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
    Let's.

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)
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.

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

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.

(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?

OWNEN
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 goddamn 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.

OWNEN
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?!

OWNEN
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.

OWNEN
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 SHOOTS 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)
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 burglaries, 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)
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.
You can't come! You weren't invited!

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

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.

Mr. Rivers. Last I heard you retired.

Yeah, well, I'm out of retirement.

To what do I owe the pleasure?

I want in.

You want in?

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

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)
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)
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.

(Lindsey)
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.