

1 INT. RECORD STORE - NIGHT

1

Max, twenty-something, handsome, pushes Country around in a wheel chair while he browses the aisles of a big box record store. Country, 40's, chubby, looks like he's had every sliver of vitality sucked from him through a vacuum.

COUNTRY

Max, you know why we never have any
dope?

MAX

Why's that?

COUNTRY

Because we're always doing this
small time shit.

MAX

What we're doing impacts the world
in a big way!

Max shoves a vintage Velvet Underground boxset into a backpack that hangs over Countries wheelchair.

MAX

We're on the front lines here.

COUNTRY

(Scoffs)

Yeah? How's that?

MAX

Fighting to bring down the fucking
big box corporations!

Max crams another stack of expensive records into Country's bags cavalierly.

COUNTRY

We aren't even a drop in their
bucket.

(Pause)

What we need is a pistol.

MAX

I'm not a violent person.

COUNTRY

All you gotta' do is point and run
the pockets. Doesn't even have to be
loaded.

Max pulls another album from the shelf.

MAX

Check this one out.

Max holds up a Metallica boxset.

MAX

Hundred-seventy-five bucks for
Metallica.

COUNTRY

Max. Nobody wants this shit. Whose
gonna buy that?

MAX

The record store down the street!
Fifty-percent on everything we get.

Max muscles some spider wraps off of a used Nintendo 64 and
shoves it into the bag.

COUNTRY

Peanuts.

MAX

There's no reason to get guns
involved. This is a perfectly good
hustle.

COUNTRY

It's high risk, low reward.

MAX

Even at half-price, we have a
hundred bucks in this bag.

COUNTRY

You know why Chamo always stays on
deck?

MAX

Because he's a psychopath?

COUNTRY

Ambition. He robs a Circle-K one
after the other without a thought.
That's fucking ambition.

MAX

(Sarcastically)
He's a true raconteur.

COUNTRY
 Seriously...

MAX
 That's probably bullshit.

COUNTRY
 He uses a pistol like a business loan. We need to be like that! We need a gun.

MAX
 Okay, so say we somehow get our hands on a pistol. You want me to wheel you around robbing people?

COUNTRY
 Yes.

MAX
 Then what? I swiftly push you away?

COUNTRY
 Exactly.

MAX
 Your situation hardly makes for a daring escape. You'll just end up shooting your nuts off anyways.

Max cuts another security tag.

MAX
 (In a whisper)
 Alright, play it cool.

Max pushes Country to the exit of the store, when a loss prevention officer gives them the thousand yard stare.

The high pitched sensors at the exit sound off.

LOSS PREVENTION OFFICER
 Stop. Back up.

MAX
 Problem?

The loss prevention officer looks down at Country and winces.

LOSS PREVENTION OFFICER
 He smells like fresh human shit.

COUNTRY

Fuck you asshole! I'm a veteran of the war!

LOSS PREVENTION OFFICER
Which war is that?

COUNTRY
The war on drugs.

LOSS PREVENTION OFFICER
Just give me whatever you got in your fucking bag.

MAX
Fine. You got me.

Max pulls a vintage Star Wars figurine out of his bag.

MAX
Country? We talked about this! You have to pay for things...
(Whispers away from Country to LP)
He's mentally retarded.

LOSS PREVENTION OFFICER
Alright. Walk through again.

Max pushes Country through again. The sensors scream. By now their confrontation has garnered quite the little crowd.

COUNTRY
You've gotta' be fucking kidding me.

LOSS PREVENTION OFFICER
Do you think I'm a fucking idiot?

COUNTRY
No. I think you're a rocket scientist moonlighting as rent-a-cop.

The store manager inserts himself into the situation.

STORE MANAGER
(Annoyed)
I'm sick of you junkies coming in here and trying to steal! Hand over my shit!

MAX
Fine.

Max hands over the Metallica boxset to the store manager.

STORE MANAGER
Junkie's got good taste!

COUNTRY
Fuck Metallica, man.

LOSS PREVENTION OFFICER
(To Max and Country)
Again, asshole. Walk.

The sensor sirens another time. By now there isn't an eye in the store not staring at them.

STORE MANAGER
Empty the bag you fucking morons.
The whole thing.

MAX
No! That's my personal property.

COUNTRY
Just empty the fucking bag so we can
get out of here.

LOSS PREVENTION OFFICER
Cops are on their way. We can play
this game until they get here or you
can just give us the items in your
bag and leave.

Max picks up the bag from Country's wheelchair and empties the whole thing on the floor.

COUNTRY
This was a stupid fucking idea.

The store manager hops onto the cash counter to address the entire crowd.

STORE MANAGER
Nobody steals from my store and gets
away with it! There are no
exceptions. Come on! Everybody! ---
Shame! Shame! Shame!

The entire crowd joins in.

CROWD
Shame! Shame! Shame! Shame!

LOSS PREVENTION OFFICER
Don't fucking come back.

Max pushes Country out of the store in a parade humiliation.

2 EXT. RECORD STORE PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER**2**

Max rushes Country through the parking lot to get away.

COUNTRY

You're a fucking idiot. You know that?

MAX

Well you stick out like a soar thumb!

COUNTRY

The sensors went off! You blamed me instantly! Told him I was retarded!

MAX

I was trying to talk us out of it.

COUNTRY

Well let me do the talking next time.

MAX

Fuck you man! I push you all over the place! Do all the heavy lifting!

COUNTRY

I told you my idea! It's better than stealing albums and Star Wars figurines!

MAX

That's your idea? I told you I don't want to get violent.

COUNTRY

Aren't you sick of being sick all the time? Let's take control of our fucking lives!

MAX

Where the fuck are we going to find a pistol, Country?

Max pushes Country to a bus stop and sits down.

COUNTRY

We're gonna car hop.

MAX

I fucking hate carhopping! Somebodies gonna come up behind me and blow my brains out.

COUNTRY

Last time I went with Joe I found
three hundred bucks in an envelope
just sitting there!

MAX

Some kids paycheck.

COUNTRY

Max, you can't be kind to the world
and be a junkie. It doesn't go both
ways.

MAX

I don't feel right robbing people.

COUNTRY

You rob stores all the time!

MAX

That's not the same.

COUNTRY

It's the same!

A bus pulls up to the stop.

COUNTRY

Last bus max. We can get sick or we
can hustle. All the stores are
closed. Let's just get it over with.

Max stares at Country thinking.

3 INT. CITY BUS - LATER

3

Point of view as Max watches the night time city go by from
the window in a state of melancholy. He see's normal people
having fun on a bar patio. He see's tweakers pushing carts.
He see's families walking into theatres for final showings on
movie night.

MAX

You know I haven't gotten laid in
three years. Haven't slept in a bed.
Haven't had a fucking dream.
Remember dreams?

COUNTRY

Who needs dreams. Believe it or not,
you are living in a dream right now.

MAX

Sick all the time? No home. No roof
over my head. No bed sheets.

COUNTRY

People are trapped under their
rooves. Strangled by their
bedsheets.

MAX

We're trapped. Heroin is a cruel,
uncompromising, bitch. I wanted to
be a school teacher.

COUNTRY

We can get in front of it. We just
need to come up.

MAX

I just don't want to get sick.

COUNTRY

I'm already getting antsy.

Max lays his head against the window. His eyes close and he
falls asleep.

Time passes.

BUS DRIVER

Hey!

Max and Country jolt awake.

BUS DRIVER

Last stop.

4 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

4

Max pushes country through the glow of a well-lit, affluent,
suburban street.

COUNTRY

You ready? I got a feeling.

MAX

It's still a little early. Let's
scope for a bit.

Time passes to 2am. The boys still wander the main streets
eyeballing entrances to inner neighborhoods.

COUNTRY

Just let me put your name out there.

MAX

Country, for the last time, I'm not letting you pimp me out.

COUNTRY

But you're such a handsome boy!

MAX

You think women would actually pay to have sex with me?

COUNTRY

Strictly men.

MAX

How much?

COUNTRY

\$100 an hour.

MAX

I think I'm worth more.

Max and Country come upon a quiet street filled with high end cars.

COUNTRY

This is it.

MAX

I don't want to do this.

Max is visibly nervous.

COUNTRY

It's late enough. Let's just check a few of them. Come on.

MAX

It doesn't feel right.

COUNTRY

Max. We're here. Let's just check a few.

Max mulls it over and then finally acquiesces.

MAX

Fine. Let's go. But if anybody comes after us, I'm taking off. You can roll yourself away.

Max pushes Country up the street to the very first car. His heart is beating like a drum. Country tries the driver's side door. It's open.

COUNTRY
(Whisper)
Go! Go to the other side! Turn the
lights off!

Max rushes around to the other side of the car.

MAX
(To himself)
Fuck. Fuck.

Max opens the center console to find that it's filled with spare change. It's a goldmine to him.

MAX
(Whisper)
Bro! There's gotta be forty bucks in
change in here!

COUNTRY
(Whisper)
Grab it!

Max fills his bag with the change.

COUNTRY
Come on. Let's check the next one.

Max pushes Country in a zig-zag motion as they check every single car on the street.

Max's enthusiasm grows with each car. He starts popping trunks. He holds an Xbox under one arm with an intoxicated smile.

CLOSE UP as they check the next car. Max now has a pair of expensive Ray-Ban's on, while Country has dawned his own pair of found Oakley's.

At the end of the street they see a long driveway that leads to the largest house on the hill.

MAX
Should we?

COUNTRY
We have too.

Max pushes Country up the driveway. Parked at the house is a 2022 Audi A5 as well as a 2022 Maserati GrandTurino Folgore.

MAX

Holy shit.

They try the Maserati, but it's locked. Max rolls Country around to the Audi.

Max tries the driver side, it's unlocked.

Max checks the glove compartment right away and his point of view shows him finding a Ruger LCP.

MAX

(To himself)

Holy shit.

Country's point of view shows him finding a money clip in the center console thick with cash, all in hundred dollar bills.

The porch light flips on.

COUNTRY

(Whispers)

Fuck!

Max doesn't think twice before running away to hide, leaving Country exposed.

Vrrrrrrrrr!

The garage door starts to rumble open. Country is stranded in his wheelchair. A dude comes out with the size and persona of an angsty linebacker.

COUNTRY

Do you have a bathroom?

HOME OWNER

What the fuck are you doing in my car!?

COUNTRY

I needed to borrow some sugar!

The home owner picks Country up out of his chair and throws him on the ground.

MAX

Stop!

Max points the gun at the home owner with a steady hand.

MAX

Put him back in his chair.

HOME OWNER
Don't shoot.

The home owner picks Country up and puts him back.

HOME OWNER
Please don't shoot.

Country is in awe of Max's command of the situation.

MAX
Lay on the ground face down.

The home owner pisses himself.

MAX
Do it.

The home owner obeys. Grounded on his belly he starts to cry.

HOME OWNER
(Sobbing)
My name is David Wilmer. I am forty
five and I have a wife and two kids.

MAX
What are you doing?

HOME OWNER
Humanizing myself!

MAX
That shit doesn't work on me. You
know why?

HOME OWNER
Why?

MAX
Because I'm the devil. Where are
your car keys?

HOME OWNER
They're inside.

MAX
Where inside?

HOME OWNER
You don't have to go in there.

MAX
Where?

Country is shitting himself.

HOME OWNER

Hanging just to the right of the doorway.

MAX

Make a fucking sound and I'll bring the kids into it.

HOME OWNER

Please don't.

Max walks into the garage leaving Country and the Homeowner together in complete silence.

Seven-Five-Four-Three-Two-One-- seconds go by.

HOME OWNER

Please, God. Please, God.

Country silently listens to the man's prayer. Max walks back out with the car keys. He puts Country into the front seat, and folds his wheelchair, shoves it into the back.

MAX

(To the homeowner)

How'd you make all this money?

HOME OWNER

I own a moving company.

MAX

Are you happy?

HOME OWNER

(Crying)

Yes.

MAX

Count to five hundred.

HOME OWNER

One. Two. Three.

Max gets into the car and peels off. The homeowner is left counting on the ground now in the total silence of a quiet suburban street in the middle of the night.

HOME OWNER

Four. Five. Six. Seven. Eight. Nine.

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5 INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER**5**

Max at the steering wheel, Country jaw dropped in the passenger seat.

COUNTRY
I really don't know what to make of that.

Max points the gun at Country.

MAX
Make of what? This?

Max holds it there for a good few seconds.

COUNTRY
Max.

Max lowers the gun.

MAX
Imagine how he feels.

COUNTRY
Fuck man! What happened to the pacifist?!

MAX
He was gonna call the cops.

COUNTRY
Why did you look like you knew what you were doing?

MAX
I was just copying the movies.