

Last Thursday

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INT. DENNIS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

DENNIS THEODORE, 37, sits in his La-Z-Boy recliner wearing a PlayStation headset, Batman t-shirt, and tighty whities. He's playing an action shooter game on his big screen TV. Superhero posters adorn the walls and action figures occupy nearly every flat surface.

DENNIS

Are you camping? Seriously, you can't be camping!

Dennis is furiously tapping buttons and pulling the trigger on the controller. Beads of sweat form on his forehead.

DENNIS (CONT)

Shit shit shit shit...

The other player is using a voice modulator, disguising his voice to sound deep and ominous.

DEMONDOG (VO)

Come on now, Louise, you were the one that asked for the one on one.

DENNIS

Yeah, but I didn't expect you...

Dennis's character takes a sniper's bullet to the temple.

DENNIS (CONT)

GODDAMMIT! WHERE THE HELL WERE YOU?

DEMONDOG (VO)

On top of the barn.

DemonDog laughs maniacally.

DENNIS

I can't believe this shit. I gotta get up early for work tomorrow. Smell ya later, dick breath.

DEMONDOG (VO)

Sweet dreams, Clarabelle!

EXT. BANK OF SHERMAN OAKS ENTRANCE - DAY

Walking toward the front doors while looking at his phone, Dennis nearly spills his coffee as he trips on the curb. He glances through the glass doors and sees the Treasury guards finishing up their delivery.

MR. MYERS, 66, Bank manager, walks up behind Dennis carrying a briefcase.

MR. MYERS

Dennis! You beat me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mr. Myers smiles broadly, looks inside and sees the last Treasury guard heading toward the rear exit.

MR. MYERS (CONT)

OK, it looks like they're leaving so we can go in now. Oh, and I've got something in my office that I need you to sign.

DENNIS

What? Did I have a drawer shortage?

Mr. Myers laughs and waves him off as he unlocks the door.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Both men enter the lobby and Mr. Myers punches in his code to turn off the alarms and then walks towards his office.

DENNIS

Am I getting written up? Demoted? Or worse, transferred to Van Nuys?

INT. BANK OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Myers unlocks his office and Dennis cautiously follows him inside. Mr. Myers motions for Dennis to sit in the visitor's chair opposite the desk. Dennis looks around at the awards and photos on the walls.

MR. MYERS

How long have you worked here, Dennis?

DENNIS

I hit 18 years last month.

MR. MYERS

Impressive... Dennis, I'm not going to beat around the bush.

Dennis tenses up.

MR. MYERS (CONT)

I'm promoting you to Assistant Branch Manager, effective immediately.

Mr. Myers smiles as Dennis breathes a huge sigh of relief.

DENNIS

Whoa, that was... unexpected.

MR. MYERS

Someone will take over the branch when I retire in a year or two and I can't think of anyone else I'd rather that be than you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DENNIS

Wow. Cool. I mean, sure. Thank you.

MR. MYERS

Now, this means more responsibility, a few more hours a week, and I'll have to exchange your keys so I can give them to the person replacing you.

DENNIS

I understand. But, may I ask why me?

Mr. Myers pauses, looks over his glasses at Dennis, and takes a breath.

MR. MYERS

Because you're efficient, you're professional, and you're boring as shit.

Mr. Myers smiles at Dennis again.

MR. MYERS (CONT)

And, you're the best person for the job.

There is a sudden BUZZING sound.

MR. MYERS (CONT)

Oh! That'll be everyone else. Don't forget to sign this.

Mr. Myers slides a piece of paper towards Dennis.

DENNIS

Yeah, ok, sure.

Mr. Myers exits, leaving Dennis alone in the office. Dennis studies the sheet of paper but just stares at it blankly for almost a minute as Mr. Myers returns to the office.

MR. MYERS

OK! Now, where were we?

Dennis jumps, startled as his daydream is interrupted. Mr. Myers raises an eyebrow when he notices the unsigned paper.

DENNIS

Oh! Sorry!

Dennis quickly signs the job offer letter and hands it to the now smiling Mr. Myers who then places it in his briefcase.

MR. MYERS

I'll get this over to HR today and it will go into effect immediately.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DENNIS

Well, alrighty then, I guess I'll go
be a bank manager now.

Dennis takes a deep breath, adjusts his tie, and heads toward
the door.

INT. RV - DAY

Five men, all typical white trash biker types, wearing torn
jeans, "wife beater" t-shirts, and smoking cigarettes
surround a sixth man.

CHUD, 34, shaved head, is the rugged leader of this band of
miscreants. He sits at the main table while looking at photos
of the Bank of Sherman Oaks and a city map that shows a 10
block radius of the bank. Chud marks various locations on the
map.

CHUD

Police patrols usually go in this
pattern. Sometimes they divert, but at
around 9, the closest patrol is
usually here, at the Starbucks.

Chud circles a building a few blocks away.

CHUD (CONT)

Dean will plant the explosives in the
same Starbucks at exactly 9:30 and
then get the hell out. That's a 5
minute timer, so don't stall. You'll
need to pick up the van here...

DEAN, 20's, lanky with long greasy hair, nods in Chud's
general direction. Chud circles a spot 2 blocks away

CHUD (CONT)

...and park it across the street from
the bank. Here.

Chud circles a spot on the map 8 blocks from the Starbucks.

JAKE, 30, standing at the rear of the RV dressed in black
boots, jeans and sleeveless t-shirt that shows off his large
biceps, farts.

Everyone looks at Jake.

JAKE

What? Protein shake.

CHUD

There's one Barney Fife that's there
strictly as a deterrent. I hear his
gun's not even real.

Jake emits a laugh that sounds like Disney's Goofy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

Huh. Barney Fife.

CHUD

Jerry will drop Me, Jake, Arliss, and Hollis off around the corner from the bank and then drive the RV to the rendezvous point.

JERRY, 72, haggard, with leathery, tanned skin takes puff of a cigar and nods.

CHUD (CONT)

There are usually three tellers and a manager, a loan officer, and a guard.

ARLISS, 39, typical redneck, takes a drink from a flask. Almost immediately, Chud is on his feet and snatches the flask out of his hand.

CHUD

NO DRINKING WHILE YOU'RE AT WORK!

ARLISS

I ain't at work!

CHUD

We're planning a job. A job that will make us a lot of green. THAT MEANS YOU'RE AT WORK, YOU INBRED FUCK!

Chud shoves Arliss into one of the bench seats, leans down and gets in his face, holding him by the stained wife beater.

CHUD (CONT)

(In a calm, but intense voice)

You want a drink, Arliss?

Chud empties the contents of the flask on Arliss's head, the brown liquid burning his eyes as it runs down his face. Arliss grimaces and cowers. Chud throws the flask toward the rear of the RV, narrowly missing Jake. The flask breaks the window and Jake emits another goofy laugh.

JAKE

You gonna pay for that?

Chud glares at Jake.

CHUD

Shut the fuck up or you're next.

ARLISS

I'm sorry Chud! It won't happen again!

Chud snarls and shoves Arliss again and looks around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHUD
Anybody else?

HOLLIS, 41, looks like a young Willie Nelson is sitting in the driver's seat of the RV.

HOLLIS
Why do you wanna blow up a Starbucks?
There's gotta be sumthin' else.
There's a gas station not 2 blocks
from there. That'll make a big ol'
BOOM!

SERIES OF FLASHBACKS

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

BARISTA #1, 20's lady with a bob haircut, speaks loudly to no one in particular.

BARISTA #1
I have a Tall, Non-Fat Latte With
Caramel Drizzle at the bar for Chip!

She smiles at Chud as he approaches.

CHUD
IT'S CHUD!

BARISTA #1
Enjoy your day, sir!

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

BARISTA #2, a hipster man in his 30's, calls out to the crowded coffee shop.

BARISTA #2
I have a Grande, Iced, Sugar-Free,
Vanilla Latte With Soy Milk at the bar
for Charles!

CHUD
Goddammit, it's Chud!

BARISTA #2
Have a wonderful day, sir!

INT. STARBUCKS - DAY

BARISTA #3, a petite woman in her 30's projects loudly to the crowded shop.

BARISTA #3
I have a Triple, Venti, Half Sweet,
Non-Fat, Caramel Macchiato at the bar
for Frank!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHUD

That's not even close to my name!

FRANK, 50's, wearing a suit, brushes past Chud to grab his drink.

The barista looks at Chud, cheerfully offering him an identical drink.

BARISTA #3

Chris?

CHUD

Oh for fuck's sake!

END FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

INT. RV - DAY

Chud begins to turn red.

CHUD

Because I fucking said so!

INT. BANK BREAK ROOM - DAY

ELI, 26, a skinny teller trainee and SHIRLEY, a buxom 50-something loan officer are sitting at one of the tables drinking coffee. Dennis is sitting at the table next to them finishing his lunch when in walks AMANDA, 30, wearing professional, but still casual attire.

AMANDA

(Sultry)

So. New manager, huh?

Amanda slinks over to Dennis's table and dramatically tosses her her long auburn hair over her shoulder with one hand.

DENNIS

Well, technically Assistant Manager.

Dennis gets up to leave.

AMANDA

(Even more sultry)

You were always so nice. I hope now that you're the new boss that...

Amanda fondles Dennis's tie.

DENNIS

I'm not the new boss!

AMANDA

(Seductively)

Maybe you could... Write me up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dennis gets wide-eyed and quickly exits.

Amanda smiles to herself as she straightens up. Shirley smirks.

SHIRLEY

I see I'm not the only one on the
prowl around here.

AMANDA

Yep. I still got it.

INT. BANK OFFICE - DAY

SUPER: LATER THAT DAY

Dennis is scribbling notes onto a small note pad.

MR. MYERS

When the deposits come in, the
treasury log lists the serial numbers
of the new bills. This helps with
tracking if there were a robbery.

Suddenly, Dennis begins having an anxiety attack.

DENNIS

Do you mind if I take a quick break?

Mr. Myers smiles and nods. Dennis quickly exits to:

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Dennis rushes past Amanda and KELLY, 20's on the way to the
men's room.

KELLY

What's his problem?

AMANDA

No idea. Shitty cramps maybe?

Both women laugh as Dennis bursts through the men's room
door.

INT. GUN STORE - DAY

Chud and Jake are looking at weaponry and gear. There is a
GUN STORE OWNER, 55, balding, overweight, wearing camo gear
and a 45 caliber pistol on his hip and a 9mm Glock in a
shoulder holster.

GUN STORE OWNER

Can I help you with something? You
boys looking for something in
particular?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHUD

What's the wait time on this stuff?

GUN STORE OWNER

Seven days on handguns, but zero days on this baby.

He pulls an AR-15 out from under the cabinet.

Jake's eyes widen.

JAKE

Can I hold it?

GUN STORE OWNER

Sure, you can hold it, stroke it, even nuzzle it if you want. For the right price.

CHUD

How Much?

GUN STORE OWNER

This baby retails for 2200 but because your buddy here's so in love, I'll let 'er go for say...16?

CHUD

How about Glocks? Like the one you're wearing?

GUN STORE OWNER

Lemme go have a look in the back.

The man exits while Chud speaks quietly to Jake.

CHUD

I'll have to get some of the stuff online. It'll take a couple of weeks to come in and, plus I still have to get the C4 from Tyson.

JAKE

You're the boss, big brother.

The gun store owner returns with four Glock 9mm handguns, setting them on the counter.

GUN STORE OWNER

These run 600 each, but I'll cut you a deal if you get all these plus the AR and make it 3500 even.

CHUD

When can I pick them up?

GUN STORE OWNER

Well, I'll need to see some ID, and

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

you gotta fill out a form...

CHUD

Shit.

GUN STORE OWNER

Something wrong, mister?

Chud sneers.

CHUD

Forgot my ID.

INT. DENNIS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dennis is in his typical evening wear: PlayStation headset, t-shirt, and underwear. He makes some wild jerking motions with the controller.

DENNIS

I see you! Come back here you son of a bitch!

Dennis frantically shoots and hits his target.

DEMONDOG (VO)

Everyone gets lucky sometimes. Even you, Francine.

DENNIS

Dude. That was total skill!

Dennis's character is blown up by an RPG.

DENNIS (CONT)

Jesus. Totally overkill.

DEMONDOG (VO)

Payback's a bitch.

DENNIS

So are you Double-D, but that's my cue.

DEMONDOG (VO)

Adios, Maria.

INT. MOBILE HOME - DAY

Jake is on the couch watching a rerun of Walker, Texas Ranger and Chud is sitting at a table furiously typing things into Google using a Tor browser.

CHUD

I'm gonna fucking Kill Hollis for sending us to that store when he knew we couldn't legally buy guns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

Even I knew that, dumbass. I mean guns was what got us locked up the last time.

CHUD

It's bullshit. When other people do it it's "open carry" and "The 2nd Amendment" but when I do it it's "Stop shooting up Wal-Mart!" and "Put your hands in the air!" Assholes.

JAKE

What about that dude Tyson?

CHUD

Fuck Tyson.

JAKE

He's already getting us the C4, I bet he can get some guns too. You should call him.

Chud sneers at Jake and closes the laptop.

CHUD

OK, I got the lights, the timer, and the rest of the stuff.

JAKE

Seriously, you should call him.

CHUD

You call him.

JAKE

Fine by me.

Chud pulls a cheap flip phone out of his pocket and tosses it to Jake, who then finds Tyson's name and hits a couple of buttons.

JAKE (CONT)

Tyson, my man! Hey, It's Jake!

Jake pauses, listening.

JAKE (CONT)

You know, Chud and Jake? That Jake.

Jake frowns.

JAKE (CONT)

(Whispering)

We're getting that stuff from you.

Jake pauses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE (CONT)

C4! We're getting C4 from you!

(Beat)

Yeah, that's me!

Jake pauses again.

JAKE (CONT)

No, my sister won't be there. Hey man, we need some more stuff.

Jake listens.

JAKE (CONT)

We need one high powered automatic rifle and four semi automatic pistols. Ya know, like 9mm or something.

CHUD

(Softly)

Keep it under 4 grand!

Jake nods.

JAKE

Five thousand?? No way man, that's way overpriced! Look, we'll give you four g's. The guy at the store was gonna sell them retail for 3500!

Jake pauses, then gets a panicked look on his face. He farts.

JAKE (CONT)

But we can't buy them at.. Wait, six? NO! Five is fine!

Chud glares at Jake.

JAKE (CONT)

Five thousand is a great price, Tyson, thank you.

Jake closes the phone and looks at Chud apologetically.

CHUD

Goddammit, Jake! That was all of our fucking money.

JAKE

He started going up! Sorry, I panicked!

CHUD

I'm taking it out of your share. WITH INTEREST.

EXT. DESERT'S EDGE - DAY

SUPER: A FEW DAYS LATER

Chud and Jake stand next to the van somewhere in the desert.

JAKE

You sure this is the place?

Chud checks his smartphone.

CHUD

Yeah. Gimme the cash.

Jake pulls a zip lock bag full of money from under his seat and hands it to Chud.

JAKE

That's all of it. We ain't got nuthin' left now. That last bank just wasn't a good call.

CHUD

Shut the fuck up. This next one will be bigger. LOTS bigger.

A black sedan approaches and parks about 100 feet away. Two tall African American men get out of the car. As one man opens the trunk and begins removing two suitcases, the other opens the door for a third man. From the back seat emerges a stocky bald man with a face tattoo wearing an expensive-looking suit. It's TYSON. Mike Tyson.

MIKE TYSON

What's up, fellas?

He approaches Chud and Jake with his entourage not far behind him, now carrying the suitcases.

JAKE

What's up, Tyson?

MIKE TYSON

MIKE. It's MIKE Tyson.

Jake looks nervous. Tyson laughs and throws a couple of fake punches.

MIKE TYSON (CONT)

I'm just fuckin' witcha. You got the money?

CHUD

Yeah, you got the goods?

Tyson snaps his fingers and his henchmen open the cases with the weapons and explosives. Chud hands over the zip lock bag.

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CONTINUED:

MIKE TYSON

Classy.

Tyson motions to his men to put the luggage into the van.

MIKE TYSON (CONT)

You'll have to get your own ammo.
Batt'ries not included.

Tyson laughs at his own joke. Jake laughs, too. Chud doesn't laugh.

CHUD

No serial numbers?

MIKE TYSON

You think I would leave serial numbers
on my merchandise? That's ludicrous.

INT. DENNIS'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

SUPER: LATER THAT EVENING

Dennis is back in his usual spot wearing his usual attire. He is visibly sweating as he watches his character get set on fire by a large flamethrower.

DENNIS

How is that even allowed?

DEMONDOG (VO)

Got any marshmallows?

DENNIS

Do you have to gloat every time?

DEMONDOG (VO)

Why yes, Bernice, I do. Because if I
didn't, you would think I was feeling
sick or something.

DENNIS

Well you are kinda sick. But it's that
time and I'm obviously done here.

DEMONDOG (VO)

Don't you mean well done? What's the
matter, don't you want S'more?

DENNIS

You truly are the worst...

INT. GUN STORE - DAY

Chud and Jake enter the store and approach the counter. The same salesman is there.

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CONTINUED:

CHUD

We need some ammo.

GUN STORE OWNER

Sure thing. Whatcha need?

CHUD

2-2-3's and some 9mm. Four boxes of each.

The man retrieves the ammo, sets them on the counter and rings them up. Jake admires some of the weaponry.

GUN STORE OWNER

That'll be 60 even.

Chud hands him three twenties. The man bags up the shells and slides the bag across the counter to Chud.

GUN STORE OWNER (CONT)

You boys need a receipt? Ya know, for taxes?

The man laughs at his own joke. Jake looks confused. Chud sneers as he grabs the bag and exits the store with Jake following.

INT. STARBUCKS RESTROOM - DAY

SUPER: LAST THURSDAY

Dean carefully inserts the timer switch into the block of C4 then sets the timer for 5 minutes. He then puts it in a large zip-lock bag, seals it, and places it in the tank of the toilet.

INT. MOVING RV - DAY [DRIVING]

Chud, Jake, Arliss, and Hollis are dressed head to toe in black. Jake slips the black mask over his head, obscuring his face with only holes over the eyes. There are small LED lights surrounding the eye holes. Jerry is in the driver's seat.

HOLLIS

What're the lights for? It's not even noontime yet.

CHUD

They mask the infrared signal in the cameras and obscure your face.

ARLISS

But we all got masks...

Chud glares at Arliss.

CHUD

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shut up and wear it.

Jake looks at his watch.

JAKE
Four minutes.

CHUD
Right.

Jerry stops the RV on the street opposite the bank. A huge explosion is heard from several blocks away. Everyone looks confused except Chud, who removes his mask partway and looks more annoyed than usual.

JAKE
Uh, that wasn't supposed to happen yet.

CHUD
Shit. See if dumbass Dean is still in one piece.

Jake looks out the window, squinting.

CHUD (CONT)
On the phone, you idiot!

JAKE
Oh..Yeah.

Jake pulls out his phone and dials Dean's number just as Chud's phone rings. Chud looks at his phone. "D.L." He pushes the button to answer.

CHUD
What happened?

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Dean is running toward the van.

DEAN
Shit, I don't know, man! The fucker blew up as soon as I got out the door! Busted all the glass and everything! It was pretty sweet!

Dean gets in the van and starts it.

INT. RV - DAY

Chud yells into the phone.

CHUD
Well get your ass over here, we're going in now.

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CONTINUED:

DEAN (O.S.)

Right on.

Chud ends the call and pulls the mask back down covering his face.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

There is a loud explosion from somewhere nearby. The bank's security guard, CAL, 60, briefly goes outside to see what's going on. Dennis watches him. Cal comes back in and shrugs at Dennis.

DENNIS

What happened?

CAL

No idea. Can't see anything from here.

DENNIS

I'll call another branch and see if they've heard anything.

Dennis notices MRS. LISTER, 90's, a very stooped elderly lady at the counter where Amanda is waiting on her. Dennis waves politely to her.

DENNIS (CONT)

Hello, Mrs. Lister! Always lovely to see you!

Mrs. Lister blows Dennis a kiss and wags her eyebrows at him. Dennis stops in his tracks, looking puzzled.

AMANDA

Atta girl.

Mrs. Lister winks at Amanda. Dennis walks back towards the office.

INT. RV - DAY

Chud, Jake, Hollis, and Arliss are preparing to enter the bank.

CHUD

My contact says there are three tellers, the manager, loan officer and guard working today. Stick to the plan. No fuck ups!

The rest of the crew nods. The four men dressed all in black exit the RV as Dean parks the van in front of the bank entrance. As the men begin entering the bank, the RV drives off.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Chud enters the bank first with the AR-15 loaded and ready, points it initially at Cal, who raises his hands immediately.

CHUD
(Yelling)
Everyone stay calm and keep your hands
in the air. You! In the office! Out
here now!

Dennis realizes what's going on and complies.

DENNIS
Everyone just relax and do whatever
they say.

Chud motions toward Cal.

CHUD
Get his gun.

Jake relieves Cal of his weapon, quickly realizing it's a BB gun and tosses it aside.

CHUD (CONT)
Get them in the back.

Arliss and Hollis take Amanda, Kelly, Mrs. Lister, Cal, Eli, and Shirley into the break room. Eli begins to cry. Shirley consoles him.

Chud approaches Dennis. Jake follows.

CHUD (CONT)
You. Lock the doors.

As Dennis locks the doors as directed, a woman attempts to open the locked door. Chud and Jake jump to the side of the doors, out of her line of sight.

CHUD (CONT)
Tell her you had to close temporarily.

DENNIS
(Yelling)
Sorry! We had to close temporarily.

The woman looks at Dennis, puzzled as she tries to open the locked door again, gets irritated, and leaves in a huff.

CHUD
Where's the vault?

DENNIS
In the back.

Dennis points toward the rear of the bank.

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CONTINUED:

CHUD

Show us.

Dennis complies, walking quickly toward the back of the bank.

INT. BANK BREAKROOM - DAY

Arliss collects the hostages belongings: Cell phones, wallets, jewelry, and purses. Mrs. Lister holds on to her purse as tightly as she can but Arliss snatches it from her hands.

MRS. LISTER

But my pills are in there!

ARLISS

Sorry lady.

AMANDA

You can't expect a 94 year old woman to go without her medication!

MRS. LISTER

You should be ashamed of yourself!

KELLY

Asshole!

Ignoring them, Arliss rifles through Mrs. Lister's handbag, finding a .38 caliber snub-nosed revolver. He pulls it out. The ladies gasp. Eli cries some more. Shirley cradles him into her breast. Cal has his arms crossed and looks as if he could fall asleep at any moment.

ARLISS

Well ain't this sumthin'?

HOLLIS

Nice piece.

MRS. LISTER

My husband gave that to me. Told me to shoot the balls off any man that gave me shit. You better hope I don't get it back.

Arliss laughs as he tucks the revolver in his back pocket. He continues rifling through the purse.

ARLISS

Well lookie what we got here.

Arliss pulls out a flask, not unlike the one he had in the RV. He opens it, sniffs, then smiles. He puts the lid back on and sticks the flask in his other back pocket. Finally locating a pill bottle, he tosses it to Amanda, who gives him a dirty look. Shirley is still consoling Eli. Cal snores softly.

INT. BANK HALLWAY - DAY

Dennis leads the two robbers to the vault entrance. They arrive at the vault door, but Dennis pauses. He takes a deep breath and turns around. Jake straightens up. Dennis looks at Chud, then at Jake, then back at Chud.

DENNIS

I'll have to get the lead teller to get us in. It's a 2-person deal. Without both keys, the vault won't open.

CHUD

Fine. By the way, you're coming with us as collateral. If the alarms are tripped, you're a dead man. Capeesh?

DENNIS

Of course, no funny stuff.

Dennis swallows hard and leads Chud to the break room.

INT. BANK BREAKROOM - DAY

Amanda stands up as the men enter the break room. Mrs. Lister glares at Arliss but her face softens when she sees Dennis. Arliss and Hollis look confused. Cal stirs a bit, wakes up briefly, but promptly falls back asleep.

DENNIS

Everyone just relax. Amanda, I'll need you to come with me.

Chud motions for Arliss and Hollis to stay there.

CHUD

Stay put. Slight change of plans.

Arliss shrugs.

DENNIS

Everyone just sit tight. This will all be over soon.

AMANDA

(Whispering to Dennis)

What are you doing? These rednecks are going to kill us all!

ARLISS

I can hear you!

HOLLIS

He can hear you.

DENNIS

It's going to be fine. I need your key

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

to get into the vault.

Dennis straightens up, addressing the hostages.

DENNIS (CONT)

It's bank policy to comply in this type of scenario, so we have to go along with them.

Amanda nods in agreement. Dennis motions for Amanda to exit. She stops in front of Dennis and to everyone's surprise, she kisses him. Dennis's eyes open wide and he nearly falls over.

AMANDA

I've been wanting to do that for a long time, and if we all die today...

Eli lets out a wail.

DENNIS

Nobody is dying today. Except maybe Eli's dignity.

Eli sobs. Shirley consoles him.

DENNIS (CONT)

Let's just get through this and we'll all be fine.

CHUD

Move it, Casanova.

Dennis exits, followed closely by Amanda and Chud. Eli can still be heard blubbering over the soft sound of more snoring coming from Cal.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

The three of them pass behind the counter as Dennis speaks to Amanda.

DENNIS

They're making me go with them. Don't hit the alarm for 5 minutes after we're gone.

Nervously, Amanda nods in agreement. The group makes their way back towards the vault.

INT. BANK HALLWAY - DAY

Dennis and Amanda use their keys to unlock the vault. Dennis opens the door and he, Amanda, Chud, and Jake enter.

INT. BANK VAULT - DAY

The far wall of the vault appears to be a grid of locked doors similar to post office boxes.

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CONTINUED:

CHUD

Which ones are the big bills? I don't want any of that small change bullshit.

DENNIS

Larger denominations start at the bottom and go all the way up and then left. Stick to the outer rows and you'll get the 100's, 50's, and 20's.

Amanda nods and unlocks the outer rows. Chud and Jake empty the drawers into large duffel bags. Once the bags are full, Jake picks up a bag in each hand. Chud grabs one bag as Dennis picks up the other. Chud motions for Jake to exit the vault.

CHUD

You two. MOVE.

Amanda scurries out the door as Dennis and Chud follow.

INT. BANK HALLWAY - DAY

Chud directs them back toward the break room. Before she enters, Amanda briefly glances back at Dennis who gives her a consoling look before she rejoins her coworkers.

CHUD

Alright we're blowing this joint!

Arliss pokes his head out.

ARLISS

We done here boss?

CHUD

One of you clear the front door. The other keep everyone in there until we're out.

ARLISS

Then what?

CHUD

Then follow us, you dumbass!

ARLISS

OH! OK!

Arliss addresses the group.

ARLISS (CONT)

Y'all motherfuckers don't move! 'cept you, Hollis, you go first, I'll guard these fuckers!

Mrs. Lister flips Arliss off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hollis quickly leaves the break room, headed for the front door.

INT. BANK LOBBY - DAY

Hollis sprints out the door with Jake behind him struggling to carry both duffel bags while running.

CHUD

Now you.

Dennis exits the bank, following Jake. Chud yells back to Arliss.

CHUD (CONT)

Come on, dipshit, unless you want to get left behind!

Chud runs out the door and toward the van as Arliss double times it towards the door.

INT. VAN - DAY

Chud throws the duffel bag into the van and jumps in.

CHUD

MOVE!

The van starts to pull away as Arliss just barely catches up and gets in. The rest of the crew look at Dennis, who looks nervously at Chud. Dean floors it and drives them to where the RV is waiting, drops the men and the cargo off and then drives away.

EXT. THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE, OUTSIDE THE RV - DAY

The men enter the RV one by one, loading the duffel bags in with them.

INT. RV - DAY

Jake sets one of the duffel bags on the table.

HOLLIS

What're we gonna do with Mr. Fancy pants here?

ARLISS

I say we kill 'im!

Arliss pulls out his pistol. Hollis follows suit.

HOLLIS

Yeah! Let's shoot the fucker!

Jake steps behind them and gives them both "Vulcan neck pinches" at which point both Arliss and Hollis crumble while crying out in pain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dennis's wrists are bound in front of him and he has a black hood over his head. The crew is more relaxed and they are no longer wearing masks. Jake is adding up the cash amounts on a piece of paper as Hollis and Arliss are putting the money back into the duffel bags.

Chud looks at his phone.

CHUD

Turn right on the next road.

Jerry obeys and after few hundred feet, he stops the RV and turns around.

JERRY

So what's the take?

Jake shows Chud the paper with the calculations.

CHUD

Just under 1.9 mil. Not bad for a Thursday. Now... Time for our friend to get off.

Dennis turns toward the sound of Chud's voice.

DENNIS

WAIT! NO!

CHUD

Get up.

Chud checks his weapon, then cocks it. Dennis stands up as ordered and Chud pushes him toward the door. Chud opens the door and shoves Dennis out.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Dennis lands flat with a heavy THUD.

DENNIS

NNNNNNNNNNNGGGGGGGGGHHHHHH...

Chud exits the RV, helps Dennis up, then shoves him forward.

Dennis stumbles away from the RV with Chud right behind him.

CHUD

(Yelling to the guys in the RV)
I'll be right back. Don't fucking move.

DENNIS

Dude, please...

CHUD

Keep walking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dennis plods forward, tips over a rock and falls on his face.

DENNIS
UUUUUggggggghhhhhnnnnnnnnhhhhhhh....

CHUD
Oh, goddammit.

Chud glances back at the RV, then walks over to Dennis, removing his hood. Dennis's nose is bleeding.

CHUD (CONT)
There. Now get up.

Dennis slowly gets up, wiping the blood off his face onto his sleeve as best he can with bound hands.

DENNIS
You could untie my hands too, ya know.

CHUD
Shut the fuck up and walk.

Dennis continues walking about 100 feet further.

CHUD (CONT)
Stop.

Dennis stops, turns around, looking at Chud nervously.

DENNIS
Come on, dude! Please don't do this!

CHUD
I may be a bad guy, but I'm not a monster.

Chud pulls out a large boot knife. Dennis, wide-eyed, looks startled and confused. Chud cuts the bindings on Dennis's wrists and tucks the knife back into his boot.

CHUD (CONT)
Now keep walking.

Dennis turns, and runs in the opposite direction. Chud draws and aims his 9mm and fires a single shot. Dennis falls flat. Chud walks calmly up to Dennis's body and fires four more rounds into his back. Dennis flinches, then lies motionless.

INT. RV - DAY

Chud returns to the RV with cheers from the goon squad.

ARLISS
Right on, brother! God DAMN!

Arliss tries to high five Chud, who leaves him hanging.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHUD

Drive.

Jerry starts the RV and pulls off the road, turning around back the way they came.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

As he hears the RV pulling away, Dennis coughs, spits out a bit of blood, and lifts his head enough to turn & see the RV driving off. Exhaling heavily, he stands up and sees the cardboard plugs on the ground.

INT. MOVING RV - DAY [DRIVING]

Jerry chews on his cigar and glances in the rear view mirror at Chud.

JERRY

Where we headed now boss?

CHUD

To bury the money.

HOLLIS

What are you talkin' about, "bury the money"?

CHUD

We'll keep some for now, but we have to lay low for a while.

ARLISS

You didn't say nuthin' about buryin' no money. I want my cut!

In one smooth motion, Chud reaches down into his boot, bringing his knife up to Arliss's throat, pressing just hard enough to make a slight scratch which barely oozes blood.

CHUD

Cut? Is that really the word you chose to use in this situation?

Arliss simultaneously faints and pees his pants. Chud pulls the knife away quickly before Arliss is actually injured.

CHUD (CONT)

Get this little bitch into the bathroom.

Jake and Hollis drag Arliss to the bathroom, dumping him into the shower and turning on the water.

INT. RV BATHROOM - DAY [DRIVING]

Arliss comes to and looks confused while Jake laughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JAKE

You fainted like a bitch.

Arliss checks his throat, which is still intact.

ARLISS

Did I piss myself again?

JAKE

Yep.

Jake rolls his eyes as he exits the bathroom.

INT. MOVING RV - DAY [DRIVING]

Chud is sitting at the table looking at his phone.

CHUD

In about 2 miles, turn right on the next dirt road.

JERRY

Got it.

A few minutes later they arrive at the burial point.

CHUD

This is it.

Jerry pulls the RV over as Chud zips the last full duffel bag closed. Dean is leaning on the parked motorcycle as the RV arrives. As the RV comes to a stop, Dean opens the door and stands in the doorway.

DEAN

Took ya long enough.

Chud opens the storage hatch under the bench revealing several shovels.

CHUD

Grab a shovel and get your asses out there and start digging.

Everyone except Chud grabs a shovel as they exit the RV.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Dennis is wandering the desert on a lonely two-lane road in the middle of nowhere. No cars, no coyotes, no roadrunners. Sweaty, dehydrated, and exhausted, he eventually reaches a larger highway, turns left, and continues walking.

EXT. DESERT MONEY BURIAL SPOT - DAY

Chud leads the goons about 500 feet out from the RV.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHUD
OK, start digging.

All of the men except Chud begin to dig a large hole. Chud is busy recording the coordinates on his phone. He walks to the motorcycle and walks it over to the far side of the hole. After about 15 minutes, the hole is large enough, and all four duffel bags are placed into the hole and covered with sand, gravel, and dirt.

HOLLIS
Alrighty, that's done. Now what?

CHUD
Jake, take the bike. Everyone else
back to the RV. I'll be right there.

Everyone except Chud and Jake head back to the RV.

CHUD
You do the thing?

JAKE
Yep.

CHUD
Follow me.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY- DAY

As Dennis stumbles down the side of the highway, a classic pink sedan convertible, shimmering from the heat of the road, speeds toward him but slows as it approaches, eventually coming to a stop so that Dennis can get in. Once Dennis is in the passenger seat, the car makes a u-turn and speeds off.

EXT. DESERT MONEY BURIAL SPOT - DAY

With the RV in the distance behind them, Chud pulls out what looks like a garage door opener. He smirks as he presses the button. Behind them, the RV explodes into a huge ball of fire. As the two men turn around and face the RV, Mrs. Lister's dented flask lands in front of Chud. He picks it up.

JAKE
Shouldn't be drinking on the job.

Chud takes a swig.

Jake lets out another goofy laugh.

CHUD
Let's go.

Chud mounts the motorcycle and Jake jumps into the passenger seat just in time for Chud to speed off toward the highway.

INT./EXT. CLASSIC PINK CONVERTIBLE - DAY [DRIVING]

Dennis smiles at Amanda, who is driving.

DENNIS
Holy shit, I can't believe we did it!

AMANDA
We couldn't have pulled it off without
that big old brain of yours!

SUPER: 30 MINUTES LATER

Amanda pulls the car into the parking lot of a diner on the side of the highway.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF A ROADSIDE DINER

Amanda and Dennis exit the car. Dennis walks around to the driver's side where he leads her into the diner.

EXT. ON A MOTORCYCLE - DAY [DRIVING]

Chud slows the motorcycle as he pulls into the diner parking lot and parks next to the convertible.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF A ROADSIDE DINER

Both men dismount from the motorcycle and enter the diner.

INT. DINER - DAY

TAMMY, 40's, waitress, waves at the men as they enter. The only patrons are Dennis and Amanda who are sitting in a booth toward the back of the diner.

TAMMY
Just sit anywhere, I'll be right over.

Chud and Jake approach Amanda and Dennis. Amanda gets up and excitedly hugs both of them.

CHUD
Settle down, you just saw us this morning.

AMANDA
Well, big brother, this morning you were waving guns around and acting like Mr. Big Shot.

Amanda makes a funny face and then kisses her finger and touches Chud's nose with it.

Amanda sits next to Dennis with Chud and Jake sitting opposite them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DENNIS
So it's done then? Kaboom?

Chud nods.

JAKE
Waste of a good RV if you ask me.

AMANDA
I feel bad about... You know.

CHUD
They were all a bunch of wasters and
lowlifes. The world's better off
without 'em.

DENNIS
Look, what's done is done. We knew
going in that was part of the plan, so
no sense in mourning a few bad guys.

Tammy walks over to take their order.

TAMMY
What can I getcha to drink?

AMANDA
Waters for everyone, please.

JAKE
Cheeseburger. And a Coke.

Amanda glares at Jake, then turns and smiles at Tammy.

AMANDA
...please.

Chud just waves her off, not making eye contact.

DENNIS
Nothing for me, thank you.

AMANDA
Do you have hot tea?

TAMMY
I got coffee.

Amanda wrinkles her nose.

AMANDA
Just water will be fine, thank you.

Amanda smiles sweetly as Tammy walks away, annoyed.

DENNIS
Hot Tea? Really? Don't you get enough
teabags in the game?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMANDA

It's only fun when I do it to you.

Amanda smirks. Dennis grabs her hand.

DENNIS

I love you, Mister DemonDog!

AMANDA

I love you too, Gladys!

Dennis kisses Amanda softly

CHUD

Knock it off, lovebirds.

JAKE

So what now?

DENNIS

Well, I guess we follow the plan.

CHUD

You took care of the details?

DENNIS

Yeah, I altered the treasury deposit log so the serial numbers they're tracking aren't the ones that were delivered. They don't have any idea which bills are actually missing.

CHUD

What about the cops?

AMANDA

I just started crying. They never suspected a thing.

She strikes a melodramatic pose.

AMANDA (CONT)

I told Mr. Myers that I had to quit because I was so very traumatized by the whole thing and I just couldn't bear to work there anymore.

Amanda pulls some documents out of her purse.

AMANDA (CONT)

Oh, and here you go.

She hands Dennis a Social Security Card, a Birth Certificate, and a Passport that has a photo of Dennis with a beard, all bearing the name Todd Rogers.

DENNIS

Todd? That's the best name you could

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

have possibly come up with?

JAKE

It's better than Chad.

Jake nudges Chud.

CHUD

Shut the fuck up.

AMANDA

Better start working on that beard.

Everyone laughs, with Jake Goofy laugh overpowering the rest.

BLACKOUT

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

SUPER: 4 DAYS LATER

A TV is showing a news broadcast.

TV NEWS ANCHOR #1

...used as a distraction during the robbery. Thankfully, no one was seriously injured in the blast, although the Starbucks will be closed for repairs for several days.

TV NEWS ANCHOR #2

On a sad note, the hostage taken during the robbery, Bank Assistant Manager Dennis Theodore, is presumed to have been killed in the same explosion that killed his captors.

TV NEWS ANCHOR #1

We will have more details on that story on tomorrow's early broadcast.

AMANDA (O.S.)

Turn that off, it's time for bed.

Dennis sits on the edge of the bed and uses the remote to turn off the TV. Amanda, wearing only a Batman t-shirt to cover just enough, walks into view. She straddles his waist and pushes him backward on the bed. They both look into the camera. Amanda winks, and Dennis wags his eyebrows as he clicks the remote toward the camera and everything goes black as if the viewer's TV was turned off.

END