

PROFESSIONAL CRIMINALS

By

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EXT. PHARMACY - MORNING

It's a crisp Florida morning. CURTIS RIVERS (late 20s, scruffy but handsome), OWEN LAKE (late 20s, mildly overweight and slobby), and PETER PUDDLE (19, slender and awkward) walk collectively towards Peter's clunky sedan.

Curtis holds a box of condoms. Owen holds a bottle of Flintstones Vitamins. Peter holds a prescription.

PETER

So, you're pretty excited about this date?

CURTIS

Yeah, wait till you meet this girl, guys. She's gorgeous.

OWEN

What's the game plan?

CURTIS

Well, I'm taking her out to see the new Roland Emmerich movie, because apparently she loves Roland Emmerich movies.

OWEN

(impressed)  
Girl's got taste.

CURTIS

Then I might take her to this Italian restaurant downtown. You know, wine her and dine her.

PETER

Angelino's?

CURTIS

Yeah, you've been there?

PETER

I took my girlfriend there for her birthday.

OWEN

Wow. You're taking bitches out to Italian restaurants at your age? That's fucking fantastic, Pete. You're ahead of the game, you know that?

Curtis and Peter enter the car. Owen tries to open one of the backseat doors, and it nearly BREAKS right off its hinges.

OWEN (CONT'D)  
God dammit, Pete.

PETER  
Sorry.

INT. PETER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Peter drives while Curtis rides shotgun and Owen sits in the backseat. As they continue their conversation, Curtis and Owen change their clothes.

OWEN  
But you do intend on fucking her,  
right?

Curtis taps the box of condoms.

CURTIS  
That's the idea.

PETER  
But, it's not really just  
about...um...

OWEN  
Fucking her?

PETER  
Yeah. I mean, it's not all about  
that. Right?

CURTIS  
What do you mean?

PETER  
Well, um, what if she turns out to  
be really nice? You know? Someone  
you want to spend time with. Or,  
you know, take out on Sunday drives  
or something.

Pause.

OWEN  
What the hell are you talking  
about?

PETER  
Nevermind.

OWEN

Curtis, I don't wanna sound like an asshole here, but condoms are retarded.

CURTIS

Retarded? Condoms are retarded? I don't even know what to say to that.

OWEN

Are you really that concerned about getting a chick pregnant that you have to resort to putting a balloon over your dick 'cause you can't control your shit?

CURTIS

What the hell is wrong with you? There's absolutely nothing wrong with using condoms. When did taking precaution become a crime?

OWEN

Taking precaution? This ain't Homeland Security. Who the fuck cares? Hit it and quit it, bitch.

CURTIS

What?

OWEN

I'm just saying. No one should have to put some god damn Reynolds wrap over their dick for "precautionary" reasons. I've got three words for you: Just. Pull. Out.

PETER

Yeah...but people said the same thing about Vietnam and look how that turned out.

Curtis and Owen stare at Peter...completely stunned and confused.

TITLE CARD: "PROFESSIONAL CRIMINALS"

Curtis and Owen finish putting on their now all-black outfits. Owen picks up a duffel bag from underneath the passenger side seat, unzips it, and pulls out TWO BLACK SEMI-AUTOMATIC HANDGUNS. He hands one of them to Curtis.

CURTIS  
How far are we?

Peter looks down at a printed Map Quest map.

PETER  
I think we're just a couple of  
blocks down.

Owen hands Curtis a mask as he puts one on himself. The masks are caricatures of BIGGIE and TUPAC. Owen looks out the window and notices a DUNKIN' DONUTS just ahead of them.

OWEN  
Are we stopping by Dunkin'?

PETER  
Yeah, I think we have time.

Peter turns into Dunkin' Donuts.

LATER

Back on the road, the trio finish a box of donuts. Curtis and Owen have their masks half-on, only their mouths visible. They're listening to the local radio morning show.

Owen finishes his donut, wipes his hands, and slides his mask back down over his mouth. He picks up his gun, cocks it back, and puts it in his lap. The car comes to a stop across the street from a CHECK CASHING PLACE. Owen throws the duffel bag over to Curtis.

OWEN  
What's the exit plan?

CURTIS  
Same as usual. Peter will be  
waiting on the corner directly  
across from the store.

OWEN  
Cool. Ready when you are.

CURTIS  
Alright. Let's get it done.

Curtis and Owen exit the car.

EXT. CHECK CASHING STORE #1 - CONTINUOUS

With their guns in hand, the two casually stroll across the street towards the check cashing store.

Curtis notices a car coming towards them and halts Owen. The car slows to a stop. The man inside acknowledges the two with a completely normal nod and smile, and lets them cross. Curtis and Owen acknowledge him back, and keep on walking towards the store.

INT. CHECK CASHING STORE #1 - CONTINUOUS

They enter the small, tight office space. There are five customers on line. Behind the glass window is an unassuming FEMALE TELLER. Curtis and Owen put their GUNS INTO THE AIR.

CURTIS

Alright, people. I don't need to tell you how this goes. So let's knock this out, and we can all go home early.

The customers immediately hit the deck.

OWEN

Okay, now if this is your first time, let me lay out some ground rules. Please refrain from doing anything fucking stupid, like making any sudden movements or trying to call somebody.

Owen notices one of the customers: an attractive, busty middle-aged woman.

OWEN (CONT'D)

You may also be asked to take off your clothes, so just keep that in mind.

Curtis makes his way to the teller.

CURTIS

You know the drill. Empty everything. And if you wouldn't mind separating the 20s from the 10s and the 5s, that'd be great. Thanks.

The teller does as she's asked and slides the cash underneath the window. Curtis sifts it into the duffel bag.

OWEN

Hey, what are we doing when we get outta here?

CURTIS

I think we're heading to the store.  
I need to pick up a few things.

One of the male customers ever so slowly attempts to reach for their CELL PHONE.

OWEN

(to Curtis)

Oh, okay. Good. 'Cause I'm running low on eggs.

The cell phone guy slowly pulls out his phone and attempts to send a text message. He presses send on the phone. A loud message alert BUZZES. Owen immediately notices the customer.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Hey!

Owen grabs the cell phone and SMASHES it to the ground. The customer groans. The female teller speaks up.

FEMALE TELLER

(to Curtis)

Sir, I'm low on 5s.

CURTIS

You're kidding me, right?

FEMALE TELLER

I've got a handful of 1s, and I've got a lot of 10s and 20s.

CURTIS

Alright. Just go ahead and give me the 1s, 10s, and 20s. I'll break them down later. Fuck.

OWEN

What's wrong?

CURTIS

She's low on 5s.

OWEN

So, what's the big deal?

CURTIS

I just like 5s. That's all.

OWEN

I don't know. It kinda seems anal if you ask me.

CURTIS

It's not anal, alright? I like 5s.  
It's a personal preference. You  
have personal preferences. I have  
personal preferences. It's totally  
normal.

OWEN

I don't know...

Owen looks back down at the cell phone guy.

OWEN (CONT'D)

What do you think, cell phone guy?

CELL PHONE GUY

...I kind of prefer 5s, as well.

OWEN

Fuck you! Nobody asked you!

The teller finishes sliding the cash underneath the window.

CURTIS

That should do it. And what was  
your name?

FEMALE TELLER

Nancy...?

CURTIS

Well, Nancy, I appreciate all your  
help. I hope you have a wonderful  
day.

(to Owen)

Let's roll.

Owen backs away from the cell phone guy, eyeing him as they  
exit the store.

EXT. CHECK CASHING STORE #1 - CONTINUOUS

Curtis and Owen exit the check cashing place with a full  
duffel bag. Peter is waiting inside the car, as planned.

PETER

What took you guys so long?

CURTIS

They didn't have any 5s. What kind  
of place doesn't have 5s?



PETER

Did you hurt anyone?

OWEN

No. But I sure as fuck wanted to.

Owen goes to open his door, and it nearly BREAKS off again.

OWEN (CONT'D)

What the fuck?!

Curtis and Owen get in. They drive off.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

It's a sunny afternoon outside your average, everyday supermarket.

INT. REGISTER, GROCERY STORE - DAY

Curtis and Owen, back in regular clothing, are at the register with Peter. Curtis is holding the duffel bag around his shoulder. Owen notices the attractive cashier and immediately makes his move.

OWEN

And what's your name?

FEMALE CASHIER

I'm wearing a name tag.

OWEN

I can see that. So what's your name?

Meanwhile, Curtis and Peter unload the shopping cart. Curtis notices some of Peter's items, namely several varieties of tofu and bags of vegetables.

CURTIS

When did you become a vegetarian?

PETER

Oh, I'm not. It's for my girlfriend.

CURTIS

You're buying groceries for your girlfriend?

PETER

I'm cooking for her tonight.

CURTIS  
You...you're cooking? For her?  
You're cooking?

PETER  
Yeah.

CURTIS  
And you give head?

PETER  
What?

CURTIS  
I'm just saying. You're 19. You  
don't have to go through all of  
this to get laid, you know that  
right?

PETER  
Well, I don't think so. But it's  
not all about sex. Sometimes I just  
want to do something nice for her.

Pause.

CURTIS  
And by nice you mean...

PETER  
Cooking.

CURTIS  
And not...?

PETER  
Oral sex.

The cashier finishes scanning all the items.

FEMALE CASHIER  
It's gonna be \$117.49.

Curtis pulls the duffel bag out in front of him, unzips it,  
and sifts through several stacks of cash. He picks out seven  
\$20 bills and hands them to the cashier.

CURTIS  
And can I get a few 5s back?  
Thanks.

Owen rolls his eyes.

EXT. CURTIS AND OWEN'S APARTMENT - EVENING

It's a still evening outside the attractive apartment complex.

INT. CURTIS AND OWEN'S APARTMENT - EVENING

The apartment is decked out in GUY GEAR: a dartboard, a pool table, posters of attractive women. It's nice, but not that nice.

Owen and Peter are sitting on the leather couch playing Playstation. Curtis comes out from his room and struts across the living room. He's shaven and wearing a slick dark blue dress shirt.

CURTIS  
Alright, so how do I look?

OWEN  
You look sexy as hell.

CURTIS  
Really? You mean it?

OWEN  
Hell yeah I do. If I were gay, I'd totally take it up the ass from you.

CURTIS  
(sincerely)  
Really? Thank you. That means a lot. What do you think, Pete?

PETER  
You look sharp.

CURTIS  
Would you take it up the ass from me?

PETER  
What?

CURTIS  
Nothing.

Curtis grabs his keys from the kitchen counter.

CURTIS (CONT'D)  
So, listen, I'm gonna need you guys out of here by 11.  
(MORE)

CURTIS (CONT'D)

If the night goes as planned, I can't have any awkward shit like either of you sitting on the couch naked watching The Daily Show.

OWEN

The air condition wasn't working. Get the fuck over it.

PETER

Well, I'm gonna be heading out in a little bit anyway, so...

OWEN

What'cha got planned tonight, Pete?

PETER

I'm cooking dinner for my girlfriend.

OWEN

Brittany, right? The flat-chested vegetarian? Dude, you could do so much better. At least find a girl whose cup size registers on the alphabet.

PETER

You know, I really don't appreciate that.

OWEN

Well, I don't appreciate your lack of appreciation, Zac Efron.

CURTIS

Guys, can we not do this right now? Please. Peter, go home. Start prepping for tomorrow.

PETER

Where did you have in mind?

CURTIS

I don't know. I was thinking about the store on Jefferson Street.

PETER

Didn't the Channel brothers handle that place last week? Curtis, no offense, but we're running out of places to go. At some point, we're gonna hit a wall.

CURTIS

No, you've got a point. We do need a promotion.

OWEN

Yeah, but not with The Bay running things. That nigga's got shit on lockdown. All the big banks? The Bay. All the small banks? Everybody else. And what do we get? Cash advance.

CURTIS

Could be worse. We could be stuck doing convenience stores.

OWEN

(cringes)

God damn. That'd be less fruitful than trying to titty fuck Keira Knightley.

CURTIS

You know what you can do tonight? Why don't you go talk to him?

OWEN

The fuck? I'm not talking to The Bay.

CURTIS

Why not? If we just approach him and tell him we'd like a little promotion, he might cut us some slack.

OWEN

You actually think The Bay will let us start taking some of his jobs? Please. That's about as likely as you fucking this Lindsey chick tonight.

CURTIS

Just get out the house and talk to the guy.

Curtis exits the apartment.

INT. CURTIS'S CAR - NIGHT

Curtis drives down the local streets in his black sedan. He stops at a red light and looks around the neighborhood, taking in the sights:

A SHOP OWNER closing up for the day. A PIZZA DELIVERY BOY entering an apartment building. A GUITARIST playing a song, angling for cash. A PROSTITUTE...prostituting.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

It's a bustling night at the big local theater. Curtis walks by a row of movie posters, including one for Roland Emmerich's ROMEO AND JULIET.

He looks around amongst the crowd and locates her: LINDSEY POND (late 20s, strikingly beautiful, but down-to-earth). Their eyes meet. Curtis throws his hand up to say, "Hey". Lindsey smiles back. Curtis makes his way over to her.

LINDSEY

If I didn't know any better, I'd say you were stalking me.

CURTIS

Well, see, that's the idea of a date. You tell someone you're gonna meet them somewhere, and your intention is that they'll actually be there.

LINDSEY

Is that a date, or To Catch A Predator?

Curtis laughs.

CURTIS

Shall we go?

LINDSEY

Lets.

They walk in tandem to the box office.

EXT. PETER'S APARTMENT - EVENING

It's a RUNDOWN neighborhood, maybe only a step above a housing project.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Peter enters from the front door, carrying his groceries. The apartment is darkly lit, with only the light from the television illuminating the small space.

Peter is surprised to find his mother PAULA (late 40s, worn, yet joyful) sitting on a beat-up recliner.

PETER

Hey, mom.

PAULA

Oh, hey, Peter! How was work?

PETER

It was fine.

PAULA

Is that manager of yours still being a dick?

PETER

(playing along)

Yeah. Yeah he is.

PAULA

I'm telling you right now, if he doesn't give you that raise you asked for, I have half a mind to go up there myself and tear his ass a new one. Does he know how hard you work?

PETER

No, you don't need to do that. I'm working on it.

Peter sets the groceries down in the kitchen. He's clearly upset about his mother's presence.

PETER (CONT'D)

I thought you were going to the movies with Shelly and Beatrice.

PAULA

I can't. That new CSI starts tonight. I heard it's set in Vermont.

Peter unloads the groceries.

PAULA (CONT'D)  
Are you cooking tonight?

PETER  
Well, yeah. I was. Brittany was supposed to be coming over.

PAULA  
Oh, that's great, sweetheart. You can invite her over for dinner.

Peter, deflated, continues unloading the groceries.

EXT. THE HYPE CLUB - NIGHT

There's a line around the block to get into the club. Owen is standing in the middle of the line, nowhere near the front.

From behind the bouncer, TURNER (30s, slick, but mousey) walks out of the club. He immediately notices Owen.

TURNER  
Owen?

Owen looks in the direction of the voice.

OWEN  
Turner? What's up, man?

TURNER  
Nothing much. Night out?

OWEN  
(quietly)  
Actually, I need to see the boss.

TURNER  
Well, come on. Let's get you out of this line.

INT. THE HYPE CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The Hype Club is everything its name implies: it's BIG and it's LOUD. Owen and Turner make their way through a sea of drunken guys and half-naked girls, as they try to talk through the overbearing music.

TURNER  
So what's going on? I haven't seen you around in a while. Where's Curtis?



OWEN

He's got a date with some bitch he met at Wal-Mart.

TURNER

Who picks up chicks at Wal-Mart?

OWEN

Curtis.

They walk up a flight of steps as they approach a VIP section.

TURNER

How have the jobs been going?

OWEN

That's kind of why I'm here. We're running low on places to hit.

TURNER

Well, I don't know what to tell you, Owen. You know how things are nowadays. Everyone's looking for a slice of the pie, man.

OWEN

Well, I'm hoping The Bay will understand and cut us some slack.

TURNER

Like how?

OWEN

I don't know, maybe we can start taking some of the smaller banks downtown and shit. The chump change places. Small fish.

TURNER

Yeah, I doubt that.

(beat)

Look, Owen. I like you guys. You've been dependable as hell. You pay your dues every month, and you never complain. But to think The Bay is gonna let you cut into his territory? Ain't gonna happen.

OWEN

We can at least ask him, right?

TURNER

Yeah, sure. But I'm just telling you now, he's not gonna like it.

They reach a private section of the VIP area. A group of people, mostly made up of RIDICULOUSLY GORGEOUS WOMEN, sit around on lounge chairs sipping drinks, while listening to a man talk.

That man is THE BAY (late 40s, slick-haired, with an undeniable glow). With a cigarette in hand, he's in the middle of a story.

THE BAY

The place is surrounded by cops. At least 500 blues. I look at the guy on crowd control, and he's freaking out. He's new, he's never been in a situation like this before. So I look him dead in the eye and I tell him, "Hey, kid."

The Bay pauses. The group is held in suspense.

THE BAY (CONT'D)

"Calm the fuck down."

(beat)

And he does. So the cops outside, they get on the megaphone. They're asking us to come out. So I'm looking around.

(beat)

We've got the cash from the vault. At least 20 people held hostage. In my mind, we've got all the leverage. So they call us on one of the bank phones. The prick asks me what our demands are. And I'm like, "Demands? Demands?! The only demand I have is that you get the fuck out of our way!"

THE BAY (CONT'D)

So they start offering us helicopters and private jets out of the country, and I get offended. I mean, fucking offended. I mean, fucking ballistically offended. Who the fuck does this guy think I am? Who the fuck does he think he's talking to? Do I look like some amateur to you? Do you know who the fuck I am?

(MORE)

THE BAY (CONT'D)

I didn't wake up that morning, take a shit, eat a bagel and say, "Hey, maybe I should rob a bank today."

(beat)

No! I'm a fucking professional!

Owen and Turner are amongst the group now.

THE BAY (CONT'D)

So, again, the place is surrounded. My crowd control is shitting all over himself, literally and figuratively. No exit in sight. It's either me, or the cops.

(beat)

Now most people in this situation, they'd crack. But not me. I always have a plan.

(beat)

We're all wearing this blue jumpsuit getup with white masks and black shades. But it just so happens that I've got, like, 50 sets of these same outfits in a bag behind the counter. So I start passing the clothes out to the hostages, and I tell them to put them on.

Owen raises an eyebrow. This sounds vaguely familiar.

THE BAY (CONT'D)

So before the cops can send a raid in, we rush all the hostages out of the bank. But they're all wearing the same outfits that we're wearing, so the cops can't tell the difference between the hostages and us.

Owen knows he's heard this before. One of the women amongst the group raises her hand cautiously. The Bay acknowledges her.

VIP WOMAN

But how did you escape?

Pause.

THE BAY

I built a fake wall in the storage room. And I hid behind it for a whole week.

Owen suddenly realizes where he's heard this before: it's the plot to INSIDE MAN. He shakes his head in disbelief. Everyone else is in amazement.

THE BAY (CONT'D)

After the investigation blew over,  
I got up out of the wall, and  
walked out of the bank a free man.

(beat)

So let this be a lesson to all of  
you, no matter what you do for a  
living.

(beat)

Always have a plan.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Curtis and Lindsey walk out of the theater amongst a crowd of people.

CURTIS

Alright, so honest answer. What did  
you think?

LINDSEY

Honestly, it wasn't that bad. I  
mean, I don't know why Verona had  
to blow up at the end, but it was a  
pretty decent adaptation.

They both laugh. Curtis looks ready to make his next move.

CURTIS

So, what do you say we grab a  
couple of drinks, go back to my  
place, and hang out for a while?

LINDSEY

Wow. That's pretty blunt. Are you  
taking your cues from Romeo back  
there?

CURTIS

Naw, you know. Just...the night is  
young.

LINDSEY

Well, I was thinking more along the  
lines of a walk. A talk.

(beat)

Unless that's out of your skill  
set. Then I can totally understand.

Curtis takes the lashing and grins.

CURTIS

I can do that.

The two walk away from the theater.

EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

Curtis and Lindsey walk side-by-side under the night sky enjoying a pair of ice cream cones. They're in mid-conversation.

LINDSEY

It's just really painful when you're sitting in a restaurant, and the people behind you are having the most ignorant conversation you've ever heard. And you just wanna turn around and slap the crap out of them.

CURTIS

And you're like, "Can people really be this retarded?"

LINDSEY

Exactly. It just blows you away, because you refuse to believe people can be that stupid. And then you start thinking that the human race is doomed, and we're all regressing. And you're picturing Planet of the Apes, and you just get depressed.

Curtis laughs. He looks at Lindsey, surprised. There's just something different about this girl.

CURTIS

Yeah, it's pretty crazy. And then you start feeling like you're some superior creation, above and beyond everyone else.

Lindsey laughs.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

And that no one is as smart as you, no one understands you, everyone's just going through their daily motions. Not going anywhere.

Curtis catches himself for a moment, looking away in deep thought.

LINDSEY  
Something wrong?

CURTIS  
No. It's just...it's weird. Like, I've always felt that way about people, but I've never actually explained that to someone else.

LINDSEY  
Because you thought people would think you're some sort of wannabe eccentric thinker?

CURTIS  
Something like that.

LINDSEY  
Yeah, it's weird. I think people in general are more interesting than they let on, but they're afraid to reveal who they really are and what they really think.

CURTIS  
As if being honest and being yourself is so scary.

LINDSEY  
Not just that, but I think people like hiding behind a facade. Constantly shielding themselves. That way they never get hurt, because no one knows how to penetrate them.

Curtis stops walking.

CURTIS  
Wow. That managed to both provoke me and turn me on that same time.

LINDSEY  
Get your mind out of the gutter, Romeo.

Curtis smiles and keeps walking.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Peter is in the kitchen finishing up dinner, his mother still sitting in front of the TV. There's a knock on the front door.

PETER  
I got it.

Peter opens the front door. It's BRITTANY (19, slim, cute).

BRITTANY  
(seductively)  
Hey.

She THRUSTS herself upon him and kisses him. He pushes her away gently.

PETER  
Wait, wait.

BRITTANY  
What's wrong?

She looks behind him and notices his mother staring directly at them.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)  
Oh! Hi, Ms. Puddle!

Brittany, embarrassed, looks back at Peter.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
I thought we were gonna be alone.

PETER  
She decided to stay home. I'm sorry.

BRITTANY  
(sighs)  
It's okay.

They make their way into the kitchen.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)  
Sorry we couldn't go to my house.  
My dad's got his work friends over  
to watch the game.

PETER  
Did you find the place okay?

BRITTANY

Yeah, sure. But there was this hobo downstairs who tried to offer me his "pecker" for a dollar.

PETER

Oh, Andy? He's not a hobo. He lives on the fourth floor. He just dresses up like that hoping people will have enough sympathy for him to actually do it. Apparently, that's how he pays his rent.

LATER

Peter, his mother, and Brittany are sitting at the dining room table enjoying Peter's dinner.

PAULA

So, Brittany. I hear you're in college now, is that right?

BRITTANY

Yes, ma'am. Community college, actually. But I'm probably gonna transfer to a university in about a year.

PAULA

What are you gonna major in?

BRITTANY

Radiology, actually.

PAULA

Wow. Look at you.

She looks at both Peter and Brittany, together.

PAULA (CONT'D)

I just think the two of you make a great couple.

They blush.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Peter, you're gonna have to step up your game if you want to support this girl.

PETER

What?



PAULA

Well, I'm just saying. Radiology pays very well. You've got to be the breadwinner, sweetheart. So tomorrow, you go and ask that manager of yours, what's his name?

PETER

Mr. Rivers?

PAULA

Yes. You ask Mr. Rivers for that raise. You know damn well you've earned it.

Paula goes back to eating. Peter and Brittany both look at each other. Clearly they know something Peter's mother doesn't.

LATER

Peter and Brittany are in the kitchen doing the dishes. Brittany looks over Peter's shoulder to confirm that Peter's mother is asleep.

BRITTANY

You haven't told her?!

PETER

Of course not. She'd never understand.

BRITTANY

So what does she think you do?

PETER

I told her I was a mail clerk for some legal firm.

BRITTANY

And she bought that?!

PETER

What do you mean? It sounds legitimate enough.

BRITTANY

Ugh. Peter, you can't go around lying to your mother like this.

PETER

And what am I supposed to do? Tell her the truth?

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

That I'm a getaway driver for a couple of robbers? She'd have an eruption.

(beat)

The reason I told you was because I knew you wouldn't freak out about it. And you didn't.

BRITTANY

Peter, I didn't freak out because I was high as shit when you told me.

PETER

Yeah, but when you came down you weren't that upset.

BRITTANY

Yes, I was. But I understood why you had to do it. Look at this place.

Peter looks around at the apartment. It's dingy as hell.

BRITTANY (CONT'D)

You have to do what you can to support her. What parent wouldn't understand that?

Peter looks back over at his mother sleeping in front of the TV. A look of reluctance passes over his face.

INT. THE HYPE CLUB - NIGHT

The crowd of people in the VIP Lounge disperse. On cue, Turner leads Owen up to The Bay.

THE BAY

Turner.

TURNER

This is Owen Lake. Cash advance division.

Owen and The Bay shake hands.

THE BAY

Ah, yeah. Lake. You work with Rivers?

OWEN

Yes, sir.

THE BAY

Cool. Cool. Yeah, I've been hearing a lot of good things about you guys. Hey, bang-up job on that Amscot near the youth center.

OWEN

You heard about that?

THE BAY

Sure did. Apparently there was some bitch whose water broke in the middle of the robbery? I couldn't believe it. And I heard you delivered the baby, then took the woman's purse.

OWEN

Yeah, it was pretty crazy.

THE BAY

But I heard you handled it with class. I'm proud of that.

(beat)

I know guys like you don't get a chance to meet me that often, but don't think I don't appreciate the effort you kids put in. You guys are the backbone of all this.

(beat)

So what brings you down here, Owen?

OWEN

Um...well, Curtis and I have kinda hit a wall. We're running out of places to hit, and we were kinda hoping we could get some sort of promotion. I mean, we've been really consistent, and we never miss a payment.

The Bay nods his head, taking this in.

THE BAY

A promotion? Hmm.

(beat)

Well, I gotta be honest with you, Owen. It's a difficult time for everybody. The universal well is running dry.

(beat)

But I'll tell you what.

(MORE)

THE BAY (CONT'D)

I might have an opening in my regular rotation in a couple of days. I figure, if you guys keep doing the work you're doing, I might take a look at adding you to my reserve crew. It's not much, but it's a step up.

OWEN

Yeah. Sure. That'd be awesome.

The Bay reaches into his suit jacket and pulls out a blunt.

THE BAY

You down?

OWEN

Absolutely.

LATER

The Bay and Owen are leaning on a bannister overlooking the rest of the club. They puff and pass in the middle of a conversation.

THE BAY

Nights like this, Owen. This is what it's all about. Just chillin'.

OWEN

I know what you mean. I want this. I really do.

THE BAY

You can have it, man. All you gotta do is take it.

(beat)

To get to where I'm at, to get to the top? You've gotta do whatever it takes to convince the people around you that you are the undeniable shit. Even if it means lying to them. People will respect you if you convince them that you're worth respecting.

(beat)

Like that story I just told in there? Complete bullshit. The real thing is never that fantastical. But they don't know that.

Owen nods, grinning.

THE BAY (CONT'D)

You wanna know what it's like to be me?

OWEN

Sure.

THE BAY

It's fucking awesome. I do what I want, when I want. If I see something, I take it. You know why? Because I can. There is absolutely nothing in this world that can stop you if you're determined enough.

(beat)

You ever seen Scarface?

OWEN

Yeah.

THE BAY

Horrible fucking film. The son of a bitch gets obliterated at the end, but people worship this guy like he's some sort of idol. I don't get it. Tony Montana was a fucking idiot. He let his morals and values get in the way of prospering his business. There's nothing inspiring about that shit. You know what's inspiring? A muthafucker who actually grabs life by the balls, and never lets go. Doesn't let anything get in his way.

The Bay looks over the crowd.

THE BAY (CONT'D)

If you really want all of this, you've gotta sell out to the goal. That's the only way you're ever gonna go anywhere.

He looks down at a pair of gorgeous women sitting at a table, alone.

THE BAY (CONT'D)

Now if you'll excuse me, I gotta put my money where my mouth is.

He hands Owen the rest of the blunt.

THE BAY (CONT'D)  
 Finish this, will ya. I'll see you  
 around, Owen.

He pats him on the back and heads downstairs. Owen watches The Bay walk over to the girls. The Bay says something to them. They both look at one another, and grin. The Bay takes them both by the hand, and the three walk out of the club. Owen shakes his head in amazement.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Curtis and Lindsey make their way back to the movie theater and towards Lindsey's car. They reach the car and turn to face each other.

LINDSEY  
 I had a great time tonight.

CURTIS  
 Yeah. So did I. We should do it  
 again sometime.

LINDSEY  
 Yeah. I would really like that.

Pause. The "awkward kiss pause".

LINDSEY (CONT'D)  
 Are we really doing this?

CURTIS  
 Doing what?

LINDSEY  
 The awkward kiss pause.

CURTIS  
 Yeah. I think we are.

Lindsey smiles, shaking her head. She kisses him on the cheek.

LINDSEY  
 I'll see you.

She gets in her car and drives off. Curtis, seemingly in a daze, watches her drive away.

INT. CURTIS'S CAR - NIGHT

Curtis enters his car and looks down at the box of condoms in the passenger seat. He thinks for a moment. Then, he picks up the box, and TOSSES it in the backseat.

INT. CURTIS AND OWEN'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT MORNING

Owen is up, energetically ironing a shirt and slacks. Curtis enters the living room adjusting his polo shirt. He notices Owen ironing.

CURTIS

Are you...? Are you ironing?

OWEN

Yes. Yes I am.

Curtis is speechless. Peter enters, carrying a packet of papers.

PETER

Hey, guys.

CURTIS

What's going on, Pete? You got the directions?

PETER

Yeah, I do.

(beat)

But, um, Curtis, can I talk to you for a second?

Owen interrupts, suddenly dressed in the clothes he was just ironing.

OWEN

It can wait. Time is money. Let's go.

Curtis and Peter look at one another, both completely baffled.

INT. PETER'S CAR - MORNING

Peter drives, with Curtis in the passenger seat and Owen in the back. All three are finishing their individual McDonalds breakfasts. Curtis and Owen simultaneously change into their "work" clothes.

OWEN

So you haven't said anything about how the date went.

CURTIS

It was good.

Pause. Owen waits for further description and doesn't get any.

OWEN

Wait. That's it? "It was good?"

CURTIS

Yeah. It was fine. It was cool.

Long pause.

OWEN

Well, did you fuck her?

CURTIS

(offended)

No, I didn't fuck her. It wasn't like that, alright? We had a nice night, saw the movie, talked, and that was pretty much it.

OWEN

So, wait. What happened? Was she not into you or something?

CURTIS

No. We just...we just talked. And it was cool. You know? She's a cool chick.

PETER

That sounds great, Curtis. Are you gonna see her again?

CURTIS

Yeah. I think so. We just...I don't know. We hit it off really well. It was different.

Curtis and Owen finish getting dressed, just as Peter stops in front of their destination. Curtis picks up the duffel bag and hands Owen his mask and gun.

OWEN

Let's go make that money.



They put on their masks and walk out of the car.

EXT. CHECK CASHING STORE #2 - CONTINUOUS

They walk in stride towards the check cashing store.

CURTIS

You do understand what I'm saying,  
right?

OWEN

About what? You not fucking this  
chick?

CURTIS

It's not that I didn't want to or  
didn't try to. I just didn't have  
to.

OWEN

I don't know. Sounds like some  
pussy ass shit to me.

INT. CHECK CASHING STORE #2 - CONTINUOUS

They enter the store and briefly scan the situation. There  
are a pair of tellers behind the large glass window and two  
small lines of customers. Owen RAISES his gun up into the  
air.

OWEN

Just get on the floor and shut the  
fuck up!

Everyone in the store hits the deck fearfully.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Alright, boys and bitches. Let's  
make this as painless as possible.  
Slide your purses, man-purses,  
wallets, bitch-wallets, and all  
assorted materials of value to the  
middle of the floor. The quicker  
the better.

Curtis makes his way to the tellers and opens the duffel bag.

CURTIS

Just empty it all out.

One teller, a woman in her late 50s, shakes visibly.

FEMALE TELLER #2

Please, sir. You don't have to do this.

Curtis looks up at the teller, confused.

CURTIS

Excuse me?

FEMALE TELLER #2

You don't have to do this, sir.

Her eyes are wide with fear, pleading with him to stop. Curtis is taken aback for a moment. The woman looks FAMILIAR to him. He slowly shakes it off.

CURTIS

Just...put the money in the bag and stop talking.

The teller does as she's asked and slides the cash under the window. Curtis turns back to look at the crowd of customers throwing their valuables into a pile on the floor. A small look of CONCERN passes over his face.

EXT. CHECK CASHING STORE #2 - MORNING

Curtis and Owen walk out of the store with the duffel bag. They locate Peter's car and stroll his way.

OWEN

A shitty haul. The Channel brothers must have cleaned that place out.

CURTIS

Yeah, probably.

OWEN

We should go see Turner. Try and gain some leverage on any new jobs.

CURTIS

Sure. Whatever. We can do that.

They reach Peter's car. Owen goes to open the backseat door, and it, once again, nearly BREAKS off.

OWEN

Son of a bitch!

EXT. TURNER'S HOUSE - DAY

Curtis and Owen, back in regular clothing, stand in front of the door to Turner's suburban home. Owen knocks, and the two wait for a response.

OWEN

Okay, so back to what I was saying. I think you're letting this chick fuck with your head. I mean, you keep saying shit like, "Oh, she's so different! Oh, she's special! She's an angel! I don't wanna put my penis inside of her! Oh!"

CURTIS

What the hell? I never said that.

OWEN

But it's true, right?

CURTIS

No, it's not true. The sex aspect just isn't a big deal. If she wants to have sex, we'll have sex. But I just enjoyed being with her last night.

OWEN

God damn, you sound like Pete.

CURTIS

Yeah, well, the kid's got a lot of wisdom. I don't know.

The front door finally swings open, revealing a PAJAMA-WEARING Turner.

TURNER

Curtis. Owen. What are you guys doing here?

OWEN

Well, we were in the neighborhood. Just thought we'd drop by. See how everything was going.

TURNER

Um...okay. Yeah. Sure. Come in.

Turner leads the two inside.

INT. TURNER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The house is completely STERILE and WHITE, like a model home. Curtis and Owen follow Turner into the kitchen. Turner takes a pot of coffee out of the coffee maker and pours a cup.

TURNER

(to Owen)

So, you were with The Bay for a while last night. How'd it go down? He offer you anything?

CURTIS

Yeah, I forgot to ask you about that. What did he say?

OWEN

He was cool, you know? He didn't guarantee us anything, but he said if we keep doing our shit he might bump us up a bit.

CURTIS

Wow. Nice. See? And you didn't want to go.

TURNER

Did he tell you anything specifically? Any details?

OWEN

Like what? The guy was cool as shit, that's all I can really say.

TURNER

Well, we're supposed to be hanging out at N.A.T.B. tonight. You guys down?

CURTIS

Yeah, sure. We didn't have any plans.

OWEN

We're down, dude.

Curtis's cell phone RINGS. He pulls it out from his pocket and looks at the number: it's LINDSEY.

CURTIS

I'll be outside.

OWEN

Don't tell me it's that girl.

Curtis walks out.

OWEN (CONT'D)

That nigga is whipped.

EXT. TURNER'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Curtis steps outside and answers the phone.

CURTIS

Hello?

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Lindsey sits by herself outside a small bistro.

LINDSEY

Hey, Romeo.

INTERCUT Telephone Conversation

CURTIS

Calling the day after a first date?  
I must have done something right.

LINDSEY

Don't get cocky, now. I could be  
calling to tell you I'm leaving the  
country and never want to see you  
again.

CURTIS

That'd be more believable if there  
were some sort of commotion in the  
background, like a train station.

LINDSEY

So if I start screaming "choo-choo"  
right now would you buy it?

CURTIS

Only if the train's leaving.

Lindsey laughs.

LINDSEY

So listen, a friend and I were supposed to go see this band tonight at The Square downtown, but she bailed on me last minute. You wanna come?

CURTIS

Ugh. I would love to go, but I've got this...prior commitment, and it's kinda important.

LINDSEY

Oh. Well, I understand. I can just find somebody else, it's not a problem.

Curtis smacks his forehead, desperately trying not to screw this up.

CURTIS

You know what? Yeah. I'll go.

LINDSEY

Really? Are you sure?

CURTIS

Yeah. I mean, it's not that big of a deal.

LINDSEY

Really? Great.

(beat)

Well, it starts at 8. So I'll see you then?

CURTIS

You can count on it.

LINDSEY

I'll talk to you later. Bye.

They both hang-up. Curtis slips the phone back into his pocket, completely on cloud nine.

INT. PETER'S CAR - DAY

Peter, Curtis, and Owen ride leisurely down the road.

PETER

Um. So, Curtis, what I was going to ask you earlier was...

OWEN

(to Curtis)

Dude, N.A.T.B. with The Bay. This is what I'm talking about, man. We're in that shit.

A look of disappointment passes over Peter's face.

CURTIS

Yeah, about that. I can't go.

OWEN

Why the hell not?

(beat)

This better not have anything to do with that girl. I swear to God if it has anything to do with that girl, I will shit on a koala bear.

PETER

Why would you want to do that?

CURTIS

She asked me if I wanted to go to a concert with her, so I said yes.

OWEN

Okay, fuck it. Whatever. But if you don't get any pussy by the end of the night, don't even bother coming home. I will change the fucking locks. I swear to God, I will change the fucking locks.

PETER

Owen, why are you so concerned with him having sex?

OWEN

Hey, High School Musical! No one fucking asked you! Keep driving.

CURTIS

No, Peter's got a point. Whether or not I have sex with her is really none of your business.

OWEN

Jesus Christ, what the fuck is wrong with you guys? You can't be serious.

CURTIS

Dude, just go to N.A.T.B. tonight,  
mingle with The Bay's people, and  
keep doing whatever you're doing.  
Don't worry about me.

OWEN

Whatever.

Owen turns on the radio, unintentionally blasting a bubblegum  
pop song about friendship.

EXT. THE SQUARE - NIGHT

It's a busy night at the local happening indie music venue.

INT. THE SQUARE - NIGHT

Curtis enters, scanning the swarm of people to find Lindsey.

LINDSEY (O.C.)

Curtis!

Curtis spins around and finds Lindsey, whose wearing an  
undeniably SEXY BLACK OUTFIT. Curtis's eyes light up with  
amazement as he looks her up and down.

CURTIS

Wow. You look...amazing.

LINDSEY

Why, thank you. Not looking too bad  
yourself there, Romeo.

Curtis is stunned. Lindsey is that breathtaking.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Come on. We've gotta get a good  
spot.

She leads him towards the crowd in front of the stage. They  
find a spot and settle themselves in. The crowd hoops and  
hollers as the band makes their way on to the stage. Lindsey  
joins in the hooping, as Curtis claps alongside her.

EXT. NOT ANOTHER TITTY BAR - NIGHT

The neon lit sign outside of the strip club displays its name  
alongside a GIANT PINK INFLATABLE STRIPPER.



INT. NOT ANOTHER TITTY BAR - NIGHT

The darkly lit strip club is packed with customers. A thudding, erotic electronica song sets the mood.

In the very back corner of the club, Owen sits with The Bay, Turner, and a trio of The Bay's closest men. They're surrounded by a number of GIRLS IN LINGERIE, giving the men all their attention. Owen basks in the scene around him.

THE BAY  
Awesome, isn't it?

OWEN  
You have no fucking idea, man.

Another busty and curvaceous woman, AMBER, approaches the table.

THE BAY  
Amber.

AMBER  
T.B.

Owen turns to look at the woman. His eyes light up.

OWEN  
Oh my god. You're Amber Bottoms.

AMBER  
A fan?

OWEN  
Hell yes I am. You're my favorite porn star. Your performance in Spider-Whore 3 was just stunning. And Smutdog Millionaire? Amazing film. Especially that scene where you're fucking that Indian chick, and you start biting her nipples while she's quizzing you on The Monroe Doctrine.

Owen's eyes roll to the back of his head as he remembers the scene.

OWEN (CONT'D)  
God damn. I blew my load in the first ten minutes.

AMBER  
(sincerely)  
Aww, thanks. That's really sweet.

THE BAY  
Amber and I go way back.

OWEN  
You know Amber Bottoms?

THE BAY  
Welcome to my world, man.

Owen is in disbelief.

THE BAY (CONT'D)  
Amber, why don't you take Owen to  
the Shade Room? On me.

OWEN  
Wait, what?

AMBER  
I'd love to.

She bites her bottom lip as she puts her hand out to Owen. Owen gets up, completely in a trance, and holds her hand. She leads him towards the back of the club.

INT. BRITTANY'S BATHROOM - NIGHT

Peter and Brittany sit on the floor, quietly smoking marijuana from a vaporizer. They're already mildly high.

Peter takes a deep inhalation, blows out the vapor, and passes the hose to Brittany. He sits back against the bathroom wall and stares at the wall across from him.

PETER  
It's, like, I tried to talk to him,  
you know? But I couldn't get him to  
listen for just five seconds.

Brittany takes a deep inhalation, blows out the vapor, and puts the hose down.

BRITTANY  
You just gotta go back tomorrow and  
try again.  
(beat)  
I mean, how could he say no? It's  
not like you're asking for a larger  
cut or something.

Pause.

PETER

That is what I'm doing.

BRITTANY

Yeah, but you know what I mean. You're not trying to get, like, more than you deserve. You're the driver. You deserve the share you deserve.

PETER

Yeah, I know.

They sit idly for a few moments, sifting through the silence.

PETER (CONT'D)

I just wish I could do something else.

BRITTANY

Like what?

PETER

I don't know. Just...

(beat)

Something else. It's, like, everybody else I know is out going to college. Having fun. Living their lives. And I'm just stuck here. Doing this.

(beat)

I shouldn't have to. There's gotta be something more.

Brittany stares at him.

BRITTANY

Peter, I love you. But when you get high, you get emo as fuck.

A moment of silence. And then...they slowly start to laugh.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Curtis and Lindsey share a laugh as they both finish a plate of burgers and fries. They look absolutely perfect together.

CURTIS

Alright. Family Feud?

LINDSEY

I love it!

Curtis smacks the table as if to say, "Yes!" They high-five.

CURTIS

That's what I'm talking about! Is it not a great show?

LINDSEY

Oh, it's the best. Especially when you get a family on there who start sucking midway through, and you can look at their faces and tell they're gonna tear each other apart when they get home.

Curtis laughs.

CURTIS

And there's always that one guy in the family who repeatedly gives horrible answers.

LINDSEY

(pretends to be the host)  
Name a food item you would bring to a picnic.  
(pretends to be a contestant)  
Um...a picnic basket!

They both laugh. They look at one another, lovingly. Curtis looks as if he's blushing.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Are you blushing?

CURTIS

No, of course not.

LINDSEY

You're blushing.

Curtis grins, knowing he's been caught.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Wow. Blushing already, Romeo? I must be doing my job.

CURTIS

What do you do, actually?

LINDSEY

As in, what do I do for a living?  
I'm a writer.

CURTIS

Novels? Movies? Skin magazines?

LINDSEY

Yes, I interview porn stars all day  
and ask them what they think of the  
country's foreign policy.

CURTIS

Killer way to make a living.

LINDSEY

Oh, it's the best. You haven't  
lived until you've asked a girl  
about diplomacy while her triple  
D's are smacking you in the face.

(beat)

Actually, I'm sort of a marketing  
writer for hire. I do revisions for  
advertisements and whatnot. I go  
uncredited, but it pays well  
enough.

CURTIS

Nice. So if you had to market me,  
what would you say?

LINDSEY

Get someone else?

CURTIS

Come on. Go for it.

LINDSEY

Alright. Here we go.

Lindsey stares into Curtis's eyes, squinting in deep thought.  
Curtis mockingly stares back. She puts her hands into the  
air, as if she's constructing the visual of the ad.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Curtis Rivers. The smartest,  
funniest, second-most attractive  
Curtis I've ever known. Buy him  
now!

CURTIS

I like it. Direct. To the point.  
Mildly misleading, but it works.

LINDSEY  
My specialty.  
(beat)  
What about you?

CURTIS  
What about me?

LINDSEY  
What do you do for a living?

Curtis suddenly FREEZES. He has no idea how to respond to this.

CURTIS  
What do I do for a living?  
(beat)  
Um...I'm gonna go use the restroom.

Lindsey looks confused, as Curtis gets up to go to the bathroom.

INT. DINER BATHROOM - NIGHT

Curtis stands in front of one of the mirrors BANGING his fist against the wall.

CURTIS  
(to himself)  
Why the fuck would you do that?!  
Why the fuck would you bring up her  
job?! You knew that would  
inevitably lead to her asking you  
about your job! How fucking stupid  
could you be?! Now what the fuck  
are you gonna say?! Goddammit!  
Goddammit! Goddammit!

A stall behind him opens up, and a TEENAGE GUY and GIRL walk out, clearly having just had sex. The guy is tying his pants up with a belt as the girl walks out of the bathroom in a huff. He looks at Curtis.

TEENAGE GUY  
Thanks a lot, asshole.

CURTIS  
A diner bathroom, kid? Really?

TEENAGE GUY  
Fuck your family!

The teenage guy walks out. Curtis looks back into the mirror.  
A light bulb pops in his head.

INT. DINER - NIGHT

Curtis is back at the table with Lindsey.

CURTIS

I do consultant work with teens.

(beat)

Their parents call me, tell me how they caught their kid with a guy or a girl, and they ask me to talk to them about protection and using condoms and such. Sort of like a guidance counselor for hire.

LINDSEY

Wow. That sounds really great. I'd love to do something like that.

CURTIS

Eh. It's a job. It pays the bills.

LINDSEY

What, are you not happy with it?

Curtis tries desperately to keep the act going.

CURTIS

No, it's fine.

(beat)

I don't really enjoy it. But it's a job, you know? I'm semi-good at it, and it pays well.

LINDSEY

Yeah, I know what you mean. You're happy, but you're not happy. It could be worse, but it could be so much better.

CURTIS

You're right.

He's taken aback.

LINDSEY

It's tough. You tell yourself there's nothing else out there for you, and this is all you can do. But there's got to be something more.

(MORE)

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

(beat)

It's, like, who's to say you have to keep doing what you're doing? Just because it's the easy thing doesn't mean it's the only thing.

(beat)

Sure, it might mean working a little bit harder or being more creative, but isn't the end result so much more worth it in the end if you do it the way you want to?

Curtis stares at her in disbelief. Everything she's saying is...perfect. He suddenly reaches across the table, GRABS HER, and KISSES HER passionately.

He lets go. Lindsey is stunned, but pleasantly so.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

Wow, Romeo. That was...

She smiles. He smiles back. They're harmonious.

INT. PETER'S CAR - THE NEXT MORNING

As Peter drives, Curtis and Owen are already in their respective outfits with the masks in their laps.

OWEN

God damn. What a wonderful fucking night. I'm telling you right now, you guys haven't lived until you've had a 40 inch ass grinding on you for three hours while a DJ loops Duran Duran's Rio.

(beat, to Curtis)

Hey, so did you end up fucking her?

CURTIS

How is that any of your god damn business?!

OWEN

Jesus, dude. Calm down.

CURTIS

No, don't tell me to calm down, alright?! I don't need you asking me whether or not I had sex with a girl! It's none of your business!

OWEN

What the hell is wrong with you? We do it all the damn time.



CURTIS

Well, you know what? Let's just stop doing it.

OWEN

Oh my shit, dude. Look at you. This chick has got you in a hypnotic bitch trance. You're acting like a complete tool.

CURTIS

So what? You want me to say it? Fine. I'm whipped. I am fucking whipped. And you know what? I don't care. Because I think I fucking love this girl.

OWEN

Wait...what?

CURTIS

I think I'm in love with her. I think I fucking love her.

OWEN

Like...love love?

CURTIS

Yes. Love love. I think I love love this girl.

(beat)

I don't know how to explain it. She's just everything I've ever wanted. She's funny. She's smart. She's hot as shit. She laughs at my jokes.

(beat)

It's like she's some perfect little Skynet robot sent from the future to seduce me.

PETER

I don't know. It sounds like a good thing to me, Curtis.

CURTIS

I didn't say it wasn't.

OWEN

So what are you gonna do, propose to her?

CURTIS

No, dumbass. But I think I want a serious relationship with her.

(beat)

You know what it's like. What about that girl Amanda? You said you dated her for two years.

OWEN

Yeah, but it wasn't a "serious relationship". We were just fuck buddies with a commitment to fuck buddying.

Curtis looks out the window, shaking his head.

CURTIS

I just...

(beat)

I don't know what to do right now.

PETER

How do you mean?

CURTIS

This. I can't tell her what I do. What am I supposed to say? "Hey, Lindsey. What's that? What do I do for a living? Oh, I rob people."

OWEN

Dude, if she really is as perfect as you say she is, then she'd understand. It's not like you work at a brothel getting your dick sucked by anonymous women. Now that's just wrong.

CURTIS

But think about it for a second. Is this really a healthy way to make a living?

Pause.

OWEN

Yes. Yes it is.

The car comes to a stop in front of a check cashing place. Curtis and Owen put on their masks, grab their guns, and walk out of the car.

EXT. CHECK CASHING STORE #3 - CONTINUOUS

The two stroll across the street towards the store.

CURTIS

So you've never thought about doing something else?

OWEN

No. I haven't. This is easy fucking money. Just the way God intended.

They approach the entrance.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Now shut up and let's focus.

INT. CHECK CASHING STORE #3 - CONTINUOUS

As they enter, Owen throws his gun up into the air.

OWEN

Alright, everyone, this is...

He stops in his tracks. They look across the store to find:

TWO ROBBERS already robbing the place.

The two robbers, both black, turn around to see Curtis and Owen. They're wearing similar outfits, with caricature masks of KURT COBAIN and THOM YORKE.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Oh...

The two pairs stare at one another. The AWKWARDNESS is thick enough to cut with a knife.

ROBBER #1

Hey...what's...going on?

OWEN

Nothin'...much.

(beat)

What are you guys up to?

ROBBER #1

You know. Same old, same old.

(beat)

What about you?

OWEN

Same here.

A long pause. The customers, sitting on the ground, stare at this scene completely stupefied.

ROBBER #2

Were you guys...

He points his gun down to the floor as if to say, "Were you guys taking this place?"

OWEN

Yeah...kinda. But...I mean...

Curtis shakes his head in disbelief.

ROBBER #2

'Cause we didn't know, you know?

OWEN

Yeah, yeah, yeah. I know. It's cool.

ROBBER #2

Are you sure? 'Cause we can leave, and you guys can finish up here if you want. It's not a problem.

ROBBER #1

Yeah, we don't mind.

OWEN

No, no. It's cool. First come, first serve, you know?

ROBBER #1

Yeah, true.

A long pause.

OWEN

(to Robber #1)

So...um...how's your daughter doing?

ROBBER #1

Oh, she's doin' real well, man. Real well. She just finished first grade.

OWEN

Oh, that's great to hear. She likes school?

ROBBER #1

Yeah, man. She's real smart. Her teacher thinks she might be able to get into the gifted program.

OWEN

Wow. That's fantastic. Congratulations, man.

ROBBER #1

Thanks, I appreciate it.

A long pause.

OWEN

So, I think we'll just...head out. Let you guys finish up or whatever. But hey, we should hang out sometime.

ROBBER #2

Yeah, man. That'd be real cool. Ya'll got our number, right?

OWEN

No, I don't think we do.

ROBBER #2

Ah, okay. Well, let me give you my cell.

Owen pulls out his cell phone, flips it open, and prepares to enter the number.

OWEN

Alright, I'm ready.

ROBBER #2

Okay, it's 555-0169.

Owen types it in.

OWEN

Okay, cool. Great. You want my number?

ROBBER #2

Why don't you call my number, and then I'll have your number.

OWEN

Oh, yeah. Good idea.

Owen dials the new number. Pause. Robber #2's phone rings with an alternative rock ringtone. He opens his phone, then closes it.

ROBBER #2  
Okay, I got it.

OWEN  
Alright, cool. So we'll see you guys around.

ROBBER #1  
Sure thing, man. Ya'll take it easy.

Curtis and Owen walk out of the store.

INT. CURTIS AND OWEN'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Back at the apartment, Curtis stands in the middle of the living room pacing with his arms crossed. He's FURIOUS.

CURTIS  
What the hell just happened?

Owen sits at the dining room table eating a giant bowl of Frosted Flakes.

OWEN  
I don't know, man. That was pretty fucking weird.

CURTIS  
This is stupid. I thought you asked The Bay to bump us up. What the hell is taking so long?

OWEN  
He didn't make any promises. He said he might have an opening or two, and he'd call us if it happened.

CURTIS  
Yeah, so basically, we're on our own. What a big help.

OWEN  
Hey, hey, hey! Don't talk shit about The Bay. That dude is cool as shit. I always thought he'd be a egotistical dick.

(beat)

(MORE)

OWEN (CONT'D)

Which he is. But he's totally down with helping guys like us out. I mean, think about it. The guy doesn't have to let people into his network and cut some of his profits and shit. So if it wasn't for The Bay, where the fuck would we be?

CURTIS

This is ridiculous, Owen! We've got bills to pay! If things keep going the way they are, we're gonna be back at square one.

OWEN

Why don't you show a little faith in The Bay and chill the fuck out? It's not like you have any other choice. What are you gonna do, go back to your old job? Like they'd ever hire you back.

Suddenly, Curtis's phone RINGS. He reaches into his pocket and picks it up.

CURTIS

Hello?

INT. CALL CENTER - DAY

A bearded CORPORATE GUY in his 50s sits on the other end of the phone.

CORPORATE GUY

Yes, is this Curtis Rivers?

INTERCUT Telephone Conversation

CURTIS

Yeah, who is this?

CORPORATE GUY

Curtis, this is Thomas Ward from Forrest Tech.

CURTIS

Forrest Tech? Wait, why are you guys calling me?

CORPORATE GUY

Well, I'm calling in regards to your previous employment with us.

(MORE)

CORPORATE GUY (CONT'D)

We've recently gone through a change in management, and while going through our records we came across your portfolio. Needless to say, we were pretty floored by what we saw. Your work here was outstanding.

CURTIS

Yeah, well, I appreciate the phantom pat on the back, but why should I care?

CORPORATE GUY

Because we'd like to offer you your position back.

Curtis's eyes widen. Owen looks on.

CURTIS

I'm sorry, what?

CORPORATE GUY

We'd like to offer you your job back, Curtis.

CURTIS

I don't understand. You guys fired me because I supposedly "abused the overtime policy".

CORPORATE GUY

And that was wrong of Forrest Tech to do that. No one should be let go for working too hard. You're just the kind of guy we want for the new direction of the company.

Curtis massages his forehead trying to make sense of all of this.

CURTIS

I don't...I don't get it.

CORPORATE GUY

We want you back, Curtis. To prove that point, we're willing to offer you double what you were previously making.

Curtis nearly drops the phone. He can't believe it. He tries to respond, but all he can do is babble.



CORPORATE GUY (CONT'D)  
Look, why don't you come in  
tomorrow morning, and we can  
discuss it further. Sound good?

Curtis finally gathers himself.

CURTIS  
Yeah. Yeah. That sounds great.

CORPORATE GUY  
Alright, great. See you tomorrow.

They hang up.

OWEN  
What was that all about?

CURTIS  
I've gotta go.

OWEN  
Go where?

Peter enters the apartment.

PETER  
Oh, hey, Curtis. I've been meaning  
to...

CURTIS  
Not right now, Pete.

Curtis walks out of the apartment. Peter looks discouraged.

INT. DINER - DAY

Curtis is back at the diner with LINDSEY, sharing a cup of coffee. He looks anxious, still giddy over what just happened.

LINDSEY  
So, wait, they called you back?

CURTIS  
I can't believe it.  
(beat)  
This is what I've been waiting for.  
A chance to go back to what I do  
best. Management. Development.  
(beat)  
This is me.

LINDSEY

So what are you gonna do?

CURTIS

I'm gonna go in. If they're really offering what they're offering, I can't pass up this opportunity.

LINDSEY

What about your current job?

Curtis thinks about it.

CURTIS

Truth be told...

(beat)

I'm not gonna miss it.

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT LOBBY - NIGHT

Peter and Brittany enter the lobby of the apartment building carrying bags of Chinese food.

BRITTANY

You still haven't talked to him?

PETER

He left the apartment before I could get a word in.

BRITTANY

God, Pete.

PETER

But I think it might be the least of my problems.

As they make their way towards the elevator, they pass ANDY, the fake hobo.

ANDY

I'll toss your salad for a quarter!

They keep walking.

ANDY (CONT'D)

Don't judge me, bro!

INT. PETER'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Peter and Brittany enter the empty apartment and set the food on the table.

BRITTANY  
Where's your mom?

Peter notices a STACK of envelopes on the table. He picks up the stack and sifts through it.

PETER  
She's hanging out with an old friend from high school.

Peter opens up a few of the envelopes. They're bill statements. He shakes his head in despair.

BRITTANY  
Something wrong?

PETER  
I have no idea how we're gonna pay these off.  
(beat)  
My mom's severance ran out over a month ago. Driving Curtis and Owen isn't gonna cover all this. What the hell am I supposed to do?  
(beat)  
And to make things worse, I think Curtis is leaving.

BRITTANY  
What makes you say that?

PETER  
He met this girl. And he says he's in love with her, and it's like he doesn't want to do the job anymore.

BRITTANY  
But if he leaves, what happens to you?

Peter can only shrug.

EXT. FORREST TECH - THE NEXT MORNING

Curtis, dressed in business attire and holding a file folder, exits the front entrance of the office building. He looks around at the GORGEOUS landscaping around him. His face is beaming.

He passes by a newsstand and notices a stack of free APARTMENT MAGAZINES. He picks one up, flips through it, and keeps walking.

INT. CURTIS AND OWEN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Owen is sitting on the couch, alongside a visibly exhausted Peter. Curtis enters the apartment, drops his file folder on the table, and undoes his tie.

OWEN

So what's the big deal?

Curtis stands in front of them, as if preparing to make a big announcement.

CURTIS

Alright, look. I really don't know how to say this, so I'm just gonna throw it all out there.

OWEN

If this has anything to do with that Lindsey chick, don't bother. I'd rather have Kathy Griffin take a shit on my Adam's Apple than listen to you mope about this girl again.

CURTIS

Just...shut up.

(beat)

I got a call yesterday from my old job. They offered me a supervisor position, making double what I used to make.

PETER

That seems pretty random.

CURTIS

Yeah. It was. So I went in to talk to them today.

(beat)

It's genuine. They've got new management. They thought I was unjustly fired, and now they want me back. I can start as soon as I'm ready.

PETER

So what are you gonna do?

CURTIS

I took the offer. I start Monday.

Peter can't believe it. Neither can Owen.

OWEN

What the fuck are you saying?

CURTIS

I'm done, guys.

OWEN

So, wait? You're gonna just walk away? Just like that?

CURTIS

Come on, Owen. Don't give me that. You know I never wanted to do this. This isn't my life.

OWEN

It's been your life for a fucking year! You've gotta be shitting me, man. You act like you're miserable. You're good at it!

CURTIS

And? Just because I'm good at it doesn't mean I wanna do it. Come on. Think about it, man. Is this really what you want to be doing for the rest of your life?

OWEN

You're un-fucking-believable!

Owen walks away in disgust.

CURTIS

Pete, you understand, right?

PETER

Yeah, but what about us, Curtis? What are we supposed to do? We need you.

CURTIS

You guys can always find somebody else. I'm sure The Bay can hook you up with a new team member.

PETER

Curtis, no offense, but I don't need this right now. My mom is depending on me to bring home enough money to keep our apartment. What if we don't find somebody? What am I supposed to do?

Owen re-enters carrying a mound of Curtis's clothes and belongings. He dumps the stuff on the floor.

CURTIS

What the hell are you doing?

OWEN

If you're not gonna work with us,  
you're not gonna live here anymore,  
dammit!

CURTIS

Yeah, well, I'm gonna be moving out  
anyway.

OWEN

Wait, what?

CURTIS

I'm looking at an apartment  
downtown. Closer to the office. I  
can leave you my half of the rent  
for the next three months. That  
should give you enough time to find  
a new roommate.

OWEN

Oh, is that right?! Well, that's  
just fucking spectacular!

He storms off back towards Curtis's room. Peter looks at Curtis, completely hurt. He walks out of the living room.

CURTIS

Pete, come on.

PETER

Congratulations, Curtis.

Peter leaves. Curtis stands in the living room...alone.

INT. NOT ANOTHER TITTY BAR - NIGHT

It's a typical night. The girls are dancing and the music is thumping. Owen sits with The Bay at their usual table. With a drink in his hand and a girl stroking his hair, Owen looks betrayed.

THE BAY

Turner tells me Curtis left. Is  
that true?

OWEN

I can't believe this, man. I should've known he'd do this. He's always been soft.

(beat)

It's all that bitch's fault.

THE BAY

What bitch? There's a bitch involved?

OWEN

Yeah, there's a bitch involved. He kept coming home talking about how great she was. Mind you, he hadn't even fucked her yet.

THE BAY

Yeah, well, bitches will do that to you, Owen. I was in a relationship once.

OWEN

How did that work out?

THE BAY

I killed her.

Owen spits out his drink.

THE BAY (CONT'D)

No, I'm kidding.

OWEN

Oh.

THE BAY

But, yeah, she died of leukemia.

(beat)

A shame too. She had an amazing ass.

The Bay motions for the women to leave. They scatter.

THE BAY (CONT'D)

Listen, so I told you that if I had an opening on my team I'd look at adding you.

OWEN

Yeah?

THE BAY

Well...I have an opening on my team.

Owen reads into this. His eyes widen.

OWEN

Are you serious?

THE BAY

Absolutely. I've got a big job coming up at the end of the month. I'd love to have you, Owen.

OWEN

Yeah. Sure. You can count on me.

THE BAY

Good. I have something I need you to do for me first.

The Bay hands Owen a slip of paper.

THE BAY (CONT'D)

These are the directions to a payday loan place just outside of town. I want you to hit it, clean it out, then come back to me. You take care of business, and you're in.

OWEN

That's it? Pfft. No biggie, boss. It's as good as done.

THE BAY

Good. That's what I like to hear.

INT. DOWNTOWN APARTMENT - MORNING

Curtis and Lindsey walk around a quaint, unfurnished one bedroom apartment. A member of the APARTMENT STAFF shows them around.

APARTMENT GUIDE

Now, I'd like to remind you that utilities are included in the base price. So you pay one flat fee.

CURTIS

Can't argue with that.  
(to Lindsey)  
What do you think?



LINDSEY

Honestly, I think it's pretty perfect. You're right by the job. The price is solid. It's kinda hard to beat.

APARTMENT GUIDE

Are you two...together?

Curtis and Lindsey look at one another.

CURTIS

Um...no, not really. We're not living together. But...

APARTMENT GUIDE

No need to go any further. I totally understand. Maybe someday?

Curtis smiles at Lindsey.

CURTIS

Maybe.

Lindsey smiles...faintly.

LINDSEY

Yeah...maybe.

Curtis kisses her forehead. The apartment staffer moves towards the bedroom.

APARTMENT GUIDE

Now, I wanna go back and show you another feature you're really gonna like...

Curtis follows the staffer. Lindsey remains in the living room. A sudden look of reluctance passes over her.

INT. CURTIS AND OWEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Owen paces the apartment in deep thought. Peter enters, concerned.

PETER

Owen. It sounded urgent. What's up?

OWEN

We got an assignment.

PETER

Are you serious?

Owen hands Peter the paper The Bay gave him. Peter looks it over.

PETER (CONT'D)

I've never been on this side of town. But a job's a job, right?

OWEN

Exactly. The only problem is, what the fuck are we going to do about the third member of the team?

PETER

The Bay didn't offer you anyone?

OWEN

No, he wanted me to take the initiative or some shit.

PETER

Hmm. I don't know.

(beat)

We could...put an ad out in the paper.

OWEN

That is a fucking retarded ass idea.

Pause.

OWEN (CONT'D)

How much would that cost?

TITLE CARD: "ONE WEEK LATER"

EXT. CURTIS AND OWEN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

A bright and shining morning outside the apartment complex.

INT. CURTIS AND OWEN'S HALLWAY - MORNING

There's a line outside the door to Owen's apartment. A sign on the wall reads "JOB INTERVIEWS". An assortment of individuals stand waiting to get inside. Peter sits by the door ushering them in one at a time.

INT. CURTIS AND OWEN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Owen sits at the dining room table. A HISPANIC GANGBANGER sits in front of him. Owen is scanning a piece of paper: the gangbanger's résumé.

OWEN

Hmm. Okay. It says here you spent a year with the Westside Dragons. Now, what kind of experience did you gain there that you think would make you a suitable candidate for this position?

HISPANIC GANGBANGER

...We robbed people?

Owen nods, taking notes.

LATER

A thin, pale, SERIAL KILLER-type in his 40s.

OWEN

Have you ever handled a gun before?

Pause.

SERIAL KILLER

Yes. Yes I have.

LATER

An attractive, BUSTY BLONDE in her 20s.

OWEN

Tell me a little bit about yourself.

Owen looks down at her CLEAVAGE as she talks.

ATTRACTIVE BLONDE

Well, I'm really motivated. And super goal-oriented. When it comes to dealing with people, I can really communicate what I want them to do.

OWEN

Um...well, listen, there's a lingerie portion of this interview. So if you want to go my room and change, you can do that. Or you can, you know, change right here.

ATTRACTIVE BLONDE

It didn't say anything about a lingerie portion in the ad.

OWEN

We just really want to make sure we're getting the best tits for the job.

ATTRACTIVE BLONDE

You mean "person". Best "person" for the job?

OWEN

No. I meant tits.

INT. CURTIS AND OWEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The interviewees have cleared out. Owen and Peter sit exhausted on the couch, sharing a couple of beers.

PETER

Well, now what?

OWEN

I don't know. I feel pretty good about Gabe.

PETER

The serial killer guy?

OWEN

I don't think he was a serial killer. I think he just looked like a serial killer.

PETER

Are you sure he's the right fit?

OWEN

I think so. The guy seemed cool enough. I mean, what's the worse that could happen?

INT. CHECK CASHING STORE #4 - THE NEXT DAY

SMACK!

The serial killer, dressed in Curtis's outfit and mask, PISTOL WHIPS a Hispanic customer to the ground.

SERIAL KILLER

I said don't fucking move, did I not?!

The small store is packed with fearful customers, all of them Hispanic. It's a FRENETIC atmosphere. Owen pulls the serial killer guy to the side.

OWEN

Hey, calm the fuck down, dude! What are you doing?!

SERIAL KILLER

I told him not to look at me, and he looked at me! So I reprimanded him for his actions!

OWEN

Yeah, well, they don't need any god damn reprimanding! We're here to get the money and get the fuck out. So just calm down!

SERIAL KILLER

I swear to God if he looks at me one more fucking time I will blow his fucking head off!

Owen makes his way over to the teller. He places the duffel bag in front of the window.

OWEN

Put the money in the bag. All of it.

The female teller cries in SPANISH. Owen doesn't understand her.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Put the money in the bag!

The teller keeps crying in Spanish.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Do you not speak English?! What the fuck?!

SERIAL KILLER

Is there a problem?!

OWEN

No, just the chill the fuck out!  
(to the teller)  
Let...me...see...your...manager.

EXT. CHECK CASHING STORE #4 - CONTINUOUS

Peter sits in his car outside the store.

INT. PETER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

He's on the phone, in mid-conversation.

PETER

Owen seems to be taking it pretty well. I mean, ever since Curtis left he's kind of taken a leader role. It's cool. He's a lot more levelheaded.

INT. CHECK CASHING STORE #4 - CONTINUOUS

It's even MORE FRANTIC. The serial killer has a female customer PINNED against the wall with a gun to her head.

OWEN

What the fuck are you doing?!

SERIAL KILLER

(to the customer)

I told you not to say anything, did I not?! Did I not tell you to shut up?!

OWEN

Dude, what is wrong with you?! She didn't do anything!

The serial killer SPINS around, pointing his gun at Owen.

SERIAL KILLER

Let me fucking handle this, okay?!

He points the gun back at the customer.

SERIAL KILLER (CONT'D)

Now, what did I say about talking? Didn't I tell you not to talk?

Owen points his gun at the guy.

OWEN

Enough! Just let her go!

Out of nowhere, one of the male customers JUMPS UP and TACKLES Owen. The gun goes FLYING across the store. Owen desperately reaches for it, but can't grab it. The male customer LEAPS for the gun, but before he can get it...

BAM! The serial killer SHOTS him. Blood splatters all over Owen's mask.

INT. PETER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Peter JOLTS as the sound of the gunfire pierces the air.

PETER  
What the hell?

INT. CHECK CASHING STORE #4 - CONTINUOUS

Owen stares at the customer's LIFELESS BODY, stunned. He looks back up at the serial killer, who THROWS the female customer back down to the ground and STORMS out of the store. Owen, in a daze, grabs his gun, picks up the duffel bag, and runs out.

EXT. CHECK CASHING STORE #4 - CONTINUOUS

Owen watches as the serial killer runs down the street and out of sight. He runs to Peter's car and gets in.

INT. PETER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

OWEN  
Drive!

Peter takes off. He notices the blood on Owen's mask.

PETER  
What the hell happened?

Owen takes off his mask, bewildered. His defeated face says it all: he misses Curtis.

INT. DOWNTOWN APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Curtis, whistling peacefully and joyfully, holds a box of his belongings and approaches the door to his new apartment.

He puts his key into the lock, turns it, and opens the door.

INT. DOWNTOWN APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

He walks into the apartment, looks up, and is stunned to find:

A GROUP OF COPS, GUNS DRAWN, waiting for him.

Curtis looks around the room, dumbfounded.

CURTIS  
...It's not my birthday...

The cops rush him, throwing him against the wall.

CURTIS (CONT'D)  
Hey, come on!

Curtis is PINNED against the wall and CUFFED.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

The tall grey building glistens proudly under the morning sun.

INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The room is packed with detectives. The door opens, and in walks DETECTIVE CANAL (40s, brash, arrogant). His undeniable presence gets the attention of the room. He stands in front of the group.

DET. CANAL  
Good morning, ladies and gentlemen.  
My name is Detective Patrick Canal.  
And I've been brought in from the  
New York City Police Department to  
help you snowbirds down here in  
Florida solve your little organized  
crime dilemma.

(beat)

Now let me make something perfectly  
clear. I don't like you people. At  
all. It's too damn hot, your water  
sucks, and wearing flip flops in  
January is absolutely fucking  
retarded.

(beat)

Now, with that being said, let's  
dive into some facts.

He motions for the lights to be turned down. From behind him, a projector displays a picture of THE BAY.

DET. CANAL (CONT'D)  
The man on the screen in front of  
you is none other than Nicholas  
Bay. Or commonly referred to as  
simply The Bay. He is, without  
question, the most notorious serial  
bank robber in the Southeast.

(MORE)



## DET. CANAL (CONT'D)

The Bay began his reign of terror around 2008 with a series of robberies at local gas stations across the city. Soon after, he began expanding his targets, hitting small banks and cash advance stores, before settling into the business of large scale bank robberies.

(beat)

His reputation is that of the ultimate tactician. He's a strategist, through and through. He values precision and efficiency above all else, and leaves nothing behind.

(beat)

Which is why he established his very own network of robbers. An organization of associates and small-time thieves who could routinely clean out local businesses, then turn around and deduct some of their cume to The Bay.

(beat)

He gets paid without having to lift a finger, the grunts get their money, and in turn get the protection of The Bay. Every now and then, some of them fuck up, you catch them, and c'est la vie. But that's few and far between. It doesn't mean a thing if you can't catch the big shark while he's feeding.

(beat)

Which is exactly why I'm here.

(beat)

We've setup an operation, an extensive one. The goal was to infiltrate The Bay's closest ranks and pull enough information out of him to acquire his habits, his methods. Any evidence we can get to catch this son of a bitch with his dick out in the open. To that point, the operation has been both a failure and a success. A failure because our best asset has yet to get a jump on The Bay's operations before they happen.

(beat)

(MORE)

DET. CANAL (CONT'D)

A success...because we may have  
just found our light at the end of  
the tunnel.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Curtis, disheveled, sits alone behind a table.

CURTIS

What the fuck? What the fuck? What  
the fuck?

Suddenly, the door to the room swings open. Curtis looks  
up...

It's LINDSEY.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Lindsey, what are you doing here?  
Listen, this is all a big  
misunderstanding. You have to trust  
me. I didn't want this to happen,  
it's just...

Lindsey looks at him, coldly. There's something unusual about  
her demeanor. She sits down in the seat in front of him.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

What the hell is going on?

LINDSEY

Curtis, I need you to listen to me  
very carefully.

(beat)

My name is not Lindsey Pond.

(beat)

I'm an undercover police officer.

Curtis stares at her in disbelief.

CURTIS

No...

(beat)

No. I don't believe you.

LINDSEY

I was a part of an operation to  
turn you into an asset.

CURTIS

No. No. This is a joke. This is a  
fucking joke. You've gotta be  
kidding me.

LINDSEY  
This isn't a joke, Curtis.

Curtis looks at her. She isn't wavering.

CURTIS  
You're serious?

She doesn't respond. Her silence says it all.

CURTIS (CONT'D)  
Oh my god. You're a cop.

LINDSEY  
Curtis, look, I...

CURTIS  
You used me.  
(beat)  
The dates, the jokes, the kisses.  
You just completely fucked with me.  
(beat)  
Oh my god.  
(beat)  
How can you live with yourself?

LINDSEY  
It's my job, Curtis. It's what I do.

CURTIS  
And you don't care that you used me? I fell in love with you!

LINDSEY  
I understand that, Curtis. I didn't say I enjoyed what I do. But it was necessary.

CURTIS  
Necessary?! Necessary for what?!

LINDSEY  
Necessary to ensure that you'd be the right man for the job.

INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A WIRY DETECTIVE in the back of the room raises his hand. Canal points at him.

DET. CANAL  
Yes?

WIRY DETECTIVE

What makes you so sure this guy is going to cooperate? I mean, if he says no, aren't you just back at square one?

DET. CANAL

I'm sorry, and who are you?

WIRY DETECTIVE

Detective Nathan Morgan.

DET. CANAL

Okay, Detective Morgan. And what have you done lately?

WIRY DETECTIVE

Well, I was recently involved in the apprehension of a known drug dealer who was in possession of over 100 pounds of marijuana.

DET. CANAL

Over 100 pounds of marijuana. You hear that, people? Over 100 pounds of marijuana. Well, congrau-fucking-lations, Detective Morgan. Nobody cares! 'Cause while you've been busting up the lowest common denominator of drug dealer, your city has been getting raped in the ass by unsolved burglarries, murders, and sexual assaults.

WIRY DETECTIVE

Well, I'm not in Homicide, so...

DET. CANAL

Oh! You're "not in Homicide". My bad. That makes it all the more excusable. I am so fucking sorry, Detective Morgan. My apologies to you, good sir.

(beat, changes tone)

Don't you ever fucking question my operations.

(MORE)

DET. CANAL (CONT'D)

Until the day you've apprehended the heads of three of New York City's major crime families and their number 2's, captured a serial rapist preying on Northeast college campuses, and solved the murders of two New York State park rangers, I don't need you or any of your little fuck face friends questioning a god damn thing I say. So how about you crawl back in your mother's womb and stew a little, shortcake.

Detective Morgan hunches back down into his seat, his manhood clearly taken. Canal walks out.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Curtis's hands cover his face. He's still in disbelief.

CURTIS

(to himself)

Why? Just...why?

LINDSEY

You worked with Owen Lake for over a year. How'd you first meet?

CURTIS

Why does it matter?

LINDSEY

You said you weren't satisfied working for The Bay. You went along with it because "it's all you could do". I'm curious as to why.

INT. INTERROGATION OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A detective is watching the scene through the window. Canal enters.

DET. CANAL

(re: the interrogation)

How we looking?

OBSERVING DETECTIVE

She's asking him how he met his partner.

DET. CANAL

Ugh. I hate this part.

(beat)

(MORE)

DET. CANAL (CONT'D)

This is where the guy goes into this long-winded backstory and explains the deeper psychological reasons behind his actions to justify his behavior and to bring some sort of clarity to all that's happened thus far.

(beat)

Fuck this. I'm gonna go get a sandwich, I'll be back in an hour.

He walks out.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CURTIS

I had just lost my job at Forrest Tech, and I was feeling like complete shit.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. STREET ALLEY - ONE YEAR AGO - DAY

Curtis, wearing a worn out business blazer and looking decidedly drunk, kicks a soda can down the alley. He SCREAMS in anger.

CURTIS (V.O.)

I was branded an overachiever who wouldn't take a pay cut. I had nowhere to go. No one else would hire me.

(beat)

Needless to say, I was desperate.

A car sits across the street from the alley.

INT. THUG'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Owen sits in the backseat surrounded by a group of established-looking thugs. The guy in the passenger seat hands Owen a HAND GUN.

CURTIS (V.O.)

And that's when I met Owen.

Owen eyes his target: CURTIS. He takes a deep breath and exits the car.

EXT. STREET ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Curtis leans against the alley wall, looking hopeless. Owen approaches him, aiming his gun directly at Curtis's face. The gun SHAKES in Owen's hand.

OWEN

Um...give me all your wallets!

Owen smacks his own forehead.

OWEN (CONT'D)

I mean, give me your wallet!

Curtis looks at him, completely unfazed. Swiftly, Curtis SMACKS the gun out of Owen's hand, puts him in a CHOKE HOLD, and BODY SLAMS him to the ground. He PUNCHES him.

CURTIS

I...don't...need...this...shit...!

INT. THUG'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The thugs look on, stunned. They RUSH out of the car.

EXT. STREET ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Curtis continues to level Owen with punches. The thugs quickly come to Owen's aid, pulling Curtis off of him.

CURTIS

Fuck, I'll fight you all! I don't give a fuck!

Owen rolls along the ground in agony.

OWEN

God damn! My pancreas!

INT. THE HYPE CLUB - NIGHT

Curtis, along with a bloody Owen, stands before TURNER in one of the VIP sections.

CURTIS (V.O.)

They took us to see Turner, who had just been appointed as the head of The Bay's temp department.

TURNER

(to Curtis)

How would you be interested in working for The Bay?

CURTIS

Well, I don't know who the hell The Bay is, but if you're offering me a job I'm all ears.

OWEN

Wait, what about me?

TURNER

You got your ass handed to you, man. Go home.

OWEN

No! Come on! I need this! I got no where else to go! I'm homeless! I'm a high school dropout! I don't have any other opportunities for employment!

LINDSEY (V.O.)

Wait, is that really what he said?

CURTIS (V.O.)

I'm paraphrasing.

LINDSEY (V.O.)

Oh.

Turner looks at Curtis and Owen...together. He sees something there.

TURNER

Alright, fine. I'm gonna give you two an assignment. If you pull it off, I'll talk to The Bay about adding you to the roster.

OWEN

Oh, thank you. Thank you!

CURTIS

What do we have to do?

INT. CURTIS'S OLD CAR - NIGHT

Curtis and Owen sit outside of a gas station convenience store, eyeing the REGISTER through the window.

CURTIS

Alright, so we go in, get the money, and get out. Sounds simple enough.



OWEN

Yeah. Yeah. I'm good.

Owen picks up a pair of masks from underneath his seat. They're cheap-looking caricatures of SOULJA BOY and LIL JON. Owen hands Curtis the Soulja Boy mask. Curtis looks at the mask, disgusted.

CURTIS

What the hell? I'm not wearing this.

OWEN

It's the best I could do. I'm sorry.

Curtis sighs, and they put on their masks. They pull out their respective pistols, cock them, and walk out of the car.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Curtis and Owen enter the convenience store, brandishing their guns. But before they go any further...

END FLASHBACK

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Curtis stops the story.

CURTIS

Wait, time out.

LINDSEY

What's wrong?

CURTIS

I don't get it. Everything about you. You were absolutely perfect for me. If it was all just an act, how could you have possibly known enough about me to tick all my boxes like that?

Lindsey rolls her eyes in exasperation.

LINDSEY

Like I said, it's what I do.

CURTIS

No, that doesn't answer the question. You'd have to have known everything about me. What I liked.

(MORE)

CURTIS (CONT'D)

What I didn't like. How else could you have known to pry me about not liking my job? You knew that story about me being a counselor was bullshit.

LINDSEY

My job was to turn you. Yes, to play on your emotions and your interests, for the sake of getting you to walk away from The Bay. Thus making you more likely to cooperate with us later on.

CURTIS

So everything we did together? It was all just a lie? You're trying to tell me you don't have any feelings for me? At all?

Lindsey looks down, hesitating. She looks back up.

LINDSEY

No. I don't.

CURTIS

And all that shit with Forrest Tech hiring me back? It was fake?

LINDSEY

We set it all up.

CURTIS

So, what, you spied on me? How'd you get close enough to know all that shit about me?

LINDSEY

That's none of your business, Curtis.

CURTIS

It is my business! What, is there someone else? Some other "mole" I'm not aware of? Who? Who is it?!

LINDSEY

I can't reveal that information or I'd risk compromising the operation.

CURTIS

Well, you're compromising my whole fucking life right now!

LINDSEY

No. You did that yourself, when you started working for The Bay.

(beat)

Don't make this about you and me. This is about giving yourself a chance to make up for what you've done. You said you didn't have a choice, but you and I both know that's complete bullshit. There's always a choice. And you took the easy way out.

(beat)

So you can either help us, or take the alternative.

CURTIS

And let me guess: I don't wanna know what the alternative is.

LINDSEY

Bingo.

Curtis shakes his head.

LINDSEY (CONT'D)

How did Peter get involved?

CURTIS

Well, we botched the convenience store.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Curtis and Owen BOLT out of the convenience store, SCREAMING, as the store clerk FIRES at them with a SHOTGUN.

OWEN

Oh shit! Oh shit! Oh shit!

They jump in Curtis's car.

INT. CURTIS'S OLD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Curtis puts the key into the ignition and turns it...but the CAR DOESN'T START.

He turns it again...but nothing.

OWEN

What the fuck, dude?! What the fuck  
is wrong with your car?!

CURTIS

I don't know! I don't know! I don't  
know! Calm the fuck down!

He starts to turn the key, when...

BAM! A shotgun blast shatters the windshield.

OWEN

Shit!

The two run out of the car.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Curtis spins around trying to find some sort of an escape  
route. He locates PETER, innocently pumping gas. Curtis grabs  
Owen. They rush over to Peter, guns drawn.

CURTIS

Get in the fucking car and drive us  
out of here!

PETER

Okay, okay, but I need to finish  
getting this gas.

BAM! A shotgun blast demolishes the trash can in front of  
Peter. He throws the gas nozzle to the ground.

PETER (CONT'D)

Okay, I'm good.

The three enter the car and drive off.

END FLASHBACK

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

CURTIS

Turner gave us another chance. We  
got Peter to be our driver. The kid  
said his dad walked out on him and  
his mom, and he needed the money.

LINDSEY

And from then on?

CURTIS

We got better. More comfortable.

INT. INTERROGATION OBSERVATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Canal re-enters, sipping on a drink from a local sandwich shop.

DET. CANAL

Is it over?

INT. THE HYPE CLUB - DAY

The club is empty. Turner leads Owen up to the VIP section. The Bay leans against a bannister waiting for them.

THE BAY

Owen, I heard what happened. That's pretty fucked up. And I apologize for not lending you a guy myself. I tried to test you, and it nearly got you killed. And for that, I'm sorry.

(beat)

To make it up to you, I'm going to give you an opportunity to make so much money you won't need to take another assignment for a very long time.

OWEN

You mean...

THE BAY

Welcome to the team.

Owen is amped with excitement.

OWEN

Hey, what about Pete? Is he on the team?

THE BAY

Pete? Whose Pete?

OWEN

My driver. Peter.

The Bay laughs.

## THE BAY

The kid? No. Fuck him. He's just the driver. I don't need any other drivers.

The Bay pats Owen on the back, still chuckling, and walks away. Owen stands conflicted.

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Curtis and Lindsey are still at the table.

## CURTIS

So now what?

Lindsey nods to the window. Seconds later, Canal enters the interrogation room.

## LINDSEY

Curtis, this is Detective Canal. He's going to be running the operation from here.

## DET. CANAL

Hello, Curtis. Let me brief you on the situation.

(beat)

Based on our intel, we know The Bay is prepping his next big heist. We just don't know where or when.

## CURTIS

Okay...?

## LINDSEY

We know Owen has been asked to join his team for the job.

## CURTIS

Wait, are you serious? Owen?

Lindsey nods.

## DET. CANAL

We want you to go back. Rendezvous with Owen. Join the team for the heist, and help us finally catch this son of a bitch.

## CURTIS

What the hell makes you think The Bay will just let me back on his team?

DET. CANAL

It's in his profile. You coming back will feed his ego. It'll be like you couldn't live without him.

LINDSEY

If he was willing to take Owen, he'd be willing to take you. Trust us. It'll work.

Curtis stares at the both of them, completely unsure of what he's getting himself into.

INT. CURTIS AND OWEN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Owen, preparing to leave, grabs his wallet and cell phone from the kitchen counter. Peter, sitting on the couch watching television, takes notice.

PETER

Are you heading out?

OWEN

Um...yeah. Yeah. I've got some...stuff to take care of.

PETER

Wait, do you need a ride?

OWEN

No, no. I'm good. Don't worry about it. I'll...walk.

PETER

Are you sure?

OWEN

Yes, muthafucker, I'm sure.

There's a KNOCK at the door. Owen and Peter look at one another, equally curious. Owen walks to the door and opens it, revealing...CURTIS.

Owen FLIPS OUT and SWINGS at him. Curtis catches the punch.

CURTIS

Hey, chill out, man!

OWEN

What the fuck are you doing here, you quitter?!

Curtis pushes Owen's arm back.

CURTIS  
I came here to talk to you.

OWEN  
Well, save it! I've got shit to do,  
and I can't waste any time talking  
to a fucking quitter.

CURTIS  
I'm coming back, Owen.

Owen suddenly stops. Peter looks on, confused.

OWEN  
Wait, what?

CURTIS  
I'm coming back. I thought about  
it, and I realized I made a  
horrible mistake leaving you and  
Pete out in the cold.

Pause.

OWEN  
You fucked her, didn't you?

CURTIS  
Fucked who?

OWEN  
That Lindsey chick. You fucked her,  
you hated it, and now you're back.

CURTIS  
No! This doesn't have anything to  
do with her. This is about you, me,  
and Pete. The old team. Back  
together again.

Peter looks skeptical.

OWEN  
(dry)  
Well, great. Nice to have you back.  
But I've gotta go.

Owen tries to pass him, but Curtis blocks him.

CURTIS  
Wait, where are you going?



OWEN

I told you, I've got shit to do.

CURTIS

How the hell are you going to get there? I'll give you a ride.

OWEN

(quietly)

Dude, shut up. I can't tell Pete where I'm going. So just leave.

CURTIS

Tell him what?

Owen pushes past Curtis and walks away.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Wait!

Curtis looks back at Peter. Their eyes meet. Peter knows something is off. Curtis follows after Owen.

EXT. CURTIS AND OWEN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Curtis and Owen walk side-by-side out of the apartment complex and across the street.

CURTIS

So what's the big deal? What can't you tell Pete?

OWEN

The Bay put me on his team.

CURTIS

(plays along)

His team? For what? A job?

OWEN

Yes. A very big job.

CURTIS

Where at?

OWEN

I don't know. He didn't tell me. I'm on my way to meet him and his people now.

CURTIS

Well, I'm coming along.

OWEN

You can't come! You weren't invited!

CURTIS

It doesn't matter. I'll tell him I want in, and he'll let me in.

OWEN

Are you shitting me? Like he's just gonna take you back and throw you on the team.

The two reach a parked car. Owen knocks on the driver side window. The backseat door opens. The two get in.

INT. TERRELL'S CAR - DAY

Sitting in the driver seat is TERRELL. Turner is in the backseat. In the passenger seat: THE BAY. He watches as Curtis and Owen enter the car. He immediately notices Curtis.

THE BAY

Mr. Rivers. Last I heard you retired.

CURTIS

Yeah, well, I'm out of retirement.

THE BAY

To what do I owe the pleasure?

CURTIS

I want in.

THE BAY

(curious)  
You want in?

CURTIS

Look, if whatever you got going on is big, you can really use me. Owen's good...but together we're that much better.

TERRELL

I don't know, man. Do we really need another dude? We've got enough cats on this one.

The Bay contemplates this. He looks at Turner through the rear view mirror.

THE BAY  
What do you think, Turner?

TURNER  
(mechanically)  
I say go for it. Curtis is easily  
one of the best guys we've got. It  
wouldn't be smart to pass on him.

The Bay nods, grinning. Something just clicked in his head.

THE BAY  
This is why I like having you  
around. You're just so...helpful.  
(beat)  
You know what? Curtis, you're on  
the team.

Curtis lets out a subtle sigh of relief.

OWEN  
What the fuck?! You've gotta be  
shitting me! How the hell is he on  
the team?! He didn't do anything! I  
had to go through a bunch of tests  
and shit!

THE BAY  
Owen, relax. I think Curtis has  
proven himself more than enough  
times. He's ready.

Owen crosses his arms in frustration and pouts.

OWEN  
Whatever.

CURTIS  
So...what's the location?

THE BAY  
Oh, you won't need to know that  
till tomorrow. Just meet us at The  
Hype Club at 9AM sharp. Got it?

Curtis wants to pry for more, but he holds back.

CURTIS  
Okay, yeah. Sure. 9AM.

THE BAY  
Good. I'll see you both there.

Curtis and Owen exit the car. Turner moves to follow them, but The Bay HALTS him.

THE BAY (CONT'D)

Turner, can you wait for a moment?

TURNER

Yeah. Sure, boss. What is it?

INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Curtis is sitting with Lindsey, as Canal enters. Canal looks around.

DET. CANAL

(to Curtis)

Alright, so what we got?

CURTIS

He wouldn't give us a location or a time. All he told us to do was meet him at The Hype Club tomorrow morning.

DET. CANAL

So the heist is planned for tomorrow?

CURTIS

I guess so. I don't know.

DET. CANAL

So you didn't get anything? A bank? Nothing?

CURTIS

No! I didn't wanna come off suspicious, so I tried to play it cool. That's what you told me to do!

Canal turns away, pissed.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

What the hell, man? I got what I could.

DET. CANAL

Look, dinglefuck, the idea was to jump on the right bank before the son of a bitch got there. How are we supposed to do that now?!

CURTIS

I don't know! Why don't you just put some cops at all the banks and wait for his ass to show up?!

LINDSEY

We don't have that kind of manpower, Curtis.

CURTIS

And how's that my problem?

DET. CANAL

Okay, fuck it. We'll just tail this dumbass here, and let him lead us to the right bank. We call in backup, and just hope we can pounce on them before they can slip out.

Suddenly, a POLICE SECRETARY rushes in.

POLICE SECRETARY

We just received a package!

INT. POLICE CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Canal, Lindsey, and Curtis stand overhead looking down into a BOX. They all share the same look of horror.

LINDSEY

Oh my god...

Inside the box...is Turner's DECAPITATED HEAD.

CURTIS

Holy shit.  
(beat)  
But...I don't get it...

DET. CANAL

(re: The Bay)  
He knows. The son of a bitch knows.

LINDSEY

But how?

CURTIS

What the fuck is going on?! Who the fuck killed Turner?!

LINDSEY

Curtis, he was a cop. He was our informant.

CURTIS  
What the hell?

LINDSEY  
It's over. We've got nothing.

DET. CANAL  
No, it's not.

LINDSEY  
No?

DET. CANAL  
Think about it. If The Bay knew Turner was with us, I'm pretty damn sure he knew Curtis was, too. If he wanted to kill him, he'd already be dead. He's fucking with us. He wants to see if we'll budge.  
(beat)  
And we're not going to.

LINDSEY  
We can't put Curtis in jeopardy just to try to salvage this operation!

Curtis is puzzled by Lindsey's sudden defense.

DET. CANAL  
This operation is the best god damn chance we have at catching this son of a bitch! So just shut up and let me do my job!

Curtis stands up.

CURTIS  
Hey, don't yell at her!

DET. CANAL  
If you don't sit your ass down, I swear to God I will rip your dick off and feed it to a bisexual alligator.

Curtis sits back down.

DET. CANAL (CONT'D)  
We're going to continue the operation. We'll tail Curtis outside The Hype Club and follow them to the destination.  
(MORE)

DET. CANAL (CONT'D)

Once we get there, we call in the heavies and end this once and for all.

Canal walks out. Curtis and Lindsey share a look of concern.

INT. CURTIS AND OWEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Curtis and Owen sit together on the couch, the immensity of the day before them settling in.

OWEN

This is it, man. The big time. I've been waiting for this moment my entire life.

Pause.

CURTIS

You've been waiting to rob a bank your entire life?

OWEN

No, I meant something big. Like this. No more playing the supporting character. I'm ready for my name above the title.

CURTIS

Yeah...sure.

OWEN

Look, I'm sorry for getting mad at you for leaving and shit. I'm just glad you came back. I couldn't do this without you.

Curtis can feel Owen's sincerity. He smiles faintly, knowing what's ahead.

CURTIS

Yeah. I'm glad to be back, too.

Owen pats him on the back and gets up.

OWEN

I'm heading to bed. I'll see you in the morning.

Owen walks out. Curtis is left alone on the couch, conflicted. He ponders for a moment. Then, he reaches into his pocket and pulls out his cell phone. He dials a number and waits for an answer. The person on the other end picks up.

CURTIS  
 (on the phone)  
 Hey, it's me.  
 (beat)  
 I need your help.

EXT. THE HYPE CLUB - THE NEXT MORNING

It's a gorgeous, sunny morning outside the club. Walking in tandem, Curtis and Owen approach the front entrance. Curtis looks down the street at an unmarked car. He looks back towards the front door, and the two walk in.

INT. THE HYPE CLUB - CONTINUOUS

They make their way up to the VIP section. The Bay, surrounded by a group of seedy looking THUGS, watches them enter.

THE BAY  
 Owen. Curtis. Glad you could make it.

Curtis looks up at The Bay. Their eyes meet.

THE BAY (CONT'D)  
 You boys ready for the biggest day of your lives?

OWEN  
 I was born ready.

CURTIS  
 Let's go make that money.

The Bay grins. He and Curtis are completely in tune with one another. It's a mind game.

THE BAY  
 You two will be handling crowd control.  
 (re: the thugs)  
 The rest of these gentlemen will handle the vault and the tellers. The drivers will be waiting two blocks down the road.

CURTIS  
 Wait...drivers?



INT. CANAL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

From a parked car down the street, Canal and Lindsey watch as Curtis, Owen, The Bay, and the others file out of the club.

DET. CANAL  
 Alright, let's see where this  
 leads.

EXT. THE HYPE CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Owen and a few of the thugs enter Terrell's car. Curtis moves to follow them, but he's HALTED by The Bay.

THE BAY  
 You're in the other car.

Curtis, puzzled, looks behind him. Two of the other thugs are entering a SECOND CAR. The Bay enters Terrell's car with Owen. Curtis follows the other thugs into the second car.

INT. CANAL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

LINDSEY  
 They're using two cars.

DET. CANAL  
 Shit.

EXT. THE HYPE CLUB - CONTINUOUS

The two cars drive off.

INT. CANAL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Canal starts his car and follows behind the convoy.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

As they stroll through the city, Canal follows loosely behind the two cars.

INT. TERRELL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Terrell drives, The Bay rides shotgun, and Owen sits in the backseat with a pair of thugs.

TERRELL  
 God, this is some exciting shit!  
 (to The Bay)  
 Can you reach in the glove  
 compartment and get me a cig?

The Bay opens the glove compartment and looks for the cigarettes. He raises an eyebrow as he reaches in and pulls out a music CD.

THE BAY

Why do you have a Prince CD in your glove compartment?

TERRELL

See, this is why you gotta start hanging out with me more, man. It's common knowledge. Every black man needs three things in his glove compartment: a gun, two cigarettes, and a copy of Purple Rain.

INT. THE OTHER CAR - CONTINUOUS

Curtis sits in the backseat looking uneasy, surrounded by hard-looking thugs. This isn't going according to plan.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

The two cars reach a stop light. Canal's car also comes to a stop, positioned closely behind the second car. Suddenly, the right turn signal on Terrell's car FLASHES on. But the second car DOESN'T comply.

INT. CANAL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

DET. CANAL

What the hell are they doing?

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

The stop light turns green. Terrell's car TURNS RIGHT. The second car goes STRAIGHT.

INT. THE OTHER CAR - CONTINUOUS

Curtis watches as The Bay's car starts to pull out of sight.

INT. CANAL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Canal flips on his right turn signal and starts to drive.

LINDSEY

What are you doing?

DET. CANAL

We're following The Bay.

LINDSEY  
But what about Curtis?!

DET. CANAL  
He's on his own!

LINDSEY  
We can't do that! We can't leave  
him out in the cold!

DET. CANAL  
We don't have a choice!

LINDSEY  
Yes, we do!

Canal looks conflicted.

INT. TERRELL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Owen looks back and realizes the other car is missing.

OWEN  
Where's the other car?

THE BAY  
Don't worry about it.

Owen looks concerned. He knows something isn't right.

INT. THE OTHER CAR - CONTINUOUS

CURTIS  
Why aren't we following The Bay?

The driver, a scarred gangster-looking type, looks at him coldly through the rear-view mirror. Curtis knows it: he's screwed.

EXT. VACANT LOT - CONTINUOUS

Curtis's car comes to a stop. The thugs GRAB him and DRAG him out of the car. They THROW him to the ground and draw their guns.

CURTIS  
What the fuck?! No! This wasn't a  
part of the plan!

The thugs are about to pull their triggers, when...

BAM! BAM! BAM! They're GUNNED DOWN.

Curtis looks up to find: CANAL and LINDSEY rushing towards him, smoke coming from their guns.

LINDSEY  
You alright?

Canal helps Curtis up.

CURTIS  
Wait, why didn't you follow the other car?

LINDSEY  
We couldn't leave you behind.

Canal looks down, embarrassed that he had even considered the other option. He looks up, now realizing the dilemma.

DET. CANAL  
Well, we're fucked either way. We lost The Bay.

Suddenly, Curtis's cell phone buzzes: a TEXT MESSAGE.

LINDSEY  
What's that?

CURTIS  
(reading)  
"The National United Bank on London Avenue."

DET. CANAL  
Wait, what? How do you know that?

CURTIS  
I've got my own assets. Come on!

They rush to the car.

EXT. NATIONAL UNITED BANK - DAY

The Bay leads Owen and the rest of the men up the steps of the massive National United Bank. They're clad in their respective outfits with assault rifles and caricature masks of the SUGAR HILL GANG.

INT. MAIN LOBBY, NATIONAL UNITED BANK - CONTINUOUS

They enter the packed bank lobby. The Bay immediately OPENS FIRE into the ceiling. Stunned, the customers spin around and hit the floor.

THE BAY

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls. This...is...a muthafuckin' robbery!

INT. CANAL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Canal picks up the radio.

DET. CANAL

This is Detective Patrick Canal! I repeat, this is Detective Patrick Canal! I need all units at the National United Bank on London Avenue. I repeat, all units at the National United Bank on London Avenue! I don't give a fuck who you've got! The secretary! The janitor! Fucking Omar Epps! Just send me somebody!

INT. MAIN LOBBY, NATIONAL UNITED BANK - CONTINUOUS

The Bay grabs the BANK MANAGER by the head and SLAMS him down to the ground.

THE BAY

Take me to the fucking vault!

A cute, petite FEMALE BANK TELLER cries fearfully.

FEMALE BANK TELLER

Please, don't hurt him!

One of the thugs immediately rushes over to her, turns his gun, and SMACKS her across the face with his handle. She collapses to the ground.

Owen looks on in horror. This wasn't what he was expecting.

INT. VAULT, NATIONAL UNITED BANK - CONTINUOUS

The bank manager, bleeding from his forehead, leads The Bay and one of the thugs to the vault. The thug, carrying a thick black bag, sets the bag onto the ground, opens it, and reveals a DRILLING DEVICE. The Bay turns to the bank manager.

THE BAY

Thank you for your assistance.

He BASHES the bank manager's face in with his gun.

INT. MAIN LOBBY, NATIONAL UNITED BANK - CONTINUOUS

Owen looks over the crowd of customers, all fearing for their lives. He immediately recognizes one of them: it's the CELL PHONE GUY.

OWEN

Dude...

INT. VAULT, NATIONAL UNITED BANK - CONTINUOUS

The thug finishes drilling the vault in. He opens it, revealing SHELF after SHELF of cold hard CASH.

THE BAY

Jackpot.

They walk into the vault.

INT. TERRELL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Terrell sits in his car reading a woman's magazine. There's a KNOCK on his window.

TERRELL

Damn, that was fast.

He puts down the paper and rolls down the window...

PUNCH! Terrell's knocked out. It's CANAL.

INT. MAIN LOBBY, NATIONAL UNITED BANK - CONTINUOUS

The Bay strolls out into the lobby with the other thug carrying two stuffed bags fulls of cash.

THE BAY

Let's roll out!

Suddenly, the flashing RED and BLUE lights of police cars illuminates the bank.

THE BAY (CONT'D)

What the hell?!

EXT. NATIONAL UNITED BANK - CONTINUOUS

The place is SURROUNDED by cop cars. A SWAT truck pulls up, unloading a full SWAT team.

Curtis, Lindsey, and Canal pull up to the scene and make their way through the sea of officers to the front of the line. Canal approaches the SWAT LEADER.

DET. CANAL  
What's the story?

SWAT LEADER  
We've already got a way in there.

The SWAT leader shows him the blueprints to the building and points towards the bottom.

SWAT LEADER (CONT'D)  
The bank was built with an emergency underground passageway, in case of a heist.

DET. CANAL  
Well, that's convenient.  
(beat)  
What are you waiting for? Go for it!

SWAT LEADER  
Yes, sir!  
(turns to his team)  
Alright, let's move out.

CURTIS  
Wait! Let me go in.

DET. CANAL  
What? No! What the hell is wrong with you?

CURTIS  
Hear me out. Owen is in there. I can go in, try to appeal to him, convince him to help us out. He'll listen to me.

LINDSEY  
Curtis, no way. It's too dangerous.

CURTIS  
Oh, come on! I'm already fucked either way. If I get killed, so what? Nobody's loss. Let me go in.

DET. CANAL  
Alright, fine! But if you get your ass blown in, your family better not fucking sue me!  
(to the SWAT leader)  
Get this guy a vest.

INT. MAIN LOBBY, NATIONAL UNITED BANK - CONTINUOUS

The Bay paces back and forth.

THE BAY

How the fuck did the cops get here  
so fast?!

He looks up at Owen and points at him, accusingly.

THE BAY (CONT'D)

You! You tipped off the fucking  
cops, didn't you?

OWEN

What? No! What the hell are you  
talking about?

The Bay turns his gun and BASHES Owen in the face with the  
handle, knocking him to the ground.

EXT. MAIN LOBBY, NATIONAL UNITED BANK - CONTINUOUS

Curtis, wearing a bulletproof vest, prepares to leave with  
the SWAT team. Lindsey looks on, concerned.

LINDSEY

Be careful, Curtis.

CURTIS

I will.

Long pause.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Are we really doing this?

LINDSEY

Doing what?

CURTIS

The awkward kiss pause.

Lindsey rolls her eyes.

LINDSEY

No. No, we're not.

CURTIS

Okay, yeah, I didn't think so.

Curtis follows the SWAT team off.



INT. MAIN LOBBY, NATIONAL UNITED BANK - CONTINUOUS

The Bay rips off Owen's mask and points his gun at his face.

THE BAY

You think you can infiltrate my  
team and fuck me in the ass?! Is  
that what you think?!

OWEN

I'm telling you the truth! I didn't  
tell the cops! You have to believe  
me!

THE BAY

Shut the fuck up!

OWEN

But you asked me a question!

INT. UNDERGROUND PASSAGE WAY - CONTINUOUS

Curtis follows closely behind the SWAT team as they make  
their way down the tunnel.

INT. MAIN LOBBY, NATIONAL UNITED BANK - CONTINUOUS

THE BAY

First Turner. Then Curtis. And now  
you. Well, guess what? I'm gonna do  
to you what I did to both your  
little friends.

OWEN

Please don't kill me! I'll do  
anything! Please! I have dreams I  
haven't fulfilled!

INT. BACK ROOM, NATIONAL UNITED BANK - CONTINUOUS

One of the tiles on the floor opens up, revealing a member of  
the SWAT team. He looks around, scopes out the space, and  
gets up out of the hole and into the room. He motions for the  
others to follow.

INT. MAIN LOBBY, NATIONAL UNITED BANK - CONTINUOUS

The SWAT team, crouching down to the floor, sneak into the  
main lobby and hide behind a series of tables and desks.  
Curtis follows closely behind them and tries to get a peak at  
the situation. He sees The Bay pointing his gun down at Owen.  
The SWAT team leader immediately makes eye contact with one  
of the hostages: the CELL PHONE GUY.

The cell phone guy looks relieved.

CELL PHONE GUY  
 (out loud)  
 Oh, thank God! The SWAT team!

SWAT LEADER  
 What the fuck?!

The Bay and his men snap to attention. They locate the SWAT team and OPEN FIRE. The SWAT team FIRES BACK. A SHOOTOUT!

Curtis crawls along his stomach, shards of glass and wood flying all around him. He makes his way behind a table. Owen sees Curtis and crawls across the floor behind another table.

Bullets are flying EVERYWHERE. The customers take cover. Curtis and Owen lean against their respective tables across the lobby and attempt to talk over the gunfire.

OWEN  
 Dude, you're alive!

CURTIS  
 I know!

OWEN  
 I thought you were dead!

CURTIS  
 Lindsey and Detective Canal saved me!

OWEN  
 Lindsey?!

CURTIS  
 Long story! Turns out she was a cop!

OWEN  
 What the fuck?!

CURTIS  
 I know!

Bullets continue to fly. The Bay's mask is covered in saw dust. He rips it off. Across from him, one of the gangsters is GUNNED DOWN. Curtis and Owen continue to talk over the shootout.

OWEN

Hey, I'm really sorry, man! I didn't think things would escalate like this!

CURTIS

Don't worry about it! I totally understand!

OWEN

We cool?!

CURTIS

Yeah! We're cool!

The Bay guns down one of the SWAT members. The SWAT leader guns down another gangster.

OWEN

(re: the SWAT leader)  
Oh, shit! Did you see that?

CURTIS

That was crazy!

OWEN

Dude, I totally did that move in Call of Duty last week!

The Bay suddenly GRABS one of the female customers and holds the gun to her head. The SWAT team stops shooting.

SWAT LEADER

Hold your fire! Hold your fire!

THE BAY

Take another step, and I'll blow her fucking brains out!

Curtis pulls out his cell phone and starts texting.

OWEN

(loud whisper)  
What the fuck?! Are you texting during a shootout?!

THE BAY

(to the SWAT team)  
Don't fucking move!

Curtis finishes texting and puts the phone back in his pocket.

EXT. NATIONAL UNITED BANK - CONTINUOUS

Lindsey's phone buzzes. A text message. It reads: "My asset. Turn around." Lindsey turns around...

INT. MAIN LOBBY, NATIONAL UNITED BANK - CONTINUOUS

THE BAY

I swear to God, I will blow her  
brains out!

CURTIS

(out loud)  
Wait!

Curtis stands up, raising both of his hands. The Bay snaps his attention to Curtis. He looks like he's seen a ghost.

THE BAY

The hell?! You're still alive?!

Curtis walks up to The Bay.

CURTIS

(quietly)  
Listen to me. I can get us out of  
here. You've just gotta trust me.

THE BAY

What the fuck are you talking  
about?

CURTIS

I've got a car outside waiting for  
us. We put the money in the car and  
we walk out of here.

THE BAY

You're bluffing.

CURTIS

If I am, you can shoot me right in  
my fucking face. Just trust me.  
We'll take the girl as leverage and  
walk right out.

The Bay contemplates this.

THE BAY

What about snipers? On the roofs?

CURTIS

If they shoot you, they'll shoot me. Think I'd take that chance if I wasn't sure?

THE BAY

No. Too fucking risky.

CURTIS

Look at this situation. You don't have many other options, man. Holding that gun to that girl's head is no guarantee that you'll make it out of here alive.

(beat)

Look, the cops think I'm working for them. To stop you. Fuck no! I've been on your side the entire time.

The Bay is becoming convinced.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

So just trust me. Think about it.

(beat)

You robbed National United. With an undersized crew. And how did you escape? You just walked right out of the bank. How badass would that be?

The Bay nods his head. Curtis is feeding his ego.

THE BAY

Alright, fine. But if you're fucking with me, you're dead.

CURTIS

Understood.

Curtis turns to the SWAT team.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Just stand down.

SWAT LEADER

What?!

CURTIS

Just...stand down.

The look of confidence on Curtis's face eases the SWAT leader. The SWAT leader turns to his team.

SWAT LEADER

Stand down.

The Bay holds tight to the woman, as he and Curtis walk out of the bank.

EXT. NATIONAL UNITED BANK - CONTINUOUS

Curtis, holding the two bags full of cash, looks straight ahead at Lindsey and Canal, who give him a subtle nod. The Bay looks around the scene, his gun still to the woman's head, and follows Curtis.

The cops stand back and allow Curtis and The Bay to walk straight through the line and down the street. They reach a car. Curtis knocks on the window. The driver rolls it down: it's PETER.

Curtis looks up at The Bay and nods. The Bay gets in the backseat. Curtis gets in the passenger seat.

INT. PETER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The Bay holds the gun to the woman's head and looks at Peter.

THE BAY

No slick moves. Just drive.

PETER

Yes, sir.

Curtis and Peter look at one another. They're in control. Peter drives down the street. He picks up speed.

CURTIS

Hey, Pete?

PETER

Yeah?

CURTIS

Spin that shit!

Peter HITS THE BREAKS and quickly SPINS the car around to The Bay's side. The car's momentum sends The Bay flying through the LOOSE BACKSEAT DOOR and onto the street.

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Bay rolls out onto the street and is immediately SWARMED by cops. Canal arrives and stands over him. He puts his hands on his hips and smirks.

DET. CANAL  
It looks like you're all...washed  
up.

He laughs, then looks around. No one else is laughing.

DET. CANAL (CONT'D)  
Okay, yeah, just throw him in the  
fucking car.

INT. PETER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Curtis and Peter look back to see The Bay surrounded by cops.

CURTIS  
(re: the car door)  
Thank God you never got that fixed.

TITLE CARD: "ONE MONTH LATER"

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

It's a peaceful morning outside the police station.

INT. DETECTIVES DIVISION, POLICE STATION - DAY

Curtis walks in as Lindsey is packing up her desk. She notices him.

LINDSEY  
Hey.

CURTIS  
Hey.  
(beat)  
Leaving so soon?

LINDSEY  
Yup. New York's calling me back.

CURTIS  
So what's next?

LINDSEY  
Well, The Bay's never gonna see the  
light of day, but some of his  
smaller fish are still out there.  
(beat)  
But I think this department's got a  
handle on how to do things now.  
They can take it from here.

CURTIS  
I meant between us.

Lindsey looks at him as if to say, "Why are you going there?"

LINDSEY  
I told you, Curtis. There was  
nothing between us. I was just  
doing my job.

CURTIS  
Yeah, well, for the record, you're  
pretty damn good at it.

LINDSEY  
I try.

Canal enters the room and locates Curtis.

DET. CANAL  
Mr. Rivers.

CURTIS  
So what's the word?

DET. CANAL  
Well, I spoke with the D.A.  
(beat)  
To make a long story short, I think  
I'll be able to get both you and  
Peter's charges dropped.

Curtis lets out a sigh of relief.

CURTIS  
Thank you, man. I really appreciate  
it.

DET. CANAL  
You're not totally out of the  
woods, though. You'll probably have  
to log a hefty amount of community  
service.

Curtis shrugs nonchalantly.

CURTIS  
It's community service.  
(beat)  
What about Owen?



DET. CANAL

Well, not so good on that front. Considering he didn't exactly aid in the capture, I've talked it down to a year and a hell of a long probation.

CURTIS

Damn.

DET. CANAL

Yeah, well, consider yourselves lucky.

He pats Curtis on the shoulder.

DET. CANAL (CONT'D)

Take care of yourself, kid. If you're ever in New York, give me a ring. With the way you carried yourself back there, I could use a guy like you.

Canal walks away. Lindsey looks at Curtis, impressed.

LINDSEY

(mockingly)

Wow. Detective Curtis Rivers.

CURTIS

Like that's ever gonna happen.

Lindsey smiles. She picks up her box of belongings.

LINDSEY

Good luck, Curtis.

She turns to walk away.

CURTIS

Hey, wait.

She turns back around.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

This is really random, but it's been bothering me for a while. Back at one of those check cashing places, I saw a woman. A teller.

LINDSEY

Yeah?

CURTIS

Well, it was weird because...she looked just like my mom. And for some odd reason, I keep thinking you people might have planted her there to mess with my head. That's not true, though, right?

LINDSEY

No. It's true. She's a field officer. Her name's Katherine.

CURTIS

Wow.

(beat)

You're a bitch.

LINDSEY

Yeah. I know.

(beat)

Oh, by the way, there's something I've been meaning to ask you. About the National United heist.

CURTIS

Sure.

Pause.

LINDSEY

Whatever happened to the money?

INT. VISITING ROOM, PRISON - DAY

In a orange jail jumpsuit, The Bay sits on one end of the glass, waiting for his visitor.

On the other side of the glass, a woman enters. She sits down in front of him. She takes off her large black sunglasses: it's the HOSTAGE from the National United heist.

She grins. The Bay grins.

THE BAY

God, I love myself right now.

EXT. COUNTY JAIL - DAY

A typical day outside the local county jail.

INT. VISITING ROOM, JAIL - DAY

Curtis and Peter enter the room. They sit in front of the glass booth. On the other side of the glass, OWEN enters, clad in his orange jail jumpsuit.

Owen picks up his phone. Curtis picks up his phone.

OWEN

So tell me you've got some good news.

CURTIS

They're giving you a year.

OWEN

Fuck.

(beat)

How the hell did you guys get off so easy? Why couldn't I have been the god damn police asset? This is some bullshit.

CURTIS

Dude, think about it. You'll do, what, 11 months? You'll get out and be right back on your feet.

OWEN

Yeah, I'm sure that sounds super fucking easy from where you're sitting.

CURTIS

What do you want me to say, Owen? You did what you did, and now you're paying for it. Life isn't easy. If it were, what would be the point? If we didn't have conflict, if we didn't have challenges, what would be worthwhile about living? The good times are only good because we have the difficult times to balance things out.

(beat)

Look, I didn't have to take that job working for The Bay. But it was the easy way out. And you know what? Taking the easy way out isn't always the best thing to do. Ask yourself, what did I gain from it? Sure, I made some money. But, it didn't last very long.

(MORE)

CURTIS (CONT'D)

It never does.

(beat)

When you take the easy way out,  
eventually you will pay for it.  
It's karma. But if life gives you  
an opportunity at redemption, you  
have to take it.

(beat)

I got that opportunity, Owen. And  
dammit, I took it.

(beat)

So don't complain. It's just how  
things are. You do horrible things  
to people, and eventually you pay  
for your mistakes. And really,  
would you have it any other way?

Long pause.

OWEN

...What the fuck?

EXT. JAIL PARKING LOT - DAY

Curtis and Peter walk in tandem to Peter's car.

CURTIS

So what are you doing the rest of  
the day?

PETER

Well, after I drop you off, I gotta  
go pick up my mom's prescription.  
And then I'm meeting Brittany for  
dinner.

CURTIS

Nice.

They enter the car.

INT. PETER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

PETER

What about you?

Curtis throws on a pair of shades.

CURTIS

...I gotta go find a fucking job.

They drive off.

FADE OUT.