

BANK GUY

Written by

Kyle Kron

Based on the idea that referring to well-known celebrity scandals  
and events can lead to many stories inside a story.

WGA: 1549379

(c) Copyright by Kyle Kron 2010  
All right reserved

FADE IN:

INT. NEW YORK UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM/ NEW YORK CITY - MORNING  
(2010)

Auditorium is set for a speech. A blue curtain is behind a podium. KEVIN CROSS, 28, stands at the podium in a suit and dress shirt. Cameras are flashing and taking pictures.

KEVIN  
Good morning and thank you for  
joining me. Many of you in this  
room are my friends.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HOUSE/ LOS ANGELES - NIGHT (1980)

A GRANDMOTHER, 55, opens the front door. Three masked men stand at the door and STAB the grandmother in the stomach.

She falls to the ground.

BACK TO PRESENT

KEVIN  
(looks at paper)  
Many of you in this room know me.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HOUSE/ LOS ANGELES - NIGHT (1980)

A FATHER, 25, stands up next to his WIFE, 25, as they see the three masked men ENTER their kitchen. The wife is holding a baby GIRL, 1.

One man holds up his gun and aims at the father.

CU on the front of the gun as the bullet is fired.

BACK TO PRESENT

KEVIN  
Many of you have worked with me and  
many of you have cared about me.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HOUSE/ LOS ANGELES - NIGHT (1980)

The father falls to the ground.

The wife holds her baby tight and shields it from the men.  
She has a horrified look on her face.

Two men run upstairs. One stays in the kitchen.

BACK TO PRESENT

KEVIN

(looks at paper and  
chuckles)

But now, many of you think that you  
have a good reason to be critical  
of me.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HOUSE/ LOS ANGELES - NIGHT (1980)

The two men come down the stairs with a safe in their hands.  
They signal to the third man to leave the house.

BACK TO PRESENT

KEVIN

I want to say to each of you simply  
and directly.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HOUSE/ LOS ANGELES - NIGHT (1980)

The wife holds the baby tight and is balling her eyes out.

The three men shut the door behind them. A card falls to the  
ground.

The wife puts the baby down and falls to the floor. She is  
still balling.

BACK TO PRESENT

KEVIN

We were set up.

STILL IMAGE of Kevin at the podium.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

A MONTAGE of pictures of New York City are shown.

The last picture is that of a big bank called NEW YORK BANK.

INT. SECURITY ROOM OF NEW YORK BANK/ NEW YORK CITY- AFTERNOON

Kevin is sitting alone at his desk in the security room. There are many televisions around him that show all of the cameras in the building. He has a plate of donuts and a coffee on his desk.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN:

He minimizes the security software and brings up the Internet. It automatically links him to GOOGLE.

He looks at the picture of his girlfriend sitting on his desk.

He types in "DIAMOND RINGS".

Kevin scrolls through the links provided.

His boss, MR. MILLERSBURG, 50, thick glasses, coffee in hand, APPEARS and watches from behind the door window.

He opens the door walks up to Kevin's desk.

MR. MILLERSBURG  
(slowly)  
Hey, Kevin.

Kevin quickly minimizes GOOGLE and goes back to the security system software.

Mr. Millersburg takes a sip of his coffee.

MR. MILLERSBURG (CONT'D)  
What's going on?

KEVIN  
(nervously)  
Hey, Mr. Millersburg. Nothing's going on. Just been searchin' for bad guys.

MR. MILLERSBURG

(slowly)

Yeah. I'm going to have to disagree with you there. I've been watching you and it seems as though our bank is not your top priority.

KEVIN

No, no. You have it all wrong. It's just it's been a slow day and I needed to find some ways to pass the time.

MR. MILLERSBURG

Well, is that so? So you wouldn't mind that I look at your Internet history then? Just to make sure you've been doing your work.

Kevin looks up at Mr. Millersburg astonished.

KEVIN

Oh, no, I wouldn't mind at all. Go right ahead.

MR. MILLERSBURG

You know, Kevin. The protection of MY safe is this bank's top priority. Not keeping other people's money safe, not making our customers happy. Those are all second to protecting what's in my safe.

KEVIN

I know Mr. Millersburg. You haven't told me what's in it yet. Can you finally spill the beans?

MR. MILLERSBURG

That's for good reasons. No one knows or at least I don't think anyone knows. Just know that if anything happens to it, it'll be your ass. I can find a million other people who would love to be Head of Security. You've got it made, Cross. Don't fuck it up.

Mr. Millersburg walks away from the desk.

Kevin looks flustered.

He opens up Google again on the screen.

He dunks a donut in his coffee as he scrolls through the links. He takes a bite of his donut.

INT. HALLWAY

Two office workers, RANDY MCDONALD, 26, a skinny, nerdy, sharp guy, and BRAD LARKINS, 28, not very intelligent, heavier, beard, stand outside the door peering in.

BRAD

Alright, on the count of three, we scare the living shit out of him.

Randy laughs and nods.

BRAD (CONT'D)

One, two, THREE.

They BURST into the security room.

INT. SECURITY ROOM

Kevin jumps in his seat and starts to choke on his donut. He falls out of his seat grasping his neck.

RANDY

Dude, what the fuck is wrong with you? Got a frog in your throat.

Kevin is still choking. His face turns red.

BRAD

Your face looks like a rotten tomato.

RANDY

(obnoxiously)

Wow, dude, are you serious? That's the best you can come up with?

Kevin finally swallows the bite of donut and stands up. His face is still red. He wipes his mouth.

KEVIN

What the hell is wrong with you guys?

(coughs)

A simple knock would do. God, I can honestly say that I like Millersburg more than you guys right now and he just came in here to bitch me out.

RANDY

Dude, you serious? About what?

Kevin takes a seat at his desk. He minimizes Google.

KEVIN

He said that he's been watching me  
and sees that I'm not working when  
I have 20 big screen tvs  
surrounding me showing me  
everyone's every move.

Randy and Brad both look around the room and see all the tvs.

BRAD

Ever just sit in here and stare at  
a hot girl's ass on the screen?  
Like just watch her every move?

Kevin looks at the picture of his girlfriend, JENNIFER, 28,  
on his desk. He picks it up and looks at it.

KEVIN

Well, first of all, that is creepy  
and no. Not too often. I've got  
this waiting for me at home.

He shows Brad and Randy the picture of his girlfriend.

Brad takes the picture out of Kevin's hands and looks at it.

RANDY

Damn, dude, Jen's hot! What does  
she see in you?

KEVIN

A successful, handsome man working  
in New York City and running the  
bank's security.

RANDY

Successful? I wouldn't go too far.  
You sit on your ass all day and  
watch camera screens and get paid  
to look at porn.

Kevin takes the picture back.

KEVIN

It's harder than you think. I have  
to alert you dip-shits whenever I  
think someone suspicious comes in.

BRAD

What was up the other day when you asked me to strip search that Indian guy? I swear he still could've been hiding something in that jungle he had on his body.

Kevin laughs.

KEVIN

Ha, ha. Just a joke. You looked bored.

Brad gets in Kevin's face. He grabs his Kevin's shirt.

BRAD

(angrily)

What the hell? I had to take the clothes off of his curry smelling ass. I went through all that bull just for a joke?

Randy grabs Brad around the waist and yanks him off Kevin.

RANDY

(to Brad)

Calm down, dude.

(to Kevin)

Well the real reason we came in was to ask you if you wanted to go get lunch it's one right now. Don't you usually break now?

Kevin turns around and looks at the television screens.

KEVIN

Yeah, I do. Let me do a quick overhaul of the bank and make sure no one looks suspicious.

Kevin finishes his look. He stands up.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Everything looks good.

All three EXIT the room.

ON TELEVISION:

Three men wearing all black suits ENTER the bank. They stand around looking at the people.

INT. LUNCH ROOM

Kevin opens up the refrigerator and takes a brown bag lunch out.

KEVIN

You see guys, I am the most important man other than Millersburg in this whole bank. I am the one who protects you from evil.

BRAD

(with his mouth full)  
Who are you? Superfag?

Kevin sits down next to Randy and Brad at the lunch table.

KEVIN

Very funny. But seriously, I look after all your asses. Even Sam Lewman's.

BRAD

(passionate)  
Man, fuck that guy. He cut a hole in the top cup at the water cooler the other day because he knew I was thirsty and about to go get some. So I pour the water in my cup and it spills all over my blue shirt before a meeting with Millersburg. He's the reason I didn't get your job, Kev.

KEVIN

Brad, you didn't get my job because you shot a woman's dog after you told it to stop barking.

Both Randy and Kevin bust out laughing.

SAM LEWMAN, 35, ENTERS the lunchroom.

SAM

Hey, guys.

Randy stands up and curls his lip.

RANDY

(slowly)  
Hello, Lewman.

SAM  
(to Kevin)  
Hey, head of security. Who's  
manning the cameras?

KEVIN  
Me, I'm going back in a sec. Just  
had to get something other than  
donuts in my system.

Sam raises his eyebrows and chuckles.

SAM  
Take your time. We should be okay.  
Alright guys, well it's my last day  
here. I'm quitting. Got a better  
job offer.

KEVIN  
Where at?

SAM  
You'll find out soon enough. Later  
losers.

Sam walks to the door and turns around.

SAM (CONT'D)  
(to Brad)  
Careful with your water bottle.

Sam EXITS the lunchroom and laughs as he does so.

Brad sticks his middle finger out Sam as he leaves.

BRAD  
Fuck you! Yeah, go mess with  
someone else.  
(to Kevin and Brad)  
See, he's scared of me.

Kevin and Randy have a puzzled look on their faces.

INT. BANK LOBBY

Three men in black suits are huddled together. REGGIE SMALL, 30, black, bald, stands in front of the other two men. DOMINICK SANDERS, 32, white, gelled hair, stands with his arms crossed. DARREN RYAN, 31, white, takes out his wallet and removes a card that shows him as an employee to the bank. The name reads: ROBERT MILLER.

They scan the bank lobby searching for security officers. They see three on one side of the bank. A sign that reads: ELEVATORS, is on the other side of the bank.

Both Reggie and Dominick look at Darren. Reggie moves his head in the direction of the elevators.

REGGIE

Aight, man. Do ya thang.

Darren nods. He walks to the elevators.

INT. FIRST FLOOR ELEVATOR WADING AREA

Darren walks up to the elevator. A security guard is manning the elevator.

GUARD

Hello, sir. May I see your ID?

Darren shows him the ID card.

GUARD (CONT'D)

Alright, Mr. Miller. What floor?

DARREN

Eighth, please.

GUARD

Sure.

The guard presses the button to go up.

The elevator opens. The guard puts his hands over the elevator doors. He opens his hands to allow Darren in first.

Darren walks in and is followed by the guard.

INT. EIGHTH FLOOR ELEVATOR WADING AREA

The doors of the elevator opens. A sign above the elevator reads: EIGHTH FLOOR. Darren EXITS the elevator. The guard is laying on the floor of the elevator with BLOOD on his shirt. A broken camera is laying next to him.

INT. OUTSIDE PUBLIC ADDRESS ROOM

A sign above the door reads: PUBLIC ADDRESS ROOM.

The bank's PA announcer, MIKE RAMIREZ, is on the microphone. Darren looks into the window on the door.

Darren puts his ear on the door. He listens in.

MIKE RAMIREZ

Hello and welcome to New York City  
Bank. Thank you for giving us your  
trust and support. It is our  
pleasure to serve you.

INT. PA ROOM

Mike turns the microphone off and backs up his chair. Darren  
is shown PEERING through the window in the background.

Darren charges into the room and draws his gun.

INT. OUTSIDE PA ROOM

The door shuts. A shot is fired.

INT. PA ROOM

Darren moves the dead body to the floor. He sits down on  
Mike's chair and puts his gloves on. He turns the microphone  
on and clears his throat.

INT. BANK LOBBY

Dominick looks at Reggie nervously.

A TOURIST, 30, Hawaiian shirt, walks by Reggie with a camera  
snapping pictures of the bank. Reggie waves and smiles. The  
man snaps a picture of Reggie and Dominick.

Reggie gets mad.

REGGIE

Hey, man. Imma take that from you.  
No pictures.

Reggie reaches for the camera aggressively. Dominick stops  
him when he hears the crackling of the microphone.

DARREN (O.S.)

Attention security staff. A staff  
meeting has been called.

The tourist EXITS the bank running.

INT. LUNCH ROOM

Kevin, Brad, and Randy are still eating. Their attention is to the PA.

DARREN (O.S.)  
Please leave your position and head to the top floor. Please use the staircase, all elevators are being tested at this moment. Thank you.

Kevin looks questioned.

KEVIN  
What the hell? I call the meetings.

RANDY  
(scared)  
Oh, shit! You think it's Millersburg calling it?

KEVIN  
(disgusted)  
Damn! It's probably because of my lack of work.

They get up and throw away their garbage.

RANDY  
You get us fired, man, I'll kill you. I need this job.

The three EXIT the lunchroom.

INT. OUTSIDE OF PA ROOM

Darren runs out of the room.

INT. EIGHTH FLOOR ELEVATOR WADING AREA

Darren presses the button to go up on the elevator. The door immediately opens. A bell sounds. The body of the security guard is still DEAD on the floor. The door shuts.

INT. TOP FLOOR

The elevator doors open. Darren runs out.

He runs into another SECURITY GUARD. She is heavy, black, and mid thirties.

GUARD 2

They said not to use the elevators,  
man. Da hell you doin'?

Darren looks scared.

DARREN

(regains composure)  
Oh, I didn't hear that  
announcement. Thank you for the  
tip.

GUARD 2

Sure.

Darren walks away. He waits until the security officer is out  
of sight and goes right back on the elevator.

INT. SECURITY ROOM

Darren looks at all of the televisions. He sees no security  
officers on a camera except for the top floor camera.

He pulls out his Bluetooth headset from his jacket.

INT. BANK LOBBY

Reggie and Dominick wait patiently.

Their headsets turn on with a voice.

DARREN (O.S.)

Officers are all on the top floor.  
Move in.

INT. SECURITY ROOM

Darren looks around. He finds an area that reads: SECURITY  
CAMERAS with an ON and OFF switch under it.

He flicks the switch to OFF.

All the televisions go to black.

INT. BANK LOBBY

Reggie and Dominick put gloves over their hands. They pull  
out masks from their jackets.

They draw their guns.

REGGIE  
 (loudly)  
 Alright, I want everybody down.  
 NOW.

Screams are heard. People fall to the ground and cover their heads.

INT. SECURITY ROOM

Darren searches again. He finds a button that reads: LOCK-IN.  
 He presses the button.

INT. BANK LOBBY

The doors all make a locking noise.

REGGIE  
 I want everyone to stay calm and  
 don't try to be the hero. Just wait  
 as we sort some problems out.

Reggie leans over to Dominick.

REGGIE (CONT'D)  
 (whispering)  
 Stay here. I'll get it. When I say  
 "Go", you run to the back and we  
 escape from the back door. You  
 know, where we're parked?

Dominick nods.

REGGIE (CONT'D)  
 (walking to the back door)  
 Every one stay calm and no one gets  
 hurt.

A man, MAN 1, is laying on the ground with his cell phone out. He is typing on it. Another man, MAN 2, is laying in front of him looking at him. Reggie is blurred behind and slowly FADES in as he gets closer to the men.

MAN 1  
 C'mon, man. You're going to get us  
 killed.

MAN 2  
 With the new app from my satellite  
 network, I can record my favorite  
 shows with my phone.  
 (MORE)

MAN 2 (CONT'D)

You know, in case this turns into a  
hostage situation.

REGGIE

No, cell phones.

Reggie steps on and crushes the man's cell phone.

INT. TOP FLOOR

All the security officers are in the hallway speaking to one  
another. Kevin, Brad, and Randy walk slowly into the madness.

GUARD 3

Kevin, you call this meeting?

KEVIN

No, I didn't. I was just eating  
lunch.

GUARD 3

Well, that's weird.

KEVIN

(whispering)

We think Millersburg called it to  
talk about our lack of work.

GUARD 3

Oh, yeah. That's definitely an  
issue. But, I mean, nothing ever  
happens here.

INT. BACK ROOMS OF BANK

Reggie walks slowly through the back rooms with his gun  
drawn. No one is in sight. He turns around occasionally to  
see what is behind him.

He finds a door where the sign on it reads: PRIVATE. NO  
ACCESS.

REGGIE

(smiling wide)

Come to Papa.

Reggie gets out his phone. He looks at the screen. He types  
in a number into the KEYPAD and the door UNLOCKS.

He ENTERS into the room and shuts the door.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM

Reggie looks around the room and sees the safe in the back of the room.

He gets out a stethoscope and puts it up to the safe as he messes with the knob to try to unlock the safe.

He finally gets the safe open. Another safe is inside of the safe.

REGGIE  
What the fuck? Now he didn't say  
nothin' 'bout this shit.

Reggie reaches for the safe. He picks it up.

REGGIE (CONT'D)  
Damn, this thang heavy as a  
mothafucka.

Reggie heads for the exit with the safe in hand. He puts the safe down and messes with his headset.

REGGIE (CONT'D)  
(into headset)  
D, unlock the fuckin' doors and  
let's get the hell outta here.

DARREN (O.S.)  
Done.

REGGIE  
(into headset)  
Dominick, run out the front door  
when you hear the doors unlock and  
meet us around back.

INT. BANK LOBBY

Dominick still has gun drawn and is shaking with fear. The people are starting to stand up.

DOMINICK  
(into headset)  
Rodger that.  
(to crowd loudly)  
Get the fuck down or you die!

Dominick shoots at the ground.

People scream and duck down.

A girl starts crying.

INT. SECURITY ROOM

Darren presses the ALL POWER OFF button and runs out of the security room.

INT. TOP FLOOR

Every officer is turning to the one beside them with a questioned look on their faces. The lights turn off.

KEVIN

What the hell is going on?

Sam comes around the corner frantically.

SAM

We've just been robbed at gunpoint,  
get your asses down stairs.

The officers all run panicked with guns drawn. Some try to use the elevator but the power is not turned on.

INT. BANK LOBBY

The doors unlocks from behind Dominick.

He hears them and runs out.

He puts his gun in his pocket and takes his mask and gloves off as he runs outside the bank.

INT. BACK ROOMS OF BANK

Reggie is standing in the back pacing around. The safe is on the ground.

REGGIE

(into headset)

Darren, where the fuck are you?

DARREN (O.S.)

Look left.

Darren BURSTS through the set of doors to Reggie's left.

DARREN (CONT'D)

Got the shit?

REGGIE  
Do I ever fail at stealing, son?

Reggie points at the safe on the ground. Darren smiles.

They both head for the back door. The sign above the door reads: FIRE EXIT. ALARM WILL SOUND.

They open the door and the alarm turns on.

They stop in their tracks and look at each other.

REGGIE (CONT'D)  
Oh, well.

The door is open and shows the outside. Dominick comes walking casually to the meet them. He is out of breath.

The door shuts.

INT. BANK LOBBY

The security officers pour into the lobby with their guns drawn. The NYPD arrive first along with the fire department shortly after.

The fire alarm is BLARING. People are crying and still laying on the floor.

KEVIN  
(to a man on the ground)  
What happened?

MAN 3  
(out of breath and sweating)  
These three men came in with masks and guns told everyone to get down. One of them shot at us. The others went to the back.

KEVIN  
(disgusted)  
Oh, shit.

Kevin walks away and goes right passed all of the cops and security officers. He opens the doors to the back rooms.

INT. BACK ROOMS OF BANK

Kevin walks through the rooms with sweat dripping off of his face.

He arrives in the back room and sees the door to the safe open.

He is stopped in his tracks. He crouches down and puts his hands on his face. The alarm turns OFF.

Mr. Millersburg ENTERS.

MR. MILLERSBURG  
Kevin, what's all this..

Mr. Millersburg sees the door open. He gets angry immediately. He approaches Kevin by stomping his feet.

MR. MILLERSBURG (CONT'D)  
What the hell is going on, Cross?  
Please tell me it was you that  
opened the door.

KEVIN  
(sadly)  
No, sir. It wasn't me.

Mr. Millersburg goes over to the opened door and ENTERS the private room.

MR. MILLERSBURG (O.S.)  
(furious)  
Cross! Where the hell is my safe?

Kevin punches the ground.

Mr. Millersburg comes stomping into the room.

MR. MILLERSBURG (CONT'D)  
What the fuck? You are the biggest  
fuck-up in the world. How did I  
ever think it would be a good idea  
to hire such a dumbass? Blows my  
mind.

KEVIN  
(almost crying)  
Sir, I'm sorry. I don't know how  
this could have happened.

MR. MILLERSBURG  
Well, I'll give you some more time  
to think about it. You're fired,  
Cross. You're back to being a low-  
life fuck-up.

Mr. Millersburg turns his back angrily and storms away.

Kevin sits down on the floor and puts his arms on his head.

INT. REGGIE'S CAR - DRIVING

Reggie is driving in a Cadillac Escalade. Darren is in the front seat while Dominick is in the back. They are playing loud rap music.

Reggie has a big smile on his face.

REGGIE

Ha, ha. Dem bank guys don't know what just hit 'em. Probably think it's a fire.

Dominick looks at the safe beside him.

DOMINICK

What the fuck's in here anyway?

REGGIE

Gold bars, diamonds, jewelry, the whole shabang. Worth more than the whole bank I assume.

DOMINICK

Can we open it?

REGGIE

I got the stethoscope back there.

Reggie points to the back of the car.

DOMINICK

No, it's got an electric key pad.

REGGIE

Oh, shit, man. How da fuck we gettin' it open?

Dominick shrugs his shoulders.

REGGIE (CONT'D)

We'll get it somehow.

DARREN

I kind of feel guilty for killing those two guys just for our and other's greediness.

Reggie looks over at him with a smile.

REGGIE  
Do you really?

Darren laughs and shakes his head.

DARREN  
No, not really.

Darren and Reggie fist bump.

REGGIE  
Alright, men. We personally hand  
the safe to da boss out west and  
then we celebrate back home in Chi-  
town. Drinks, ladies, parties,  
everything. Sound good?

Dominick and Darren nod their heads.

REGGIE (CONT'D)  
Alright then.

DOMINICK  
Let's go to the fair. We can load  
up on sugar there and then get  
ready for the night.

Reggie and Darren look at each other with a smile and a  
surprised look.

REGGIE  
You were just involved in a  
burglary and two murders and you're  
saying you want to load up on  
sugar?

Reggie and Darren laugh uncontrollably.

REGGIE (CONT'D)  
Aight, boy. We'll take you to the  
fair and then when we go out, we'll  
drop you off at day care.

Dominick folds his arms and frowns while looking out of the  
window.

INT. BACK ROOMS OF BANK/ NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Kevin is still on the floor with his hands over his face.

A woman, CHRISTINE HUNTER, 25, brown hair, red lipstick,  
ENTERS into the room. She is very sexy and wearing a tight  
fitting outfit.

CHRISTINE  
What if I told you I had some  
inside information on what just  
happened?

Kevin looks up.

KEVIN  
Who are you?

CHRISTINE  
What's it to you? I have  
information you need to save your  
boss' belongings.

KEVIN  
How? Have we met?

Christine approaches Kevin, who stands up. She extends her  
hand.

CHRISTINE  
Christine Hunter.

Kevin shakes her hand.

KEVIN  
Kevin Cross.

CHRISTINE  
Now we've met. That safe that was  
just stolen, I know where it's  
going and how you can get it.

Kevin looks confused.

KEVIN  
How do you know this?

CHRISTINE  
The real question is how are you  
going to get it back?

KEVIN  
(sadly)  
I don't know but this is all my  
fault.

Kevin begins to pace.

CHRISTINE  
Give me your phone.

KEVIN

What?

CHRISTINE

Give it. Now.

Kevin reaches into his pocket and gets out his phone. It is a Blackberry. He hands it to Christine.

Christine gets a device out of her pocket and connects it to Kevin's phone.

Kevin is wondering what she is doing.

KEVIN

What the fuck are you doing? Get out of here. You don't know shit, you liar.

Christine unplugs her device and hands Kevin back his phone.

CHRISTINE

Oh, no? Here.

She tosses the phone to Kevin.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

Shut your phone off for twenty-four hours then turn it on and it'll tell you where the safe is. GPS tracking, bitch.

KEVIN

What? You're bullshitting.

CHRISTINE

Say what you want. Maybe you'll get your job back if you find the safe. Getting the safe back is worth a chance rather than spend the rest of your life a loser. Just be safe.

Christine EXITS the room.

Kevin is confused and astonished.

Brad and Randy ENTER.

BRAD

(panicked)

Dude, Mike's dead upstairs and so is another guard in the elevator. Blood everywhere.

Kevin looks at his phone.

RANDY  
Aren't you going to say something?  
This is mostly our fault.

Kevin looks up.

KEVIN  
Tell everyone I'm calling a press  
conference tomorrow. 10 AM at NYU.  
We're going to get that safe back.

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT/ NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Kevin walks through the door.

KEVIN  
Jenny, I'm home.

A crash of a pot in the kitchen is heard. Jennifer comes running to the door with an apron on.

She hugs Kevin.

JENNIFER  
Honey, are you okay? I called you  
like fifty times. I heard there was  
a robbery at the bank.

KEVIN  
I have to keep my phone off and  
yeah, there was.

Kevin walks away and sits down on the couch. The television is on and turned to the news station.

JENNIFER  
Well, did you catch them?

ON TELEVISION:

Curtis Isles, 45, reports the news.

CURTIS  
Hello, everyone. I'm Curtis Isles.  
The robbery taken place at New York  
Bank is still causing havoc on it's  
employees. Two men found dead, one  
in the PA room and the other on an  
elevator.

BACK TO HOUSE

Kevin sits up and yells at the tv.

KEVIN

That's why they said not to use the elevators.

He turns his back on the television and frustratingly puts his hand on his head.

ON TELEVISION:

CURTIS

Our New Channel 8 crew is reporting that Kevin Cross, head of bank security, has been relieved of his duties. Cross is calling a press conference at the New York University auditorium to apologize for his act of irresponsibility. It has been scheduled for 10 am.

BACK TO HOUSE

Jennifer starts to cry.

JENNIFER

You lost your job? How could you? What the hell were you doing when these guys came in?

Kevin goes over to comfort Jennifer.

KEVIN

Jenny, come on. We were set up to leave our posts.

Jennifer is mad now but still shedding tears.

JENNIFER

Oh, so that makes it better? Someone you know is behind it. What the hell does that do to help? You don't know who. Could be anyone.

KEVIN

I know, I know. We'll get down to it.

JENNIFER

This is your third job since I've been with you.

(MORE)

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

I'm starting to think that this may be a waste of my time.

Kevin gets offended. He stands up.

KEVIN

A waste of your time? It may be a waste of my time. I'm the one working and trying to support us.

Jennifer picks up her purse.

JENNIFER

(infuriated)

I am staying at mom's tonight. I'll see you at your press conference to see what bullshit you say to the crowd.

Jennifer EXITS and SLAMS the door.

KEVIN

(yelling)

Good, leave. I've had three jobs when you've had zero. You hear that? ZERO.

Kevin sits back down and lays back on the couch. He let's out a sigh.

INT. NEW YORK UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM/ NYC- NEXT MORNING

Auditorium is set for a speech. A blue curtain is behind a podium.

Kevin holds his notes while wearing a suit and dress shirt. He wipes the sweat from his head.

Brad approaches him.

BRAD

You ready, man? Go kick some ass. Show them why you don't deserve to be homeless.

KEVIN

Get out of here.

Kevin wipes the sweat from his head again. He walks up on stage and to the podium.

Cameras are flashing and taking pictures.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Good morning and thank you for joining me. Many of you in this room are my friends.

(looks at paper)

Many of you in this room know me.

CU of Kevin's family.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Many of you have worked with me and many of you have cared about me.

(looks at paper and chuckles)

But now, many of you think that you have a good reason to be critical of me.

CU of Kevin's girlfriend. She has the letters "IFTP" written on each of her fingernails. She rolls her eyes while playing with her hair.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I want to say to each of you simply and directly.

(pause)

We were set up.

(pause)

This was a selfish and horrible act that left two men dead. I

acknowledge that I left my post for lunch, but someone must've known that was going to happen.

All the security guards in the crowd look at each other.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Maybe even someone in this room.

(pause)

Although I do not work for the New York Bank anymore, I want to thank everyone in my life who has been there for me.

(looks at paper)

Mr. Millersburg,

Mr. Millersburg stares Kevin straight in the eyes.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I am sorry for letting you down. I am going to find your belongings and return it to you. Mark my words.

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
(looks at paper)  
Thank you for your time.

Security officers disperse and EXIT the auditorium. Kevin walks off stage.

Brad and Randy approach him.

RANDY  
Dude, how the hell are you ever going to find it? We have no tape to find the guys or anything. We don't know what they look like.

KEVIN  
Some girl put a GPS in my phone to find it. She said she knew where it was going.

RANDY  
Anyone can say that. When will you find out?

KEVIN  
Right after we leave.

Mr. Millersburg interrupts.

MR. MILLERSBURG  
Kevin, you are probably the biggest dumbass on the face of the earth.

He pats Kevin on the shoulder and smiles.

MR. MILLERSBURG (CONT'D)  
Now go find my shit.

Kevin smiles back and shakes Mr. Millersburg's hand.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF KEVIN'S APARTMENT/ NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Kevin, Randy, and Brad are walking on the sidewalk in the clothes they just had on at the press conference.

BRAD  
So how are we going to get this damn safe back?

KEVIN  
I'll let you know soon. Meet you two at Starbucks in twenty.

Kevin walks up the stairs and swipes his card to get into his apartment complex. Brad and Randy watch as he leaves them.

INT. KEVIN'S APARTMENT/ NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Kevin walks into his apartment. He sees a letter on the counter.

He picks it up. It reads: Dear Kev, I am moving out for the time being. I'll be at mom's if you need me. I want you to get your life on track before I screw up my life being with you. Love, Jenny

A tear falls down Kevin's face. He SLAMS the letter down on the counter. He gets out his cell phone.

He calls Jen and gets her voicemail.

He hangs up and calls again. He gets her voicemail.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Hey, this is Jen. Leave a message  
and I'll call you right back.

The beep sounds.

KEVIN

(on the phone)

Jen, why are you doing this to me?  
I promise everything will be okay.  
I'm going to find the safe and  
hopefully find a new job. I think I  
owe it to Millersburg to at least  
try. Call me sometime. Love you.  
Bye.

He hangs up and tosses his phone on the counter.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Alright. Let's do this shit.

He grabs his phone and EXITS the apartment.

INT. STARBUCKS/ NEW YORK CITY - DAY

Brad and Randy are sitting at a table and drinking their coffees. Brad has a frappuccino and Randy has a dark coffee.

Kevin ENTERS Starbucks. Brad puts his hand up for Kevin to see him.

Kevin comes over to their table and sits down.

KEVIN

Hey, Brad, nice frappuccino you  
fairy.

Kevin and Randy bust out laughing.

BRAD

Say what you want, guys. I  
guarantee I leave here with a lady  
while you guys stare and take  
notes.

RANDY

Yeah, ever since you shot that  
lady's dog, women have been all  
over you.

Kevin chuckles.

BRAD

There's that damn dog story again.  
It wouldn't shut the fuck up.

KEVIN

Kind of like you all the time.

Brad sighs and leans back in his chair.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Okay, guys. This is it. Once I turn  
my phone on, it will tell us the  
exact location of the safe.

Kevin plays with his phone.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Okay, guys. Predictions?

RANDY

Boston, I'm going with Beantown.

KEVIN

I'm saying, um, Newark. They  
couldn't have gone that far.

Kevin and Randy turn to Brad.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Brad? Whatcha say?

BRAD

Hmm. I say Portugal.

Kevin and Randy look at each other and laugh.

KEVIN

You only said Portugal because  
Christiano Ronaldo plays soccer  
there you flaming frappuccino fuck.

Kevin and Randy laugh harder.

BRAD

Say whatever you want. You just  
look like the idiots.

KEVIN

(trying not to laugh)  
Alright, alright, boys. Here it  
goes. I will press it on the count  
of three. One, two, THREE.

ON PHONE SCREEN:

Calculating location of Item....

BACK TO STARBUCKS:

The three look anxiously.

ON PHONE SCREEN:

YOUR ITEM IS LOCATED AT 800 Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, CA

BACK TO STARBUCKS:

All lean back in their chairs and sigh.

BRAD

Fuck, Los Angeles?

RANDY

Kev, maybe it's wrong or  
malfunctioned or something.

Kevin smirks and looks at his phone.

KEVIN

I don't think so.

(pause)

Ready for a roadtrip, boys?

INT. CAR/ HIGHWAY - SAME DAY

Kevin, Randy and Brad are driving in Kevin's 2005 Chevy  
Suburban. Kevin is driving, Randy is in the passenger's seat,  
and Brad is in the back.

RANDY

Kev, how long we gonna be gone? I need to call off work.

KEVIN

Guys, there were just two men killed and a robbery in the bank. Do you honestly think the bank will be open tomorrow?

Brad starts to hum "Turn the Page" by Bob Segar.

Kevin and Randy try to ignore it.

BRAD

(softly)

See here I am, on the road again. There I am, up on the stage. There I go, playin the star again. There I go, turn the page.

Kevin and Randy start to get angry. Brad goes back to humming.

He starts to get into.

BRAD (CONT'D)

(loudly)

Here I am, up on the stage. There I go, playin the star again. There I go..

KEVIN

(angrily)

Brad, shut the hell up! We're driving to Los Angeles from New York City. We left a half hour ago and you're already pissing us off.

BRAD

You don't like my singing?

RANDY

There's a fucking reason you got kicked out of the choir in middle school.

Brad is shocked.

BRAD

Am I bad?

Kevin tries to hold in his laughing.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Well fine, fuck you guys. I'll just sleep.

KEVIN

Oh, thank god. I'm going to turn the radio on.

Kevin turns the volume up and "Turn the Page" by Bob Segar is on the radio. He quickly turns the channel. It's on every station.

Kevin starts to get angry.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

(while changing radio stations)

What the hell? Why do they play this asshole?

Kevin slams the radio and turns it off.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Rand, you want to play "I Spy" or something?

RANDY

What the fuck are we, 12? I'm going to sleep, fuck you.

TITLE: Six hours later...

It is now dark outside. Randy and Brad are sleeping. Randy has his arms folded and head on the window. Brad is sleeping with his mouth open. He is snoring loudly.

Kevin slams on the brakes.

Randy wakes up from the force of the brakes. Brad falls off of his seat and onto the floor.

BRAD

(while getting up)

Dude, what the fuck is wrong with you? Wake me up nicely.

KEVIN

(angrily)

I kind of have had enough of your snoring orchestra so I wanted to make sure to end it as soon as I could.

RANDY  
(wiping his eyes)  
Where are we?

Randy looks out the window. He sees a sign that reads:  
PITTSBURGH CITY LIMITS

RANDY (CONT'D)  
We're in Pittsburgh?

KEVIN  
Is that what the sign said, dip-  
shit?

RANDY  
Yeah.

KEVIN  
Well, then we're in Pittsburgh.

Randy looks away from Kevin.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Alright, guys, I'm hungry as hell.  
You wanna stop to get something?

BRAD  
I'm scared of Pittsburgh, guys. The  
only people who live here are fat,  
old hillbillies that work in steel  
mills and hate their lives.

KEVIN  
Sorry, Brad. We're stopping.

Kevin pulls over his car at a small bar that is called: STEEL  
CITY BAR AND TAVERN

EXT. PARKING LOT OF STEEL CITY BAR AND TAVERN/ PITTSBURGH, PA  
- NIGHT

All three get out of the car. Brad cautiously EXITS the car.

BRAD  
If I see anyone with more than 20  
teeth, I'll be surprised.

RANDY  
Shut up, man. I'm sure these people  
will think you're fucked up too.

BRAD

Nothing worse than a Steelers fan.  
They're such assholes and think  
they're so much better than  
everyone else.

RANDY

Better not say that in here.

Randy opens the door for Kevin, Brad and another family, who all stick their middle fingers out at him.

INT. STEEL CITY BAR AND TAVERN

It is very dark inside of the restaurant.

Old, fat men wearing ripped clothes are playing pool. Drunk women are sitting on the table.

A man with a big beard is on the ground drooling while eating a cheeseburger from the floor.

Kevin, Randy, and Brad sit down at a table and start looking at the menus.

BRAD

(confused)

What the fuck is a crepe?

Brad says "Crepe" as "Creepy".

KEVIN

I don't know, ask someone.

Brad looks to his left and leans over. He doesn't look who he is about to talk to.

The OLD MAN to his left is very overweight, has a huge beard, and a trucker hat.

BRAD

Excuse me, sir. What is a crepe?

He says "Crepe" as "Creepy" again.

The old man smiles at him and begins to chuckle. He has three teeth.

OLD MAN

I'd say I'm pretty damn creepy,  
wouldn't you?

The old man begins to laugh hysterically.

Brad leans back over to the table. He looks scared.

BRAD  
I told you that they all are the  
same.

The waitress is Christine disguised as another person. She has red hair that is put in a bun. She arrives to the table.

CHRISTINE  
How ya'll doing tonight? I'm  
Isabell, I'll be takin care of  
ya'll tonight. Can I offer you some  
drinks?

BRAD  
What's hot here? Hot coffee?

Kevin and Randy start to laugh.

KEVIN  
I see you've decided to grown some  
genitals.

BRAD  
(to Isabell)  
I'll take a water, please.

Brad glares at Kevin.

KEVIN  
I'll take a Strawberry Margarita  
please.

Randy and Brad start to bust out laughing.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
What? I've been driving for six  
hours while you fucks decided to  
have a snoring contest in the car.

RANDY  
(shaking his head)  
You've just lost all respect, man.

KEVIN  
Fuck you.  
(to Isabell)  
I'll still have that please.

Isabell looks at Randy.

RANDY  
I'll have a Bud Light please.

Isabell writes that down on her pad of paper.

CHRISTINE  
 Alright, guys. I'll have that right  
 out for you.

Isabell begins to walk away.

BRAD  
 Excuse me. Where is your bathroom?

CHRISTINE  
 Take a right at the bar and follow  
 the hallway down.

Brad stands up.

BRAD  
 Thank you.

Brad leaves the table and begins to walk toward the bathroom.

Another OLD MAN calls out to Brad as he is walking passed the bar.

OLD MAN 2  
 Hey, buddy.

Brad looks over at him.

OLD MAN 2 (CONT'D)  
 How do you think the Steelers will  
 do this year?

BRAD  
 (unsure)  
 I think the Steelers will rape.

He walks away towards the bathrooms.

INT. BATHROOM HALLWAY

Brad gets to the hallway where the bathrooms are located. A line of drunk women are in line for the men's bathroom.

Brad looks confused. He looks at a DRUNK GIRL, 21.

BRAD  
 Excuse me.

The drunk girl looks at him.

DRUNK GIRL

What?

BRAD

Why are you lined up for the men's bathroom?

DRUNK GIRL

Autograph signing by the Steelers' quarterback.

Brad looks surprised.

BRAD

Do I have to wait just to use the restroom?

DRUNK GIRL

What restroom?

Brad backs away. He gets to the back of the line.

TITLE: Twenty Minutes later..

Brad is holding his crotch and sweating. He looks around and sees that he is far from the front.

He looks around again and gets out of line. He goes in front and opens the door to the men's bathroom.

DRUNK GIRL 2

Hey, jackass.

INT. MEN'S RESTROOM

The STEELERS QUARTERBACK, 25, is in a stall with a WOMAN, 24. A number seven Steelers jersey is hung over the stall.

STEELERS QUARTERBACK

Hey, who came in here?

The woman responds.

WOMAN

I have!

Brad is scared.

BRAD

I just have to piss. Nothing else.

STEELERS QUARTERBACK  
 You don't want me to take you to  
 "Toplessberger's Stall of Love"?

BRAD  
 No thanks.

The girls begins to moan.

STEELERS QUARTERBACK  
 Oh, hell yeah, baby. I got it right  
 in that crack.

INT. IN THE STALL

The woman is sitting on the quarterback in her bra and  
 panties. The quarterback is shirtless and sitting on the  
 toilet. He is applying lipstick to the woman's lips. He runs  
 the lipstick over the cracks in her lips.

WOMAN  
 Oh, yeah. Right there.

She moans again.

Brad rushes out of the bathroom without doing his business.

INT. STEEL CITY BAR AND TAVERN

Brad runs back to the table where Kevin and Randy are at. The  
 drinks are on the table.

KEVIN  
 (to Brad)  
 What the hell took so long? Did you  
 take the Browns to the Superbowl?

OLD MAN (O.S.)  
 Doubt that happens in a million  
 years.

Brad looks over at the old man. The old man sticks his middle  
 finger out at Brad.

BRAD  
 (flustered)  
 Guys, we have to get out of here.

KEVIN  
 Why? We just ordered. I got  
 something called a "Topless  
 Burger".

(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

It doesn't have the buns, it's just  
a big piece of meat and condiments.

Brad covers his mouth with his hands.

BRAD

The some famous guy is..

Brad looks both ways.

BRAD (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Doing things with drunk girls.

RANDY

Isn't that a bad thing?

KEVIN

Why'd you go in? Now you're a  
witness.

BRAD

Let's get the fuck outta here,  
guys.

Kevin stands up while Randy stays put.

KEVIN

We don't want any trouble, let's  
ditch this place.

RANDY

I thought you were hungry, Kev.

KEVIN

I don't want anything to get in the  
way of finding Millersburg's stuff.  
Now come on.

Randy sighs and picks up his beer and chugs it.

All three run out of the bar.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF STEEL CITY BAR AND TAVERN

The three run into the parking lot and jump into Kevin's car.  
Kevin backs up quickly. Brad opens up his window and sticks  
his middle finger out.

BRAD

GO JETS!

Kevin speeds off. An old man sticks his middle finger out at Brad.

INT. CAR

RANDY  
Good job, Brad. Now I'm hungry as hell.

BRAD  
(to Kevin)  
Can you pull over? I still didn't get to piss?

KEVIN  
The next rest stop I see, I'll pull over.

A sign for a rest stop passes. It says that it's two miles away.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Two miles, okay?

BRAD  
Yes.

EXT. REST STOP/ SETTLER'S CABIN COUNTY PARK, PA - NIGHT

Kevin's car pulls into the parking lot of a rest stop at a park. There are many trees around. Brad opens the door and runs out.

EXT. BATHROOMS

Brad shows a scared look on his face.

An owl hoots and flies away.

Brad approaches the bathrooms. The sound of falling water and little girls laughing comes from next to the bathrooms.

Brad gets even more scared. He slowly goes over to the sound.

He looks around the corner.

A BLACK MAN, 30, wearing a suit and a gold chain, is pouring a yellow liquid in a small stream on the heads of four young girls. They open their mouths to drink the liquid. It seems as though he's urinating on them.

Brad jumps and tries to run away but slips.

The black man turns around and the young girls look in Brad's direction.

Brad gets up and runs away.

BLACK MAN

What?

He holds up a bottle of Lemonade to his side.

BLACK MAN (CONT'D)

It's just lemonade.

EXT. REST STOP PARKING LOTS - NIGHT

Brad runs back to the car. He opens the door quickly and jumps in.

INT. CAR

Brad is out of breath.

KEVIN

What'd you see now? Sasquatch?

BRAD

I'd rather not talk about it.

KEVIN

Well, did you go?

BRAD

I couldn't because someone else was GOING on three girls.

RANDY

What?

BRAD

You heard me. Just drive. Where are we?

KEVIN

We're at a park in western Pennsylvania. I'll drive until we get to Ohio, then we'll call it quits for tonight.

Kevin starts the car and drives off.

INT. CAR/ YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO - NIGHT

Randy and Brad are snoring again. Kevin turns the radio on. He finds a station playing punk rock screaming music.

He listens closely. The band starts to scream. Kevin turns the music up to LOUD.

Randy jumps and hits his head on the window. Brad jumps up and falls onto the ground.

Kevin laughs and turns the music off.

KEVIN

Hey, guys. Just thought I'd wake you guys up. We're in Youngstown, Ohio now.

RANDY

Why the fuck did you drive northwest?

KEVIN

What do you mean?

RANDY

That's what I mean. Pittsburgh is southeast of Youngstown.

Kevin is shocked.

KEVIN

Well, that's the way my GPS on my phone told me to go.

Randy is mad.

RANDY

You mean to tell me that there is no other way to get to Los Angeles from Pittsburgh by just driving west?

KEVIN

Uh, I don't know. I just followed the directions.

RANDY

Oh, great. Awesome, we're going after shit in LA when the same phone that told us it was in LA can't even give us right directions.

KEVIN

Oh, quit bitching. I only drove for  
an hour.

Kevin sees a Best Western Hotel.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Looks like I found our hotel.

Kevin pulls into the parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF BEST WESTERN HOTEL/ YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO -  
NIGHT

All three EXIT the car and get their bags.

KEVIN

Brad, go inside and get us set up  
for tonight.

Brad drops his bag and goes inside the hotel.

Kevin and Randy struggle to get their bags out.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

Brad walks up gingerly to the front desk. He sees a beautiful  
woman running the front desk. It is Christine disguised as a  
new person. She has black hair that is braided into cornrows.

Brad stands in front of the front desk.

CHRISTINE

Hello, sir. I'm Adrienne. How may I  
help you?

BRAD

I'd like to rent a room for the  
night.

CHRISTINE

Okay. How many in your party?

BRAD

Three adults.

Christine clicks on her computer.

CHRISTINE

One room?

BRAD  
That should do.

She clicks around more on her computer.

CHRISTINE  
Name, please and credit card.

BRAD  
Brad Larkins.

He searches his wallet.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
I don't have a credit card.

CHRISTINE  
Driver's license?

BRAD  
No.

Christine looks annoyed.

CHRISTINE  
Any form of ID?

BRAD  
I have my boys scouts card.

Brad digs through his wallet some more.

Kevin and Randy ENTER with bags in their hands.

KEVIN  
(to Brad)  
Hey, do you have my room key yet?

BRAD  
No, I didn't get it yet.

Brad hands Christine his boys scouts card. She types into her computer. She gets a room key out and swipes it.

CHRISTINE  
Would you guys like three room  
keys?

KEVIN  
Well, yeah. We're in different  
rooms.

BRAD  
No, I got us one room.

KEVIN  
Why would you do that?

BRAD  
I don't know.

Kevin is astonished and ticked off.

KEVIN  
One room? For three grown men? I  
don't think so.  
(to Christine)  
Excuse me ma'am. Please give us all  
separate rooms.

CHRISTINE  
Okay. I'll need everyone's credit  
cards and photo ID's.  
(to Brad)  
I've already got your ID.

Kevin and Randy reach for their wallets.

INT. SECOND FLOOR OF HOTEL

KEVIN  
(to Brad)  
The hell you thinking getting one  
room? I need my space from you  
dumbasses.

BRAD  
I don't know. You didn't tell me.

A beautiful BLONDE WOMAN, 29, comes out of her room to set a  
tray of food in the hallway in front of them. She is wearing  
nothing but a white robe.

The three stop in their tracks.

KEVIN  
Damn, get a load of that.

RANDY  
You can look but you can't touch.

The woman shuts the door.

BRAD  
(frantically)  
Guys, I think that's that sports  
reporter. You know, that beautiful  
one.

RANDY

Oh yeah, I think I've seen her and wish she could be reporting what goes on in my bed room.

KEVIN

She'd be out of work if that's what she had to do.

Kevin starts laughing. Randy looks away acting if Kevin didn't mean that.

The three approach the woman's room.

BRAD

Let's see her again.

Brad kneels down on his knees and looks through the peephole. He gets excited and panicked.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Guys, she's undressing. She's about to go in the shower. Oh shit, she just took her robe off.

Kevin looks down surprised.

KEVIN

(determined)

Let me see.

He pushes Brad out of the way. He sticks his eye in the peephole.

Kevin is overwhelmed with excitement.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Oh my gosh, dude. She's fucking gorgeous.

Brad decks Kevin to the ground.

He puts his eye on the peephole and get's his phone out. He lines up the camera with the peephole.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Dude, what are you doing?

Brad looks up at Kevin.

BRAD

Recording it. I need something to get me through tonight.

Kevin grabs Brad's phone from him.

KEVIN  
(angrily)  
You can't do that, we're already  
violating her as it is.

Brad struggles with Kevin on the ground. Both have hands on his phone.

They roll around the floor. Brad's leg crashes into the door.

All three get frightened.

RANDY  
Oh, shit.

The door handle slowly opens. The woman opens the door. She screams.

Brad and Kevin are positioned on the ground to see up her robe. Their eyes are fixtured on staring up her robe.

INT. CAR

Kevin is very mad while driving.

KEVIN  
Way to go, dumbass. You got us  
kicked out of our only place to  
stay tonight. You made that girl  
leave too.

RANDY  
He's already screwed us over a few  
times.

BRAD  
(sadly)  
You guys didn't have to bring me. I  
just thought it'd be fun to travel  
across the nation with my two best  
pals.

KEVIN  
We'll just drive up to Cleveland  
tonight and make a decision where  
to stay.

INT. RENAISSANCE HOTEL LOBBY/ CLEVELAND, OHIO - NIGHT

Kevin, Randy, and Brad ENTER through the huge doors with their suitcases. A sign above the front desk reads: WELCOME TO THE RENAISSANCE HOTEL

They walk into the lobby and see a black male, JUWAN, 25, sitting in a folding chair in the middle of the lobby and in front of TIM GRAY, 45, white, balding, hotel manager is written on his name badge. The whole staff of the hotel is sitting and standing behind the two men with cameras.

Kevin, Randy, and Brad all look at each other questioning.

KEVIN  
(whispering)  
What the hell is going on?

They look back over to the crowd.

TIM GRAY  
(to Juwan)  
Alright, Juwan. The answer to the question we all want to know. Juwan, what's your decision?

JUWAN  
Um, tonight, man. Man, this is tough. I am going to take my suitcases and head over to West Third Street and stay at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

The crowd reacts by groaning and showing their displeasure. Cameras flash.

TIM GRAY  
That's the decision you made after that great meal we just supplied you with?

JUWAN  
That is the decision I made after the great meal. The man upstairs guided me to this decision.

Tim and the crowd stare at Juwan with a questioned look.

JUWAN (CONT'D)  
He was really loud in the shower and walked loudly. I couldn't take it all night.

A waiter takes a bill signed by Juwan and lights it on fire.

He drops it to the ground.

Kevin, Randy, and Brad all look confused.

The crowd disperses. Juwan gets up and takes his suitcases. He walks towards Kevin, Randy, and Brad.

JUWAN (CONT'D)

(to the three guys)

Man, I've stayed here for seven years and ONE decision to stay somewhere else, ruins the whole hotel. I hope they don't mind I'm leaving without paying them what I said I would.

Juwan EXITS the hotel. The three guys watch him as he leaves.

Kevin shakes his head and walks toward the front desk where Tim Gray is working.

KEVIN

Hi, we'd like to check in for the night.

TIM GRAY

Do you have reservations?

KEVIN

No, I didn't know we needed one.

Tim typing on his computer.

TIM GRAY

Sorry, guys. Can I help you in a moment? I need to type something up.

BRAD

(to Tim)

What are you typing?

Tim looks up at Brad.

TIM GRAY

A letter to the hotel staff and all our customers.

Brad nods his head.

Kevin looks around the hotel and becomes agitated.

KEVIN

Sir, can we please just check-in?  
We need three rooms.

TIM GRAY

Sorry, we only have one more room  
available tonight.

Kevin curls his lip and looks at Brad. Brad smiles back.

KEVIN

We'll take it when you're finished.

Tim types the last few words hard on the key board. He taps  
the last button forcefully.

TIM GRAY

Done. So you said you'll take the  
room? Reservation, please?

RANDY

Look, pal. We don't have a  
reservation, we just need damn room  
or we'll take our business  
elsewhere like that one guy just  
did.

TIM GRAY

(astonished)

Okay, I'll give it to you. Wouldn't  
want some other customers to leave  
here.

Tim selects print on his computer.

He gets his letter out of the printer and puts it on the  
counter.

TIM GRAY (CONT'D)

Can you guys look over this to see  
if it is grammatically correct?

Tim hands the letter to Randy. Randy and Brad look over it.

Tim looks at Kevin.

TIM GRAY (CONT'D)

Credit card, please.

Kevin gets out his credit card and hands it to Tim.

Tim looks at it and starts to type on his computer.

RANDY  
 (while looking at letter)  
 So you personally guarantee that  
 Juwan's room would get cleaned  
 faster here than anywhere else?  
 That's a bold statement.

TIM GRAY  
 I'm sure that's probably not true  
 but I thought using the caps would  
 make me sound tougher.

Tim gives Kevin his credit card back and swipes a room key.  
 He hands it to Kevin.

TIM GRAY (CONT'D)  
 Okay, you're set. Have a great  
 night!

Randy hands the letter back to Tim.

The three pick up their suitcases and walk away.

BRAD  
 (as they are walking away)  
 Do you think he meant all that  
 stuff about that man?

RANDY  
 Dude, he wrote it in Comic Sans,  
 there's no way he's serious.

INT. HOTEL ROOM/ RENAISSANCE HOTEL

Kevin, Randy, and Brad ENTER the room. Brad throws his bags  
 on the ground and goes into the bathroom.

Brad's urinating is heard from the bathroom even with the  
 door shut.

Kevin sticks his stuff on the chair and begins to root  
 through it.

KEVIN  
 Rand, let's try and wake up early  
 tomorrow and leave. We really need  
 to get to LA as fast as we can.

RANDY  
 (as he's getting ready for  
 bed)  
 Okay, cool. I'll drive tomorrow.  
 You've had a big day.

Brad is still urinating.

RANDY (CONT'D)

(to Brad)

Holy shit, Brad. You pouring out a water bottle?

KEVIN

We need to get to at least St. Louis tomorrow.

RANDY

Shouldn't be hard. That's only like ten hours of driving from here. Can we stop in Chicago? I've always wanted to go there.

KEVIN

Yeah, is it out of the way?

RANDY

I don't know. Look at a map. Maybe not the one on your phone.

Kevin looks at his phone. The sound of Brad still urinating fills the room.

KEVIN

It's not that far off. We might as well make this a vacation. I mean, I'm unemployed.

RANDY

Well, I'm about to be if the bank opens. I'm going to call Millersburg and leave him a message.

KEVIN

I'm going to call Jenny and see if she's okay.

Kevin dials the number and EXITS the room.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY

The phone rings three times. Kevin waits anxiously. He sits down on the floor.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

(softly and sleepily)

Hello.

KEVIN  
(excited)  
Hey, Jenny. How you doing?

JENNIFER (O.S.)  
Kevin, it's three in the morning.

KEVIN  
(surprised)  
Are you serious? I didn't know it  
was that late. I'm sorry.

The same blonde woman from the last hotel comes out of her room in front of Kevin's room in just a white robe. She sees Kevin and opens her mouth in shock.

JENNIFER (O.S.)  
Where are you?

Kevin looks astonished.

KEVIN  
I'm, I'm, I'm in Cleveland, Ohio.

The woman sets a tray of eaten food on the ground. She pulls her robe up to cover her breasts more and slams the door shut.

JENNIFER (O.S.)  
What are you doing there?

KEVIN  
I'm on my way to Los Angeles to  
find Millersburg's safe. Maybe I'll  
find a job somewhere else on the  
way or maybe if I get it back,  
he'll give me my job back.

JENNIFER (O.S.)  
(yawns)  
I'll call you tomorrow. I'm going  
to go back to the apartment.

KEVIN  
Okay, baby. I love you.

They hang up. Kevin stands up and goes back into the room.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Kevin ENTERS and hears Brad still urinating. Brad starts to finish up. He flushes the toilet and comes out of the bathroom.

KEVIN

Did you wash your hands after  
creating a sixth ocean?

BRAD

Kevin, that's not salt water in  
there.

Brad points to the toilet.

Kevin gets mad and pushes Brad back into the bathroom.

KEVIN

Wash your hands.

Kevin sets his phone down. Randy is in bed eating a bag of  
Doritos.

RANDY

(with his mouth full)

I left Millersburg a message saying  
that Brad and I are taking the week  
off because we were searching for  
the safe. I'm such a suck-up.

KEVIN

At least you told the truth and  
didn't make up some bullshit.

Brad walks out of the bathroom with wet hands. He lays in the  
open bed.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Oh, no, Brad. I get the bed. You're  
on the chair, floor, or with Randy.

Brad pretends to sleep. He starts to snore.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Get up, Brad. I'm not kidding.

Brad farts.

RANDY

Ha, ha. Funny how we just came  
through Hershey.

Brad starts to laugh.

BRAD

I've got gas, Kev, and heat rises.  
So, you'd be better off on the  
floor. That way you don't have to  
smell it.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - 6 AM

Kevin lays awake on the floor while Brad and Randy snore.

KEVIN  
(angrily)  
Fuck this!

Kevin stands up and turns all the lights on.

Brad and Randy wake up and are displeased.

RANDY  
What the hell? What time is it?

KEVIN  
It's six AM. Get up, let's get out  
of here.

Brad groans and yawns very loudly.

Kevin looks out the window.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Look at what a beautiful day out.  
Look at how nice Lake Erie is. How  
pretty.

Randy wipes his eyes.

RANDY  
Didn't it catch on fire?

KEVIN  
Yes, it did, now get up.

Randy gets up. Brad rolls over and stays in bed.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
We leave in a half hour after  
breakfast.

Brad groans.

INT. CAR/ DRIVING

Randy is now driving. Kevin is in the passenger's seat and Brad is in the back.

BRAD  
I wonder how hotels can make you  
pay \$18 for breakfast.

RANDY

It's a buffet, idiot. You have to take advantage of it. They're always expensive. Why are you talking about this now? We left like five hours ago.

BRAD

Just wanted to make a conversation.

Brad looks out of the window.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Where are we at anyway?

RANDY

Almost to Chicago. I can't wait. I've always wanted to come here.

KEVIN

Chicago ain't got shit on New York.

RANDY

I know, I just want to see something different than a million sky scrapers.

KEVIN

So half a million in Chicago is alright?

Randy sighs.

They approach a toll booth.

Kevin reaches for his wallet.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Let me get this and then you guys can pay for gas.

RANDY

Oh, yeah. You pay the dollar fee and we pay twenty bucks each for gas. Sounds fair.

Kevin searches frantically.

RANDY (CONT'D)

What, you can't find a dollar?

KEVIN

(scared)

Have either of you seen my wallet?

Randy and Brad look at Kevin. Randy looks scared.

BRAD

Yeah, I saw it. It was laying next to the television at the hotel.

KEVIN

(furiously)

So why didn't you tell me that?

BRAD

I thought that was the tip that you were leaving for the housekeepers since they clean the rooms so quickly.

Kevin turns around and yells at Brad.

KEVIN

Why would you think I'm leaving my credit cards and whole wallet for them?

BRAD

Hmm. I guess that doesn't make too much sense.

Kevin turns back around to his seat.

RANDY

So does any of us have a dollar?

BRAD

I used all of my money on breakfast.

Randy slows the car down and goes into the toll booth. He rolls down the window.

He smiles sheepishly at the toll collector, MARCIA, 60's, latino.

The toll collector's face doesn't move from the frown it was in.

RANDY

Just a sec.

Randy gets his wallet out.

He looks into the wallet and sees that he has one dollar left.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
How much is it?

MARCIA  
One dollar.

Randy looks relieved.

RANDY  
Oh, great.

He hands Marcia the dollar.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
Thanks.

Marcia presses a button and the bar raises for them to pass.

KEVIN  
(frantically)  
So now what are we going to do? I don't have a wallet, Brad has no cash left, and neither do you.

RANDY  
Brad, do you have credit cards?

BRAD  
Nope.

KEVIN  
(to Randy)  
What, don't you?

RANDY  
No, I must've brought the wrong wallet.

KEVIN  
The wrong wallet? You have two wallets?

RANDY  
Yes. Great, now we're fucked.

KEVIN  
Okay, we're almost to Chicago. Once we get there, let's ditch the car and see if we can find some way to get money.

Randy let's out a sigh.

RANDY

Do you want to try and sell the car  
and get a shitty one?

KEVIN

Randy, this is my car. We're not  
selling my car or anything in it.

EXT. STREETS OF CHICAGO/ CHICAGO, IL - DAY

Kevin, Randy, and Brad are standing on the side of the street  
selling Kevin's belongings. Kevin is holding a tennis racquet  
while Randy and Brad are selling CD's.

KEVIN

(angry)

Can we just go to a bank or  
something and try and withdraw  
money?

BRAD

They won't do it without a card.  
(to crowd of people)  
Get your CD's. We've got Rick  
Astley, Little Richard, Britney  
Spears, and the Jonas Brothers.

A woman in a car pulls up to the red light with a baby on her  
lap in the driver's seat. It is Christine with long blonde  
hair and black sunglasses on.

A HOMELESS MAN walks up to the stand. He has a shopping cart  
filled with random items.

KEVIN

Hello, sir. Would you like to buy  
this racquet? Roger Federer used it  
in the US Open.

HOMELESS MAN

Does it look like I fuckin' want  
it? Give me some money.

BRAD

We lost all our money and we have  
no way of earning any.

HOMELESS MAN

Who the fuck comes to city with no  
money?

BRAD

Looks like you did.

The homeless man gets mad. He runs his shopping cart into Brad's leg. Brad falls over.

HOMELESS MAN  
Fuckin' slob.

Brad stares at the homeless man as he walks away pushing his cart.

BRAD  
What the hell was that?

RANDY  
It's probably just how he is. Hell, I'd be pissed too if I lived out of a shopping cart.

Kevin laughs.

KEVIN  
I can't stand standing up any longer. If we're going to make money, we've got to be here for longer.

Kevin looks around.

He sees a store called "B's Chair Rental".

RANDY  
Go check out that chair rental place and see if they'll let us borrow some.

INT. B'S CHAIR RENTAL/ CHICAGO, IL - DAY

Kevin ENTERS cautiously. A bell rings as he walks in.

Kevin walks in and sees chairs lined up on the walls with names of celebrities above them.

ROB BLAGMONOVICH, 54, dark combed over hair, comes from behind Kevin and scares him.

ROB  
(screams)  
Hello, sir.

Kevin jumps up and turns around.

ROB (CONT'D)  
I'm Rob Blagmonovich, owner of B's  
Chair Rental. How may I help you?

KEVIN  
Ah, hi. My friends and I are  
selling CD's across the street and  
need to borrow some chairs because  
we're sick of standing.

ROB  
Well, let me show you around the  
store. We have some great items.

Rob and Kevin walks through the store and look at all the  
chairs.

ROB (CONT'D)  
(pointing)  
This one right here was sat in by  
Jay Leno.

KEVIN  
How'd you get that?

ROB  
No comment.

Rob and Kevin arrive at a door that needs a code to open it.

ROB (CONT'D)  
Would you like to see my most  
prized chair?

Rob gets closer to Kevin and whispers into his ear.

ROB (CONT'D)  
I only show it to a select few.

KEVIN  
Uh, sure. I guess so.

Rob takes Kevin by the hand. He puts the code in which  
unlocks the door. Rob leads Kevin into the back of the store.

INT. BACK ROOM OF CHAIR RENTAL

The room is all gold.

A leather business chair is sitting high up and has  
spotlights on it.

ROB

This is my most prized possession.  
The is the chair that I've been  
trying to sell for months.

KEVIN

Who's is it?

ROB

Our new president's.

KEVIN

Wow, how'd you get this one?

ROB

(panicked)

He became president. He didn't need  
it.

Rob quickly takes Kevin out of the room.

ROB (CONT'D)

So you interested in any of these?  
(he points at another)  
Ricky Williams was in that one. It  
is discounted for the white,  
powdery stains it has on it.

KEVIN

Well, we have no money. We're  
trying to sell my stuff to earn  
some. I was wondering if you'd just  
let us borrow some for a few hours.

ROB

Sorry, I just can't. I need money.  
That's what I live for.

KEVIN

Please, just let us borrow some.  
I'll rent the George Bush one.

Rob shakes his head and goes over to his desk.

ROB

I may be able to do that. It's been  
here for eight years and no one  
knows how or why it got here in the  
first place.

Rob tries to sit down and falls on the ground. There is no  
chair at his desk.

ROB (CONT'D)  
Shit, I forgot I sold my own.  
(to Kevin)  
But sorry, it's still worth  
something and I can't let it out  
for free.

Kevin walks out without saying anything.

EXT. STREETS OF CHICAGO

Kevin walks over to Randy and Brad. Brad has a price tag on himself for \$100.

BRAD  
(to a young woman)  
I'm hot, I'm sexy. I so hot and  
ready.

A WOMAN walks faster passed him to get away.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
(to Kevin)  
We haven't been able to sell  
anything yet.

RANDY  
No one wants your gay CD's.

BRAD  
No one wants ME. That's outrageous.

KEVIN  
The guy in the chair place wouldn't  
let me borrow any. He only sells  
celebrity chairs and none are cheap  
enough.

Randy sighs.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Where else could we try?

EXT. PARK FAIR/ CHICAGO, IL - DAY

Kevin and Brad walk through a maze of people at the fair. A bunch of stands are set up selling food. A Ferris wheel is set up.

BRAD  
Ooh, Kev. Can we ride the Ferris  
wheel?

KEVIN

Brad, we have no money, no nothing.  
We have a car that's almost out of  
gas and all you can think about is  
riding a damn Ferris wheel.

Brad shows a discouraged face.

They walk right into MATT TYSON, 44, black, tattoo on his  
face, bald, talks with a lisp. Matt is turned around with  
plates of desserts.

Brad hits him from behind and Matt turns around.

MATT

Hey, how are you guys doing? Would  
you like some elephant ears?

Brad and Kevin look at the plates of elephant ears.

MATT (CONT'D)

I bit them off the elephant this  
morning. They're fresh!

Brad puts his hand on his mouth and acts like he is going to  
puke. He runs off and leaves Kevin. Kevin walks away shaking  
his head.

MATT (CONT'D)

What? It was a joke.

EXT. PARK BATHROOMS

Brad runs in the bathrooms and passed two white men wearing  
dress clothes. The two men are Dominick and Darren.

INT. PARK BATHROOMS

Brad runs in to a stall and makes puking noises. He runs  
passed a black man washing his hands. It is Reggie.

Reggie looks into the stall and gets out his phone. Brad is  
hunched over but only making noises.

He pulls up pictures sent to him via mobile e-mail. He clicks  
on Brad's picture.

Brad turns around quickly.

BRAD

Well, guess I'm okay.

Brad waves to Reggie.

Reggie gives a surprised look at Brad.

Brad EXITS.

REGGIE

Oh, shit.

EXT. PARK BATHROOMS

Brad walks out of the bathroom. He goes passed Dominick and Darren again.

Reggie comes running out of the bathroom, astonished.

REGGIE

Do you know who that guy was?

DOMINICK

(questioning)

Um. No. Why should we?

REGGIE

That is one of the security guards at NYB. We got them where we want them. Hopefully they don't know it's us.

DARREN

How would they? We shut down the security system. No one saw us but the few people there when we walked in.

DOMINICK

Maybe they have something at the bank that captures pictures that we didn't know of.

DARREN

No, we shut the power off.

REGGIE

I don't give a fuck either way. Let's follow them and take 'em out.

EXT. PARK FAIR

Brad walks aimlessly searching. He bumps into Kevin.

KEVIN

Dude, where the hell did you go?

BRAD

I had to barf. That guy with the  
lisp made me sick.

Brad looks to his right and sees Reggie staring at him.

Brad waves.

Reggie scowls and disappears into the crowd.

KEVIN

Alright, let's find some damn  
chairs.

There is a stack of chairs next to a booth.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Look, I found some. Perfect.

They walk over to the chairs and take three.

Brad looks left.

Reggie is staring at him again. He scowls and disappears.

Brad waves.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Here take one.

Kevin puts a chair next to Brad. Kevin looks at Brad.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Who are you waving at?

Brad looks at Kevin.

BRAD

The guy that I saw in the bathroom  
is glaring at us.

KEVIN

Did you barf on his shoes or  
something?

BRAD

No. I didn't.

KEVIN

Well, take this. Let's get out of  
here before we start something.

Brad picks up his chair.

EXT. CORNER OF THE STREET

Randy is manning the corner with the goods sitting on the ground. He sees Kevin and Brad with chairs.

RANDY

Hey, I sold twenty bucks worth of shit. Two gay guys walked by and bought your Jonas Brothers CD.

KEVIN

Nice job. I knew those douchebags would do something for us one day.

Brad and Kevin set down the chairs.

RANDY

Oh, good. My legs were getting tired.

Reggie, Dominick, and Darren are across the street. They look over to Brad.

Brad looks back.

BRAD

There's the guys from the bathroom. I think they're coming over here.

Reggie waves at them and laughs.

All three cross the street.

Kevin and Brad are scared. Randy doesn't know what is wrong.

RANDY

Why are you guys freaking out?

Reggie and the others cross the street.

They approach Kevin, Brad, and Randy.

REGGIE

How ya'll doin'?

RANDY

Good, you wanna buy a CD or a tennis racquet?

REGGIE  
I ain't no James Blake, son. I  
don't play tennis.

RANDY  
Check the CD's out.

Randy bends down and looks at the CD's. He picks one up.

REGGIE  
Why ya'll sellin these?

BRAD  
We need to make some money. We're  
traveling across the country.

REGGIE  
Where ya headed?

BRAD  
LA.

Kevin nudges Brad in the ribs.

Reggie puts the CD down.

REGGIE  
Why are you headed there?

KEVIN  
None of your business, man.

Reggie's eyes get big.

REGGIE  
Alright, playa.

Reggie picks up another CD.

REGGIE (CONT'D)  
Give me this one.

It is a Britney Spears CD.

RANDY  
Twenty dollars, please.

Reggie gets his wallet out.

REGGIE  
Man, that's a crime.

Reggie smiles and hands Randy the money. They walk away.

Kevin, Brad, and Randy seem confused.

RANDY

Who the fuck are those guys?

KEVIN

We don't know. Brad claims he saw them in the bathroom.

RANDY

Hey, let's get out of here. We got forty bucks. That's good enough for a full tank of gas and some food.

KEVIN

Alright, gather my stuff up and let's move on.

INT. CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Kevin is back to driving the car. Randy is in the passenger's seat and Brad is in the back.

KEVIN

You guys want to listen to some music?

RANDY

If it's your testicle shrinking music then no.

KEVIN

Come on. A little smooth stuff won't hurt you.

RANDY

Yeah, I bet you enjoy it when it's smooth.

Randy looks away. Kevin's phone starts to ring. He frantically puts his hand into his pocket to get the phone out.

He gets the phone and answers the call.

KEVIN

Hello.

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Hey, Kev. What's up?

KEVIN

Hey, baby. How are you?

JENNIFER (O.S.)  
Where are you know?

KEVIN  
We just left Chicago an hour ago.  
We're tryin to get to St. Louis  
tonight.

JENNIFER (O.S.)  
So what are you doing crossing the  
country when you're jobless?

KEVIN  
Baby, I need to find Millersburg's  
things. He will give me the job  
back and maybe even give me a  
raise. I owe it to him. This is my  
fault anything even happened.

JENNIFER (O.S.)  
Well, be careful.

KEVIN  
We're fine. Believe me.

A SHOT is fired and hits the left mirror off of the car.

Kevin drops his phone.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
(screaming)  
What the hell?

Kevin swerves across the highway. A black Cadillac Escalade  
is behind them.

JENNIFER (O.S.)  
What the hell was that?

RANDY  
(scared)  
Dude, pull over.

Another SHOT is fired. It breaks through the back windshield  
of Kevin's car.

INT. REGGIE'S CAR - DRIVING

"Oops, I did it again" by Britney Spears is playing. Reggie  
is driving while Dominick is holding a GUN with his passenger  
window open.

REGGIE  
(horribly sung)  
Oops, I...did it again!

INT. CAR - DRIVING

Kevin starts to pull over.

RANDY  
Shit, dude. What the hell is this?

JENNIFER (O.S.)  
Kevin. I'm calling the police. Are  
you okay?

Kevin reaches down and picks up his phone. He swerves the  
car.

INT. REGGIE'S CAR - DRIVING

Kevin's car is stopping in front of Reggie's. Reggie is going  
fast.

REGGIE  
Oh, my mothafucka!

Reggie swerves out of the way of hitting Kevin's car.

REGGIE (CONT'D)  
Quick. Hit 'em!

Dominick shoots and the shot breaks the windshield of Kevin's  
car.

INT. CAR - DRIVING

Brad screams.

KEVIN  
(on his phone)  
Not neccessary, honey.

The phone call is over. No one is on the line.

Kevin throws his phone in disgust.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Shit.

Kevin parks the car on the side of the highway.

The Escalade speeds off.

INT. REGGIE'S CAR - DRIVING

DARREN

Shit, man. How are we going to get rid of them now?

REGGIE

We wait for them. Imma call up some brothas of mine to help us out.

Reggie reaches in his pocket and pulls out his cell phone.

EXT. SIDE OF HIGHWAY - DAY

Kevin, Randy, and Brad get out of the car. Kevin inspects the damage.

KEVIN

(angry)

What the hell was that? Who were they?

BRAD

That was the guy from the bathroom. The guys who bought your Britney Spears CD.

KEVIN

What do they want and why are they trying to kill us?

Kevin goes back into the car to get his cell phone.

RANDY

Who are you calling?

Kevin dials a number and puts the phone to his ear.

KEVIN

Millersburg. He can text us photos of what these guys looked like when they entered the bank if he found any. Why he hasn't already is beyond me.

MR. MILLERSBURG (O.S.)

Hello, Kevin.

KEVIN

Mr. Millersburg, have you gotten a picture of the thieves yet? You must be able to rewind the tapes before they shut the cameras off.

MR. MILLERSBURG (O.S.)

We have not been able to retrieve any photos yet from the camera. But a man did take a picture of two of the guys. I'll send it to you right now.

KEVIN

Great.

Kevin hangs up the phone.

RANDY

What'd he say?

Kevin gets a text message. He looks at his phone.

A picture on the screen reveals Reggie and Dominick in the photo taken by the tourist.

KEVIN

Oh, shit. Guys, they're after us.

Randy and Brad look astonished.

RANDY

Who's after us?

KEVIN

The guys that robbed the bank. They know where going to search for the stuff. They want to stop us.

RANDY

(mad)

Oh, well that's just great! We come out here to try and return something YOU lost and now we could get killed.

KEVIN

Come on, man. We'll get there. Have faith.

Randy turns his back.

RANDY  
(to Brad)  
Brad, you wanna quit this nonsense  
and go home?

BRAD  
I don't know, man. Kind of.

Kevin gets angry.

KEVIN  
Fine, do what you want. You have no  
money, no credit cards. We'll see  
how you get back home.

RANDY  
How are you going to get home? Your  
car is ruined. You have no mirrors  
and no windshield and glass every  
where.

KEVIN  
We are just going to have to  
improvise. Stay with me guys, I  
have an idea.

Kevin looks at the line of run down, ugly houses off of the  
highway.

EXT. DOORSTEP/ ILLINOIS - DAY

Kevin knocks on the doorstep of a random house. The door has  
candy decorations on it.

The three wait for the door to be opened.

The door opens and a man, PEZ MILTON, 32, blue hair, black  
eyebrows, chubby, stands in the doorway.

Kids are running around his house.

KEVIN  
Hey, sir. My name is Kevin and  
these are my friends Brad and  
Randy.

Brad and Randy wave.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
We were wondering if we could make  
a trade with you. We have some  
goodies that you won't be able to  
refuse.

PEZ

What do you guys want?

A CHILD, 4, girl, comes in between Pez's legs. She is wearing a skirt and spreads her legs, revealing her diaper.

KEVIN

Well, we see that you have an old beat up car in your driveway.

Kevin looks over to the white Bronco in the driveway. An ice cream truck is in front of it.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

We were wondering if we could trade you some of our things for it.

Pez looks at the car.

Brad bends over to pick up a binky on the ground. His butt-crack shows as he bends.

Pez gets a camera out from his pocket. He snaps a picture of Brad's behind exposed.

Kevin looks at Pez weird.

PEZ

So, what you guys got?

KEVIN

Well, we have a tennis racquet.

Kevin hands him the tennis racquet to check out.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Numerous CD's and a couple floor mats.

PEZ

(sarcastic)

So you want my car for CD's and a tennis racquet?

All three have very serious faces.

KEVIN

Yes, sir.

PEZ

What CD's do you have?

Randy hands Kevin a bag full of CD's.

KEVIN  
 Let's see. We have Elvis, Michael  
 Jackson..

Three LITTLE BOYS, 8, appear in the doorway.

LITTLE BOYS  
 (all at once)  
 Get that one! Get that one!

KEVIN  
 We also have some Queen and Miley  
 Cyrus.

PEZ  
 Miley Cyrus?

KEVIN  
 Yes.

PEZ  
 Done deal. I'll go get the keys.  
 Wait here.

Pez slams the door.

Kevin, Randy, and Brad all look at each other and smile.

Pez opens the door and throws the keys at Kevin.

He catches them.

PEZ (CONT'D)  
 Pleasure doing business.

Pez grabs the CD's and slams the door.

Kevin laughs and runs over to the car.

INT. NEW CAR/ MISSOURI - NIGHT

Brad is snoring while Kevin and Randy show that they are  
 angry.

KEVIN  
 Is he ever not annoying?

RANDY  
 Try having to be on duty with him  
 all day every day.

KEVIN  
I'm going to call a hotel. We're  
almost to St. Louis.

Kevin types in his phone and finally puts the phone to his ear.

The HOTEL MANAGER, 45, picks up the phone.

HOTEL MANAGER (O.S.)  
Hampton St. Louis, can you hold?

KEVIN  
Yes. I can hold.

The manager starts to scream at Kevin.

HOTEL MANAGER (O.S.)  
(very angrily)  
Stay on this phone and don't hang  
up on me. I have plenty of energy  
to come find you. You understand  
me? AND I WILL!

KEVIN  
Uh. Yeah. I understand. I said I'd  
hold.

Randy looks over at Kevin confused. Kevin is in shock.  
Elevator music plays on the phone.

RANDY  
Dude, why was he yelling at you?

KEVIN  
I don't know. He must just be  
pissed tonight.

The elevator music stops and someone picks up the other line.

HOTEL MANAGER (O.S.)  
(very angrily)  
So are you trying to get a room  
tonight? Is that it?

KEVIN  
Yes. Three adults. Just us guys.

HOTEL MANAGER (O.S.)  
(screaming angrily)  
You're a fucking embarrassment. You  
must be some fag from the streets.  
(MORE)

HOTEL MANAGER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

If you get robbed by a pack of  
straights, then it'll be YOUR  
FAULT. Because YOU provoked it.

Kevin looks at Randy surprised and confused.

HOTEL MANAGER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

You drive around town in your fairy  
mobile with your fake lisp and you  
feel it's necessary to wear those  
tight pants that show your small  
package and calling ME is enough.  
That's disgusting. Okay? I'm  
telling you. No, I don't want to  
hook up tonight and no, I will not  
give you a room.

KEVIN

Sir, what are you..

HOTEL MANAGER (O.S.)

Stay in the fucking streets. I'm  
not giving you a room and not  
letting you stay here. Okay? And I  
will take care of my job and I  
don't want you here. I don't like  
you people. I don't want you  
anymore.

The call ends and it line goes blank. Kevin and Randy look at  
each other like they have just seen a ghost.

RANDY

(casually)

Well, I mean, we don't have any  
money.

NEXT MORNING

Kevin wakes up in the drivers' seat. Brad is snoring with his  
mouth open. Randy has his head against the window.

KEVIN

Guys, get up. It's nine AM. Let's  
get going.

Randy and Brad wake up.

RANDY

We're in St. Louis, right?

KEVIN

Yeah, we are.

Kevin starts driving the car and merges onto a highway.

BRAD

Hey, guys. Check this out.

Brad reaches into the trunk of the car and pulls out bins of candy.

BRAD (CONT'D)

That weird guy left some candy,  
mushrooms and hot dogs back here.  
We have food!

Randy turns around and reaches for some.

RANDY

Hell, yeah. Give me some!

Brad hands Randy a box of candy. He roots through it and starts eating some.

Brad starts eating the mushrooms.

BRAD

Hey, guys. These mushrooms are  
good.

Kevin acts concerned.

KEVIN

Hey, man. Be careful with those.  
You don't know what kind that  
psychopath cooks.

TITLE ON SCREEN READS: ONE HOUR LATER..

CU on Kevin and Randy from the back seat.

Brad starts SCREAMING. Randy jumps. Randy turns around.

RANDY

Brad, what the hell is wrong with  
you?

Brad looks like he is high.

BRAD

Is this real life?

RANDY

(confused)  
What?

BRAD  
I have two fingers.

Brad looks at his hands.

RANDY  
Brad, what the hell is wrong with  
you?

BRAD  
Now four fingers.

Randy looks at Kevin.

RANDY  
What is wrong with him?

KEVIN  
Shit, you think that those  
mushrooms were..

They look at each other in the eyes.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Shrooms?

Randy looks back at Brad.

BRAD  
Is this going to be forever?

Randy looks back at Kevin.

RANDY  
What are we going to do?

KEVIN  
I don't know.

BRAD (O.S.)  
Can you stop talking to each other  
behind my back? I'm about to kill  
you.

Randy turns back to Brad. He screams. Brad is now an old, fat  
woman.

RANDY  
Who the hell is that?

BRAD (WOMAN)  
I'm hungry.

KEVIN

Quick, give it some candy.

Randy shuffles through the box of candy. He pulls out a SNICKERS bar. He hands it to Brad.

CU on Brad. He is now himself.

BRAD

I feel funny.

TITLE ON SCREEN READS: Three hours later...

RANDY

(with his mouth full)

Hey, Kev. Why don't you GPS that shit again and see if it's still in Los Angeles.

Kevin gets out his phone and types on the buttons.

They wait for a while until the phone locates the safe.

ON THE PHONE SCREEN: ITEM IS UNDETECTABLE

Kevin is overcome with sadness and disappointment.

KEVIN

Oh, shit. Oh, shit. Oh, shit.

RANDY

What?

KEVIN

My phone says it's undetectable.

Randy gets angry.

RANDY

Undetectable? So we're in Missouri for nothing and have lost all our stuff and almost been killed for it to be undetectable?

Kevin leans back and gives out a sigh.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Seriously, let me out. I'm done. I'll hitch-hike home.

KEVIN

Randy, stop. Come on.

RANDY  
No, dude. I'm sick of your shit.  
I'm done with this.

KEVIN  
You really want me to stop?

RANDY  
Get off at the next exit.

KEVIN  
Are you serious? You're going to  
have a hell of a time getting home.

RANDY  
Anything is better than living off  
of candy and hot dogs and trying to  
be murdered. I'm sick of you always  
trying to think you can make  
everything better.

Kevin gets angry and fights back.

KEVIN  
So now this is all my fault? I lose  
something more valuable than my  
life and I'm not supposed to do  
anything about it?

RANDY  
You should. Just don't include us.

KEVIN  
Dude, you guys are the fucking  
reasons I left my post. You made me  
choke and come to lunch.

RANDY  
So it's our fault?

KEVIN  
Yes, I believe it would be.

Randy crosses his arms.

RANDY  
Stop the car.

Kevin stops on the highway.

KEVIN  
Leave. Do what you want.

Randy opens the door. He gets out.

Kevin looks back at Brad.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
What are you doing, Brad? Going  
with him or staying with me?

Brad looks at Randy and then looks at Kevin.

BRAD  
I think I'm going to stay with  
Kevin. He needs us and if he  
doesn't have any help, he won't get  
what he wants. And that is to  
return something that we're all  
responsible for.

Kevin smiles at Brad.

Brad gets out of the car and goes into the passenger's seat.

Randy looks at him rudely.

KEVIN  
Well, good luck, Randy. I hope we  
see you again soon.

Randy becomes sad and then realizes he is mad at them.

RANDY  
Good luck, guys. I can't do this.  
I'll call you and see how it's  
coming.

Randy shuts the door and waves as they drive off. He is left  
on the side of the highway.

KEVIN  
That was stupid of him. He has no  
money. Just a phone.

BRAD  
We have candy and hot dogs, a car,  
and each other.

Kevin smiles.

KEVIN  
Thanks for staying. It means a lot.

BRAD  
What are friends for? I feel  
responsible for getting it stolen  
too. I guess Randy doesn't feel the  
same.

KEVIN

Guess not. So let's just drive to  
LA and go from there.

Brad sits back in his seat.

A MAP of their driving route is shown. They drive through  
Missouri, through Oklahoma, through the top of Texas, through  
New Mexico, and into Arizona.

EXT. GAS STATION/ ARIZONA - NEXT DAY

Kevin pulls the car into a gas pump.

INT. CAR

Brad is asleep.

KEVIN

Brad.

Brad wakes up.

BRAD

What?

KEVIN

I'm going to put the rest of our  
money into the car. Get out and  
stretch your legs.

Kevin and Brad walk to the gas station store.

INT. GAS STATION STORE

There are many Hispanic people in the store. A POLICE  
OFFICER, 35, in the store also.

Kevin walks up to the front desk where a HISPANIC MAN, 32,  
mustache, guido hair, large head, is at.

KEVIN

Hey, I would like how ever much  
this is to go into pump..

Kevin looks outside at his car.

He puts a few dollar bills and coins onto the counter.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Pump three, please.

Kevin hands him the money and puts it in the register.

Brad is standing next to Kevin. Kevin leans over to Brad.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
(whispering)  
This guy looks like an alien.

The police officer's eyes widen.

POLICE OFFICER  
Alien?

The officer comes running over to the counter.

HISPANIC MAN  
Thanks, now I'm going back to  
Mexico.

The officer tackles the Hispanic man and wrestles him to the ground.

He hand-cuffs the man.

The officer brings him outside and sticks the man in his cop car.

KEVIN  
Uh. That was weird. I said he  
looked like an alien. Not that he  
was trying to abduct me or  
something.

Kevin raises his eyebrows.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Oh, well. Got my gas. Let's just  
add a few more bucks.

Kevin leans over to the counter and adds more money onto pump three.

Kevin takes a lean to leave the store. He walks away from Brad.

BRAD  
I'm going to stay in here and look  
for food.

Kevin gives him a thumbs up as he is walking out.

The police officer comes back into the gas station store.

Brad looks around. He sees another Hispanic man gathering up food and stuffing it into his pockets.

Brad looks at him.

BRAD (CONT'D)

You're not about to steal all that stuff, are you? That's illegal.

The police officer's eye widen. He comes running over to the Hispanic man.

The Hispanic man looks annoyed and sticks his middle finger at Brad. He is tackled to the ground by the police officer. The officer cuffs him.

Brad gets some food and EXITS the gas station store.

EXT. GAS PUMP

Brad approaches Kevin at the pump. Kevin takes the pump from the car and hangs it up.

BRAD

(nervously)

Kev, let's get out of here. I've gotten two men arrested already.

KEVIN

Think you're next?

BRAD

Let's just go.

Brad gets in the car. Kevin follows.

Christine is shown putting gas in her Corvette at the pump next to Kevin's car.

Kevin drives off.

INT. CAR

BRAD

Maybe you should call Randy, he hasn't called us yet.

Kevin reaches into his pocket to get his phone.

KEVIN

Good idea. I'll do that.

Kevin dials Randy's number. It rings and rings until it reaches his voicemail.

Kevin hangs up the phone.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
That's weird he isn't answering but his phone is on.

BRAD  
How do you know?

KEVIN  
If it was off, it would go straight to voicemail.

Kevin dials the number again.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
I'll try again.

The phone rings and rings until it reaches the voicemail.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Weird. How could he possibly be busy?

BRAD  
Check the GPS and see if the item is traceable yet.

Kevin works with his phone. He is come over with joy.

KEVIN  
Yes! In Los Angeles!

Brad becomes happy.

BRAD  
Let's call Millersburg and tell him that we're almost there.

Kevin dials Mr. Millersburg's number. It rings until it reaches voicemail.

KEVIN  
What the hell? Neither of them are picking up.

Brad looks outside the window. He sees a poster for a talent show.

BRAD  
Kevin, Kevin, Kevin.

KEVIN

What?

BRAD

Can we go to the talent show? I've always wanted to go to one of those. Please, please.

KEVIN

When is it?

BRAD

It's tonight. In Anaheim. At Angels Stadium.

Kevin thinks about it.

KEVIN

Brad, Los Angeles is near Anaheim. We can't waste any more time. We have to get the stuff and leave.

BRAD

Please, Kev. You went to Chicago for Randy. Now that asshole left us.

KEVIN

Oh, fine. We can go. But promise me that you'll help me get the safe and not leave like that fuckhead, Randy.

BRAD

Promised.

EXT. ANGELS STADIUM/ ANAHEIM, CA - NIGHT

Kevin and Brad find their seats in the lower section of Angels Stadium. Brad is now wearing a Mets jersey. He is booted on the way to his seat.

On stage is a circus group. An elephant is doing tricks and the crowd is going wild.

Kevin and Brad finally sit down at their seats.

KEVIN

Wow, good seats. Good thing I sold my tennis racquet to that dumbass who believed me that Federer played with it. Now we have like \$400 to spend.

BRAD

Nice, that should be good enough to get us home. Maybe we can go to a Yankees/Mets game.

A water bottle comes flying from the suite section and hits Brad in the head. He falls to the side onto the man next to him. He rubs his head where he got hit.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Ow. I don't know why someone would want to do that to me. That wasn't very nice.

Kevin gets an angry look on his face as he looks at someone in a suite. Kevin points at her.

KEVIN

Hey, I think that guy wants to fight.

CU on a woman with short, pink hair sticking her middle finger out at Brad.

BRAD

I think that's a girl, Kev. I can't really tell.

KEVIN

Any way, that lady's gaga.

BRAD

What ever, screw her.

PA ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Attention ladies and gentlemen, turn your attention to center stage as we welcome all the way from Scotland. Susan Zit.

The crowd laughs as an awkward looking middle aged woman, SUSAN ZIT, walks onto the stage.

DAMON GROWL, 45, black spiked hair, and two other judges sit at their table in front of the stage.

DAMON

What's your name, my lady?

SUSAN

I am Susan Zit and I want to be a rock star.

The crowd bursts into laughter. Some people try to keep their laughter in.

KEVIN  
Who's this lady kidding?

DAMON  
Anything else we should know?

SUSAN  
I've never touched a member of the opposite sex. Not even one handshake.

The crowd gasps and erupts into more laughter.

DAMON  
Well, let's get started. What are you going to perform for us tonight?

SUSAN  
ALL ABOARD!

Susan does an evil laugh. "Crazy Train" by Ozzy Osbourne begins to play.

Susan sings the lyrics and every one in the crowd is dancing and loving the performance.

Kevin and Brad's mouths are hanging wide open.

The performance ends and the crowd erupts with applause. People stand and cheer.

Susan bows.

DAMON  
Susan. Susan. Quiet please.

The crowd stops clapping.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
Susan, that was spectacular.

The crowd starts to applause again.

DAMON (CONT'D)  
I think I speak for all of us judges when I say that you have won the talent show.

Susan gets a joyous face and starts dancing on stage.

DAMON (CONT'D)

I will personally deliver your trophy and be the first man to touch your hand.

Susan raises her arms and jumps for joy.

Damon gets out of his chair with the trophy and sticks his hand out while he is still a ways from Susan.

The crowd is applauding until they see DONTE WEST, black, design is his hair, wearing an all-black jacket and pants.

Donte stands in front of Susan and takes the microphone from her.

DONTE

Susan. Susan, I'm really happy for you. But William Chung had one of the best performances of the night.

Donte points at a dorky looking Chinese man in the crowd who is overwhelmed with joy. He stands up and waves to the crowd. He is booed.

Donte shrugs his shoulders and hands the microphone back to Susan who is in shock.

Donte is booed off of the stage.

Susan stands in disbelief. Damon hands her the trophy and walks away.

BRAD

What a dick.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

BRAD

What a douche that guy was. He's probably going to cry about it when he's asked about doing that.

KEVIN

Who cares, man. If that lady has never even been touched by a man, she deserves to be embarrassed. I've been touched by men more than her.

Brad gets a disgusted look on his face.

BRAD  
Ew. That's sick.

KEVIN  
Why? I've shaken hands with guys.

BRAD  
I thought you meant in a different spot.

KEVIN  
Oh, fuck you. I have a girlfriend, man. After this trip and if everything goes as planned. I'm going to pop the question.

Brad gets a surprised look.

BRAD  
Oh, yeah. The man's growing up.

Kevin chuckles.

KEVIN  
Let's just hope we get out of this alive.

The two sit in the car driving in silence for a bit. A golf ball then slams into the window of the car, shattering it.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
What the hell?

Kevin pulls over. A black man, LION FORREST, 34, approaches Kevin's car. He is wearing nothing but Nike gear.

LION  
Hey, guys. Need a buddy for the night?

KEVIN  
What do you mean?

LION  
You know, a little woman to do the dirty deed.

Kevin is disgusted.

KEVIN  
No, sorry. I'm taken.

Kevin starts to put his window up. Lion puts his arm in.

LION

Stop! Come on, I got a million of them. You can get drunk and then wake up and they'll still be on you.

KEVIN

Sorry, man. I don't want them. And fuck you for hitting out my window.

LION

Just a number? Come on I'll give you one for cheap.

Kevin shuts his window.

KEVIN

Fucking homeless people of Los Angeles.

BRAD

Alright man, get the GPS thing out. Let's do this shit.

Kevin pulls over to the side of the road.

He reaches into his pocket.

CU on the screen of the phone. The screen flashes the word: SEARCHING...

Kevin and Brad wait anxiously.

CU on screen. It finds the location and zooms in on it.

CELL PHONE VOICE

Turn right.

Kevin and Brad cheer in the car.

KEVIN

(ecstatic)

Okay man, let's do this shit.

EXT. STREETS/ COMPTON, LOS ANGELES, CA - NIGHT

Kevin drives his car in a bad neighborhood of Compton.

Many sketchy people look at his car while he drives through.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Kevin and Brad have their eyes glued on the road. They look scared.

CELL PHONE VOICE

Take the next right and another  
right in .3 miles.

BRAD

Kevin, this is the worst place I've  
ever been in.

A man, ANTOINE DOBSON, 25, afro, red bandana, black beater, jumps in front of the car and puts his hand out for Kevin to stop.

EXT. STREETS

Antoine walks from in front and goes to the driver's side window. Many other people come and surround the car.

INT. CAR

Kevin looks at Antoine in fear. The people surrounding the car are all scary looking people. Not one of them is a Caucasian. Kevin rolls the window down.

ANTOINE

(with exaggerated head  
movements)

Well, obviously we have a murderer  
in our part of the park. He's  
lookin' in yo' windows, he's  
staring yo' people up. So ya'll  
need to get ya' guns, get ya'  
knives, and get ya' cameras 'cause  
he killin' errbody out here.

Antoine looks at his crew.

KEVIN

Uh. What are you talking about?

Antoine looks mad.

ANTOINE

We done see yo' Bronco and all, you  
are so dumb, you are really dumb.  
For real.

KEVIN

Honestly, you have it all wrong. I never killed anyone. You got the wrong guy.

ANTOINE

You best get out the car right now or I'll kill ya' buddy over there.

Brad cringes.

Kevin floors his car. Some of the crew gets out of the way of the charging car.

ANTOINE (CONT'D)

We gon' find him!

Kevin's white Bronco is shown driving down the street from above with many people chasing after it.

Kevin drives quickly and gets onto the highway.

He gets his phone out.

CELL PHONE VOICE

Make a U-turn.

KEVIN

(rolling his eyes)

Shit!

Kevin makes a U-turn in the middle of the highway while going very fast.

BRAD

Oh shit, Kev!

Kevin is going even faster than before. Cars are being passed quickly on the highway.

CELL PHONE VOICE

Get off at the next exit. Your destination is on the right.

Kevin and Brad look surprised. They look at each other.

They merge off the highway.

They pull into a dark shed with no windows.

EXT. DARK SHED/ LOS ANGELES, CA - NIGHT

Kevin and Brad get out of the car and search for an opening.

BRAD  
Hey, I think I found how to get in.

KEVIN  
Wait a second. I'm going to call  
Randy and Millersburg and tell them  
that we're about to get the shit.

Kevin goes back to the car.

CU on the screen. He dials Randy's number.

He puts the phone to his ear and it goes right to voicemail.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
What the fuck?

Kevin looks at his phone, surprised. He dials another number  
that goes right to voicemail. He calls again and gets a  
voicemail.

CU on the screen. He dials Mr. Millersburg.

INT. INSIDE SHED

CU on Christine's mouth.

CHRISTINE  
Hello, Kevin.

EXT. DARK SHED

Kevin gets surprised.

KEVIN  
Mrs. Millersburg?

CHRISTINE (O.S.)  
Guess again.

KEVIN  
I don't know. Who is this?

CHRISTINE (O.S.)  
Look right.

Kevin is punched in face by a blind side fist.

He falls to the ground and drops his phone.

BRAD  
Kevin.

Brad draws a gun and goes up to the BUFF MAN, 24, bald, all-black suit.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
Try that again and see what happens.

The buff man stands there and stares at Brad as he shakes and moves around with his gun drawn.

The buff man hits the gun out of Brad's hands. Brad runs back and draws his fists.

He is blind sided by another buff man. Brad is tackled to the ground.

Kevin shakes off the hit and rises. He is punched again in the face and falls down.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. SHED

Kevin is bruised and bloody and tied to a pole. Kevin has his eyes closed and head is drooping.

BUFF MAN #1  
Excuse me. Wake up, tough guy.

Kevin's face twitches and he opens his eyes.

BLURRY POV of Kevin of the buff man.

Kevin shakes his head.

KEVIN  
What? What's going on?

BUFF MAN #1  
I beat you up. Are you okay?

Christine ENTERS the room.

Kevin's eyes widen.

KEVIN  
(screaming)  
Where the fuck am I?

CHRISTINE  
Hello, Kevin.

KEVIN  
Where the fuck do I know you from?

CHRISTINE  
You don't remember? The day of the robbery. In New York.

KEVIN  
Why are you here?

CHRISTINE  
We have been waiting for you.

Kevin is confused.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)  
We've been watching you too.

KEVIN  
What are you talking about?

CHRISTINE  
GPS on your phone. Come on, that's the easiest trick in the book.

Kevin looks up at Christine and is in shock.

KEVIN  
I don't understand. Why were you tracking me?

CHRISTINE  
Maybe this will help you out.

Christine snaps her fingers.

Two buff guys open up a closet that has Mr. Millersburg and Randy sitting in it. Both bodies are beat up but are still living. Their limbs are tied up and their mouths are taped shut.

Kevin's face is overcome with shock and then turns into anger. He tries to get up quickly and it pulled down to the ground because he is tied to the pole.

KEVIN  
(firmly)  
Why are they here? Who are you?

Christine walks over to Kevin and sits down.

CHRISTINE  
Let me tell you a little story.

She looks into the ceiling.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. HOUSE/ LOS ANGELES - NIGHT (1980)

A GRANDMOTHER, 55, opens the front door. Three masked men stand at the door and STAB the grandmother in the stomach.

She falls to the ground.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)

It was 1980. I was just an infant.  
Three men entered my house and  
first killed my grandmother.

A FATHER, 25, stands up next to his WIFE, 25, as they see the three masked men ENTER their kitchen. The wife is holding a baby GIRL, 1.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)

They then killed my father.

One man holds up his gun and aims at the father.

CU on the front of the gun as the bullet is fired.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)

Right then, they went upstairs.

The father falls to the ground.

The wife holds her baby tight and shields it from the men. She has a horrified look on her face.

Two men run upstairs. One stays in the kitchen.

The two men come down the stairs with a safe in their hands.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)

Then they came down with a safe and  
signaled for their men to get out  
of there.

They signal to the third man to leave the house.

The wife holds the baby tight and is balling her eyes out.

The three men shut the door behind them. A card falls to the ground.

CHRISTINE (V.O.)

That safe is the very one that you  
are after and want to return to its  
own.

The wife puts the baby down and falls to the floor. She is  
still balling.

BACK TO PRESENT

Kevin looks confused.

KEVIN

I don't get it.

Christine stands up. She gets furious and slaps Kevin in the  
face.

CHRISTINE

How can you not get it? He stole  
the safe from my father and then  
killed my family.

Kevin has a tear come down his face. He looks over to  
Millersburg.

Randy and Mr. Millersburg are struggling to get up.

CHRISTINE (CONT'D)

(tearing up)

Millersburg killed my family. He  
stole my family's prized  
possessions and then killed them.  
I'm just taking back what belongs  
to my family and I.

Kevin shakes his head in disgust.

KEVIN

How do you know it was him?

Christine pulls out a card from her back pocket.

She puts it in Kevin's face.

CU on the card. It reads WILLIAM MILLERSBURG- ACCOUNTANT, New  
York City, NY.

Kevin gets an astonished look on his face.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Millersburg was an accountant in  
the eighties.

CHRISTINE  
No, shit. That's why we're about to  
do what he did to me.

She snaps her fingers.

A door opens up violently. Reggie, Dominick, and Darren  
ENTER.

REGGIE  
(loud)  
Did I miss something?

All three have a hand gun in their hand.

CHRISTINE  
No, you're just in time. Where's  
Sam?

KEVIN  
Sam?

Sam Lewman ENTERS the room.

SAM  
(high pitched voice)  
Hey, motherfuckers.

Kevin's eyes open wide. He gets up and tries to get loose  
from the pole.

KEVIN  
Lewman, you traitor. You're the  
one.

Millersburg and Randy's eyes get wide and they struggle more  
to get up.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
What the fuck man? You set us up.

SAM  
And the best part about it is that  
I'm going to get away with it and  
also become a millionaire while  
doing it.

Christine smirks.

CHRISTINE  
I'm about to do to you what he did  
to me. Finish them off, boys.

She EXITS the room.

REGGIE  
I've been waiting for this.

Reggie, Darren, and Dominick move in to Kevin. The two buff men and RICK CHENEY, 69, white hair, bald on top, glasses, move in to where Millersburg and Randy are at with guns drawn.

Brad cringes in the corner. He is tied up also.

Kevin shuts his eyes.

A shot is fired by Rick that hits Lewman in the head and kills him instantly.

REGGIE (CONT'D)  
What da fuck, Rick? Hit them. Hit them, you dumbass.

RICK  
Shit, I always hit my partners.

Kevin looks in fear.

The men all approach him.

DONTE (O.S.)  
Boys. Boys, I'm really happy that you think you're going to become millionaires.

All look up to the rafters.

DONTE (CONT'D)  
But I came here to drink and kick ass and I'm all out of alcohol.

Donte jumps down from the rafters and kicks Reggie in the face.

REGGIE  
Oh shit!

Reggie gets his gun out and shoots quickly. The shot goes right into his own leg.

Reggie looks at his leg.

REGGIE (CONT'D)  
Did I shoot myself? I can't even tell.

It starts gushing blood.

REGGIE (CONT'D)  
Yeah, I did.

He screams in agony.

Darren, Dominick and the buff men go to help him.

Donte runs around trying to hit the men.

One of the buff men shoot at him. He misses.

Antoine and his crew ENTER the building.

Everyone looks on.

ANTOINE  
(screaming and pointing at  
Darren)  
That's the murderer!

All of Antoine's crew get out their guns and shoot at the men.

Darren, Dominick, and the two buff men drop dead on the floor.

The all blow the steam out of the guns.

ANTOINE (CONT'D)  
Run and tell that, homeboy!

Antoine and his crew EXIT.

Donte goes over to Kevin and unties him. He gets up.

They untie everyone else.

Millersburg stands up.

KEVIN  
(to Mr. Millersburg)  
Did you really do that?

MR. MILLERSBURG  
No, she's a fucking liar.

Kevin winds up and punches Millersburg in the face. He drops to the ground.

The LAPD arrive and come into the building with their guns drawn.

COP #1  
Put your hands up!

Every one puts their hands up.

INT. BACK OF SHED

Christine hears someone yell. She gets mad and gets her gun out.

CHRISTINE  
What the fuck?

She storms out.

INT. SHED

The LAPD walk over to everyone. A door slams open.

CU on Christine.

CHRISTINE  
What's wrong with you fuckers?

Her face is overcome with astonishment.

EXT. SHED PARKING LOT

Police cars are flashing and Christine is being dragged by police to the car.

Ambulances are being filled with the bodies of the men.

KEVIN  
(to Randy)  
So how the fuck did you get here?

RANDY  
Let me give you some advice. Don't  
hitch hike.

Kevin and Brad laugh.

Millersburg is being dragged by police. He is struggling with them.

MR. MILLERSBURG  
Kevin, Brad, Randy, you're fired.  
You're done.

They all wave.

KEVIN  
(to the cop)  
What's he going in for?

COP #2  
He's been wanted here for a long,  
long time. We gave up a while ago  
because no one could give an  
accurate description of him. But  
now we got his name. He'll be in  
jail for the rest of his life.

KEVIN  
Oh shit! Look who hired us.

They all chuckle.

Kevin is hit with an idea.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Wait a sec.

He runs into the shed.

INT. SHED

Kevin searches around.

He goes into the back of the shed.

INT. BACK OF SHED

Kevin looks around.

He opens a closet. The safe is in there.

He smiles.

He picks up the safe and runs out.

EXT. SHED PARKING LOT

Kevin runs over to Brad and Randy with the safe in hand.

KEVIN  
Millionaire anyone?

Kevin looks over to Donte.

KEVIN (CONT'D)  
Thanks for saving us. You really  
are a great..

DONTE  
Kevin, Kevin. I'm happy for you,  
but please, don't tell me nothing.

Kevin smiles.

He puts the safe in his car.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. POOL/ LAS VEGAS, NV - DAY

Brad and Randy are sipping on mixed drinks and sitting at a  
pool.

BRAD  
Let's call Kevin and telling him  
how much two weeks paid vacation  
means to us.

RANDY  
Good idea. He's a much better boss  
than Millersburg.

Brad gets out his cell phone.

RANDY (CONT'D)  
I thought you didn't have a phone.

BRAD  
I'm a millionaire.

He dials his phone.

KEVIN (O.S.)  
Hello.

BRAD  
Kev, what's up? You're the man.

EXT. POOL/ LOS ANGELES, CA - DAY

Kevin is sitting at the pool with Jennifer tanning next to  
him.

KEVIN

Ha, ha. Thanks, but you're the man.

BRAD (O.S.)

Hey, you're that famous bank guy  
right?

KEVIN

Ha, ha. I guess I am.

EXT. POOL/ LAS VEGAS, NV

BRAD

Thanks for the paid vacation. We  
love ya'. Have fun on the  
honeymoon.

EXT. POOL/ LOS ANGELES, CA

KEVIN

Thanks, man.

JENNIFER

I'm going in the pool. You coming?

She takes off her ring and puts it in the bag.

KEVIN

Got to go. Talk to you later.

Kevin hangs up. Jennifer pulls him into the pool.

INT. JAIL CELL/ NEW YORK CITY

Mr. Millersburg sits on a bench next to LIL DRAYNE, 28,  
tattoos all over his body, dreadlocks. Mr. Millersburg looks  
at him.

MIKE LICK, cornrows, holding a dog on a leash passes by the  
cell.

Mr. Millersburg looks to his left. MINDY LONEHAND, 25, is  
sitting in the cell next to his.

She raises her fist and sticks out her middle finger. Her  
fingernail has "FU" written on it.

He sets himself in the cell and looks at the ground and  
shrugs.

EXT. POOL/ LOS ANGELES, CA

A PROFESSIONAL LOOKING MAN, 30, black suit, looks into the pool to see Kevin and Jennifer playing in the water.

He looks into the bag and takes the ring out and stuffs it into his pocket.

FADE TO BLACK.