

KNOCKAROUND GUYS

written by
Daniel J. Toemta

TITLE CARD: "JULES AND VINCENT"

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 butt 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 off 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