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THE ANNOYMOUS GANGSTERS  
CLUB

By

Wrylies McOrphan

**LOGLINE:** Five strangers meet to plot the robbery of a bank but first  
they must agree what to call each other.

Written In honor of the inner cabal

FADE IN: VERMONT

**FADE INN...**

INT. VERMONT, USA - URBAN HOUSE - **DARK BASEMENT**- DAY/NIGHT

Dark.

Well mostly dark.

NARRATOR (V.O)

Like many an unwanted pregnancy, it  
all began in a seedy basement.

Until...it's broken, shattered, interrupted, pierced...

...by light. Small, limited, like a torch.

But not a torch.

A LANTERN, hanging from a hand which is...

Muscular, ripped, large veins - the kind you want to touch to  
see if they wobble.

As we hear...

FOOTSTEPS

...Down rickety timber stairs. Coming from BOOTS.

BOOTS that descend the stairs. Downwards.

Five PAIRS of boots.

Down the stairs.

NARRATOR (V.O)

They were the dream team, an inner  
cabal. They dreamt of adventure,  
guns and liqueur, plus freaky ones  
with yodeling cats.

LIGHT SWITCH

On the wall.

Dusty. Old fashioned. Not been flicked for a while.

It's flicked.

**LIGHT**

Cascades, across the basement room.

Across all of them.

NARRATOR (V.O)  
And like a flasher who's had a  
torch shone on him - everything was  
now on display.

In the centre a--

ROUND TABLE and FIVE CHAIRS.

A DOG barks.

Far away, off screen. Probably next door.

Having completed their descent of the rickety dusty timber  
stairs, stand FIVE people - four MEN, one WOMAN.

All wear BOOTS.

NARRATOR (V.O)  
It was like deliverance meets the  
famous five...whilst wearing boots.

The first gangster we will call DON.

He gestures to the three other men, and the lonely women  
who's probably come out of an unsatisfying relationship.

MAXIMUS  
(to the others including  
the hormonal woman)  
Lady, gents, please take a seat.

They hesitate and exchange glances that suggests they haven't  
met before and don't trust anyone.

And they have travelled far that day. On dusty roads.

They sit.

Max places five envelopes on the table.

MAX  
Welcome to the anonymous gangsters  
club. I have trawled the internet,  
the papers, prison releases, you  
are the best of the best. Ahead of  
us lies only one task, rob a bank.  
But before that...task two.

The four throw piercing frowns at Max.

NARRATOR (V.O)  
They were so mean they could make  
suspicion an olympic sport.

More sneers.

NARRATOR (V.O)  
Silver medal winners - well,  
there's always one better.

Mac carries on.

MAXI  
Our task, to agree our new names.

AS YET NAMED MAN  
What, like Reservoir Dogs?

MAXI  
Yes, except we aren't going to die.  
And this isn't a film.  
(giggles at the camera)  
Please open the envelop in front of  
you and confirm your new name to  
the others. Ladies first.

Max points to the man next to him.

WRYLIES (37.5) cold, sinister, with slick back hair as if it  
was a rubber tyre that had been combed by a garden spade.

He opens the envelope that was put in front of him.

He smirks and shows the others the card, that was inside the  
envelope, on the table before them.

It reads:

WRYLIES

WRYLIES  
(to Mox)  
Because of my wry smile, perchance?

MAXI  
(shaking head, a lot)  
No, I got in from a website.  
Slipperyscripts. They're sick, like  
us, with an evil inner cabal. Next.

ASIDES,, 41,, tanned, like a large cheesy dibble, with hair  
like a squirrels tail thats been blown dried.

Cold killer, especially of squirrels.

He opens the envelope that was on the table, but now in his hands.

It READS;

ASIDES

ASIDES

Better than a B-side I suppose.

MAXI

That's not the main point of that,  
but that's not...anyway. Next.

ORPHANS (50/60's) granite face, with a facial scar that reads 'fuck you', RIPS open the envelope that was on the table.

The rip causes a spark - they all JUMP.

He sneers at the card with evil destain.

NARRATOR (V.O)

He was so evil, so mean, he would  
even lie about his share of a meal  
out.

(beat)

And you would let him.

IT reeds;

ORPHANS

ORPHANS

Good guess.

ASIDES

Orphans? Plural? What, you're more  
than one person?

ORPHANS

Hey?

WRYLIES

Do you have girlie parts as well?

ORPHANS

What the fuck are you--

NARRATOR (V.O)

We all make mistakes.

MAXIMUS quickly interrupts, nods to the lady to carry on.

She hesitates.

MAXI

Come on blonde, we haven't got all  
day, have we boys?

The 'male' men all nod and tut - despairing at the slowness  
of the only woman, that sits around the table.

NOSEY (35), blonde, hot, 5'8", beautiful and magnificent  
cleavage, on her chest, that rests in front of her, accepts  
with grace the wisdom of the group.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(extra husky deep voice)

She was the kind of woman that  
could walk into a room of the  
visually impaired, and still turn  
heads.

IN SLOW MOTION\*\*

slowly...she lifts the envelope, that was on the table, up to  
her mouth...

--opens it with a tongue that would make a Tube-Lipped Nectar  
Bat jealous.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

She could unplug a blocked toilet  
and make it look sexy. Even without  
gloves.

As the envelop tears everything 'out front' bounces.

The Four male heads bounce in time with the two wonders.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Gold medal winners. Synchronized  
nodding.

Nosey tosses her hair around....slowly...as if selling a  
Caribbean hair product.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

She was like a mythical siren,  
blessed by the gods who were  
feeling very happy after a random  
bet came good--

MAXIMUS

(Up to Narrator)

Yeah, yeah we get it. She's  
juggstastic.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Ooooh, I like that one.

Maximus gets back to nodding in time.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
(laughing)  
Juggstastic!!

NOSEY slowly reveals the card, which was in the envelope.

It readS;

NOSEY

She gazes at Maxxi.

NOSEY  
What about my nose?

MAXIMUS  
It's not about your--

NOSEY  
It's my mom's nose.

MAXIMUS  
Look, it's a phrase from--

NOSEY  
What you saying about my mom?

MAXIMUS  
Stop! They're script writing  
phrases.

NOSEY  
About noses?

MAXIMUS  
The phrase is, 'on the nose', I  
just shortened it.

NOSEY  
You shortened, 'what's on my nose?'  
You read some weird shit?

Maaxi raises a hand to calm Nosey down.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
It was time for the top dog to  
assert his pecking order in this  
mad cattery. Oh yeah...

Maximus opens his envelop, that was actually on this lap and not on the table..

It READES;

### POV

He thinks, reflects, ponders for a moment. Like an internal debate that rages.

A storm of consideration...within a tornado, whilst on fire.

A tsunami of conscious thoughts from another dimension.

He stares blankly.

Blank.

Until...he throws the card on the floor.

MAXIMUS

I am Maximus.

ASIDES

That's a quote, not a name.

MAXIMUS

No, no, it is a writing phrase. A real one. You know the max of...musing. Yes, yes, the muse, the writing maxi muse. That's me.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

He's musetastic.

ASIDES

Can I just say, to add clarity, I don't like my name. It feels unnecessary.

ORPHANS

Well, you're not having mine. I'm a loner. No one there for me. Well that what's my dad Nic Don Rene Grace Zack said...big family.

Max finds a bag from under the table - black, quite new, not used much.

He opens the bag, that was under the table, out of sight.

The zip, unzips.



MAXIMUS

Folks, it's time. You've travelled  
far to join this cabal. So here's  
where we go next.

The four other people, all wearing boots, throw new  
suspicious looks. It's make or break time.

Time freezes - stands still. Stops. Pause's.

Max looks at the ensemble - can he win this lot over?

Takes a deep breath...

NARRATOR (V.O)

Like cracking a joke to drunk nuns  
about fatherly incest, he knew the  
outcome was hard to predict.

Max decides, then throws envelopes across to the others.

They float in mid air--

--dancing, jigging, weaving--

--like a master card dealer throws at a vegas casino, in a  
really cool film--

--that somehow operate beyond the laws of physics--

NARRATOR (V.O)

They stood frozen like a baby  
that's eaten an ice cube - shivers  
of expectation.

(beat)

And some urine leakage.

They gasp as the envelopes fly and land in front of them.

Each with their names; Asides, Orphans, Nosey, Wrylies.

NARRATOR (V.O)

But like a crayon that has been  
left in a mad mans cell, the  
writing was on the wall.

They rip the envelopes open and read. Together their faces  
widen in delight - excited.

MAXIMUS

Who's in?

They all erupt in joy, stand and celebrate.

A bottle of champagne is cracked open.

NARRATOR (V.O).  
This is when history would record  
how gangsters and script writers  
formed an unholily illuminati.

MAXIMUS/DON/MOXI  
(to camera)  
Scripttastic.

As the champagne flies into the air--

ALL FREEZES

--everyone caught in time.

ROLE CREDITS

AND THUMPING SOUND TRACK

INSERT: To be Continued

SMASH FADE TO  
BLACK.