

IT'S LIKE THAT SOMETIMES

by

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FADE IN:

INT. PRE-LIFE, INCARNATION STATION, AT THE CHECK-IN - DAY

A cheery CHECK-IN ANGEL (wings, halo, white robe, left her harp at home) is smiling broadly.

CHECK-IN ANGEL
Smoking or non-smoking?

Pre-lifer Peter is a wild-haired Ferris Bueller, about halfway his twenties. He is standing at the angels' counter, staring at her with 'uuuhhh...' written all over him. He wears a white robe.

The setting is white, whiter, even more white (very brightly lit). Smoke on the ground give the setting a 'standing on a cloud' feel to it.

Above the angels' counter hangs a sign reading 'INCARNATION CHECK-IN'.

PETER
Uhhh... smoking, I guess?

CHECK-IN ANGEL
('Cheeeeese')
Fine.

She makes a quick note with her long white quill and hands Peter his boarding/incarnation pass.

CHECK-IN ANGEL
Here you are sir, enjoy your incarnation.

And yet another face-stretching rubber smile. Taken aback by her over the top customer-friendly behavior Peter smiles weakly.

PETER
Thanks.

He glances at his ticket shortly and saunters away off screen.

INT. PRE-LIFE, INCARNATION STATION, WAITING ROOM - DAY

As before, the use of a lot of white, bright light and smoke give the surroundings a heavenly vibe.

BARBARA is apparently of Peter's age. She has somehow managed to hide her true beauty underneath that decent and ordinary girl-next-door appearance of hers. Currently she's busy studying her ticket, very intently. She's dressed in a white robe just like Peter.

Peter notices her. She remains oblivious to him. In the background pre-lifers wander about slowly and mindlessly.
 NOTE: When two of them are on a collision course they don't take evasive actions but simply GHOST right THROUGH each other!

PETER
 Hi.

BARBARA
 Oh, hi.

PETER
 First life?

BARBARA
 Yes, and you?

PETER
 Uh-huh.

BARBARA
 Which planet are you assigned to?

PETER
 Arth, or something.

BARBARA
 Earth, me too.

FEMALE ANNOUNCER
 (over speaker)
 All souls for Earth, please go to
 the designated incarnation portal.
 I repeat, all souls for Earth,
 please go to the designated
 incarnation. Thank you.

Peter and Barbara look around in search of clues where to go.

Barbara spots...

A CURLY-LETTERED SIGN in the shape of an arrow pointing to
 the right saying 'Earth'.

BARBARA
 (pointing to the side)
 Earth is over there.

INT. EARTH, PETER'S APARTMENT / BARBARA'S APARTMENT - DAWN

A GLOBE (Earth), glowing dimly.

SUPERIMPOSED: 25 YEARS LATER

The globe is standing on a desk in Peter's room.

Barbara and Peter are asleep. Her room is neat and tidy. His room is the opposite (and smaller, and less luxurious).

An alarm radio reads '6:59'. So does the other one.

7:00. They blast into life with the same loud and disgustingly happy 'rise and shine' tune (which will continue to underlie this entire scene).

Barbara and Peter wake up as though they've been given an adrenaline shot. They sit upright in bed, looking like startled fish (open-mouthed and big-eyed). Their hair is wacky and wild.

They get out of bed. Barbara, looking more rested, has less difficulties with it than Peter.

Barbara's hand opens the tap of her shower. The shower starts to pour hot water and our view is quickly steaming up.

Peter's hand closes his tap. He grabs a towel and gets out.

Barbara, wearing a bathrobe and a towel on her head, opens a closet with clothes and starts to go through them methodically.

Peter puts together his outfit from a pile of clothes lying on the floor: jeans and a colorful Star Wars T-shirt (subtle, not ostentatious), both slightly shabby.

We're inside a fridge when it is opened by... Barbara, dressed now in normal yet elegant clothing. She takes some healthy breakfast stuff, the kind a mother would want you to eat.

Peter settles for the only thing he has: a peanut butter sandwich, already missing a bite. He attacks it, and pops open a can of coke to wash it all down.

MIRROR P.O.V: Barbara puts toothpaste on her toothbrush and starts to brush.

MIRROR P.O.V: Peter takes a big swig of water from a cup and starts to gurgle like an opera singer. He bows out of view and spits loudly.

MIRROR P.O.V: Barbara's head comes back up into view. She checks herself and starts to fuss with her hair.

MIRROR P.O.V: Peter puts on a little playful show. He looks at his mirror-self as if he's the coolest, most popular, macho playboy in the whole world. He does a few poses which can only be interpreted as sword fighting stances.

He seems pleased with the result and ends with two pistol fingers aimed at his mirror-self in a 'You are the MAN!' kind of way. He maintains this act/pose as he groovily dances away from mirror-view, sideways.

Barbara pets and feeds her affectionate persian meow-er fish from a can. There is a (gold?) fish on the can's label, kind of like...

Peter's gold fish, who's being fed too. Peter's face is behind the bowl. A smile appears on his face which, due to the glass of the bowl, looks like that wide one the cheshire cat from 'Alice in Wonderland' has. He taps his goodbye on the glass with a finger.

Barbara's hand closes the front door of her apartment.

Peter's hand does the same with his. As the door slams shut the alarm clock tune is cut off abruptly.

EXT. THE CITY STREETS - DAY

The city is crowded and noisy. Pedestrians, taxis, street vendors, police, etc.

Peter is a wickedly sun-glassed bike messenger, fast and elegant as he shoots through the street crazy traffic. He rides his noble steed, a white A.T.B., with ease and daring, swerving in front of cars and everything. Our young bike jockey enjoys himself immensely and wears a carefree smile on his face.

At last he rounds a corner and heads for an office building.

Jumping off with a casual flair born from practice we find Peter and ourselves in front of the...

EXT. BIKE MESSENGER HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Parked in front of the headquarters are already several mean and flashy/speedy looking bikes.

INT. BIKE MESSENGER HEADQUARTERS, CANTINA - DAY

Peter enters the cantina through a swing door. A couple of his colleagues are present and spot him. Cheerful greetings are exchanged.

Peter heads for the coffee machine. A rapper-like fellow bicycle messenger called MARVIN comes up to him.

MARVIN

Hey man, how's it going?

PETER
Caffeine, now!

Marvin laughs and follows Peter on his quest for coffee.

MARVIN
So, how did your date work out with
'Big Tits', man?

Peter reminisces...

CUT TO:

A blonde AIRHEAD (22) in a glossy pink dress. She's well endowed in the chest department. You could say she's attractive, if you like way too much make-up that is.

AIRHEAD
(irritatingly uber-girlie)
Well hello, cutie pie.

CUT TO:

On Peter: no thanks.

PETER
Her... features certainly looked
'wow!'.

They arrive at the coffee machine and Peter rapidly starts to push buttons to get his usual mix.

PETER
Too bad they came packaged with...
uh... what's her name again?

MARVIN
Oh no, don't tell me you didn't
pump her.

Peter just smiles his reply.

Coffee's ready. Peter takes the cup.

PETER
Sorry. Not my cup of tea...
(relishing the whiff
of the black gold)
...so to speak.

A moment before Peter takes his first big satisfying swig...

BOSS (O.S.)
Jameson!

Peter and Marvin turn their heads towards the office where the shouting is coming from.

MARVIN
(grinning)
Didn't get laid but you sure are
fucked.

Peter sighs and offers Marvin his...

PETER
Coffee?

INT. THE BOSS'S OFFICE - DAY

A parcel is slammed on a desk.

The BOSS is an unshaved, dirty looking, 40-ish pitbull kind of guy with sweaty armpits who thinks his cigar is a chew toy.

BOSS
Here's the paperwork.

Peter takes the papers offered to him and reads...

PETER
(not looking up)
A bank?

INT. THE BANK, AT THE COUNTERS - DAY

A poster on the wall with a cartoon saying 'We make your money grow!'. It's meant to be funny, emphasis on 'meant to be'.

GINA (O.S.)
Barb girl...

The poster is hanging over the place where Barbara and GINA work behind their counter. Gina is a sexy, hot-tempered, 'talk to the hand', 'bring it on bitch' afro-american who would fit nicely in a talk show which features flying chairs and women doing cat fights.

GINA
You're worse than Barbie. I mean,
she at least had an excuse for not
gettin' any, with Ken having no
dick 'nd all.

BARBARA
('O no, not that again')
Gina, please.

GINA
So what did'ya do this weekend?

BARBARA
I stayed in, with Nancy.

GINA
Your cat? O that's just great. Two couch pussies who stay in 'cause they don't wanna get wet. ... Look at you. You're a pretty girl. You just need to spice up your looks a bit. ... And, at least for once, get yourself a stud for the night!

BARBARA
A stud? Oh you mean like...

CUT TO:

A SLICK STUD (30). He's a cool guy wannabe, nursing a ridiculously casual smile. One hand rests in the pocket of his cheap fake-designer pants.

SLICK STUD
Hey good-looking, wanna...
(wink of the eye)
...boogie?

CUT TO:

INT. THE BANK, AT THE COUNTERS - DAY

Barbara's face turns sour with disgust and she shakes her head disapprovingly.

GINA
Something like that, yeah. Why the hell not? Besides, they might even mean the 'good-looking' part Barb.

Barbara shoots Gina a 'give me a break' look.

BARBARA
You know I couldn't be with just any man Gina.

GINA
Stop it right there missy. Mr. Rights make me 'Yegh!', you know that.

BARBARA
 (frustrated, to
 herself as much as to Gina)
 Ah, it's hopeless. What are the
 odds of actually meeting that
 perfect guy out there? Or at least
 a half-perfect one?

She sighs heavily and broods on it some more.

BARBARA
 (glumly)
 I mean, it's not like it's raining men.

Gina claps her hands, loudly enough to startle Barbara out of her gloomy mood, and starts to sing that famous song by 'The Weathergirls'.

GINA
 Hallelujah, it's raining men.
 (double clap)
 Amen. ... I'm gonna go out...
 (nudging Barbara)
 Hit me Barb, you know the lyrics.
 Come on. ... I'm gonna...

Hesitantly (at first) Barbara gets with the program.

GINA/BARBARA
 ...let myself get...

GINA/BARBARA
 (sounding quite good actually)
 Absolutely soaking weeeeet! ...
 It's raining men!

They 'woohoo', 'yeah' and laugh together until...

MR. WILLIAMS (O.S.)
 What is the meaning of this?!

MR. WILLIAMS is the small, retirement-pushing, and almost completely bald bank manager. Right now he's in full irritation mode as he gazes at the ladies over his spectacles.

MR. WILLIAMS
 This is a respectable bank, not
 some... karaoke bar! I expect you
 to behave accordingly, or you will
 find yourself looking for other jobs.

GINA
 You wanna fire us? Are you sure?
 (grabbing her breasts)
 And miss looking at these?

Mr. Williams, although still angry, is embarrassed and doesn't know how to deal with this.

MR. WILLIAMS
 You... Uhh... j-just make sure
 you've got your work done before
 the workers get here.

INT. THE BANK, AT THE ENTRANCE - DAY

The front entrance automatic doors slide open. Two shiny black cowboy boots, followed on either side by a pair of working man's boots enter and stop. They're worn by...

A handsome but mean looking FOREMAN and his two WORKERS (the latter carrying big toolboxes).

The foreman scans the bank with calculating scrutiny and points the others to the places where he wants them (on either side of the bank).

The stern workers nod crisply and go at it.

INT. THE BANK, AT THE COUNTERS - DAY

Mr. Williams spots the workers.

MR. WILLIAMS
 (checking his watch, irritably)
 They are too early.

He walks off to talk to the observing leader still standing at the entrance.

Barbara sticks her tongue at Mr. Williams' back whereas Gina, at the same time, expresses her sentiments with a certain finger. It's obviously a rehearsed private joke.

Mister Williams stops, looks back, and sees...

Barbara and Gina, engrossed in paperwork.

Slowly and suspiciously mister Williams turns around and resumes walking.

Without looking up Barbara and Gina snicker and do a quick/petite high-five.

INT. THE BANK, AT THE ENTRANCE - DAY

The manager (Williams) walks up to the foreman.

The foreman sees him coming and cracks a "disarming" smile. It looks like a vampire's bloodthirsty grin. The foreman offers his hand.

Mr. Williams shakes the hand, although he's not very happy with doing so.

FOREMAN
Jones Construction, Kurt is the
name. How do you do?

Something about this guy gives Mr. Williams the creeps.

MR. WILLIAMS
F-fine... You're early.

FOREMAN
Ah well, as the saying goes
'Waiting gives the Devil time'.

MR. WILLIAMS
(suspiciously)
You know what to do I presume.

FOREMAN
I can assure you that me and my men
are fully briefed and very
dedicated to this particular job.

MR. WILLIAMS
(apprehensively)
All right... Carry on.

The foreman once again shows his devastating smile which immediately loses its facade of friendliness as soon as Mr. Williams turns around and walks away.

Mister Williams stops, looks back, and sees...

Kurt's smile, back in place just in time.

Once again, mister Williams turns around and leaves, a little paranoia.

The foreman's mood gets dark again. He leaves the bank, pushing aside one more WORKMAN with a toolbox who is just entering.

EXT. THE BANK, NEAR THE ENTRANCE - DAY

Peter, wearing a back-pack, arrives and gets off his bike, elegantly as always. He parks his noble steed and locks it.

A big straw-haired SIMPLETON, charming and cuddly looking like a huge teddy bear, spots Peter. He's wearing the same outfit as the workers in the bank. The simpleton walks up to Peter.

SIMPLETON

That's a nice bike, sir.

PETER

Thanks, fastest one in the galaxy too. Did the Kessel run in less than twelve parsecs.

SIMPLETON

(confused)

O, uhhh... O.

(proud)

I have a bike.

PETER

Oh yeah? What kind of? An A.T.B like this one?

SIMPLETON

(glowing with happiness)

No. A red one.

Peter likes him, so he smiles in a friendly manner.

Suddenly the simpleton is grabbed by his shoulder. It's the foreman. The Simpleton instinctively tries to hide in a defensive pose, like a hedgehog with no quills.

FOREMAN

Billy! Where are you supposed to be right now?

BILLY (SIMPLETON)

Uh... d-dunno?

PETER

(cautiously)

Hey.

FOREMAN

(to no one in particular)
 Why o why did you have to become a
 fucking Forrest Gump?!
 (shaking Billy)
 Inside the bank you retard!

PETER

Hey! Stop that! Cut it out!

The foreman freezes, then turns his head slowly. There's violence in his eyes. It looks like he's going to attack Peter.

With some effort, he restrains himself and pulls Billy with him towards the entrance of the bank. His finger points at Peter menacingly, warning him he'd better watch out.

A grey old afro-american, blessed with a kind of traditional OLD BLUES MAN look about him, gallantly lets a gratefully smiling LOVELY OLD GRANNY (a little 70+ year old Mary Poppins) go into the bank first. He enters after her.

Billy and the nasty foreman go in. Peter watches the foreman.

PETER

(softly)

Freak.

INT. THE BANK, AT THE COUNTERS - DAY

BARBARA

One of these days you ARE going to get fired. You know that.

GINA

So?... Or maybe I could do our Mr. Williams some... favors.

Barbara is disgusted/appalled and looks away, dead ahead to be exact, but she rolls her eyes upward.

BARBARA

Ah, cheap slut!

The lovely old granny, who is at Barbara's counter, is staring at her, dumbfounded.

BARBARA

No no, no, not you madame. Uh... We were just, uh... talking about those girls... uh... on the internet.

Granny walks away muttering to herself: 'these days', 'young people', 'no shame', 'internet', etc.

Barbara shamefully buries her face in her hands.

GINA

Hey, what's wrong with having a few
nude pics posted on the internet?

INT. THE BANK, AT THE ENTRANCE - DAY

The foreman pushes Billy aside and focuses his attention on his work crew, spread out across the bank.

All three give him OK hand signals.

He nods, checks his watch and gives them all a 'phase two' hand signal.

They nod and resume their work. They walk off, start to work on some wall box full of electrical wiring, phones, whatever. They look purposefully busy in any case.

The foreman looks pleased until...

Peter (coming up from behind) bumps into him and walks on. Peter looks back defiantly, displaying a triumphant grin while waving his hand.

The foreman takes one step forward, then forces himself to calm down.

FOREMAN

(softly to himself, darkly)
Later, spunky.

He turns around and storms out of the bank.

INT. THE BANK, AT THE COUNTERS - DAY.

Gina is busy helping the old blues man.

Barbara is trying to bring some order to a paper chaos.

Peter is walking up to her counter, fumbling with the papers of the package.

PETER

Hi, I have a package here for a
mister...

Peter and Barbara look up at the same time and see each other.

LIGHTNING hits them, LITERALLY!

Duo Stunned and Paralyzed, stuck somewhere in dimension d'Amour.

While staring at each other in complete adoration and otherworldly recognition they are probably hearing what we are hearing: Heavenly music. And hark, the angels sing!

Well, not all of them...

INT. PRE-LIFE, AT EARTH'S PORTAL - DAY

The supervising angel for Earth's portal is clearly not happy with his job. He looks very bored and tired as he checks...

...the extremely LONG LINE of pre-lifers waiting in front of him.

The angel sighs and beckons the soul who's on pole position of the queue to step up to him.

INT. PRE-LIFE, EARTH'S PORTAL QUEUE - DAY

Way in the back Peter and Barbara arrive and queue. They oversee the line ahead of them. Peter is pissed.

PETER

What is it with this place and queues? ... I can't wait to get down there, far away from this bureaucracy. Never having to stand in line again, oh, that would be heaven.

Barbara nods in agreement.

A short uncomfortable silence kicks in which Peter and Barbara spend looking around.

PETER

Sooo, life... Are you scared?

BARBARA

No! Excited!

PETER

Same here! Although I must say that I haven't got the slightest idea what's going to happen down there.

BARBARA

I've been talking to some souls who have already survived life before but they're very vague on that subject.

PETER

What do they say?

BARBARA
 There are two camps really...
 ('beats me')
 'Chance' and 'Destiny'.

PETER
 I've heard about this 'Destiny'.
 Some say it exists, others say it
 doesn't. The ones who do usually
 aren't too happy with it and say
 it's... 'Shit'.

BARBARA
 Shit? What's that?

PETER
 I don't know... Supposedly
 something that happens.

The conversation falls silent for a moment as the two pre-
 lifers wrestle with the 'shit happens' in their minds.

BARBARA
 (tasting the words)
 'Chance' or 'Destiny'?

PETER
 Yeah... or perhaps both.

INT. THE BANK, AT THE COUNTERS - DAY

Peter and Barbara, where and how we left them before the
 previous scene.

Reality kicks back in for them. Still, they are confused and
 insecure by what just happened.

BARBARA
 (clearing her throat)
 Excuse me?

PETER
 Hmmmm? O, Package... For a misterrr...
 (checking the papers again)
 Williams.

BARBARA
 I'll take it.
 (taking the package)
 Thanks. You want me to sign anything?

PETER
 Uh, yeah.

Barbara signs the paper Peter hands her.

BARBARA
Well, thanks againnn...

PETER
(finally taking her
'what is your name?' cue)
Peter.

Barbara smiles and waves her hand in a rather silly way.

BARBARA
(a bit giggle-ish)
Hi, Peter.

Peter counters with an unsteady laugh of his own.

PETER
Hi...

Barbara gives the paper back.

PETER
(reading the signature)
...Barbara. Uh...

Peter is groping for something witty to say and Barbara is waiting cause she's tongue-tied as well. But Peter is at a loss. There's nothing left for him to do but leave.

Peter and Barbara try to make their multiple 'byes' sound casual.

Peter turns round, takes a few steps, and stops. His face slowly fills with determination.

He strides back, leans on Barbara's counter and... Totally forgets what he was about to do or say. In desperation he tries to play it cool. It sort of reminds us of that guy Slick in the night club scene with Barbara earlier, but Peter succeeds even less at being impressive.

PETER
Hey, good-looking. Wanna...

Oops! Wrong line. And the lady goes berserk.

BARBARA

'Good-looking'?! Ow, that's just so typical. Sooo typical. You think you can simply...

(agitatedly waving
her arms about)

...waltz all over me after that? Huh? Buy yourself some... action with a cheap compliment? Is that it?!

PETER

Action? Wha-uh? Me, I... Look lady, You've obviously... Jeez. You got some issues you need to work out. Okay? So... bye now, for real this time.

(starting to turn away)

Jeez!

BARBARA

Issues? I'm not the one who wants to score after less than a minute.

PETER

Score?! Heh?! Since when does asking a girl out for a date mean... Ah, forget it. Wish your shrink good luck for me. He'll need it.

Peter walks away shaking his head, leaving behind a fuming Barbara.

BARBARA

(noticing Gina
observing her)

What?!

GINA

('Hello kids')

Can you say 'sexual tension'?

Gina finishes it off with a sensual doggy growl and laughs, much to Barbara's dismay.

INT. THE BANK, AT THE ENTRANCE - DAY

The foreman walks in again but now he has cast his working man's disguise aside (not the boots). He looks Hell-bent with style in his black and classy outfit. Naturally he's wearing a long jacket. KURT reborn seems to roll toward us like a dark and dashing wave...

At the door, he throws a switch in the upper left corner of the door and it closes right in front of his nose.

He hangs a sign on the glass saying 'Sorry, we're closed for construction', and grins eagerly/wickedly.

Peter, still looking pissed, is getting the hell out of this embarrassing experience. He's closing in on Kurt's back.

Kurt swings around and hits Peter on the jaw in one fluid motion.

Peter stumbles back and goes down. His hand goes to his jaw and his eyes are open wide. Pain isn't as much an issue as total surprise is. He's having a hard time trying to figure out what just happened.

KURT

(cheerful)

O, it's you... I'm really sorry but I can't beat you up any further right now. Business first. You do understand don't you?

KURT

(to his workers)

Gentlemen! Phase three!

INT. THE BANK, MAIN HALL - DAY

The workers BURRITO and DOUG (a.k.a DUCK) take the hidden six-shooters (big ones) out of their toolboxes.

Burrito is a very mean, ugly and dirty looking man. He's armed with a piercing gaze, like Salvador Dali, that would make a snake shiver out off his skin.

His partner in crime Duck on the other hand is a burly, young, goofy looking guy. He comes across as being good-natured and fun to be with. He's earned his nickname with the ducky/quaky sound of his laughter.

MAX (a slick italian of about 35 with lots of grease in his hair), who had been waiting behind the middle-aged and out of shape SECURITY GUARD, efficiently disarms and overpowers the startled man.

Burrito and Duck efficiently start rounding up everyone in the bank (except Peter) and take them to the center of the bank. They bark orders like 'hands up', 'don't try anything funny', 'get the fuck over here', 'today gramps', 'move it' and 'shut the fuck up', etcetera.

Duck, to his surprise and amusement, finds a mid thirties, nerdy looking, scared MIME (wearing thick glasses) sitting on a bench.

The people are all in a state of panic of course. Shocked and scared as they are they let themselves be herded like cattle.

Billy is afraid too. He's staring 'round at the fast paced action looking lost.

The guard is cuffed with his own cuffs (hands behind his back) and put in the middle with the rest.

Burrito is busy with Gina, and I do mean busy. He's feeling her up. As he does so he studies her face for her reaction. Gina however keeps her face straight in defiance. This doesn't sit well with Burrito.

BURRITO

Slut.

Since they're all neatly huddled up together in the center let us recap. We've got Barbara, Gina, the old blues man, the lovely old granny, mr. Williams, the security guard, and the mime.

KURT

(nodding approvingly)

Nice. ... Max!

(thumbing towards the entrance behind him)

Blind the entrance, I want some privacy with my new friends here!

MAX

Right boss.

He heads for the entrance, on the double.

KURT

(pointing at Billy)

And Billy!

Kurt looks at the mouse that is Billy. The sight annoys/disgusts him.

KURT

Fix me my drink.

Billy slumps away.

Peter, still lying on the ground, finally seems to comprehend he's been hit and now pain gets a chance to put in a word.

PETER

Ouch!

The sound brings Peter back in the picture of Kurt, who turns his attention to him.

KURT
Oh good, you waited for me. Good
punch wasn't it?

Peter tries to back/crawl away. Kurt leisurely strolls after him.

KURT
What? You don't recognize me?

Kurt grabs Peter by the ankle, pulls him near (damn, this guy is strong), and hauls Peter off the floor by his shirt so they can have a nice intimate one on one chat.

KURT
It's me spunky. We met outside,
remember? ... Mr. Bump-in maybe?

Scared silence from Peter.

KURT
Not quite the talkative hero
anymore, are ya?
(up close)
...So, what do you think am I going
to do to you, huh?

Even more scared silence from Peter.

KURT
(shaking Peter big time)
I asked you a fucking question! What?!

PETER
I... I don't know.

KURT
You don't know?

He waits for an answer. None is coming.

KURT
That makes two of us dipshit... But
I'm gonna enjoy thinking of
something. Now... get AWAY from me!

He pushes Peter away with a powerful burst of rage.

Peter half stumbles, half falls his way across the bank until he finds some hold on...

Barbara's breasts, in between which he lands with his face by the way. She cries out in disgust and anger. This is not Peter's day. Before he has time to regain his composure she too pushes him away.

BARBARA

Don't touch me you sick pathetic
sex maniac or else I'm going to
kick you in the NUTS!

The bank robbers love it. They laugh out loud and cheer her on (except for Billy, who doesn't understand what's going on).

The other hostages don't know what to make of it (Gina however, despite everything, can't help smiling at Barbara's over the top reaction).

MAX

Looks like we've got two lovers
here. What do you say Kurt? Shall
we get them married?

Kurt grins a big 'yes'.

MAX

Hey Duck, weren't you an altar boy
as a kid?

Duck nods, grinning broadly.

DUCK

Yep. Sang like an angel.
(thinks back fondly)
Still know all the stuff too.
(scratching an itch
on his chin with his gun)
Sometimes I wonder... where did I
go wrong?

KURT

Never mind that. Congratulations
buddy, you've just been promoted to
the ranks of priesthood. ... Your
honor, if you please... Bring on
the wedlock.

Our two main characters are condemned to each other by priest Duck with NYLON CABLE TIES.

DUCK

(chuckling)

You may now kiss the bride.

He walks away laughing. It's quite a merry and catchy, duck-ish sound.

Peter is not very happy with the bonds and the whole situation. Barbara is even less enthusiastic, fighting her anger and looking away with her jaws clenched.

KURT

(sighing)

To be in love.

(to the hostages, all
business again)

But before we all start throwing
rice ladies and gents, if I could
just have your attention please.

Kurt starts to walk around like a professor lecturing a college hall full of students. It's a nice opportunity for him to display his "superior" ego. Our self-infatuated bad guy takes a shiny YO-YO from out of a pocket in his jacket. He plays with it as he delivers his speech, doing some tricks now and then. At times he stops to play with his toy, when he wants to stress something and looks at his audience.

KURT

(quoting)

Men ought either to be well treated
or crushed.

He examines the reaction of his listeners. Frightened as they are, none comes, so Kurt continues.

KURT

There are two ways of contesting,
the one by the law, the other by
force; the first method is proper
to men, the second to beasts; but
because the first is frequently not
sufficient, it is necessary to have
recourse to the second. ...
Therefore a prince must understand
how to avail himself of the beast
and the man.

(beat)

Hence it is essential for a prince
wishing to hold his own to know how
to do wrong, and to make use of it,
or not, according to necessity.

(beat)

It is much safer to be feared than
loved.

He lets it sink in for a while. Then he resumes walking to and fro. He addresses his "class" once more.

KURT

These are all excerpts from a manifesto called 'The Prince', published in the year 1515 by Niccolo Macchiavelli.

(smiling broadly)

My kinda guy.

Back to the professor-like walking.

KURT

Now, the three 'NO' rules... One! NO heroics people. Be sensible. At all times remember...

Kurt pauses his leisure stroll and takes his gun out of his belt so everyone can get a good look at it. Merely a gun naturally just won't do for a bad guy of his stature so he also unveils an uzi that was, until now, hidden under his jacket.

KURT

...I am the prince here.

He re-belts the gun and the uzi disappears behind the jacket again. Walking continues.

KURT

Two! NO interruptions unless absolutely necessary. So if you gotta take a leak or something, raise your hand. ... Three! NO cell phones. I'm sure you all can understand why. My charming assistants Duck...

DUCK

(big lovable smile,
waving his gun-hand)

Howdy folks.

KURT

and Burrito...

In contrast to Duck's humorous appearance Burrito looks chagrined, intimidating, and above all evil.

KURT

...will collect them shortly.

He stops playing with his yo-yo and puts it away.

KURT
 Four! And admittedly, this is a
 spurt of the moment one...
 (to the mime)
 NO walking against the wind, and
 keep your hands off the invisible
 wall at all times... I hate that shit.

The mime is looking mime-ishly offended but is scared and sensible enough not to "say" anything.

KURT
 (to his helpers)
 Boys...
 (snapping his fingers)
 Cell phones.

Duck and Burrito start harvesting the phones...

Duck comes up to Granny. She shakes her head.

LOVELY OLD GRANNY
 I'm afraid I'm a bit too old for
 modern telephones like that.

Duck stands there for a moment, indecisive. Should he search her?

Granny just stands there, looking definitely too old for mobile gadgetry.

Duck shrugs and walks on.

The old blues man is not so lucky with Burrito. He's searched, thoroughly and roughly.

The cuffed security obviously can't hand it over. He indicates that his phone is in his pocket.

Duck orders Gina, who stands next to the guard, to get it out for him.

The guard seems pleased with the fact that Gina's hand is near his mister Happy.

A look from Gina tells him to wipe any thoughts from his mind. This effectively vaporizes the horny man's enthusiasm.

She gets the phone out and gives it to Duck, along with her own.

Everyone else hand their cell phone over without saying a word or offering any other form of resistance.

All the phones are thrown in a sports bag.

KURT
Excellent... Mister Williams!

The old man jumps very nervously at the mentioning of his name.

KURT
You have some information I
require... I leave you in the care
of my man Burrito here. He's my
specialist in... extracting data.
(to Burrito)
In the office. Priority one, the
info. Two, his well-being. Get
cracking. Move!

Burrito grabs a terrified Mr. Williams and drags him along.

DUCK
Hey boss, what about the newly-weds?

Barbara is still looking very pissed. Peter's mood has
cooled down to being annoyed.

KURT
O yeah, I almost forgot.

He thinks it over for a short while.

KURT
(with a slight smile)
I'm sure you can find a nice little
honeymoon suite around here someplace.

The two "newly-weds" are being taken away by Duck, who's
obviously having fun humming the wedding march.

KURT
Okay...
(claps his hands)
...we're looking good... Where the
hell is my drink? ...Billyyy!

INT. THE BANK, MR. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Williams is thrown into his office chair which makes him
roll away until he hits the wall.

He looks petrified and claws at his chest with one hand.

A very mean looking Burrito walks up to him, picking up a
stapler off the desk on the way.

Burrito puts his non-stapler hand on an arm of Mr. Williams' chair and leans on it, towering over the mortally terrified bank manager.

BURRITO

Listen up you old corpse. I haven't got time for play so you'd better tell me what I wanna hear fast. But, should you decide to play hardball, you WILL find out what this thing...

Big, fear filled eyes regard the ordinary stapler Burrito is displaying up close as if it were a spanish inquisition torturing device.

BURRITO

...can do to your eye lids.

Mr. Williams spastically grabs his chest again. His breathing is extremely laborious.

INT. THE BANK, HALL, AT THE CLOSET - DAY

Duck opens the door of the closet, examines the tiny room, and nods satisfied.

DUCK

This will do.
 (pushes Peter in)
 Get in there Romeo,
 (and Barbara too)
 you too Jules.
 (cheerful)
 G'night.

Barbara, freaked out by what is about to happen, SCREA...

Duck slams the door.

...EAMS. The sound is muffled by the door. Still, it's music to Duck, who is listening with one hand curbed to his ear.

He smiles as he locks the closet, gets the key out, throws it in the air, catches it with his pocket and walks away.

INT. THE BANK, IN THE CLOSET - DAY

Darkness, in which Barbara is still very maddingly present with her eardrum piercing vocals.

PETER

Be quiet!

It doesn't work.

Slowly we begin to see more of the interior of the closet as our eyes adapt to the dark surroundings.

PETER

Shut...

A struggle ensues in which Peter tries to muffle the decibel generator with his free hand. It seems to work.

PETER

...up.

She bites his hand. Now he is the screamer.

BARBARA

Don't... touch me!

PETER

Bitch!

INT. THE BANK, MR. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Williams is now really into having a serious heart attack.

Burrito likes it at first. That is, until he realizes he's got a dying man on his hands.

BURRITO

No way you old fart, you're not dying on me man. I can't have that.
No WAY!

Not too cleverly, he starts to shake and rattle the old man.

BURRITO

Don't die on me. No, not YET!

Too late. Mr. Williams, kicking the proverbial bucket, lets his last breath escape. By doing so he leaves behind a scared Burrito.

BURRITO

O shit. O no. O shit. O no. O SHIT!
What the fuck am I gonna tell the boss?!

Weirdly, in contrast, a smile almost seems to surface, as if he's anticipating something... pleasurable.

BURRITO

What will he do to me?

His face lights up. Rapture and giggling.

INT. THE BANK, MAIN HALL - DAY

A glass hits the ground and smashes into a thousand (well, a lot in any case) pieces.

Billy, once again, gets very scared and tries to ostrich/hedgehog once more.

KURT

He is WHAT?!

The apology that Burrito may have thought of stumbles out of his mouth as an incoherent and weak stutter. He almost succeeds in hiding the fact that he is actually glad. Kurt doesn't notice.

KURT

Duck!

(indicating the hostages)

Watch them!

He brushes his underling Burrito roughly aside (much to the man's secret delight) as he heads for the office.

INT. THE BANK, MR. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY

Yep. Williams is dead alright.

KURT

Fuck!

He ventilates his anger on a scared/glad Burrito who has followed his boss dutifully. Kurt makes a few nasty martial arts moves and Burrito ends on the floor. Kurt punches him on the nose for good measure: CRACK!

With some effort Kurt regains his composure. He lets Burrito loose.

KURT

First and last mistake my boy.

Kurt leaves.

Burrito nose gushes blood. He gets up and smiles like a little boy with a new toy. Could God love him more?

INT. THE BANK, MAIN HALL - DAY

Kurt enters. Once again Burrito trails.

KURT

Duck! Bring the hostages. They're moving to the office.

KURT

Max! Plan B. The vault is yours.

Max's face brightens with joy for a while. He salutes Kurt and scurries away off camera.

KURT

Burrito! Take Billy. Get the digging started.

A nod, and he's off. He touches his nose one more time, winces, and sighs blissfully.

Billy, who saw it, is dumb-founded.

Burrito, knowing he's been caught with his pants down, falls back on his killer mode. In anger, he drags poor Billy along.

INT. THE BANK, BASEMENT, THE VAULT ROOM - DAY

The vault is a tough beauty begging to be conquered. That is, if you're into safe sex, like Max.

Max's expression is one of a lover who sees the woman he's secretly loved for so many years naked for the very first time.

He drops his bag with equipment and slowly walks up to his lady of worship.

He lays his cheek upon her and caresses her metallic skin.

MAX

You and me girl, finally. You and me. ...

(almost moaning/whispering)

Let's get it on.

He detaches, reluctantly, and goes back for the bag and picks it up.

With his free hand he puts on two big headphones. He presses the 'play' button of his iPod (or whatever). Marvin Gaye's 'Let's Get It On' starts to play, loudly. The song totally overrules all other sounds, isolating Max from the outside world.

Consumed by the delicate love song and the sight of the safe Max slowly walks up to the safe with 'getting it on' on his mind.

INT. THE BANK, MR. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY

All of the hostages are staring bug-eyed at something. They're frozen in fear.

Duck pushes through their closed ranks.

DUCK

What?

He looks at what the others are looking at for a second. He shrugs.

DUCK

Looks to me he died peacefully.

On Mr. Williams' face, contorted by absolute terror.

Duck loses interest, shrugs again, and leaves. The others remain frozen until the old blues man breaks the spell and takes his coat off.

The coat slowly/gently covers Mr. Williams' face.

LOVELY OLD GRANNY

Thank you, kind sir.

OLD BLUES MAN

It was the decent thing to do.

A beat, in which Gina's temper gets the upper hand and runs amok.

GINA

This sucks! I hope those sick, twisted bastards end up in a prison where they're ass-raped every night by Jack the fucking BUTT RIPPER!

The security guard and the mime, impressed by Gina's impromptu speech, both nod their 'Amen to that'.

LOVELY OLD GRANNY

(firm)

I don't care much for your choice of words young lady.

GINA

(looking tired)

...I'm sorry madam, I didn't mean to offend but I...

LOVELY OLD GRANNY

I know dear, we all do. There is no need for apologies. ... And I must concede, you are right about one thing.

(MORE)

LOVELY OLD GRANNY (CONT'D)

These bank robbers are plain...
 (peevd)
 ...monsters.

An uncomfortable silence sets in. Everyone is miserable and looking at each miserable other isn't helping.

The mime and Gina start to pace around a bit like caged, uneasy animals. The guard keeps to himself and just stands there. The old granny and the blues man find comfort in each others presence.

Gina spots... the telephone on mister Williams' desk. She lunges for it, picks it up and puts it to her ear. She has the groups' full attention now. They wait, semi-hopeful. But alas...

The telephone is slammed down again. Gina seems personally offended by the damn thing. The rest silently express their disappointment.

Aimlessly wandering about continues, checking out the room.

A U.T.P. (computer) cable is lying beside Mr. Williams' desk on the ground. The mime snatches it and looks at it, filled with a renewed sense of hope. Pumped with energy he starts to search for something in the room.

His fellow hostages notice his odd and frantic behavior and regard him with wonder. They look at each other for answers but no one has a clue what he's doing.

A desk drawer is opened. The mime wildly goes through its mostly papery content. He finds nothing. Next drawer: the same. Then, in the third drawer...

BINGO: A laptop!

The mime looks down on his would-be savior for a short while. He gently gets it out of the drawer, places it on the desk. He opens it. His finger presses the 'Power' button. The machine comes to life and painty-face celebrates with a little jig of joy.

On Mr. Jiggy. finishing his moves, happy.

GINA

(wryly)

I'm glad at least someone's having fun.

INT. PRE-LIFE, EARTH'S PORTAL QUEUE - DAY

Peter and Barbara's initial excitement of life to come seems to have dissipated greatly.

PETER
(with a sigh)
This queue is gonna take forever.

Barbara ponders this for a moment.

BARBARA
Can you be late? For life I mean.

PETER
No clue here.

Barbara, for the zillionth time, checks the long and unmoving queue ahead of them.

BARBARA
It looks like we're gonna be stuck here with each other for a while.

They share a smile.

INT. THE BANK, IN THE CLOSET - DAY

Peter and Barbara. Nothing is happening, at first.

Peter starts to look around, apparently searching something. Fumbling, moving around. Barbara is doing her best to avoid him as much as possible. Not an easy process considering it's dark and they are tied to each other.

BARBARA
Stop that... Whatever 'that' may be.

PETER
Cool it lady, I'm not making any moves on you.

More fumbling takes place, then an annoyed grunt from Peter.

PETER
Where the hell is the light in here?
... Is there a light in here?

BARBARA
How should I know? I work at my counter, not in this closet.

Blundering continues for a while. Barbara elbows Peter out of her way with her free arm. Peter 'ouches'.

PETER
 (to himself)
 Ow, I've been born and gone to Hell.

BARBARA
 And that makes me... what? The
 devil? ... Well I'm not the one
 who's 'Horny' all the time.

Peter ignores the snide remark. He continues his quest for the light. After a while of growing irritation on Barbara's behalf she too starts to do some exploring.

BARBARA
 You'd better stop moving around and
 stay out of my face once I've
 finally found your damn light.

Peter lets out a 'why me?' moan.

BARBARA
 Quit whining you overgrown baby. Do
 something useful for a change.

Whadda ya know, it works. Peter's hand, by sheer/blind luck of course, finds a piece of string somewhere high against the wall. Peter yanks the chord.

Voila, the light of a weak and dirty light bulb overhead floods Peter and Barbara's small surroundings.

Peter looks at his prison mate, oozing an 'I won' attitude.

Barbara looks at him for a while. Then she contemptuously yanks the cord once more.

Darkness.

INT. THE BANK, MR. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY

The mime sits behind the desk. He is busy with the laptop. The others are all around him, watching.

Beep. The screen of the laptop shows a 'Enter password' dialogue window, much too the mime's dismay. He mutters a soundless curse. (NOTE: all windows are captioned 'HollywoodSoft Inc.')

Disappointment from the others as well. That is, from all except the guard, who becomes thoughtful.

OLD BLUES MAN
 How dow we figure out the password?

They look at the covered up corpse. No help there.

LOVELY OLD GRANNY
 Maybe he has it on him, in his
 wallet perhaps...

GINA
 O no, no way, I ain't touching that
 corpse. I didn't even like him when
 he was alive and drooling... sex-
 hungry wanker got all hypnotized
 every time he stared at my...

SECURITY GUARD
 (Eureka!)
 Boobies!

GINA
 Say what?!

SECURITY GUARD
 Boobies!

GINA
 O you'd better cool down you perv.
 I'm gonna mutilate some of your
 body parts if you don't quit that
 boob-shit.

SECURITY GUARD
 No, you don't understand. It's the
 password.
 (shrugging)
 Boobies!
 (short beat)
 But, I just remembered, use two
 zeroes instead of the letter 'O's.

The rest stare at him incredulous, but the mime starts
 punching it in.

On the screen: 'Access granted'.

OLD BLUES MAN
 Take a look at that, it works.

GINA
 (checking out her 'password')
 Damn.. you two really could have
 gotten me a biiig raise.

The mime is hacking away at the keyboard. Everybody's is
 following his actions/progress(ions) with intent again.

OLD BLUES MAN
What is he doing?

SECURITY GUARD
I think he's getting help through
the internet or somethin', somehow.

GINA
(to mime)
Yo Silent Bob, you tryin' to get
the cops over here?

The mime acknowledges it with a feverish/enthusiastic nodding.

He presses 'Enter'.

CUT TO:

One of the mobile phones (collected and put into the sports bag earlier by Burrito and Duck) springs into life and dials a number.

CUT TO:

On the computer screen: Connection established.

The mime jumps up from the chair and does a little/short 'where's the roof' victory dance.

He quickly sits down and starts typing and mouse-ing again.

SECURITY GUARD
Looks like we're back in business.

LOVELY OLD GRANNY
It's about time the law got here.
My boy will set things straight.

The others look at her, with 'come again?' written all over their faces.

Granny remains mysteriously silent.

INT. THE BANK, MAIN HALL - DAY

Kurt returns and finds Duck kicking it back, smoking a cigarette.

KURT
(menacing)
Why aren't you with the hostages?

DUCK
I thought you said...

KURT
 I know what I said! You were
 supposed to watch them! Have you at
 least searched the place?

Silence, as in 'uhhhh, I didn't know I should have', from Duck.

Kurt growls an angry reply and rushes off to the office.

INT. THE BANK, MR. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY

ON COMPUTER SCREEN: Send message (Yes/No)? Y.

The mime is about to press 'Enter' when...

KURT (O.S.)
 I don't think so.

His words sounded very good-natured but the gun in his hand sends out a different message.

All the hostages are paralyzed for a moment and, in unison, put up their hands a second or two later.

Suddenly the old blues man presses 'Enter' and quickly puts his type hand up again.

In no time Kurt is at the desk and spins the laptop around.

He studies the screen for a while and knows what his hostages have been doing. Enraged he grabs the laptop and smashes it to laptop heaven.

KURT
 (Choking with anger)
 Someone... is... gonna... pay for this!

Kurt looks around, searching. His predatory eyes find...

The old blues man. Kurt attacks. He grabs the defenseless man, drives him against the wall, and forces his victim-to-be's chin up with the gun.

KURT
 It seems we have a winner... Bye bye.

He cocks the gun.

A wrinkly hand taps him lightly on the shoulder a couple of times.

Astonishment makes Kurt's anger disappear. As he looks around he sees...

Granny, holding her bag with two hands in front of her, looking back at him defiantly. Kurt's curiosity gets the better of him. He lowers his weapon.

LOVELY OLD GRANNY

Excuse me, but you are not to harm this good gentleman.

Kurt's eyes blink a couple of times in amazement.

KURT

Not to harm him you say... and why would that be?

LOVELY OLD GRANNY

Because you'll regret it.

KURT

Regret it? I've never regretted killing anyone in my entire life. I don't think I'm gonna start here and now. Not for y...

(wait a minute)

Shit, did you just threaten me you old hag? ... Me?!

Granny looks him in the eyes, she doesn't back down. Her fellow hostages take a step back however.

LOVELY OLD GRANNY

I'm not asking you to do it for me, but for yourself.

This, after a beat, is met by a bellowing laughter of Kurt.

KURT

Sorry, can't help you. I left my conscience in my other pants. So if that's all you have to say...

He points his gun at the old blues man again.

LOVELY OLD GRANNY

(hurriedly)

You'd better do as I say.

Kurt Laughs.

KURT

Ooo, scary. I'm being threatened by a fossil...

(serious/business)

Come on, show me what you've got. ... Bring it on.

Strangely unaffected by this granny faces him, almost savoring the moment. (She doesn't of course. She's a nice grandmotherly figure after all, but it almost looks a bit like gloating)

INT. PRE-LIFE, EARTH'S PORTAL QUEUE - DAY

The queue moves a little.

PETER
(cynical)
Behold, we're moving!

Barbara, out of boredom, studies the ticket once more.

PETER
Does it say anything useful on the ticket?

Barbara strains to decipher the ticket.

BARBARA
The printing is very small.
(burying her face in the ticket)
Here... 'Gender'
(pointing it out on the ticket)
I'm going to be a... 'Female'.

Peter leans over to see.

BARBARA
(pointing)
It says so here, right under 'favourite color'.

Peter looks for it on his own ticket, tracing with his finger.

PETER
uhhh, bla bla bla... favorite color 'undetermined, free will'... Ah, here it is... 'Male'.

BARBARA
What does it mean?

INT. THE BANK, IN THE CLOSET - DAY

The light is switched on again. Peter faces Barbara.

PETER
Sex, sex, sex!

He pauses a while. Barbara is confounded.

BARBARA

'scuse me?

PETER

That's what you think I, and probably every man on this planet, is after. Right?

BARBARA

You're weird. No, Really.

PETER

O weird am I? Let me take you back a little while. There's me, at your desk. And you give me all that crap about me wanting some... uhhh... what was it again?

BARBARA

Stuff it. I don't need this.

PETER

Action! That was it. ... Tell me do you treat every man like that?

BARBARA

That's totally absurd. Besides, you don't even know me, so stay out of my business.

PETER

Don't worry, if you keep this up you'll never be doing any 'business'.

BARBARA

You're not too bright are you. First you ask me, no you accuse me of thinking that all men are sex junkies and then you flap out this 'business' of yours. That is so 'high school' it's, it's...

Almost bursting with contempt she gropes for the right words to express herself, and fails. Time for a different approach.

BARBARA

Listen to me you infantile hormone factory. I don't dislike men, real men. Gentlemen. A concept that is most likely very alien to you.

PETER
 (smirking)
 Sooo, kissed any crown wearing
 frogs lately?

She fixes him with a fiery stare for a moment. She takes a deep breath.

BARBARA
 (cute/pretty/lively
 when she's angry)
 Cork it half-wit! You are even less
 than a frog. You're some sort of...
 sub-frog. The dumbest, creepiest,
 ugliest animal in the pond, slime
 and warts and all! ... I despise you.

Barbara's finished (for the moment) and inhales deeply.

PETER
 So, no kissing then?

That does it for Barbara. She wants to put the light out again but Peter beats her to it.

INT. THE BANK, MR. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY

Kurt laughs his ass off.

It's not the effect granny was hoping for, and it gnaws at her confidence.

KURT
 This is just priceless. Price-
 fucking-less!
 (beat)
 OK, I'll indulge you. I'm gonna let
 your boyfriend here live.
 (beat)
 still...
 (pointing gun at the
 other hostages, as if
 selecting a new victim)
 As I said before, someone's gonna
 pay for this! Wouldn't be wanna
 called a liar now, would we? ...
 Eeny... Meeny... Miny... DUCK!

Suddenly he spins 'round and shoots Duck pointe blank in the chest, three times.

Duck can't seem to fathom what just happened as he stumbles backwards. He hits the wall, sags to the ground and dies.

Kurt, expressionless, walks over to his ex-partner in crime, now a bloody mess, and takes away the dead man's gun and his walkie-talkie. He pockets them and returns his attention towards the shocked hostages.

KURT

What?

(grinning)

I yelled 'Duck!', didn't I?

Strangely enough, no one is amused. Quite the opposite. But they remain silent.

KURT

Everyone is a critic these days...
Fuck it.

(gun-pointing)

Screw you people!

(pointing to Duck)

That's what you get from
lollygagging on the job. ... A
prince who does not understand the
art of war cannot be respected by
his soldiers, nor can he rely on
them. And therefore a real prince
ought not to mind the reproach of
cruelty; because with a few
examples he will be more merciful
than those who, through too much
mercy, allow disorders to arise...
And it is necessary for a prince to
have his foundations well laid,
otherwise he will go to ruin. ...
To RUIN!

Silence.

KURT

(swapping to cheerful)

But, on the bright side, no harm
has been done to my plans.

Needless to say this surprises the hostages a lot.

KURT

And there you all were, thinking
you messed up my program.

He suddenly makes a loud 'wrong answer' quiz show buzzing sound, startling the hostages.

KURT
 Any "perfect" plan, depending on perfect execution, by definition isn't perfect. Police interference had a high probability and had therefore been taken into account. ... Granted, not this early in the game, but hell... once more: fuck it.

Kurt rubs his belly.

KURT
 Besides, they can take care of the catering. I'm getting a bit... peckish.

He looks at granny.

KURT
 I'm gonna need your wallet madam.

Granny, still shaken, starts to look in her purse. It takes a while, making Kurt impatient.

KURT
 Come on, come on, come on. Don't make me have to get it out for you.

This scares her even more but two seconds later, she's found it and gives it to Kurt.

KURT
 (leafing through the wallet's contents)
 I once knew a very lucky guy and his name was...

A smile brightens his face as finds a card of some sorts which he picks out of the wallet.

KURT
 ...Jack Pot.

With eyes closed, Kurt inhales deeply through his nose, sniffing. He breaths out with an 'Aaahhhh'.

KURT
 The sweet smell of success!
 (addressing his hostages again)
 Either that or God is having one of His flatulent episodes again.

He pockets the card and leaves, patting a collapsed and sitting, dead Duck on his shoulder on the way out.

KURT
At ease, soldier.

He slams the door shut behind him on the way out.

The hostages look badly shaken to the point of horrified.

INT. THE BANK, MAIN HALL - DAY

Kurt already has a six-shooter stuffed behind his belt in the front of his pants. So he puts Burrito's gun in the back of his pants. He takes his walkie-talkie out of his jacket.

KURT
(in walkie-talkie)
Burrito, come in.

No response.

KURT
Yo, Burrito!

BURRITO
(over the walkie-talkie)
What is it, boss?

KURT
Get over here, on the double!
You're on garbage disposal duty.

EXT. THE STREET, IN FRONT OF THE BANK - DAY

We follow two red high heeled shoes walking as if on a cat walk. The long legs above them disappear in a short and tight dress, also red. The skimpy outfit highlights perfect curves. Above that, we come to the long-haired (red) head, on which a large floppy/wavy red hat is nestled. The RED BABE looks over her shoulder.

RED BABE
Vogue, hurry honey.

VOGUE, her small and fragile looking, heavily coiffed dog is trailing. He's having a difficult time keeping up with his stubby legs.

RED BABE
We don't want to be late, now do we?
(baby talking)
No Poopoo, nooo.

The red babe, still walking, starts to make wooing and cooing sounds to her dog.

It keeps her occupied enough not to notice the two chairs (with Duck and Mr. Williams on them) being pushed onto the sidewalk, rolling.

She stumbles into them and, even before seeing what she's hit, immediately transforms into a vixen.

RED BABE
Hey! Watch it, I'm wal...

She forgets her '...king here.' as she sees...

Duck, on the chair; A bloody corpse.

The red babe screeches. Her hands go to the sides of her shaking head in classic 50's B-movies horror style. She spots...

Mr. Williams, on the other chair, frozen in face distorting fear.

More babe-screeching.

BURRITO (O.S.)
Shut! ...

Screeching continues, until... BANG! The red babe's head gets bullet-catapulted out of view sideways.

BURRITO
(with his gun still raised)
...up!

He lowers his gun and goes back into the bank. The door closes again behind him.

INT. PRE-LIFE, EARTH'S PORTAL QUEUE - DAY

Our two youngster seem to have made some progress in the queue.

PETER
Hey, I can see the incarnation angel!

BARBARA
(looking)
Wow, me too!
(in awe)
They are so...

CUT TO:

The angel, even more bored and 'shoot me, please' than the first time we saw him.

CUT TO:

PETER
 Yeah I know, those chosen few have
 really got it made.
 (mesmerized)
 I've always wondered what it would
 be like to be one of them.
 Important and all. Me...
 (increasingly dramatic/dreamily)
 ...A herald of truth and beauty. An
 instrument of fate and righteousness.
 An enigmatic, enlightened being of...

Barbara, who's been observing Peter, can't hold it any longer. She bursts out laughing.

PETER
 What?
 (self-conscious)
 ...I guess I was getting a bit
 carried away.

BARBARA
 'a bit' he says.

She laughs again. It's a catchy sound and after a while Peter gives in and joins her.

An uncommon and merry sound reaches the angel's ears. It tickles his curiosity, taking him out of his gloomy mood. His searching eyes find...

Barbara and Peter, standing in line. From where the angel is standing we can't hear what they're saying to each other but the occasional sound of laughter comes to us. They look so lively, almost glowing, they seem out of place.

Intrigued the angel absently gestures to the next soul to come forward. He's totally taken in by...

Angel's P.O.V.: Peter and Barbara, having a good time.

INT. THE BANK, IN THE CLOSET - DAY

Peter and Barbara, side by side in the dark, silent. The fighting seems to have quieted down. They look tired and bored.

Barbara's face contorts as a big sneeze is rapidly surfacing. Instinctively she tries to catch it with her hand but it's the one that's tied to Peter so... Too 'Hatshoo' late. Both their hands are sprayed.

PETER
 (amused)
 Ah God, disgusting.

BARBARA
It was an accident.

Barbara, agitated, turns on the light and starts to wipe her hand clean, as does Peter. Their fumbling is working on Barbara's nerves. She pushes his hand away. Her anger is contagious. Peter meets her gaze. Then they both look away again.

A beat.

PETER
(angry, but secretly smiling)
Crazy jinx.

A beat.

BARBARA
Low-life.

A beat.

PETER
Look, if you don't like being here,
with me... leave.

BARBARA
Gladly, but...

In stead of finishing her answer she tugs at him with her bound hand.

BARBARA
I'm open for suggestions.

And with that she goes back to ignoring Peter. Silence returns. Peter uses it to turn out the lights and start thinking.

EXT. THE STREET, IN FRONT OF THE BANK - DAY

Some time later: The police/SWAT arrive, and they make quite some show about it.

An ill-tempered, rough and burly looking SWAT LEADER (early 40-ish), gets out of his car and immediately starts to take control. Around him SWAT members flock to him and hang on his lips to take in his every word.

SWAT LEADER

Attention, damn it! We've got ourselves a standard bank robbery with a few hostages. Shouldn't be much different from what we've practiced on the training courses. So, I want this one wrapped up A.S.A.P... My wife is out of town and my girlfriends E.T.A is approximatelyyy...

(checking his watch)

...two hours from now.

(looking at his men,
deadly serious)

I don't wanna have to explain to mister Stiffy down there he's not getting any action today.

(eyeing his crew)

...You know what to do... Positions!

Properly fired up they are men on a mission, dispersing with grave expressions on their faces. But...

SWAT LEADER

Wait!

They huddle together again.

SWAT LEADER

(pointing)

You, you and you. You're on corpses detail! Go!

The 'You' men groan unhappily but are smart enough to swallow their protests. Everybody fans out.

The others take up their places around the scene of the robbery and hold positions (or whatever. I mean, what do I know about SWAT stuff?)

EXT. THE BANK, AT THE ENTRANCE - DAY

An eye spies through the blinds of the bank's front window, assessing the situation that is unfolding out there.

INT. THE BANK, AT THE ENTRANCE - DAY

KURT

('elementary my dear Watson')

The game is afoot.

He takes his cell phone from his pocket and dials 911.

KURT

Hello, 911-bimbo? ... Yeah, It's about that bank robbery that's in progress at the moment.

(beat, listening)

u-huh... Actually, I'm the one who's robbing it thank you very much. Could you please put me through to that pompous SWAT-zenegger wannabe who's currently bugging me in front of my bank?

(beat/listening)

No, I won't hold.

(beat, then pleased)

Yes please, thanks.

From his pocket he gets his yo-yo. Waiting and listening to the phone he starts to play with it.

EXT. THE STREET, IN FRONT OF THE BANK - DAY

The bank looks under siege from the SWAT. The immediate surroundings are cleared out. Only police/SWAT are at the scene. And they are ready for action, waiting.

A clean-cut YOUNG POLICE OFFICER steps up to the SWAT leader who's busy taking in the situation.

YOUNG POLICE OFFICER

Excuse me, sir.

SWAT LEADER

(without looking)

Not now son.

The young man coughs apologetically.

YOUNG POLICE OFFICER

'scuse me but I really believe you should come to the radio.

The SWAT leader reacts in a grumpy manner. Nonetheless we...

CUT TO:

The SWAT leader taking the police radio.

EXT. THE STREET, IN FRONT OF THE BANK - DAY

SWAT LEADER

(on the radio)

O'Malley here. This better be good.

INT. THE BANK, AT THE ENTRANCE - DAY

KURT
 (on the phone)
 Don't worry, it's dynamite. So,
 shall we get started? Hi, I'm Kurt,
 currently skilled bank robber by
 profession and therefore your
 opponent. I think it would be
 prudent if you and I had a little
 chat. We wouldn't want any fuck ups
 now would we?

EXT. THE STREET, IN FRONT OF THE BANK - DAY

The SWAT leader quickly recovers from his initial surprise that he is the one being contacted.

SWAT LEADER
 (on the radio)
 No fuck ups. Just come out. You're
 history boy, and I'm on a time
 schedule here. So this is how we're
 gonna play it...

INT. THE BANK, AT THE ENTRANCE - DAY

Over the phone the SWAT leader talks and talks, incessantly.

KURT
 (on the phone)
 I don't think you...

The SWAT leader, over the telephone, keeps on nagging inaudible gibberish.

KURT
 (on the phone)
 Listen...

The phone keeps spewing 'nag, nag, nag'. Kurt is getting very annoyed now.

KURT
 (on the phone,
 remember 'Babe')
 That'll do pig, that'll do.

But the SWAT leader doesn't seem even remotely close to cutting down on his babbling. Aux contraire, mon amie. So...

KURT
 (on the phone)
 ...Shut your OINK!!!

EXT. THE STREET, IN FRONT OF THE BANK - DAY

That, finally, got the SWAT leader's attention and amazement effectively stops him in his verbal tracks.

INT. THE BANK, AT THE ENTRANCE - DAY

KURT

(on the phone)

Fuck! Haven't you seen 'The Negotiator'? Tell me, in what kind of world are we living in when SWATs miss out on the great Samuel L. Jackson flicks? You don't say 'No' to guys like me in a situation like this, dumbass. Your ass is mine... And since your ass is now officially mine I consider you to be my butt-ler. Get it?! ... Now, go fetch me a...

(roaring/thundering)

...HAPPY MEAL!!!

INT. PRE-LIFE, EARTH'S PORTAL QUEUE - DAY

Peter, giggly with pre-'punch line' glee.

PETER

So this guy Tommy says...
(imitating Tommy Cooper)
...Your singing's all right but
your monkey is on fire.

He cracks up with laughter, as does Barbara (though uncertain about it, fake).

BARBARA

I don't get it.

PETER

(still having fun)

Me neither.

And that really seems to be a laughing matter for the both of them.

BARBARA

What's a 'monkey' anyway?

More laughing.

INT. THE BANK, IN THE CLOSET - DAY

Peter, even in the dark you see him do some serious thinking. He looks at Barbara, who is looking the other way. Peter has made up his mind about something. He gets restless and starts to fidget.

BARBARA

Stay still!

Peter gives the chord another yank. Light.

He gets a bundle of keys from his pocket. Barbara eyes him suspiciously. Peter inspects his keys and selects one. He starts to try cutting the cable ties.

BARBARA

(laughing at him)

You're even more stupid than I thought you were if you think that has any chance of working out.

Peter ignores her but goes at it with even more determination and vigor.

BARBARA

Look, you're gonna hurt yourself. ... More importantly, you're probably gonna hurt me, so stop that.

No reply.

BARBARA

But on the of chance that I'm gonna be rid of you...

Peter, continuing his task, eyes her darkly for a second. She looks away. Peter grins shortly. He then focuses on the cutting again.

EXT. THE BANK - DAY

SWAT LEADER

(on the radio, pissed)

Once again... It's too bad you're hungry but we from SWAT, we don't do room service. Especially not for scum like yourself.

INT. THE BANK, AT THE ENTRANCE - DAY

KURT
 (on the phone)
 O scum am I, really? Hmmmm, I guess
 you're right. Still...

Kurt takes a card out of his pocket (the one he got from
 granny's wallet earlier).

KURT
 (on the phone)
 ...you miiight wanna check the
 following social security number,
 just to be sure about that whole
 room service thing.
 (reading from the card)
 Okay, here we go... 4, 8, 9, 2...

EXT. THE STREET, IN FRONT OF THE BANK - DAY

SWAT LEADER
 (on the radio)
 ...7, 7. But why...?

INT. THE BANK, AT THE ENTRANCE - DAY

KURT
 (on the phone)
 Call me when the food has arrived.
 ... And remember, the prince is
 watching, always.

Click, End Of Transmission.

He peeks through the blinds.

He starts to laugh because...

EXT. THE STREET, IN FRONT OF THE BANK - DAY

The SWAT leader is so mad he resembles a raging bull.

He slowly comes to his senses and addresses the young police
 officer who's holding a notepad.

SWAT LEADER
 Can you believe this guy?! Arrogant
 swine even calls himself 'The
 Prince' ... The fucking PRINCE!
 (beat)
 Did you write that number down?

YOUNG POLICE OFFICER

Yes sir.

Mister 'wet behind the ears' just keeps standing there, waiting.

SWAT LEADER

Then what are you standing around here for?! Get me a name, address, blood type, dental records, library card. On the double kid!

YOUNG POLICE OFFICER

Y-Yes sir.

He sort of bows and/or salutes, awkwardly, and scurries off.

The SWAT leader looks at the bank and starts to build up an anger again.

He explodes and hits the top of car nearest to him with his clenched fist.

SWAT LEADER

Motherfucker!

INT. THE BANK, AT THE ENTRANCE - DAY

Kurt enjoys seeing his opponents frustration.

His sunny disposition suddenly disappears and he becomes all business again.

KURT

Burrito! Come here.

So it was written, so it shall be done.

BURRITO

What is it boss?

KURT

Go check on Billy. I wanna know how much progress he's made.

Lackey Burrito leaves.

EXT. THE STREET, IN FRONT OF THE BANK - DAY

SWAT LEADER

So? Who is it?

The young police officer gives him his notepad.

The SWAT leader reads it and his mood turns sour.

SWAT LEADER

O no.

He looks tired.

SWAT LEADER

(with a sigh)

Get me the mayor on the phone.

Then he explodes again, slam-dunking the notepad on the ground.

SWAT LEADER

FUUUUCK!

INT. PRE-LIFE, EARTH'S PORTAL QUEUE - DAY

An elderly pre-lifer is staring forward, empty-eyed.

A hand waves in front of his face. No reaction.

Peter walks back to Barbara, still studying the old guy.

PETER

Weird. Why do you think most souls
are so... joyless.

BARBARA

(shaking her head)

Beats me.

PETER

Do you know it's because they know
something about... you know... down
there.

BARBARA

Gosh, I hope not.

PETER

Me neither.

BARBARA

If I become like that, please wake
me up.

PETER

Deal!

BARBARA

We'll have to find each other first
though.

PETER

Ah, don't worry. I mean, how big
can a 'planet' be?

BARBARA

Precisely. We're friends, right?

PETER

Right. We're gonna be...

PETER/BARBARA

...inseparable!

INT. THE BANK, IN THE CLOSET - DAY.

SNAP! The cable ties break. Even Peter is surprised but succeeds admirably in hiding that fact. Both let out sounds of relief and start rubbing their pained wrists for a while.

With their freedom at least partially restored Barbara retreats into a corner, keeping up her condescending attitude.

BARBARA

Great, you got us loose. Big deal.
... We're still stuck here, in case
you hadn't noticed.

PETER

Very astute, your royal bitchness.
'Glass-half-empty'-ish, but astute.

Barbara gives him her trademark dark/angry look.

Peter checks the surroundings. Logical place to start is the door. He tries to open it. It doesn't budge of course. Secretly curious, Barbara follows his actions.

Peter tries it using more force, to no avail. Barbara shakes her head. Peter sees it but let's it slide. His searching eyes look at the floor. Nothing useful there, only a couple of dozen CIGARETTE BUTTS. Peter picks one up.

PETER

At least somebody's been having a
good time in here.

BARBARA

O no! No smoking in here! No way
I'm going to breath that diseased
air in a room as small as this.

PETER

Diseased?! And all people who smoke
are diseased junkies then?!

BARBARA

Smoking is a filthy and unhealthy habit. A lot of people need serious help to free themselves from those cancer-sticks. So yes, in my opinion it's a mental disease, and an addiction.

PETER

You've got it all figured out, haven't you? What's wrong, what's right. The do's and don't's in life.

BARBARA

Are you calling me arrogant?

PETER

Arrogant? Don't know, maybe, you decide. But I do believe you put more meaning in the words 'Pride' and 'Prejudice' than Jane Austin ever could.

The mentioning of Jane Austin by Peter takes Barbara by surprise. Peter seizes the opportunity and presses on.

PETER

And you seemed like such a decent Hallmark-loving girl. I'm curious... are you one of those women who gets wobbly in the knees when she sees a photo of... uhhh, help me out here, what's her name... She tortures babies by dressing them up like bees or makes them wear nothing but leaves and puts between a bunch of cauliflowers... For postcards and calendars and stuff.

BARBARA

(angry, but curious
where this is going)
Anne Geddes.

PETER

Yep, that's the heinous bitch. I so hope all those infants are gonna sue the living crap out of here in twenty years. Anyway...

BARBARA

Are you finished with your non-sensical speech?

PETER

Wait a second...
(mentally searching,
not finding)
...Yes.

BARBARA

First of all. Those babies aren't
tortured, or hurt even.

PETER

Then why are they always on the
verge of tears?

BARBARA

(overruling Peter)

Secondly! How dare you make fun of
Anne Geddes when you yourself are
obviously some kind of Star Wars
groupie. My guess is that you're
pathetic enough to even have a
picture of yourself with a
lightsabre, posing as a nerd. ...
Did I say 'nerd' just now? What I
meant of course was a... uhhh...

PETER

Jedi.

BARBARA

Jedi, yes!

PETER

At least I don't hang those
pictures up against the wall.

BARBARA

Hah! And that's relevant because...

PETER

Well it could be relevant if you
don't wanna chase every member of
the opposite sex out of your house.

BARBARA

If they don't like my house, they
don't like me. In which case I
don't want them hanging around anyway.

PETER

That's a recipe, slash guarantee,
for being a bachelor the entire
remainder of your life.

Bulls-eye!

BARBARA
NO! YOU'RE WRONG!

Wow, Peter takes a little step back (but is secretly amused by her vehemence as well)

BARBARA
YOU'RE WRONG! ... Even if I don't wanna hop on every train to blow its flute doesn't mean that I will be single all of my life! ... You call me poor? I say YOU are poor. Poor in trying to act like a player.

PETER
So you stick to plan A, huh. Ever-waiting for that horse whispering prince Charming to come by. ... Hmmmmm, I wonder what's keeping him. Shouldn't he be here right now, saving his damsel in distress?

BARBARA
Don't patronize me. I'm not stupid, or old-fashioned. Besides I can take care of myself.

PETER
Aha, obviously spending nine to five in the wonderful world of banking has given you a lot of experience in matters like our current one. ... Be my guest. Let me just give you some room so you can open the door.
(giving her some space)
I'll be right behind you miss modern.

BARBARA
Open the door with what you IDIOT?!

Peter looks at her, blandly.

PETER
That's it. I'm saving my own princely ass in distress.

He starts to inspect the closet again, down and... Up above Peter spots a TRAP DOOR. Although it's too high for him to reach Peter's smile spells 'B.I.N.G.O'.

BARBARA
 (reading his mind)
 Don't make me laugh. You'll break
 your neck and ruin your beer and
 pizza future in Nowhereville.

PETER
 Somehow, that's weirdly encouraging.

BARBARA
 You're naive, dreamer boy.

PETER
 And you are not?

BARBARA
 Everybody says I'm always very
 business-like and realistic.

PETER
 In most cases, probably. With
 practical things. But not with
 matters of the heart.

BARBARA
 You're so one hundred and ten
 percent wrong!

Peter studies Barbara for some time, pondering.

PETER
 Do you know what a Siamese fighting
 fish is?

The sudden change of subject sort of catches Barbara off
 guard so she forgets to be hostile while she answers...

BARBARA
 I'm a cat person.

PETER
 (smiling, to himself)
 What a surprise.
 (to Barbara)
 I like fish, always have... But
 that's beside the point right now.

Peter looks up once more. The trap door has a latch. Against
 better judgement Peter jumps a couple of times in a
 fruitless attempt to try and unlock the trap door.

PETER
 (while jumping)
 Siamese fighting fish...

Time for a different approach. Looking around reveals nothing to stand on, except...

The doorknob. He tries to stand on it to get within latch range.

PETER

(while trying to stand/rise)

When you hold a mirror in front of a fighting fish he will become aggressive and starts to attack his own reflection. He doesn't have a notion of himself and when he meets his mirror-image he gets furious and attacks. It's the same with people sometimes...

After a couple of clumsy efforts while talking he succeeds. Finally, in a (shaky) position, fumbling with the latch starts.

PETER

(while fumbling)

They've created an image of themselves, or have certain ideas, and when you show them what they truly are they lash out with all of their might.

Peter manages to unlock the trap door, it falls open, almost hitting him in the head. He falls off the doorknob, on the ground.

Getting on his feet and admiring his handiwork Peter basks in the moment of glory for a second or two.

Barbara keeps silent, intrigued in spite of herself. But she drowns any signs of it by forcing herself to look stern.

She needn't have bothered since Peter is too absorbed with the task at hand. He studies the situation for a while.

Using the doorknob again Peter starts to climb in the opening, not an easy task. There's a lot of groaning, huffing, puffing, and kicking of legs involved. But he manages to do it nonetheless and continue his speech at the same time, though haltingly.

PETER

You're a pretty feisty fighting fish lady, hats off for that. And I do understand what it is you're looking for. Believe me, I'm not knocking it. ... Boy meets girl can be perfect.

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

But it can never be merely an idea. It can never be predetermined or controlled, frozen in bliss, like a lovely picture taken on a magical day. Not if you want it to be real that is. Everyday life changes situations, and situations change people. Perfection can't last, not without adapting. Nor, if you ask me, is it meant to be. Otherwise it would lose its... spark. ... Don't you agree?

And with that he's completely hoists himself through the trap door in the ceiling.

Barbara is rather impressed and surprised by his words. She tries hard not to be, or at least not to show/admit it.

Peter's head returns, up side down, from the trap door.

PETER

For the record... I cold-turkey-ed smoking over four years ago and since then have come to dislike smoking very much myself. Also, I have been known to pet the occasional cat every now and then.

He smiles boyishly.

Barbara's jaw drops. After a while...

BARBARA

But-but...

PETER

But I have to stay firm on the whole 'Anne Geddes' thing.

BARBARA

... Then why all the... all those stupid things you said?!

After a short enigmatic beat of smiling...

PETER

Do you have any idea how beautiful you are when you're all fired up? ... Cute too.

Barbara is stunned.

PETER
 So, are you doing anything after
 this bank robbery?

Barbara, stunned some more.

PETER
 (lightheartedly)
 No? Good. I say we get out of here,
 pronto. Let me do some
 reconnaissance first. Stay put will ya.

And with that Peter vanishes...

...leaving Barbara behind with her turbulent state of mind.

She shakes her mixed emotions off by forcing herself into a fit. Ventilating her anger she kicks the door and hurts herself. Hopping around on the other leg she fights back her tears and finally calms down again. Still, a lot of confusion and apprehension remains.

Barbara yanks the chord and crawls away into a corner. Leaning against the wall she lets herself slide to the floor. Her mind is in turmoil with thoughts, racing. Hugging her knees she softly says...

BARBARA
 Take care Peter.

INT. THE BANK, MAIN HALL - DAY

Burrito returns. To the unobserving eye it looks like he's bringing bad news. In other words, Kurt doesn't notice his secret excitement.

KURT
 Speak up. what's the situation?

Burrito seems reluctant to report, and at the same time seems to relish the moment.

INT. THE BANK, OVER THE HANGING CEILING - DAY

Peter slowly and cautiously crawls/shuffles over the ceiling, ill at ease. It's almost an exact copy of that scene with Bender in John Hughes' classic 'The Breakfast Club'.

Trying not to be nervous, Peter softly starts humming, then singing as he gets to the refrain. It's the Breakfast Club theme song ('Don't you forget about me' by the Simple Minds).

PETER
 (hushed)
 Don't you... forget about me. Don't,
 don't, don't, don't... Don't you...
 forget about me.

INT. THE BANK, MAIN HALL - DAY

BURRITO
 I don't know why we haven't broken
 through yet.

KURT
 How far in is he?

BURRITO
 I don't...

KURT
 Stop 'I don't knowing'! Be a man,
 speak up, damn it!

BURRITO
 ... He... he's far enough, He
 should have made it through by
 now... Maybe, it's just a little
 further...

KURT
 Are you trying to tell me I made a
 mistake. Me, the prince, a
 miscalcu-fucking-lation?! I'll
 teach you, you maggot!

Kurt looks ready to kick some ass. Burrito is (once again
 secretly) having the time of his life.

INT. THE BANK, OVER THE HANGING CEILING - DAY

PETER
 (whispering/singing)
 Will you stand above me. Look my
 way, never love me. Rain keeps
 falling, rain keeps falling... Down,
 down, d...

The ceiling gives way under Peter's weight.

INT. THE BANK, MAIN HALL - DAY

PETER
 (falling, like John Bender)
 ...OOOOWN!!!

What was that ruckus? Kurt and Burrito look up, to where the sudden noise is coming from.

Peter lands on Burrito, who goes down. Burrito cries out in pain.

Kurt grabs Peter, drags him off Burrito and practically throws him away.

With his right hand Burrito holds his left shoulder.

BURRITO
 I think that cuntface just
 dislocated my fucking shoulder! ...
 (probing)
 AAARGH!

We witness a berserker in action, and because of his madness, despite the pain, Burrito somehow manages to get up on his feet.

With a lot of brute force he succeeds, after a few very 'ouch!' looking tries, to put his shoulder back into place.

Released from the agony he's able, after a beat, to focus his anger on the cause of it all: Peter.

BURRITO
 I'm gonna waste that piece of shit!

He means it and draws his gun. He purposefully strides towards a petrified, semi-retreating Peter.

Just in time to save Peter, Kurt grabs Burrito's hand.

KURT
 Stop! Wait!

He pauses for a while, enjoying the machinery in his head that has been set in motion.

KURT
 Lady Luck is favoring me yet a
 second time. Here we are, in need
 of more digging muscle and there it
 comes, fresh from the skies.

Kurt laughs.

KURT
 You can kill him later, he's yours.
 But NOT until he's finished helping
 Billy in the basement. You hear me?!

Burrito nods, but there clearly is a lot of frustration and resentment in his eyes. Naturally, Kurt, expecting to be obeyed without questions asked, doesn't notice.

Peter, lying on the ground, is about to be grabbed by Burrito when...

KURT
No! Hold it!

Burrito complies, waiting for further instructions.

KURT
(to Peter)
The girl. Where is she?
(menacing)
Is she gone?

Peter shakes his head, fearfully.

KURT
(to Burrito)
Get her, we don't want her crawling
about as well. I'll watch this one
for now.
(to Peter)
Maybe have some fun while I'm at it.

Peter gulps, very nervously.

BURRITO
Yes sir!

Burrito turns away, takes a few steps, then stops as something occurs to him.

BURRITO
Uhhh... where is she, sir?

KURT
(remembering)
O shit...

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. THE BANK, MR. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY

A SHORT FLASHBACK of Kurt shooting Duck.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. THE BANK, MAIN HALL - DAY

KURT
 ...I might have made a slight
 mistake understaffing myself.

His eyes warn Burrito: 'Zip your lips shut!'. Burrito takes the hint of course.

KURT
 (to Peter)
 You, where has Duck honey-marooned
 you and your new better half?

Peter wrestles with hesitation/thinking/stuttering/etc.

Kurt takes a step forward.

PETER
 Closet! Closet. Somewhere... closet.

Kurt sighs.

KURT
 It'll have to do.
 (to Burrito)
 Go doggie! Fetch!

Doggie fetches as commanded: Burrito hurries off double-time.

Kurt, looking down.

Peter, wide-eyed, looking up.

KURT
 (shaking his head)
 It seems I keep have to pick you up
 from the ground. Don't I, loser-boy?

He bends down grabbingly.

EXT. THE STREET, IN FRONT OF THE BANK - DAY

The young police officer has got the radio.

YOUNG POLICE OFFICER
 (to the SWAT leader)
 Sir, it's the mayor on the radio.

The SWAT leader seems less sure of himself all of a sudden as he takes the radio. He pauses for a while. Then...

SWAT LEADER
 Mister Mayor, Sir.
 (drawing in a deep breath)
 This is the situation...

INT. THE MAYORS OFFICE - DAY

The mayor, a natural camera charmer in his early 50's, is sitting behind a big desk while listening to the phone. Right now however a grim frown ruins his P.R. face.

A little boy's anxiety slowly fills his face.

He jumps up from his chair, close to tears.

MAYOR
 (into the phone, pout lips)
 Mommy?

EXT. THE STREET, IN FRONT OF THE BANK - DAY

The SWAT leader, holding the radio, is getting the verbal beating of his lifetime. He only gets to put in an occasional 'yes'/'no' sir, along with 'I understand', 'of course', 'certainly', and what-not.

The mayor seems to have finished his monologue.

SWAT LEADER
 (with his last ounce
 of self-restraint)
 I'll keep you posted every step of
 the way, sir.

And that is the end of that mostly one-sided conversation. After a moment of silence...

Rage. Like never before, the car is taking a lot of beating as the SWAT leader lets off steam.

The young officer looks intimidated by the spectacle, as do the others.

SWAT LEADER
 Fuuuuuuck!!!

After that: Zen buddhistic silence, eyes shut. Breathe in, breathe out. Wax on, wax off. He opens his eyes and looks around.

People are watching him.

SWAT LEADER
 (a bit ashamed)
 I'm OK. No really, I'm OK.

A beat. Then back to the car as he loses it again.

SWAT LEADER
 Fuuuuuuck!!!

At last, with a lot of effort naturally, he musters enough calm to regain his composure and to address his men.

SWAT LEADER
 Situation update, listen up men. We are not to undertake any action that might endanger the mayor's mother, who is currently being held hostage in the bank here before us. He orders us to keep him informed, sit tight, and do nnnnnothing, nnnnada. We're not to do any-, I repeat, a-ny-thing until he tells us to do otherwise. ... Except of course helping the bastards by doing everything they tell us to do.

The beast within is getting loose again.

SWAT LEADER
 FFF...

We already know what he's going to do after that so it's all right to...

CUT TO:

INT. THE BANK, IN THE CLOSET - DAY

It is dark. Still, we can see Barbara sitting on the ground hugging her knees. She's thoughtful, sad, and angstly all rolled into one. She seems to be staring into oblivion.

INT. THE BANK, HALL, AT THE CLOSET - DAY

The closet door.

A hand tries to open it, to no avail.

INT. THE BANK, IN THE CLOSET - DAY

Barbara hears someone at the door and her head swings 'round instinctively towards the sound.

INT. THE BANK, HALL, AT THE CLOSET - DAY

Not being in a good mood, as he never is, Burrito goes for the gun and shoots the lock. As is the custom in fiction, it works like a charm. Anyway, he opens the door.

INT. THE BANK, IN THE CLOSET - DAY

Light washes over a frightened Barbara.

BARBARA'S P.O.V: The sudden bright light from outside of the closet is blinding but in the midst of all this brightness the outlines of a human shape seems to be coming right at her. Two arms stretch out forward, with grab-ready hands.

On Barbara. Let her screaming begin once more.

She's hauled from the ground...

INT. THE BANK, HALL, AT THE CLOSET - DAY

...into the hall.

The screaming continues. Burrito has got a live one on his hands. Pissed, he smacks her against the wall. With a final 'ugh' Barbara slowly and silently sinks to the ground.

Burrito points his gun at Barbara.

BURRITO

One more peep out of you and you die! Comprende?!

That gets Barbara's attention. Transfixed she stares at the weapon.

BURRITO

Get up banshee-bitch, boss wants a word with you.

She complies. Burrito eyes her for a while, hungrily. It unnerves Barbara, to say the least. So he puts a little more oil on the fire.

BURRITO

Your boyfriend didn't make it.

From Barbara's shocked and grievous expression we can tell she thinks this means that Peter has been killed.

BURRITO
 Rat-faced bastard fell through the
 fucking roof and dislocated my
 fucking shoulder!
 (beat)
 Boss wouldn't let me kill him...

Thinking Peter is still alive Barbara breathes sighs of relief and sort of laughs a 'Thank God' at the same time.

This maddens Burrito. He closes in. He puts the gun against the back of Barbara's head.

BURRITO
 (in her ear)
 Do you think that's funny?!

Barbara hick-ups back to silence.

BURRITO
 Boss wouldn't let me kill him right
 away, has to dig first. But after
 that...
 (tapping it out with
 the gun against her head)
 His... ass... is... mine!

He enjoys Barbara's panic/fear. It turns him on.

BURRITO
 And after that...

Burrito smears his tongue all over Barbara's cheek.

BURRITO
 ...so is yours...
 (he slaps her behind)
 ...tight-butt.

Barbara's anxiety steps up a notch or two on the panic-meter.

Burrito notices it, likes it, and laughs wickedly.

BURRITO
 (whispering in
 Barbara's ear)
 Showtime, bitch.

He drags her away.

INT. THE BANK, MAIN HALL - DAY

A gun at someone's head.

Peter's head. He's not very happy.

Burrito enters with Barbara in tow.

KURT
(to Peter)
O look who decided to pay us a visit.

Peter and Barbara exchange frightful glances.

Hostages are swapped.

KURT
You know what to do. Take him to
the basement.

Burrito nods and takes his new hostage away. Barbara looks at Peter as long as possible. When he is out of sight...

BARBARA
Please, don't let that freak do
anything to him. Please...
(gulp, forcing it out)
...sir.

Kurt, surprised/amused, studies her for a while.

KURT
What ever happened to the... if I
remember correctly... 'kicking in
the nuts'?

Barbara averts her eyes.

KURT
(teasing)
Does he know?

The insight of this question takes Barbara by surprise. She incredulously stares at Burrito.

KURT
He doesn't! Priceless! ... And now
he's gone... forever.

He puts his arm around her, almost fondly.

KURT
Well, that's just the way the
cookie crumbles.
(reminiscing)
My father was always very fond of
that saying. He and my mother...

Abruptly, the casual smile disappears completely. The arm leaves Barbara's shoulders. He blinks with his eyes a few times. Kurt looks a little bit... upset? hurt even? Whatever it is, it promptly activates his evil side.

KURT
Fairytale's over. Come on!

Barbara moves away, urged on by Kurt's gun.

INT. THE BANK, MR. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY

The old blues man silently comforts granny. The other hostages are all just sitting there, keeping to themselves. Quiet, depressed.

The door opens. This gives them all a jolt. Everybody is all 'Watership down' rabbit like, sensing danger.

Barbara gets flung in. For a second it looks like she's gonna go down but she recovers as she finds a hold on a chair.

Kurt enters after her, acting cool, although he's boiling with suppressed rage.

Barbara, scared, looks back at him.

KURT
Later, princess.

And with that he's leaving.

The door slams shut loudly.

Barbara tries to act brave for a moment as she faces the rest of the crowd. Her resolve crumbles as she sees...

Blood, on the floor and wall where Duck died.

Barbara fights to hold the tears at bay, and almost succeeds.

Gina walks up to her and gently/comfortingly/lovingly puts her arm around her.

The rest, although not feeling as hug-ish as Gina, also huddle 'round and do their best to make her feel better.

INT. THE BANK, BASEMENT, HALLWAY TO THE DIGGING ROOM - DAY

Burrito and Peter. The first one holds the second at gun point as they make their way towards the basement. After a few silent moments of frustration on Peter's behalf and sadistic delight on Burrito's...

BURRITO
 She's got nice legs too, excellent
 spreading material. Don't you think
 so... maggot?

Peter keeps his calm, tries to ignore his Burrito-demon,
 despite his mounting anger.

BURRITO
 Didn't you hear me? Your bitch,
 nice legs, huh?

Eye contact. Peter can't hide his anger any longer but keeps
 himself in check.

BURRITO
 Ahhh, so there's some spirit left
 in you after all.
 (beat)
 You know, I think I'm gonna have my
 way with her later on. You can
 watch if you like... Right before I
 cut you, and her, up. ... I bet
 she's a screamer.

Peter snaps, but his burst of outrage ends in him looking
 down Burrito's gun.

BURRITO
 You don't know how much I wanna put
 some bullets into that sorry ass of
 yours. Can't though. You have to
 dig first. ... Move it, it's right
 here 'round the corner.

Peter backs away, frustrated with being powerless, and
 starts to walk again.

BURRITO
 That's it, slave.

They round the corner and we see...

The open entrance to the DIGGING ROOM, normally used as a
 storage room for archives. The back wall of the room has
 been cleared. There's a sizable hole in it: the beginnings
 of a TUNNEL. Billy is there, taking a breather. He's dirty
 and sweaty. All around him lie heaps of dirt and bricks.
 Billy notices...

Burrito and Peter.

BURRITO

(to Peter)

You know the drill. Dig first...
and then...

He mimics cutting a throat.

INT. THE BANK, MR. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY

Barbara is sitting in a chair staring into a void. The other hostages have gathered around her and look at her but don't do anything, giving her the time and space she needs.

BARBARA

That, that creep, he... he touched
me, damn it! He...

Trying to rub the memory away by rubbing her cheek with force...

BARBARA

LICKED me!

She shivers, and takes a little time to recover.

BARBARA

(spitting it out)

Pig!

Revulsion dies down a bit. A mixture of frustration and sadness replaces it.

BARBARA

They're really gonna kill him,
Peter I mean. I just know it.

(to others, stuttering/faltering/ranting)

If you'd seen that creep's eyes,
like I have, you just know... You
just know he's gonna kill him. That
guy told me so himself. The other
one too, the leader. ... I can't
just let them, can't... can I? But
what can I...? How...?

Barbara struggles with her doubts and fears for a while but loses in the end. She deflates and collapses in despair, resuming her staring into oblivion.

Her co-hostages all feel her pain but since there's no way they can do anything to help her they just stay silent.

On Barbara.

INT. THE BANK, BASEMENT, THE DIGGING ROOM - DAY

Peter walks in to the digging room, checks it out.

BILLY

Hello. Are you going to dig too, sir?

Looking over his shoulder Peter glances at Burrito who expertly lights a cigarette with a lighter that's in his gun hand.

Peter sighs.

PETER

So it seems my friend, so it seems.

BILLY

Oh good! I was starting to get a little lonely, being alone and all. But now you're here we can be friends. ... Let me get you a shovel sir.

He enthusiastically gets one that's parked in the corner of the room and presents it to Peter with glee. Peter reluctantly takes it.

BILLY

Digging is fun. See?

He starts digging like a man possessed. It doesn't seem to strain him in the least. Sand flies all around. It hits Peter at one time or two.

Bewildered Peter stares at it, but Billy's positive vibe is totally lost on him.

Burrito gets impatient with Peter's lack of activity.

BURRITO

Don't just fucking stand there.
(pushing Peter)
Move! Dig!

Peter starts digging, but he looks tired. Billy, standing next to him, notices it.

BILLY

Don't you like digging, sir?

PETER

(weary smile)
Just call me Peter my friend. But no, I don't like digging.

BILLY

(amazed)

O. ... My name is Billy, s... Peter,
sir, uh-hh.

PETER

Hi Billy.

Nearby, Burrito is getting bored and gets a porno magazine from inside his jacket. He starts going through it, clearly not reading articles.

From the corner of his eye Peter watches him.

As frustration builds up, Peter starts to dig with more aggression, during which he talks to himself.

PETER

Damn it! ... Stupid. ... Crawling over the ceiling like that. Way to go Peter. You're a real hero now, a man's man. ... Well Barbara girl, this may take a little while longer than expected.

BILLY

Is Barbara the girl you is with,
si... uh-hh Peter?

The interruption/question takes Peter by surprise. He feels caught, which makes him quickly respond in denial.

PETER

No!

BURRITO

Yeah, 'course she is Billy.

Peter and Billy both are startled/surprised by the fact that Burrito has been paying attention. The mad man creeps closer.

BURRITO

They play mommy and daddy with each
and every night. ... Like THIS!

He jams a centerfold in Billy's face. Billy panics.

Staring at Billy, Burrito takes the magazine out of Billy's face and licks the woman in the centerfold. He laughs wickedly and goes back to the place where he was standing, returning his attention at the dirty pictures. He leafs through the pages. Apparently he's found a particularly dirty one because he becomes absorbed by the sight of it.

Peter tries to comfort/calm Billy.

PETER
It's all right. Don't let that guy
get to you.

He pats Billy on the shoulder. Billy is still distressed.

PETER
Come on, let's dig.

Billy lights up by the mentioning of digging.

BILLY
Ow-kay.

After a while of silent digging.

PETER
...But the girl you saw me with, I
wasn't with her as in... 'WITH her',
you know?

BILLY
No, sorry Peter. I don't... sorry.

PETER
...That's OK Billy, don't worry
about it.

Digging.

Billy looks at Peter, whose thoughts are elsewhere.

BILLY
But you like her, right Peter? Like
my dad liked mom, mom and dad?

The mind reading startles a confession out of Peter.

PETER
Yeah... that I do my friend. I
really like that girl. In a weird,
very weird way I really-really like
her, somehow.
(softly to Billy,
meaning Burrito)
But not in a way like that big-
nosed, hairy, filthy, ugly...

Billy snickers.

BILLY
...and smelly too.

Peter and Billy share a chuckle. Digging continues. This time Billy's mind wanders off.

BILLY

I miss mom and dad. ... and I miss my brother too. He wasn't always like this you know. He used to be happy, nice, to me, to every one. When we was still kids. ... Sometimes I forget mom and dad. Don't wanna, I really don't, but I do. Maybe it's because...

We hear tires screeching as a car hits the brakes at full speed.

BANG!

Billy cringes as he re-lives the (impact of the) crash.

BILLY

It did something to me. That's what my brother always says. It made me stupid. But it changed him too. Made him cranky. But he can't see.

(beat)

Mom and dad, they loved us very much.

Peter, full of sympathy, pats Billy on the shoulder again. Billy bravely smiles his thanks.

Silently they continue their strenuous task.

INT. THE BANK, MR. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY

Giving Barbara some breathing space seems to have helped. She's recovered a bit.

BARBARA

So... now what?

Looks are exchanged.

SECURITY GUARD

I think we should trust the police to do the right thing. They'll get us out. I bet they're doing everything possible to do that right now.

EXT. THE STREET, IN FRONT OF THE BANK - DAY

A brown McDonald's bag. The hand holding it belongs to...

A very stupid looking FAT MCDONALD'S CLOWN. In his other hand he is holding a very greasy burger. He gives the brown bag to the young police officer.

FAT MCDONALD'S CLOWN
(high pitched voice)
That'll be five bucks.

The young police officer looks at the clown (who remains unfazed) flabbergasted.

FAT MCDONALD'S CLOWN
And mister...

Clowny takes a big bite from his burger.

FAT MCDONALD'S CLOWN
(full-mouthed)
that'f not incluthing tib.

Reluctantly, and rather ashamed, the young police officer reaches into his pocket to get his wallet.

INT. THE BANK, BASEMENT, THE DIGGING ROOM - DAY

Still at work, shovelling...

PETER
(talking to himself)
I sure hope the police are doing
their job.

BILLY
Police?

Peter quickly shush-es him and looks nervously over his shoulder. Burrito however is much too absorbed by his smutty mags.

BILLY
(softly)
Sorry Peter. Police?

PETER
Yeah, police. Because if they're
not then I'm in big trouble, big time.

Billy is proverbially hanging on Peter's lips.

PETER

Old smelly here is going to hurt me,
 unless I get out of here, soon. ...
 He even promised to...
 (gulp)
 kill me.

BILLY

Kill? What is... kill?

This is met with surprise from Peter. He is moved by Billy's innocence. It hurts Peter to have to lay it out for his new friend.

PETER

It is doing something horrible to
 someone, so they can never come back.

An empty expression tells us that Billy still doesn't grasp the implications of that.

BILLY

Can never come back?

Peter is in doubt. Should he tell Billy what he has in mind? He decides to do it, reluctantly.

PETER

Like your mom and dad.

Billy yells out in horror. It gets him Burrito's undivided attention.

BILLY

This is wicked. Wicked! ... You
 must not be... killed. Wicked!

He thinks and thinks. He moans and moans. then...

BILLY

I must talk to my brother.

Burrito laughs at that.

BURRITO

Good luck, fuckhead. He personally
 told me to kill your buddy Peter
 over here.

Billy yells even louder now. Naturally, Burrito likes him seeing in anguish.

BILLY

No! ... I must go to my brother.

And with that Billy disappears into the hallway. Burrito yells after him.

BURRITO
Good luck, you stupid freak!

He shakes his head, laughing out loud, as he turns to Peter and gets his gun out. Peter is mad and angry as hell but all he can do is just stand there, frozen/trapped.

BURRITO
(holding Peter at gun point)
Looks like you're gonna have to
work for two assholes now. So, dig
in there... asshole!

EXT. THE STREET, IN FRONT OF THE BANK - DAY

The young police officer fumbles with a bullhorn. It irritably gives off a loud and annoying 'peeeep!'

The SWAT leader looks to where the sound is coming from.

YOUNG POLICE OFFICER
Hello?

INT. THE BANK, MAIN HALL - DAY

Alert now, Kurt stops yo-yo-entertaining himself and waits for what comes from outside.

INT. THE BANK, MR. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY

YOUNG POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)
(with bullhorn,
muffled but audible)
Hello? This is the police.

Everybody listens up, eager for more.

EXT. THE STREET, IN FRONT OF THE BANK - DAY

YOUNG POLICE OFFICER
Uhh, sir, mister Prince, your happy
meal has arrived.

The SWAT leader is mortified and hurries over.

YOUNG POLICE OFFICER
I repeat, your happy meal is here
mister Prince. How...?

The SWAT leader, his mood stormy, roughly gets the bullhorn from the startled young police officer's hand.

SWAT LEADER
 Are you fucking retarded?! Haven't
 you even got a vague notion of the
 meaning of the word 'embarrassing'?!

Apparently the poor confused fellow has suddenly developed
 an awareness for it.

YOUNG POLICE OFFICER
 But you said the Mayor ordered us...

SWAT LEADER
 You're killing me lad! ... God!

The SWAT leader throws his arms in the air in disgust, turns
 around and strides away.

Sheepishly, the young officer watches him go.

INT. THE BANK, MAIN HALL - DAY

Kurt knows enough. He basks in the moment of triumph, smiles,
 and starts to play with his favorite play-thingy again. (I
 meant the yo-yo)

INT. THE BANK, MR. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY

GINA
 So much for the cops. Not exactly
 your average dirty Harry's, are they?

OLD BLUES MAN
 Looks like we're back on 'now what?'.

BARBARA
 I'll tell you what. I'm doomed,
 that's what. ... And so is Peter.

For a moment she looks as if she's made her peace with the
 inevitable. But then she turns away too be alone.

They feel her pain, or try to at least, but their faces are
 empty for helplessness and lack of suggestions. All except
 granny that is. She seems to be thinking something over for
 a while. Determination fills her face. She opens her handbag
 and what she finds in there is...

...A small HANDGUN, old but shiny. Its fine craftsmanship
 and pearly grip give it a nice look, almost befitting a
 granny you could say.

Granny steps up to Barbara, turns her around, grabs her hand,
 and puts the gun in it.

Barbara, glimpses it, and drops it as if it were a huge live cockroach.

Everybody stares at the weapon, just lying there on the ground.

A beat. Then granny slowly (and a bit awkwardly, she's old after all) bends down and picks it up. Showing it she speaks her mind.

LOVELY OLD GRANNY

I was about your age, a bit younger
if my old memory serves me well,
when a couple of ruffians, drunk
and foul, saw me walking down the
street. I hadn't even noticed that
they had followed me, not until...

A beat, pausing and looking around. Everybody's waiting for her to go on with her story.

LOVELY OLD GRANNY

I was lucky. A few nice men just
happened to be coming around the
corner. They scared the two away.
You can imagine my relief. Still,
when my late husband, God rest his
loving soul, who had been at sea in
the navy back then, heard about it
he bought this gun for me. And he
insisted I'd take it with me from
then on, everywhere I went. ...
Although it's a ghastly thing,
(smiling fondly)
always when I look at it I see his
eyes, and the love for me that was
in them when he gave me this thing.
... So I kept it close ever since.
It gave me assurance, and strength.

She looks up from the gun. Her eyes find...

Barbara, intent looking.

LOVELY OLD GRANNY

And that, my dear girl, is
something you need a lot of right now.

Granny offers the gun to Barbara. Barbara doesn't accept it.

BARBARA

You must be kidding.

INT. THE BANK, MAIN HALL - DAY

KURT
You must be kidding.

He's talking to Billy. Billy's reaction is one of incomprehension and anxiety.

BILLY
Please Kurt, they're very nice.
Peter is my friend. It's wicked to hurt them.

KURT
You're even crazier than I thought you were if you think I'm gonna let your new buddy and his bitch go.

INT. THE BANK, MR. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY

LOVELY OLD GRANNY
Really dear, It's the only way.
It's all right to be scared. God knows I'd be. But you must see that you have no choice in the matter.
... You have to do something, right dear? ... So, use this.

She offers the weapon once more.

Barbara looks around for help. Finally, Gina gravely nods. Barbara gulps and reluctantly takes it this time. But there is still much doubt in her.

INT. THE BANK, MAIN HALL - DAY

Kurt draws his six-shooter, anger is mounting.

KURT
And by the way. I don't like it when you talk to me like this. ... Maybe, to put you back in your place Billy, I oughta teach you a little lesson. By punishing your new friends maybe. You like that?

Billy shakes his head frantically.

KURT
There you go all disagreeing with me again. Cut that shit out, lettuce-brain!

Kurt begins to move away to the office. Billy grabs his arm and stops his brother. Billy has a saddened/tired look in his eyes as he slowly shakes his head.

BILLY

Wicked.

Kurt's eyes come alive with... wickedness.

INT. THE BANK, MR. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY

BARBARA

No.

She lays the gun on the desk.

BARBARA

I couldn't shoot anyone. Not even...
(gesturing with her
head, disdainfully)
...them.

She looks around, seeking confirmation that's she's right. Everybody is sort of vaguely disagreeing. For Barbara that's rather unsettling.

LOVELY OLD GRANNY.

Don't worry about that my dear.
It's not loaded.

Barbara: stunned silence. Then...

BARBARA

WHAT?! You almost send me out to
stand up to these s-savages...

INT. THE BANK, MAIN HALL - DAY

Kurt's devils grin, with a deep/dark laugh to match...

INT. THE BANK, MR. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY

BARBARA

...with, with an empty gun. ... I
might as well use my little
nephew's water pistol for Chrissakes!

INT. THE BANK, MAIN HALL - DAY

KURT

(to Billy)

They're gonna die. ... You hear me
Billy-boy?!

Billy-boy nods and cries silently.

INT. THE BANK, MR. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY

SECURITY GUARD
They don't know it's empty.

Barbara stares at him open-mouthed for a second.

BARBARA
Isn't that just fan-tas-tic?

GINA
He's right though Barb, and so's
the old lady with the piece.

The mime nods his agreement.

OLD BLUES MAN
It comes down to this; Either you
face a couple of armed bank robbers
with an empty gun, and have at
least a slim bluffing chance of
walking out of here alive, with
that Peter of yours, or you're
finished. Period.

That plain and simple truth hits Barbara hard.

LOVELY OLD GRANNY
It's like that sometimes.

BARBARA
What is?!

LOVELY OLD GRANNY
(with compassion)
Life is, dear. ... Life is.

Barbara, locked in disbelief, just stands there.

BARBARA
No. It's insane. There must be
another way. I'll beg if I have to.
Or I could give them money. My
father is rich. He'll buy me and
Peter out. ... Yeah, that's it.

It's a straw she clutches at while she heads for the door.
At the door her belief wavers for a while. Then she grabs
the doorknob, opens the door a little, and peers through the
crack.

INT. THE BANK, MAIN HALL - DAY

BILLY

(sad)

You never would have been like this
if mom and dad had still been here.

SNAP! Hearing this Kurt embraces insanity completely. Shaking and breathing heavily he slowly raises his trembling open hand.

KURT

Mom?! Dad?! ... Tell me, who's been
both to you for all these years?!

The fist SLAMS down. We hear a loud SLAP!

INT. THE BANK, MAIN HALL - DAY

Barbara, looks through the crack of the door of Mr. Williams' office. Her face registers her growing outrage as she watches Kurt punishing Billy.

KURT (O.S.)

You ungrateful...

(slap)

freak-headed...

(slap)

no good...

(slap)

retarded...

(slap)

Pea-brained...

(slap)

MORON!!!

Kurt pushes Billy away, and in his anger, without giving it a moment of thought, lays his UZI (which was hindering him) aside on a table.

On the uzi, abandoned.

On Barbara, eyeing the semi-automatic weapon with wild, anime eyes.

Billy crawls away.

KURT

Come here, you imbecilic coward. I
haven't even warmed up yet!

Kurt slowly but determinedly hunts him down.

On Barbara, agonizing with indecision.

Back to the uzi.

On Barbara again, torn with indecision, biting her lip.

On Kurt, looking at...

Billy, in the corner, sobbing. Kurt picks him up.

On the uzi.

KURT

I'm your brother goddamn you, and I
WILL have your respect!

On Barbara as Kurt hits Billy (off screen) again with an extra loud 'SLAP'.

That does it for Barbara! With a newfound grim resolve she disappears from view (the crack of the door).

INT. THE BANK, MR. WILLIAMS' OFFICE - DAY

Barbara hurries over to the desk, snatches the gun and goes back to the door. Not wasting a millisecond she bursts it open loudly and throws herself, gun at the ready, into...

INT. THE BANK, MAIN HALL - DAY

Kurt hand freezes in mid-whack. He looks towards the office, where the door noise is coming from and sees...

Barbara, pointing a gun at him.

For a moment Kurt is too baffled to spring into action. Then, still looking at Barbara, he pushes Billy against the wall with brute force. Billy slumps to the ground, emotionally crippled.

KURT

That's no way for a princess to
behave, princess.

Barbara ignores it, stays silent, and tries slowly and inconspicuously to get closer to the uzi.

Kurt however, notices it anyway. He smiles.

KURT

OK, I'll play along. Now what?

Barbara looks very nervous. Kurt is relaxed as he continues to mock her.

KURT
 You haven't thought this one
 through very much now have you?

BARBARA
 T-Turn around.

KURT
 (turning around slowly)
 Ooo, dancing on our first date. I
 like your style baby.

Barbara uses the situation to shuffle quickly to the uzi and get it. She points it at Kurt's back. Relieved and more confident now, she thinks about her next move.

BARBARA
 Uhhh, now, use only two fingers of
 your left hand to get the gun
 stuffed in your belt.

Kurt obeys.

KURT
 Can we speed this up a little? I'm
 getting bored.

BARBARA
 Throw the gun to...

KURT
 (flinging the gun away)
 Oopsie-daisy.

The gun lands someplace remote and out of view, unreachable for Barbara. She curses.

Kurt faces her again.

BARBARA
 ...to me! Throw it to me!

KURT
 Be more specific next time princess.
 Although, next time...

He lazily starts sauntering towards her. In fear, Barbara has to strain her muscles not to back down. She almost succeeds. The weapons in her hands seem forgotten.

KURT

It is better to be adventurous than cautious, because fortune is a woman, and if you wish to keep her under it is necessary to beat and ill-use her; and it is seen that she allows herself to be mastered by the adventurous rather than by those who go to work more coldly... my princess.

INT. THE BANK, BASEMENT, THE DIGGING ROOM - DAY

Peter is emotionally running low on energy but keeps on digging anyway.

His shovel.... chops and chops and CHOPS, suddenly creating a small OPENING which lets...

...A RAY OF DIM LIGHT pour in, lighting up...

...a small part of Peter's amazed face.

Peter looks over his shoulder.

Burrito, still absorbed with his porn magazine, seemingly hasn't noticed anything.

Peter makes a bigger hole. More light comes through. More frantic digging. The hole becomes man-sized.

Another quick look over his shoulder to busy Burrito. Still safe, thank God.

Peter, daring to smile, starts to climb/push through. He notices...

A LAMP, but more importantly next to it: A BOMB (dynamite) with some remote electronic detonate device attached to it.

Peter stares at it wild-eyed for a beat. He recovers and starts to go into the tunnel, but...

BURRITO

Stay away from the bomb. We need it to close the backdoor on our way out. And get back in here, or it's one of those extra painful deaths I promised you earlier.

Behind Peter Burrito is a towering menace. He steps back a little, giving Peter some maneuvering space. Peter, very much afraid, comes out. He's still holding his shovel.

Burrito. The laughter of a demon. The demon makes Peter kneel, standard execution style. Peter lays his shovel aside and puts his hands behind his head.

Burrito points his gun at him.

BURRITO

This is it fool, you're last moments, in this life. But don't worry. I'm gonna take my time enjoying this... for the both of us!

The bug eyes, the clenched jaws, the heavy breathing... they all suggest that Burrito wasn't kidding about the 'enjoying' part.

INT. THE BANK, MAIN HALL - DAY

Kurt is facing Barbara from two feet away.

KURT

Let's be serious. You weren't going to use those two. You haven't got the killer frame of mind... Here, let me unburden you.

As he swiftly grabs the weapons Barbara, jumpy with surprise, pulls the triggers. Both weapons 'click' but remain silent otherwise.

KURT

Woohoo! Now that was exciting.

He gets the gun and the uzi. Checks granny's gun: Empty. He whistles his admiration.

KURT

You got some cojones princess. Taking me on with this.

He throws the useless thing over his shoulder as if it were an empty soda can.

KURT

One more thing.
(putting the uzi
right in her face)
Saaaaafety... this itty-bitty
little switch right here.

He shows her how it works. He puts the safety off.

KURT
That simple. Now I'm armed and
charming. Time to have some fun. ...

He mulls over something for a short while.

KURT
I just realized, no woman has ever
threatened me with a gun before,
Certainly not an unloaded one. It's
actually quite... romantic.

He grabs her and pulls her towards him. In a half turn she
ends up standing against him with her back to him. The uzi
is pointed against her head.

KURT
(delicately, in her ear)
I'll have that dance now, princess.

His other hand is holding Barbara's arm painfully. Barbara
screams her lungs out. Kurt cringes but seems to amuse
himself immensely.

INT. THE BANK, BASEMENT, THE DIGGING ROOM - DAY

Burrito grins, looking down on a sweaty and injured Peter.
He's obviously gotten some beatings in the meantime.

We hear Barbara's muffled, off camera screams. Peter
recognizes the sound.

BURRITO
What was that?

He lowers his gun and walks to the open door of the basement.

INT. THE BANK, MAIN HALL - DAY

BARBARA
Peter!!! Help!!!

INT. THE BANK, BASEMENT, THE DIGGING ROOM - DAY

Burrito leans out off the basement.

BARBARA (O.S.)
(muffled but audible)
Peter. Heeeelp.

Barbara's screaming stops.

BURRITO
 (turning around again)
 Fucking...

WHACK! Peter seriously hits Burrito in/across the face with the shovel, knocking him out cold. The big man hits the ground hard.

A high note, shrill with delight, escapes Peter's throat. He then remembers to jump over Burrito's body, run out of the basement and out of frame (still holding the shovel).

A second or two later he comes back into frame. He casts aside his obsolete shovel and hurriedly searches the man with the extremely messed up and bloody face for weapons.

Peter finds two six shooters. He takes them and stares at them in awe.

PETER
 Wow.

A scream from Barbara, faint as it may be, clears away the 'wow' fog in Peter's mind. He runs off camera again.

INT. THE BANK, MAIN HALL - DAY

Kurt and Barbara. To the casual eye two lovers vertically spooning. That is, if you discount the uzi and Barbara's unhappy face.

INT. THE BANK, STAIRS TO THE BASEMENT - DAY

Peter on the doubles to the top as quietly as he can, ending up in the back of...

INT. THE BANK, MAIN HALL - DAY

Peter crouches behind a wall about a meter in height. That wall acts as sort of a barrier between the restricted (employees only) area and the part of the bank that's accessible to customers.

On top of the wall (near Peter) is a fish bowl with a goldfish identical to the one Peter has back at his apartment.

Peter steals a glance over the low wall to take in the situation. He sees Kurt and Barbara. Without thinking...

PETER
 Barbara!

She's glad and relieved. Kurt isn't. He raises his uzi.

PETER

O shit!

Peter drops behind the wall for cover.

The uzi fires on automatic.

On Peter, hiding behind the wall as numerous bullets hit the defensive bricks. He clings to his two guns.

PETER

Oh God, oh God, oh God...

The uzi is empty. Silence returns.

In the back Peter waits, breathing heavily.

Goldy swims in his bowl, blissfully ignorant.

KURT

Yeah... that felt good.

(to Barbara)

Didn't it?

(answering)

Yeah... real good.

He drops the uzi. Takes the gun from out of the back his back (the one that used to belong to Duck) and points it at Barbara.

KURT

Hey spunky, you can come out now.

I'm out of lead.

Peter stays put, scared. Desperately trying to think and come up with a plan.

Kurt waits a while for Peter to show himself. When after a while nothing happens he begins to laugh. Barbara is hurt/disappointed.

KURT

So this is it huh? The great hero in action, saving the day. Man, I wouldn't quit my regular job if I were you.

He stops to wait for an answer.

Peter is tearing his brains up thinking, thinking, thinking. He bites his lip.

The delay is working on Kurt's nerves.

KURT
 Enough bullshit... Answer me this
 easy one boy. What do you think I
 will do to our princess here, on
 the count of 10... 9... 8...

Barbara, scared.

Peter forces himself to think clearly. It seems to work.

KURT
 7... 6...

Peter looks at his hands, and the weapons in them. He's
 thinking fast.

KURT
 5... 4...

Peter puts one six-shooter in the back of his pants. With
 his other hand he holds on to the other one.

Kurt cocks the gun. Barbara yelps a high note.

KURT
 3... 2...

With his hands up, Peter jumps up, showing himself.

PETER
 OK, I'm up!

There he is for Kurt and Barbara to behold: Peter, holding
 up a gun.

Kurt shoots the fish bowl near Peter. Peter and Barbara get
 a good scare out of his action. As does...

The flapping fish, struggling for air.

Peter stares at it, horrified.

PETER
 Why d'you...?!

KURT
 A reminder, no funny business.
 Talking about... What did you do to
 Burrito?

PETER
 (anxious)
 I uhhh, hit him with a shovel.

Kurt laughs. Much to Peter's relief.

KURT
That is funny business. Good for
you boy. Is he dead?

Peter clearly hadn't thought of that possibility before. Now it dawns on him. He becomes light headed, his knees are growing weak.

KURT
Stay focused boy, focus! Think
about your dame her. And the gun
against her head.

It helps, Peter recovers and nods.

KURT
(to Peter)
Now...
(to Barbara, softly)
Pay attention princess.
(to Peter)
To me, throw the six-shooter to me.

Peter complies. the gun lands near Kurt. He picks it up, never letting his other gun point anywhere else than at Barbara, and gets back into starting position behind Barbara.

KURT
(to Peter)
Come on out, where I can see you
better.

Peter obeys. He walks to the swing door, goes through it. Stops and looks at...

The goldfish and the battle for life he's losing.

KURT
Don't dawdle hero-junior. Chop-chop,
to me.

Peter looks at Kurt and Barbara again. He sighs, starts to walk. He notices a glass vase on a desk or table he is going to pass. He hesitates, looks at...

Kurt and Barbara, waiting.

Peter decides. He quickly grabs the goldfish, walks to the vase and puts the fish in.

The poor animal is nearly at death's door but it looks like he's going to make it. He's slowly recovering.

Peter smiles, relieved, and starts to walk again.

BARBARA
What was that?!

PETER
Sorry, uhhh... I had to uhhm...
the goldfish.

Kurt laughs his ass off. Barbara's ass is considerably less amused and is heating up her anger.

BARBARA
You and your fff...
('fucking'? no)
...ish! You had to save a... I'm
here with a gun against my head and
you... A goldfish?!

Rage makes Barbara start to struggle and try to get loose again.

BARBARA
Let me go! I'll strangle him myself!

Kurt manages to hold her, with difficulty.

KURT
(laughing)
Wow girl, you sure are a live one...
Nice.

BARBARA
I said, Let me go!!!

She hits him square in his private parts with her elbow and breaks free.

Kurt doubles over in pain but holds on to his weapons.

KURT
Aaah! Goddammit, fuck!

Peter is in doubt. Is this the right moment? His hand hesitantly goes for the gun behind his back but Peter doesn't go for it. Wise choice, as it turns out, because...

Kurt is quick to recover and aims his gun at his assailant (but doesn't let Peter out of his sight with the other one either).

Peter puts his hands back up.

KURT
You crazy hell spawned bitch!

He manages to right himself completely.

Barbara backs away. She looks helpless. So does Peter.

KURT
New rule missy. Do NOT hit the
prince in his crown jewels! THAT is
punishable by death!

Just when we (sort of) expect him to fire, granny's empty
gun is held against his head.

It's Billy.

BILLY
You can't h-hurt them. I told you,
that is w-wicked.

Kurt can hardly fathom that his little brother is actually
holding a gun against his head.

KURT
Are you holding a gun against my
head?
(anger rises)
A gun?! Against me, against your
own brother's head?!

Kurt knocks the gun from Billy's hand.

Billy starts to retreat from a near exploding Kurt.

KURT
A fucking gun?!

Kurt forgets everything around him and attacks his younger
brother once more with fury.

Peter tenses. This is it. He grabs the gun from behind out
of his belt and aims for Kurt but...

Kurt and Billy are close together.

Peter, frustrated, dares not pull the trigger.

PETER
(softly)
Come on, come on, come on.

Kurt brings Billy down, judo-style. He in turn is now wide open.

Peter smiles. He cocks the gun.

MAX (O.S.)
What the fuck?

Max has just entered the room and is staring dumb-struck at Peter who's holding a gun. But only for a little while. He reaches for his gun.

Peter, taken off guard at first, finally spins 'round with his gun.

Max is faster. He is about to fire when...

BARBARA
Hey!

This diverts Max's attention from Peter to her.

Kurt heard it too and is looking at Barbara as well.

Peter seizes the moment and... BAM! BAM! BAM! click, click... he empties the gun on Max, who is hit by all bullets.

BAM! Peter is shot in his left arm. He yells in pain, drops the gun and clutches his arm where the wound is.

BARBARA
Peter!

Peter is in great pain.

Kurt, with his gun raised, has the stance of a cool/experienced hitman: Relaxed.

Barbara wants to come to Peter's aid.

Kurt fires two warning shots. They hit the floor in front of Barbara. She stops and puts her hands up.

KURT
You're on my to-do list princess...
Have to take care of your boyfriend
first.

Kurt. BAM! One more shot.

This time Peter's leg is hit. He goes down in more agony and screaming.

KURT
(walking towards
Peter, through his cries)
When it pains it roars!

Kurt laughs at his own wisecrack. He walks over to Max, also picking up Peter's gun on the way.

Kurt checks Max for life signs. Max, expression still locked in 'What the fuck?' mode, is dead.

No emotion registers on Kurt's face. He picks Max's gun up from the ground, takes out the bullets and pockets them. He then checks Peter's (formerly Burrito's) gun. It's unloaded now.

KURT
(shaking his head)
Tsss, Burrito... Only three fucking
bullets, stupid.
(to Peter)
I definitely hope you killed him
'cause... Jesus, what a fucking
amateur. I had no idea.

Without further ado Kurt throws the two empty guns over his shoulder. (Note: He has now got the only six-shooter left.)

KURT
A prince ought to have no other aim
or thought, nor select anything
else for his study, than war and
its rules and discipline; for this
is the sole art that belongs to him
who rules.

Kurt goes back to Peter and kicks him in the side.

KURT
On your knees, hands behind your head!

It hurts like hell, mostly because of his leg of course, but Peter manages to do as he's told.

KURT
(to Barbara)
You too, get over here, on the
double, and get on your knees. Just
like him.

Kurt towers over Peter and Barbara. He studies them, their...

Fear, anger, despair, hatred.

He smiles enigmatically.

KURT

You know, being a bad guy has its merits. You get to shoot all kinds of interesting people. Good and decent people. ... The way you tried to stand up to me, facing the odds, fighting to be with each other... it makes it all the more rewarding for me to dump your asses in that great big pie up in the sky.

Kurt looks up at the HEAVENS (the pie beyond the ceiling as it were), taking care not to present Peter and Barbara with an opportunity to spring into action.

KURT

And cheer up, who knows, you might even receive another chance, to try and fuck it up less. Get smacked down half-way to Hell on this place called earth all over again. Tabula Rasa.

He looks down on his victims-to-be.

KURT

First though, as they say in the yo-yo bizz...

He sways his pointed gun between Barbara and Peter for a while. Finally he settles for Peter, who closes his eyes.

KURT

'What goes down, must come up'.

BURRITO (O.S.)

Kurt!

Kurt reacts with an irritated 'who dares...?' face.

BURRITO

Behind you! Look out!

Kurt turns round. just in time for him to see...

A fire extinguisher. It comes swinging at the camera (in effect Kurt's 'O shit!' face).

KLONK! OUCH!

The hit sends Kurt spinning a half turn before he plummets, face first, down on the floor. His gun skids to Peter.

Barbara and Peter, still with their hands behind their heads are identically, and open-mouthedly stunned.

BILLY
(wincing, chewing on
a nail)

Sorry.

Barbara and Peter can do nothing but stare at Billy. After a couple of seconds they cautiously dare to smile, allow themselves to feel relief even, cause they forgot about...

BURRITO
(guttural)
I'm gonna kill all three of you!

Not wasting time he heads for them, still wobbly. The sight of him, his face a bloody mess with a hellish streak, is very frightening.

Billy stiffens with terror.

Barbara gets up. Peter, because of his injured leg, can't.

Burrito, in a serial killer mood, is closing in on them.

A switch blade is opened. Burrito smiles wickedly, cracking dried up blood on his face.

Barbara watches him approaching with an unblinking 'deer in the head lights' stare in her eyes.

Even though Burrito is still very shaky, he grins and growls hungrily, as if on the prowl. He really wants to do some damage to Peter and Barbara.

Peter, unable to get up, remembers Kurt's gun and grabs it. He somehow succeeds in doing a painful 180 on his knees and raises the weapon.

PETER
(with all the verbal
force he can muster)
Stop, or I WILL shoot!

In his madness, it doesn't impress Burrito. He comes at Peter with the grim determination of a kamikaze.

On Peter, unsteady and unsure of himself. He shoots.

The bullet misses burrito by a hair's width. Unperturbed, the insaniac moves on.

PETER

Damn!

Once more, BAM! Bingo, Burrito is hit in the shoulder. The man staggers back a few steps. After that he continues to walk over to the person he intends to butcher: Peter.

Click... click, click. The six shooter is empty. Peter despairs. So does Barbara.

Burrito, only a few yards away, is getting his knife arm in position to slash Peter across the face (or whatever).

Only one thing left to do for Peter. He throws the empty gun at Burrito just when the maniac is about to lash out.

The gun hits the man squarely on the already tormented nose. Burrito cries out in pain and the switch blade, in mid-swing, loses direction.

The knife flies over Peter's head with a few inches to spare. Because of that, Burrito loses balance and Peter (with an impish little war cry) hits Burrito in the stomach.

Burrito utters a muffled scream/cough and doubles over. Peter pushes him away. Burrito lands on the floor. Peter, exhausted, topples over and ends up sprawled on the floor as well.

BURRITO

Motherfucker! I'm gonna torture you
to death! You and your bitch!

As if that were her cue, the bitch, being Barbara, is jerked back to reality. She looks around. Peter looks about ready to pass out. It's up to her and she's frantically trying to figure out what it is she can do.

Unconscious Kurt is still lying there, next to his (empty) Uzi.

Barbara almost dives to him. Clumsily and shakily because of all the stress she starts to search him. She finds a full clip for the Uzi in Kurt's jacket. But...

Burrito is already getting up again, with difficulty, and straightens himself with an angry roar.

Peter sees him and loses all hope. He's got nothing left so he has even more problems with just returning to his kneeled position. Peter, totally spent, looks helpless. It's 'Game Over', and he knows it.

Burrito, smelling certain victory, laughs hoarsely once more.

BURRITO
 What is it boy-o? no more tricks up
 your fucking sleeve?

He grabs Peter by the hair.

BURRITO
 Ready to die?!

Actually, drained of hope and (therefore) strength as he is, Peter does look ready to do just that.

The switch blade freezes in the air for a moment, light reflects on it. After that...

BARBARA (O.S.)
 Stop!

Burrito looks up, baffled.

BARBARA
 (pointing the uzi at Burrito)
 Lick THIS you piece of SHIT!

Finally, Barbara has got Burrito in a state of fear. A triumphant smile appears on her face. Unfortunately...

The clip falls out of the Uzi.

Now it's Burrito turn to smile. He does so, demonically, showing a lot of tongue.

BURRITO
 You like my licking huh? Here I
 come sweety.

Peter, panicking, looks around and spots...

the empty six shooter (the one he's just thrown at Burrito's nose).

He quickly grabs it and uses it as a club on Burrito's knee.

Burrito screams and goes down.

Peter, with difficulty, climbs on Burrito's back. Despite Peter's incessant random clubbing Burrito manages to turn over and regain the upper hand.

Barbara fumbles with the clip and the Uzi again.

Struggling, Peter ends up with Burrito on top of him. Peter is trying not to get cut by Burrito. Burrito is holding the arm Peter wants to do the hitting with. Peter is losing.

Burrito's knife inexorably closes in on Peter's head. Closer and closer.

Peter stares at the blade, very close now. Burrito triumphantly laughs.

The uzi slams down on the back of Burrito's head.

Burrito goes limp. With the man's strength suddenly gone Peter inadvertently pushes the knife in his enemy's throat. Peter cries out in shock and in a reflex he jerks the knife out again.

Blood sprays all over Peter's face and clothes. It freaks him out and he cries out in disgust.

Barbara rolls Burrito away, revealing a very bloody Peter. The unexpected sight scares her and she staggers back a few steps.

Emotionally drained Barbara sinks to the ground (NOTE: she still clings to the uzi)

Peter (holding the six shooter and Burrito's knife) awkwardly crawls over to Barbara. He tries to get up but can't. Neither does she.

Billy, bless his kind soul, gently helps them up. They slowly recover from the shock and the fatigue.

Billy looks at Peter and Barbara. They only have eyes for each other. Billy tries to hide his snickering behind his hand and retreats tactfully, leaving our two heroes behind.

The other hostages leave the office. Though they've got hopeful expressions they seem a bit cautious. After a while, when it starts to dawn on them it's over, they are happy and relieved. Hugs all around.

Back to Peter and Barbara. The couple is eye to eye. They're even slower to catch up with the status quo than the other hostages, maybe because they're physically drained. More and more however, with the others celebrating excitedly off camera, the realization grows that somehow they've survived the... uhhh... unsurvivable.

After a few more moments, to let it sink in some more, it looks as if the moment is ripe for a biiig happy ending kiss.

That, of course, just won't do. (Yet?)

INT. PRE-LIFE, AT EARTH'S PORTAL - DAY

Whadda ya know. Peter and Barbara are the only ones left. They're talking softly/secretly, huddled close together.

The angel is curious, but smiles.

Peter is saying something to Barbara. She looks to the angel.

The angel gestures her to come forward. Barbara indicates a 'one moment please' and listens to Peter. They stop talking, and look at each other. They've come to a conclusion and nod in agreement. The two of them walk up to the angel.

ANGEL

What's this. The both of you?

PETER

Yes, we know. Still...

BARBARA

We were kind of wondering...

ANGEL

Oh Deary. You know that's against the rules.

PETER

(smiling pretty-please)

We won't tell if you won't.

The angel is humored by this. So let the rules be damned and...

ANGEL

What the hell. Come here you two.

Overjoyed and excited they step up to him.

They hand him their ticket. He checks them and makes a couple of notes with his long white quill.

ANGEL

There you go. All cleared for incarnating.

PETER/BARBARA

Yesss.

The two go the portal, step in, and face each other (in the exact same way as they did at the end of the previous scene)

ANGEL

(softly, farewell)

Make it a good one. ... Good luck.

A bright and heavenly white light envelops Peter and Barbara. It's growing in intensity, finally blinding us from seeing our couple.

INT. THE BANK, MAIN HALL - DAY

Reality fades in from whiteness. We're back at the time/place where Peter and Barbara are about to kiss. The two are still facing each other, looking very happy and relieved. It looks just like at the end of the portal scene before. There are some differences though: other clothes, weapons, blood (on Peter).

They slowly lean in for their well deserved happy ending kiss.

SWAT LEADER (O.S.)

Freeze!

INT. THE BANK, AT THE ENTRANCE - DAY

Five trigger-happy SWAT members (three standing, two kneeling on one knee).

INT. THE BANK, MAIN HALL - DAY

Peter and Barbara, utterly confused by this new turn of events, and because they've been rudely shaken out of their euphoric state, turn around without thinking. By doing this it looks like they are pointing/swinging their uzi, gun, and knife at/towards the SWAT members. Also, the presence of corpses all around, combined with Peter's bloody wardrobe looks very incriminating as well. So...

INT. THE BANK, AT THE ENTRANCE - DAY

SWAT LEADER

FIRE!!!

And boy, they're not holding back. All five of them fire round after round.

INT. THE BANK, MAIN HALL - DAY

John Woo/Quentin Tarantino style: Peter and Barbara are hit time after time. The power of the bullet impacts hurls them backwards, sending them flying through the air.

They land, almost shoulder to shoulder with a hard thud.

We can tell by their staring eyes, locked in surprise and incomprehension, that they are very life-threateningly DEAD.

The lighthearted sound of birds singing beckons us from afar, but it is coming nearer as we slowly start spiraling upwards, looking down on the two newly-deads.

We're smoothly ushered into...

EXT. PRE-LIFE, THE PARK - DAY

Clear blue sky, beautiful fluffy clouds, bright white. Birds sing their soothing tunes.

Peter and Barbara, dressed in white robes once more, are sitting on a bench like two sacks of potatoes. They seem bad-tempered and listless. They look around stupidly, not really interested in what's on the pre-life agenda at the moment.

Our half-hearted heroes look at each other for a second, or two. Suddenly, they exorcise their frustration with an identical...

PETER/BARBARA

Damn!

What a coincidence! Surprise, followed by a laughter that only two soul mates can share.

A couple of old souls, who happen to be passing by, regard them as if they were nuts. Seeing this, of course, only brings more merit to Peter and Barbara.

When the laughter finally subsides (in sighs and sobs) they look each other in the eyes and smile.

BARBARA

(shrugging)

It's like that sometimes.

Peter shrugs as well in reply.

PETER

But I can tell you this...

(with determination
and a smile)

Next time...

BARBARA

(agreeing)

...Next time.

They lean back again like in the beginning of the scene. However, instead of being depressed, they now smile casually/confidently and look relaxed as they take in the scenery.

FADE OUT:

THE END