A Million Reasons
Original Screenplay
By
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BLACK SCREEN:

SUPER:

“Behold the turtle. He makes progress only when he sticks his neck out.” (James Bryant Conant)

FADE IN:

INT. MEN’S LOCKER ROOM IN LA GYM - MORNING

STEVE (40s) picks up his towel, has a massive heart attack, and drops down dead. No one else is present.

INT. MAIN FLOOR OF LA GYM

BEN, a personal trainer, is beside a water dispenser when an attractive woman (30s) approaches him and smiles.

WOMAN

Hey Ben.

BEN

Ah hi there.

WOMAN

Remember me?

BEN

How could I forget.

She begins to caress his crotch.

WOMAN

I guess you must’ve forgotten my number then.

BEN

No I’ve just been real busy lately what with everyone wanting to slim down for the summer.

She removes a tube from the back pocket of her shorts.

WOMAN

There’s something else that’s larger than average around here.
BEN

Look...

She pulls the waist band of his shorts outwards.

WOMAN

Pam.

BEN

Pam I’ve gotta go but I’ll call you later I promise.

PAM

You sure you won’t forget?

BEN

Absolutely.

PAM

How about I give you something to remember me by anyway?

BEN

No, Jesus, not here.

She pops the lid off the tube, shoves it down the front of his shorts, and shakes it violently.

PAM

Now try forgetting me you fucking loser.

BEN

What the fuck?

PAM

Bullet ants. More painful than a kick in the nuts any day.

Ben runs towards the men’s locker room, enters, and oblivious of the dead body he heads for the showers.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM

LIZ wakes to the sound of an alarm clock, turns it off, and reads a post-it which says: Time to get up and make brunch! I’ll be back around noon. She rolls it into a ball, flicks it away, and lays her head back down on the pillow.
INT. MEN’S CHANGING ROOM

Ben leaves the showers massaging his groin and sees the body lying on the floor.

BEN
Steve, are you okay?

He checks for a pulse.

BEN
Oh no. Shit.

He moves towards the door but realizes that he’s naked from the waist down so he puts on a pair of brightly colored Bermuda shorts that lie on top of the dead guy’s sports bag. He exits and runs into a glass fronted office directly across from the locker room entrance.

BEN
George we’ve got a problem.

GEORGE stares at Ben’s wet polo shirt and unusual shorts.

GEORGE
I can see that.

BEN
Hey these shorts are the least of our problems right now.

GEORGE
I find that hard to believe.

BEN
He’s dead.

GEORGE
Who’s dead?

BEN
Steve...fuck I can’t remember his last name.

GEORGE
Ah I see. Another one of your surfing buddies has been run over by a dolphin so you’d like some time off to go and play with your new shorts.
BEN
What? Jesus George these aren’t mine, okay. They belong to the dead guy.

GEORGE
You killed a guy for them?

BEN
Look there’s a dead body in the locker room so are you coming or what?

GEORGE
If this is another one of your pranks then you’re outta here, you hear me?

They leave the office and enter the locker room.

GEORGE
Isn’t he one of your clients?

BEN
Yeah.

GEORGE
Jesus Ben what have you done?

BEN
What are you saying?

GEORGE
What happened? Your current bimbo dumps you, so you take it out on your clients? Is that it?

BEN
Oh my God. First some crazy chick puts killer ants down my shorts and now you’re blaming me for this? Is everybody in here out of their fucking minds today?

GEORGE
Killer ants?

BEN
I’ll tell you about it later.
GEORGE
Sure, whatever. Look all I’m saying is did you push him a bit harder than usual today?

BEN
No...maybe...look I didn’t kill him alright.

GEORGE
Okay, calm down. I just don’t want a lawsuit on our hands. Are there any guy’s still out on the floor?

BEN
Yeah, old Reg.

GEORGE
Christ we don’t want him coming in here and having a heart attack as well. I’ll get Clive to bring the wheelchair and we’ll move him to the wellness area.

BEN
The wellness area? Are you hoping for some kind of a miracle?

GEORGE
Look there’s nowhere else I can think of. We’ll put a bathrobe and a pair of shades on him.

BEN
Are you serious?

GEORGE
Deadly, it’s LA for God sake, everyone wears shades. Oh and find his cell phone. If he’s got a wife then we need to call her.

George leaves. Ben opens the guy’s bag, removes his wallet, and looks inside.
BEN
Tyler. Steve Tyler.

He removes some clothing, finds his cell phone on top of several bundles of hundred dollar bills, and whistles.

BEN
What the fuck are you doing with all this cash Steve?

The wheelchair collides with the door. Ben closes the bag as CLIVE, a tall African American (30’s), enters.

CLIVE
Man there’s nothing like the sight of a stiff to make you feel truly alive. You know what I mean?

BEN
Clive you crazy fuck.

CLIVE
I’m taking him to the meditation room where there’s incense and scented candles so he’ll smell real nice when the cavalry arrives.

Clive crouches down and grabs the guy under his armpits.

CLIVE
Right let’s get him up and sit him down on this.

They place him in the wheelchair, on top of an open bathrobe, and dress him. Clive then applies the finishing touch with a pair of dark glasses.

BEN
Where did you get those?

CLIVE
The tanning salon.

BEN
He looks like a blind man.

CLIVE
Well he can’t see shit now can he? Is that his cell?
BEN
Yeah.

CLIVE
Is it on?

BEN
Uh-huh.

CLIVE
Find any family members?

BEN
I’m not calling anyone.

CLIVE
Relax. Mister control freak wants to do it. That guy would love to be a dictator somewhere but instead he has to make do with ordering our sorry asses around.

BEN
Clive...

CLIVE
It’s true man. And the reason everyone’s so fucking depressed these days is because there hasn’t been a decent revolution since Lincoln made Lee suck on one of my forefather’s big black cocks.

Clive leaves. Ben opens his locker, empties the contents of his own bag onto the bench, transfers all the money into it, and covers them with his towel.

INT. OPEN PLAN KITCHEN IN APARTMENT

Liz is mixing some eggs in a bowl. The phone rings and Steve’s name appears so she answers. SPLIT SCREEN - George sits in his office.

LIZ
Listen just because you fucked me all night doesn’t mean I’m gonna slave away in your kitchen all day.
George’s eyes almost pop out of his head.

LIZ
I mean it. I’m only doing this because I’m in a good mood. Next time you’re taking me out somewhere nice.
(Pausing.)
Are you alright? Hey you’d better say something right now or I’m gonna hang up.

GEORGE
Mrs. Tyler?

Liz mouths the word ‘Fuck’.

GEORGE
I’m sorry to disturb you but my name’s George Franco and I’m the manager here at Trinity Gyms.

LIZ
I’m not Mrs. Tyler.

GEORGE
Oh. Is there a Mrs. Tyler do you know?

LIZ
I dunno. I haven’t been around long enough to find out. Hey why are you calling from Steve’s cell? Did he leave it behind?

GEORGE
No. I mean yes. Look maybe you can help me. Do you know any close friends or a family member that I could contact?

LIZ
Why? What’s happened?

GEORGE
Nothing. Um, how long did you know Steve?
LIZ
Oh my God.

GEORGE
What? Are you okay?

LIZ
He’s dead isn’t he?

GEORGE
I didn’t say that.

LIZ
You said ‘did’.

GEORGE
I did?

LIZ
Yeah.

GEORGE
Well it wasn’t intentional.

LIZ
Yeah well no one intends to die, except suicide bombers.

GEORGE
What I meant to say is...

LIZ
What you meant to say, is that you need to speak with a member of his family before you’ll speak with me. Well I have a question. I’ve spent the past twenty minutes preparing to make an omelet so I’d like to know whether Steve’s going to join me or maybe you’d like to come over? But I’m talking about eating here not fucking unless you happen to look like Brad Pit.

GEORGE
Look I’m sorry to have bothered you.
LIZ
That’s alright. I’ll just have to replace the batteries in my vibrator.

Liz hangs up. SPLIT SCREEN ENDS - George puts the cell phone onto his desk but it suddenly rings and after hesitating for a few seconds he decides to take the call.

GEORGE
Hello?

SPLIT SCREEN - TEO, a Hispanic man (early 40s), is sitting on a bench in a park.

TEO
Put Steve on the phone.

GEORGE
I’m sorry he’s not here right now.

TEO
Listen I don’t give a fuck if he’s banging your missus just put him on okay?

GEORGE
Are you a family member?

TEO
What the fuck. Listen shit head the next voice I’d better hear is Steve’s otherwise there’s gonna be trouble.

GEORGE
Look he’s...

TEO
Chingada Madre (Motherfucker). I’m gonna rip your fucking tongue out if you say another word.

George hangs up. SPLIT SCREEN ENDS - Teo glares at his cell phone.

TEO
You’re a dead mother fucker. You think you can just hang up on me. Nobody hangs up on me
you dumb fuck.

A male passerby glances at Teo.

TEO
What the fuck are you looking at?

The guy looks away and quickens his pace. Teo throws his cell phone at him and hits him on the back of the head.

TEO
Hey, look at me when I’m talking to you.

The guy turns. Teo looks at the ground and notices that the casing of his cell phone has split apart.

TEO
Look what that thick cabeza(Head) of yours has done to my phone.

The guy looks down. Teo grabs him and headbutts him.

TEO
I’ve got the head of a bull and the balls to go with it so don’t fuck with me.

The guy turns and runs away as fast as he can.

TEO
That’s it. Run home to your butt fucking Romeo.

ANJEL, a Hispanic guy (late 20s), clicks the casing of the cell phone back together before handing it to Teo.

TEO
Find that motherfucker and bring me the money, the drugs, and his left testicle.

ANJEL
Why don’t I just bring you the whole fucking package?

TEO
Nah. But tell him if he ever tries to pull this kinda shit on me again then I’m gonna
personally shove the other one in his mouth and watch him swallow.

INT. BEDROOM OF APARTMENT

Liz removes her jacket from the built-in wardrobe and kicks the skirting underneath it in frustration. The skirting collapses inwards so she crouches and discovers a holdall hidden inside. She opens it on the bed and takes out a bundle of fifty dollar bills.

LIZ

Whoa.

She removes a bag of cocaine.

LIZ

Shit.

INT. RECEPTION AREA OF GYM

Police officers and medics gather around George, Ben, and Clive. BILL, the lead cop, looks at Ben.

BILL

So you were the last person to see him alive and the first to discover the body?

BEN

Yeah.

BILL

And you were responsible for moving the body?

CLIVE

Yessir, just doing my job as a good citizen of this great nation of ours.

George glares at Clive.

BILL

And you’re the manager who orchestrated everything?

GEORGE

Yeah, except for the dying part. We’re not responsible
for his death.

George points at Ben.

GEORGE
Although he might’ve had something to do with it coz he did mention killer ants.

BILL
Is this true?

BEN
Look I’m happy to give you a statement but not out here.

RECEPTIONIST
Ah come on Ben what’s the matter? Did somebody put ants in your pants?

Bill turns to his fellow officers FRANK and JOE.

BILL
Frank, Joe, cordon off the locker room and take a look at the crime scene. I mean…you know what I mean.

FRANK
Yeah. We’ll go check it out.

Bill then looks at the medics.

BILL
You’d better go and take a look at the body.

The medics nod and head off down the corridor.

BILL
Alright George how about we all go to your office.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF AN APARTMENT IN LA

MEL (late 30s) sits naked on a couch. A nineteen year old girl, who is also naked, is giving him a blow job. A door opens and Liz storms in.
MEL
Liz, Jesus, what the fuck.

LIZ
It’s good to see you too Mel.

TEENAGE GIRL
I thought your name was Melpomene?

MEL
It is babe.

LIZ
Oh he’s Melpomene alright but that Greek Goddess is ancient history now coz the guy whose cock you’re sucking believes that he’s the reincarnation of Jim Morrison.

MEL
Thanks Liz.

He smiles at the young girl.

MEL
I was born on the third of July nineteen seventy one. The day he died.

Liz drops the holdall and laughs.

MEL
Liz why don’t you fuck off into the kitchen and get yourself a beer?

LIZ
Yeah good idea, but do me a favor and don’t start reciting that tragic poetry of yours after you’ve both climaxed okay?

Mel picks up a CD from the couch and flings it at her. Liz ducks, gives Mel the finger, and leaves the room.

INT. GYM MANAGERS OFFICE

Bill sits in George’s chair examining a sheet of paper.
Ben and George sit across from him while Clive stands.

BILL
Harry Callaghan?

CLIVE
It’s Harold actually.

BILL
I know. I’ve seen the movies.

CLIVE
I know what you’re thinking.

BILL
Excuse me?

CLIVE
Dirty Harry, did he fire six shots or five? Well you’ve gotta ask yourself one question.

Clive aims an index finger at Bill as if it were a gun.

CLIVE
Do I feel lucky? Well, do ya, punk?

GEORGE
Look is it really necessary for him to be here?

BILL
Are you on something? (Pausing.) Is he always like this?

GEORGE
I’m afraid so. He used to work in a mortuary.

CLIVE
Yeah. Seeing all those dead people kinda makes you realise that living is nothing to be afraid of.

BILL
Yeah well I’ve seen my fair share of stiffs too but I
don’t go around acting like a fool.

CLIVE
The fool on the hill man, that’s me.

BILL
Did you hire this guy?

GEORGE
He’s a good cleaner, very methodical.

CLIVE
When you’ve cleaned as many old corpses as I have then mopping up kids vomit is a piece of cake.

BILL
Alright another word outta you and I’ll have you arrested for obstruction of justice.

Clive picks up a clipboard from a storage unit beside him, writes something, places it on the table facing the cop, and leaves the room. Bill reads the following:

There is no justice in this world so how can I obstruct it?

There’s a loud scream so they all leave the office and run off in the direction that it came from.

INT. SHOWER ROOM OF MEN’S LOCKER ROOM

Joe is shaking his right hand and stamping the tiled floor with his left foot. Frank arrives.

FRANK
What the fuck happened?

JOE
The fucking thing bit me. I feel like I’ve been shot.

FRANK
What bit you?

JOE
That little fucker.
Frank crouches as the others arrive.

BILL
What happened?

FRANK
Joe’s been bitten by an ant.

BILL
Jesus Joe what did you scream for?

JOE
Coz it was pretty fucking painful.

BILL
Are you responsible for this?

BEN
Kinda...well not exactly. A female member gave them to me.

BILL
That seems like an unusual gift.

BEN
Oh they weren’t a gift.

BILL
I see. So are there anymore of these guys around?

BEN
I don’t think so.

BILL
Okay let’s bag this one. Did you find anything in his personal belongings?

FRANK
Nah. No family photos, no girl, nothing. You?

BILL
Nah. He put Harry Callaghan down as the person to be contacted in case of an emergency on his application
form.

FRANK
He’s the kinda guy you wanna have around when you’re in a tight spot alright.

BILL
Anything worth looking at in the locker room?

FRANK
Nah.

BILL
Have you got a locker in there?

BEN
Yeah.

BILL
Joe, go take a look inside.

JOE
Sure.

INT. KITCHEN OF APARTMENT

Liz is drinking from a bottle of beer when Mel enters.

MEL
You’re unbelievable you know that?

LIZ
Where’s your friend?

MEL
She didn’t know who Jim Morrison was so I lost the will to maintain my erection. Look Liz what’s your fucking problem?

LIZ
You are.

She walks out of the room and returns carrying the holdall. She swipes a few used mugs and plates from the table which smash on the tiled floor.
You’re gonna pay for them.

Liz places the bag on the table, unzips it, and tosses a bundle of fifty dollar bills towards Mel.

Jesus Liz is this real?

Yeah I think so.

You’re not doing what I think you’re doing are you?

Don’t even say it. Coz if you do I’ll beat your scrawny ass.

Hey Liz.

Jimmy.

What’s going on?

Catch.

Where’d this come from?

Liz.

Whoa Liz you must be fucking some seriously rich guys.

Liz spins around and kicks him in the balls.

What the fuck Liz? I think you’d better leave.

Liz removes a bag of cocaine from the holdall and throws it at Mel.
LIZ
Not before we decide what we're gonna do with this.

INT. KITCHEN OF STEVE TYLER’S APARTMENT

EMILIO, a Hispanic guy (30s), is eating some chopped up peppers from the counter. The place looks like a tornado has passed through it. Anjel is on his cell phone.

ANJEL
Hey boss. Nah he ain’t in his apartment and neither is the money or the drugs. (Listening.) Yeah we’ve looked everywhere. (Listening.) Okay will do.

He hangs up.

ANJEL
Let’s get outta here.

The phone in the kitchen rings. Anjel see’s Steve’s name appear so he smiles and picks it up.

ANJEL
You’re a dead motherfucker you know that?

SPLIT SCREEN – Bill sits in George’s office.

BILL
Who’s this?

ANJEL
Who the fuck do you think it is? Hey who the fuck are you? Where’s Steve?

BILL
Are you a relative?

ANJEL
Yeah you could say that. I’m like the brother he now wishes he never had. So where is he?

BILL
First give me your name?
ANJEL
Look if you don’t wanna be a
dead motherfucker then you’ll
tell me what I want to know
and you’ll tell me right now.

BILL
Hey I’m an LAPD officer.

ANJEL
I sympathize I really do. Is
Steve in some kinda trouble?

BILL
No but you will be if you
don’t start co-operating.

ANJEL
Fuck you, you Loser Anal Prick
Depository fuck.

Anjel hangs up. SPLIT SCREEN ENDS.

ANJEL
Shit. Looks like Steve’s been
picked up by the cops.

EMILIO
Ours or theirs?

ANJEL
Theirs I guess. Anyway
they’re probably on their way
over here so let’s go. I’ll
call Teo and let him know
what’s happened.

INT. GYM MANAGERS OFFICE

Bill sits at the desk while George and Frank stand.

BILL
Well the woman you were
talking to earlier has either
grown a pair of balls or
there’s a couple over there
who don’t wanna talk. Frank,
get the nearest available unit
over there ASAP and let’s see
if we can find out what’s
going on.

FRANK
You want to bring them in for questioning?

BILL
Yeah, if there’s anyone still there, and tell Joe we’re leaving before any more crazy shit happens.

INT. TOILETS OF MEN’S LOCKER ROOM

Ben sits in a cubicle holding his head in his hands.

JOE(OS)
Are you alright in there?

BEN
Yeah.

He stands, flushes the toilet, leaves the cubicle, and begins to wash his hands at the sink beside the cop.

JOE
Jesus you don’t look so good.

BEN
Huh? I’m fine, just a bit shaken up you know. It’s the first time I’ve seen a dead body like that.

JOE
Yeah. I know what you mean. First one I came across had no head. A shotgun at close range will do that you know.

Joe follows Ben to where his locker is located.

JOE
After I’d thrown up in the dead guy’s toilet and returned to the patrol car, I noticed that I had a piece of his brain lodged in the sole of one of my shoes.

Ben opens his locker. Joe can see that he’s stressed.
JOE
Jesus. I’m sorry. Talking about shit like that after the morning you’ve had.

Ben places his bag on a bench and begins to unzip it.

JOE
Sorry about this but I gotta follow orders. You know how it is.

Ben nods as he opens his bag, revealing his towel. Joe reaches towards it when suddenly the door to the locker room opens and Frank appears.

FRANK
Joe we gotta go.

JOE
Okay. I’m done here anyway.

Joe’s hand hovers above Ben’s towel for a second but he decides to shake Ben’s hand instead.

JOE
That’s okay. Sorry again about the tale of the exploding head.

BEN
It’s cool, really.

JOE
Good. Glad to hear it. Tell me something, were those ants really given to you by a female member?

BEN
Yeah.

JOE
Man you must’ve really pissed her off. I sure hope I won’t be seeing you again soon. I mean…I hope she’s not some psycho who’s gonna try to give you a present of a knife in the kidneys next.
BEN
So do I.

JOE
Well you be careful coz it
really is a jungle out there.

He holds up the evidence bag with the dead ant and winks.

BLACK SCREEN:

SUPER:
"If opportunity doesn’t knock,
build a door.” (Milton Berle)

INT. AN LA OFFICE - FOLLOWING MORNING

LENNY, a middle aged slightly overweight guy with small
sly looking eyes and sneering lips, sits at his desk.
Liz and Mel sit opposite him.

LENNY
Fifty percent take it or leave
it.

LIZ
Forty.

LENNY
Hey you arrive in here with a
bag full of drugs; you won’t
tell me where it came from,
which means I’m probably
looking at stolen goods here
and that increases the risk.
Now I’m prepared to take that
risk but not at that price.

LIZ
Forty five.

LENNY
Nah.

LIZ
Okay fifty percent and in
return you give us a full
day’s session in the recording
studio.
LENNY
You know Liz the first time I met you I knew you were a winner surrounded by a bunch of losers.

He glances at Mel.

LENNY
No offence Mel.

MEL
You’re just a guy reeking of jealousy, but I’m not your enemy, I’m just the man that you wanna be.

Lenny frowns and looks at Liz.

LENNY
Is he a rapper now? Coz I keep losing track of his muse swings? Anyway as I was saying that’s why I decided to represent your band and it’s also why we now have ourselves a deal.

Lenny shakes Liz by the hand.

LIZ
I know roughly how much all of this is worth, so don’t try to screw us Lenny coz you don’t want me as an enemy.

INT. OFFICE IN AN LAPD PRECINCT

A senior cop is on the phone.

SENIOR COP
All I know is he dropped dead yesterday and there’s no sign of your money so either somebody’s decided to hold onto it and say nothing or he didn’t have it on him. Also his ex-wife and their teenage kid identified the body and were asked a few routine questions.
(Listening.)
Their address? Yeah I’ll text it to you. Maybe they might have what you’re looking for.

INT. KITCHEN IN AN APARTMENT

Ben enters the kitchen carrying a copy of On The Road by Jack Kerouac. JD, his friend, is pouring orange juice into two glasses.

BEN
Morning JD.

Ben reaches out to take a glass of juice.

JD
Hey man, get your own. That’s for...topless girl taking orders.

BEN
Man I’ve really gotta get into this acting business.

JD
Pussy doesn’t pay the rent you know?

BEN
I know. Living with you has thought me a lot of things.

JD
Yeah, well when I become a millionaire you’ll be glad that you supported me during these difficult times.

BEN
And what about me?

JD
What about you?

BEN
What if I become a millionaire before you do?

JD
Then I’d get I love Ben but I
just married him for his money
tattooed on my ass.

BEN
Really? Which cheek?

JD
What?

BEN
The tattoo.

JD
Shit I don’t know, the left
one I guess.

BEN
What colour?

JD
Whatever man. You pick one?

BEN
How about Hot Pink?

JD
Yeah why not. But it’s never
gonna happen now is it?

JD glances at Ben’s book as he’s leaving the kitchen.

JD
Are you reading that again?

BEN
Nah, it’s just an idea I have.
I’ll tell you about it later.

INT./EXT. A STREET IN THE SUBURBS - EVENING

MATEO and RAMONE, two Hispanic guys (20s), sit in a
parked car.

MATEO
Looks good man.

RAMONE
Best damn burrito this side of
the border.
MATEO
Where’d you get it?

RAMONE
My Nana.

MATEO
What the one who’s fucking Aemilio’s old man?

RAMONE
Hey watch your fucking mouth.

MATEO
You know you should buy her some mouthwash and a few rubbers to show her that you care.

Ramone grabs him by the shirt collar.

RAMONE
After we’re done I’m gonna bust your jaw so badly you won’t be able to say shit like that for a month.

MATEO
Hey watch where you’re putting those hands. She’s probably given you more than just a burrito you know.

Ramone is about to punch Mateo when his cell phone rings.

RAMONE
Shit. You’re a lucky mother fucker. Hello?
    (Listening.)
Yeah the kid and his mother went in with some groceries about a half hour ago.
    (Listening.)
Nah haven’t seen any sign of a boyfriend unless she has him locked up in the basement.
    (Listening.)
Sure thing Anjel, it’ll be like taking candy from a kindergarten.
He hangs up.

RAMONE
We’re going in and after we’re done you’re going down.

MATEO
Let’s get this over with then.

They cross the street. Ramone raises his t-shirt and places a hand on his gun but Mateo shakes his head and motions for him to lower his t-shirt.

MATEO
Let’s try to be nice first okay?

Mateo knocks on the door and the two stand there waiting. After a few seconds the door is opened by BRAD.

MATEO
Heya Kid is your Mum around?

BRAD
What do you want?

RAMONE
We want to bring Jesus back into your lives.

MATEO
Don’t mind him. It’s been a long day. We just have a few questions for her that’s all and then we’ll be on our way.

RAMONE
Yeah we’re carrying out a survey in the area.

BRAD
What kind of survey?

Ramone pulls out his gun and points it at Brad.

RAMONE
Look I’m Smith and this is Mr. Wesson and we’ve come to hear your confessions.
INT. KITCHEN OF BEN & JD’S APARTMENT

Ben and JD sit at the table drinking beer.

JD
Are you fucking with me?

BEN
No, I’m serious.

JD
Man.

JD looks down at Kerouac’s novel on the table.

JD
We’ve talked about doing this but I never thought we’d actually get around to doing it for real. You know?

BEN
Yeah I know.

JD
So have you won the lottery or something?

BEN
Nah, I’ve just inherited some money that’s all. So I’ve decided to take a few weeks off and celebrate.

JD
Who died and made you happy?

BEN
Ah one of my clients.

JD
Fuck. Really?

BEN
Yeah, I guess they were feeling generous.

JD
Man I wish someone would die and leave me some money coz every time I imagine myself
marrying a rich old widow
she’s always removing her
dentures before giving me a
blowjob. What a nightmare
huh?

BEN
Yeah. But then again you
could just close your eyes.

JD
Aw man you’re a sick fuck you
know that.

BEN
Well a man’s gotta do what a
man’s gotta do.

JD
Have you no shame?

BEN
Hey I spend my days with
sweaty Lycra covered clowns
who are addicted to Prozac and
plastic surgery and you’re
asking me about shame?

EXT. MILITARY AIR BASE IN KABUL, AFGHANISTAN - MORNING

DAVE (Mid 40s) is getting out of a jeep with a backpack. He dials a number on his cell phone.

DAVE
Jeff it’s Dave. Listen I need
your help, a few guys turned
up at my place and threatened
Linda and Brad about an hour
ago.

(Listening.)
Yeah look these guys were
armed so I need you to go over
there ASAP. Can you do that
for me?

(Listening.)
Nah, Brad’s got them tied up
but I dunno who the fuck they
are or what they want.

(Listening.)
Yeah, I’m on my way. I said I
had to go and deal with a
family crisis so Harry’s got
me on a direct flight into
Charleston.

(Listening.)
Just keep them safe until I
get there and see if you can
find out what the fuck’s going
on. Look I gotta go. I’ll
see you soon.

INT. BEDROOM IN LA - NIGHT

Teo’s with two women in a bed that’s shaped to look like
a penis, with the head of the penis at the base and two
oval shaped pillows representing the testicles at the
other end. He looks at his watch.

TEO
I’ll be back in a minute so
don’t go falling asleep on me
you hear?

He puts on a silk bathrobe, picks up a remote, stands at
the end of the bed, and presses a green button. The
square meter of floor beneath his feet begins to slowly
descend into the room below. The women giggle as Teo
disappears from view at the foot of the bed.

Teo waits for the hydraulic pole to stop its descent and
then moves towards Anjel, who is on a large red L-shaped
leather couch in the opposite corner of the living room.

TEO
So?

Anjel’s busy playing UFC on the play station 3.

ANJEL
Just give me a sec boss.

Teo throws his remote at Anjel.

TEO
What the fuck’s going on?
It’s after ten already, why
haven’t they called?

ANJEL
Sorry boss I’ll call them now.
TEO
Who’d you send over there anyway?

ANJEL
Mateo and Ramone.

TEO
Those two Pendejo’s (Idiots).

ANJEL
It’s just a woman and a kid.

TEO
And my fucking million dollars.

Anjel gets his cell phone and calls Ramone but as he’s moving the phone to his ear Teo grabs it from him.

TEO
Answer you dumb fuck.
(Pausing.)
Chingada Madre.

He throws the cell phone at Anjel.

TEO
Get them on the phone now or get your ass down there.

ANJEL
Don’t worry boss I’ll fix this.

TEO
Fix this. Those fucking Payaso’s (Clowns) better have everything under control otherwise I’m gonna hold you personally responsible.

Teo picks up his remote and heads back across the room.

TEO
And don’t have me waiting around like some fucking love sick teenager otherwise one of us is going to be heartbroken and it isn’t going to be me.
INT. DINING ROOM

Mateo and Ramone are tied up and have Bart Simpson pillow cases over their heads. Brad stands guard. Jeff enters the room.

JEFF
Hey man. I like what you’ve done with the place. Your mum’s gone to pack a few things so I’m just gonna have a quick word with one of these guys before we leave.

Jeff removes the pillow case and insulation tape from Mateo’s mouth.

MATEO
You’re gonna be skinned alive for this kid, you know that?

JEFF
Hey, shut the fuck up.

MATEO
I’ve seen it done to a guy you know, never heard someone scream so loud.

JEFF
Now you listen to me.

MATEO
Why? What’re you gonna do huh?

JEFF
Okay playtime’s over.

Jeff takes out a gun and places it against Mateo’s head.

JEFF
Now you’re gonna tell me what you’re doing here or you’re on a one way ticket to hell. One, two...

MATEO
We’re here for the money.

JEFF
What money?
MATEO
Look all I know is that his old man was meant to deliver a million dollars to my boss yesterday only he’s now dead and my boss wants his money.

JEFF
Do you know anything about this?

BRAD
No.

JEFF
You’d better not be lying to me kid.

BRAD
Hey listen...

JEFF
No you listen coz we’re running outta time here. My van’s parked up against your garage door so we’re gonna load these guys into the back nice and quiet. Okay?

INT. BLACK S-CLASS MERCEDES

Anjel sits in the back with Emilio in the driving seat.

ANJEL
Let’s go. And don’t stop for anything okay?

EMILIO
No problemo. Tonight the streets of LA are gonna be my own personal Indianapolis five hundred track.

ANJEL
Whatever just move it.

Emilio floors the accelerator and Anjel is thrown backwards as the Mercedes takes off down the drive.
EXT. FORD TRANSIT VAN

Jeff pulls out of the drive and starts driving down the road with Linda in the passenger seat. The van turns left and disappears from view. A few seconds later the black s-class Mercedes pulls up outside the house and Anjel and Emilio get out and head towards the front door.

BLACK SCREEN:

SUPER:

"Whether you think you can or whether you think you can’t, you’re right.” (Henry Ford)

EXT. ON A COASTAL ROAD SOMEWHERE IN LA

Ben and JD are cruising along on their Harley’s.

JD

Man I can’t believe we’re really doing this. We’re on the fucking road man, with nothing but fresh air and hot chicks to fuck between here and New York.

JD accelerates and Ben follows.

INT. LARGE LIVING ROOM

Teo is aiming a gun at Anjel’s head.

TEO

tell me why I shouldn’t just pull the trigger huh?

Anjel stares silently at his boss.

TEO

You know I thought you had a fucking brain and cojones(balls) but it turns out you’re just as dumb as the rest of them.

He points the gun at the ceiling and fires. Plaster falls from the ceiling, landing on their heads.
TEO
That’s why I spent a fucking fortune soundproofing this room coz every organisation ends up with people in the firing line from time to time. But I ain’t terminating your contract just yet.

Teo points the gun at a pair of large double doors.

TEO
Now go sort this shit out before I change my mind and ventilate that thick fucking head of yours.

INT. JEFF’S KITCHEN

Jeff, Linda, and Brad are sitting at the kitchen table.

JEFF
So you only met her once?

BRAD
Yeah. She was leaving the apartment as I was arriving.

JEFF
Girlfriend?

BRAD
Probably just one of his short term sexual playthings.

(Pausing.)

Sorry Ma.

LINDA
Don’t be, that’s all most of you guys are good for anyway.

JEFF
Well either she has the money or it’s somebody from the gym.

LINDA
Do you really think they’re gonna leave us alone if we find it?
JEFF
What?

LINDA
If we find the money and return it to them will that be the end of it?

JEFF
The only thing those motherfuckers will be getting from me is a bullet between the eyes.

The doorbell rings.

JEFF
That’ll be Dave.

INT. BLACK S-CLASS MERCEDES
Emilio looks over his shoulder at Anjel.

EMILIO
Are you okay man?

Anjel nods.

EMILIO
So where to?

ANJEL
Trinity Gym, West Hollywood.

EMILIO
Are you sure this is a good time to be working out?

ANJEL
That’s where the fucker dropped dead. So maybe that’s where the money is.

EMILIO
Well if somebody’s kept it as a souvenir then they’ve probably taken it out of there by now.
ANJEL
Yeah but the scent should still be warm.

EMILIO
True. Coz there’s nothing like the smell of freshly minted Benjamin Franklins first thing in the morning. I always keep a few on my bedside locker to remind me what the meaning of my fucked up life really is.

INT. STAIRS LEADING TO A BASEMENT
Jeff leads Dave down the stairs.

DAVE
So how dangerous are these fuckers?

JEFF
They’re just pussies acting like tigers.

DAVE
You sure?

JEFF
Course I’m sure. I’ve got two Oscar winners down here. One’s pissed himself and the other had rosary beads around his neck. So I took them off him and hammered a nail through his foot.

DAVE
What?

JEFF
I only hit him on the toes but you should’ve seen the look in his eyes when I was swinging that hammer.

DAVE
You’re insane you know that?
JEFF
You wouldn’t have called me
if I wasn’t now would you?
Anyway I’ve already started
rounding up the posse.

DAVE
Is that really necessary?

JEFF
Abso-fucking-lutely. One of
the fuckers threatened to
have Brad skinned alive.

DAVE
I’ll fucking kill him.

JEFF
Now you’re talking.

INT. OFFICE IN LAPD PRECINCT

A police chief sits at his desk examining a colour chart
when there’s a knock on his door.

CHIEF
Come in.

The door opens and Bill enters.

BILL
You wanted to see me Chief?

CHIEF
Hmm. I don’t know if want is
the right word. Let’s just
say that I’m intrigued.

The Chief holds up the color chart for Bill to see.

CHIEF
What color would you say these
are?

BILL
Blue?

CHIEF
Tell that to my wife then
would you, because apparently
they’re all purple.
The chief takes a sip of coffee from a mug on his desk.

CHIEF
Should I be adding a drop of whiskey to this do you think?

BILL
When you hear what I have to say we may both be in need of something stronger than caffeine.

CHIEF
So I take it this is no longer simply a case of a bad heart and some Amazonian ants that were lost in transportation?

BILL
Yeah I guess. The manager of the gym called to say that a detective Hernandez had been into the gym asking questions. So he wanted to know what the fuck was going on and why we were taking up so much of his time with a heart attack victim when we should be out on the streets trying to catch some real criminals.

CHIEF
Who the hell’s Hernandez?

BILL
Joe called the other departments and there’s no detective Hernandez currently working in the LA area.

CHIEF
Holy shit. So what’s going on?

BILL
Well the interesting thing is he seemed to be mainly concerned about the guy’s personal belongings.
CHIEF
Any idea what he might’ve been looking for?

BILL
I’d say he’s looking for either money or drugs, which explains why the guy’s apartment was ransacked.

CHIEF
So who else was using the locker room around the time of the incident?

BILL
So far as we know only the personal trainer, the manager, and the cleaner.

CHIEF
You’ve interviewed them, so who’s our likely suspect?

BILL
The cleaner I guess. He fits the profile of an angry anarchist who’s a freethinker and a possible lawbreaker.

CHIEF
I see. Well you’d better question him further and see what he has to say.

EXT. BACK OF A DISUSED WAREHOUSE SOMEWHERE IN LA

Mateo and Ramone sit on the ground naked from the waist up. They’re tied together, the pillow cases are over their heads, and they both have tattoos of a Buchis Bull on their chests.

Emilio and Anjel pull up beside them in the black s-class Mercedes and get out.

EMILIO
What the fuck?

They remove the pillow cases and tape from their mouths.
ANJEL
What happened?

MATEO
We we’re ambushed.

ANJEL
By who? The fucking boy scouts?

MATEO
These guys were armed and knew what they were doing?

ANJEL
And you didn’t? Is that it?

MATEO
Hey we were only expecting a bitch and her kid.

ANJEL
Do they have the fucking money?

MATEO
Nah I don’t think so.

Anjel takes out a gun and points it at Mateo.

ANJEL
How about now?

MATEO
They don’t have it alright?

ANJEL
How do you know?

MATEO
Coz when I told them we were looking for it they looked pretty fucking surprised.

ANJEL
Fuck.

EMILIO
Anjel you’d better take a look at this.
ANJEL
I’m kinda fucking busy here. What did they look like?

MATEO
White, middle aged, but they were in good shape.

ANJEL
This city’s full of fuckers like that. So you’ve never seen these guys before?

MATEO
Nah.

ANJEL
Do you know where they brought you?

Mateo points at the pillow case on the ground.

MATEO
We had them on all the time.

ANJEL
You didn’t even get a look at the licence plate?

EMILIO
Man you gotta take a look at this coz there’s some serious fucked up shit going on here.

Anjel walks around and examines Mateo’s back.

ANJEL
Cabrón(Motherfucker).

He then takes a look at Ramone’s back.

ANJEL
Mierda(Shit).

MATEO
What’d they do?

ANJEL
Shut the fuck up. I’m gonna call Teo and I don’t wanna hear another fucking word out
of either of you.

Anjel walks around to the far side of the car, opens the back door, sits down, and calls Teo.

ANJEL
Yeah. Some guys with shooters were waiting for them and they’re beat up pretty bad.
(Listening.)
Nah Mateo says they don’t have the money. So like I was saying earlier before we got the call I’d say this punk from the gym has the money.
(Listening.)
Yeah I’ll head over there now. So whaddya want me to do with these two?
(Listening.)
Alright.

He hangs up, attaches a silencer to his handgun, and gets out of the car. The camera remains focused on the back seat of the Mercedes and after a few seconds some muffled shots are heard.

Emilio and Anjel look down at their dead gang members.

EMILIO
Sizzle and burn?

ANJEL
Yeah.

They open the trunk, put on a pair of heavy duty gloves, and remove a Jerry can each. Emilio crouches and begins to pour some of the contents of his can onto Ramones back. As soon as the powerful acid makes contact it begins to bubble and hiss. Anjel points at Mateo.

ANJEL
Turn him over first. I wanna make sure the graffiti on his back is burned to fuck too.

Emilio turns Mateo over revealing the following words:

The Buchinista gang are bullshit bandits with no balls

EMILIO
You know I’d love to meet the
crazy fuck who went to the
trouble of stencilling that
shit on them.

ANJEL
Oh you’ll be seeing him, only
when you do I’ll be carving a
few words into his back. Come
on let’s get this over with
coz we’ve gotta head over to
the gym guys place next.

EMILIO
Aw you’re shitting me man.
Tonight’s my card night.

Anjel opens his can and pours petrol over the bodies.

ANJEL
You wanna tell Teo that?

EMILIO
Dumb ass motherfuckers.

Emilio takes out a packet of cigarettes, removes his
lighter, and rips off the top of the box.

EMILIO
If I’da known these guys were
gonna ruin my evening like
this I’da beaten their sorry
asses before you popped them.

Emilio takes a step backwards as the petrol ignites.

EMILIO
You know something? If I
could be anyone in this fucked
up Universe then I’d be the
Devil.

ANJEL
Come on you mad fuck let’s get
outta here.

BLACK SCREEN:

SUPER:
"The reasonable man adapts
himself to the world; the
unreasonable one persists in trying to adapt the world to himself. Therefore all progress depends on the unreasonable man.” (George Bernard Shaw)

INT. JEFF’S BASEMENT - THE FOLLOWING MORNING

Six guys sit in a semi circle. Jeff stands beside a portable white board. Written at the top is ‘Operation Weed and Bleed’. Buchinista Gang is circled in the middle of the board with arrows pointing towards key phrases such as ‘Early Retirement Fund’, ‘The Magnificent Seven’, and ‘The Million Dollars’.

JEFF
Now that you’ve all been briefed here’s what’s on today’s agenda. Dave and I are gonna meet up with this detective friend of mine to get some intel on this gang. Rob, Josh, you’re both on duty tonight so here’s a list of everything we’re gonna need for the operation.

Jeff hands ROB a piece of paper.

JEFF
Paul, Scott I want you to check out the gym and search the apartment and see if your eagle eyes can spot anything that the others may have missed re the missing money. Any questions?

ROB
Yeah. The guns and the body armour aren’t a problem but the infrared gear and the explosives are just too damn risky.

JEFF
Look they’re not gonna miss a couple of night vision specs if we’re only borrowing them for a few days and there’s
enough explosives in there to keep our guys in the middle east going for months.

ROB
What the fuck are we gonna be blowing up anyway?

JEFF
They’re for opening the doors to our retirement funds and dealing with any potential weed clusters.

SCOTT
Weed clusters?

JEFF
If you find some of these chicken shits all huddled together then you’ve got yourself a weed cluster. You lob in a grenade and boom. Best damn weed killer there is.

ROB
I dunno man this is all beginning to sound a bit crazy to me.

JEFF
And working in the Middle East as mercenaries isn’t?

PAUL taps the white label on his chest.

PAUL
Jeff why Bernardo?

JEFF
You know why?

PAUL
All the same I’d like to hear it from the horse’s mouth.

JEFF
Cos you’re a bastard Irishman who cheats at cards and enjoys killing too much.
DAVE
Alright we’ve all got work to do so let’s get going.

Everyone leaves the room except for Dave and Brad.

BRAD
So what do you want me to do?

DAVE
Look after your Mum.

Brad rips a label, with Chico on it, from his t-shirt.

BRAD
Well I don’t need this then, do I?

DAVE
Take it easy. I’m very grateful that your quick thinking saved Linda from those scumbags.

BRAD
She’s the one who kicked the guy holding the gun in the nuts. So maybe she should be wearing this.

DAVE
Yeah but you were the one who finished the job.

Dave places the sticker back on Brad’s chest.

DAVE
Besides imagine how Jeff would react if a member of our Magnificent Seven was replaced by a woman.

BRAD
What’s so fucking great about them anyway?

DAVE
Hey I’m just glad Jeff wasn’t around when you told me you’d never seen the film. Look he has it on DVD so why don’t you
watch it while we’re out?

BRAD
Cheesy Westerns aren’t really my thing.

DAVE
Whoa there partner, that movie’s a classic and if you’re gonna be Chico then you might as well get to know him.

BRAD
Let me have a few beers and you’ve got yourself a deal.

DAVE
Sure, just don’t drink too much.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF TEO’S LA MANSION

Teo sits in an armchair with a cigar in one hand and a piece of paper in the other. Anjel stands before him.

TEO
So you think this kid’s got my money then huh?

ANJEL
He found Steve’s body and now he’s disappeared.

Teo looks at the photocopied photo of Ben in his hand.

TEO
Yeah well this motherfucker’s gonna vanish for good pretty soon.

ANJEL
We tore that place apart so he’s either stashed it somewhere or he’s taken it with him.

TEO
What about the neighbours?

ANJEL
Nobody knows where he’s gone but someone saw him head off
on his motorbike with another
guy from the apartment.

TEO
So we're looking for a couple
of bikers?

ANJEL
This city's full of fucking
bikers.

TEO
Yeah, but where would you go
with a million dollars?

ANJEL
Las Vegas.

TEO
They're probably fucking some
high class bimbos with my
goddamn money right now.

Teo sets fire to the photo of Ben with his cigar.

TEO
Well it's the last fuck
they're ever gonna have.

ANJEL
Teo that's...

TEO
Shut the fuck up and go get me
on a plane to Vegas.

Teo tosses the burning page into the fireplace.

TEO
What the fuck's wrong with
you?

ANJEL
I didn't make any copies of
that.

Teo taps an index finger against the side of his head.

TEO
All the copies we need are
right here. And as soon as I
lay eyes on that motherfucker
he’s gonna wish that his dad
had saved us all a lot of
trouble by wearing a rubber.

INT. A SUITE AT THE CAESARS PALACE IN LAS VEGAS – DAY

JD takes some bundles of hundred dollar bills from a
coffee table while Ben tries not to laugh.

JD
You really are an asshole you
know that?

BEN
Hey you’re the one who said...

JD
Oh so suddenly you’re
listening to every fucking
word I say huh?

BEN
You can get it removed you
know?

JD
And I guess you’ll pay for
that too will you? I feel
like I’ve been violated. You
sick fuck.

BEN
Hey we’ve been smoking nothing
but joints since we left LA
and we hit the bars as soon as
we got here.

JD
So?

BEN
So, it takes two to tango you
know?

JD launches himself at Ben and they wrestle on the floor
but they’re interrupted by a knock at the door.

BEN
It’s probably the cleaning
lady.
JD gets to his feet and heads towards the door.

BEN
Don’t open it.

JD
Fuck you.

JD opens the door.

CLEANING LADY
Oh I’m sorry. I’ll call back later.

JD
Hold on a second, can I ask you something?

CLEANING LADY
Sure.

JD
We’re having a discussion and I’d really like your opinion on it.

BEN(OS)
JD, no.

JD
It’ll only take a second.

CLEANING LADY
Look if this a private matter I’d rather not get involved.

JD
I just want you to take a look at something and tell me what you think?

JD turns to look at Ben.

JD
Pass me one of those bundles.

BEN
JD stop it man.

JD
Give me the fucking money.
Ben tosses it over, JD peels away a hundred dollar bill, and offers it to her.

JD
Look here’s a hundred dollars. All I want you to do is look at something for me. Please?

CLEANING LADY
I ain’t going in there.

JD
That’s fine you can take a look at it from here.

CLEANING LADY
Alright but if you try anything funny I’m calling security.

JD
Sure. Now see the guy behind me?

CLEANING LADY
Yeah.

JD
Well he made me get a tattoo and I’d like you to tell me what you honestly think about it okay?

BEN
Seriously JD stop fucking around.

CLEANING LADY
What’s going on here huh?

JD pulls down his boxer shorts revealing the tattoo on his left cheek written in hot pink: I love Ben but I just married him for his money.

CLEANING LADY
Ay Dios Mio (Oh my God). JD pulls up his shorts and turns to face her.

CLEANING LADY
He did this to you?
BEN
Hey I didn’t…

JD
Shut the fuck up and listen to what she has to say. You see he’s rich and I’m poor. So he offered me a lot of money and I just couldn’t refuse.

She glares at Ben.

CLEANING LADY
You’re all the same, coming here in your fancy jets and your big cars and thinking you can do whatever you want.

She holds up a gold cross from around her neck.

CLEANING LADY
But your day of judgement will come and when it does, I pray that I will be there to witness it.

JD
Thank you.

She gives JD a hug.

CLEANING LADY
You’re in God’s hands now and he will help you.

BEN
Only a good plastic surgeon can help him now.

CLEANING LADY
Asshole. Do you want me to wait here while you get your stuff together?

JD
Nah I’ll be okay.

CLEANING LADY
Did he do anything else to you?
JD
Yeah. He robbed me of my dignity.

CLEANING LADY
Do you want me to call security?

JD
Nah I’m just gonna get my things together and leave.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF JEFF’S HOUSE
The final scene of the Magnificent Seven comes to an end. Brad switches off the TV and heads into the kitchen where his mum is reading a magazine.

LINDA
So did you enjoy it?

BRAD
Yeah it wasn’t bad.

LINDA
Look I want you to know that I made Dave promise me that you’re gonna be their backup guy.

BRAD
Aw what did you do that for?

LINDA
You know why. Steve’s dead and there’s no way I’m gonna risk losing the best thing that ever happened to me as well.

BRAD
But...

LINDA
It just ain’t gonna happen, no matter what you say. Okay? These guys are all highly trained soldiers who know how to take care of themselves.
BRAD
Look I’m old enough to make my own decisions.

LINDA
And you’re also young enough to make plenty of bad ones that you’ll hopefully live to regret.

BRAD
I’m not afraid of anyone or anything just like the guys in that film.

LINDA
I know. That’s what scares me the most.

INT. LAPD OFFICE, BILL’S DESK

Bill bangs the receiver of his phone against his desk as Frank arrives.

FRANK
Hey quit damaging public property will ya?

BILL
If I were to bang your head against this desk would that also be a violation of public property?

FRANK
Jeez Bill, lighten up will ya?

BILL
I’ve just had it with this bullshit case.

FRANK
What’s happened now? This Hernandez guy got a twin brother or something?

BILL
I was talking to the cleaner.
FRANK
What about?

BILL
I told him that the guy may have been carrying something of value on him when he died, which now appears to be missing. So I asked him if he’d answer a few routine questions.

FRANK
And what did he say?

BILL
That we’re always trying to pin things on the Blacks and the Hispanics and that if I didn’t have a warrant then the only thing that he’d freely allow me to do was to kiss his righteous ass.

INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL IN LAX

Teo, Anjel, and Emilio are queuing to board a flight. Teo’s talking on his cell phone.

TEO
Yeah find out everything you can about this Ben Engelman. I wanna know where the fuck he is so put a trace on his cell phone, credit card transactions, the works.

(Listening.)
Since when have you done anything that isn’t illegal except for boning that ugly motherfucking dog of yours? And I’m not referring to your wife although then again I haven’t met her so I guess I can’t be too sure about that now can I?

(Listening.)
Yeah, yeah, just do it or I’ll find someone else who will.

He hangs up and hands his ticket to the air hostess.
TEO
Hey there. Listen if you’re staying overnight in Vegas then you’ve just gotta take a look at the view from my penthouse suite in the Bellagio. It’s one of the seven wonders of my incredible fucking world.

AIR HOSTESS
What about the other six?

TEO
Well I always have my top two with me at all times so I think three wonders should be enough for tonight don’t you?

AIR HOSTESS
Sorry but I’m gonna have to say no coz your small dick and phony personality will only spoil the view.

She hands him back his ticket stub.

AIR HOSTESS
Same shitty line different guy, have a nice flight.

BLACK SCREEN:

SUPER:
"The future has several names. For the weak, it is the impossible. For the fainthearted, it is the unknown. For the thoughtful and valiant, it is the ideal.” (Victor Hugo)

INT. BASEMENT ROOM IN JEFF’S HOUSE

The Magnificent Seven examine their black t-shirts which Jeff designed using the internet, a printer, some iron on transfer paper, and an iron.

PAUL
We’re gonna look fucking
stupid if we wear these tonight.

SCOTT
Yeah, these guys are gonna die laughing.

ROB
Well I think it’s a great idea.

SCOTT
That’s coz you’ve got James Coburn watching out for you on both sides. I’ve got a picture of Brad Dexter with lucky written underneath for Christ’s sake.

JEFF
That’s coz you’re our lucky charm.

SCOTT
Why not Harry Luck?

JEFF
Hey I was gonna put Lucky Harry but then I thought that would be disrespectful.

SCOTT
Well I’d much prefer to have Clint Eastwood with Lucky Harry or even Dirty Fucking Harry underneath instead of this shit.

DAVE
Look anyone who doesn’t wanna wear these can fuck off now. The rest of you let’s get down to work. Chico I need you to go out and get us some coffee and Doughnuts.

BRAD
But..

DAVE
Just do it okay?
Brad glares at him before storming out of the room.

DAVE
From now on we refer to one another by our new names. No exceptions. So everyone put on their t-shirt and let’s get started. Vin?

They put on their t-shirts and gather around a table.

*For the next part of the screenplay the characters new names will appear in parenthesis after their real names every time they speak.*

JEFF(VIN)
Okay tonight’s operation is called Calvera’s prom night.

PAUL(BERNARDO)
Let me guess that’s coz we’re about to fuck these guys.

JEFF(VIN)
Yeah. We’re gonna take away their money and destroy whatever drugs we find.

On the table there’s a collection of photos, a roughly drawn sketch of the area around their target, and a detailed drawing of the inside of the gang’s building.

JEFF(VIN)
Dave and I watched the comings and goings there last night while running through a few options that we’d formulated from the surveillance footage and the additional Intel that we received from the detective.

DAVE(CHRIS)
Now these lazy dumb motherfuckers have become so arrogant that this shit hole is now the central bank for all their drug dealing. So tonight we become rich men.
EXT. SIDEWALK BESIDE SOME SHOPS, CAFES, AND RESTAURANTS

PHIL tries to hand Brad a flier. Brad pushes him away causing him to fall and his fliers scatter all over the pavement. Brad offers to help him up but Phil gives him the finger so Brad starts to pick up some fliers.

PHIL
Hey asshole hand them over.

Brad stares at the woman on the flier with a microphone in her hand and a group of long haired moody looking guys around her. It’s the woman that he’d seen leaving his dad’s apartment a few days before he died.

BRAD(CHICO)
Do you know her?

PHIL
I sure as hell ain’t gonna give you her number now am I?

BRAD(CHICO)
Look I really need to talk to her. She was a friend of my dad’s.

PHIL
So she likes older men, big fucking deal.

BRAD(CHICO)
His funeral’s in a few days.

PHIL
Ah shit man I’m sorry. But that still doesn’t give you the right to go pushing people around you know?

BRAD(CHICO)
Yeah, sorry about that. Look could you give her a message from me?

PHIL
Sure.

BRAD(CHICO)
Do you have a pen on you?

The guy hands Ben a pen and he starts to write on the
back of a flier.

INT. A PENTHOUSE SUITE IN THE BELLAGIO HOTEL, LAS VEGAS

Teo talks on his cell phone.

TEO
So nothing since Caesars
Palace huh, well they’re
probably using motels now and
paying by cash. And if you’re
not picking up a signal from
his cell then he’s probably
tossed it.

(Listening.)
I got one of the guys to go
back to their apartment and
send me a photo of the two of
them. So I’ve sent it out to
a few guys I know and I’m
gonna let them do the donkey
work for me. I’ve put up
fifty grand so it’s only a
matter of time before that
motherfucker’s mine.

INT. STAGE AREA IN A BAR IN LA

Liz and the band, Mel, Jimmy, FRED, and BOB, are
rehearsing. Phil arrives as the song they’re playing
ends.

LIZ
Hey Phil. You done already?

PHIL
Yeah, we should’ve printed up
more.

LIZ
Let’s see how many show up
first.

PHIL
I was asked to give you this
by some kid who says you knew
his father.

LIZ
What does he want?
PHIL
Dunno, said his father just
died.

Liz, shocked by what she’s just heard, drops the flier.

PHIL
Hey are you okay?

LIZ
Huh?

Phil picks up the flier and offers it to Liz but Mel
snatches it from him.

MEL
Who’s Brad?

LIZ
Mel, give it to me.

MEL
Man you look like you’ve just
seen a ghost.

LIZ
Stop fucking around and give
it to me okay.

MEL
What’s going on Phil?

PHIL
Some kid wants to invite her
to his dad’s funeral I guess.

Liz kicks Mel and retrieves the flier.

FRED
Shit, someone is haunting her
after all.

MEL
Maybe she killed him and
that’s where the mystery bag
came from.

LIZ
He died of a heart attack
alright.
FRED
Jeez Liz you didn’t fuck him
to death did you?

She turns towards Fred and glares at him.

LIZ
You’re lucky we’ve got this
gig tomorrow otherwise you’d
be on your ass right now.

FRED
Take it easy I’m just joking
around.

LIZ
Yeah well why don’t you all go
and jerk each other off coz I
gotta go make a call.

EXT. RUN DOWN NEIGHBOURHOOD OF LA - 2AM

Jeff parks his van down an alleyway, gets out, and makes
sure no-one’s around before letting the others out of the
back. Everyone’s wearing black combats, black ponchos,
and black ski masks that are currently rolled up to look
like beanies on their heads. They split into pairs and
head off except for Brad, Dave and Jeff who remain at the
back of the van.

DAVE (CHRIS)
If everything goes to plan
then all you’re gonna be doing
is babysitting the front door.
But if anyone makes it that
far just make sure they get no
further. Don’t lose your
focus, not even for a second,
because if you do it could be
your last. Aim for the head
and then the chest but no more
than two shots unless of
course you miss.

BRAD (CHICO)
Hey last time at the firing
range I almost kicked your
ass.

DAVE (CHRIS)
Yeah, what am I worrying about
EXT. ROOF OF BUILDING ADJACENT TO THE GANGS

Paul and Scott exit a doorway onto the roof. They’re both wearing communication devices. They remove their ponchos, pull down their ski masks, and move over towards the adjacent roof. A young Hispanic guy sleeps against a wall beside a doorway with a bottle of whiskey at his feet. Paul takes out his handgun, with silencer attached, and shoots the guy in the forehead.

PAUL (BERNARDO)
Hope I caught you in the middle of a nice dream kid.

EXT. ALLEYWAY BEHIND THE GANGS BUILDING

Rob and Josh are on the fire escape. They remove their ponchos, pull down their ski masks, and put on their night vision goggles. Rob speaks into his communication device.

ROB (BRITT)
Ready to go Chris.

EXT. THE FRONT OF THE GANGS BUILDING

Dave heads around the corner towards the main entrance. A Hispanic guy stands with his back against the wall beside the doorway. Dave removes a packet of cigarettes and stops.

DAVE (CHRIS)
You got a light?

The guy looks at Dave’s poncho while getting his lighter.

GUY AT DOOR
Who the fuck are you supposed to be Clint Eastwood or Zorro?

DAVE (CHRIS)
Neither.

Dave leans in with the cigarette between his lips and plunges a knife into the guy’s chest.

DAVE (CHRIS)
I’m the grim fucking reaper.
Dave eases him onto the ground. Jeff peers around the corner and both he and Brad head towards Dave. Dave removes a set of keys from the guy’s jacket.

DAVE (CHRIS)
Alright let’s do this.

Dave removes his handgun and opens the door. The corridor’s empty so Jeff and Dave remove their ponchos, lower their ski masks, and drag the guy’s body inside. Dave then speaks into his communication device.

DAVE (CHRIS)
Prom time everyone.

EXT. ROOF OF BUILDING
Paul and Scott enter the gangs building by the door.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE IN ALLEYWAY BEHIND THE BUILDING
Rob and Josh enter a dark room via a window.

INT. LA NIGHTCLUB
A barman watches as Lenny slides a small bag of cocaine across a table to a guy. A waitress approaches the bar.

BARMAN
Molly who’s that guy over there?

The waitress glances over at Lenny.

MOLLY
The small fat guy?

BARMAN
Yeah.

MOLLY
He’s a music agent. Why? What’s up?

BARMAN
He’s also a dealer.

MOLLY
So? Everyone in here is either buying or selling.
BARMAN
Yeah but he seems to be carrying a lot of gear.

MOLLY
He looks after bands for fuck sake. What’s it to you anyway?

BARMAN
A friend of mine asked me to keep an eye out for any unusual activity that’s all.

MOLLY
Give us two gin and tonics will you.

INT. BASEMENT AREA OF GANGS BUILDING

Jeff and Dave tie up a member of the gang to a chair. Paul and Scott enter the room followed by Rob and Josh.

DAVE(CHRIS)
Are we done?

PAUL(BERNARDO)
Fucking amateurs. A total waste of my time and expertise.

JEFF(VIN)
Well take a look in there and tell me if you still think we’ve ruined your evening.

They pass by the gang member who stares at the t-shirts that they have on over their Kevlar vests.

DAVE(CHRIS)
I’d better go get Chico.

JEFF(VIN)
Yeah, I’ll explain to this guy why we’ve spared his sorry ass.

Dave leaves. Paul pops his head in from the other room.

PAUL(BERNARDO)
Man I’ve never seen so much
dough piled up like that. They’re like bricks on a fucking building site.

JEFF(VIN)
Yeah well start bagging them will ya. And tell Lee to start flushing the drugs down the nearest toilet he can find.

Jeff moves towards the gang member who spits at him, hitting the photo of Steve McQueen on Jeff’s t-shirt. Jeff presses his handgun against the guy’s forehead.

JEFF(VIN)
If you wanna live motherfucker then know this, I don’t tend to give second chances, and I never go beyond that. So do that again and I’ll happily reunite you with the rest of your chickenshit outfit.

INT. MAIN STAIRCASE IN TEO’S LA MANSION

Anjel climbs the stairs, approaches the first door on his right, and knocks.

TEO(OS)
What the fuck.

Anjel opens the door as Teo switches on his bedside lamp. A woman remains asleep in the bed beside him.

TEO
This better be fucking important.

ANJEL
It is. Carlos called. There’s been an incident down at the Buchis.

TEO
Did some stupid fuck nearly burn the place down again?

ANJEL
Nah, this was an outside job.
TEO
What? Tell me the motherfuckers are dead.

ANJEL
This looks like a well planned attack.

TEO
That’s not what I fucking asked you now, is it?

ANJEL
I don’t think they killed any of them.

TEO
Are you fucking kidding me?

ANJEL
We’d better get down there.

TEO
What are you now fucking Einstein? Get Emilio and whoever else is around. And make sure the trunk has all the necessary hardware coz we’re going hunting.

INT. COFFEE SHOP IN LA

Liz and Brad sit across from one another in a booth.

LIZ
Like I said I’d been seeing your dad for a few months and it was nothing serious. So when I hadn’t heard from him these past few days I didn’t think much of it.

BRAD
Sure but what I really need to know is, were you with him the night before he died?

LIZ
No.
BRAD
So you don’t know anything about any money or drugs that he may have had?

LIZ
No. Look I don’t give a fuck what people do with their lives and I sure as hell don’t ask them either. My relationship with your dad was purely physical.

BRAD
Whatever, just do me a favor and stay out partying after the gig tonight and try not to go home before dawn.

LIZ
What are you my fucking minder?

BRAD
Hey if they connect you with my dad then you could end up with a gun pointed at your head as well.

LIZ
Look I don’t have anything belonging to your dad and even if I did I wouldn’t just hand it over to you.

Liz slides out of the booth.

BRAD
Whoa. If you don’t wanna take my advice then that’s fine. I just don’t like seeing funeral parlours any busier than they ought to be that’s all.

LIZ
Oh so you’re a wise guy too huh? Just like your old man. Well I can look after myself okay?

Liz starts to walk away but then stops and turns around.
LIZ
Funeral’s tomorrow afternoon?

BRAD
Yeah.

LIZ
Look your dad seemed like a nice guy and our brief time together was fun but funerals aren’t really my thing.

BRAD
Really? You know I always wondered why they called it the wedding crashers and not the funeral fanatics.

LIZ
I don’t do weddings either shithead.

BRAD
Go fuck yourself.

LIZ
Oh I fully intend to coz when it comes to that department most of you guys are amateurs who couldn’t make me cum even if I offered you a million fucking dollars.

Her raised voice and choice of words attract the attention of the other customers. Liz leaves.

INT. BASEMENT OF THE BUCHIS BUILDING

Teo prowls the room looking at a card in his hands.

TEO
You’re fucking kidding me. Nobody leaves behind this kind of shit except the fucking Joker. The Kansas Comanches. I mean what kinda dumb ass name is that huh? And you’re saying that they were wearing t-shirts with fucking cowboys on them.
Anjel, Emilio, and CARLOS struggle not to laugh.

SURVIVOR
Sorry Teo we never expected anyone to be dumb enough to try to rob this place.

TEO
Yeah well who’s the dumb fuck now huh?

Teo spots Carlos smirking.

TEO
Do you think this is funny?

CARLOS
Hey I wasn’t here so don’t take it out on me.

Teo pulls out his handgun and shoots the survivor in the head.

TEO
You’re right now let’s torch this place and get outta here.

Teo calls someone on his cell phone while the others grab petrol cans and leave the room.

SPLIT SCREEN - A middle aged, overweight, Caucasian man in a suit stands in the lobby of an old building.

TEO
I’ve got a fucking situation here that I need your help with.

GUY
Teo?

TEO
Nah it’s the fucking Pope dip shit.

GUY
I told you never to call me during working hours.

TEO
Well I have a problem here that needs your fucking
attention right now.

GUY
This isn’t a good time.

TEO
I don’t pay Congressmen to tell me what the fuck to do okay? So listen to me. Some guys went into my private bank this morning and stole my fucking money.

CONGRESSMAN
And what the fuck do you expect me to do about it huh?

TEO
They’re probably military fuckers coz they were well armed and killed six of my men so you’re gonna talk to your contacts in the FBI, the CI fucking A, and anyone else who might be able to tell me what the fuck’s going on okay?

CONGRESSMAN
Jesus Teo, there’s gonna be cops crawling all over this.

TEO
We’re torching the place now so all they’re gonna find when they get here is pieces of charred chickenshits.

CONGRESSMAN
I thought you had a good working relationship with your neighbours?

TEO
These guys aren’t local. They say they’re from Kansas but I think that’s fucking bullshit.

CONGRESSMAN
So what do you know?
TEO
Not a whole fucking lot
otherwise I wouldn’t be
calling you now would I?

CONGRESSMAN
Look I’ll see what I can do.

TEO
My dogs better be chewing on
their motherfucking balls real
soon otherwise they’re gonna
be eating yours.

CONGRESSMAN
I gotta go, I’ll call you
later.

TEO
You’d better otherwise I’m
gonna have to start calling
you Congress motherfucking
Eunuch.

INT. DINER SOMEWHERE IN NEVADA
Ben and JD are sitting in a booth drinking orange juice.

JD
Like I said that hundred
dollars was the best damn
money I ever spent.

BEN
Why’d you have to smash up my
cell phone like that, huh?

JD
Hey stop moaning. There’s no
way I was gonna let those
photos survive so tough. You
can afford a new one anyway.

BEN
But...

JD
Enough, you’re gonna give me
fucking indigestion and I
haven’t even had my eggs yet.
Ben looks up at a TV screen that’s on the wall behind JD. A reporter stands in front of a smoldering building.

FEMALE REPORTER
This fire may have been accidental or it could be arson however we did receive an anonymous call this morning from a person claiming that there was a shootout here during the night between rival gangs regarding a million dollars in cash that was apparently stolen from the locker room of an LA gym.

Orange juice erupts from Ben’s mouth.

JD
Aw Jeez man?

BEN
Shit, what have I done.

JD
What are you talking about?

JD turns. An anchorman is now talking to the reporter.

ANCHORMAN
Any ideas as to the name of the gym that this money was supposed to have been stolen from?

JD turns around to face Ben.

JD
You? Fuck. I don’t believe it.

BEN
Shit. I think I’m gonna throw up.

INT. JEFF’S KITCHEN
Jeff is watching the same news report. The phone rings.

JEFF
Hey Mike.
(Listening.)
Yeah I’m watching it now.
That should help us flush out
whomever’s got the dough.
(Listening.)
No complications and no-one
got hurt. Your intel made the
operation run real smooth.
(Listening.)
Yeah another big night ahead
of us, anyway I’ll call you
tomorrow and we can arrange to
meet up and settle our
account.

EXT. HIGHWAY SOMEWHERE IN NEVADA

Ben and JD are parked on a quiet stretch of desert road.

JD
Alright here’s the deal, we’re
splitting the money fifty-
fifty.

BEN
Are you fucking insane?
They’re probably looking for
me right now.

JD
Yeah but no-one can say for
sure that you took the money
now can they?

BEN
I’ve gotta hand it in.

JD
Great idea and the cops will
thank you by putting you in
jail for a few years.

BEN
But if I don’t and they find
me then they’re gonna fuck me
over real good.

JD
Calm down. Look you needed a
few weeks off after finding
one of your clients dead. That’s perfectly reasonable. Now the chances are nobody can say for certain that this guy had the million dollars on him when he died.

BEN
I dunno, somebody might, a bank teller maybe.

JD
Oh please. Criminals don’t go into their local branch to take out that kind of money. You need to start looking at this situation rationally.

BEN
I have the cops and some dangerous motherfucking gangsters looking for me and you’re asking me to be rational? Fuck you.

JD
Okay I’ll do the thinking.

BEN
Look this is my problem. It has nothing to do with you.

JD
Oh but it does because we’re partners now remember?

BEN
Look if I manage to hold onto the cash, stay out of jail, and live long enough to enjoy it then I’m not splitting it with you okay?

JD
Oh but you are. Otherwise I’ll turn you over to the cops myself. There might even be a reward.

BEN
So what do you think we should
do...partner?

JD
Bury most of it and continue our trip. We’ll keep a few grand and pay for everything by cash. That way we’ll be harder to find.

BEN
If I’d known this was going to happen......

JD
Then you’d continue to be a poor fucking loser.

BEN
Oh yeah, well what am I now huh?

JD
You can never cross the ocean unless you have the courage to lose sight of the shore.

BEN
What?

JD
Christopher Columbus said that and without his bravery and vision who knows what the history of this continent might’ve been.

BEN
Yeah well tell that to the American Indians and see what they have to say.

JD
Look an opportunity presented itself and you had the balls to grab it with both hands. Now let’s find a safe place to bury this.
INT. STAGE IN BAR

Liz and the band are playing their final song to a sizeable crowd. The song ends and they leave the stage to the sound of clapping, cheering and whistling.

MEL
Man that was fucking insane.

LIZ
Yeah but where the fuck’s Lenny?

MEL
Well he did say he had to make a few special deliveries on his way over, remember?

LIZ
He’d better not be fucking with us over this deal.

MEL
Hey this is Lenny we’re talking about. He may be a sly fuck but he knows he can’t afford to dick you around.

LIZ
He was supposed to video the gig tonight so he’s already fucking with me.

MEL
You sure he’s not here? He’s a small motherfucker after all?

LIZ
He’s a dead motherfucker is what he is.

MEL
Maybe something happened?

LIZ
Yeah well he can tell us his bullshit story while I’m busy making footprints all over his fucking Armani suit.
Fred, Jimmy, and Bob appear with bottles of beer.

FRED
Jimmy just wrote his number on some chick’s breasts with lipstick.

JIMMY
I’m now officially a God of sex, drugs, and rock and roll.

Jimmy offers Liz a beer but she refuses to take it.

LIZ
Why don’t you guys go fuck some groupies while I find out where the fuck Lenny is?

JIMMY
Jeez Liz can’t you just chill?

LIZ
You’re right, what’s wrong with me huh?

She accepts the bottle and pours it over Jimmy’s head.

EXT./INT. A BAR ALONG A DESERT HIGHWAY, NEVADA

A group of Hells Angels pull off the highway and enter the bar. While ordering their drinks one of the group glances at a nearby table where Ben and JD are sitting.

HELLS ANGEL
Hey Cain isn’t that the guy?

CAIN turns, glances at Ben, and takes out his I-phone. He opens up a message, revealing a photo of Ben and JD. There’s a circle around Ben and a price tag of $50,000.

JD’s cell phone rings.

JD
It’s Clive again. Fuck you’d better talk to him after all those messages he’s left.

BEN
Yeah I guess.

JD hands Ben the phone and heads to the bathroom.
SPLIT SCREEN - Clive sits at a table outside a bar.

BEN

Hey Clive.

CLIVE

I dunno whether to slap that motherfucking head of yours or kiss it.

BEN

What’re you talking about?

CLIVE

Look the cops have been wandering around like lost fucking sheep today and George’s been pointing his fat little Judas finger at me so don’t bullshit me.

BEN

Look man I’m sorry...

CLIVE

That ain’t good enough. Anyway I won’t be cleaning that shit hole anymore coz I finally told George what I think of him. So seeing as how you’re the cause of all this I expect to be compensated.

BEN

Do you really think I’m the kind of person who would take stuff belonging to a client of mine who’s just died?

CLIVE

Nah you’re too much of a loser to empty the guys wallet but we’re not talking about small change here now are we motherfucker?

BEN

Alright what do you want?
CLIVE
Well seeing as how I ain’t got a greedy bone in my body I’m putting in a claim for ten percent.

BEN
How about five?

CLIVE
How about I get my hundred grand otherwise I’m gonna hang you by the balls from whatever palm tree I happen to find you under.

BEN
You know Clive you’d make a great businessman.

CLIVE
And you’ve the legs of a ballet dancer but you’d need to shove a dildo down your tights to make up for your shortcomings.

BEN
Very funny you crazy fuck. Look we’re gonna lay low for a few weeks and come up with a plan. JD knows a guy who’s got a boat and he says we should head off to the Caribbean and open up a bar on a beach somewhere.

CLIVE
I like the sound of that. Serving cocktails to hot chicks and picking up more than just tips.

BEN
Why don’t you join us?

CLIVE
Yeah I might just do that coz I gotta get outta here before my will to live shrivels up and dies.
BEN
I gotta warn you though that we could all end up being shot by gangsters or rotting away in a jail somewhere?

CLIVE
Do you know what a pessimist is? It’s someone who can see and yet has no vision.

BEN
Goodbye Clive.

CLIVE
Ben.

BEN
Yeah.

CLIVE
I’m proud of you man.

BEN
Get outta here.

They hang up. SPLIT SCREEN ENDS.

A Hells Angel stops a guy entering the men’s toilets.

HELLS ANGEL
Come back in a few minutes okay man?

GUY
What? But I really need to piss.

HELLS ANGEL
Then go water the desert and do your bit for the planet.

GUY
Hey listen.

HELLS ANGEL
Do I look like the listening type to you?

The guy marches off. Ben approaches and the Hells Angel smiles and steps out of his way. Ben enters and finds himself face to face with Cain.
CAIN
Ah there you are. I was just asking your friend here why he doesn’t have a fifty thousand dollar price tag on his head. Maybe you can tell me?

BEN
Fuck.

CAIN
Why don’t you join the negotiations?

Cain moves towards a cubicle behind him where JD sits on the toilet with another Hells Angel standing over him.

CAIN
Your friend here’s offered to give us the fifty thousand reward for you, which I think is pretty decent of him, and he’s also gonna give us an extra twenty five if we agree to leave you two alone. Now when someone I’ve never met before suddenly offers me seventy five thousand dollars I have to ask myself why is this guy being so generous?

Cain ushers Ben into the same cubicle as JD.

CAIN
So here’s what I think. You didn’t just stick your finger in somebody else’s pie. You took the whole fucking lot didn’t you? And I’m guessing that we’re talking about a pretty big fucking pie here otherwise you wouldn’t be worth shit to nobody. Do you see where I’m coming from?

JD
A hundred grand.

CAIN
How about you shut the fuck up while I talk to your lover boy
here and see how much he thinks his life is worth.

INT. ENTERTAINMENT ROOM IN TEO’S MANSION

Lenny is tied to a chair and gagged. The door opens and Paul and Scott enter and aim their handguns at him.

PAUL (BERNARDO)
You don’t look like a gang member to me?

Lenny Stares at Charles Bronson on Paul’s t-shirt and also at the mini machine gun hanging from his neck.

PAUL (BERNARDO)
Although you do look like a slimy fuck so maybe you’re their lawyer or accountant.

Paul removes the bandana from Lenny’s mouth.

PAUL (BERNARDO)
And if you are then I’m curious to know whether you also received a complimentary tattoo when you decided to move over to the dark side.

LENNY
Please don’t kill me.

PAUL (BERNARDO)
Do you know if I had a dollar for every time that’s been said to me over the years then I’d be a very rich man by now? So what’re you doing here coz you don’t look like the S&M type to me?

INT. TEO’S LIVING ROOM

Teo lies on the ground bound and gagged. Jeff examines the many bullet holes around the room while Dave unrolls a special tool kit on the coffee table.

JEFF (VIN)
You know I’m not a real fan of art but like Van Gough I can
tell that you’re a tortured soul. And you didn’t use a silencer so that means this room must be soundproofed.

DAVE(CHRIS)
Well there’s only one way to find out now, isn’t there?

JEFF(VIN)
Yeah coz we do like to get our facts straight.

Dave selects a scalpel from his array of implements.

DAVE(CHRIS)
Which ear did Van Gough cut up Vin?

JEFF(VIN)
Left I think but I’m not sure.
(Pausing.)
You know when I heard that your gang’s trade mark is to cut the balls off your victims I thought to myself well at least the crazy fuck has a sense of humor.

INT./EXT. BACK SEAT OF S-CLASS MERCEDES

Anjel holds a bloodstained t-shirt over his right hand. Emilio pulls up and waits for the gates to open.

EMILIO
If I were you I’d put some disinfectant on that bite. I mean that bitch could have rabies or something.

ANJEL
Shut the fuck up.

The car advances up the drive. Josh and Brad hide behind some hedging near the front of the house.

JOSH(LEE)
You stay here while I go and take these guys out. And whatever you do don’t get trigger happy okay? Coz I
don’t want to get shot.

He holds up his hand as Brad prepares to respond.

JOSH(LEE)
And yeah I know you’re a good shot but trust me when you aim at your first live target everything becomes blurred. So just cover my ass and only come out all guns blazing if I go down okay kid?

BRAD(CHICO)
Christ I really feel like I’m in a fucking western now.

JOSH(LEE)
That’s the spirit. Now enjoy the show coz you’re about to see how us pros do it which is not the same as watching a bunch of overpaid actors.

Josh pulls out two identical handguns while striding towards the car. He shoots Emilio in the head as he’s getting out of the car. The back door on the opposite side of the car opens and as soon as Anjel’s head appears Josh puts a hole in it. He takes a look inside while holding the two guns out in front of him ready to fire.

JOSH(LEE)
Show’s over kid.

Brad walks over and looks down at the bodies.

BRAD(CHICO)
So what do we do now?

JOSH(LEE)
A round of applause would be nice.

BRAD(CHICO)
How about an autograph?

JOSH(LEE)
Hey watch it kid coz you’ll probably never see an ambidextrous assassin as good as me again in your lifetime.
BRAD(CHICO)
What can I say I’m impressed.

JOSH(LEE)
Good, now let’s take their valuables and then drag them inside for the big bonfire.

Josh begins to rifle through Anjel’s pockets.

JOSH(LEE)
Check the other guy and while you’re around there pop the trunk will you?

Brad picks up the car keys and opens the trunk.

BRAD(CHICO)
What the fuck?

JOSH(LEE)
What is it kid? Money? Drugs?

BRAD(CHICO)
I don’t fucking believe it.

JOSH(LEE)
What is it the Mona fucking Lisa, or Lisa fucking Mona?

Josh looks inside and sees a woman bound and gagged.

JOSH(LEE)
Probably just some hooker who wouldn’t give them their cut or maybe somebody ordered themselves a little take away.

BRAD(CHICO)
She can hear you, you know?

JOSH(LEE)
Yeah well I’d normally oblige only she’s not really my type.

BRAD(CHICO)
Seriously shut the fuck up, I know her alright.
JOSH (LEE)
In that case all I can say is, you could do better kid.

BRAD (CHICO)
Okay I'm gonna untie you now but remember I'm not responsible for bringing you here or for anything that he's just said alright?

JOSH (LEE)
Man, if I have to listen to any more of this I'm gonna throw up.

Brad unties Liz who then pushes him away.

LIZ
What the fuck's going on?

She gets out of the trunk. Josh crouches over the dead body of the driver. Liz kicks him in the ass.

LIZ
I'm not a fucking hooker or a takeaway item you male chauvinist fuck.

Brad grabs her but she squeezes his balls and brings the heel of a boot sharply down onto one of his feet. The front door to the house opens and Rob appears.

ROB (BRITT)
What's going on out here huh?

LIZ
Christ it's James fucking Coburn. What is this a cowboy convention?

ROB (BRITT)
Now listen here smartass.

LIZ
Fuck you.

She marches down the drive with the others in pursuit.
INT. ENTERTAINMENT ROOM OF TEO’S MANSION

Lenny sits on the couch, drinking from a bottle of brandy while Paul smokes a cigar. Rob walks in followed by Brad and Josh who are carrying Liz between them.

LENNY
Liz, thank God you’re okay.

LIZ
You’re alive?

LENNY
Just about.

LIZ
Well not for long.

She starts hitting him. Jeff enters the room.

JEFF(VIN)
Who’s the girl?

BRAD(CHICO)
She’s the one I was telling you about.

JEFF(VIN)
Great, listen we’ve found the safe so Lee we need you to blow the motherfucker open okay?

INT. TEO’S BEDROOM

Scott stands at the foot of the bed. The sheets are removed and a large zip running around mattress at the head of the penis has been opened. Jeff enters with Josh who’s carrying a green rectangular metal box.

SCOTT(LUCKY)
As soon as I saw this bed I said to myself, this is where I’d hide my safe if I was a crazy delusional fuck.

JOSH(LEE)
You couldn’t get the combination out of this guy?
JEFF(VIN)
Nah, he’d been snorting cocaine and drinking tequila all day. So all he did was laugh at us or swear in Spanish. But as soon as Scott found the safe we silenced him.

BLACK SCREEN:

SUPER:

“To be yourself in a world that is constantly trying to make you something else is the greatest accomplishment.”
(Ralph Waldo Emerson)

INT. CREMATORIUM IN LA

Steve’s coffin enters the furnace to the sound of Disco Inferno by The Trammps.

DAVE
I’m surprised Steve made a will.

LINDA
I’m more amazed by his choice of music.

DAVE
Yeah I never realized he was such a comedian.

INT. POLICE CHIEF’S OFFICE

The chief sits in his chair with a pipe in his mouth. There’s a knock on the door so he removes it.

CHIEF
Come in.

The door opens and Bill enters.

BILL
You got a moment chief?
CHIEF
I was hoping it wouldn’t be you.

BILL
I can come back later?

CHIEF
Or leave and never return?
(Pausing.)
I’m kidding. Come on in.

Bill closes the door and sits down.

CHIEF
So what do you think?

BILL
I think this case is gonna bury me.

CHIEF
Nah I mean the pipe. I saw it in a store window and said fuck it, if I’m gonna go through my mid life crisis then I might as well do it in style.

BILL
I thought you’d given up smoking?

CHIEF
It’s not for smoking it’s for cogitating.

BILL
I see. Yeah, it looks good.

CHIEF
It does, doesn’t it? Okay I’m gonna put it back in my mouth now which means that you’re gonna do all the talking.

BILL
Okay.

CHIEF
I’ll shake my head if I think
you’re wrong and raise my hand
if I’ve heard enough.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CREMATARIUM AFTER THE SERVICE

Dave, Linda, Brad, and Jeff stand under a tree.

JEFF
The fat fucker’s gonna deliver the money tomorrow. Are you sure you want to give the girl her half?

DAVE
Yeah. People with balls have to be placated or.....

JEFF
Castrated, yeah I know. What she really needs is a real man to tame her ass.

Jeff notices that Brad’s cheeks have turned red.

JEFF
Aw man no, you haven’t, have you?

Linda starts to laugh.

LINDA
Sorry I don’t know why I’m laughing. Steve’s just been reduced to a pile of ash and his son now has the hots for his girlfriend.

JEFF
Listen kid she’s bad news so I’d stay the fuck away from her if I were you.

Brad’s cell phone rings so he moves away from the others.

JEFF
That’s her isn’t it?

DAVE
Probably.
LINDA
He’s young, he’ll learn.

JEFF
He’s foolish and he’s gonna
get burned. Sorry Linda that
was inappropriate.

LINDA
Nah you’re right he’s gonna
get hurt just like the rest of
us but this past week has made
me realize that he’s far more
mature and resilient than I
give him credit for.

EXT. VENICE BEACH

Clive, about to go for a swim, waves towards Frank and
Joe who are watching him. A teenager approaches the
cops.

TEENAGER
Excuse me. I was asked to
give you this.

FRANK
Thanks kid.

Frank opens up the folded piece of paper.

JOE
What’s it say?

FRANK
He want’s us to bring him down
a soda and a hot dog after his
swim.

JOE
I hope the fucker gets bitten
by a shark.

A woman rushes over to them.

WOMAN
Officers, there’s a guy
holding up a seven eleven
around the corner.

FRANK
Where?
WOMAN
At the end of the block.

JOE
You go I’ll keep an eye on him.

FRANK
Oh no you don’t, the guy’s probably armed so you’re coming with me.

JOE
What about him?

FRANK
He’s swimming for fuck sake. He ain’t going anywhere. Come on.

The cops jog around the corner as Clive swims out into a quiet stretch of the pacific and then disappears. Scott, wearing scuba gear, holds Clive from behind while Paul, handcuffs him to a leather strap that hangs from the back of one of their underwater scooters.

Clive stops struggling, accepts the spare mouthpiece that Paul offers him, and the ex-Navy Seals head off with their captive.

EXT. A PAYPHONE SOMEWHERE IN LA

Dave holds the receiver to his ear. SPLIT SCREEN - The crooked Congressman sits at the counter of an empty bar with a shot glass of whiskey in front of him.

CONGRESSMAN
Hello?

DAVE
Congressman Cook?

CONGRESSMAN
Who’s this?

DAVE
I have a message for you.

CONGRESSMAN
Look this isn’t a good time so call my office and talk to my secretary okay?
DAVE
Hey there’s plenty more gangs in LA to extort money from so cheer up.

CONGRESSMAN
What do you want?

DAVE
To be left alone that’s all. So here’s what’s gonna happen. You and your crooked comrades are gonna pick a gang and then you’re gonna blame them for this violent outburst and hit them hard.

CONGRESSMAN
And why would I want to do that huh?

DAVE
Coz I have disks containing every transaction that you and all your corrupt buddies have made with the Buchinistas. It seems Teo had himself an insurance policy in case anything went wrong. And now that I have it you’re gonna make damn sure that we sail off into the sunset otherwise everybody drowns. Understood?

CONGRESSMAN
Yeah.

DAVE
Now we’re sending a package to your home in Malibu tomorrow morning. It’ll contain the handguns that were used in the shootings. They’re untraceable so all you have to do is plant them on the gang that you’re gonna arrest. They’re our gift to you from the Middle East which is fitting in a way since it’s people like you who got us all into this mess in the first
place.

CONGRESSMAN
That doesn’t give me much
time.

DAVE
If you can’t make it back from
Washington then I’m sure your
wife will understand.

Dave hangs up. SPLIT SCREEN ENDS – The Congressman
knocks back the whiskey in his glass.

CONGRESSMAN
Can I get another whiskey
here?

EXT. SMALL MOTOR BOAT OFF THE COAST OF LA

Josh and Rob pull Clive onto the boat and sit him down.

CLIVE
What the fuck are you guys
doing huh? Look I don’t have
no secret formula and I ain’t
no fucking terrorist so you’d
better release me coz I used
to play basketball with Obama
and I still have him on speed
dial.

ROB
You’re a mouthy motherfucker
aren’t you?

JOSH
A friend of ours had to fly
back from the Middle East coz
of the missing million dollars
and now he wants to be
compensated.

CLIVE
Did I just accidentally swim
onto the set of a new X-Flies
movie or something?

Rob pulls out a knife and grabs Clive by the balls.
ROB
Keep it up coz I just love
doing things the hard way.

CLIVE
Oh yeah. Well I meet jealous
white motherfucker like you
everyday of my goddamn life.

JOSH
Rob, take it easy will you.
Let’s just play him the tape.
Josh presses play on a recording device. Clive listens
to his conversation with Ben regarding his ten percent.

CLIVE
How the fuck...

JOSH
The girl at the bar last
night.

CLIVE
Aw man the first chick to turn
me down and now I know why.

JOSH
Okay here’s the deal, you and
your friends get to walk away
with half a million and your
lives and we take the rest.

CLIVE
Are you the good guys or the
bad guys?

JOSH
Let’s just say that we’re
experts in both saving lives
and in ending them if that’s
any help.

CLIVE
That shit on the news was
that...

Josh nods.

CLIVE
Fuck. Okay but I want you to
do something for me in return.
You tell those motherfuckers that the five hundred grand is to be divided up equally between us.

JOSH
But you’ve already got a ten percent deal.

CLIVE
Yeah, well that was before my swim was interrupted by a couple of sharks.

JOSH
Alright you’ve got yourself a deal. Rob, remove the cuffs.

Rob helps Clive to his feet, removes the cuffs, and pushes him overboard.

ROB
I hope you’re a strong swimmer coz nobody calls me a motherfucker and gets away with it.

CLIVE
Did I say motherfucker? I meant to say cocksucker, coz the only mother you’ve ever been inside forced you out nine months later.

Rob pulls out a gun. Clive dives beneath the waves before he fires. Josh grabs hold of Rob.

JOSH
What the fuck are you doing huh?

ROB
You heard what he said.

JOSH
Yeah well right now he’s our only lead to the million dollars.

They watch as Clive surfaces and gives them the finger.
CLIVE
I know you wanna suck my big black cock but they say too much salt is bad for you and I don’t wanna give you guys a heart attack.

Clive swims off towards the shore.

BLACK SCREEN:

SUPER:
“If you've got them by the balls their hearts and minds will follow.” (John Wayne)

INT. LIVING ROOM OF APARTMENT – DAY

Clive kisses the woman who diverted Frank and Jeff towards the seven eleven store before opening the front door.

CLIVE
Now I know how this goes, coz I happen to be the most addictive love machine there is, so when those cravings start just give me a call.

WOMAN
You know you’re the first guy I’ve met who almost lives up to his own hype.

CLIVE
And you’re a very lucky woman.

The woman shakes her head, smiles, and leaves. Clive struts towards the couch rubbing his naked torso. His phone rings so he makes a detour to a nearby table and picks it up.

CLIVE
Hello.

OPERATOR(OC)
I have a collect call from a Ben in Nevada. Can I put him through?
CLIVE
What? Shit, yeah go ahead.

SPLIT SCREEN – Ben is standing in a pay phone.

BEN
Clive?

CLIVE
You cheap motherfucker, what’s up? Has JD’s phone run out of juice?

BEN
Everything’s fucked up and I need you to wire us some money.

CLIVE
Hey how about you apologize for what happened to me yesterday first? And what do you mean you want me to wire you some money? What the fuck have you two done now huh?

BEN
The money’s gone Clive.

CLIVE
What?

BEN
Some Bikers took it.

CLIVE
You handed a million dollars over to a bunch of hairy fuckers? Why’s that? Coz they asked for it nicely or coz you’ve got the heart of a hamster who’s too scared of his own fucking shadow?

BEN
Hey there was a reward of fifty thousand dollars on my head for fuck sake.

CLIVE
Shit I’m gonna find you free
of charge and when I do you’re gonna work overtime until you give me my hundred grand.

BEN
Hey do you think I’m happy about this? Do you? Look we’re running out of gas and they took everything off us so I really need you to wire us some money and I’ll pay you back as soon as I get to LA.

CLIVE
Man those army fuckers are gonna be pissed.

BEN
What the fuck are you talking about?

CLIVE
Shit you really didn’t get my messages did you?

BEN
They flushed JD’s cell down the john. So what gives?

CLIVE
These guys picked me up yesterday looking for five hundred grand compensation and they’re not the kind of motherfuckers you wanna mess with. In fact they’re responsible for all those killings we’ve been seeing on the news.

BEN
Fuck.

CLIVE
Hey it’s cool though man coz I’ve just got outta bed with this chick who works with them.

BEN
Jesus Clive.
CLIVE
Relax will you? I tried to keep things on a professional level but you know how it is. Anyway they’re all ex-military guys who’re now working for one of these private armies.

BEN
And what the fuck do they have to do with all this?

CLIVE
Long story but hey listen maybe they could help us to get the money back?

BEN
Do you think? Coz we have the plate number of the main guy’s bike.

CLIVE
You do? Cool, I’ll give these guys a call. They’ll know what to do.

EXT. BEAR VALLEY SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA – DAY

Jeff, Dave, Paul, Scott, and Rob, reach the top of a mountain ridge on horseback wearing black Stetsons, black ponchos, black jeans, and black cowboy boots. They dismount. Clive arrives dressed in the same attire but riding a Mule. He dismounts and massages his behind.

PAUL
How’s the ass?

CLIVE
Feels like Mike Tyson’s been using it as a punch bag.

PAUL
I wasn’t asking about your sorry ass. It’s the Mule I’m worried about.

The others laugh. Clive eyeballs Paul.

JEFF
When you said you couldn’t
ride a horse I didn’t realize that included all four legged animals.

PAUL
Yeah you spent more time on your ass then you actually did on the ass.

DAVE
Alright let’s get to work shall we? Scott, Rob tie up the horses over by that tree. Clive you do the same with your friend there and then I want you to feed them that bag of sugar.

Jeff and Dave head over to the other side of the summit, lie down, and examine a solitary dwelling in the valley below through a pair of binoculars. They watch a dozen or so Hells Angels bikers sitting outside drinking beer.

EXT. BEAR VALLEY SPRINGS - DAY

Ben and JD pull off the desert road behind a truck for transporting horses. Brad and Josh get out of the truck.

JOSH
Alright listen up coz we haven’t got much time. There’s a change of clothes in the back of the truck and if either of you upset the horses in there then you’ll answer to me.

JD
Thanks for the clothes man but we’re good.

JOSH
Oh yeah I almost forgot. As long as you don’t talk and do as I say then I won’t have to knock out all of your teeth.

Brad opens the back of the truck while Josh returns to the driver’s seat. JD frowns, Ben silently shrugs, and with Brad’s help they load their bikes into the truck.
EXT. BEAR VALLEY SPRINGS

Brad and the others reach the summit. JD and Ben wear the same cowboy gear at the others except that it’s white. Clive laughs.

CLIVE
Shit I knew you two were close but I never thought there’d be a wedding. I guess JD must be the lucky bride huh?

PAUL
They’re wearing white coz they were too lily-liveried to stand up for themselves. I have no idea why they let you live but I intend to find out when we get down there.

DAVE
Yeah, they’re obviously too lazy or dumb to play by the rules otherwise you’d be six feet under by now and starting out a new life as cactus feed. Anyway lucky for you the plate that you memorized was legit.

JEFF
Alright everyone gather round coz tonight I’m gonna fulfill a childhood dream of mine by riding into battle as a cowboy. True I never imagined I’d be attacking a bunch of drunken Hells Angels but then when has life ever lived up to our expectations huh?

Jeff removes his poncho revealing a black t-shirt on over his black shirt with a picture of John Wayne on it.

JEFF
Some say that the days of the Wild West are over but they’re wrong coz there are still plenty of people around who belong in a zoo. However the guys down there don’t even deserve a cage coz we’ve seen their file and some of the
things they’re responsible for
no man should ever do.

Everyone else, except for Ben and JD, remove their ponchos, each revealing a different cowboy movie icon. Clive has Cleavon Little playing Sheffiff Bart from blazing saddles on his.

Jeff mounts his horse and the others follow suit.

JEFF
And as the Duke once said:
There's right and there's wrong. You got to do one or the other. You do the one and you're living. You do the other and you may be walking around but you're dead as a beaver hat.
(Pausing.)
Yeehaw.

Jeff leads them down into the valley as the sun begins to set. Clive pulls out the wooden baseball bat from the rifle holster that is attached to his saddle and strokes the neck of the Mule with his other hand.

CLIVE
Now you listen to me. As soon as I get my share of the million I’ll say goodbye to your sorry ass but until then we’re partners alright? So you’re gonna take me down there and while I’m swinging at these motherfuckers like Babe Ruth feel free to kick’em where it hurts okay?

Clive takes up the rear and disappears from view beneath a blood red sky.

FADE OUT:

THE END