

AN AWKWARD CHAIN OF EVENTS

By

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INT. CAR - NIGHT

Two men are sitting in a car, speeding down the road.

TITLE CARD OVER BLACK

' THE GETAWAY '

FADE UP

INT. CAR - NIGHT

The car is moving slower now. The two men are called Martin and Adam. Adam is driving and smoking. Martin is staring out of the window.

ADAM:

Not far to the border. Should be there by tomorrow.

MARTIN:

Don't fucking jinx it, man, about a thousand fucking cops behind us.

ADAM:

I know, I know, but we're so fucking close.

MARTIN:

How much gas we got?

ADAM:

Just under half a tank.

MARTIN:

Probably have to stop in the morning, fill er' up.

ADAM:

Probably.

MARTIN:

Gives the cops a chance to catch us up.

ADAM:

Quit worrying. They're miles behind us. Honestly, miles.

MARTIN:

I know, I'm just saying, if we stop for too long, they will catch up.

ADAM:
All we gotta do is stop for
literally less than a minute, fill
up, grab some smokes, some beer and
then leave.

MARTIN:
Do you have any money?

ADAM:
No.

MARTIN:
Well, neither do I.

Adam takes his 45. Automatic out of his belt and waves it
around.

ADAM:
I've got this.

He puts it back in his belt.

MARTIN:
We're not killing anyone though.

ADAM:
We won't have too. Just threaten
him with it.

MARTIN:
What if hes armed? What if we don't
even find a gas station?

ADAM:
There was a sign back there.
Billy-Bob's Gas Station.

MARTIN:
Sounds like hes probably some
hillbilly. Hillbilly's have
shotguns.

ADAM:
What do you mean, Hillbilly's have
shotguns?

MARTIN:
They do!

ADAM:
Thats like saying that all fucking
black people are crooks. Or all

(MORE)

ADAM: (cont'd)
Japs are good at maths. Fucking racist.

MARTIN:
I'm just saying, practically every film I've seen, Hillbilly's have shotguns.

ADAM:
Thats why there called films, you fucking idiot. You ever seen a hillbilly in real life?

MARTIN:
Well, no, but I do know a lot about them.

ADAM:
What do you mean you know a lot about them? From films?

MARTIN:
Not just films. T.v as well.

CUT TO

CREDIT SEQUENCE TO COUNTRY/BLUES MUSIC

FADE UP

EXT. BILLY-BOB'S GAS STATION - MORNING

Adam's car pulls into the gas station.

CUT TO

INT. BILLY-BOB'S GAS STATION - MORNING

Billy-Bob is a hillbilly looking guy with dungarees. He is drinking from a carton of milk and reading a newspaper. He looks up as the bell for the door goes and Adam and Martin walk in.

ADAM:
Howdy.

Martin goes over to an aisle. Adam walks up to Billy-Bob.

ADAM:

Hi. How much for a full tank of gas?

BILLY-BOB:

A tankful will cost ya around 15 bucks.

Adam whistles.

ADAM:

Fucking hell, them's steep prices. Alright, how about passing us down some of that fine liquor you got back there?

Billy-Bob turns around and takes down a bottle of liquor. He places it on the counter.

ADAM:

Two bottles, if you please.

Martin walks over and dumps a large packet of cigarettes on the counter. Billy-Bob places the second bottle of liquor on the counter.

BILLY-BOB:

That comes to 29 dollars 95, including the gas.

Adam takes his 45. Automatic out of his pocket. He grins and picks up the liquor and cigarettes and turns to walk away. Billy-Bob grabs a two-shot pump shotgun from under the counter and racks it violently. He points it at Adams back.

BILLY-BOB:

Freeze, ya goddamn thief, you ain't going nowhere.

Martin draws his 45. Automatic and jams it against Billy-Bob's temple. Adam whips around, pointing his gun at Billy-Bob. Martin doesn't say anything about the shotgun, but he gives Adam a '*told you so*' look.

MARTIN:

Put the fucking shotgun down, hillbilly boy.

Adam now has his gun trained on Billy-Bob, Billy-Bob has his gun on Adam and Martin has his gun on Billy-Bob.

ADAM:

Your outnumbered, hillbilly, your gonna die one way or another, unless you put the fucking gun down. Now!

BILLY-BOB:

I can't do that. Y'all drop your guns and get the fuck outta my station afore I do something I might regret.

MARTIN:

Just put it down, or I'll blow your head off.

BILLY-BOB:

You ain't gonna do shit, city boy, or your friend gets a bullet up his ass, and let me tell ya, I got those new whammy shells, make a goddamn hole through an elephant.

ADAM:

This is fucking stupid, we can't stand here all day. Let's all put our guns down, alright?

BILLY-BOB:

Fuck you, city-boy, I don't trust you.

ADAM'S P.O.V.

Through Adams point of view, we see a truck pull up outside. A fat man in a vest gets out and starts walking towards the door.

ADAM:

Fuck, theres a customer!

BILLY-BOB:

Shit!

MARTIN:

What we gonna do?

The door opens. Billy-Bob, Martin and Adam all hide their weapons behind there backs. They move away from the man, to conceal their weapons.

MAN:

Howdy.

BILLY-BOB:

Hey, Cletus, what can I do ya for?

CLETUS:

Just the usual.

Billy-Bob somehow manages to get some liquor from behind him, without revealing the long shotgun. He passes it to Cletus. Cletus puts some notes on the counter, nods, smiles and walks out. In a flash, everyone has their weapons back on each other.

ADAM:

Right, look, all we gotta do, is all put our guns down, yeah? We've been on the road for days, we don't have any money, lets us keep this shit.

BILLY-BOB:

If your out of gas, I'll let ya fill up for free, but you don't need the alcohol. And you definitely don't need them smokes.

ADAM:

You a smoker?

BILLY-BOB:

Yeah.

ADAM:

You ever gone a day without smokes?

BILLY-BOB:

(sighing)

Alright, you can have the smokes as well, but I need that liquor!

ADAM:

Alright. You can have the liquor.

MARTIN:

Lets all put our guns down.

Martin puts his gun in his belt. Billy-Bob lowers his shotgun. Adam fires at Billy-Bob. He is hit in the throat. He slumps over the counter, gurgling and gasping for breath. He spits out a wad of blood.

MARTIN:
What the fuck, man?

ADAM:
Hillbilly bastard pointed his gun
at me. Fucking prick.

Billy-Bob falls off of the counter.

MARTIN:
Jesus Christ, at least finish him
off, eh? Fucking sad, I'll go fill
the car up, we gotta hurry, cops
will catch up in no time.

Martin runs out of the station and up to the car. Billy-Bob is lying behind the counter. He grabs his shotgun and holds it tight. Adam walks over. Billy-Bob, with his last burst of strength, stands and fires at Adams chest. Adam is throw backwards into a rack of cards, he smashes through them and hits the ground. Billy-Bob collapses.

CUT TO

EXT. BILLY-BOB'S GAS STATION - MORNING

Martin finishes filling up the car. He runs over to the station.

CUT TO

INT. BILLY-BOB'S GAS STATION - MORNING

Martin runs in and freezes. There is blood everywhere. Adam is lying on the floor, in tears, screaming in pain. There is a huge crater in his stomach.

MARTIN:
What the fuck happened?

ADAM:
(gasping and screaming)
He fucking shot me!

Martin walks over to the counter. Billy-Bob is lying, motionless, the shotgun still smoking in his dead grip. Martin draws his 45. Automatic and empties his clip into the body. He pockets the gun and walks over to Adam again.

MARTIN:
What are we gonna do?

ADAM:
Put the car around the back! We'll
have to stay here.

MARTIN:
You need a doctor. Your gonna die.

ADAM:
(yelling)
Do you see a fucking doctor
anywhere? Cause I fucking don't!

MARTIN:
Alright, alright, wait a minute.

Martin runs outside. Adam crawls towards the counter. He hears Martin moving the car outside. He manages to reach the counter. He perches himself up on it and breathes out heavily. He shakily lights a cigarette. Martin comes running back in. He turns the sign to 'CLOSED' and locks the door.

MARTIN:
Alright, what do we do now?

ADAM:
No fucking idea.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP

INT. BILLY-BOB'S GAS STATION - MORNING

Martin and Adam are smoking. Adam has been bandaged up. Outside we hear loads of sirens and screeching cars. Martin looks out of the window. A load of police cars have stopped in the parking lot. Cops with guns drawn make their way to the station.

MARTIN:
Shit! The cops! He must have had a
silent alarm!

ADAM:
Oh fuck, I can't fight.

MARTIN:
Shit! We need to hide!

Martin drags Adam behind the counter and into the back room.
Adam groans with pain.

MARTIN:
(whispering)
Shh! We gotta be super fucking
quiet.

SHERIFF (O.S.):
Open up! Anyone there?!

We hear loud knocks on the door.

SHERIFF (O.S.):
Alright, we're kicking the door
down!

We hear incredibly loud noises coming from the door. We then
hear a crack and a thump. We hear the police entering the
station.

SHERIFF (O.S.):
Anyone here?

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.):
Oh my fucking god, I've found
Billy.

SHERIFF (O.S.):
Hows he doing?

POLICE OFFICER (O.S.):
See for yourself.

SHERIFF (O.S.):
Sweet Mary, mother of God! Alright,
cover him up and search the place.

Martin takes his 45. out and pulls the hammer back.

SHERIFF (O.S.):
I'm gonna go check the back room.

We hear approaching footsteps. Martin gets up and leans
against the wall. The Sheriff bursts in and looks down at
Adam.

SHERIFF:
Well, what do we have here?

Martin comes out of his hiding place and jams his gun
against the Sheriffs head.

MARTIN:

Don't make any noise. Turn around.

The Sheriff puts his hands up and turns around. Martin puts his hand around and puts the gun to his head. He then walks out of the room into the station. Everyone turns to look at him.

MARTIN:

Everyone get out of the fucking station! Or I'll shoot him!

The cops put their hands up slowly and make their way to the door.

MARTIN:

Thats right. In two minutes, I'm gonna come out, with my buddy, we're taking the sheriff with us, anyone tries anything, we blow his brains out.

The cops nod and walk outside slowly. Martin takes the Sheriffs gun off of him and pockets it. He then pistol whips the Sheriff twice until hes unconscious.

MARTIN:

Adam, come on, we've got to get to the car.

Adam lies motionless.

MARTIN:

Adam?

Adam lies motionless. Martin runs over to him and checks his pulse.

MARTIN:

Shit! Fuck! Fucking hillbilly bastard!

Martin runs off-screen, we stay on Adams dead body.

CUT TO

EXT. BILLY-BOB'S GAS STATION - MORNING

Martin comes out with the unconscious Sheriff, with his gun jammed to his head. The cops follow him with their weapons. Martin makes his way around the back. The cops follow.

MARTIN:
Quit fucking following me, or hes
dead! Fucking dead!

The cops slowly stop. Martin reaches his car, and opens the door, he gets in, keeping the Sheriff in front of him at all times. He then manages to get the Sheriff in the car with him. He keeps his gun on the Sheriff, and reverses out of the car park. He floors it. The car screeches down the road.

CUT TO

INT. CAR - MORNING

The Sheriff groggily comes too.

SHERIFF:
What the hell?

MARTIN:
Don't fucking move, your my
hostage, bitch.

SHERIFF:
Fuck!

MARTIN:
It's alright, Sheriff, I'm not that
bad, once you get to know me.

Martin grins at the Sheriff. Martin hits him with the butt of his gun, knocking him out again. Martin smiles and turns to the road. He flicks on the radio. A Country/Blues song comes on.

FADE TO BLACK

SONG CONTINUES OVER BLACK

FADE UP

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

Martin is covered in blood. Two men are with him, Louis and Bryan, they are firing their weapons out of the window.

LOUIS:
Fucking hell! We're dead man. So
dead.

MARTIN:
We'll make it.

LOUIS:
No way, man, no way.

Just then, a bullet smashes through the window, hitting Louis in the chest. He is sent spiraling.

BRYAN:
Shit!

Bryan makes a run for the door. He is shot in the back twice. He hits the floor.

MARTIN:
(to himself)
Fuck it.

Martin stands and starts firing into the crowd of police officers outside the house. He is hit with a volley of gunfire. He hits the ground.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

Bryan, a man in his thirties, wakes up. He has been sleeping on the couch, fully dressed. He awakes groggily and then takes a long swig of the beer on the table beside him. An attractive woman in her thirties walks into the room.

TITLE CARD OVER BLACK

' A DAY IN THE LIFE '

WOMAN:
Oh, Bryan, not again.

BRYAN:
Give me a fucking break, will ya, Stephanie? It was a party, what do you fucking expect?

STEPHANIE:
Your hand! Oh my God, what happened?

Bryan hides his cut hand.

BRYAN:
Nothing happened! It was a fucking party!

Just then, two little girls walk in.

GIRL 1:
Daddy, can you drive us to school?

BRYAN:
I can't honey, ask Mommy.

STEPHANIE:
Bryan, I've got to get to work. I can't drive them.

BRYAN:
I've got to go to work as well!

GIRL 1:
Will we take the bus?

BRYAN:
Take the bus, but I'm not paying for it.

Stephanie takes some coins out of her pocket and gives them to the girls.

GIRL 1:
Thanks, Mommy, bye, Daddy!

BRYAN:
Bye!

The girls skip out of the door.

STEPHANIE:
When was the last time we slept in the same bed?

BRYAN:
Aw! Don't start with this fucking shit again, Stephanie, I've got a hard enough time at work, yeah?

STEPHANIE:
How do I know where you are all night? How do I know your not down at a whorehouse?

BRYAN:
Stephanie, Stephanie, come here,
come here.

Stephanie walks over to him slowly.

BRYAN:
Come on.

Stephanie reaches him. He slaps her hard. She hits the ground in tears.

BRYAN:
Are you calling me a fucking bum?
Huh? You think I'm a fucking bum?

STEPHANIE:
(in tears, screaming)
Yes! Yes!

Bryan gets up. Stephanie runs out of the room.

BRYAN:
(shouting after her)
I'll fucking kill you, bitch!

Bryan finishes his beer off. The phone starts ringing. Bryan picks it up.

BRYAN:
Hi.

MAN (O.S.):
You coming to pick this stuff up or
not? Cause I got a load of other
people that want it.

BRYAN:
Yeah, yeah, sorry, I just got up.
Had to drive my girls to school.

MAN (O.S.):
Alright, just hurry up, will ya?

BRYAN:
Yeah, yeah, yeah, I'm coming.

MAN (O.S.):
Alright.

The phone clicks. Bryan puts it down and picks a pack of cigarettes up off of the table and pockets them.

CU - CAR KEYS

We see Bryan's hand come into the shot and grab the keys.

CUT TO

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

We are in a small, modest house. The doorbell rings. Adam, whom we recognize from the last scene walks up to the door. He opens it to reveal Bryan.

ADAM:
Took your fucking time.

BRYAN:
Sorry.

ADAM:
Alright, come in.

Bryan steps inside. Adam shuts the door.

ADAM:
How much did you say you wanted?

BRYAN:
Don't know the exact amount, but it cost 150.

ADAM:
Right. Wait here a second.

Adam walks off. Bryan takes a seat. Adam comes back with a small bag. He hands it to Bryan, Bryan hands him some bills.

ADAM:
So, I'll see you next week for that bank thing?

BRYAN:
Yeah, I'll be there.

ADAM:
Alright. See ya.

Bryan walks out of the front door and into his car.

CUT TO

INT. CAR - MORNING

Bryan drives along in silence. He reaches an old steel mill and parks his car. He grabs a pack of cigarettes off of the dashboard and then exits the car. He walks toward a small trailer.

CUT TO

INT. TRAILER - MORNING

Two men are sitting, drinking beer and watching T.v, their names are Louis and Iain.

 IAIN:
This beers stale.

 LOUIS:
We've had it for ages, but its
alright.

 IAIN:
Its not fucking alright, its awful.

Iain laughs. Bryan walks in and sits down.

 BRYAN:
Alright?

 LOUIS:
Hi, just waiting for Keith to drop
the stuff off and we can go deliver
it.

 BRYAN:
Alright.

 LOUIS:
Have a beer.

Louis tosses Bryan a beer. Bryan cracks it open and takes a drink. He spits it out all over the table.

 BRYAN:
How long have you had this beer?

 LOUIS:
You fucking spat all over the
carpet!

IAIN:
I told you, this beer is horrible,
isn't it.

BRYAN:
Its fucking stale as hell.

LOUIS:
Its only a few months old!

BRYAN:
Fuck sake.

Bryan tosses the bottle in the bin.

LOUIS:
Hey! That beer cost money! I'll
drink it!

BRYAN:
Well, I don't know how, cause its
fucking disgusting.

Louis shakes his head and takes a long drink from his
bottle. Just then, there is a loud knock on the door. Bryan
opens it up. Keith is standing there with a parcel.

KEITH:
Alright?

BRYAN:
Hi, give it here.

Keith hands Bryan the box.

LOUIS:
Thanks, Keith, have a beer!

Louis chucks him a beer.

KEITH:
Thanks, see ya next week.

LOUIS:
See ya!

CUT TO

INT. CAR - MORNING

Keith gets into his car. He starts driving. His phone goes off.

KEITH:
Hello?

MAN (O.S.):
Yo, Keith!

KEITH:
Hi.

MAN (O.S.):
We still on for today?

KEITH:
Yeah, we're on, I'm coming by now.

MAN (O.S.):
Cool, we're waiting.

KEITH:
Alright.

Keith hangs up and accelerates.

FADE TO BLACK

MAN:
(over black)
Took your fucking time!

FADE UP

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

Keith is standing outside Adams house.

KEITH:
Adam, I'm five minutes early.

ADAM:
Yeah, but I called you ages ago,
what happened?

KEITH:
Traffic. Alright, lets get going?

ADAM:
Yeah, we need to pick Martin up as well.

KEITH:
O.k.

CUT TO

INT. CAR - MORNING

Adam and Keith are sitting in Keith's car driving along. Adam turns the radio on. The Country/Blues song comes on.

KEITH:
Hate this fucking song.

ADAM:
This songs shit hot!

Adam starts mimicking playing the guitar.

KEITH:
Its crap.

ADAM:
Thats only cause you listen to all that hip-hop isn't it? All that rap crap.

KEITH:
Rap means something.

ADAM:
This means something.

KEITH:
Yeah, is this the place?

ADAM:
Yeah, on the left.

Keith stops the car. And Adam steps outside.

CUT TO

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

Adam knocks loudly on the door. Martin opens it up.

MARTIN:

Hi, just be a minute, sorting some stuff out with these guys, come in.

CUT TO

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

Louis, Bryan and Iain are sitting in the living room with the parcel that Keith delivered.

MARTIN:

Just getting the money, wait a sec.

Martin disappears into the kitchen. Adam sits down.

ADAM:

Alright boys?

LOUIS:

Hi.

ADAM:

What you guys up too today?

IAIN:

The usual crap.

LOUIS:

Just making deliveries, really. You?

ADAM:

We're gonna go down to that factory place and see what we can find.

LOUIS:

I'd watch out. They've got loads of fucking cameras.

ADAM:

I know, we've got masks and everything in the car.

Martin comes back through with a wad of bills. He hands them to Louis. The three men stand.

LOUIS:
Thanks. We'll see ya next week.
Bye.

The three men walk out of the door.

CUT TO

INT. CAR - MORNING

Louis, Iain and Bryan drive along.

BRYAN:
Can we stop for some lunch now? I'm
starving.

LOUIS:
One more delivery.

BRYAN:
Is it far?

LOUIS:
Just a few houses down.

BRYAN:
Who is it?

LOUIS:
One of my friends, he's a Sheriff.

BRYAN:
Corrupt?

LOUIS:
Yeah. He's one of my best friends.

CUT TO

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

Louis bangs on the door. It is opened by a man whom we
recognize as the Sheriff from the last scene.

SHERIFF:
Hey, Louis! Whats happening? You
got the shit?

LOUIS:
Right here.

Louis holds up a small bag of powder.

SHERIFF:
Sweet. How much?

LOUIS:
200.

SHERIFF:
Alright, wait here a second.

The Sheriff walks off.

BRYAN:
We've made quite a lot today
actually.

LOUIS:
Yeah, not a bad day at all.

The Sheriff returns and hands Louis some bills.

SHERIFF:
Alright, I'll see ya later on.

LOUIS:
See ya.

The Sheriff closes the door.

CUT TO

INT. CAR - MORNING

Louis, Bryan and Iain drive along.

LOUIS:
I'm gonna call Rachel, wait a
second.

Louis parks the car and put his hand in his pocket. He
shuffles around in his pockets.

LOUIS:
Either of you seen my phone?

IAIN:
No.

BRYAN:
No.

LOUIS:
 Fuck, I must've left it at Martins
 place. Iain, phone him up will ya?

Iain takes his phone out and dials some numbers.

CUT TO

INT. CAR - MORNING

Adam, Martin and Keith are driving along. Martins phone goes
 off.

MARTIN:
 Hello?

IAIN (O.S.):
 Hi, this is Iain.

MARTIN:
 Hi. Whats up?

IAIN (O.S.):
 Its just Louis reckons hes left his
 phone at your place, can you have a
 look around?

MARTIN:
 I'm on the road just now, but let
 him know that I'll look as soon as
 I get home, alright?

IAIN (O.S.):
 Alright, bye.

MARTIN:
 Bye.

Martin hangs up.

ADAM:
 Who was that?

MARTIN:
 Iain. Louis left his phone at my
 place.

ADAM:
 Ah. Alright, we're almost there.
 Get your masks on.

The men all put ski-masks on.

ADAM:
Leave your guns in the car, we
won't need em'.

KEITH:
I would rather have it and not need
it than need it and not have it.

ADAM:
Alright, but bring knives as well,
we don't want to be too noisy,
yeah?

MARTIN:
Yeah, I brought mine.

KEITH:
I don't have one.

ADAM:
Doesn't matter, we probably won't
need em, just in case.

CUT TO

EXT. FACTORY - AFTERNOON

The car pulls up. Adam, Keith and Martin get out of the car.

ADAM:
Alright, just follow me.

The men creep under a fence and into the factory.

MARTIN:
Look!

Martin points at a large group of barrels all filled with
cocaine.

ADAM:
Sweet...we've hit the fucking
jackpot, go, go, go, put the lids
on the barrels and get em' out to
the car.

KEITH:
This is fucking brilliant man!
Shit!

ADAM:

Yeah, yeah, yeah, lets hurry up!

Adam pops a lid on a barrel and drags it out to the car. Martin does the same. Keith is the only one left. He puts his finger in the barrel and licks it.

KEITH:

Fucking hell.

He pops a lid on and turns to go towards the car. We see a man in a suit come up behind him with a shotgun.

MAN:

Freeze cocksucker, put the barrel down.

KEITH:

Who the fuck are you?

Keith goes for his 45. The man fires, hitting Keith in the chest. Keith hits the floor, spilling the cocaine everywhere. Martin appears at the doorway and fires, hitting the man in the throat and the chest. The man gurgles and then hits the ground.

KEITH:

AH! AH! AH! Help! Help! Oh my fucking god!

Martin rushes over to Keith.

CUT TO

INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

Keith is lying in the back of the car. Adam is driving like a bat out of hell. He cracks open a beer. He takes a long drink and then spits it out all over the windscreen. The car swerves and hits a lamppost.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP

INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

Louis, Iain and Bryan are driving along.

BRYAN:
Where are we going?

IAIN:
Down to that factory. I just got a
call from Martin, he sounded fucked
up. I could hear screams in the
background.

Louis accelerates sharply.

LOUIS:
I knew going to that factory was a
bad idea! I told him!

CUT TO

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON

Louis' car screeches to a halt. Louis and Iain get out of
the car. Keith's car has smashed into a lamppost. Adam has
gone right through the windscreen. Martin is covered in
blood and is lying on the street.

LOUIS:
For fuck sake!

Martin looks up.

MARTIN:
Adam crashed the car! He fucking
crashed it!

Iain runs over to the car. Inside, Keith is obviously dead.
His head has been cracked completely open.

IAIN:
Keith's dead.

Martin looks up.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP

INT. CAR - AFTERNOON

Adam, Bryan and Martin are sitting in the back. Louis is
driving.

LOUIS:
You sure you don't want me to call
an ambulance?

ADAM:
We're just a bit cut up, we're
fine.

LOUIS:
Alright. If you're sure.

MARTIN:
Oh fuck! We left the coke back
there!

ADAM:
Doesn't matter. We can get more
next time

MARTIN:
No, but the cops will check the car
and find the coke, and then go to
the factory, find the body and shut
it down.

Adam leans back.

ADAM:
Fucking hell. What a day.

FADE TO BLACK

MAN:
(over black)
You all know why you're here?

TITLE CARD OVER BLACK:

' THE HEIST '

FADE UP

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

Adam, Martin, Louis, Iain and Bryan are sitting in an
office. A man in a t-shirt is sitting behind a desk talking
to them.

MAN:
Alright, we've practiced it enough,
we know what to do, alright? Don't
get greedy, don't get sloppy,
alright?

ADAM:
Yeah, yeah, yeah.

MAN:
Don't fucking brush it off, Adam,
I've seen professionals get their
ass locked up for 6 years because
they got sloppy, alright?

Adams gives an ' *alright then* ' look and then just leans back.

MAN:
(continued)
Alright. Now, I'm gonna wait here
for you all to get back with my
money alright?

ADAM:
How much do we get?

MAN:
You'll get your fucking cut, now
go!

The men all stand and walk out of the room.

FADE TO BLACK

LOUIS:
(over black)
Everybody be fucking cool!

FADE UP

INT. BANK - MORNING

Louis grabs the nearest customer and pistol whips her to the floor. The alarm starts blaring. Louis walks up to the cashier. He grabs her hair.

LOUIS:
Wheres the fucking money? Wheres
the safe? Wheres the manager?
Where?

CASHIER:
(in tears)
In the back! The back!

Louis lets go of her.

LOUIS:

Let's go!

Bryan and Iain run after him.

CUT TO

INT. CAR - MORNING

Adam and Martin are sitting in a parked car outside the bank. Adam sticks the radio on.

MARTIN:

Don't fucking do that!

Martin turns it off.

ADAM:

Why not? Its just the fucking radio!

MARTIN:

Yeah, and its like The Man said, if we get sloppy, we get jailed. What if a dozen cop cars came rolling up and we had our radio on and the windows down? They would look over here! They would see us! And then not only would we be fucked, but Louis, Iain and Bryan would sure as hell be fucked!

ADAM:

Alright, whatever, man, I'm not bothered.

Just then about six cop cars come screeching to a halt outside the bank.

MARTIN:

(whispering)

Told ya.

Adam turns and looks at him hard.

CUT TO

INT. BANK - MORNING

Louis, Iain and Bryan are in the back room. Louis is opening the safe. We can see the dead manager behind him. The safe cracks open.

LOUIS:

Got it! Get the cash, lets go!

The men start shoveling cash into their bags. Behind them they hear voices.

COP (O.S.):

Where are they? Where? Did they escape? Miss?

CASHIER (O.S.):

In the back! They killed the manager!

COP (O.S.):

Lets go!

LOUIS:

Shit!

The men start shoveling faster. They then run towards the fire exit. The cops enter the room. Louis and Bryan are long gone out of the door. Iain turns to the cops and fires in their general direction. The cops open fire.

CUT TO

INT. CAR - MORNING

Two cops walk up too Adam and Martin.

COP:

Hi, sir, we're gonna have to ask you to step out of the car.

ADAM:

Whats the problem, officer?

COP:

We need to search you, I'm afraid, sir, we have reason to believe....

Adam punches the acceleration and the car skids around the corner.

MARTIN:
What about Iain and Louis? Bryan?

ADAM:
They can take care of themselves.

Adam looks in the rear-view mirror. We see four cop cars following them.

ADAM:
Fucking hell, we're gonna have to get to the border.

MARTIN:
Just go to The Man's!

ADAM:
No way, man, we'll get killed at The Man's, we've gotta outrun em.

MARTIN:
Oh, for fuck sake.

Adam turns the radio on. The Country/Blues song comes blaring on again.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP

EXT. ALLEYWAY - MORNING

Louis and Bryan run down an alleyway, money falling from their bags.

LOUIS:
Wheres the fucking car?

BRYAN:
Fuck! It's alright, my cars parked down the road, lets go.

The two men run down the alleyway. They turn a corner onto a street. Two seconds afterwards, three cops come running out of the fire exit.

COP:
Which way did they go?

COP 2:
This way!

The cops run in the opposite direction.

CUT TO

INT. CAR - MORNING

Bryan puts his foot down on the accelerator. The car jumps forward.

CUT TO

EXT. HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Bryan slams his key in the lock and opens the door.

FADE TO BLACK

BRYAN:
(over black)
We can hide out here for a few
days.

FADE UP

INT. HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Louis is slouched on a couch. Bryan pulls the curtains over.

LOUIS:
If the cops caught Adam and Martin,
they'll come here.

BRYAN:
They won't tell on us.

LOUIS:
Yeah, but remember when we all got
put in county that time? They'll
automatically take us in, if they
get caught.

BRYAN:
Fuck. Lets just hope they didn't
get caught.

LOUIS:
Let's hope.

Louis lights a cigarette.

FADE TO BLACK

TITLE CARD OVER BLACK

' THAT NIGHT '

FADE UP

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

Louis and Bryan are sitting playing cards.

LOUIS:

It's a good thing your girls are staying at their grans tonight.

BRYAN:

Fucking lucky. I hope Martin and Adam are doing alright.

LOUIS:

I'm sure their doing fine.

Just then the door slams and Stephanie comes in.

STEPHANIE:

Bryan, where the fuck have you been?

BRYAN:

What?

STEPHANIE:

You were supposed to pick me and the girls up at my moms three hours ago!

BRYAN:

What? I thought you were staying overnight!

STEPHANIE:

Well, the girls are now! I had to get a taxi here to see if you were o.k!

BRYAN:

Alright. Sorry.

Bryan resumes his game.

STEPHANIE:

Don't you even care? Don't you fucking care?

BRYAN:
Calm down, bitch, be cool.

Louis laughs.

STEPHANIE:
Yeah, fuck you, loser.

LOUIS:
Bryan, put your bitch on a leash.

The two men explode with laughter. Stephanie lifts a lamp and throws it at Bryan.

STEPHANIE:
I fucking hate you!

She runs out of the room.

LOUIS:
(shouting after her)
I'll fuck you hard!

BRYAN:
What a bitch.

CUT TO

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Stephanie is sitting on the bed, sobbing. Louis walks in slowly.

STEPHANIE:
Fuck off.

Louis takes his gun out.

LOUIS:
Lie on the bed.

STEPHANIE:
What?

Louis pulls back the hammer on his gun.

LOUIS:
Lie on the bed.

Stephanie lies down slowly. Louis takes her trousers off.

STEPHANIE:
(quietly sobbing)
You bastard. You bastard.

Louis grins.

FADE TO BLACK

OVER BLACK WE HEAR THE COUNTRY/BLUES SONG

FADE UP

INT. CAR - MORNING

Martin pulls up beside the house, with the unconscious Sheriff beside him. He turns the radio off, and steps out of the car. He slams the door shut.

CUT TO

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

Martin bangs on the door loudly. Bryan pulls out his gun and opens it. He puts it away when he sees Martin.

BRYAN:
You didn't get caught?

MARTIN:
Nope.

BRYAN:
Wheres Adam.

MARTIN:
He got shot. Back at a gas station
we stopped at.

BRYAN:
Fuck.

MARTIN:
What about Louis and Iain?

BRYAN:
Louis is upstairs using the toilet.
Iain got shot. Hey, have you phoned
The Man yet?

MARTIN:

I tried.

Bryan closes the door and the men walk down the hall.

MARTIN:

(countinued)

But there was no answer.

BRYAN:

Right. And no cops followed you here? No, I managed to lose em ages ago. Hey, come outside I wanna show you something.

Just then Louis comes walking down the stairs, looking worn out.

LOUIS:

Hey! Martino! Wheres Adam?

MARTIN:

Dead. Now, come out, I've got to show you both something.

FADE TO BLACK

BRYAN:

(over black)

Holy shit. Why did you bring him here?

MARTIN:

(over black)

Hostage. Lets get him inside, quick.

FADE UP

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

The Sheriff is tied to a chair. Louis, Bryan and Martin are sitting around him.

LOUIS:

What do we do with him?

MARTIN:

Wake him up.

Bryan smacks him. He awakes with a start.

SHERIFF:
Who the fuck are you?

MARTIN:
Hey! It's me!

SHERIFF:
Where are we?

BRYAN:
My house.

SHERIFF:
Who are you?

BRYAN:
Bryan McDonald, who the fuck are
you?

SHERIFF:
I'm the goddamn Sheriff, now, let
me go, you fucking city boys, I'll
kick your asses all the way to
Chinatown.

MARTIN:
Aw, you wouldn't do that to us
would you?

Martin slaps the Sheriff.

SHERIFF:
You son of a bitch!

MARTIN:
You best watch how you talk to us.
We own you, bitch.

SHERIFF:
I'll fucking kill everyone of you.

MARTIN:
Is that right? Go ahead.

SHERIFF:
I'm gonna find you. And I'm gonna
seriously fuck you over.

BRYAN:
You ain't gonna do jack shit, cause
your gonna be dead.

The Sheriff spits on Bryan's face. Bryan wipes it off with his sleeve and then hits the Sheriff hard, knocking the chair down.

BRYAN:
Motherfucker!

SHERIFF:
Fucking amateur can't control his temper!

BRYAN:
What did you call me?

SHERIFF:
You hear me, fuck-o.

Bryan pulls his gun out and starts hitting the Sheriff. Martin and Louis try to restrain him.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

The Sheriff is covered in cuts and bruises. He sits silently, watching the three men play cards.

SHERIFF:
I need to take a piss!

MARTIN:
Hold it in.

SHERIFF:
I can't. I need to use the bathroom.

Martin looks up.

MARTIN:
No way, man.

SHERIFF:
Well, then I'm gonna piss all over your carpet.

BRYAN:
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, wait a second. Just let him use the fucking commode, eh?

MARTIN:
Someone goes with him.

BRYAN:
He doesn't know where he is. He
doesn't have a gun on him.

MARTIN:
I don't care, someone goes with
him.

Louis stands.

LOUIS:
I'll go. Come on.

Louis unties the Sheriff and then takes his gun out. He
points it at the Sheriffs head.

CUT TO

INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING

Louis pushes the Sheriff into the bathroom violently.

LOUIS:
I want you to keep talking to me
through the door, so I know whats
going on. I'm leaving the door
unlocked and standing right
outside.

SHERIFF:
Alright, I might be a while, I'm
taking a major dump.

LOUIS:
Thanks for that.

Louis closes the door. The Sheriff takes a radio out of his
sock.

LOUIS (O.S.):
I can't hear you!

SHERIFF:
Hello! I'm still here.

The Sheriff slowly presses the button on the radio. He then
turns the tap on the sink so that Louis cant hear.

SHERIFF:
(into radio)
I'm being held hostage at Bryan
McDonald's house. I don't know
where, I need...

Louis bursts into the bathroom and shoots the Sheriff
through the head.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE UP

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

Louis comes down covered in blood.

BRYAN:
What the fuck, did he shoot you?

LOUIS:
I shot him. Bastard had a radio.

MARTIN:
Did he manage to make a call?

LOUIS:
Yeah, expect cops.

MARTIN:
Fuck.

BRYAN:
We'll be fine.

MARTIN:
I hope so.

IN SLOW MOTION

Martin lights a cigarette and puts it too his lips. As he
does so, we:

FLASH ON:

Adams dead body

Keith's dead body

Bryan's dead body

Louis's dead body

CUT TO

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

Martin stands and fires into a crowd of police officers outside. He is hit with a volley of bullets and then he hits the ground.

CUT TO

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

MARTIN:

We'll be fine, lets play some
blackjack.

Louis turns the radio on. The Country/Blues song comes blaring on. The men sit down.

FADE TO BLACK

CREDIT SEQUENCE

THE END