24/7

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

An empty city street illuminated by the glow of street lights on the wet asphalt. The only car in sight is a faded black, 1992 Chevy Celebrity, sitting at a red light.

INT. CAR

The driver, DAVID CARLISLE (28) is tapping his fingers on the steering wheel to the tune of a pop song, while he hums it, off-key to himself.

He leans forward and checks left and right and sees no cars are coming towards the intersection. He looks up and sees the light is still red.

He sighs and drives through the intersection and proceeds on.

EXT. 24/7

David pulls into the 24/7 CONVENIENCE STORE and stops his car at the gas pumps.

INT. CAR

He grabs a notebook from under the passenger seat and grabs a pen from his shirt pocket. He writes “BE GENTLE! I’M OLD!” on it.

He opens the door and gets out.

EXT. 24/7

David loosens the tie around his neck from his suit jacket.

He tears the piece of paper out of the notebook and tosses the notebook into the driver’s seat and slams the door shut.

He sticks the piece of paper underneath the windshield wiper and latches the wiper blade down.

He turns around and walks up to the convenience store. The sliding double doors open and he strides in.
INT. 24/7
He exhales a sigh of relief as soon as he enters the store.

He turns to the left and walks up to the dark-haired cashier, MICHELLE HARRINGTON (20).

He leans on the counter, facing her and just smiles.

    MICHELLE
    May I help you?

David looks at her name tag, then back at her eyes.

    DAVID
    (clearing throat)
    Hello, Michelle.

    MICHELLE
    Hi?

    DAVID
    What time are you guys open till tonight?

    MICHELLE
    All day, every day.

David clicks his tongue.

    DAVID
    That’s good, because you might be going home a little late tonight.

David places a handgun down on the counter and spins it facing her.

Michelle jumps back in disbelief.

    DAVID (CONT'D)
    Now, please don’t touch that alarm... Yet.

Michelle just stands there, frozen in place. David exhaled in frustration.

    DAVID (CONT'D)
    Nod if you understand, shake if you don’t.

She slowly nods her head up and down.
DAVID (CONT'D)
That’s great, because I was still
going to do this anyway... Now, if
you’d back up a smidge, so I don’t
hurt you.

Michelle slowly backs away until she’s leaning up against the
lottery ticket dispensers.

David puts one hand on the counter and jumps over it.

MICHELLE
Look, the money’s yours. Just take
it, please, and leave.

David rolls his eyes and looks at the register.

DAVID
Open it.

Michelle slowly walks over to it and presses a few buttons
and the register opens.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Count it.

She picks up each stack of money and counts it. After
counting them, she neatly re-stacks them on the counter.

MICHELLE
872.

DAVID
“872”. Look at me.
(Beat)
This suit cost me $450, alone...
Now, do I really look like I need
that pocket change?

Michelle shakes her head.

MICHELLE
No.

DAVID
But, you’re working here, which
means you do.
(Beat)
Shit, how much do you get paid to
work here?

Michelle scoffs at the ridiculousness of the question.
MICHELLE
$250... A week.

DAVID
Well, there you go. Take three weeks off.

MICHELLE
I can’t do that.

DAVID
Oh, here it comes.

Michelle places both of her hands on her hips and glares at him.

MICHELLE
What? You act like you’re so much better than me and that’s just--

DAVID
(Stern)
No. Wrong. I am not better than you. You are better than this.

David turns and points out towards the store.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Look at this shithole. Do you want to spend the rest of your life here? ‘Cause if you’re not careful, that’s exactly what’s gonna happen.

David opens the door from the counter and waves his hand at Michelle.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Come here.

He holds his arm out towards the middle of the store.

She walks past him and stops once she’s out from behind the counter.

David motions with his finger for her to turn around.

MICHELLE
Why?

David sighs and glares at her. He walks over to the double doors and flips a switch above them, locking the doors.

He turns back and looks at her.
DAVID
For this to work, you’re going to have to trust me.

MICHELLE
Yeah, I have to trust you. You’re the one with the gun. I’ve just never seen one of those in real life before.

DAVID
You still haven’t. Watch.

David shoot the gun and it sprays water across the front of Michelle’s shirt.

Michelle looks at the gun with disbelief, then looks up at David.

MICHELLE
It’s... water.

DAVID
Of course.

MICHELLE
You tried robbing a store with a water gun?

DAVID
Well, I didn’t really try. I just can’t believe you couldn’t tell it was a water gun. Seriously.

MICHELLE
Excuse me for not being some gun expert.

David shrugs his shoulders at her.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
What the hell are you doing here, anyway?

DAVID
I’m sorry, but you’re a part of something bigger than yourself.

David looks down at his watch.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Hmm...
David looks down by the door, then over at Michelle.

    DAVID (CONT'D)
    Michelle, where’s your newspapers?

Michelle points down at the ground, right next to her.

    DAVID (CONT'D)
    Right.
    (Beat)
    And, tape?

    MICHELLE
    Other side of the candy aisle.

David starts walking but looks back.

    DAVID
    Don’t go nowhere. We’re gonna have us an interesting evening.

    MICHELLE
    (To herself)
    He is kind of cute.

She giggles quietly.

David runs his finger along the shelf of items.

    DAVID
    (To himself)
    Tape, tape, tape, tape.
    (Beat)
    Ah. Tape.

He grabs a large roll of scotch tape and walks back to the counter.

Michelle is still just standing there while David stops and looks at her.

    DAVID (CONT'D)
    You don’t have to be afraid, you know. I’m not going to hurt you.

    MICHELLE
    I’m not afraid.

David smiles and bends down to pick up the stack of newspapers. He sets them all on the counter.
DAVID
Ok. When I get to the Sports section, press that beautiful little button you have behind the counter, there.

MICHELLE
Why?

DAVID
Because you wanted to know what I’m doing here.

David opens a newspaper and stretches it out and starts taping it to the door.

MICHELLE
What are you doing?

DAVID
Well, when the cops show up, I don’t want them to be able to see in here. So, I’m blocking out the windows.

Michelle just sits back, looking at her hands.

MICHELLE
Can I help?

David looks back at her, awkwardly.

DAVID
No, you can’t help. You’re the hostage. You stay put.

David reaches up and struggles to tape the newspaper up.

Michelle walks over and stands on the edge of her toes, holding the newspaper up.

He looks over and Michelle smiles.

David reaches over with his left hand and grabs a piece of tape and puts it on the paper.

They both back away from the door and watch as the newspaper holds up, on the door.

David grabs Michelle’s left hand and kisses it.
DAVID (CONT'D)
Thank you for your assistance, miss.
(Beat)
But, now, you’re a hostage again.

MICHELLE
Not anymore.
(Beat)
I’m an accomplice.

DAVID
Not a chance. You don’t want to get involved in this.

Michelle gets up close to him.

MICHELLE
As soon as I helped you put those newspapers up, I’m in this as much as you.

DAVID
You don’t have a choice in the matter. You’re the clerk, I’m the thief.

MICHELLE
You don’t even have a gun.

David shakes his head at her and pulls out a revolver from the back of his pants.

He faces it towards Michelle and opens the cylinder, showing her the bullets inside. He spins the cylinder and shuts it.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
This whole time, you had a real gun?

DAVID
I just didn’t want you to be afraid.

David grabs more newspapers and bends down at the door, taping more of them to the glass.

He looks back and her with sad eyes.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Sorry.
David backs up and looks at the door. All the glass is covered by newspapers. He nods his head and walks over to the counter.

He leans over it and looks around.

   DAVID (CONT'D)
   Where’s the alarm on this thing?

David looks over at Michelle but she just stands there, covering her mouth.

He stands up straight and walks over to her. He points the revolver right in her face.

   DAVID (CONT'D)
   Where is it?

While still covering her mouth, Michelle shakes her head slowly back and forth.

David’s hand shakes as he quickly lowers the gun out of her face.

David sets the gun down on the counter and looks at the old, rusted clock on the wall.

Michelle quickly leans in forward and kisses David. He tries to back away at first, but ends up settling into the kiss.

The kiss turns into a slow embrace as Michelle slowly backs away.

They both exhale deeply and stare into each other’s eyes.

   DAVID (CONT'D)
   Why?

MICHELLE
   Because I think I love you.

DAVID
   What?

MICHELLE
   I think I love you.

DAVID
   You shitting me, right?

Michelle shakes her head. David runs his hand through his hair and looks past Michelle.
David turns away and slams his fist on the counter.

Michelle walks around and looks him in the eye again.

MICHELLE
Please. Forget about whatever you were going to do. Let’s just get out of here.

DAVID
I can’t.

MICHELLE
So, you don’t care about me at all?

DAVID
I do.

(Beat)
That’s why it kills me to do this.

MICHELLE
Don’t call the cops. Let’s go out somewhere tonight.

(Beat)
Then, we can do this thing that you wanted to do tomorrow... Together.

DAVID
I don’t even know you.

MICHELLE
Let’s change that.

David walks around the counter and presses the alarm under the counter.

David exhales deeply and looks at the ceiling.

DAVID
I’m fucking thirsty.

(Beat)
You thirsty? Hungry?

MICHELLE
I already ate.

DAVID
Suit yourself.

David walks from behind the counter down to the cold drinks. He opens the door and grabs a small carton of strawberry milk.
He walks back and sits on the counter.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Well, we’re going to be here for a while, now so, what do you want to know about me?

Michelle smiles and sits up on the counter, next to him.

MICHELLE
How about we start with a name? I mean, we can’t all have name tags, right?

DAVID
Says who?

David gets off the counter and grabs the roll of tape. He turns and presses a button on the register and some receipt tape comes out.

He grabs a pen from next to the register and writes “DAVID” on it and tapes the receipt to his shirt.

MICHELLE
David. I’m...

She runs her hand along her shirt, right under her name tag.

DAVID
So, tell me about yourself.

MICHELLE
I don’t know where to begin.

DAVID
Me neither. I’ve never had a getting-to-know-you session during a robbery before and I ain’t had a date in six years.

MICHELLE
Why not?

DAVID
‘Cause not long after that date, I was hitched.

David lifts a necklace out of his shirt, with a ring attached to the end.

MICHELLE
So, she left you?
DAVID
Well, that is one way to say it.
(Beat)
Of course, fucking around behind my
back is another.

David exhales and shakes his head.

DAVID (CONT'D)
It was my fault, though. I was
hardly ever home.

David just stares in a trance, like he’s deeply
concentrating. He shakes his head and snaps out of it.

DAVID (CONT'D)
How about you, kiddo? Who’s the
lucky guy?

MICHELLE
His name’s Frank. He’s always
friendly and really loyal.

DAVID
You don’t hear “Frank” much
anymore. Family name?

MICHELLE
Sort of. It was the name of our
last dog, too.

David gets a really perplexed look on his face as he turns
and looks at Michelle.

She looks back at him.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
What?

DAVID
Nothing.

MICHELLE
Sorry. I thought it was clear.
Frank is my dog.

DAVID
That is an interesting name for a
dog. Sounds like a basset hound or
something.
MICHELLE
Man, you’re good. And, yeah, he’s named after my favorite actor.

DAVID
Who’s that?

MICHELLE
Frank Whaley.

David just stares forward with the blankest of stares.

MICHELLE (CONT’D)
In Pulp Fiction, he was Brett.

DAVID
Oh, was that the breakfast scene?

MICHELLE
Yeah. Right. He was the guy who kept saying “What?”

DAVID
Yeah, all right. I know who you’re talking about now. (Beat) But, I was actually asking more if you had a boyfriend or something.

MICHELLE
Why? Are you interested in the position?

DAVID
Hey, you wanted to talk. Let’s talk.

MICHELLE
Nope. Never had one.

DAVID
You see, this is what I’m talking about. (Beat) You’re beautiful, you work in this God damn convenience store and you’ve never had a boyfriend.

MICHELLE
Well, I’ve never been in love before.
DAVID
Well, that’s a lie, for sure.
Considering you told me that you loved me less than five minutes ago.
(Beat)
Anyone else?

MICHELLE
All right, you win. I had a crush on some guy in seventh grade...

David makes a gesture with his hand for her to keep talking.

DAVID
Details. Details, come on.

MICHELLE
Well, he shot me down right in the middle of the cafeteria.
(Beat)
That bastard. I still hate him for that.

A tear starts rolling down Michelle’s face.

DAVID
Hey, come here.

Michelle moves closer and leans her head on his shoulder. David hugs her and holds Michelle close.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(Whispering)
Hey, it’s all right. It’s ok.

David turns her head and looks into her eyes.

DAVID (CONT'D)
It’s fine. That was almost ten years ago.

Michelle sniffles and wipes the tears from her eyes.

MICHELLE
You don’t understand. I was heartbroken after that.
(Beat)
I never asked anyone out again. Never even crossed my mind to do so.
DAVID
Well, it’s high time you got back on the horse, little lady.

The approaching wail of a SIREN can be heard in the distance.

DAVID (CONT’D)
Shit. I gotta get back to work.
(Beat)
Where’s the tape?

Michelle points at the scotch tape roll on the ground.

DAVID (CONT’D)
No, no, not that. The VCR tape. For the camera.

MICHELLE
This store doesn’t have a camera.

DAVID
God, what a shithole.
(Beat)
How about a phone? This store does have a phone, right?

MICHELLE
Yeah, there. Next to the register.

DAVID
Ok. One of the first things they’re going to do after making contact is shut down the ability to call out of here to anywhere other than the police dispatch or to the police outside, directly.

The SIREN is really close now. The loud screech of tires on asphalt is almost deafening.

DAVID (CONT’D)
And, here we go.

The wail of another SIREN approaches even faster than the previous.

MICHELLE
So, what happens now?

DAVID
We wait for contact.
(Beat)
So, tell me more about Frank.
MICHELLE
What about him?

DAVID
Well, you said he’s a basset. What else? You know, how old?
(Beat)
Where’d you get him? That kind of stuff.

MICHELLE
We got him nine years ago. I remember it almost perfectly. Me and my mom were driving...

David interrupts abruptly.

DAVID
“My mom and I.”

MICHELLE
What?

DAVID
As opposed to “Me and my mom”.

David smiles and Michelle snickers at him.

MICHELLE
My mom and I...

Michelle glares at David. He shrugs his shoulders.

MICHELLE (CONT’D)
...were driving to make reception arrangements for my brother Jonah’s wedding, when we saw this cute, little dog laying down by a mailbox.

DAVID
What? Was he all gimped out or something?

MICHELLE
Actually, he was. We stopped and when I picked him up, he started shaking, so we took it to the vet and he figured the dog was hit by a car at some point.

DAVID
Oh, Jesus.
MICHELLE
The dog was going to survive and everything, but it went so long without getting its leg fixed that they said he would never fully recover.

DAVID
As much as I love animals, I prefer cats to dogs any day.

MICHELLE
Well, didn’t you think about that?

DAVID
About what?

MICHELLE
When they arrest you...

DAVID
If they arrest me.

MICHELLE
When they arrest you, you won’t see your cat again. They’ll end up taking it to the pound, or something.

DAVID
Yeah, probably. If I had a cat.

MICHELLE
You said you had a cat.

DAVID
No, I said I prefer cats. What they stand for.

(Beat)
I’m actually allergic to them so owning one would be pretty God damn difficult.

The sound of both SIRENS dissipate.

The phone rings. David and Michelle both look at it. Michelle reaches for it.

DAVID (CONT’D)
Nope.

David walks around the counter and answers the phone.
DAVID (CONT'D)
24/7, this is Vincent speaking.

MICHELLE
(Whispering)
Vincent?

David smiles back and shrugs his shoulders.

RIEGERT (O.S.)
Who is this?

DAVID
Vincent, like I said before. Who is this?

RIEGERT (O.S.)
This is Sergeant Joseph Riegert.
Who am I speaking with?

David hangs up the phone and tosses it onto the counter.

DAVID
I can’t talk to these fucking people.
(Beat)
I told them who I was twice.

They both sit there quietly for a moment.

The phone rings again. David answers it immediately.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Yeah?

RIEGERT (O.S.)
Son, I think we got disconnected for a moment.

DAVID
No, I hung up on you.
(Beat)
What do you want?

RIEGERT (O.S.)
How are things in there?

DAVID
Things are just dandy, except you keep calling.

RIEGERT (O.S.)
Is everything all right?
DAVID
Yeah. The store’s just being robbed.

Michelle covers her mouth, holding back laughter.

RIEGERT (O.S.)
Is the person who’s robbing it in there now or did he get out?

DAVID
He’s here.

RIEGERT (O.S.)
Are you hiding somewhere in there?

DAVID
Nope. I’m the one robbing the place.

RIEGERT (O.S.)
Ok. And, what was your name, again?

David holds the phone horizontally and pretends to snap it in half. But, he calmly puts it back up to his ear.

DAVID
You know what? Just call me “Roy”.

RIEGERT (O.S.)
And, is anyone hurt in there, Roy?

DAVID
Not yet. But, if you try and come in, things are likely to get messy.
(Beat)
Look, Sarge, I gotta go. Give me a call back when a negotiator shows up so I can go through my demands... Unless you’d like them.

RIEGERT (O.S.)
Look, I, uh—Yeah, why don’t you give them to me and I’ll pass them along when the negotiator gets here?

DAVID
Fair enough. You see that black piece of shit by the pumps, out there?

A brief pause.
DAVID
All right, Joe, I’m sick of driving that stupid car. Had the damned thing eleven years and I want a better one.

Michelle walks away when David turns his back on her.

RIEGERT (O.S.)
A better what?

DAVID
A better car. An upgrade.
(Beat)
You ever driven a car with 460,000 miles on it, Joe?

RIEGERT (O.S.)
Can’t say that I have.

DAVID
Well, trust me, it ain’t a pretty sight.

Michelle taps David on the shoulder. David turns and Michelle is holding open a notebook and written on the page is, “460,000?!”

David smiles and nods his head and faces around, again.

DAVID (CONT’D)
So, here’s my demand. I want a 1969 Boss 302 brought down here tonight.
(Beat)
And, I want to sit in the driver’s seat.

RIEGERT (O.S.)
Excuse me, but you want us to find a car that’s been out of production for 40 years and you want it there tonight?

DAVID
Not just tonight. I want it here in twenty-five minutes.
(Beat)
Good luck.

David hangs up the phone and sets it down on the counter.
David turns around and smiles.

DAVID (CONT'D)
What do you think?

MICHELLE
I think you’re out of your mind.

DAVID
And, I think we’re about to find out.
(Beat)
Want to see how predictable they are? Watch this.

David picks up the phone and holds it in his left hand and points at the phone with his right hand.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Three, two, one and...

The phone rings. Michelle starts to laugh and David smiles at her.

MICHELLE
Holy shit. How did you do that?

DAVID
How do you get to Carnegie Hall?

David raises his eyebrow and answers the phone.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Yes, I know it’ll take forever to find, but you’re in luck. You’ll find one at 20 Palmetto Drive.

RIEGERT (O.S.)
First, before we go get your car...

DAVID
It’s not my car. I’m just borrowing it for tonight.

RIEGERT (O.S.)
Well, before we get it, we need to know that the clerk and whoever else is in there is ok. Ok?

DAVID
Yeah, it’s fine. Talk all you want.

David turns and faces Michelle.
DAVID (CONT'D)
Cop wants to talk to you.

David hands the phone to Michelle.

MICHELLE
Hello?

RIEGERT (O.S.)
We’re going to get you out of there. Tell me, is anyone else in there?

MICHELLE
(sobbing)
No. I’m the only one who was in here.

RIEGERT
And, you’re not hurt?

MICHELLE
(Sobbing)
No. I’m ok.

RIEGERT (O.S.)
Ok, can you put the man back on, please?

Michelle hands the phone back to David. He covers up the receiver.

DAVID
Sounded all right. Crying could’ve used a little work.

Michelle rubs her eyes with her fingers. She shows her fingers to David and they’re wet.

MICHELLE
It wasn’t completely fake. I keep thinking about that bastard, Chris DeJesus.

David puts the phone up to his ear.

DAVID
Hang on a tick, Slim.

He covers up the receiver again.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Who’s that?
MICHELLE
He’s the one who turned me down, that I told you about.

David chuckles for a moment.

DAVID
Forget about it. It’s over and done with.

David reaches over and pinches her cheek.

DAVID (CONT’D)
I promise you. When this night is over, you will never think about his name again.

David hugs Michelle and kisses her on the forehead.
He puts the phone back to his ear.

DAVID (CONT’D)
Yeah?

RIEGERT (O.S.)
Ok. We’ll go get the car and bring it here as soon as we can.

DAVID
Not good enough, Joe. You’ve got 20...

David thinks for a moment and turns to face Michelle.
Michelle holds up two fingers, followed by one finger.

DAVID (CONT’D)
...21 minutes left.

RIEGERT (O.S.)
Look, it might take a little more time.

DAVID
No, it won’t. The car is thirteen miles from here. (Beat)
Consider yourselves lucky. Only sixteen-hundred of these are in existence and you have one in this town. (Beat)
Now, get crackin’.
RIEGERT (O.S.)
Ok, they’re on their way to get it now. Now, I’d like to talk to you.

DAVID
(imitating Jack Nicholson)
Ok. Let’s talk.
(Beat)
What do you want to talk about?

RIEGERT
I’d like to know how things are going in there.

DAVID
(Normal voice)
Ok. First, I ask a question, then you ask a question because standard chit chat is boring.
(Beat)
You long have you been a cop?

EXT. 24/7
Two cop cars are outside, in front of the store.
Two police officers are huddled around the hood of the car directly in front of the store.
On the phone is an overbearing, African-American male, JOSEPH RIEGERT (43).

RIEGERT
Eighteen years.

DAVID (O.S.)
Wow, that’s impressive.
(Beat)
Your turn.

MATTHEW WINSLOW (29), a short, clean-cut, Caucasian male holds up a dry erase board with the word “Stall” written on it.

RIEGERT
Why are you doing this?

DAVID (O.S.)
Elaborate.

Riegert scoffs.
RIEGERT

“Elaborate”.
(Beat)
Well, I don’t mean to be stereotypical here, but you don’t sound like some junkie who’s robbing the store to pay for their next fix. Know what I mean?

DAVID (O.S.)

RIEGERT
You haven’t, huh? What do you call this?

DAVID (O.S.)
Hey! My turn.
(Beat)
You happily married or just regular married?

RIEGERT
I don’t want to go into that with you.

Winslow holds up the board and it says, “Don’t piss him off!” and is underlined twice.

DAVID (O.S.)
Yeah? Well, I don’t want to shoot the clerk here, but I will.
(Beat)
You wanted to talk... so talk.

Winslow erases the board and writes something. He holds up the board and it says, “Talk”.

RIEGERT
(Stern)
Happily married.

DAVID (O.S.)
Glad to hear.

RIEGERT
What do you plan to do when we get your car here?
DAVID (O.S.)
I get my car, you get your hostage
and I surrender. Simple as that.

Winslow holds up the board. It reads, “Hang up”.

RIEGERT
I’ll call you back.

On the other end of the line, the phone clicks.

RIEGERT (CONT’D)
What did I hang up for?

WINSLow
Look, something’s up with this guy. He’s calm, he’s not in a rush but he set a deadline and he’s just willing to surrender?
(Beat)
Something isn’t right about it.

RIEGERT
So, what do you suggest?

WINSLow
Don’t give him the car.

EXT. 24/7 - LATER

The loud sound of glass rattling startles the officers. They look up to the double doors, which are opened just a crack and see a glass bottle rolling along the pavement.

The doors shut, behind the bottle.

The two officers slowly walk up to the store with their guns drawn. Riegert grabs the bottle and they quickly walk backwards until they’re back at their car.

Riegert holds the bottle up and sees a paper inside. He reaches inside and pulls the paper out.

He unrolls the note and looks at it.

RIEGERT
“Get some damn food here now. This poor girl has already worked a nine-hour shift without a break. Her: turkey sub w-slash-o cheese. Me: not hungry. Love, Roy. P.S.: X-V-I”
WINSLow
What is that?

RIEGERT
It’s sixteen. Telling us we have
sixteen minutes left.

WINSLow
Sergeant, what do we do about the
car?

RIEGERT
Forget the car. Just go down there
and get that damn sandwich.

INT. 24/7 - LATER

David walks back to the aisle he got the tape from.
The phone rings.

DAVID
Hey!

Michelle gets closer to get a better look. David holds up a
small, chicken-wire bag of water guns and smiles.

MICHELLE
All right.
(Beat)
Get the phone first.

David sighs in a frustrated tone as he walks with the guns
with him.

David slams the pack of guns on the counter and picks up the
phone.

DAVID
Got the car yet?

RIEGERT (O.S.)
Not yet.

DAVID
Got the sub?

RIEGERT (O.S.)
Haven’t gotten that yet, either.

David covers up the receiver.
DAVID
Jesus Christ.

He uncovers the receiver.

DAVID (CONT'D)
So, why are we talking right now?

RIEGERT (O.S.)
I wanted to continue our chat.

DAVID
Too late. I don’t want to talk anymore. When you get the car or the sub, then, we’ll talk. Later.

David hangs up the phone.

DAVID (CONT'D)
God, it’s taking them forever to get your damn sub.

MICHELLE
That’s all right. I can wait a bit longer.

DAVID
Yeah. Nine straight hours of work without food.
(Beat)
But, maybe this’ll cheer you up.

David runs down the aisle to the coolers and grabs three bottles of water and starts to run back but he’s mesmerized by something on the shelf.

Michelle just stares at him.

MICHELLE
What is it?

David holds up a huge water gun. Much larger than the others.

DAVID
Super Soaker.

MICHELLE
Dibs!

DAVID
Hell no, this thing’s mine.
MICHELLE
Please?
Michelle stares at him with the “sad, puppy dog eyes” look.

DAVID
Fine, but I have all the rest.

MICHELLE
Toss it over.

David runs over with the Super Soaker and the water bottles.

He hands her the Super Soaker as David tears into the bag.

DAVID
Oh, before we start, put the money back in the register.
(Beat)
Would be a shame to get that wet.

Michelle walks around the counter. David holds up an orange revolver.

DAVID (CONT’D)
What do you think of the little six-shooter?

Michelle shrugs her shoulders.

MICHELLE
Doesn’t look like it can hold much water.

DAVID
Good point.

David drops it into the trash. David pulls out a purple handgun.

DAVID (CONT’D)
Hey, look at this.

MICHELLE
Maybe I should take that one. I love purple.

David reaches into the back of his pants.

DAVID
No, no, no. Not that.
David pulls out his black water gun and holds it right next to the purple one. They’re identical.

MICHELLE
Is that the same one?

DAVID
I have no clue. I just went to the store one day and bought a water gun but they look the same to me.

David opens up a bottle of water and starts pouring it in to the purple gun.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Let’s just have some fun. We don’t have a lot of time.

David shoots the water gun right in her face, continuously. Michelle screams and squeals loudly. She starts shooting him in the face with her Super Soaker.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Holy shit, it’s cold!

The phone rings.

David puts the water gun up to Michelle’s cheek and smiles. He picks up the phone with his other hand.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Yeah?

RIEGERT (O.S.)
What was that?

DAVID
What?

RIEGERT (O.S.)
That scream. Is everything still cool in there?

DAVID
Very cool. I guess she hasn’t adjusted to having a gun in her face.

(Beat)
Need to talk to her, or do you trust me?
RIEGERT (O.S.)
I believe you.
(Beat)
And, her sub is almost here.

DAVID
Good to know, Sarge. What’s the word on the car?

RIEGERT (O.S.)
Just got it now. Been driving for about two minutes.

DAVID
Very good. You’re that much closer to have this have a happy ending.
(Beat)
Adios amigo.

David hangs up the phone.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Ready?

Michelle slowly nods her head up and down.

David takes the gun away from her face and dives on the ground, down one of the aisles.

He scrambles to his feet and leans with his back against an endcap.

MICHELLE (O.S.)
Come out, come out, wherever you are.

We see David leaning against the endcap while Michelle sneaks along the aisle right next to him.

DAVID
(Quietly)
Where are you? Where are you? Where are you?

Michelle hits a penny with the edge of her shoe and it slides alongside David’s foot.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(Quietly)
There.
David pops out and they both continuously shoot water at each other. They both have to look away and they keep shooting each other in the face.

    DAVID (CONT'D)
    Time out! I can’t even see!

    MICHELLE
    All right! All right, stop!

They both stop firing.

    MICHELLE (CONT'D)
    I win!

    DAVID
    Bullshit, you won. I win.

    MICHELLE
    Tie?

David shoots Michelle in the face one more time.

    DAVID
    Yeah. Tie.

Someone knocks at the double doors.

David’s demeanor changes completely as he immediately pulls out his revolver.

He slowly walks up to the doors with Michelle walking behind him. He tears a small piece of newspaper off and see two cops out by the cop car out front.

David looks down and sees a sub right in front of the door.

He pulls open the door a little bit.

    DAVID (CONT'D)
    All right, it’s close enough.
    (Beat)
    Get your sub.

Michelle walks over to the door and bends down, sticking her arm out through the door.

She grabs the sub and brings it inside. David closes the door.

    DAVID (CONT'D)
    Go eat. The car should be here any time.
Michelle sits down on the counter and unwraps the sub. She inspects it closely and sees cheese lining the outside.

Michelle tears out each slice of cheese as David watches her.

DAVID (CONT'D)
What’s wrong?

MICHELLE
Nothing. Those guys just forgot to say no cheese.

DAVID
God damn it, I specifically told them!

MICHELLE
It’s not that big a deal.
(Beat)
I can take it off.

David walks down the aisle and grabs a beer bottle. He pries the top off and pours it out in the soda fountain.

He grabs a mini notebook and a pen from his shirt pocket.

He sets the notebook on the fountain and writes “Call back” on it.

David rolls the note up and sticks it inside the bottle. He walks back to the door and opens it a bit.

He throws the bottle and it lands just off the steps to the store.

David closes the door again and waits by the phone.

As soon as the phone rings, David answers it immediately.

DAVID
Hey! What’s with this cheese on the sub bullshit?!

Michelle taps David on the shoulder. He turns.

MICHELLE
It’s still really good. The cheese isn’t a problem.

DAVID
(Quietly)
You sure?
MICHELLE
Very. It’s delicious.

David nods his head and turns back.

RIEGERT (O.S.)
I’m not sure, Roy. The other officer told them very explicitly to not put cheese on.

DAVID
You know what? I believe you.
(Beat)
Besides, Michelle likes the sub regardless of the cheese.

RIEGERT (O.S.)
That’s really good.

DAVID
Yeah, very lucky for you guys. Which brings me to sunny point number two. What’s the car situation?

RIEGERT (O.S.)
Six miles out.

David looks back at the clock.

DAVID
Better hurry it up, Joe. Six miles in eight minutes in a residential area is cutting it a little too close.

RIEGERT (O.S.)
Don’t remind me.

DAVID
Don’t give me that attitude, you selfish, son of a bitch.
(Beat)
I’ve made this as easy as I possibly could for you.

The phone clicks on the other end. David takes the phone away from his ear and stares at it.

DAVID (CONT’D)
Son of a bitch!
David slams the phone on the floor, shattering it, sending pieces everywhere.

EXT. 24/7

Riegert looks over at Winslow.

RIEGERT
Let’s see how he reacts to that.

Riegert holds up the phone and presses “Redial”.

OPERATOR
I’m sorry, but your call could not be completed as dialed. Please hang up and try again.

Riegert looks at the phone, then at Winslow, who’s listening to the call on an earpiece.

WINSLOW
Maybe he’s making another call?

RIEGERT
He wouldn’t. He told me to call him that time. I think he’s losing it.
(Beat)
Where’s that damn car?

WINSLOW
About five miles out, now.

RIEGERT
Good. We’re going to make it. I don’t want to see what this guy does if he gets pissed off.

INT. 24/7

David sits on the counter next to Michelle. She puts her hand down on top of his. David looks over.

DAVID
What are you doing?

MICHELLE
Make love to me.

DAVID
What? Are you kidding me?
MICHELLE
What’s the problem? I was waiting for someone special. I think it’s you.

DAVID
You’re still a virgin?

MICHELLE
Yeah. That’s another reason. If I’d want anyone to do it right now, it would be you.

David looks away and shakes his head.

MICHELLE (CONT’D)
Why not?

DAVID
Because I don’t know you.

David looks past her at the clock on the wall.

DAVID (V.O.) (CONT’D)
Just stall for a few more minutes.

David looks away again, back at the doors.

He sees himself and Michelle kissing by the doors. He puts his hand on her breast and opens her shirt with the other hand.

She jumps up and wraps her legs around his hips as he continues to kiss her neck as they lean against the doors.

David shakes his head and looks back at her.

DAVID (CONT’D)
No.
(Beat)
Can’t do it.

MICHELLE
Why?

DAVID
Because I love you. I can’t do that to you.

MICHELLE
At least kiss me one more time.
David leans over and kisses her. His left hand is reaching towards her shirt and shaking.

He pulls his hand away and they stop kissing.

Michelle starts to cry and leans her head on his shoulder.

    DAVID
    What’s wrong?

    MICHELLE
    I’ll never see you again, after this.

    DAVID
    It’s all right. Memories.

    MICHELLE
    I don’t want memories. I want to be with you. Forever.

    DAVID
    Me too.
    (Beat)
    Me too.

She lifts her head up and stares him right in the eyes.

    MICHELLE
    Then, we both go out there. Say we were in it together.

    DAVID
    No. I’m not letting you throw your life away for me.

    MICHELLE
    But, at least it would be my choice.

The loud roar of a car engine approaches.

    DAVID (V.O.)
    Almost out of this.

    DAVID (CONT’D)
    All right. We’ll go out together.

David exhales deeply and puts his head in his hands.

    MICHELLE
    So, when do we go?
DAVID
When they tell us the car is here.

MICHELLE
Are we going to steal it?

DAVID
Why?

MICHELLE
Because it sounds like fun.

David jumps off the counter and pulls out his notebook and pen. He grabs the small carton of strawberry milk and walks down to the cooler and puts it back inside.

He grabs a small carton of strawberry milk and writes something down in the notebook.

He walks over to the bag of guns on the shelf and writes something in the notebook.

He looks down on the shelf and sees rolls of tape. He writes something else in the notebook.

DAVID
(To himself)
Ok, $6.48.

He walks to the other side of the aisle and looks at the Super Soakers.

DAVID (CONT'D)
(To himself)
Five.

He writes in his notebook and walks back to the cooler.

DAVID (CONT'D)
How many did I take? Two or three?
Think it was three.

MICHELLE (O.S.)
It was three!

DAVID
Of the waters?

MICHELLE
Yeah.

David walks back the aisle as Michelle watches him.
MICHELLE (CONT'D)
What is that?

DAVID
Shopping list.

He looks down at the newspapers.

DAVID (CONT'D)
And, one newspaper at $2.75.

David sets the notebook down next to Michelle and spins it around.

MICHELLE
"Milk; ninety-nine cents, guns;
three fifty, tape; one ninety-nine,
Super Soaker; five, water "X"
three; three seventy-five, paper;
two seventy-five".
(Beat)
"$17.98".

Michelle looks at him, then back at the list. She finally looks right at David.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
You’re paying them back?

DAVID
Why wouldn’t I?

MICHELLE
But, you’re going to go to jail.

DAVID
Maybe so, but not for being a thief.

The revving of the loud engine outside is overpowered by a car horn honking several times.

David looks over to the door then back at Michelle.

DAVID (CONT'D)
I’ll post bail by 11AM tomorrow.
(Beat)
I have about four million dollars saved and after that, we can be together, I promise you.
MICHELLE
I’m going to be arrested with you, though.

DAVID
We’ve been through this already.
You’re the clerk. You’re going to sleep in your own bed tonight.

David pulls out his wallet and opens it on the counter. He pulls $20 out and hands it to Michelle.

DAVID (CONT'D)
$2.02, please.

MICHELLE
Man, you are something else.

She takes the $20 and opens the register. She puts it inside and grabs two $1 bills and two pennies and puts them in David’s out-stretched hand.

DAVID
No receipt?

He smiles at her and she giggles.

MICHELLE
No refunds.
(Beat)
Have a nice day.

Michelle reaches under the register and grabs her purse.

Michelle walks out from behind the counter. David reaches in the back of his pants and pulls out his revolver.

DAVID
I want you to have it.

MICHELLE
Why me?

DAVID
I prefer the water guns.

David holds the gun by the barrel as Michelle takes it from him. She puts it inside her purse. David smiles as he holds her hand tight.

They stand side by side, waiting.
MICHELLE
Are you ready?

David breathes in deeply and exhales, as such.

DAVID
Oh, wait. Can you grab my black water gun from the shelf?
(Beat)
Behind you.

MICHELLE
Sure.

Before she turns, she kisses David on the lips one more time.

She turns and sees a shelf but no gun.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Hey, where is it?

She turns back around and David headbutts her right in the forehead. She instantly falls to the ground, unconscious.

DAVID
I’m sorry.

David walks over to the counter and spins his notebook around again.

He writes, “I’m sorry. They won’t look for it, here. 10PM: Riverside Grill. Love, David.”

David opens his wallet and takes out stacks of $20’s, $50’s and $100’s and folds them in half.

He grabs the note and puts it inside the money and bends down to the ground. He places the money inside Michelle’s bra, carefully.

He stands up and grabs a pair of handcuffs from his back pocket and grabs Michelle’s right arm. He cuffs her arm to the counter and sets the key next to the register.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Goodbye.

He grabs the black water gun from the front of his pants and holds it above his head.

David flips the switch above the doors as they slide open. David watches outside as the two cop cars are now six cop cars, not including his Boss 302.
EXT. 24/7 - CONTINUOUS

COPS
Get on the ground! Put your hands up! Get down, asshole!

He slowly walks out and sets the gun down on the ground. With his foot, he kicks it to the side and continues walking.

TWO COPS run up to David and slam him to the ground and handcuff him. David puts up no struggle at all.

They stand him up and walk him towards the cop car, straight out in front of the store.

COP 1 picks up his gun and looks at it.

COP 1
Sergeant, it’s a water gun.

Riegert walks forward and stares David in the eyes. David looks beaten.

RIEGERT
Uncuff him.

COP 2
Sir?

RIEGERT
Not all the way. Cuff his hands in front of him.
(Beat)
For now.

COP 2 uncuffs David’s hands then cuffs his hands in front.

RIEGERT (CONT'D)
I’ll take him.

Riegert grabs David by the shoulder and walks him over to the Boss 302.

Riegert looks over at Winslow, who’s standing right by the car.

RIEGERT (CONT'D)
Open it.

Winslow opens the driver’s side door.

Riegert turns David around and looks him right in the eyes.
RIEGERT (CONT'D)
Don't try anything stupid.

David nods his head.

Riegert helps David into the car. David looks past the steering wheel and sees the keys aren't in the ignition.

David looks over and Riegert who is hovering right over him, with the door open.

DAVID
Can you close the door?

Riegert looks over at Winslow who shakes his head and looks back at David.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Please?

RIEGERT
Thirty seconds.

Riegert steps away as David grabs the door and carefully closes it.

He puts both hands on the steering wheel and stares forward with a big smile on his face, the smile of an innocent child. His focus is deep and he continues to stare ahead.

David’s smile fades as he knocks on the driver’s side window. Riegert opens the door and pulls him out.

Now, David looks Riegert right in the eyes.

DAVID
Thank you.

RIEGERT
What were you doing here, Roy?

DAVID
David.

RIEGERT
David.

DAVID
You have to read me my rights before you me ask that.
RIEGERT
You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to have an attorney present now and during any future questioning. If you can’t afford an attorney, we will appoint one. Do you understand these right as I’ve read them to you?

DAVID
Yep.

RIEGERT
So, what were you really doing?

DAVID
Trust me, Joe, if I told you everything that went on, you still wouldn’t understand what happened tonight.

RIEGERT
Well, you’re under arrest for armed robbery, kidnapping and assault.

DAVID
She’s going to need an ice pack.

RIEGERT
Excuse me?

DAVID
The girl in there, the clerk. I hit her on the head pretty hard. Get her an ice pack.

Riegert looks over at another cop and nods his head.

The cop walks over and grabs David’s arm and walks him to the cop car.

DAVID (CONT’D)
Hey, Sarge!

Riegert looks back and the cop stops walking David.

DAVID (CONT’D)
Tell her I was sorry.

Riegert turns and walks towards the store.
The cop walks David to the cop car and puts him inside.

David leans his head back against the seat and closes his eyes. He smiles.

FADE OUT.

THE END.