

HANDICAP UNDERCOVER

Written by

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A dark, small and dirty bar. Only a handful of regulars dotted around.

The jukebox is broken. And the pool table is marked with cigarette burns.

Two young hipsters run the bar. Early twenties. Tattoos and piercings. Boyfriend and girlfriend.

Loud over the top laughter echoes around the bar, in the far corner a group of five men all sit and drink bottles of beer. A huge collection of empties is gathered in the middle of the table.

Their laughter seems to get even louder.

HUNTER, 40, tall and strong stands up, pulls back his sleeve to show off his impressive, high tech prosthetic arm.

HUNTER

I got this in Iraq. Four years I spent in that hell hole. The worst place on earth in my opinion. Take a man from anywhere else. Place him in Bagdad and he might not even believe that he was still on planet earth. No resemblance to any normal home. Impossible for human life to live, to survive. But there we were in our thousands. Trying to prove just that. Life could exist there. In fact it could thrive. As I was led to believe that it once had. Ancient civilizations had been and gone. This was a good place. The earth rich and easily farmed. Bagdad could become a future world star. A beacon. But if you ask me I would have simply nuked the place. Wiped any knowledge of it from the history books. Deleted its existence from any map. But there I was. A brave soldier. Following orders right down to the letter. Hunt and kill operations. But of course they were being called hunt and capture to the media. But no one was ever captured. And it can be of no surprise. We went in there with guns and explosives. Tell me gentleman.

(MORE)

HUNTER (CONT'D)

How do you capture a man peacefully
when all you have are tools
designed to kill him?

The table is silent. He waits a moment before continuing with his story.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

Anyway, on entering a building where we knew seven Islamic state scum were hiding. I chose to go in first. The door handle was booby trapped. Blew my hand clean off. It didn't even hurt at first. A few seconds I just looked down at where my hand used to be. Then the pain set in. The worst thing I had ever felt. But the memory, the clear memory I have. Is the smell of my burning flesh. Even today, it's in my nostrils. And at the back of my tongue. I can taste it. Even now. And as I stood there on that day. One hand missing, those bastards then came rushing out thinking that this was their big chance to finish me off.

(makes shooting action
with his other hand)

But I only needed one hand, finger on the trigger and I blew them all to hell. Headshot, headshot, headshot. And I kept on shooting until there was nothing left of their faces.

He gets a round of applause. He sits back down.

TOM, 59, short and fat is next to stand. One of his arms is prosthetic. But he's still able to lift and drink from his bottle.

TOM

I worked twenty five years as a mechanic. One day fixing up a car. The jack broke. Sent the whole thing crashing down. Destroyed my arm from the elbows up.

He sits back down. Gets only a slight round of applause, polite.

STEVE

Wait? That's it? You've lost both hands and that's your story. I'm sorry, I really don't mean to be rude. But you could do a little better than that surely?

TOM

Better?

STEVE

You know. Stretch it out. Be a little more creative. I'm sure it's the first thing people want to know about you. Hell, it's the first thing I wanted to know about you.

TOM

And?

STEVE

Jesus, I mean both your arms. That's fucking messed up. Are you happy with your little story there. The way you told it? Built it up and got to the punchline?

TOM

Yes.

STEVE

No details? No trip to the hospital. No, when I woke up this is what I thought. This is what the doctor told me. I got a million pay out. My girlfriend left me. I had to teach myself how to jerk off with my other hand.

Everyone laughs.

TOM

No.

STEVE

Well alright. Who wants to go next?

BARNES, 40, bald and huge arms is the next to stand, wearing a black eyepatch he removes this to show off a very nasty looking scar. His whole eye socket is missing.

BARNES

My first year working as a doorman. I got this.

(MORE)

BARNES (CONT'D)
(points to where his eye
should be)

Bang.

The others wait for him to continue, there surely must be more to the story than just 'bang.'

STEVE
Don't tell me that's all you've got as a story? I'm surrounded by terrible storytellers. There's got to be more. There has to be. Think. Details. No matter how small you think. I need more than just bang.

BARNES
Well what do you want to know?

STEVE
How you lost your fucking eye you moron.

BARNES
Oh. Well I told you. I was working as a doorman and bang.

STEVE
What the hell did you stand up for? Were your legs hurting or something? I mean the idea was, stand up if you've got something to say. A story to tell. But you went ahead and stood up anyway. And for no reason.

The others laugh.

BARNES
Alright. OK. I'll tell you everything.

STEVE
Yeah, that's the idea.

BARNES
Well, I wouldn't let this one punk kid into the club. Had to be twenty one. And he wasn't twenty one. Maybe. Eighteen. Or nineteen. But no way was he twenty.

STEVE

Jesus, who gives a shit. Unless you've got a picture of this kid none of this matters.

TOM

(to Steve)

Shut up.

Steve turns to Tom

STEVE

I'm trying to help him.

Tom puts a finger on his lips.

TOM

Be quiet.

STEVE

How the hell did he lose his eye. I thought we were showing off our good stories?

HUNTER

So far my story is winning. Fair to say I think. And it's not a story that I've told a lot.

STEVE

Well that's very true. But it's only because you haven't got to mine yet.

Hunter reaches out to Barnes and places a comforting hand against him.

HUNTER

Go on. How did you lose your eye. In your own words. But speak up, don't let anyone interrupt you. Confidence, that's all you need. Any lunatic can tell a story. And even the most boring housewife has one to tell. So you go ahead and you tell yours. Go on now.

BARNES

Well the punk kid I refused to let in. He wasn't any ordinary punk. He went to his car and pulled out a gun.

STEVE

So you got shot in the fucking head. Next time, when you're telling this story. Start with that detail. Getting shot in the fucking head grabs peoples attention. It's a really good fucking opening to any story.

TOM

(to Steve)

Shut up.

BARNES

He pointed the gun at me. I didn't think it was real. He said. Look into the barrel if you're so sure it's fake. And I did. It wasn't fake.

STEVE

Jesus. How the hell are you even still alive?

BARNES

Shot my eye out.

STEVE

Is the bullet still in there?

BARNES

No.

STEVE

Did the doctors even dig around and try and look for it?

BARNES

It went straight through. I didn't bother asking for it.

STEVE

I'd want it. Near death like that. I'd want the bullet.

BARNES

Sorry.

Hunter gestures for Barnes to sit back down.

HUNTER

It's good. Excellent stuff.

STEVE

(to Tom)

How about you, is getting shot in
the face better than yours?

Tom nods, has to admit.

TOM

Better.

Barnes now finally sees Hunter gesturing him to sit back
down.

He gets a much louder round of applause and even a few over
the top cheers and hollas. He's currently in the lead based
on the reaction.

Barnes leans back into his chair and smiles proud to himself.

Then all eyes shift to ADAM, 21, skinny and wearing glasses.
It's his turn to stand, which he does though reluctantly. He
takes a couple of steps back and shows off that he only has
one leg.

ADAM

(jittery)

Motorbike accident. Not my fault.
Car. Pulled out. Hit me. I woke up
and bang. No leg.

STEVE, 40, long hair and nose rings shakes his head.

STEVE

Jesus. Is that it?

ADAM

What...what more do you want?

STEVE

None of you guys can tell a story.

Adam sits back down.

ADAM

Well you asked. That's it. I don't
remember. That's the truth.

STEVE

Well make something up.

ADAM

I'm not very good at doing
that...lying I mean. I'm shit at
lying.

Adam only gets a smattering of applause, mainly from Hunter.
Hunter holds out a hand to Steve.

HUNTER
Alright then. Why don't you show us
how it's done.

STEVE
Me?

HUNTER
Who else? You've put yourself into
a corner now. We're all expecting
something good.

TOM
Yeah.

BARNES
Big mouth.

ADAM
Just make sure... just make sure
it's true.

Steve finally gets his turn to be center of attention, and
he's had to wait long enough for it.

He stands up then climbs up on top of his chair, towering
above.

Hunter laughs, the others jeer and gesture rudely into
Steve's direction.

Both of Steve's hands are prosthetic, black metal, they grip
and hold perfectly well which he happily demonstrates to all
those watching.

STEVE
If I could have your attention
please, all eyes on me.

BARNES
You've got them. Come on already.

STEVE
Silence please.

BARNES
Oh yeah, great advice coming from
you.

STEVE

Not just one thing missing like the rest of you, I've got two things missing.

ADAM

Missing brains is one...so...so
What's the other?

The others burst out laughing.

Steve scowls gesturing rudely with both his fake hands right at Adam

STEVE

No pussy story from me.

ADAM

OK.

STEVE

I remember. I was awake, and I stayed awake.

HUNTER

Go on. Tell us. Enough of this endless build up. The suspense is killing me.

STEVE

I used to do a lot of coke back in the day. And I mean mountains of the stuff. I used to live for getting high. It's all I thought about and it's all I did. Day and night. I got into debts bad. I owed this one drug dealing scum fuck a whole lot of money. He said the next time he saw me he'd make me pay.

TOM

So?

BARNES

He cut your hands off?

STEVE

No. He said the next time he saw me he'd make me pay.

ADAM

You...you've already said that.

STEVE

(speaking louder)

So I thought I'd just stay in the house. If he doesn't see me he can't hurt me. I spent the whole day watching films and eating bag after bag of junk food. Anyway this guy got tired of waiting. Kicked my door in and sent in two of the meanest dogs I've ever laid my eyes on. I mean like these things were straight out of hell. And they go for me. Now I've been eating nothing but junk food all day so my fingers and palms are caked in food. Like, I've not washed my hands all day.

TOM

So?

STEVE

So it must have done something to these dogs because they both went for my hands. Bit down and ripped my hands apart. Now I'm high as a kite, I lay there screaming and watch as these two junk yard devil dogs chew my fucking hands off. And the drug dealer, he left. So freaked out he ran out of my place screaming like a little girl. And I just had to wait until the dogs were done. And then it was my turn to run out of the house screaming. Only now. I'm missing two hands.

BARNES

Bullshit. I get high too, but there's no way you can sit through that. You'd bleed out. Ten seconds. Dead.

STEVE

Ten seconds?

BARNES

Yeah, you can count to ten can't you?

STEVE

Yeah, I can. Are you sure about yourself?

BARNES

You get a bad cut you've got ten seconds to stop the bleeding.

STEVE

What?

BARNES

I'm serious.

STEVE

(laughing at Barnes)

Like when you drop food on the floor and you've got two seconds to pick it up before the germs get to it.

BARNES

You drop food on the floor. Five seconds. You cut yourself bad, you better stop the bleeding within ten seconds or your done.

STEVE

You're not a medical professional are you?

BARNES

Your story is bullshit.

STEVE

Well it's just as well that I don't care what you think.

BARNES

I've heard enough bullshit in my life to know that's bullshit.

Steve jumps down from his chair.

STEVE

It's true. Like why would I lie. It's a good story. It really happened. Do you think I'd really be sitting with all of you here right now if I had my life in order. If I was some kind of solid citizen. Were all here. We've all gathered together because we're all more than a little fucked up. Am I right or am I wrong? I'm right.

ADAM

Then... Then.... why does it sound like such a lie?

STEVE

Because you're all a bunch of little pussies and you've never met a badass like me before.

ADAM

Yeah right.

STEVE

It's not my fault that I'm more interesting than you. That I've lived a more interesting life than you.

TOM

Lies.

Hunter shakes his head.

HUNTER

No. It's true. Might not sound it, and I must admit I was skeptical at first.

When he speaks, the others all stop and listen.

HUNTER (CONT'D)

But I've seen his hospital reports. He was such a junkie he just sat there. He could have pushed the dogs away but instead he just let them feed.

The others all laugh.

Hurt, Steve sits back down.

STEVE

I've still got the best story. And fuck anyone who doesn't think so.

Hunter shakes his head, points at Barnes.

HUNTER

No. He's got the best story. That motherfucker should be dead. He sits there a miracle in human form. A zombie.

STEVE

Yeah, the brain of a zombie.

HUNTER

No. No jokes. He's the winner. You might not like his story telling. But I am the judge. And I will judge fairly. He is our winner. No more debate on this will be heard.

Barnes beams with pride. The others all reach over and pat him on the back or shake him by the shoulders. Even Steve joins in.

A young pretty WAITRESS, 19, comes over and places down the bill for their food and drinks.

They all take notice of her, stunning.

Hunter puts down a fat wad of cash. Paying for it.

TOM

The food. It was nice.

STEVE

Jesus, what a review. They should put that on their website. Have you ever thought about becoming a writer?

Adam smiles at the waitress.

ADAM

Thanks... for everything.

STEVE

Smooth.

WAITRESS

That's OK.

STEVE

(grins at her)

Have you ever dated a cripple? You can be honest with us. Any kind of cripple. I'll even allow a guy with a missing toe to count as one.

WAITRESS

No.

STEVE

How about someone with disabilities like me.

(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

Is it too much of a put off? A young pretty thing like you, how easily sickened are you?

She smiles at him, playing along.

WAITRESS

Why, what's wrong with you?

BARNES

He talks too much.

Everyone laughs.

Hunter stands up and as soon as he does the others all leap to attention, standing.

Each with a black duffel bag on the floor, they pick there's up and hold them, ready to leave.

HUNTER

Give this hard working girl a nice tip and lets go. Don't be cheap. She's looked after us. And she's done it well. Please don't embarrass me or yourselves.

At those words each of the other men here open their duffel bags.

They're stuffed with cold hard cash. Must be hundreds of thousands in each bag. And they're each carrying one.

They throw down a stack of money onto the table.

The tip must be close to ten thousand. Easy that it could be more.

The waitress is stunned.

Hunter heads out first.

The others zip their bags back closed before moving out behind him.

She reaches down and grabs hold of the 'tip.' Her mouth open and watering.

WAITRESS

What the hell?

She then looks up after the men. But they're gone. Back to the money. She screams with delight.

2 EXT. LARGE MANOR HOUSE - DAY 2

Deep in the countryside, well off from the main road and hidden out of view with it's high walls and even taller trees that line the property like bars on an impressive cage.

Armed guards stand outside the main front entrance. We see two of them, shoulder strapped sub machine guns.

Both of them are smoking as they pace up and down, bored but fingers close to their triggers they're ready for action.

Hunter walks towards the house, none of the guards pay him much attention. In fact, they make a concerned effort to keep away from him.

3 INT. MR BIG'S HOUSE - OFFICE - DAY 3

Hunting trophy's are displayed on the walls. Thick rugs on the floor. A lot of wealth but not much class is on display.

MR BIG, 70, tanned and overweight enters the office first. He pours out two generous portions of whiskey from a crystal decanter.

Hunter comes in next. MR Big gestures to the second glass as he then makes his way around his desk and sits down.

Hunter grabs his glass of whiskey and has a sip.

He looks to MR Big who holds out his hand, gesturing to a tattered chair in the corner.

MR BIG
There. Sit down.

Hunter grabs it and drags it over. Wants to be sat right in front of MR Big. His desk in between them.

MR Big leans back in his own very comfortable looking leather reclining chair. Much more comfortable looking than the one he's given to Hunter.

HUNTER
Good to see you.

MR BIG
Is it?

HUNTER
Of course. We should get together more. There's very few people who's company I enjoy.

MR BIG

And I suppose I'm one of them?

HUNTER

Right you are.

MR BIG

Yeah, yeah. I've missed you too. I didn't ask you hear to kiss my ass. We can blow each other in celebration if this job is pulled off nicely.

Hunter smirks, finds everything MR Big says and does amusing.

HUNTER

Details MR Big. That's all I'm interested in.

MR BIG

You'll get the details.

HUNTER

The more the better. The more I know the more interested I am.

MR BIG

Well what I'm interested in is you. War hero. Blah blah blah. Navy seal. Kiss my ass. I could have been a navy seal. I could have been the greatest general this country has ever seen. But I had no time to join because I'm a brilliant businessman. And now I've got over a thousand workers and these lazy bastards all want a wage. And there just so happens to be a job. Diamonds. Gold. All there for the taking.

HUNTER

Excellent.

MR BIG

But there's a lot of other people that know about it too. So we've got to move fast. Or we'll just be left pissing in the wind. Have you ever pissed in the wind?

HUNTER

No.

MR BIG

Well don't.

HUNTER

Let's hear it then. The job. Get to the point.

MR BIG

No. God damn it. I'm talking. And you're listening.

Hunter holds out a hand, gestures for MR Big to go on right ahead.

HUNTER

I'm here. I'm listening.

MR BIG

Then shut up. I like you Hunter. Like I said a fucking war hero. A regular Rambo. But this is the kind of job you can't do on your own.

HUNTER

I've got my people.

MR BIG

I know.

HUNTER

Men I work with. Reliable. Controllable. I say and they do. Just the way I like it.

MR Big holds out a hand to him.

MR BIG

Yeah. Five of you. This job. Seven. Eight. Nine men needed. A lot of exits in this place.

HUNTER

That's for me to decide.

MR BIG

Well don't take too long. And don't get lazy. You've had a few good hits but this is a level up.

HUNTER

I'll decide that. I've not even agreed to this job yet. Don't get ahead of yourself.

MR BIG

Yeah, alright. My score is going to make your dick hard. Are you ready? I'm expecting that there will be around ten million worth in gold and six million in diamonds. And I want it all. But it's not going to be easy. I've got hundreds of guys watering at the mouth with their dicks already out and in their hands waiting for me to give them permission to hit it. A big fat goose just waiting to get fucked. But you want to know why I'm giving it to you? You want to know why I want you to be the guy who fucks this goose?

Hunter smiles, he could happily listen to MR Big talk all day.

HUNTER

No, but you're going to tell me.

MR BIG

Because you're a true professional. A one of a kind. Special. I just can't figure one thing out.

HUNTER

What's that?

MR BIG

What? You don't already know? I thought you were smart?

HUNTER

No.

MR BIG

Why do you do it. You've got no vice that I can see. No girls. No booze. No fancy cars. No toys. Nothing. All my other guys, they do it for the money. The rush. And mostly because they're too fucking stupid, arrogant and violent to get any kind of normal job in common decent society. But you could. Hell, if you were running for office I'd fucking vote for you.

Hunter gestures to his missing arm.

HUNTER

There's plenty of people who would think you're crazy for working with someone like me. With a missing arm. A cripple.

MR BIG

To hell with them.

HUNTER

What are those other people going to say or even do? Those people who want this job. Their mouths watering as you put it. When they find out it's me you gave it to.

MR BIG

Fuck them. Now stop being a fucking jerk and tell me. Why the hell is a decorated navy seal now robbing banks?

Hunter grits his teeth, suddenly turning angry.

HUNTER

I'll tell you why. I gave everything to the army. Almost my life too. But after I lost my arm. They said I was useless. Kicked me out. Turned their back on me. Sent me home. And when I go home, it was the same. There was nothing I could do. Just sit at home and grow old. Stay out of the way. Useless. A burden on society. Just cash the cheque the government sent me and be happy. Sit. Get fat. Because there's nothing I can do now. A one armed freak. Half a man. So I sat. And I watched. And I listened. Burdened, that's the word. That's what I was going to be until I dropped dead. A burden. From defending this country. A hero. Now I'm just a burden. I see it in everyone's eyes. I can hear their thoughts. I'll show everyone what I am. And what I can do. And I don't need a soldiers uniform and two arms to do it.

MR Big nods along, as though now understanding.

MR BIG

A man with pride. Good. You've got the job. It's a big one. But I want you to be the one who fucks that goose.

HUNTER

You have that much faith.

MR BIG

In you, yes. In anything else, including my own fucking wife. No.

Hunter finishes off his drink. Stands up and offers out his hand to MR Big. They shake. The deal is done.

HUNTER

I accept.

MR Big smiles from ear to ear.

4

INT. MARTIN'S GROUND FLOOR APARTMENT - DAY

4

MARTIN, 33, handsome with a neat beard sits in a wheelchair reading through a sci-fi magazine. He's got piles of books laying around.

Along with spare wheels for his wheelchair. Tools of all kinds and a dirty oil stained rag. Obviously been busy working on his chair.

His legs are missing from the knees down. A bad injury.

There's a knock at the door. Martin wheels himself over to answer.

BILL, 50, losing his hair but clinging onto what's left. In his police officers uniform stands on the other side.

BILL

Does your phone not work anymore or something. Are emails not a thing. Maybe I should have invested in some skywriting.

MARTIN

And a simple knock on the door worked great. I don't bite Bill.

BILL

Well I hope not.

MARTIN
Come here and you'll see for
yourself.

They shake hands and embrace. Both smiling and laughing.

BILL
I've missed you. Like seriously. A
lot of people have missed you.

MARTIN
I'm deformed.

BILL
You're not. People only care about
the face. And you're just as pretty
as you've always been.

MARTIN
Look at my legs.

BILL
You can still get around.

MARTIN
I've got fakes.

BILL
Fakes? Is that their technical
term?

MARTIN
Prosthetic legs. I can walk. I can
even run. But I don't like them.
They're not real. I like real. I'm
never going to walk again because
some punk wouldn't stop his car.

BILL
I know the story. And I'm sorry.

That might be so, but Martin is going to tell it to him again
anyway.

MARTIN
Just a regular traffic control job.
That's what I was doing. Holding up
a stop sign. That's it. Then this
jack ass who's got only a few drug
convictions runs me over. Hits me
full speed. I'm sent flying up into
the air. And kept driving. I loose
both my legs and I don't know what
the hell happened to him.

BILL

He won't get away with it.

MARTIN

I hope you're right. But it already feels like he has. I'm sat here and I can only imagine he's walking around free. How is that fair?

BILL

It's not.

MARTIN

And I can't stop thinking about it. About how everything is just not fair.

BILL

He'll get found. People are assholes.

MARTIN

Yeah.

BILL

He'll mess up. He'll get picked up. Dumb bastards like him can't stay off the radar forever.

Martin lets out a long deep breath. He's getting emotional and he doesn't want to. Tries to change the direction of the conversation.

MARTIN

Why are you here?

BILL

I was in the area and thought I could get a cup of coffee. Or maybe a glass of water. Or maybe I just wanted to get away from my wife and your house was the closest? Do any of those reasons work for you?

MARTIN

Come in. My bad. You want something nice.

BILL

I'm driving. So something strong. I hate driving. And apparently I'm not important enough to have my own personal driver.

MARTIN

Poor you.

BILL

I know. But if I did have a driver I would have to have it written into his contract that he's not to talk.

MARTIN

He'll think your a psychopath.

BILL

I don't care. I just want to be driven in silence. Why does that make me the bad guy?

MARTIN

I don't know, but it just does.

Martin wheels himself over to the kitchen area of the room. Pulls out a couple of beers.

Bill enters, closes the front door shut behind him.

Bill takes a seat in front of Martin and they both drink.

BILL

So what's the plan?

MARTIN

What do you mean?

BILL

Aren't you bored?

MARTIN

I'm disabled. Being bored is part of the life. Have you ever travelled with a wheelchair. Been on a plane. A train. A bus. A taxi. Anything. Go to the beach. A sporting event. It's a nightmare.

BILL

I see your point.

MARTIN

Why are you here?

BILL

First of all to see you.

MARTIN

Well you've seen me. So what else?

BILL

I want you back in.

MARTIN

Back in? Come on Bill don't make me guess. Just say. Please.

Bill takes off his badge and throws it to Martin who catches.

BILL

You can't tell me that doesn't feel good.

Martin throws the badge back to him. Drinks some more.

MARTIN

Yeah. But drinking feels just as good.

BILL

Don't say something like that. I'm already worried about you.

MARTIN

Don't say it even if it's true?

BILL

Do you want me to worry about you? Is that what this is?

MARTIN

Worried. Isn't this the first time you've visited.

BILL

I didn't just want to burst in. If you knew how to use a phone. If you weren't such a dinosaur with technology we would have spoken.

Martin holds a hand to his chest.

MARTIN

So its my fault?

BILL

Of course it is?

MARTIN

So maybe I should even be apologizing to you?

Bill smiling, slaps a hand against his knee.

BILL
I like this.

MARTIN
You do?

BILL
Yes. Finally, now you're seeing it
my way.

MARTIN
Well I don't like seeing it your
way.

BILL
Tough.

Martin lets out a long deep breath. He gestures that he wants to go back to something Bill said earlier on.

MARTIN
Back in how?

BILL
Be a cop again.

He gestures to his legs.

MARTIN
Hello. Not exactly what the force
is looking for.

BILL
That's where you're wrong. You're
just what they need. You couldn't
be more perfect for what they're
looking for.

MARTIN
If this is a joke I don't get it?

Bill holds out his hands.

BILL
No joke, I swear.

MARTIN
And I'm perfect?

BILL
Yes.

MARTIN
Wow, didn't think I'd be hearing
that about myself today.

BILL
Glad you opened your door?

MARTIN
It was already unlocked, it's
always unlocked.

BILL
I had a feeling you'd be the right
guy. But now I've never been more
sure of anything.

MARTIN
Alright. You've got my interest.

BILL
Now put on those fake legs and
let's hit the town.

MARTIN
Do a little show for you.

BILL
I'd like to see it.

MARTIN
Are you serious?

BILL
Yes. I wouldn't be here otherwise.
And I have missed you. Seriously.

MARTIN
Tell me more. I want to know
everything.

Bill leaps up onto his feet, wanting to celebrate.

BILL
Got any champagne?

MARTIN
Does this look like the kind of
place that would have champagne?

BILL
I want to celebrate.

MARTIN
Nothing's happened yet.

BILL

No, you're right. Well come on then. What are we still sitting here for?

Martin drums his hands against his thighs.

MARTIN

Look at me. Sitting is usually the only choice I have. That or lying down.

Bill moves behind the wheelchair. Takes a hold of its handles and wheels Martin against his will towards the front door. Both laughing.

5 EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

5

Bill pushes Martin around the long winding footpath that laps the huge beautiful park.

Joggers, dog walkers and family's fill the pristine green space.

Martin puts his hands behind his head and relaxes. Enjoying being pushed around. A smile.

MARTIN

I could get used to this.

BILL

You're heavy. Do these wheels need greasing or something?

Martin laughs.

MARTIN

You're still missing out the details. I'm outside with you so I'm interested. But I don't want no desk job. Nothing lame. Even if everyone else thinks I'm lame. I'm not.

BILL

This isn't for anyone lame.

MARTIN

No.

BILL

Forget about it. A lame person wouldn't be able to handle it.

MARTIN

So that means I'm not lame then?

BILL

No. Need someone ice cold. Need someone real cool.

MARTIN

And you thought of me?

BILL

Well, I thought of about fifteen other people before you but they all said no.

Martin reaches back and playfully hits Bill on the arm.

MARTIN

Funny aren't you.

Bill brings him over to a park bench. Positions Martin beside it and sits down.

BILL

There's been several banks hit. Alongside art galleries. Jewelry stores and plenty of gas stations. All professional jobs. And unfortunately these heists always end up with more than one person killed.

MARTIN

You're kidding me.

BILL

If you didn't live your life like a hermit you would have heard about it.

MARTIN

So what do you want me to do about it. Or do you think they're going to try and rob me next?

BILL

Rob you?

MARTIN

Why not?

BILL

Oh, you've got a lot of money
squirrelled away in that shitty one
bedroom apartment.

MARTIN

Hey. Nothing shitty about my place.

BILL

The dirty underpants on the floor.
And unwashed dishes in the sink all
part of its wealth then?

MARTIN

My two prosthetic legs cost about
twenty thousand each. You're not
telling me a bunch of crooks
wouldn't want that kind of money.

BILL

You're not a target. We want you to
join them. Go in on their next job
as one of them.

MARTIN

You've got to be kidding me.

BILL

There's not enough evidence to
arrest anyone for anything. We've
got one name. But nothing to get a
conviction. Annoying right.

MARTIN

You said they were all professional
hits. But you've got one name. Who
is it. I can't join if I don't know
who I'm joining.

BILL

Hunter Whitehouse. Forma navy seal.
Best of the best.

MARTIN

Cool.

BILL

The real deal.

MARTIN

You almost sound like a fan.

BILL

Well I wouldn't try asking for his autograph.

MARTIN

Why not?

BILL

He's a cold blooded killer I'm afraid.

MARTIN

And you think I've got something in common with him? I'm going to get him to like me.

BILL

I know you've got something in common with him. And everyone likes you. When you want them to. I mean I like you. And I don't even like my own kids. That's how charming you are. It works even on me.

MARTIN

I've never done undercover work. I'm sorry. I wouldn't know what to do. I wouldn't know how to act. I can't do this for you.

BILL

This guy isn't going to stop. And more people are going to get killed.

MARTIN

Including me?

BILL

I hope not.

MARTIN

There's guys who do undercover work. Why not speak to them. I was just a traffic cop.

BILL

Still a cop.

MARTIN

Get real. I'm a bad pick and you know it. If this were fantasy football I'd be the last player you'd be thinking about.

BILL

Those undercover guys are no good to me. Believe me if they were I wouldn't be here. I need you. I don't want to see anyone else die.

MARTIN

I was just a traffic cop. What you're talking about is so beyond what I know it's crazy.

BILL

You're still a cop aren't you. You still know right from wrong. You still want to put the bad guys away right. Well, am I right or not.

MARTIN

Who the hell is this guy that I'm so perfect for.

BILL

He lost an arm in combat. But still wanted to be a front line soldier. The army gave him a desk job. He didn't like it. Sucks. Poor him. He caused a lot of problems. Was a real horses ass. So the army kicked him out. Then his face and name started appearing around this mini crime wave. Over fifty million stolen in two months.

MARTIN

Well, that is impressive.

BILL

But we've got nothing on him. He's good. But he's behind it all. And his crew is growing. Myself and others believe that he's looking to hire more.

MARTIN

And that's where I come in?

BILL

You catch on quick. Well not as quick because you've still not said yes.

MARTIN

Because every part of me is saying I shouldn't.

BILL
You can do this.

MARTIN
My gut is telling me I can't.

BILL
You shouldn't listen to your gut
anyway. You probably had something
bad for lunch. Some out of date
fish.

MARTIN
Don't think so.

Bill lets out a long deep breath. Holds his hands together in
prayer. He pleads with Martin.

BILL
Why do you feel so bad?

MARTIN
Because you've still not told me
why I'm so perfect for this.

BILL
This navy seal.

MARTIN
The best of the best.

BILL
Right. He only hires men. And men
with physical handicaps.

MARTIN
So that's why I'm so perfect.

BILL
Right.

MARTIN
Shit. And that's it?

BILL
It's going to be what's going to
get you in.

MARTIN
And not having legs usually keeps
me out of places I want to go.

BILL
Well it's going to get you noticed.

MARTIN

It normally gets me noticed.

Bill rolls his eyes, doesn't like giving out compliments. But in this instance, he's going to have to do it.

BILL

You're also smart and capable. I know you can do this.

MARTIN

The first time I met you was in the hospital after my operation to have my legs removed.

BILL

Yeah.

MARTIN

This is only like the fifth or sixth time we've spoken.

BILL

So.

MARTIN

You don't know shit about me.

BILL

I still need you. You're a cop. No one forced you to put on that uniform. There was a reason.

MARTIN

I wanted to make a difference. But then I lost my legs.

BILL

Well, because of that accident you're the only guy we've got. So what do you say?

MARTIN

Can't do this in a wheelchair.

BILL

It would make it close to impossible.

MARTIN

So what have you heard?

BILL
That you don't need it all the
time. I hope that's true.

Martin smiles and nods.

MARTIN
So, don't you want to see me in
action first?

BILL
That would be nice.

6 INT. MARTIN'S GROUND FLOOR APARTMENT - DAY

6

Back in Martin's front room, Bill stands leaning against the closed front door, his arms crossed.

Martin enters wearing his two impressive looking prosthetic legs. He walks around. Steady and confident. Shows Bill that he can walk just fine.

MARTIN
This is such a mistake.

BILL
No, you're going to do great.

MARTIN
Or end up dead.

BILL
Don't even think like that. You've
got this. I've never been so sure
of anything else before in my life.
You're going to get this son of a
bitch.

7 INT. BAR - DAY

7

A dark dirty bar. Only a handful of customers and most of these are gathered around the pool table. All middle aged men.

Hunter is here. Drinking straight out from a large bottle of scotch whiskey. Hidden away in a far corner of the bar. Going over detailed maps of the jewelry store. Blueprints and road maps.

Ignored by the other men here.

They argue loudly amongst each other about the game they're playing.

Martin dressed in tattered old civilian clothes walks in on his prosthetic legs.

He's instantly noticed by the pool players. Wearing shorts, his legs are the first things they see.

POOL PLAYER 1
Hey look it's Robocop.

They others start laughing.

Martin joins in, laughing with them.

MARTIN
Hey look someone taught a chimpanzee to play pool. What happens huh? You hit the ball and you get a bowl of nuts.

Martin attempts to make it across to the bar. Raises up his hand as though he's about to place an order.

But another of the pool players stretches out his pool cue and stops Martin from getting to the bar.

POOL PLAYER 2
Hey freak. This is our bar. You don't speak to us like that.

MARTIN
I'd rather not speak to any of you at all. I feel myself losing brain cells with every word you utter to me.

POOL PLAYER 3
Do you have any idea who you're talking to?

MARTIN
Are you guys famous. Did you all escape from the zoo and I've just not heard about it yet?

POOL PLAYER 3
What?

MARTIN
Which of you is the alfa and who's the bitch? Or are you going to let me guess?

Hunter watching and listening on smiles and even chuckles quietly to himself.

POOL PLAYER 1
You metal legged freak. Half a
robot son of a bitch.

Martin laughs.

MARTIN
Good one.

POOL PLAYER 2
This isn't a place for freaks.

MARTIN
I agree. So I think its best if you
all find somewhere else to drink.

POOL PLAYER 3
Listen. Gimp. I've never fucked up
a cripple before but if you don't
turn around and walk out of here
right now I'm going to fuck you up.

POOL PLAYER 1
Bad choice you coming in here.

MARTIN
So what's your next threat going to
be. Are you going to break my legs.
Sorry someone else already beat you
to it.

POOL PLAYER 3
How about I bust your fucking head
open?

MARTIN
Or, how about you just play with
your friends dicks and leave me
alone.

Again Hunter chuckles to himself.

POOL PLAYER 3
You're not going anywhere.

Pool player 3 swings his pool cue at Martin aiming for his head.

Martin manages to dodge out of the way.

He replies with a solid punch to pool player 3 connecting with his nose and breaking it.

With his back to them the other two pool players swing their cues at Martin. Both hitting him across his back.

Martin falls to the floor, groaning in pain.

All three pool players gather around him and ready themselves to continue the beat down.

Hunter stands up. Yells out across at them.

HUNTER

Three against one. A little unfair
don't you think?

They turn to face him. Instantly seeing that one of his arms is missing.

POOL PLAYER 3

Another fucking freak.

POOL PLAYER 1

What is this cripple season?

POOL PLAYER 2

Stay out of this.

HUNTER

Oh but I am very much involved in
this now.

Hunter pulls out a gun and takes aim.

POOL PLAYER 3

What the fuck. Relax man. Fuck me.
Don't shoot.

The other pool players fall silent.

The bar man who had for this whole time kept himself busy cleaning glasses now drops down behind his bar for cover.

HUNTER

You will step away from that man or
I will kill each and every single
one of you. I'll deform your faces
so much that you'll only be
identified by your fingerprints.
You're own mothers will be sickened
to look at you.

POOL PLAYER 3

Shit.

HUNTER

What you have in your hands, drop
to the floor.

The pool players all throw down their cues.

POOL PLAYER 3

For fucks sake.

HUNTER

Cowards. Each of you. I've seen
this before. So don't tell me that
I'm wrong. You take so much
pleasure from creating fear. You
want people to be afraid of you.
Every day you create that.
Everyday. And now look at you.
Afraid yourselves. Afraid for your
lives. And you should be.

POOL PLAYER 3

Alright.

HUNTER

Help him up. And do it gently. Do
it now.

The three pool players all reach down and help Martin up onto
his 'feet'.

MARTIN

Thanks.

HUNTER

Now the three of you fuck off.

The pool players don't need to be told twice. They make a run
for it.

Martin smiles at Hunter.

MARTIN

Just to be clear. I had them right
where I wanted them.

HUNTER

I'm sure you did. Join me for a
drink.

MARTIN

A drink?

HUNTER

Yes. After all, isn't that why you came in here in the first place?

Martin gestures to his back, where he was hit.

MARTIN

I might just go home. I don't mean to be rude.

Hunter puts away his gun. Does his best friendly smile.

HUNTER

Please. I insist. You wouldn't want them waiting outside for you?

MARTIN

No.

HUNTER

Then drink with me.

MARTIN

Why?

HUNTER

I'd like to get to know you.

Martin comes on over and sits down.

MARTIN

Well I guess I do owe you.

HUNTER

Now let me guess. You're without employment. Seeking purpose. Alone in the world.

Martin drinks out of the bottle. Chokes a little as he laughs.

MARTIN

Well, you're right about a few of those.

HUNTER

I think you'll find that I'm right about a lot of things. And I'm always right about people.

MARTIN

I'm the opposite I think.

HUNTER

How so?

MARTIN

I always get people wrong. I've been cheated on twice. And have been stabbed in the back by people who I thought were my friends more times than that.

HUNTER

I'd like to tell you my story. To tell you about myself. About people like us. Tell you my vision. And if you're still interested I'll have a no pressure proposal for you.

MARTIN

Alright. Let me get comfortable.

Hunter encourages Martin to drink some more, which he dutifully does.

8

INT. MARTIN'S GROUND FLOOR APARTMENT - DAY

8

Martin is back in his wheel chair and watches as Bill makes them both a cup of coffee in the small kitchen area.

BILL

So you met him?

MARTIN

And he likes me.

BILL

Are you sure?

MARTIN

I'm likeable aren't I?

BILL

I guess most of the time.

MARTIN

He must like me. He smiled. Laughed at my jokes. And told me about his life.

BILL

Sounds like he might have a crush on you?

MARTIN

He told me all about himself. And man, he's one of the most intense people I've ever met. I mean he's really hard core.

BILL

And he's got the medals to prove it.

Finished, Bill brings the two cups of coffee over and sits down in front of Martin. Passes his drink over to him.

MARTIN

Thanks.

BILL

Are you in? Were you likeable enough to get invited to the party?

MARTIN

Yeah.

Bill beams. Reaches over and slaps Martin on the chest. Bill is so happy that he could dance.

BILL

I told you. Right man. Right time. Are you ready to be a hero. After all of this is over. You'll be able to right a best selling book all about it. Make sure you make me look good.

MARTIN

As long as it's an autobiography. Then that means I got out of this alive.

BILL

You'll be fine. He's picked you right?

MARTIN

Yeah.

BILL

He could have picked anyone else.

MARTIN

But he liked the look of me. I must of had a certain shine in my eyes?

BILL

Then you're one of his team now.
Just keep being you. What's the
job?

MARTIN

Diamond heist. And he's confident
he's going to pull it off.

BILL

Any details?

MARTIN

No. He'll tell me more on the day
of the job.

BILL

That's not exactly helpful.

MARTIN

Not my fault.

BILL

I know.

MARTIN

I'm not leaving anything out. If
there were something else I'd tell
you.

BILL

Of course.

MARTIN

There's a bunch of other guys all
working with him. But I've not met
them yet.

BILL

So how does it feel?

MARTIN

What?

BILL

To be one of us again?

MARTIN

Well the truth is I never thought
it would happen. I didn't think it
could happen. I gave up all hope.
Even when you turned up begging for
my help.

BILL
I don't remember begging. Dogs beg.
I asked firmly.

MARTIN
But it feels good.

BILL
To be back on the force?

MARTIN
It feels nice. I just had to become
a criminal to get my job back.
Funny.

BILL
Strange process. But you're going
to be great.

MARTIN
Then why do I feel like shit?

BILL
Just nerves. Excited ones.

MARTIN
Really.

BILL
Like being on a roller-coaster.

MARTIN
That could kill me?

BILL
All the best Roller-coasters are
the rusty ones that look like they
might fall apart.

MARTIN
I've been excited before. This
isn't excited.

BILL
Are you sure?

MARTIN
I know how I feel.

BILL
But things are different now.

MARTIN
That's a huge understatement.

BILL

Well, you're a hardened criminal now. Isn't it good that you feel like shit?

MARTIN

No.

BILL

Use it. You're playing a character now.

MARTIN

No. I'm playing myself. I'm just leaving out the fact that I work for the police.

BILL

Probably for the best.

MARTIN

Everything else is the truth.

BILL

Whatever works for you.

MARTIN

So are me and you done now? Won't see each other until the robbery.

BILL

Trying to get rid of me already?

MARTIN

Yeah, is it working?

Bill shakes his head.

BILL

Sorry.

MARTIN

You're kidding me?

BILL

No. We've still got a hell of a lot to go through. You're going to be sick of the sight of me soon.

MARTIN

I already am.

They both laugh.

9 INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

9

Gunfire all around. Several guns shooting all at once.

It's a warzone.

Martin is down on the ground of the smashed up and ripped up jewelry store.

Broken glass and dead bodies litter the floor. The Jewelry store has been turned upside down. Destroyed.

Martin looks up and sees several uniformed police officers firing their guns into the store.

He watches Hunter firing back. Shooting five police officers dead. Only needs one bullet for each.

He doesn't miss and he's as cold as ice.

Martin covers his hands over his head. Closing his eyes as he takes cover.

He doesn't know what else to do.

10 INT. BARN - DAY

10

An old farm barn. Falling apart, damaged badly by decades of wind and rain.

The roof has several large holes that allows shafts of light to pour in.

The heavy metal door to the barn is pulled open by Hunter. His face is drenched in sweat. And his chest spattered with specks of blood.

The rest follow in behind him. All, including Hunter have those bulging canvas bags slung over a shoulder.

They all look like they've been in a war. Sweat, dirt and blood. Some, a hell of a lot worse looking than others.

Martin and Barnes carry in Tom. He's dead. Arms, flopped down. Blood dripping off of him. He's been shot several times.

Steve carries in Adam.

Adam has his arms wrapped around Steve's neck. Holding on tight. Bleeding heavily from a stomach wound. He's struggling to breathe.

Hunter shuts and locks the heavy metal door behind them.

STEVE

Well that went well.

Martin and Barnes lay down Tom onto the floor close to the door.

ADAM

I need a fucking doctor. This isn't good. I'm fucking dying. Take me to a hospital. Please... please... begging. I'm begging you.

Barnes points down at the clearly dead Tom

BARNES

He needs a doctor too.

STEVE

He needs a doctor like you need a head X-ray. It's too late. No point. No good can come of it.

BARNES

Then what would you do. Fix him up ourselves.

STEVE

I can't talk to you.

MARTIN

We shouldn't have come here. We need to leave.

Hunter goes around to each man. Removes and collects each of their duffel bags as they talk.

He places them into the center of the barn. Unzips each bag and inspects the gold and diamonds that are collected in each of them.

HUNTER

No one is going anywhere.

ADAM

I can't stay like this.

HUNTER

You have no choice.

ADAM

I'm serious...this is...this is bad.

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)
I can't feel anything other than
the pain. I'm dying. I know I am.

Steve looks down at Adam and pulls a face.

STEVE
He doesn't look so good man.

Hunter still has his focus on the loot.

ADAM
Fuck. It hurts. Please.

Martin comes over.

MARTIN
He's not going to make it. I'm so
sorry. Adam, is there anyone you
want me to contact. To speak to.
Any family?

ADAM
Help me.

STEVE
Jesus he doesn't look good.

BARNES
Try and rest.

ADAM
Please.

MARTIN
Your share of the money who do you
want to get it to?

ADAM
Stop talking and get me a doctor.

STEVE
A doctor isn't going to do
anything. He needs like surgery.

ADAM
I've got to get out of here. I'm
not dying here...I can't go out
like...like this.

Martin is still trying to talk to Adam.

MARTIN
Have you got family?

ADAM

Everyone just shut up. My fucking stomach.

HUNTER

You want me to put you out of your misery?

MARTIN

Don't fucking say that. It's not funny.

Adam's breathing gets more labored and shallow. He's slipping away.

BARNES

That's right. Go to sleep.

Steve turns his back on him.

STEVE

This is so fucking heavy man. I can't watch this.

HUNTER

That could have easily of been you.

MARTIN

We have to do something.

Adam closes his eyes and his whole body flops down. Passed away. No longer breathing. He's dead.

BARNES

Let him sleep. He'll feel better for it.

Steve scowls.

STEVE

Sleep?

BARNES

It's what he needs.

STEVE

Jesus Christ. You can't be fucking serious right now. You've got to be fucking with me. Please tell me you're fucking with me.

BARNES

How is he suppose to rest with you shouting over the top of him like this?

STEVE

You really are fucking dumb.

BARNES

And you think you're funny but you're not.

Martin puts his face in his hands and begins to cry.

MARTIN

It didn't need to happen like this. Why the fuck did people start firing?

STEVE

That's what I'm fucking thinking. How the hell did this happen. Like. What the fuck. That was an insane gunfight.

Hunter zips the bags all closed. He stands and turns to face the three who are left.

HUNTER

It was a set up. A rat. I've got a rat working with me.

Martin lifts his head up. Points at Tom and Adam.

MARTIN

We've got two dead. We're being hunted. I didn't sign up for this.
(To Hunter)
Do you have any idea how many people you shot and killed?

HUNTER

I don't miss. It's a habit of mine. And one that I'm quite proud of.

MARTIN

No shit.

HUNTER

It was a set up. I was meant to die back there. I was supposed to die back there. Inside that store, but I didn't. I fought and I got out. We're safe here.

MARTIN

We have to leave and we can't leave them behind.

STEVE

I hate to say it. But I agree with him. We're playing hide and seek with the whole police force when I'd be way more comfortable playing catch me if you can.

BARNES

Well, don't ask me.

Hunter marches up to Martin. Points a finger into his face.

HUNTER

They stay. They're dead. No one is finding us here. And no one is leaving. Not until I find the rat. So get comfortable.

Steve raises his right hand.

STEVE

Well it's not me.

(Everyone turns to face him)

I'm just saying. I shot a fucking security guard in the back. That old bastard with the rifle that was bigger than he was. So I couldn't be the rat could I?

BARNES

Well I'm no fucking rat. Why the fuck would I want to be a rat. I'd rather be a dog. Or a lion. Or a tiger.

Steve pinches his nose as he shakes his head.

STEVE

I can't take this. I'm going to have some kind of break down. Does anyone have an aspirin? Or any kind of industrial strength pain killers?

BARNES

What?

STEVE

If you say anything else I'm going to slap you.

BARNES

I'd like to see you try. I'll break you in half.

STEVE

You wouldn't even see me coming you fucking pirate.

BARNES

You ain't got no hands. What kind of fighting can you do. Kick and bite. Sounds like the fighting moves of a bitch.

Steve and Barnes square up. Yelling and screaming at each other.

Each one pulling out a gun and pointing them at each other's heads.

It's getting seriously heated. Martin throws himself in between them.

MARTIN

Stop. We've already got two dead on the fucking floor. You really want to kill each other. For what?

Hunter pulls out his own gun and takes aim.

HUNTER

Enough. And I don't miss.

At hearing him Steve and Barnes instantly back down.

MARTIN

Good.

HUNTER

I don't wish to see anything like that again.

MARTIN

(to Hunter)

Do you see that. How well they listen to you. How you've got them trained?

Hunter nods.

HUNTER

Not without a lot of effort, I assure you.

BARNES

(to Steve)

Don't say nothing more.

Steve puts his gun away.

STEVE

Funny, I was about to say the same.

Barnes lowers his arm but keeps hold of his gun.

Hunter keeps his aim on the three of them. Finger on the trigger.

Martin looks over at him.

MARTIN

So now what?

HUNTER

I need to think.

Steve gestures to the bags.

STEVE

So how we splitting the bags up? I mean. We've got two guys who don't want their share anymore.

MARTIN

You son of a bitch. He just died in front of us and in your fucking arms.

STEVE

Well I'm sorry I really am. But I'm not the one who shot him am I. And that's a lot of gold and diamonds we've got piled up there.

MARTIN

And what if it was you?

STEVE

Well it's not.

MARTIN

What would you want us to do with your dead body? Huh?

Hunter scowls, shouting.

HUNTER

Forget about everything else right now. There's nothing else to consider but who the fucking rat is. Nothing else matters. And I mean nothing. Only the identity of the rat.

MARTIN

If there even is one.

STEVE

Oh yeah there's one. Too many guns. I've never seen a jewelry store have so many guards and all armed to the teeth.

BARNES

Cops outside.

HUNTER

All ready shooting before he finished loading the bags up. Never even announced that they were there. They knew we were coming.

MARTIN

Fuck.

STEVE

Didn't expect Hunter here to be such a crack shot.

BARNES

How do you shoot so good?

HUNTER

Navy seal sniper. I can hit a fly sitting on the end of your finger from a thousand yards and you wouldn't feel a thing.

MARTIN

I'll take your word for it.

HUNTER

Would you like a demonstration?

MARTIN

No.

HUNTER
Then how will you know?

MARTIN
I've already seen what you can do.

HUNTER
Wouldn't you like to be sure.

MARTIN
(a deep breath)
What I would like. What I would
really like, is to do something
about these bodies. Cover them up.
Show them some fucking respect.

Hunter walks over and taps Martin on the head with his gun.

HUNTER
Rat first.

Martin throws up his arms. Trying to show Hunter that he
doesn't have a clue.

MARTIN
I'm hungry. Anyone want to go out
for food.

Steve picks up one of the bags. Jiggles it at Barnes.

STEVE
How many burgers can I get with
these?

BARNES
I don't want burgers.

STEVE
Then what do you want?

Barnes shrugs.

BARNES
I don't know. I need to see a menu
first.

MARTIN
I could go for a slice of pizza
right about now. There's this
little Italian place on the corner
of where I live. One bite, you'd be
blown away.

STEVE

Great, why don't we all take it in turns ordering food we have no chance of getting. That should stop us from feeling hungry.

Hunter laughs.

11 INT. BARN - DAY

11

The two dead bodies on the floor now have dirty blankets covering them. But pools of blood seep out from under them.

On an upturned box Hunter sits.

Martin, Barnes and Steve sit on the ground. Resting up. They're all exhausted.

HUNTER

I went out and sought men like me. Who I thought were like me. I took my time. Wanted to make sure I got the right men. No rushing. No panicking. But I failed somewhere along the way. And I now need to know where.

BARNES

Well there's two people who you can't speak to. And if you don't know who I mean the ones with the blankets covering them.

STEVE

Yeah. I think he could guess that. I think we all could.

MARTIN

(To Hunter)

So what are we still doing here. Hunter, what's going on?

HUNTER

We're staying.

MARTIN

Why?

HUNTER

I need answers.

MARTIN

Answers to what?

HUNTER

Simple. Who lied to me. I hired injured, supposedly disabled men. Like me. Who society has deemed were no longer good enough. Like me. I brought you all together. And I did that because I had thought we were all of the same mind. I proved we were still men. But forget men. I now search for the rat.

Steve points at Martin.

STEVE

Well I don't know about the rest of you but I'd blame the new guy.

Martin throws out a mock punch and kick at Steve.

MARTIN

Fuck you. I almost died. I was the last to fire my gun. But I fired it.

BARNES

Yeah. The last. Suspicious.

MARTIN

You dumb motherfucker. The guy who shoots first before anyone else knows what happening is the suspicious one.

Barnes points at Steve, grinning excitedly.

BARNES

You started shooting first. You kept missing. Smashed a lot of windows.

STEVE

Whoa, no fucking way are you going to pin the rat on me.

MARTIN

You tried to fucking pin it on me.

STEVE

Well it's got to be one of us.

MARTIN

Then why not you?

STEVE

Because you're extremely suspect
and I'm not. That's why.

MARTIN

How can you even say that?

Hunter has a big smile, clearly enjoying watching them argue.
No intent of hiding his joy either.

STEVE

Because the last job before you was
easy.

BARNES

A little too easy. No cops. No news
about it. Nothing.

MARTIN

Like a fucking cover up.

Steve points at the two covered up dead bodies.

STEVE

Why aren't they under suspicion.
Just because they're dead? How is
that fair.

MARTIN

You started firing first.

BARNES

Yeah.

STEVE

Because I was paying attention. I
saw the fucking cops outside the
fucking window so I started firing.

MARTIN

Or were you warning them?

STEVE

Warning them how? By trying to kill
them. Some fucking warning that
would be.

MARTIN

Did you hit any of them?

STEVE

Of course I did. That's what I was
trying to do.

Barnes turns to Steve

BARNES
How many did you kill?

STEVE
I killed two.

BARNES
I killed one.

MARTIN
I'd never used a gun before. I just started shooting and hoped for the best. I didn't see who or what I hit. And I don't want to know.

HUNTER
I got six. All headshots.

MARTIN
Yeah. Great. Good for you. We all saw your executing prowess.

MARTIN (CONT'D)
Maybe one of those on the floor is the rat.

HUNTER
You better hope so. Because whoever the rat is I'm going to cut up their body and feed them to my dogs.

MARTIN
If we stay here the cops are going to find us. We need to move the bags. Christ if they've got dogs with them they'll smell those rotting corpses miles away.

STEVE
Cool, what a sweet caring way to put it.

MARTIN
I'm the only one that seems to be thinking. I mean come on, look around you. What's the plan here?

STEVE
I'm not the one with the plan, so don't ask me.

HUNTER

We're not leaving here until I say.
So stop asking. My decision that we
come here. It's my decision that
you are here. When things change
you'll be told. You don't tell me.

BARNES

So who's the rat? I'm confused.

STEVE

Well it doesn't take much does it.

BARNES

So you're not confused?

STEVE

Well yeah, I am.

MARTIN

I know I've got no idea what's
going on.

STEVE

Jesus. What a mess.

Hunter claps his hands loudly together and leaps up. He turns
his back on them, deep in thought.

12

INT. BARN - DAY

12

Hunter leads the others to another heavy metal door on the
other side of the barn.

He already knows what's on the other side. His mysterious
smile gives that away.

The other three follow on slowly behind. Each with their own
look of confusion. None of them have any idea where they're
heading.

HUNTER

Gentleman if you wouldn't mind
following me. I can show you what
was supposed to be our perfect
escape.

MARTIN

Supposed to be?

HUNTER

A lot has changed.

MARTIN

Well, I know I'm not supposed to mention it again. But are we finally making a move. Getting away from this place?

HUNTER

You'll see. Just follow my orders like a good soldier. Yes general. You salute me. Follow my commands. So simple even a child could understand.

STEVE

I don't like the sound of this.

BARNES

I haven't even been listening. I hope I've not missed anything important.

Hunter opens this second door, sliding it across to the right. Like the wheel of an old freight train. Rusty and screeching.

They enter the adjoining room. Hunter holds out his arms basking in his work.

Six women all sat down on the cold dirty floor. They have their wrists and ankles tied together and a strip of tape placed across their mouths.

The six are all different ages. Some young teenage girls others elderly women. The others see them and stop stunned.

MARTIN

What have you done?

BARNES

So who are these. I don't get it.

STEVE

They're women. You might have met one from time to time.

BARNES

Never tied up like this I haven't.

STEVE

Then you need to get yourself a kinky sex life my friend.

MARTIN

This is funny to you?

Steve swallows hard, uncomfortable. He turns to Hunter.

STEVE

Hunter. Like what the fuck is this.
Don't make me guess.

HUNTER

Part two. These women are our insurance policy. If the police know we're here. And because of the rat we have to assume they're right outside that door. These women are going to get us out of here.

MARTIN

How. Jesus. Look at how young some of these are. Children. Kidnapping children what the hell has that got to do with proving ourselves. You've lost it.

HUNTER

No, I have the power of foresight. I have the power to think ahead. When I found each of you, trapped in a swell of depression. Each and every single one of you.

STEVE

Well this isn't exactly cheering me up.

HUNTER

I gave you purpose. Gave you reason to live again.

STEVE

Yeah, but now this.

BARNES

Yeah, these are helpless women Hunter. What the fuck are we supposed to do with them?

HUNTER

Use them.

BARNES

How?

MARTIN

Great question.

Steve keeps his focus locked onto Hunter.

STEVE

If there are cops outside, and I'm beginning to think you must be right. How are these broads going to help? Like, throw them at the police and make a run for it.

HUNTER

They will be human shields. They will keep us alive.

The kidnapped women all sob uncontrollably, tears streaming down their faces.

MARTIN

How?

HUNTER

The cops or anyone else won't open fire if we're surrounded by sobbing women. We get to the car and dump them off one by one.

BARNES

And what if they don't want to go. That one looks like my ex wife. I couldn't get her to do anything.

STEVE

I'd love to hear what she has to say about you.

BARNES

Have you ever been married?

STEVE

No way, but then again I didn't lose my virginity until I was thirty.

Martin waves a hand out towards Hunter.

MARTIN

So what's your answer to what Barnes said? What if they don't want to go?

HUNTER

I would have thought that was obvious to even him.

MARTIN

Well it's not. Not even to me.

HUNTER

If they cause trouble we shoot them.

MARTIN

That easy?

HUNTER

Blood has already been spilled. And we are all stained by it. Too late to become squirmish now. We must push on. We must know what needs to be done, and do it.

MARTIN

You're talking about cold blooded murder.

HUNTER

And those men that tried to stop us? We left behind a whole pile of dead bodies. And for what. Money? Cold blooded right there.

BARNES

We were all firing our guns. I had my eyes closed for most of it. I might have hit anyone.

Steve gestures to Barnes, smiling at Hunter.

STEVE

I'm so glad you hired this one.

HUNTER

We take one each. Once we're in the clear we let them go. If they resist they die. If they comply they live. The choice is theirs.

MARTIN

This isn't what I wanted.

HUNTER

Too bad.

MARTIN

This has gone way too far the wrong way.

HUNTER

Do you always cry like a child when you don't get what you want?

MARTIN

No, but I feel like crying now.

HUNTER

And what is it that you wanted.
Huh. I found you remember. You
didn't find me. And I found you,
like the others. Beaten and trodden
on. Lost. Depressed. Half men.
Wishing death. Wishing an end. I
reached out to you. Promised you
your manhood back. Your value to be
returned. And with my hand out
stretched you grabbed on like a
child. Lost and confused. A child,
and me. Your adopted father. I tell
you to do something and you resist.
But only now do you fight with me.
Fight with me all the way.

STEVE

I'm not fighting.

BARNES

Me neither. I'll do anything. I
promise.

Hunter points at Martin.

HUNTER

Only you. Why?

MARTIN

Well I'm sorry I don't want to be a
murderer.

HUNTER

Are you the rat?

Martin is stricken with panic. He spits out towards Hunter's
feet.

MARTIN

Not this again.

HUNTER

Answer me.

MARTIN

Answer you? I can't even talk to
you. You're not in the army
anymore. We're not soldiers and
this isn't a war.

HUNTER
(repeats himself coolly)
Are you the rat?

MARTIN
Fuck You. No I'm not. You came to me. Just like you said. I don't know how to be a rat. I've got no legs. What the hell would the police want with me?

STEVE
We all had lives before our accidents.

MARTIN
I lost my legs when I was sixteen. Drag racing with my cousin.

Steve smiles to himself. Already pleased with his joke before he's said it out loud.

STEVE
What's that. Driving around whilst dressed in women's clothes.

No one else laughs.

MARTIN
My cousin died and I had both my legs amputated. The rest of the family blamed me. Even my own parents. I was in the fucking passenger seat. I was a teenager. I got fucked over and I got blamed.

STEVE
Look. We've all got our sad stories. If I told you mine you'd ball your fucking eyes out. So let's not go down that route.

BARNES
No one seems to care when I tell people my sad stories.

MARTIN
This is just getting worse and worse. I just want it to be over.

HUNTER
Too bad.

MARTIN

You can't be enjoying this?

HUNTER

Enjoyment doesn't enter my mind.
But it won't be over until I say.

13

INT. BARN - DAY

13

Hunter leads them back into the main room of the barn.

Steve and Barnes head straight over to the bags. Opening them up and take out the stolen gold and diamonds for a closer look. Their eyes big and their mouths water.

Hunter goes over to the two dead bodies. Pulls away the covers and rolls them over onto their backs so that he can see their faces.

Martin watches him.

MARTIN

They're still dead. Unless you're thinking they'd make good human shields. Maybe strap them to the car and they can take any bullets that get shot at us.

Hunter gently removes any hairs from their faces. Caresses them with the back of his hand.

HUNTER

I told you. You need to listen.
Dead or alive. Which ever man lied to me. I will cut up and feed to my dogs. Creatures that know loyalty. That place loyalty above all else.

Steve holds up some of the stolen loot.

STEVE

Whatever happened to buying a man's loyalty. I mean with things like these. You can have my loyalty for as long as you want.

MARTIN

Loyalty shouldn't come with a price.

STEVE

Oh yes it should. Everything has a price, and if you don't understand that you don't fully understand life yet.

Barnes kisses a handful of the diamonds lovingly.

BARNES

Well, my loyalty comes cheap. But as much of it as you want. I've got lots to give out.

MARTIN

We've got what we wanted. You've added hostages. So let's just get out of here and never see each other again. Whoever the rat is they can't keep what's stolen. They'll have to give it to the cops.

STEVE

That's sounds like rat talk to me.

MARTIN

Fuck You.

Barnes does his best impression of a rat.

BARNES

That's rat talk.

HUNTER

Could one of these be the rat. No. I don't think so. Not these fallen souls.

MARTIN

And why not?

BARNES

They were shot.

MARTIN

We were all nearly shot.

BARNES

Yeah, and these were.

MARTIN

It could have been any one of us.

STEVE

The cops wouldn't kill their own.

MARTIN

Hundreds of bullets were fired. It was by pure luck that all of us weren't hit. That all of us aren't laying there dead.

HUNTER

But I saw who gunned these men down. A uniformed police officer. Got them both. Good clean shots. Good body posture. An excellent marksman. A great asset to the force. A waste. That's what I felt when I executed him.

Steve surreptitiously slips some of the diamonds into his pocket.

Hunter covers the dead men over with the blankets.

He then comes over and zips the bags back closed. Gives an angry glare, Steve and Barnes both stand and walk away.

STEVE

Then that just leaves three. But again, it ain't fucking me.

BARNES

There's four of us.

Steve points at Hunter and laughs at Barnes.

STEVE

It's hardly going to be him is it, you fucking moron.

BARNES

At least I can count.

STEVE

I'm not so sure about that. Do you have to take your shoes and socks off to be able to count all the way up to twenty.

Barnes frowns, confused.

BARNES

What?

STEVE

Exactly.

Martin puts his head in his hands.

MARTIN

I'm going crazy. I can't take it anymore.

HUNTER

I won't be beaten by a loser or a coward. If I am ever to be beaten at anything, it must be by an equal. Not something that crawls around at my feet. Hiding and scheming.

STEVE

Who's beaten. Have you seen how much we've got.

HUNTER

And I won't lose it. So we wait. And we wait until I say otherwise.

MARTIN

And wait and wait.

STEVE

If one of us is the rat. And not one of these dead guys. Isn't that playing into the rats hands. Again. It's not me. But if you want to flush out a rat you can't just sit. You've got to make them show themselves.

BARNES

It's not me.

MARTIN

And it's not me.

HUNTER

I have an idea.

Hunter pulls out his gun.

MARTIN

That's not much of an idea.

STEVE

I don't like where this is going.

BARNES

Shoot us all? Then you'll definitely get the rat. It's like if the cops stripped search everyone they met in the street. Eventually they'd find someone hiding something illegal.

STEVE

You're brilliant. You should run for office. I'd definitely vote for you.

MARTIN

I'm really losing my mind. I can't take this. I need a paper bag or something to breathe into. I need to calm down. But I can't do it surrounded by you people.

HUNTER

If I shoot all of you I will have the rat dead at my feet for sure. But I will have lost too. And I'm not losing. Find the rat. That's for sure. But a new direction. Time to go hunting gentleman.

MARTIN

Jesus. Why do I have such a bad feeling about this?

STEVE

Don't worry we all have the same bad feeling.

BARNES

Not me.

STEVE

And why am I not surprised.

BARNES

Why are you always on my case?

STEVE

It's a thing I suffer from.

BARNES

What, a big mouth?

STEVE

No, if I hear something unbelievably stupid I have to challenge it. I can't just let it lie. And stupid things just keep on flooding out of you.

BARNES

I've met plenty of people like you before. So nothing you say effects me.

STEVE

I'm not surprised. Tell me something, if I was to crack your head open would I just find a pile of mush in there?

BARNES

If I cracked your head open would I find mush in yours?

STEVE

Good comeback.

Hunter laughs.

HUNTER

Come now gentleman I fear time is against us.

14 INT. BARN - HOSTAGE ROOM - DAY

14

The tied up and gagged women are now all in a line. Gathered close together. Still frightened and still sobbing.

Hunter smoothly removes his gun.

The other three men behind him all share a worried look between each other.

HUNTER

Two are dead. That's two, too many hostages. I had hoped to get you all out if this alive. Make you rich. I need to tidy up. Regain control.

Hunter takes aim. He shoots one of the women dead. Head shot. Instant kill.

She flops down, dead.

The remaining women try to scream but the gags muffle them. They shake, desperate to escape, but can't.

Martin pulls out his gun and takes aim at Hunter.

MARTIN

Stop. Stop. Stop. Are you fucking insane. Haven't you killed enough. What are you doing. This is murder. It's evil.

BARNES

I need to go.

STEVE

What the fuck is happening?

Hunter turns to face them. Sees Martin's gun aimed at his head.

Hunter smiles. Points his gun at Martin. Both taking aim. Fingers on their trigger. Both so close to firing.

Steve and Barnes take out their own guns. Hold them ready, but unsure who they should be aiming at.

HUNTER

You're really man enough?

MARTIN

Don't push me.

HUNTER

Or what? Huh? What will you do?

MARTIN

I'm serious.

HUNTER

Then say it out loud. I wish to hear it.

MARTIN

I won't let you kill anyone else.

HUNTER

And how are you going to stop me? How? Do you know? Or just more empty words?

MARTIN

I'll do whatever I have to.

HUNTER

I've already killed one, the rest are mine to do with however I feel.

MARTIN

I won't let you. I'm putting a stop to it.

HUNTER

No.

MARTIN

These women are innocent. They had nothing to do with anything. And you kill one of them. You're insane.

HUNTER

Are you finished?

MARTIN

Let them go.

HUNTER

No.

MARTIN

You're not thinking.

HUNTER

Put your gun down little boy.

MARTIN

No, put yours down.

HUNTER

I know what I'm doing with mine. My gun is an extension of my arm. I was taught to shoot by my father when I was still but a child. I've seen you fire your gun. A clumsy buffoon. Take your aim away from my face before you make a mistake.

MARTIN

The only mistake I made was ever listening to you in the first place.

HUNTER

Always blaming others. You're weak. You saw me as something to look up to. Something to become. But now you know you don't have it in you.

(MORE)

HUNTER (CONT'D)

To become a man like me. And you want to go home.

MARTIN

You're so wrong.

Steve reaches out towards the both of them, begging for calm.

STEVE

I think you both need to lower your guns. This is nuts.

BARNES

She's dead. You killed her.

STEVE

Jesus, try to keep up. Things are developing pretty fast here.

MARTIN

You've truly lost your mind.

HUNTER

Lower your gun. I won't tell you again.

MARTIN

I won't let you kill anyone else.

STEVE

Stand offs never end well. Especially Mexican ones. My dad loved watching old western movies. They'd always have stand offs in them and everyone involved would end up dead.

HUNTER

You're not going to shoot.

MARTIN

Fuck you.

HUNTER

You're just a scared little boy.

MARTIN

I'm not scared of you.

HUNTER

Of course you are, that's why you have a gun pointed at me. It's the only thing keeping you safe right now.

MARTIN
You can't be trusted.

HUNTER
That's it. That's all you have to say. Maybe you are the rat. Tricked me into picking you.

MARTIN
Maybe I cut my own legs off too just to impress you.

HUNTER
Maybe.

STEVE
Alright guys take a break.

HUNTER
Are you the rat?

MARTIN
You've lost your mind. That's what's happened here. You're going to kill us all.

HUNTER
You are the rat. Say it.

MARTIN
There is no rat. There never was one. You fucked up and had to come up with an excuse.

HUNTER
Keep going.

MARTIN
You've snapped. Is that why they kicked you out of the army.

HUNTER
Showered in medals. I've completed more operations behind enemy lines than you can imagine.

MARTIN
I've got a good imagination.

HUNTER
That's all you do, talk, talk, talk. But when it comes to action. You're lost.

MARTIN

Playground insults? Is that what we're doing now?

HUNTER

You can't out think me boy. Can't manipulate me. I'm better than you. Stronger. Smarter. Killed more men than times you've jerked off. And I bet you never left your bedroom for years at a time. Playing with yourself. Dirty little fool.

MARTIN

Killed plenty of Women and children too I bet.

HUNTER

And maybe when I shoot you I can add rat to my list too.

MARTIN

There is no rat.

STEVE

Sorry. But calling out a rat in the first place was me. I said it then and I'm still saying it now.

Barnes shakes his head. He points at all the blacked out windows all around them.

BARNES

I don't think there's a rat anymore. Cops would already be in here if there was.

HUNTER

Lower your gun or I'll kill you all.

MARTIN

No. I won't let you murder anymore.

Something that Hunter said catches Barnes off guard.

BARNES

Kill us all? Did you really just say that?

MARTIN

You both need to start listening to me and not him.

STEVE

Jesus Christ guys can you both please quit this who's got a bigger dick contest?

HUNTER

Simply you or no one else will tell me what to do. This job is mine. The escape plan is mine. What I choose to do with these women is down to me.

MARTIN

Do you hear yourself?

HUNTER

Yes and it's important that you hear me too. These women belong to me and I can do whatever I want with them.

STEVE

Jesus don't say things like that. You do sound like you've snapped.

HUNTER

I do not care what any of you think.

STEVE

Well you should, we're the ones who helped you get all of this in the first place. So, you know, maybe our opinions should matter. You should at least listen to them. That's what I think.

BARNES

Just let them go. These women aren't going to be any use to us anyway. All four of us will fit nice into a car. Anymore and it'll just make it uncomfortable.

STEVE

Great insight yet again. Truly insightful.

Hunter takes aim and shoots a second woman in the head. Instant kill.

More fear and misery washes over the remaining hostages.
Martin presses his gun hard into the Centre of Hunter's head.

MARTIN

No. Why?

Hunter keeps his gun down beside him. Smiles sardonically.

HUNTER

Two of ours are dead. That's means
I have two of these too many.

MARTIN

These women are people. Humans. Not
something you can just discard.

HUNTER

Put your gun away. You're not going
to use it. You don't have it in
you. Don't bare your teeth when you
don't have the power to bite.

MARTIN

I don't see what other choice I
have. I can't let you continue.

Hunter brings up his arm with the gun. Martin reaches out and
grabs hold of Hunter's arm. Keeps Hunter's gun pointed at the
floor whilst jabbing his own gun harder into his forehead.

HUNTER

You are the rat.

MARTIN

Fuck You. Drop your gun. Now.

HUNTER

It's over. It's done.

MARTIN

No.

Hunter looks past Martin, focuses instead on Steve and
Barnes.

HUNTER

Kill him. Take him now.

MARTIN

Don't listen to him.

They stand and both watch on horrified.

HUNTER

Take his arm. Get the gun and you get his share. His gold, his diamonds will be yours. Which ever one of you acts now will have it. Do it. Shoot this man now.

STEVE

You shouldn't have killed those women. Like, what the hell?

BARNES

Yeah, I think you should drop your gun.

HUNTER

Don't betray me.

MARTIN

Drop your gun and shut your mouth.

Hunter points hard and firm at Martin.

HUNTER

Kill this man.

MARTIN

Don't make me kill you.

HUNTER

Kill him. Do it now. He's the rat. Don't waste any more time. I've already lost too much. He's only going to make things harder for all of us. Take his arms. Take him from behind. And put a bullet in his head. There's two of you and only one of him.

MARTIN

You've lost your mind. It's just you against the world isn't it? That's what it's always been.

HUNTER

You snake.

MARTIN

Rat. Snake. Anything else?

HUNTER

Foolish child. You find yourself in a game that you should never have agreed to play.

Steve aims his gun. But aims it at Hunter.

STEVE

You shouldn't have killed those women.

Hunter turns his focus onto Barnes

HUNTER

Kill both of these men and you'll have their share. All of it. This is your chance to rise to the top. Don't waste it.

MARTIN

That was your plan all along. We all die. Leave a fucking bloodbath behind. And you get to take all of the gold and diamonds home for yourself.

Barnes aims his gun at Hunter as well.

BARNES

Just drop your gun. And then we can all sit down and just talk. Talk everything over.

HUNTER

Cowards. Fools. I'll kill you all. Then I'll burn this place down to the ground with those wretched women still inside.

Hunter tries to snap his arm up. Tries to aim at Martin.

Martin shoots and hits Hunter dead center. Blows his brains out.

Hunter falls backwards. His lifeless body crashing to the floor.

Steve and Barnes yell out together.

BARNES

Oh God.

STEVE

What the fuck. What the fuck.

BARNES

Is he dead?

Martin turns to face them.

MARTIN

I had to do it.

BARNES

Doing that hasn't made anything better.

MARTIN

If I did nothing he'd simply have killed us all one by one.

STEVE

Yeah well now look at him. And look at us. Bags of gold and diamonds. Three dead men. Two dead women. And four more women tied up. Gagged and crying. A true recipe for disaster.

MARTIN

Let's split what we've got and leave.

STEVE

From six to three. I guess that means my share has doubled. Not bad.

MARTIN

Then let's go. And I'm setting these women free.

STEVE

They've seen our faces. I don't like that. You set them free now and they're going to be shouting and screaming. No. They've got to stay.

MARTIN

No way.

BARNES

He's right.

MARTIN

They can't stay here.

STEVE

Hey man, I'm not saying that they should. Alright, I don't think they should stay here forever.

MARTIN

Then what are you saying?

STEVE

These women stay here until we've escaped. That's the deal. I'm serious. It's dumb to do anything else.

MARTIN

Fine. But let's go. Let's get the bags and go. Now.

Martin tries to guide Steve and Barnes back into the main room of the barn. But Barnes refuses to move. Stands his ground.

BARNES

So.

Both Martin and Steve look at him confused.

STEVE

So? So, what are you trying to say?

BARNES

Who's the rat?

STEVE

Shit I forgot. The rat could already be dead. Or be one of you two. But I'm not going out there if there's an army of cops waiting for me.

MARTIN

There won't be any cops outside. Your letting that crazy fuck get into your heads.

Martin turns and kicks out at Hunter's dead body.

STEVE

Wow.

Martin, emotional kicks at Hunter again. He doesn't move. He's most certainly dead.

MARTIN

(spits)
Bastard.

Steve snarls at Martin.

STEVE

What the fuck are you doing that for?

MARTIN
You really care?

STEVE
Actually I do. Just because I let
you shoot him doesn't mean I still
don't hold some kind of respect for
the man.

MARTIN
He snapped.

STEVE
I still think there's a rat.

MARTIN
Well you're wrong.

STEVE
Am I?

MARTIN
We need to go. There's no cops out
there.

STEVE
How can you be so sure?

MARTIN
I know.

STEVE
There were cops waiting for us when
we were halfway through the job.
Had to shoot our way out of there.
Don't tell me you forgot?

MARTIN
Now you're thinking crazy. All
three of us have got to do this
together.

STEVE
Hold on, I haven't finished.

MARTIN
Well I am.

STEVE
Hey man listen, simple fact
remains. The cops were there
waiting for us. The only way to
explain that, and I'm serious.

(MORE)

STEVE (CONT'D)

The only way is that we were set up. Think. Think back.

MARTIN

I don't need to.

STEVE

Good.

MARTIN

It's burnt into my fucking head. I was on the floor. Face down. Waiting for it to be over. That shit is going to be playing over in my head for the rest of my life.

BARNES

Scary wasn't it.

MARTIN

I shouldn't have been there. It's not what I signed up for. It's not what was promised to me.

STEVE

Hunter didn't really make promises. In fact, he never did.

MARTIN

You know what I mean.

STEVE

No. I don't. Why don't you help me?

BARNES

I know what he means.

STEVE

Why don't you shut up. We've still got a very big problem here. A huge fucking problem.

MARTIN

Lets just go, the door is right there.

STEVE

Hold on.

MARTIN

Come on.

STEVE

Don't rush me. I mean it. You're stressing me out.

MARTIN

All we have to do is leave. There is no problem.

Martin reaches out, tries to take a hold of Steve's arm but Steve won't let him.

STEVE

No. I want to get a few fucking things straighten out first. A few facts. A few things explained to me.

MARTIN

What else is there?

STEVE

You didn't fire your gun did you?

MARTIN

Why do we have to keep on going over this?

STEVE

You said it just then. You laid face down, waiting for it to be over. Face down with your eyes closed. You knew just to lay down. Because you knew what was happening before anyone else.

MARTIN

No.

BARNES

I heard you say it too.

MARTIN

Just listen...

STEVE

I don't believe it. You're fucking good man. You've got ice cold veins. I've never met a cop like you.

MARTIN

You need to think. Before it's too late. Soon there will...

STEVE
(cuts Martin off)
Jesus Christ your the fucking rat.

Steve aims his gun at Martin.

MARTIN
Put your fucking gun down.

STEVE
It's you isn't it. Jesus Christ I almost let you walk me right out of here. You're smooth. Real fucking smooth.

MARTIN
Let's just walk out of here right now.

Barnes points his gun at Martin.

BARNES
Are you the rat?

MARTIN
I'm not a rat.

STEVE
Lier.

MARTIN
You don't know anything about me.

STEVE
Maybe you don't like the word so lets try and say it another way. You're a cop aren't you?

Martin falls silent, aims his gun back at Steve.

BARNES
Well do I feel dumb.

STEVE
I'm not going to comment on that.

MARTIN
It doesn't have to end like this. Not if you don't want it to. You both have the choice for how this plays out.

BARNES

(To Martin)

You were the obvious choice. The new guy. The first job and everything goes wrong.

STEVE

Jesus Christ you really are a cop aren't you?

MARTIN

You both still get to walk away.

BARNES

I don't feel so good. I think I'm going to be sick. The last time I felt like this I was a kid listening to my parents arguing, and I was scared they were getting a divorce. I really do think I'm going to be sick.

MARTIN

I can't let you take your share. But if you both leave right now you'll have your freedom.

STEVE

You really our a cop. I don't believe it. I liked you. And I have to leave it behind. And you're just going to let me walk away?

MARTIN

Both of you.

Steve shakes his head and waves his gun, dismissing Martin.

STEVE

Bullshit.

BARNES

You get us a helicopter here.

STEVE

Jesus, a helicopter?

BARNES

And we get to keep the gold and the diamonds.

STEVE

Serious, this is your negotiating?

Barnes points at Martin with a wagging finger.

BARNES
But you get to keep your share.
That's fair.

STEVE
Shut up.

BARNES
Get us plane tickets.

STEVE
Please shut up.

MARTIN
Put your guns down your surrounded.

STEVE
I'm not going back to prison. I
made that promise to myself and I'm
not breaking it. I'm not going back
inside.

MARTIN
It's too late.

STEVE
Then I'll see you in hell.

Steve shoots, hitting Martin in the chest.

Martin somehow remains on his feet. He fires back shooting
Steve in the face.

Steve collapses down to the floor in a bloody heap.

Barnes now shoots Martin. Hitting him in the ribs and
stomach.

Martin groans in pain. Dropping to his knees.

He turns his aim and shoots Barnes in the face next. A
perfect shot and killing Barnes instantly.

Martin then falls over. Dies along with them.

Bill is the first to enter. Followed in by a couple of
uniformed police officers.

He looks around at the carnage. The dead bodies. He finds Martin and moves over to him.

BILL
God damn it.

He kneels down beside him.

BILL (CONT'D)
The best cop I ever knew. You know why. Because you were the bravest. You proved so much to so many. I just wish you were still alive to know that.

One of the police officers finds that other room. He waves Bill over.

POLICE OFFICER
Sir. You're going to want to see this.

Bill closes Martin's eyes for him. Places a hand onto his chest and says a quick silent prayer over him.

BILL
Shit. Poor bastard.

Bill slowly stands and comes over to where he can see into the next room.

Stunned at the sight of the tied up and gagged women in the next room.

BILL (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ.

POLICE OFFICER
What do you want me to do?

BILL
Go get me a coffee and a donut.

POLICE OFFICER
Sir?

BILL
I'm joking. It's how I deal with grief.

POLICE OFFICER
So?

Bill snaps, shouting.

BILL

What do you think I want you to do?
Set the women free. For gods sake.

The uniformed police officers rush up to the women and start to cut them free.

Bill shakes his head. There was a plan. To bring Hunter in. To face his crimes. His great undercover plan now lies in tatters.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END