KNOCKAROUND GUYS

written by
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Outside a bank on a quiet afternoon in Los Angeles. Two men (one black and one white) in a black Toyota. We see them from the hood of the car. Jules (black) is by the steering wheel, Vincent (white) is sitting in the passenger seat. They're wearing black suits worth ten dollars.

VINCENT
So are we gonna rob this place or what?

JULES
Joe said that we were supposed to wait for a guy with four fingers and a black briefcase.

VINCENT
What happens if the manager won't give us the diamonds?

JULES
Banks like this are insured. They don't resist. If you get a customer or an employee who thinks he's Charles Bronson, take the but of your gun and smash his nose in. Drops him right to the floor. He falls down screaming, blood squirting out of his nose. Freaks everybody out. No one says fucking shit after that. The manager is another story. He knows not to mess around. So if you get one who's giving you static, he probably thinks he's a real cowboy. So you gotta break that son of a bitch in two. If you wanna know something he won't tell you, cut of one of his fingers. The little one. Then tell him his thumb's next. After that he'll tell you he wears ladies underwear.

VINCENT
There he is!

There he is alright, a man in a black suit. He walks into the bank.

JULES
Let's go.

He opens his door and opens the trunk. They both go out and back. We see them from the trunk. Jules opens the trunk.

JULES
We should have machine guns for this kinda deal.

He picks up a shotgun and hands it to Vincent. He takes another shotgun and starts loading it.
VINCENT
How many in there?

JULES
Ten to fifteen.

VINCENT
That's counting our guy?

JULES
Don't know.

VINCENT
So you mean there could be up to sixteen guys in there?

JULES
It's possible.

VINCENT
We should have fucking machine guns.

Vincent closes the trunk with us inside it.
They walk across the road with the shotguns underneath their suits.
They rage into the bank and fires one shot each into the roof.

VINCENT
(yelling)
Everybody down!

Jules goes to the back and gets all the employees. He comes out of the back with all the employees.

JULES
Sit down.

He points to the floor next to the customers.

VINCENT
Where's our guy?

JULES
First floor I think. I don't see the manager either, he must be with him.

BANG!!!

TITLE CARD: “FRANKIE FOUR FINGERS”
Diamond store in Santa Monica earlier that day.

INT. office to the owner of the store. His name is Jimmy Dimmick.
JIMMIE
You gotta get going if you're gonna
make it.

FRANKIE
Don't be in a rush. I still need
the stone.

JIMMIE
Oh... Yeah, of course.

He goes to the back room. We hear a large iron door open. Jimmie comes
back out again and holds up a diamond as large as a dog's heart.

JIMMIE
Here.

He holds it up to Frankie's face.

FRANKIE
Thanks.

JIMMIE
Get going.

Frankie puts the diamond in the briefcase, locks it and hocks it to his
arm. He walks out.

JIMMIE
(to himself)
Fuck!

He walks over to the desk and sits down. He sits quietly for a few
seconds. He picks up the phone and dials a number. BEEP... BEEP.. BEEP.

JIMMIE
Hello is Joe there? ... This is
Jimmie Dimmick... Hey, Joe he's on
his way... Yes, he has the stone.
Are your men in place?... Good.
Remember, I get the rock and you
get the money in the bank... Yes,
bye.

He hangs up. PLING!

Frankie parks a street away from the bank. He chains himself to the
briefcase which is lying in the passenger seat. He gets out of the car,
locks it and starts to walk towards the bank.

The sun is shining and it feels good to stretch your legs after a long
drive. He walks into the bank. He is received by the manager. His name
is Jack Scagnetti.

SCAGNETTI
Frankie Four Fingers! Welcome to
our bank. Come with me.
Mr. Scagnetti brings Frankie up to the first floor. They are inside the office to Jack. Jack sits down behind his desk, Frankie sits down in a chair in front of the desk. With the suitcase on his lap.

SCAGNETTI
So I understand that you are interested in selling a very large diamond.

FRANKIE
That's right.

SCAGNETTI
Can I see it?

FRANKIE
Of course.

He takes out the rock from the suitcase and holds it up so that Jack can see it clearly.

SCAGNETTI
(almost as in hypnosis)
It's beautiful.

He reaches out his hand towards the rock. Frankie recoils his hand and puts the rock back into the suitcase faster than you can say The Mario Brothers.

FRANKIE
Just see, don't touch.

Before Jack can answer, all hell breaks out downstairs.

Scagnetti and Frankie rages against the door. They open it ajar and looks out. They see Mr. Vincent collect the customers in the middle of the floor. They closes the door.

FRANKIE
Is there a back door to this office?

SCAGNETTI
No. But I have a mini-arsenal.

FRANKIE
Where?

SCAGNETTI
There... Behind the cabinet.

He points towards a closet in the corner of the office. He runs to the closet and tries to move it. Frankie remains standing in the middle of the floor, looking very frustrated.

SCAGNETTI
Can you help me?

FRANKIE
Yes.
He walks over to the other side of the cabinet. They tip it over with a loud bang.

Downstairs.

VINCENT
What the hell was that?

JULES
Go.

Back to the office in the top floor.

Behind the closet inside the wall there are two shotguns plus two boxes of ammo.

SCAGNETTI
Go tip the desk towards the door.

Frankie walks and tips the desk towards the door. Making a fortress. Meanwhile, Scagnetti has loaded both shotguns. He has finished loading the shotguns, he threw one of them to Frankie who is kneeling behind the desk.

Jack puts the box with the rest of the shells on the desk and kneels besides Frankie. Everything goes quiet. They aim towards the door. Their heart rate is probably 180 right now. They hear calm footsteps outside the door. Someone stopped right outside the door....

The door is kicked in with a bang, Vincent comes barging in with a shotgun in front of him.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END