

# Infinite Ammo...Zero Accuracy

by

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FADE IN:

INT. VAN - DAY

Gun fire and explosions just outside. The vehicle RUMBLES.

MASON(early 20's) peeks through a small hole in the busted windshield. His geeky, formal attire stained with sweat.

He squints.

JACKIE (O.S.)

So how many are left?

Another explosions rocks the van. Mason sighs.

MASON

I still count thirteen gangsta  
lookin' guys.

VICK(early 20's) sits against the side of the van. He eyes a pair of long, slender legs all the way up to the bottom of a mini skirt. He takes a drag of his cigarette.

JACKIE(early 20's) brushes her messy hair behind her ear and peeks out a bullet hole through the back doors.

JACKIE

I've got fifteen commandos in ski  
masks...still.

Vick groans. He scratches his grainy beard and pulls out a bottle of tequila from a large brown bag beside him. He takes a swig as Jackie scoots beside him.

AARON(late teens) sits across Vick. His attention is focused entirely on the strange puzzle game on his phone. His beady eyes focus through his glasses like laser beams.

The gunfire stops. INAUDIBLE SHOUTS during the ceasefire.

The group holds it's breath, eyes up towards the ceiling -- Aaron's eyes never leave his phone.

Quiet...quiet...EXPLOSION. A collective moan of agitation from the group -- except Aaron. The gunfire resumes.

Mason joins the gang in the back.

MASON

How long have they been going?

Vick checks his phone.

AARON

Nineteen.

Mason's eyebrow raises in confusion.

VICK

A little over an hour. They WILL  
run out of bullets eventually.

LATER

The firefight rages on. A WHISTLE from a rocket followed by  
an explosion.

Jackie deals out cards to everyone except Aaron who sits  
glued to his phone.

AARON

Thirty-one.

LATER

The sound of a helicopter's blades chopping through the air.

The gang sit circled around four filled shot glasses. They  
sit motionless.

AARON

Fifty-two.

A bullet ricochets through the van. They each down a shot  
-- except Aaron.

AND LATER

Gunfire still! Some distant shouts between the salvos.

Vick and Jackie draw on Mason's face as he sleeps.

AARON

Eighty-three.

MUCH LATER

The walls of the van are riddled with bullet holes as the  
firefight continues. The group is still without injury.

Mason remains unconscious. Aaron remains in his trance.  
Jackie and Vick lie on their backs, eyes at the roof.

JACKIE

That cluster kind of looks like a  
the big dipper.

A cigarette stands wedged between Vick's lips. He takes a  
quick puff.

VICK

There's Perseus. Do you see 'em?

A bullet flies in and hits the end of Vick's cigarette.  
Vick sighs and spits the butt out.

Jackie grins.

JACKIE  
How many times has that happened?

AARON  
Ninety-seven.

Vick glances at Aaron then lights a new smoke.

VICK  
Seven-

Another bullet strikes his newly-lit cigarette.

VICK  
Eight times. Bastards.

An explosion wakes Mason. Silence. Mason tumbles through to the driver's seat and glances out the window.

JACKIE  
What's going on?

A moment passes. Mason's eye widens.

MASON  
I think it might be over.

VICK  
What?

Jackie and Vick crawl to the side of the van and look out one of the many bullet holes.

COMMANDO (O.S.)  
This ends now!

A burst of rounds. Again the gunfire rages on.

The gang whines in unison -- except Aaron.

VICK  
How did he miss?! How did he  
fuckin' miss?! He was three feet  
away!

AARON  
Level ninety-nine! Just one more-

Aaron holds the phone up triumphantly. A bullet shoots through the wall and strikes the phone. Aaron stares through the hole in the screen.

His face turns red. The veins his his neck bulge. He SCREAMS as he bursts through the back doors of the van.

JACKIE  
Aaron!

Vick pulls Jackie back into the van. The doors shut.

Mason peers through the bullet hole.

MASON

Holy shit. Aaron just blitzed one  
of those gang members.

Vick and Jackie quit their struggle.

MASON

He grabbed his gun and he's...he's  
going fuckin' berserk!

Vick and Jackie scurry to the side of the van.

MASON

Can't shoot for shit though.

FADE OUT