARDER)**

You like that, Jason!? In the mask!

Jay cracks up. The lights flick on.

**GRIZZLED VOICE (O.S.)**

Who are you two fags fucking?

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

**JAY**

Afternoon, Major.

Dwayne flops back onto the couch.

**DWAYNE**

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

**10.**

**MAJOR**

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

**DWAYNE**

You gotta learn how to share the

common space.

**MAJOR**

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

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

Jay.

**DWAYNE**

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

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

**MAJOR**

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

**DWAYNE**

**(QUIETLY)**

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

**MAJOR**

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

**DWAYNE**

That's pretty fucking disturbing!

Dwayne storms off.

**EXT. NICE HOUSE - DAY**

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

**DWAYNE**

Fuck The Major!

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

11.

**INT. DIVE STRIP CLUB - DAY**

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

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

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

**DWAYNE**

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

**(BEAT)**

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

**JUICY**

Oh yeah? What happened to her?

Dwayne shifts, uncomfortably, at the sore subject.

**DWAYNE**

She passed on.

**JUICY**

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

**DWAYNE**

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

**JUICY**

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

**DWAYNE**

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

This piques Juicy's interest.

**JUICY**

What kinda inheritance?

**12.**

**DWAYNE**

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

INSERT PHOTO: The Major holding a giant cardboard check.

**DWAYNE**

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

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

**JUICY**

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

**DWAYNE**

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

**JUICY**

Practice makes perfect.

blissed  
Juicy pantomimes a long, slow chicken head. Dwayne is

out. She smiles at him, sticky sweet.

**JUICY**

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

**DWAYNE**

Hate him like the Steelers.

**JUICY**

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

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

**JUICY**

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

13.

**DWAYNE**

Do what?

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

**JUICY**

Kill your mean old dad.

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

**JUICY**

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

**INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT - MOVING**

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

**INT. LAW FIRM, OFFICE BUILDING - NIGHT**

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

**WILL**

Rio?

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

**KATE**

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

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

**KATE**

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

**WILL**

Oh, the places you'll go.

**KATE**

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

14.

**WILL**

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

**KATE**

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

**WILL**

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

Will lays a pizza down on her desk.

**KATE**

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

**WILL**

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

**KATE**

Interesting theory...

Kate opens the pizza box, grabs a slice.

**KATE**

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

**WILL**

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

**KATE**

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

**WILL**

**(WINCES)**

Really? What a fucking scrub.

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

**KATE**

So, I've got some news...  
15.

**WILL**

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

**KATE**

I'm getting back together with Mark.

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

**WILL**

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

**KATE**

Yeah, but we were talking and -

**WILL**

Forget it. I don't want to know.

**KATE**

You sound like Chet.

**WILL**

Woah, don't compare me to your  
brother.

**KATE**

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

**WILL**

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

Kate shoves Will, good-naturedly.

**KATE**

You know what I mean.

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

**INT. SPORTS BAR - NIGHT**

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

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

**16.**

**JAY**

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

**DWAYNE**

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

**JAY**

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

Dwayne nods, seriously.

**DWAYNE**

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

Dwayne takes a long sip of beer, contemplative.

**DWAYNE**

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

**JAY**

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

**DWAYNE**

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

**(MORE)**

**17.**

**DWAYNE (CONT'D)**

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

**JAY**

In what?

**DWAYNE**

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

Dwayne leans across the table.

**DWAYNE**

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

**JAY**

Yes. I'm totally ready.

**DWAYNE**

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

**JAY**

**(BEAT)**

A Chinese food restaurant?

**DWAYNE**

No. A tanning salon.

**(BEAT)**

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

Jay nods, thinking about. He smiles.

**DWAYNE**

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

**JAY**

Yeah, of course. Because of the booths.

**DWAYNE**

Yes. And because of the bitches.

**(BEAT)**

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

**18.**

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

**DWAYNE**

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

**JAY**

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

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

**JAY**

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

Dwayne chuckles.

**DWAYNE**

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

**(BEAT)**

If you wanna be a millionaire, you

gotta think like one. And millionaires don't kill people. They hire assassins. Which I did. We gotta pay him on Tuesday.

**JAY**

What? Why would you do that?

**DWAYNE**

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

**JAY**

But we don't have that kinda money.

**DWAYNE**

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

**(MORE)**

19.

**DWAYNE (CONT'D)**

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

**JAY**

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

**DWAYNE**

Again, not quite thinking like a millionaire.

**JAY**

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

Dwayne thinks about this for a second.

**DWAYNE**

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

**JAY**

**(ALMOST INVOLUNTARILY)**

A bomb. Everyone's scared of a bomb.

**DWAYNE**

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

**JAY**

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

**DWAYNE**

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

**JAY**

Except The Major.

**DWAYNE**

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

Dwayne smiles. But a nagging thought interrupts him -  
**20.**

**DWAYNE**

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

**(MIND WORKING)**

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

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

**PIZZA CHEF**

**(ON TV)**

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

The guys look at each other.

**DWAYNE**

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

**INT. CHET'S APARTMENT - DAY**

A hand grabs a beer from the fridge.

**VOICE (O.S.)**

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

Will heads into the living room with the beer. The voice  
belongs to Danny Glover. The guys are watching Lethal

Weapon.

Murtaugh (Danny Glover) has just stopped Riggs (Mel Gibson)  
from killing himself. Riggs looks at him, crazily, before -

**RIGGS**

**(ON TV)**

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

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

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

Fridge is full, man. We're all good.  
**21.**

Will drains half his beer.

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

Yeah, he used to kick our asses.

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

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

Chet pauses the movie.

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

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

Chet chuckles. Will ignores him, sips his beer.

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

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

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

**22.**

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

Chet, I really don't...

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

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

logistical problems.

**CHET**

We look exactly alike!

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

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

**23.**

**CHET**

You? An adult? Sort of stretching the term.

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

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

you wrote.

**WILL**

That poem was about your sister!

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

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

Chet bites his lip.

**CHET**

Okay. You wanna do this?

**WILL**

I think we already are.

**CHET**

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

**(MORE)**

**24.**

**CHET (CONT'D)**

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

**WILL**

Wow...wow. You pulled a Judas on Jenny

fucking Rifkin. That is messed up.  
Almost as messed up as how I sold your  
Cal Ripken signed ball for 200 bucks.

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

Now you know why we never found it.

Will bows.

**WILL**

We done here?

Chet's face is red with anger.

**CHET**

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

**(BEAT)**

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

**WILL**

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

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

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

Get offa me!

**CHET**

You threw the first punch!  
**25.**

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

Try it!

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

**WILL**

What the fuck is that!?

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

I'm gonna pass out...

**CHET**

Good!

**WILL**

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

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

**CHET**

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

Will gets to his feet.

**WILL**

Fuck you...Chutter!  
**(GRABS DICK)**  
Square this!

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

Right back at you.

Will storms out.

**26.**

**EXT. CHET'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY**

Will screeches away in his car.

**INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - NIGHT**

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

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

**INT. GIORGIO'S TRATTORIA - NIGHT**

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

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

**CHRISTOPHER**

Come on, wake up and get to work.

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

**WILL**

Where the fuck is this?

**CHRISTOPHER**

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

**EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

Will's Mustang travels down a dark, empty stretch of highway.

The lone working taillight fades as the car disappears into the distance.

**EXT. SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

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

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

**EXT. RADIO TOWER - NIGHT**

The Mustang parks at the end of the driveway. Will gets out.  
There is a large storage shed and, across a clearing, a  
radio tower built on top of a small office structure.  
**27.**

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

**WILL**

Hello?

**DWAYNE (O.S.)**

(calling back from beyond door)  
Hey, bud! Sorry for the hike! The  
county's got us doing repairs at the  
ass end of the night!

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

**WEARING A SCARY FUCKING GORILLA MASK**

**WILL**

What the -

Will hears something behind him and whirls around -

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

**WILL**

Holy fuck!

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

**DWAYNE**

Stop! We got a gun, you asshole!

Will breaks toward the cover of the shrubbery.

**DWAYNE**

Fuck! Get him!

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

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

**WILL**

What the hell!?  
(at a loss)  
Rape!

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

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

**28.**

**DWAYNE**

Step one.

**CUT TO:**

Blurry vision coming into focus. Two gorillas.

**EXT. RADIO TOWER - DAY**

Whereas the masks looked scary at night, they look ridiculous

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

**DWAYNE**

You thought we were gonna rape you.

**(CHUCKLES)**

Idiot.

Will mumbles something through the duct tape.

**DWAYNE**

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

Will nods. Dwayne holds up his driver license.

**DWAYNE**

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

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

**DWAYNE**

Calm the fuck down!

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

**DWAYNE**

Now stay still and my associate will show you.

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

Will begins to hyperventilate.

**29.**

**JAY**

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

**DWAYNE**

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

**JAY**

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

**DWAYNE**

Can I take that tape off now, pizza boy?

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

**WILL**

Help!

Dwayne chuckles.

**DWAYNE**

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

**WILL**

Why are you doing this to me? I

don't have any money.

**DWAYNE**

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

**WILL**

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

**DWAYNE**

I want 100 thousand.

**WILL**

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

**DWAYNE**

The Donner-Wells National Bank on Charles Road.  
30.

**JAY**

Across the street from the Olive Garden.

**DWAYNE**

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

**WILL**

Do you guys have an account or something?

Dwayne shakes his head like Will is an idiot.

**DWAYNE**

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

**WILL**

How the fuck am I supposed to rob a bank?

**DWAYNE**

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

**WILL**

Then do it yourself.

**DWAYNE**

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

**(TO JAY)**

Tell him about the vest.

Jay turns to Will.

**JAY**

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

**DWAYNE**

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

**(MORE)**

**31.**

**DWAYNE (CONT'D)**

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

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

**DWAYNE**

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

He hands Will a slip of paper.

**DWAYNE**

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

**(BEAT)**

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

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

**DWAYNE**

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

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

Will is frozen in fear.

**DWAYNE**

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

Dwayne throws Will his car keys.

**DWAYNE**

Go on. Get outta here.

**WILL**

Guys, can we please just talk about this?

**32.**

**DWAYNE**

Yeah, of course we can.

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

side.

**DWAYNE**

Be careful!

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

**DWAYNE**

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

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

stays primate.

**JAY**

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

**DWAYNE**

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

**JAY**

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

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

**DWAYNE**

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

**JAY**

**(VOICE FALTERS)**

Sure, Dwayne...whatever you say.

**DWAYNE**

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

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

**DWAYNE**

Let's go get some breakfast.

**33.**

**EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY**

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

**WILL**

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

Nothing but the wind.

mouth. Will fights back tears. He gets to his feet, wipes his

He takes out his cell phone, scrolls through the contacts. He pauses on Chet's name...presses send.

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

**INT. CLASSROOM, JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

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

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

**CHET**

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

**SEVENTH GRADER  
(COUGHING)**

Nice laser.

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

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

**CHET**

Take out your workbooks. Chapter 3.

Chet opens the door.

**CHET**

What do you want?

**WILL**

We gotta talk.

**CHET**

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

**34.**

**WILL**

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

Chet sighs.

**INT. HALLWAY, JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

Chet leads a jumpy Will into

**INT. EMPTY CLASSROOM, JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

Chet shuts the door behind them. Will paces.

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

**(SUDDENLY)**

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

**CHET**

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

Will swallows hard.

**WILL**

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

Chet just stares at Will, unimpressed.

**CHET**

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

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

**CHET**

What the fuck? Is that real?

Will nods.

**35.**

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

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

Seriously?

**WILL**

Seriously.

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

I didn't -

**CHET**

Just back the fuck away from me with that thing.

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

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

Oh, so you figure the two psychopaths that rigged a bomb to your chest

made sure it was safe? There's no margin for error in their fucking bomb vest design!?

**36.**

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

For what?

**WILL**

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

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

**CHET**

Damn it!

(takes a breath)

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

**WILL**

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

**(GENUINELY)**

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

Chet takes a step toward Will.

**CHET**

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

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

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

I can do that.

Will opens the door, stops, looks back at Chet.  
37.

**WILL**

Thank you.

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

**INT. HALLWAY, JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

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

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

I think I can handle it.

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

Obviously.

Will stops, turns back toward Chet.

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

Do you really want to debate this?

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

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

After a beat, the hallway empties again.

**38.**

**CHET**

You're an asshole.

**WILL**

Whatever. It's over.

Will continues walking. He tries to lighten the mood -

**WILL**

Who was the chick in the white jeans?

**CHET**

Kristi Evans. Why?

**WILL**

You know why.

**CHET**

Oh, come on. Just keep walking.

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

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

Fuck you. She's in the eighth grade.

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

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

**EXT. JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

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

**CHET**

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

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

**CHET**

So, this is it?

**WILL**

This is what?

**39.**

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

Exactly!

Will sighs.

**WILL**

I get it. Take your time, man.

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

**CHET**

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

Chet reluctantly hops in.

**INT. MUSTANG - DAY**

Will fires up the engine.

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

Fine.

Will pulls out of the school parking lot.

**WILL**

Okay, so where are we going?

**CHET**

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

**40.**

**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.

**41.**

**WILL**

Why did you do that?

**CHET**

Do what?

**WILL**

I saw you.

**CHET**

It's in case I have to jump out.

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

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

The guys continue driving in silence.

SUPER COUNTDOWN: 6 hours, 59 minutes...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. BATHROOM, CHET'S APARTMENT - DAY**

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

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

**WILL**

It's too tight!

He is calling off toward the

**KITCHEN**

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

**CHET**

What if we try to separate your shoulder?

**42.**

**WILL (O.S.)**

Fuck you!

**CHET**

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

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

**WILL**

This is pointless.

Chet shuts his laptop.

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

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

Will stares at Chet, hopelessly overwhelmed.

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

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

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

**CHET**

It's gonna be okay.

**WILL**

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

**(MORE)**

**43.**

**WILL (CONT'D)**

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

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

**CHET**

Pull yourself together!

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

**WILL**

Ow! Fuck! I think you popped my eardrum.

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

What are you talking about?

**CHET**

Point Break.

**WILL**

The movie?

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

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

**44.**

**WILL**

You wanted to be a teller?

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

Like what, a name tag?

**CHET**

What kind of benefits do you get?

Free toppings?

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

How many guards?

**CHET**

One. I think.

**WILL**

That's a start.

**CHET**

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

Will pauses.

**WILL**

You're gonna do it with me, right?

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

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

**45.**

**CHET**

Are you gonna cry again?

**WILL**

That was a moment of weakness.

**(BEAT)**

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

**CHET**

I should make you blow me.

**WILL**

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

Chet cracks a smile.

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

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

Chet heaves a sigh.

**CHET**

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

**CUT TO:**

**THE GRILLE OF A MURDERED OUT 1997 NISSAN SENTRA**

As the car pulls into

**EXT. BACK PARKING LOT, DIVE STRIP CLUB - DAY**

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

prison

ink. This is VAUGHN.

**46.**

Juicy throws her arms around him.

**JUICY**

I missed you so much, baby.

**VAUGHN**

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

**JUICY**

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

**VAUGHN**

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

**JUICY**

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

Vaughn stares at her.

**VAUGHN**

This is my impatient face.

**JUICY**

Well, I think I can keep you entertained.

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

**INT. WALMART - DAY**

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

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

Handguns.

**WILL**

That's such a Murtaugh choice.

**CUT TO:**

**47.**

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

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

**REGISTER WOMAN**

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

**WILL**

Uh, no. Why?

**REGISTER WOMAN**

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

**WILL**

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

**REGISTER WOMAN**

Is that cash or credit for your rape  
kit?

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

**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**

You really fucked up this mix tape.

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

**DWAYNE**

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

**JAY**

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

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

**DWAYNE**

I wish he would hurry his shit up.  
48.

**JAY**

You worried about that other guy  
he's with?

**DWAYNE**

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

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

**JAY**

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

**DWAYNE**

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

**(BEAT)**

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

Jay checks it out, nods.

**JAY**

Oh, you're totally right.

**DWAYNE**

I've been thinking about it, and I  
want you to start off working the  
counter. Sounds like a demotion, I  
know, but it's an important position.  
Because we're gonna be using code  
words and shit. For example, if a  
customer walks in and says he wants a  
tan, that just means he wants a tan.

But if he says he wants a "deluxe tan," that means a blow job and you gotta get one of the girls in there to suck him off. You with me?

**JAY**

So far. But what if he wants a fuck?

**DWAYNE**

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

**(MORE)**

**49.**

**DWAYNE (CONT'D)**

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

**JAY**

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

Dwayne spots the Mustang pulling away.

**DWAYNE**

Fuck.

He throws the van into gear.

**INT. MUSTANG - DAY - MOVING**

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

**WILL**

Be careful, you're getting paint everywhere.

**CHET**

Are you really worried about your upholstery right now?

**WILL**

Yes, because if I survive this shit I'm quitting my job. That means I'll probably have to give up my place and I'll be sleeping in the

back of my car, which you're covering  
in toxic paint.

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

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

It says it's fast drying.

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

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

50.

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

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

Chet drops the spray paint, whirls on Will.

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

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

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

**WILL**

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

51.

**CHET**

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

(shakes his head)

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

**WILL**

Okay.

Chet looks at Will, expectantly.

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

Thanks. Now I feel even worse.

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

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

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

An awkward moment passes.

**CHET**

We should probably get going.

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

-  
**52.**

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

**CHET**

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

As Chet continues to freak -

SUPER COUNTDOWN: 5 hours, 15 minutes...

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. THE FISHERS' GARAGE - DAY**

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

**INT. THE FISHERS' GARAGE - DAY**

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

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

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

Yeah. When we were teenagers. This is fucked.

**WILL**

Let's just find them.

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

**CHET**

Sorry.

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

**CHET**

You hear that?

**WILL**

What?

Chet peeks through the glass pane in the door.

**53.**

**CHET**

Mr. Fisher is coming!

As he looks for an escape -

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

No!

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

**CHET**

What are you doing?

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

**WILL**

I'm doing what I have to.

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

Will levels the pistol -

**MR. FISHER**

Oh, Jesus!

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

**WILL**

Where are the car keys?

**MR. FISHER**

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

**WILL**

Quiet down and do it already.

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

**WILL**

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

**54.**

**MR. FISHER**

Sure. Anything you say.

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

**WILL**

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

**MR. FISHER**

**(STUNNED)**

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

**WILL**

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

**(BEAT)**

Now open the garage door.

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

**WILL**

The car's insured, right?

Mr. Fisher nods.

**WILL**

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

**MR. FISHER**

Please, just go.

Will slides into the car and starts it up.

**EXT. THE FISHERS' GARAGE - DAY**

The car peels away.

**INT. DATSUN - DAY - MOVING**

The guys yank off their ski masks.

55.

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

My hand was forced!

Chet tries to get comfortable in the seat.

**CHET**

Awesome. I'm stuck inside an even

smaller car with you and a bomb.

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

**WILL**

This thing's got some pickup.

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

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

trying  
Will nervously drums his fingers on the steering wheel,  
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?  
**56.**

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

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

**EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY**

The Datsun pulls around and parks in back.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL the minivan parking across the street.

**INT. MINIVAN - DAY**

Dwayne and Jay watch Will hurry out of the Datsun.

**DWAYNE**

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

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

**DWAYNE**

Maybe I should give that bomb a call.

**JAY**

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

Dwayne smirks.

**DWAYNE**

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

**JAY**

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

**DWAYNE**

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

As Jay reaches for the door handle -

**DWAYNE**

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

**JAY**

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

**DWAYNE**

Yeah, nice fucking uniform.

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

**DWAYNE**

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

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

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

**DWAYNE**

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

**INT. STAIRWELL, OFFICE BUILDING - DAY**

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

**WILL**

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

**KATE (O.S.)**

**(OVER PHONE)**

Why are you acting so strange?

**WILL**

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

**KATE (O.S.)**

**WILL -**

**WILL**

Please. Just do it.

58.

**EXT. ROOF, OFFICE BUILDING - DAY**

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

**KATE**  
**(CALLING OUT)**

Will?

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

**WILL**

Stop!

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

**KATE**

What are you doing?

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

**WILL**

Just don't come any closer.

**KATE**

Why not? What's going on?

**WILL**

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

**(BEAT)**

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

**KATE**

Will, I swear, if this is -

**WILL**

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

Kate's voice falters -

**KATE**

Oh my god, Will...we'll get help.  
I'll get you help.  
59.

**WILL**

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

**KATE**

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

**WILL**

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

**(STRUGGLING)**

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

**KATE**

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

**WILL**

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

**(BEAT)**

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

Kate is barely holding it together.

**KATE**

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

fuck is going on?

**WILL**

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

**(MORE)**

60.

**WILL (CONT'D)**

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

**KATE**

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

**WILL**

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

Kate manages a small, stifled laugh.

**KATE**

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

**WILL**

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

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

**KATE**

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

Will smiles, yells back -

**WILL**

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

**KATE**

Try not to. Please.

Kate turns and continues to the access door.

**61.**

**INT. STAIRWELL, OFFICE BUILDING - DAY**

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

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

**JAY**

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

**KATE**

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

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

**INT. MINIVAN - DAY**

Jay jumps in the van, huffing and puffing.

**DWAYNE**

So?

**JAY**

It was just his girlfriend or something.

**DWAYNE**

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

**INT. DATSUN - DAY**

Will, galvanized by the exchange, hops inside.

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

Shut up. She was freaked out.

**WILL**

Yes. By the bomb.

**CHET**

By you.  
**62.**

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

Well, now it's up to her.

**CHET**

Not if I set that bomb off myself.

**WILL**

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

Will throws the car into gear and pulls away.

SUPER COUNTDOWN: 4 hours, 10 minutes...

**CUT TO:**

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

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

the car providing cover. They each have a spray painted air pistol tucked into their pants.

**WILL**

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

Chet clasps his hands around his stomach.

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

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

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

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

**63.**

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

Call me Tivon. You'll be Darius.

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

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

**INT. DONNER-WELLS NATIONAL BANK - DAY**

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

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

**WILL**

Everybody put your hands in the air!

**CHET**

No, get on the ground!

**WILL**

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

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

**WILL**

Shut up! Please!

Will frantically scans the panicked crowd for -

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

**WILL**

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

**SECURITY GUARD**

Just take it easy, man!  
**64.**

**WILL**

Don't be a hero, cowboy!

**SECURITY GUARD**

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

As people drop to the ground, whispering nervously to one

**ANOTHER -**

Chet rushes the TELLERS standing behind the bulletproof  
glass  
partition.

**CHET**

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

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

Will looks to the Guard.

**WILL**

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

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

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

**MOM**

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

**WILL**

**(TO GUARD)**

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

**SECURITY GUARD**

It was an accident!

**CHET**

Are you guys working together?

**MOM**

No! Please take this gun away!

**WILL**

Just toss it, lady!

**65.**

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

**BLAM!**

**MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)**

Ah!

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

**FAT MAN**

I think she got the femoral artery!

**MOM**

I'm sorry! It was an accident!

**FAT MAN**

Fuck you! Who slides a gun like that!?

**DAUGHTER**

Mommy, what's happening!?

**MOM**

Christi, be quiet. These men are dangerous.

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

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

Just calm down.

**FAT MAN**

Why is no one getting me help!?

**WILL**

Is anyone here a doctor?

Nothing. Just the heavy breathing of many frightened people.

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

**WILL**

Sir, let me see where you're hit.

**FAT MAN**

Just call me an ambulance!

**WILL**

Calm down, sir.

**66.**

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

**WILL**

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

**FAT MAN**

But it hurts so bad.

**WILL**

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

**FAT MAN**

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

**WILL**

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

Chet snaps back to attention -

**CHET**

Oh, shit. Sorry, Cruz.

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

**CHET**

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

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

**FAT MAN**

My leg really hurts!

**WILL**

Can you please hurry up, Sandra!?

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

**67.**

**WILL**

I'm really sorry, everyone. I know we probably fucked up your day.  
(looks to Fat Man)  
I'm thinking of you in particular, sir. Actually, you know what...

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

**WILL**

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

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

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

**CHET**

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

**SANDRA**

I'm sorry! They make us do it!

**WILL**

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

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

**CHET**

Okay. That should be enough.

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

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

**WILL**

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

**SANDRA**

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

Another teller, MARK, looks up from the floor.

**68.**

**MARK**

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

**SANDRA**

Fuck you, Mark! You're the manager!

Will loses his shit -

**WILL**

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

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

Chet grabs Will and pulls him toward the door.

**CHET**

Let's just get the fuck out of here.

The guys slam through the doors, out into

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

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

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

**OFFICER ZURMAN**

Drop your weapons!

**CHET**

Don't shoot us!

**OFFICER ZURMAN**

Drop the guns or I'll have to!

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

**WILL**

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

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

As the guys make for the Datsun -

**CHET**

That was awesome.

**WILL**

He was tempting a desperate  
motherfucker.

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

**INT. MINIVAN - DAY**

Dwayne watches as the cars speed off into the distance.

**DWAYNE**

Holy shit! Our boy is causing some  
serious mayhem!

**JAY**

He's gonna get caught or killed.  
Dwayne whirls on Jay, punches him hard in the shoulder.

**DWAYNE**

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

**JAY**

Oh, yeah, who's gonna build it?

**DWAYNE**

You are!

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

Whiplash blur as the three cars race by, one after the  
other.

Airborne leaves flutter in their wake.

**INT./EXT. DATSUN - DAY - MOVING**

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

**CHET**

Shit! This is not cool!

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

70.

**CHET**

Maybe we should pull over and  
surrender.

**WILL**

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

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

**CHET**

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

The cruisers are gaining ground, throttles wide open.

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

**EXT. TOWN CENTER - DAY**

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

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

**INT./EXT. DATSUN - DAY - MOVING**

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

**WILL**

Holy fuck!

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

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

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

**CHET**

Go! Go! Go!

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

**CHET**

Stop! Stop! Stop!

71.

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

**INT./EXT. DATSUN - DAY - MOVING**

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

**WILL**

That guy got fucked up.

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

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

**EXT. TOWN CENTER - DAY**

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

**INT./EXT. DATSUN - DAY - MOVING**

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

**BLACK**

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

A battered and bruised Chet, head drooping straight back.

**WILL**

Chet? Are you okay? Chet!?

**CHET**

**(ROUSING)**

Oh my god...

**WILL**

Talk to me.

**CHET**

I thought you were gonna blow up.

Will's hands go to the bomb...still intact.  
72.

**WILL**

No. Luckily your side took most of  
the impact.

**CHET**

Awesome.

**WILL**

We gotta keep moving.

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

**EXT. TOWN CENTER - DAY**

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

**WILL**

Oh, fuck, man. Come on.

Will pulls Chet to his feet and they take off, rounding a  
**CORNER INTO**

**EXT. ALLEY - DAY**

As Will huffs and puffs -

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

What!?

**WILL**

In your back.

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

**CHET**

Ah! Get it out!

**WILL**

I will.

**CHET**

Do it now!

**73.**

**WILL**

All right.

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

**CHET**

Is it rusty? Am I gonna get tetanus?

Behind them, two Officers turn into the alley in full sprint.

They are way faster than the guys and soon gain on them. Will can barely keep up with Chet.

**CHET**

Why are you moving so slowly?

**WILL**

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

They burst out of the alley, onto

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

The guys frantically search for an escape, spot -

A bus pulling up to a stop down the street.

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

**WILL**

Hey! Over here!

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

**INT. BUS - DAY - MOVING**

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

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

**EXT. TOWN CENTER - DAY**

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

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

**DWAYNE**

You hear what happened to the guys they were after?

74.

**RANDOM LOCAL**

Sounds like they got away.

Dwayne and Jay beam.

**EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY**

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

**WILL**

I never thought I'd see you again.

**CHEAT**

I thought you hated this car.

**WILL**

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

**INT. MUSTANG - DAY**

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

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

I threatened to blow up a cop.

**(BEAT)**

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

**CHET**

I know. But shit did get pretty crazy.

**WILL**

Yeah, it did.

Will starts to get a little emotional.

**75.**

**WILL**

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

Chet smiles.

**CHET**

Me, neither.

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

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

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

**CHET**

Woah! You still got a bomb on you.

**WILL**

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

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

**WILL**

It's all gravy from here.

Will takes out his cell and dials the number.

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**EXT. TOWN CENTER - DAY**

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

**76.**

**DWAYNE**

This who I think it is?

**WILL (O.S.)**

Can't you hear the ticking in the background?

**DWAYNE**

You know, you're a pretty funny guy.

**WILL (O.S.)**

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

**DWAYNE**

Now wait a second, you're the murderer.

**WILL (O.S.)**

What's that supposed to mean?

**DWAYNE**

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

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

**WILL**

We killed a cop.

**CHET**

You were driving! I'm just an accomplice!

**WILL**

They're gonna hunt us down and kill

us. Cops don't take this shit lightly.

**CHET**

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

Dwayne is holding back laughter. Finally bursts out.

**WILL (O.S.)**

What's so fucking funny!?

**DWAYNE**

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

**WILL (O.S.)**

Jesus! Can we just get this over with? Where do you want the money?  
77.

**DWAYNE**

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

**WILL (O.S.)**

I'll be there in ten.

**DWAYNE**

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

Dwayne hangs up. He dials another number -

**DWAYNE**

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

**EXT. ROAD - DAY**

The Mustang shrieks past us.

SUPER COUNTDOWN: 2 hours, 58 minutes...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MCDONALD'S - DAY**

Dwayne and Jay sit at a table with a fast food feast spread

out. Dwayne eats a Big Mac, a look of utter satisfaction on his face, a man whom the gods have finally smiled down upon.

**DWAYNE**

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

78.

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

**DWAYNE**

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

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

**JAY**

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

**DWAYNE**

No. I don't. My whole point I was trying to make before you interrupted me was that that shit is all in the

past. 'Cause I did it. I finally pulled it off.

**JAY**

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

**DWAYNE**

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

**JAY**

Yeah, sure...

**(NERVOUS)**

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

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

**DWAYNE**

Would you push the button?

**JAY**

Why would you want me to do that?

**DWAYNE**

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

**(MORE)**

79.

**DWAYNE (CONT'D)**

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

**JAY**

Watermelons aren't alive.

**DWAYNE**

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

Dwayne stares hard at Jay. A tense beat.

**JAY**

No one gets hurt...right, Dwayne?

**DWAYNE**

Oh, yeah. I forgot about that part.

Dwayne cracks a smile.

**DWAYNE**

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

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

**EXT. BOARDED UP GAS STATION - DAY**

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

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

**WILL**

Where are the other guys?

**VAUGHN**

I'm the only guy.

**(BEAT)**

You got it?

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

**VAUGHN**

What the fuck did you do...rob a bank?  
**80.**

**WILL**

**(INCRECULOUS)**

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.

**81.**

**VAUGHN**

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

**WILL**

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

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

**VAUGHN**

Do I look sympathetic? Now step the fuck aside.

**INT. SENTRA - DAY**

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

Then she spots

**EXT. BOARDED UP GAS STATION - DAY**

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

Juicy jumps out of the Sentra.

**JUICY**

Vaughn, look out!

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

Juicy jumps on him, wildly biting and clawing.

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

**WILL**

Let's go!

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

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

**INT. MUSTANG - DAY - MOVING**

Will's mind is racing.

**82.**

**WILL**

What the fuck was that?

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

Not with the money they won't.

**INT. JAY'S GARAGE WORKSHOP - DAY**

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

Dwayne sits on a stool in the center of the garage, while Jay carefully trims his hair with an electric clipper.

Dwayne

holds up a mirror to check out his work.

**DWAYNE**

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

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

-

**DWAYNE**

You drop the money yet?

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**INT. MUSTANG - DAY - MOVING**

Will yells into the phone -

**WILL**

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

**DWAYNE (O.S.)**

Why the fuck would you do that!?

**WILL**

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

Dwayne is panicked, covers badly -

**DWAYNE**

I gave him the code. He told me he committed it to memory.

**(MORE)**

83.

**DWAYNE (CONT'D)**

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

**WILL (O.S.)**

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

**DWAYNE**

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

**WILL (O.S.)**

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

Chet freaks out -

**CHET**

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

Dwayne is getting pissed off.

**DWAYNE**

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

**WILL (O.S.)**

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

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

**DWAYNE**

That piece of shit hung up on me!

**INT. MUSTANG - DAY - MOVING**

Chet grabs the wheel and forces Will to pull over.

**CHET**

Get me out of this car!

84.

**EXT. ROAD - DAY**

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

**CHET**

That was colossally stupid!

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

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

**INT. JAY'S GARAGE WORKSHOP - DAY**

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

**DWAYNE**

Does this guy know who the fuck I am!?

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

**JAY**

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

**DWAYNE**

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

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

**DWAYNE**

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

Dwayne keys in the speed dial code.  
**85.**

**JAY**

Don't do it.

Dwayne looks down at the send button.

**DWAYNE**

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

Dwayne hits send.

**DWAYNE**

Boom.

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

**FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)**

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

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

**DWAYNE**

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

**JAY**

**(SWALLOWS HARD)**

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

**DWAYNE**

Where's the number for the bomb?

**JAY**

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

**DWAYNE**

I'm in perfect control!

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

**JAY**

Stop it!  
86.

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

**DWAYNE**

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

**JAY**

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

**DWAYNE**

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

**JAY**

That's what it said on the internet. Dwayne's phone rings in his pocket.

**DWAYNE**

Go on. Get it out for me. I can barely move. Jay pulls the cell from Dwayne's pocket...opens it and puts it to his ear so he can answer -

**DWAYNE**

Glad you came to your senses.

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**EXT. BOARDED UP GAS STATION - DAY**

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

**VAUGHN**

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

**DWAYNE (O.S.)**

I honestly don't know.

**VAUGHN**

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

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

**DWAYNE**

That guy's not my boy. He's a dick.  
I'm sorry for all the, uh, confusion.  
87.

**VAUGHN (O.S.)**

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

**DWAYNE**

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

**VAUGHN (O.S.)**

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

**DWAYNE**

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

**VAUGHN (O.S.)**

I want my money. Right now.

**DWAYNE**

That may not be possible.

**(DELICATELY)**

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

Vaughn paces, furious.

**VAUGHN**

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

**DWAYNE (O.S.)**

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

**VAUGHN**

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

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

**JUICY**

He lives with his daddy. You already got the address.  
**88.**

**INT. JAY'S GARAGE WORKSHOP - DAY**

Dwayne looks down at his phone.

**DWAYNE**

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

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

**JAY**

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

**DWAYNE**

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

**JAY**

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

**DWAYNE**

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

Jay gathers his resolve.

**JAY**

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

Dwayne looks up at Jay with something not unlike awe.

**DWAYNE**

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

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

**JAY**

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

Dwayne takes the gun. Struggles to stand. Jay helps him.  
**89.**

**DWAYNE**

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

**JAY**

Ok, Dwayne.

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

**DWAYNE**

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

**EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAY**

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

**CHET**

It's been half an hour.

**WILL**

He'll call.

**CHET**

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

Chet gestures to the vast emptiness all around them.

**CHET**

These guys obviously aren't watching you anymore.

**WILL**

You know, even if they get the bomb

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

**CHET**

I'll take the heat with you, Will.

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

Thanks, man.

**90.**

Will looks at Chet for a beat.

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

You offered.

**WILL**

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

**CHET**

To fuck myself?

**WILL**

You passed that test. Failed the important one.

As the guys continue to argue -  
SUPER COUNTDOWN: 1 hour, 28 minutes...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. LAW FIRM, OFFICE BUILDING - DAY**

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

Kate emerges from the office and continues into

**INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM, OFFICE BUILDING - DAY**

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

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

Inside the stall, Kate reaches for some toilet paper...from

underneath the barrier, she notices two pairs of dirty, masculine sneakers. Her breath goes shallow. She takes out her cell, quietly opens it. She presses the first 9 in "911,"

but her keypad volume is on and the phone makes a dull, electronic beep that echoes in the quiet bathroom.

**DWAYNE (O.S.)**

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

**91.**

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

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

**DWAYNE**

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

**EXT. LIVING ROOM, NICE HOUSE - DAY**

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

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

**MAJOR**

Dwayne?

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

**INT. HALLWAY, NICE HOUSE - DAY**

The Major creeps along.

**VAUGHN (O.S.)**

Just stay where you are, old man.

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

**VAUGHN**

I'm looking for your son.

**MAJOR**

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

**VAUGHN**

Don't be stupid.

**MAJOR**

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

**VAUGHN**

I see where your son gets his common sense.

**(MORE)**

**92.**

**VAUGHN (CONT'D)**

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

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

**VAUGHN**

Just tell me where he is!

Vaughn pulls back the hammer of his gun.

**MAJOR**

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

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

But The Major beats him to it, clicking the pen, which is actually a pen gun. It fires a .22 caliber round into

Vaughn's

neck. He drops the gun and clutches the geyser of blood.

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

**MAJOR**

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

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

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

**VAUGHN**

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

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

**MAJOR**

Go on and -

**BANG!**

The Major goes limp, one searing hole in his chest.  
**93.**

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

**INT. BATHROOM, NICE HOUSE - DAY**

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

**INT. DWAYNE'S ROOM, NICE HOUSE - DAY**

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

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

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

**VAUGHN**

Motherfucker has lost his mind...

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

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

**EXT. ROAD - DAY**

Will and Chet are still arguing -

**CHET**

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

**WILL**

Great idea, Chet. Thanks a lot. I'll just sit here and figure out a fucking major.

Will stews. After a beat, his hand goes to his pocket. It's vibrating. He pulls out his cell.

**WILL**

Hey, it's them.  
94.

Will answers -

**WILL**

You ready to talk now?

**INTERCUT WITH:**

**INT. MINIVAN - DAY - MOVING**

behind  
Dwayne drives with his cell pressed to his ear. Jay keeps watch on Kate in back. She is blindfolded, hands bound her back with duct tape.

**DWAYNE**

**(INTO PHONE)**

Yeah, I'm ready to talk. I want my

money. Meet me back at the radio tower in 50 minutes.

**WILL (O.S.)**

I've barely got an hour left!

**DWAYNE**

That's the point. I want you on a short leash.

**WILL (O.S.)**

Fuck that. Give me the code first. Then you can have your money. You'll just have to trust me when I say that I don't want it.

**DWAYNE**

Yeah, I'm sure. You just wanna go back to your fantastic life. Your great job. And that blonde bitch with the sexy voice.

Will's mind jumps to the only logical conclusion. Roller coaster stomach drop. His voice cracks as he asks a useless

**QUESTION -**

**WILL**

What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

**DWAYNE (O.S.)**

It means that girl you paid a visit to today is sitting in the back of my van right now. And it ain't exactly consensual.

**WILL**

Fuck you! You crossed a line!

**95.**

Dwayne just laughs, maniacally.

**DWAYNE**

There are no lines! There's just me and you and 100 thousand dollars. Once we get that shit in order, you can have her back, and your life, too. So you're gonna show up where I say, when I say. Alone. And if you try anything stupid, the two of you will be delivering pizzas to Saint Peter.

**WILL**

Let me talk to her.

**DWAYNE**

You got ten seconds.

Dwayne hands the phone back to Jay, who puts it to Kate's ear. She is trembling.

**KATE**

Will...?

**WILL (O.S.)**

Kate, I'm so sorry.

**KATE**

It's okay...I'm fine...I'm just really -

Dwayne snatches the phone.

**DWAYNE**

She's just really gonna die if you fuck this up.

Will absorbs this like a blow to the chest. The line disconnects.

**WILL**

Fuck!

**CHET**

What happened?

**WILL**

They have Kate.

**CHET**

What the fuck does that mean!?

**WILL**

They took her, man. They must have followed us to her office.

**96.**

**CHET**

Damn it! You had to go see her!

**WILL**

I'm sorry. I messed up...I finally messed up worse than I could have possibly imagined.

**CHET**

We gotta get her back, Will. These guys are crazy.

**WILL**

We still got the money. As long as we have that, she's alive. Come on.

Chet grabs the bag of cash. They hustle into the car and it peels out, leaving behind a swirling cloud of dust. As the sun begins to set -

SUPER COUNTDOWN: 58 minutes...

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

Two menacing headlights come at us on the empty road. They  
**BELONG TO**

**INT. SENTRA - NIGHT - MOVING**

Vaughn holds up Dwayne's map as he drives. He seems to be on the right road, headed for the radio tower. He crumples the map and throws it in back.

**EXT. SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

The Mustang stops by the gate to the radio tower. Chet jumps out and disappears into the bushes.

**EXT. RADIO TOWER - NIGHT**

The Mustang pulls up. Will gets out and looks around the deserted place. He holds up the money bag.

**WILL**

I'm here!

In the shadow of the nearby shed, the minivan is revealed as its interior lights come on. The door opens and Dwayne emerges, in his mask.

**DWAYNE**

How much time you got left?  
**97.**

Will takes off the jacket and tosses it to the ground. He looks at the timer.

**WILL**

Ten minutes.

**DWAYNE**

Damn. Maybe we should just wait around for the money shot.

The guys meet in a clearing. Dwayne nods at the bag.

**DWAYNE**

That the money?

**WILL**

Maybe. Where's the girl?

Dwayne grins.

**DWAYNE**

In the van. Maybe.

**WILL**

Get her out here. You're wasting time.

Will grips the bag close to him.

Dwayne whistles. The minivan door opens and Jay steps out. Strapped to his back is the frame pack we saw at his

workshop.

A long tube connects the pack to the handle of a metal pipe-like device in his hand.

Jay helps Kate, still bound and blindfolded, out of the van. They approach Dwayne and take up position behind him.

**KATE**

Will, are you there?

**WILL**

I'm here. It's gonna be okay.

**DWAYNE**

This is a fucking tearjerker.

**WILL**

Just let her come over here.

**DWAYNE**

I will. But you should know, my associate over there is packing a flamethrower.

Jay aims the metal device he has been holding. He hits a

button and a pilot light comes on.  
98.

**JAY**  
**(FLAT)**

Just do what we say. Don't mess  
around or anything.

**DWAYNE**  
Unless either of you can outrun a 25-  
foot flame.  
(gestures to gun in his belt)  
Or a bullet.

Dwayne roughly pulls Kate away from Jay and shoves her  
forward. Will grabs her, pulls her blindfold off and pushes  
her behind him.

**WILL**  
Get back.

**DWAYNE**  
I gave you the girl. Now give me  
the money.

**WILL**  
How about we get the code out of the  
way first, since this bomb happens  
to be ticking so close to all of us.

**DWAYNE**  
Fair enough.

Dwayne pulls a slip of paper from his pocket.

**DWAYNE**  
**(TAUNTING)**  
You ready to be a free man?

**WILL**  
Just give it to me!

**DWAYNE**  
**448921.**

Will keys in the numbers. The timer freezes and the lock at  
the hinge opens. Will carefully extricates himself from the  
vest. He lays it down on the ground and steps away from it.  
His shirt is drenched in sweat from where the bomb sat.

Will takes a final look at the money bag, then throws it to  
Dwayne. He looks inside, smiles. Jay takes a peak.

**DWAYNE**

It's so fucking pretty, ain't it?

**JAY**

Yeah. It's awesome.

**99.**

Dwayne looks up at Will.

**DWAYNE**

Okay, you can get out of here now.

**WILL**

I actually have this sneaking suspicion that once we turn around, you're gonna put a bullet in both of our backs - and this is just a guess - burn our bodies.

**DWAYNE**

They say great minds think alike. And in this case, so do we.

**WILL**

I figured as much. That's why I got a gun pointed at you, too.

**(LOUDLY)**

I got a sniper in the bushes locked on you right now.

**DWAYNE**

Do I look that dumb?

**WILL**

I can't tell, you're wearing a mask.

Before Dwayne can react, he stops and blinks, something shining in his eyes.

**JAY**

Hey...on your forehead.

Dwayne's eyes turn upward, just barely making out the red dot that dances on his forehead.

**DWAYNE**

Son of a bitch. Well played.

In the bushes, hidden from sight, Chet carefully aims his laser pointer at Dwayne's forehead.

Will grins at Dwayne.

**WILL**

We're gonna walk out of here now.  
If you shoot, my sniper shoots. I  
can't guarantee he'll get both of  
you. But he'll definitely get you.

As Will turns away -  
**100.**

**VAUGHN (O.S.)**

Hold the fuck up.

Vaughn emerges from the darkness. He looks at Will.

**VAUGHN**

Wasn't expecting to see you here.

Without warning, Vaughn cracks Will over the head with the  
butt of his gun. He goes down hard. Kate screams. Vaughn  
points the gun at her and she shuts up.

Dwayne steps forward with the bag.

**DWAYNE**

It's all good. We got your money.

**VAUGHN**

Nice mask, Dwayne. Now throw the  
money over here.

Dwayne complies. As soon as the bag lands, Vaughn aims the  
gun at him.

**DWAYNE**

Hold up. You don't have to do this.  
I just paid you.

Kate looks on, terrified, an unconscious Will at her side.

Vaughn's eyes burn a hole through Dwayne.

**VAUGHN**

I've been hit with a pipe, shot with a  
pen, and wasted my whole motherfucking  
day...all because of you and this job.

**DWAYNE**

I don't know what you're talking about.  
Just take the money.

**VAUGHN**

I will. And then I'm gonna tie up the two loose ends in the gorilla masks.

**DWAYNE**

I'm not a loose end!

**VAUGHN**

You're a fucking idiot. You are as loose as ends get.

Panicked, Dwayne's eyes flash over to Jay, who tightens his grip on the flamethrower handle. Jay catches Dwayne's eye. Dwayne nods. Vaughn sees this.

**101.**

**VAUGHN**

What the -

Jay rears up with the flamethrower. Vaughn couldn't be more surprised to see the device Jay is holding spit a massive ball of fire at him.

Vaughn dives to the ground, fires off two wild shots, one of

**WHICH -**

Nails Dwayne in the shoulder, spinning him backward and knocking him off his feet.

Kate recoils in horror as: Vaughn scurries madly on the ground, intermittently firing, while Jay screams and tries to torch him with the 25-foot flame. A hand touches Kate's shoulder and she whirls around to find -

**KATE**

Chet!? What are you doing here!?

**CHET**

Not now. We gotta take off.

**(LOOKS AROUND)**

Where's Will?

Kate looks to the empty spot beside her where Will just was.

Flames inches from him, Vaughn lines up a desperate shot -

Good news: the bullet only grazes Jay's side. Bad news: it keeps going and punches through the flamethrower backpack, which happens to be filled with gasoline, which happens to have an incredibly low flash point. So the spark from, say, a bullet, would cause

## **AN ERUPTION OF FLAMES**

Meanwhile, Will pops up behind Chet and Kate, clutching the garbage bag.

### **WILL**

I got the money. Let's get the fuck out of here.

They take off toward Will's car.

Dwayne groggily comes to...no SOUND, just a ringing. The first thing he sees: Vaughn storming toward him, god-knows-what spewing from his mouth. Vaughn levels his gun -

It doesn't make a sound for two reasons. The second being that it's out of bullets.

Dwayne fumbles for his own hardware. Muzzle flash.

**102.**

Vaughn drops to his knees. Pulse snatched from him.

SOUND SLAMS BACK to the tune of Jay's screams. Dwayne looks over to see his friend in flames, flailing his arms and shrieking. Dwayne's head snaps to the other side, where he sees the Mustang's tires peel. He tears off his mask, frantically looks around. The money is gone.

### **DWAYNE**

No!!

Jay disentangles himself from the backpack, the source of the flames, but his clothes are now ablaze. In his frenzy, he somehow manages to string together two coherent words -

### **JAY**

Dwayne! Help!

Dwayne gets to his feet as the Mustang roars down the driveway. He looks to Jay, then to his minivan. Dwayne's face: Two roads diverge in a wood. Which to take?

### **DWAYNE**

Goddamn it, Jay!

Dwayne sprints over to Jay, rips off his jacket and uses it to beat the flames down.

### **DWAYNE**

Stop, drop and roll!

Jay hits the deck. Dwayne continues fighting the flames, finally falls on top of Jay with the jacket spread and smothers the last of them out.

Jay looks up at Dwayne with puppy dog eyes.

**JAY**

You came back for me...you said you never would.

**DWAYNE**

You didn't hesitate back there, Jay. You did good.

Jay smiles. Flames overtake the field all around them.

**DWAYNE**

I'm gonna go put a bullet in that motherfucker and get our money. Think you can get outta here?

**JAY**

Yeah. Go get him.

**103.**

Dwayne hurries toward the minivan. Jay stumbles up to his feet and limps off toward the woods.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

The Mustang travels away from the rising flames.

**INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT - MOVING**

Will's face is a mess of dirt, sweat and dried blood. He and Chet stare ahead, completely shell-shocked.

Kate looks from one of them to the other.

**KATE**

Uh...I just got kidnapped.

**CHET**

Yeah, that was totally Will's fault. In case you want to factor that in while you're mulling over the whole relationship thing.

**WILL**

I'm very sorry about the kidnapping. This is me, taking responsibility for it. Growing up. Like a viable

life partner.

**CHET**

This man has spied on you in the nude before!

**WILL**

What? No, I didn't.

**CHET**

He's lying. He's trying to build a relationship on a foundation of lies. And it won't stand.

**KATE**

I just got kidnapped! Can we talk about that!?

Something catches Will's attention: a set of headlights rapidly growing larger in the rear-view mirror.

**INT. MINIVAN - NIGHT - MOVING**

Dwayne's speedometer is buried past 100 mph. His eyes burn with intensity.

**104.**

**INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT - MOVING**

Will hits the gas.

**WILL**

Oh, shit. One of those dudes is definitely not dead!

Chet and Kate look out the back window. Chet screams -

**CHET**

Hurry up! He's already on us!

**EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

Dwayne's car pulls even with the Mustang.

**INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT - MOVING**

Will looks over at Dwayne, who pulls out his gun and takes aim. He flashes a sick grin -

**DWAYNE**

I own this town.

Before Dwayne can get a shot off -

**EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

An explosion rocks the minivan from inside. The back end is lifted off the ground and the car tumbles over itself. It lands on its roof and skids into a ditch.

**INT. MUSTANG - NIGHT - MOVING**

Chet and Kate watch the burning wreck disappear out the back window. They are equal parts confused and happy to be alive.

**KATE**

What the hell was that?

**WILL**

That was the bomb I carried around all day. I reactivated it and put it in the back of his van. I guess his time was up.

**CHET**

"His time was up?" Were you thinking that up the whole day?

**WILL**

I was prepared, yes. I can't help it if I'm the kind of guy who thinks about the future.

105.

**CHET**

**(TO KATE)**

He's not that kind of guy. He doesn't think about the future. Ever.

**KATE**

What exactly happened since I saw you this afternoon?

**WILL**

Primarily, we robbed a bank.

**KATE**

What!? So you're, like, fugitives? What do we do now?

**CHET**

Yeah, Will. What does the future hold?

**WILL**

Nothing good if we stay in town and they pin this on us. Kate, I think you should put in for that vacation time. Right now. If anyone gives you a problem, tell them to fuck off. There's 100 grand in that trash bag by your feet. A third of it's yours.

Kate opens the bag...smiles through the dirt and grime.

**KATE**

Will, that's -

**CHET**

Fucked up. Why does she get a share?

**WILL**

Why do you get a share?

Chet stews. Will catches Kate's eyes in the rear-view.

**WILL**

Airport's 30 minutes away. Pick a destination. This time it's not a practice run.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY**

The car zooms off.

SUPER COUNTDOWN: 0 hours, 0 minutes...

**CUT TO:**

**106.**

**EXT. DITCH - NIGHT**

Wind fans the flames of the burning minivan. The shattered windshield sprouts another crack...then another, as -

Dwayne's foot kicks it out. He drags himself from the smoldering steel carcass. He is a charred, blood splattered mess, but he is alive.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

Dwayne is propped up against a sign, lingering on the edge of consciousness. The headlights of a lone pickup truck approach. Dwayne feebly waves the truck down for a ride.

**INT. NICE HOUSE - NIGHT**

The door opens and Dwayne stumbles through. He has made it home. He drops like a puppet whose strings have been cut.

From where his head has landed on the floor, Dwayne sees something odd...long red streaks. He crawls forward on all fours to investigate...

It is a trail of sticky red blood. Dwayne follows it until he comes upon its source...the crumpled body of his father, lying face down. Dwayne's face: shock and confusion and joy.

**DWAYNE**

Dad?

Dwayne inches closer, pokes the body. Nothing.

**DWAYNE**

Dad, are you -

The body emits a low groan. Dwayne rolls it over. His father's face is white, he's lost a lot of blood, but he isn't totally spent yet. He struggles to speak -

**MAJOR**

Dwayne...

**DWAYNE**

What happened to you?

**MAJOR**

Some guy...said you hired him to kill me.

**DWAYNE**

Dad, I...I'd never...  
**107.**

**MAJOR**

Look at you...lip quivering like you're getting fucked...be a man.

**DWAYNE**

I am a man! I killed you, didn't I? Now I'm gonna use your money to open a tanning salon where they let you fuck the chicks.

This stirs something in The Major.

**MAJOR**

You mean...like those warehouses...in  
'Nam...I used to tell you about?

Dwayne softens at the recollection.

**DWAYNE**

Those were great bedtime stories.

The Major nods. Opens his hand. Reveals a cordless phone. Dwayne looks to the bloody streaks down the hall, leading to the phone table. The Major dragged himself the whole way.

**MAJOR**

Medics are late...probably a couple  
lazy spicks...you tell 'em I said  
so...all right, son?

**DWAYNE**

Sure thing, pop.

The Major looks up at Dwayne's bruised face, as if for the first time.

**MAJOR**

Hell of thing...I think I  
may...actually respect you now.

Dwayne's eyes well up. He reaches out, cradles his father as he expires. It's like a very bloody, white trash version of the Pietà. Dwayne sobs uncontrollably, until -

He drops his father and pound-pound-pounds his chest in some approximation of a life saving resuscitation.

**DWAYNE**

Get up, you pussy! Come on, soldier!

PULL AWAY as Dwayne pounds the body and distant sirens grow nearer.

**FADE OUT:**

108.

**BLACK. THE DARKNESS RIPPLES...**

Into waves. It's the ocean, long past sunset. PULL BACK to find a lone figure staring out at it, sitting on

**EXT. BEACH - NIGHT**

Will. Shirtless. Could be anywhere.

Chet approaches and sits beside him.

**CHET**

Fucking nine dollars to use the internet.

**WILL**

And?

**CHET**

Police think it was that black guy. They found some kind of map in his car. And I'm sure racial profiling played a part.

**WILL**

But nothing about us?

**CHET**

Nope. Guess it's time to head back.

**WILL**

I was thinking we'd stick around a little a longer.

**CHET**

Why? So you have more time to delude my sister?

**WILL**

Yes. And it'd be easier if you gave us five fucking minutes alone.

Chet stares out at the ocean for a beat.

**CHET**

You really think she's into you?

**WILL**

**(SWALLOWS HARD)**

I kissed her last night. No tongue. Then you walked in.

Chet just nods. Will gets up.

**109.**

**CHET**

You're gonna go fuck my sister now, aren't you?

**WILL**

I'll be thinking of you the whole

time.

**CHET**

At the very least...be a considerate lover. Give pleasure, before taking pleasure.

**WILL**

I think I'm reading you. And I will try my best.

Will heads up a trail that leads to a hotel bungalow. Kate opens the door, steps out onto the porch.

Will stops, looks back at Chet. He whistles. Chet turns.

**WILL**

You're Riggs! You always have been!

Chet smiles, shakes his head as -

Will reaches the porch. He stands close to Kate. His nerves clock overtime.

**WILL**

I lied and told your brother I kissed you. I thought it would make this easier.

**KATE**

Here's an idea: pretend you have a bomb strapped to your chest. Tick,

**TICK -**

Will closes the gap and kisses her. After a beat -

**KATE**

Is Chet watching us?

**WILL**

Probably. We should go inside. I promised him I'd satisfy you.

Kate laughs, leads him inside and the door shuts to -

**BLACK**

110.

**CREDITS ROLL.**

But they are pushed to one side of the screen, as the other side is filled with -

A lo-fi, 2001-style light tunnel. It deposits us in the furthest reaches of the galaxy, where we find -

A tanning bed. Rotating in orbit. Dwayne's voice booms and **REVERBERATES -**

**DWAYNE**  
**GRAND OPENING SPECTACULARRRR!**

The tanning bed explodes, like a star gone supernova. From the light and fire and chaos...emerges a logo:

**MAJOR TAN**

A bad MATCH CUT takes us to the same logo. Camera ZOOMS OUT unsteadily to reveal it is a banner above a strip mall storefront. We are watching a local commercial with appropriately poor production value.

**INT. MAJOR TAN - DAY (LOCAL COMMERCIAL)**

Dwayne walks backward down a hallway while addressing camera and trying not to trip -

**DWAYNE**  
Here at Major Tan, our specially trained technicians are hard at work developing new technologies that harness the power of the sun, to ensure a cutting-edge tanning experience.

Dwayne enters a tanning room. A man in a lab coat stares down at a clipboard, on which a complicated scientific equation is written.

**DWAYNE**  
How's it looking?

The man turns: it's Jay. His smiling face is speckled with healing burn wounds.

**JAY**  
It's our most advanced tanning bed yet!

He gestures to a very ordinary looking tanning bed.  
**111.**

**DWAYNE**  
Hey, don't just take this scientist's

word for it. The proof...

Dwayne snaps his fingers. A BAD SPECIAL EFFECT makes him disappear, then reappear with a totally orange tan.

**DWAYNE**

...is in the tan.

We follow Dwayne back out into the hallway.

**DWAYNE**

But Major Tan isn't just about looking good. It's also about feeling good.

Dwayne gestures to another room. The door opens and Juicy saunters out in a bikini. A beat later, a RANDOM GUY exits.

**RANDOM GUY**

That "Deluxe Tan" was fantastic!

**EXT. MAJOR TAN - DAY (LOCAL COMMERCIAL)**

Dwayne stands outside the store.

**DWAYNE**

So come on down to Major Tan...where we're proud to be a family business.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL...The Major beside Dwayne. He's only about four feet tall now, on account of the wheelchair. But he's grinning like a jackal, in a POW-MIA cap.

A SUPERED LOGO appears: Military Discounts Available!

As father and son smile and wave at us -

**END COMMERCIAL.**