

#Project:Timepiece

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. MILLHAVEN MUSEUM - DAY

Tall glass ceilings, antique hardwood flooring. Charming to say the least.

A healthy turn out. Clusters of people study exhibits while others admire beautiful paintings on display.

MUSEUM HOST (V.O.)

(over pa)

There is a green Ford Capri parked in the loading zone. Could the owner, please move the car before it is towed. Thank you all and enjoy your day here at the Millhaven Museum.

Amongst thick crowd: A YOUNG MOTHER, late 20s - tends to her chubby DAUGHTER, 5.

DAUGHTER

Mum, I want to go home.

YOUNG MOTHER

Don't start this again, please.

Daughter rears up for an outburst when -- Sprinklers SPRAY from the roof. A lip dropping crowd head for the exits.

Young Mother grabs her daughter's hand, pulls her in just before: A WOMAN'S SCREAM. Followed by four EAR-SPLITTING GUN SHOTS that rip through the museum.

Chaos ERUPTS. People shove, kick, bite and fight to get themselves and loved ones to safety.

Knocked over by the terror-stricken crowd, Young Mother struggles to protect her daughter.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE WATCHES HISTORY

1) NADIM YVES, 70, gray hair with a friendly face - crafts away on a little work bench in an even smaller garage.

UNKNOWN MAN (V.O.)

It was made in 1933 by a Swiss watchmaker named, Nadim Yves.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

2) Nadim Yvez pulls his head up. Lifts his glasses and wipes his eyes. Checks out his work. (We don't see the watch)

UNKNOWN MAN (V.O.)

He only made seven of these watches
and they were so divine the price tag
was well into the millions.

3) Adolf Hitler, sieg heils in front of thousands.

UNKNOWN MAN (V.O.)

Adolf Hitler.

4) Albert Einstein's film archives.

UNKNOWN MAN (V.O.)

Albert Einstein.

5) Henry Ford's Model T cruises down a street.

UNKNOWN MAN (V.O.)

And Henry Ford were gifted three of
the seven watches.

6) Auction at a Swiss bank. Rich folk raise their hands in a bid.

UNKNOWN MAN (V.O.)

The other four were bought by some of
the wealthiest, most powerful people
in the world.

7) Axle Wilts, 30 - scavenges dead bodies on Normandy beach.

UNKNOWN MAN (V.O.)

In 1944, a young American soldier,
Axle Wilts was scavenging dead bodies
on Normandy beach, when he came
across one of the watches on a dead
Nazi's wrist.

8) Axle Wilts, home in the USA - hands the watch to his son, Thomas Wilts, 5.

UNKNOWN MAN (V.O.)

He took the watch home and gave it to
his son, Thomas.

9) Thomas Wilts, 40 - hands the watch to his son, Albert Wilts, 5.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UNKNOWN MAN (V.O.)

Who then handed it down to his son,
Albert.

10) Albert Wilts, 50 - on his death bed.

UNKNOWN MAN (V.O.)

Unfortunately for Albert, but
fortunately for us, he was diagnosed
with testicular cancer in 2013 and
given three months to live.

11) Albert shakes hands with the FOUNDER of the World at War
exhibit.

UNKNOWN MAN (V.O.)

Thus, giving him time to get his
affairs in order.

12) Founder of the World at War exhibit places the watch in
a GLASS CABINET inside the Millhaven Museum.

UNKNOWN MAN (V.O.)

He donated the watch to the World at
War exhibit, so the whole world could
appreciate this fine timepiece.

INT. UNKNOWN OFFICE - DAY

INSERT TITLE CARD: THURSDAY

Glass walls show off panoramic views of a beautiful mountain
range behind a small city. The mountain flaunts a sign, much
like the *HOLLYWOOD* one: "THE GOOD"

A finely varnished desk hosts two black men:

TYSON MARGATE, 40, tall, in very good shape. Wears a 'KOYLE
TOWERS' security uniform - sits across from:

UNKNOWN MAN, 60, scar on his cheek and an evil eye. Puffs on
a cigar. Distinctive STAR TATTOOS on both his hands.

Unknown Man's NEPHEW, 40. Stands next to one other
HENCHMAN - Both black, both built for cage fighting with
distinctive star tattoos on their neck. Both guard the door.

The amount of smoke Unknown Man puffs from his cigar should
be setting off fire alarms, but he doesn't seem to have any.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UNKNOWN MAN

This is the last of these seven watches, Tyson. The other six have been lost or destroyed. Your recommendation comes on behalf of my Nephew.

NEPHEW nods, smiles confidently.

UNKNOWN MAN

You made quite the name for yourself in Iraq, with -
(to Nephew)
- how many confirmed kills?

NEPHEW

Over sixty, sir.

Unknown man smiles. Tyson's head drops. Ashamed.

UNKNOWN MAN

He also tells me you won the bronze medal in boxing at the Barcelona Olympics at the age of only seventeen?

Tyson looks up. Nods. Unknown man takes a puff.

UNKNOWN MAN

I appreciate your time today, Tyson, I know how hard it can be finding a rarity like it in a situation such as yours, but it's worth your while.

Nephew places a suitcase on the desk. Opens it for Tyson. Two million cash.

Unknown man leans in. Taps the middle of his desk.

UNKNOWN MAN

Two million dollars, if you have the watch on this desk by Sunday. Do you accept, Tyson?

Tyson looks upon the money.

TYSON

I accept.

Nephew closes the suitcase. Takes stance back at the door.

UNKNOWN MAN

That's good, Tyson. I'm glad.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Unknown man leans back in his seat. Takes a puff.

UNKNOWN MAN

Now, I'm sure you're wondering, how? Well, you don't get to where I am without being appropriately resourced, so in saying that, I assure you, I will have the alarms shut down on Saturday at eleven a.m. That will give you enough time to get in and out without any police interruption, but you will need to do the inside work yourself and being a museum, with a high profile exhibit featuring, there will be security and I would bet my free speech, they will be gunned. I'd suggest you scout the area beforehand and learn the surroundings.

Tyson nods.

Unknown stands. Puts his hand out.

UNKNOWN MAN

You best be on your way, Tyson. It's a long drive back to Millhaven.

Tyson stands. Shakes hands, then turns to exit.

UNKNOWN MAN

Oh, and one more thing.

Tyson turns back.

UNKNOWN MAN

Why did you give up boxing?

TYSON

My wife was not fond of me getting punched in the face for a living.

Unknown Man laughs. Takes another puff and watches Tyson as he exits.

Nephew winks at Tyson on his way out.

A mobile phone BUZZES on the desk. Unknown Man answers.

UNKNOWN MAN

(into phone)

Mr. Koyle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN
(over phone, filtered)
It's sorted.

Unknown Man hangs up, pulls a PINK ENVELOPE from his jacket and hands it to Henchman. Written on the pink envelope:
#Project:Timepiece.

UNKNOWN MAN
(to Henchman)
Deliver this to Mr. Mexico,
personally.

Henchman nods. Takes the pink envelope.

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING LOT - DAY

The sound of Henchman's FOOT STEPS bounce off the concrete walls as he makes his way towards a --

BLACK E60 BMW

Pink envelope in hand, he goes for the door handle, but stops when he see's in the dark tint reflection:

JULIAN UYSTER, 40, tight blue jeans with a stylish jacket. Good looking in a bad boy way - smiling at him.

JULIAN
Hello, Francis.

Henchman's heart skips a beat.

INT. TYSON'S CAR (PARKED) - NIGHT

On the driveway of a run down house. Tyson pulls up the hard break.

An EVICTION notice in the center console. He sighs at the sight of it. Thinks for a second. Taps his fingers. Pulls out his phone.

TYSON
(into phone)
Mr. Mexico -

INT. TYSON'S HOME/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

An aging home. Vinyl tiles add to the rundown aura. A little four seater table with a tacky table cloth decorates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tyson's wife: KIKI, mid 30s, beautiful Native American woman with great style - cleans dishes in the sink.

Front door OPENS.

JUNIOR (O.S.)
Daddy!

TYSON (O.S.)
Hey buddy, how was soccer?

JUNIOR (O.S.)
We won!

Tyson carries their son JUNIOR, 7, from the other room.

TYSON
That's my boy.

Tyson puts Junior down. Junior runs back into the lounge room as Tyson puts his arms around Kiki and kisses her neck.

TYSON
Hey baby.

KIKI
Hey baby, did you sort that thing? It has to be paid tomorrow.

TYSON
Yeah, baby, they gave me an advance in my pay and got me an extra shift tonight. We're all good.

Kiki turns to Tyson, relieved.

KIKI
Thank goodness for that. I was beginning to really worry.

Kiki smiles, then opens the oven.

KIKI
Look what I made just for you. Macaroni and cheese with extra cheese and extra mac.

Tyson peeps inside. Looking forward to it.

KIKI
Junior, dinner's ready.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUNIOR (O.S.)

Okay, mom.

Kiki sets the table as Tyson takes a seat. Junior runs in and sits down next to Tyson.

TYSON

So, what was the score?

JUNIOR

Three - two.

Tyson scruffs the top of his son's head. Proud as punch.

TYSON

Did you score any goals?

JUNIOR

All three.

TYSON

All three?!

Tyson looks up at Kiki to confirm. Kiki nods with a proud smile on her face as she serves Junior his num nums.

TYSON

Well, I might just have to stop working. I heard those professional soccer players earn big bucks.

Junior laughs. Digs into his food.

Kiki serves Tyson and herself.

TYSON

(to Tyson)

How about we go rustle the chain once you got your fill, huh?

Junior looks up with macaroni covering his face. Smiles.

EXT. TYSON'S HOME/BACKYARD - NIGHT

Concrete yard surrounded by a tall fence. A basketball hoop with a chained net hangs on for dear life from the roof guttering.

Junior, sweating, puffing, dribbles the ball. He's got some skill for a seven year old.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JUNIOR
You ready old man?

TYSON
Old man?

Junior laughs, dribbles past Tyson. Shoots. Misses.

TYSON
Man, I remember when I used to call
my old man 'old'.

Tyson laughs, picks up the ball. Runs to the line.

Tyson dribbles. Not to the best of his abilities.

Junior SLAPS the ball from Tyson's grasp, then dribbles
towards the line.

Tyson defends, poorly. He lets Junior past in a slick
motion.

Junior puts one for the hoop. Hits it.

JUNIOR
Got ya, dad!

TYSON
Yeah, yeah, nice, nice.

Tyson walks the ball back to the line. Acts disappointed,
but really, he's proud as punch.

JUNIOR
Whatcha got?

Tyson dribbles to Junior. Fumbles the ball. Junior pounces
on it.

TYSON
Oh come on!

Junior runs back to the line.

JUNIOR
Are you even trying?

TYSON
(innocently)
What are you talking about?

JUNIOR
You're not even trying!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TYSON
Ah, yeah, I am.

Junior, not buying it.

TYSON
Okay, you want me to play my best?

Junior passes the ball to Tyson.

JUNIOR
Yes!

Tyson takes the ball to the line for the restart.

Tyson smacks the ball, sends it FLYING over Juniors head. Before Junior realizes where the ball is, Tyson regains it, dribbles for the hoop and SLAM DUNKS it.

Junior watches over. Not all thrilled.

JUNIOR
Okay, I liked it better when you weren't doing that.

Tyson throws the ball aside, runs up to Junior and tickles him.

TYSON
Nawwww, doesn't Junior want to play like a big boy?

Junior laughs and laughs until he FARTS.

Tyson backs off. Waves his hand in front of his nose.

Junior drops to the ground in fits of laughter. Tyson laughs along with him.

EXT. MANSION DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Natural stone paving driveway. Dim lights hang from poles that run parallel. Immaculate green grass goes hand in hand with the perfectly trimmed hedges.

Tyson's Toyota Yaris putts itself towards the -

MANSION ENTRANCE

Stopped by a VALET, Tyson gets out of the car wearing a draggy white shirt, track pants and flip flops.

INT. MANSION LOBBY - NIGHT

Scores of people talk and snort cocaine amongst themselves in separate groups. Expensive dresses, tuxedos and diamonds dress the upper class citizens of Millhaven.

Tyson smiles, takes two steps when he is cut off by:

MR. MEXICO, not Mexican, 70, tiny, decrepit, bound to an automatic wheelchair. A little tuxedo oozes wealthy.

MR. MEXICO
I've been waiting a long time to see
you again, old friend.

Tyson smiles.

TYSON
Mr. Mexico.

Tyson shakes Mr. Mexico's frail hand, gently.

Mr. Mexico looks Tyson up and down.

MR. MEXICO
Your wardrobe selections suggests
you're not here to tempt fortune, Mr.
Margate.

Tyson looks around at all the snazzy folk racking coke.

TYSON
I never did find a tuxedo comforting,
Mr. Mexico.

Mr. Mexico smiles delightfully.

MR. MEXICO
Tell me, how's your lovely wife,
Kiki, was her name?

TYSON
She's very good. Won't be too lovely
if she finds out I'm here though.

MR. MEXICO
Don't stress the matter, Mr. Margate.
My lips are sealed.

Mr. Mexico winks. Tyson smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. MEXICO

Correct me if I'm wrong, but I believe, Kiki was with child the last time we met.

TYSON

My son, Junior, he's growing up fast, too fast.

MR. MEXICO

I'm very happy for you.

TYSON

Thank you, Mr. Mexico, It's difficult though, in these times.

MR. MEXICO

Well, there's no place like home, is there, Mr. Margate. Come!

Mr. Mexico leads Tyson to a set of stairs. A ramp runs adjacent.

Mr. Mexico drives down the ramp while Tyson walks down the stairs that lead to the --

MANSION'S MAIN HALL

Mr. Mexico beeps at people, people move. They continue through the wealthy crowd.

MR. MEXICO

What has it been now, Mr. Margate? Seven, eight years?

TYSON

Seven, I believe.

MR. MEXICO

Yes, my luck has shifted since your departure. Yes, I have too much faith in these up and coming underdogs. Shame on me.

Tyson looks around at the beautiful house.

TYSON

I'm sure it's really taken it's toll.

Mr. Mexico stops. As does Tyson.

MR. MEXICO

Never mind that, Mr. Margate.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. MEXICO (cont'd)
I will make my own tonight. I have
the secret weapon.

TYSON
It's been a while, Mr. Mexico. I
can't promise you anything.

Mr. Mexico laughs.

MR. MEXICO
Nonsense! Come!

Mr. Mexico waves for Tyson to keep following. They pass
through a spectacular opening that leads to the --

EXT. MANSION'S BACK YARD

Massive opening. Floodlights stand at each corner of the
yard. A boxing ring sits amidst a hefty crowd. Two monsters
of men stand in the ring:

BLACKS SHORTS, 30s, white, towers over his opponent:

RED SHORTS, 30s, black, stocky with a thick beard.

Punters throw money at the Bookies.

A JUNKIE, wears an "I'm not a part of the hipster fad" tee.
Bites his nails as he bets. Speaks with a strong COCKNEY
ACCENT -

JUNKIE
All on the red shorts.

The BOOKIE happily takes his money.

BACK TO MR. MEXICO AND TYSON.

MR. MEXICO
This is what you're born for, Mr.
Margate.

Tyson follows Mr. Mexico to the side of the --

BOXING RING

Black Shorts dominates. Dodges every punch thrown at him.
Taunts Red Shorts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. MEXICO

You'll be fighting the winner and if you win, I'll give you five thousand dollars to take home tonight.

Black Shorts throws a crashing hook and like a tonne of bricks, Red Shorts crashes to the ground. See ya later.

Black Shorts throws his hands up in victory. Screams as if he had just won the world heavyweight title.

Mr. Mexico CLAPS and CHEERS!

MR. MEXICO

Excellent.

Mr. Mexico turns to Tyson.

MR. MEXICO

(re: black shorts)

Izaak Wilston. He's very dominant as of late, but my money will be on you, Mr. Margate.

Tyson stares up at Izaak. Izaak flaunts his victory.

MR. MEXICO (O.S.)

(over microphone)

Congratulations Mr. Wilston. You have delivered an entertaining fight once again and you will be rewarded accordingly.

The crowd turns to a --

PODIUM

Mr. Mexico holds a microphone.

Tyson notices Mr. Mexico on the podium. Confused, he looks down at where he was just seconds ago.

MR. MEXICO

(over microphone)

I hope everyone is enjoying their evening. Don't be shy, we have a fountain full of punch and a bathtub full of blow for anyone that's losing their buzz. We wouldn't want anyone getting bored now would we? For our next fight we have the in form, Izaak Wilston, fighting the veteran, Tyson Margate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mr. Mexico singles out Tyson. Curious eyes glare upon, as does Izaak's.

MR. MEXICO
(over microphone)
Get your bets ready, your glasses
filled and your noses powdered. This
bout oughta be a doozy.

Mr. Mexico drops the microphone. Wheels off stage.

FADE TO BLACK

A ROARING CROWD. Then --

BOOKIE
Bets! Bets! Place your bets!

JUNKIE (V.O.)
Yeah, all of it on the big white
fella.

FADE IN:

INT. BOXING RING - NIGHT

Tyson stands in one corner. Calm, focused. He peels his shirt off revealing a heavily tattooed and scarred body. Behind the works of art and war is a physique that warrants respect.

Izaak, in the other corner, jumps around, air punching.

The Referee calls both men into the middle of the ring. Izaak snake eyes Tyson. Tyson looks to the ground.

REFEREE
You know the rules. No low blows, no
biting. Touch gloves if you want.

Both men touch gloves. Izaak backs up to his corner, doesn't take an eye off Tyson.

Tyson, tracks the ground as he walks to his corner.

DING DING. Tyson looks up. Game on.

Izaak bangs his fists together, cracks his neck, walks for Tyson.

Tyson, calmly, meets him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Izaak puts his hands up. Tyson puts his hands only moderately up. Sloppy defense.

Izaak jabs twice. Connects with Tyson both times.

Tyson, un-phased by the solid hits, does not take an eye off Izaak.

Izaak hits one more jab, then follows with a right hook. Tyson weaves away from the hook. Counters with a jab of his own. Connects.

RATTLED, Izaak shakes it off.

Izaak swings a monster left hook. Tyson ducks. Plants one on Izaak's ribs, followed by a jaw busting upper cut.

Lights out. Izaak hits the ropes, then CRASHES to the ground.

The crowd. Silent.

Junkie's heart skips a beat.

Tyson smiles. Throws his hands in the air. The crowd CHEERS for their champion.

Junkie makes a run for it through the crowd.

MR. MEXICO (O.S.)
(over microphone)
And your winner is, Tyson Margate!

Tyson helps a DROWSY Izaak to his feet, then exits.

Izaak hits the deck as soon as Tyson jumps out.

INT. MANSION LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Mr. Mexico hands Tyson a wad of cash.

MR. MEXICO
You're going to make me a very happy man if you continue to come back, Mr. Margate.

TYSON
I can't. This is it.

Mr. Mexico smiles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. MEXICO
Farewell, old friend.

TYSON
Goodbye, Mr. Mexico.

Both men smile as Tyson exits.

A heavily tattooed arm taps Mr. Mexico on the shoulder. Mr. Mexico turns. Greeted by:

MEXICAN, 30s, tattoos head to toe - gets down to Mr. Mexico's level. Speaks calmly.

MEXICAN
The project timepiece information
never arrived.

Mr. Mexico keeps a fake smile. Frustrated.

MR. MEXICO
Have you got the Englishman?

Mexican nods.

MR. MEXICO
Take him to the basement. Time to
find out if his brothers are as great
as he talks them up to be.

INT. KOYLE TOWERS/LOBBY - THE NEXT DAY

INSERT TITLE CARD: FRIDAY

Tyson flicks his hands dry as he makes way through a five star hotel lobby from when his overweight, grotesque BOSS approaches from the side.

BOSS
The hell you doing, Margate? I
thought I told you to work the door?

TYSON
Sorry, sir, I just needed to use the
bathroom.

BOSS
I don't give a shit. You'll piss
yourself before you leave that door
again.

Tyson walks for the --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRONT DOOR

Enraged, Tyson takes stance next to the rotating doors.

GRAYSON KOYLE, 21, good looking frat kid with expensive taste - walks through the doors past Tyson.

TYSON
Good day, sir.

Grayson blows him off.

Tyson shakes his head. Checks the time on his phone.

TAP, TAP, on the window. Tyson turns.

GRAYSON
(through window)
Hey numb nuts! Have you seen a limo
pull up?

TYSON
No, sir.

Grayson walks off.

Tyson spots Boss in the corner of his eye, staring at him as if he were a complete idiot.

TYSON
(under his breath)
Fuck this.

Tyson approaches Boss.

BOSS
What the fuck do you think you're
doing, boy?

Boss takes a step back. Sweat beads fall from his forehead.

Tyson holds himself back. Bites his tongue.

TYSON
(politely)
I'm done.

Tyson walks off.

BOSS
You piece of shit, you're nothing and
will always be nothing.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOSS (cont'd)
I know all about your eviction
notice, you fucking loser.

Tyson remains calm. Keeps walking.

BOSS
Enjoy raising your family on the
street. You god damn niggers.

Tyson stops in his tracks, turns with a smirk.

TYSON
(to himself)
Nigger what?

Boss, flabbergasted, automatically regrets his actions.
Takes a step back.

INT. MILLHAVEN MUSEUM - DAY

Could hear a pin drop from a mile away. Tyson strolls
through with his security uniform on, checking out the
museum and it's surroundings. He comes across a --

GLASS CABINET

Tyson, transfixed by whatever his eyes lay upon.

A security camera pans on him.

Tyson gets down level with the cabinet when --

SIRENS SOUND. The museum LIGHTS up.

Tyson JUMPS back. Looks to his left --

A CHUBBY Security Guard, 40s, balding - runs in the room.
Gun on Tyson.

Tyson throws his hands up.

TYSON
Wow, wow, wow, wow!

Chubby SNAPS a button on the wall. SIRENS STOP. Hands
shaking. Has he ever held a gun before?

CHUBBY
What the hell are you doing?

Tyson backs up. Hands in the air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TYSON
Easy man, I didn't mean to do that.

CHUBBY
(into walky talky)
Main foyer. I got it.

Chubby makes his way closer. Shaking, gun staring at Tyson.

CHUBBY
How'd the shit you get in?

Tyson looks around.

TYSON
The door was open, man.

Chubby realizes something, lowers his gun. Laughs as he shakes his head.

CHUBBY
God dammit.

Tyson lowers his arms. Relieved. Smiles innocently.

A BUFF SECURITY GUARD, 30s, THICK GOLD CHAIN around neck - runs in. Gun gripped. Ready for action.

Chubby waves him off.

CHUBBY
I'm sorry, it's my bad. I left the door open.

Buff shakes his head in frustration. Exits.

Chubby shows Tyson to the exit.

CHUBBY
Look, I'm sorry, the museum isn't open today.

TYSON
Hey, well, I was actually here about a job. I'm a security guard.

Tyson points out his shirt logo.

CHUBBY
I'd love to help ya out, buddy, I really would, but you can't be here today. Come back next week and drop in an application.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chubby pushes Tyson gently outside.

EXT. MUSEUM MAIN ENTRANCE

Tyson turns around.

TYSON
Where do I get one of them?

As Chubby CLOSES the doors on Tyson --

CHUBBY
Google it.

Tyson checks the outside of the building. Smiles.

INT. TYSON'S CAR (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

Tyson drives down the freeway sucking down a large soda from Slippery Jacks when --

500 METERS DOWN THE ROAD

A police car SCRAPES the barrier. Runs down the embankment, then FLIPS and SMASHES into a tree.

TYSON
Holy fu -

INT. TYSON'S HOME/MAIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Kiki, sits on the bed, wiping away tears. Box of tissues spread over the bed.

The door CREEKS open. Tyson enters.

TYSON
Baby.

Tyson rushes to Kiki. Kneels in front, takes her hand.

KIKI
I got a call from your ex-boss' lawyer, you know. They're taking us for everything we have.

No answer. Tyson bites his lip. Oh shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIKI
You knocked him out? What the fuck
were you thinking, Tyson?

TYSON
Baby -

No answer. Kiki, stern.

KIKI
Where were you last night? They said
you were never rostered to work.

No answer.

KIKI
You went back to that decrepit old
man didn't you?

TYSON
Baby, please I had to -

KIKI
- This isn't the answer Tyson. You're
better than that.

TYSON
Baby, please. I'm desperate.

KIKI
Were you lying about the job trail
tomorrow as well?

Tyson looks down. Kiki cries.

KIKI
I don't even want to know.

TYSON
Baby, I need you to have faith in me.

KIKI
I do trust you, Tyson, but it's hard.
You promised you would never go back
there and you did. You lied to me.

TYSON
I fucked up, baby, I should have just
told you. I'm so sorry.

Kiki hesitantly lets Tyson comfort her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TYSON

You know I couldn't work for that ogre any longer. If you knew what he said, you would have done the same.

KIKI

(sobbing)

He was an asshole, but that doesn't stop the fact he's now suing us. What are we gonna do Tyson?

Tyson kisses Kiki on her head.

TYSON

I need to tell you something.

Kiki looks Tyson in his eyes.

DIGITAL CLOCK: Time flicks through from 1743 to 1828.

BACK TO SCENE

Tyson looks deep into Kiki's eyes. A look of self hate.

TYSON

I don't know what else to do.

Kiki takes a deep breath.

Tyson hugs Kiki. Kiki dries her tears. Embraces Tyson.

INT. TYSON'S HOME/KITCHEN - MORNING

INSERT TITLE CARD: SATURDAY

The kettle hits boiling point. DING.

Kiki pours herself a coffee in a travel mug. Junior digs into his cereal like a starving dog.

Tyson enters, kisses Junior on the top of his head.

TYSON

Good morning, son.

JUNIOR

Good morning, dad.

Tyson walks up behind Kiki. Kisses her neck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TYSON
(into Kiki's ear)
Keep positive baby, I love you.

Kiki turns to Tyson.

KIKI
I can't talk you out of it, can I?

Tyson shakes his head.

KIKI
Well, I'm not letting you go on an
empty stomach.

TYSON
It's okay baby, I'm gonna get a club
sandwich from Lilly's Diner.

KIKI
You're gonna turn into one of those
sandwiches.

Tyson laughs. Takes a seat next to Junior. Stares at him.

JUNIOR
What are you staring at?

Tyson turns to Kiki.

TYSON
I don't know how I did it, but I did,
somehow contribute to creating the
best looking kid on this earth. Thank
god he got the majority of his looks
from you, baby.

Kiki smirks.

KIKI
Well, judging by his soccer skills,
he got his athleticism from you.

Tyson laughs.

TYSON
Best of both worlds huh, son?

Junior looks up with a smile on his face. Milk drips down
his chops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KIKI

(checks watch)

Well, we better get going Junior. Put your dishes in the sink and get your shoes on please.

JUNIOR

Okay mom.

Junior puts his bowl in the sink, then exits.

Tyson stands, kisses Kiki.

KIKI

How are you so calm about all this?

TYSON

Baby, this is what I do.

KIKI

Just come home. I love you.

TYSON

I will, baby, I promise. I love you.

INT. LILLY'S DINER - DAY

A decent crowd at the local diner. Middle aged waitresses slug out the daily grind. Patrons enjoy their late breakfast and coffee.

A clock tells the time of 11.18am.

Tyson throws down the last of his club sandwich when Julian Uyster exits the diner.

MANAGER

Hay, that guy didn't pay.

Manager follows Julian out the door.

Tyson thoroughly enjoys the last bites of his club sandwich when, from behind --

THROUGH WINDOW

Julian (pg 6) casually walks for a BLACK BUGATTI ATLANTIC. Manager follows, attempts to get his attention.

From the passenger seat of his car, Julian pulls out a silenced pump action shotgun. Turns it on the Manager.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INSIDE

A Woman SCREAMS. Tyson, along with everyone else, turns his attention to the events outside.

TYSON
Everyone get down!

THROUGH WINDOW

Without hesitation, Julian pulls the trigger. Manager FLIES backwards --

INSIDE

SMASHING through the window.

THROUGH WINDOW

Julian gets in his car, casually takes off.

INSIDE

Tyson throws his table aside. Jumps to Managers aid. Dead.

He catches the clock. 11.20am.

TYSON
(to himself)
Shit.

The terrified crowd watches over as Tyson covers the dead body with a table cloth.

Tyson spots a male EMPLOYEE, 20 - openly scared shitless. Tyson waves him over.

TYSON
You have to get everyone outside,
away from the body. Call the cops,
tell them exactly what happened. I'm
sorry, buddy, but I gotta go.

Employee nods his head. Fights back tears and puts on a game face.

Tyson exits.

EXT. MILLHAVEN CITY STREET - DAY

Black smoke pours from a bus as it pulls away from a stop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tyson runs aside. Bangs the door.

The bus stops. Doors open. Tyson jumps in.

The bus takes off. A sign on the back tells us its next stop - the Millhaven Museum.

EXT. MILLHAVEN MUSEUM STREET - DAY

Tyson hops off the bus. Walks for the museum when he spots --

JULIAN'S BLACK BUGATTI ATLANTIC

Tyson runs over. Peeps inside. Nothing.

TYSON
Motherfucker.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INSERT TITLE CARD: FRIDAY

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Green bush lands lay background to an endless road. Painted on the road: "THE BAD"

Julian UYSTER - walks away from a smoked out BLACK E60 BMW on the side of the road. Long black duffle bag hangs from his shoulder. Cowboy boots CLAP against the asphalt road.

A PINK ENVELOPE sits in the back pocket of his jeans.

A HARLEY DAVIDSON rumbles past in the opposite direction. Julian takes no notice.

Only the sound of a three inch straight through exhaust SCREAMING in the distance catches his attention.

Julian needs a look. A BLACK BUGATTI ATLANTIC roars towards him from behind.

Julian looks forward as the beautiful car approaches. Fast.

Without a look of fear. Julian walks onto the road. Right in front of the speeding Atlantic.

The DRIVER SWERVES. Misses Julian by a thread.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Atlantic narrowly dodges a power line as it storms off the road into bush scrub.

Julian strolls up to the Atlantic as a cliché REDNECK hops out.

REDNECK
(takes hat off)
What in the hell -

Out of nowhere, Julian whips out a pump action, SILENCED shotgun from his duffle bag and BLOWS Redneck into next week.

INT. ATLANTIC (PARKED) - DAY

Engine RUMBLES to life. '90s country music BLARES from the stereo.

Well un-impressed, Julian ejects the CD and frisbees it out the window.

INT. ATLANTIC (MOVING) - LATER

Julian drives past a 'WELCOME TO MILLHAVEN' sign.

A CLASSIC ROCK HIT plays on the radio.

Fuel light flashes.

INT. SERVICE STATION 1 - DAY

Julian walks through the door. Greeted by a middle aged Female ASIAN CLERK.

ASIAN CLERK
Good afternoon, sir.

Julian nods at Asian Clerk. Heads straight towards the back of the shop to where the snacks are and makes himself a hot dog.

Asian Clerk SCREAMS. Julian almost drops the mustard he's about to squeeze onto his hot dog.

ROBBER 1 (O.S.)
Listen 'ere ya slanty eyed fuck -

Julian turns to see --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Two men robbing the joint. Both wearing balaclavas. Both talk with strong COCKNEY accents. ROBBER 1 wields a gun. ROBBER 2 brandishes a knife.

ROBBER 1 has a gun in the face of Asian Clerk.

ROBBER 1
You're gonna empty the register into a bag and you're gonna do it fuckin' quick or I'll put one of these bullets through your big Asian brain. You got that, mate?

Asian Clerk does exactly as she's told.

Pressing the knife up to Asian Clerks shoulder, Robber 2 gets in her ear.

ROBBER 2
(into clerks ear)
Grab some ciggies while you're at it, would yah, sweetheart.

ASIAN CLERK
(terrified)
Y, y, y, yes sir.

Robber 1 grabs packets of chips and gum while Robber 2 taunts the clerk with his knife.

Asian Clerk fills a paper bag with all the money from the till. She throws a few packets of cigarettes in there too.

Robber 2 grabs the bag. Runs out of the store.

Robber 1 launches a packet of chips at Asian Clerk. The bag explodes. Chips fly everywhere. He runs out after Robber 1.

ROBBER 2 (O.S.)
Baaaaaaaahhhh ching chong ching!

ROBBER 1 (O.S.)
Ce ce gracious, ching ching chong ching!

BACK TO JULIAN

Julian watches over with a vacant look. He drops his hot dog in displeasure. Taste like shit.

Casually, he walks up to the SOBBING Asian Clerk and puts twenty dollars on the counter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Julian maintains eye contact with Asian Clerk as he exits.

INT. ATLANTIC (MOVING)- DUSK

Sun falls from the sky.

Julian cruises down a street when he spots a sign promoting a bar. "HAPPY HOUR BETWEEN 4-6 PM".

Julian's dash clock tells the time: 4:01 pm. Perfect.

EXT. SALLY'S SPORTS BAR/PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Run down establishment. For blue collar workers to enjoy Friday afternoon beers. A "SALLY'S SPORTS BAR" sign above the door promotes "BAR & GRILL".

Julian pulls up next to a STRETCHED LIMOUSINE.

FRONT DOOR

Two SECURITY personnel escort a stumbling DRUNK from the bar. Drunk wears a RED SHIRT and CAMO PANTS.

The drunk slurs his words in an Australian accent.

DRUNK

This 's fucked, mate, that fuck head started it. Why ya cocks kicking me out?

SALLY'S SECURITY GUARD 1

Whatever, smelly, get out of here.

Drunk has had it. He turns to Security Guard 1. WHAM. He KICKS him in his balls as hard as he can.

Security Guard 1 drops to his knees. Hands cupping his balls. Teeth clenched. Agony.

Security Guard 2 body SLAMS Drunk to the ground. Puts his knee in his back.

BACK TO JULIAN

Julian does not blink an eye at the ruckus. He walks straight past the commotion, into --

INT. SALLY'S SPORTS BAR

An all American bar. Nothing flash. A handful of people drink their sorrows away. One WAITRESS work the bar.

A beautiful vintage CLOCK sits above the door frame.

Julian enters. Susses the place. He spots Grayson (pg 20) chatting with a beautiful BLONDE. They make eye contact.

Julian quickly takes his attention off Grayson and makes his way to the --

BAR

A tight figured, diminutive WAITRESS, 35, with sandy locks and a strong Southern American accent - looks Julian up and down. Like what she sees.

WAITRESS

What can I get yah, darlin'?

JULIAN

Whatever you recommend. Darlin'.

Waitress smirks. Pours a beer, places it in front of Julian.

WAITRESS

That'll be four dollars.

Julian puts a twenty on the bar. Waitress does her thing.

Julian has a swig. Waitress returns with the change. Julian pushes it back.

WAITRESS

Thank you kind sir. I'll take extra care of you tonight.

Waitress grabs a cloth and wipes the bar in front of Julian.

Julian takes another sip of his pint.

JULIAN

The kid over at the tables with the young lady. What's his name?

WAITRESS

(looks at Grayson)

I have no idea. I've never seen him before today.

Grayson exits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIAN

Excuse me.

Julian heads for the --

FRONT DOOR

Julian walks out the doors. Shutting them on us.

CLOCK ABOVE DOOR

Time speeds up from 4:05pm to 4:09pm.

BACK TO FRONT DOOR

Julian walks through. Heads back to --

THE BAR

He takes a seat in front of his sweaty beer. Takes a big sip.

Waitress returns.

WAITRESS

You know that guy?

Julian shakes his head.

WAITRESS

What's your name, sweetheart?

JULIAN

Julian.

Waitress smiles.

WAITRESS

Tasmyn.

Julian cracks half a smile.

TASMYN

What brings you to Millhaven, Julian?

JULIAN

You're assuming I'm from out of town?

TASMYN

Am I wrong to assume that?

Julian looks to his right, to a MAN passed out on the bar, drooling like a baby.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIAN

This place is a shit hole.

Tasmyn, flirtatiously taken aback. Cocks a brow.

TASMYN

Excuse me, Mr. Julian, but I like it.

JULIAN

Is that right.

Tasmyn rests her arms against the bar.

TASMYN

No, not really.

JULIAN

Why do you work here?

Tasmyn checks out the building. Shrugs her shoulders.

TASMYN

It's got air conditioning.

JULIAN

A positive attitude.

TASMYN

I like to look at the cup as half full.

Tasmyn smiles.

JULIAN

You're happy?

TASMYN

Yes, I am right now and that's what matters.

Julian nods. Agrees.

Tasmyn picks up a tray of pint glasses from the dishwasher below her. Takes to them with a towel.

TASMYN

You work, Julian?

Julian shakes his head. Nope. Has another sip.

TASMYN

Not at all?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Julian puts his beer down. Shakes his head. Nope.

TASMYN

Why not?

Julian taps his fingers on the bar. Avoids the question.

TASMYN

How'd you pay for that drink?

JULIAN

That depends.

TASMYN

On what?

JULIAN

Do you want the truth?

Tasmyrn looks Julian up and down.

TASMYN

Why do you think it's okay for you bludge, but everyone else has to do hard yards.

JULIAN

No one has a gun to your head.

TASMYN

Yeah, not a gun with bullets, but with debt and unhappiness and hunger and dehydration.

JULIAN

As one that does none of what you do, I'm very quenched.

TYSON

That's nice, you forget to mention as to how and why?

JULIAN

Persistence is key, right?

Tasmyrn gives Julian a questioning look.

Julian gives in.

JULIAN

I don't like people telling me what to do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tasmyn, interested, waits for Julian to speak again.

TASMYN
Care to elaborate?

JULIAN
Being governed by someone who thinks they're above others for something as trivial as money is pathetic. And this pecking order society has created is unnatural and dangerous.

Tasmyn cocks her eyebrow.

TASMYN
Would you prefer to live like animals, Julian?

JULIAN
We are animals.

TASMYN
Animals live in hierarchies.

JULIAN
Natural hierarchy is earned by physical strength and aggression. Ours is achieved by who has the thickest wallets.

TASMYN
So, what would you suggest? We eliminate money entirely? Because that would just -

Julian interrupts.

JULIAN
- That, would steer us in the right direction to legitimate freedom.

TASMYN
You know that's never gonna happen. Looks like you'll just have to adapt to our indecisive way of life.

Julian laughs to himself. Has a sip.

Tasmyn bites on her top lip. A flirtatious smirk.

EXT. SALLY'S SPORTS BAR/PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Arms locked, Tasmyn and Julian walk to --

JULIAN'S BUGATTI ATLANTIC

TASMYN

Wow! Julian, this car is amazing!

Julian, like a gentleman, opens the passenger door for Tasmyn.

JULIAN

Oh, it's not mine. I'm just...
Borrowing it.

Tasmyn gives Julian a horny, flirtatious smile.

INT. TASMYN'S HOME/LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT

Well presented. A decent sized flat screen TV suits the clean room. A few clothes hang from the arm of the couch.

TASMYN

Take a seat sweetheart.

Julian takes a seat. Tasmyn grabs the clothes from the couch arm, then plugs her phone into an iPod dock. She hits play.

She CRANKS: Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds - The Curse Of Millhaven. She winks at Julian on her way into the kitchen.

Julian taps his finger against the lounge. Scouts the room.

Cupboard doors BANG from the kitchen.

TASMYN (O.S.)

Uggghh.. Where's that goddamn bottle!

Draws open. A glass SMASHES.

TASMYN (O.S.)

Fuck!

Tasmyn walks back on screen. A bottle of red in one hand, two glasses in the other. She SINGS along with the music as she walks seductively towards Julian.

She takes a seat next to Julian.

Red wine pours into a glass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tasmyn slides Julian a glass. Shuffles closer to him.

Like a champ, Tasmyn necks her glass of red in one hit, not taking an eye off Julian.

Tasmyn snorts into her glass as she laughs to herself. Gives Julian a competitive smirk.

Julian doesn't know how to feel.

Silence for a moment. Then -

TASMYN
Can I ask you a question?

JULIAN
That depends.

TASMYN
On what?

JULIAN
Do you want the truth?

Tasmyn takes a moment as she looks at Julian.

TASMYN
I could ask you the same question.

JULIAN
It doesn't matter to me.

Tasmyn, surprised a little.

TASMYN
You're okay to tell me the truth?

Julian sniffs his wine. Smiles, then has a sip.

TASMYN
Why are you here?

JULIAN
Here?

TASMYN
In Millhaven.

JULIAN
Are you sure you want those answers?

Tasmyn raises a competitive eyebrow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TASMYN

Don't think I can handle it?

Julian stares into Tasmyn's eyes.

Tasmyn puts her hand on Julian's knee.

TASMYN

You're an eccentric man, Julian. If I was to stab the dark; your answers aren't for conventional folk. And I'm definitely sure your answers won't earn you any brownie points with the local lawmen.

Tasmyn makes a gun with her hand and puts it to Julian's head. Pretends to fire.

TASMYN

Am I shottin' straight, busta?

Julian shows a cheeky smile.

TASMYN

So tell me. And don't sugar coat it. Why are you here?

Julian moves his tongue around in his mouth, thinking before he speaks. He looks at Tasmyn, admires her.

JULIAN

The watch.

TASMYN

At the exhibit tomorrow?

Julian nods. Has a sip.

TASMYN

Why? What's so special about it?

JULIAN

There's nothing special about it.

TASMYN

You came all this way to look at a not so special watch?

JULIAN

No.

TASMYN

Then why are you here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIAN
I came here to take it.

TASMYN
I thought it wasn't special to you.

JULIAN
It's not.

Tasmyn gets close. Her speech slows down. Her hand creeps up his thigh.

TASMYN
How?

JULIAN
I'm going to walk in there and kill anyone that gets in my way.

Tasmyn gives Julian a come-hither smirk. Tilts her head, adoring Julian. Lick her lips.

TASMYN
Why would you do that?

Julian winks at Tasmyn.

INT. TASMYN'S HOME/BATHROOM - NIGHT

Julian fills his hands with water. Splashes it over his face. Stares into the mirror. A million things running through his bizarre brain.

He grabs a towel, dries himself off and tucks his shirt in to hide a SPLASH of blood, then walks out into --

TASMYN'S BEDROOM

Tasmyn lies naked on the bed. Inviting Julian.

Julian takes off his jacket.

Distinctive STAR TATTOO on the back of his neck.

TASMYN'S BEDROOM - LATER

SQUEAKY CEILING FAN.

Julian sits up. Wide awake. He dresses himself. Blue jeans, stylish jacket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He walks around to a sleeping Tasmyn. Stares at her.

Duffle bag in the corner.

He walks off, dragging his fingertips softly down Tasmyn's naked body.

He grabs his bag. Opens the door.

Julian looks back. He stares at Tasmyn for a moment.

INT. ATLANTIC (PARKED) - NIGHT

Julian inhales and exhales through his nose, turns the key. Engine rumbles to life.

EXT. MILLHAVEN MUSEUM/SECURITY DOOR - NIGHT

A few street lamps do a dreadful job.

A security door with a "MUSEUM PERSONNEL ONLY" sign on it.

A little intercom with a number pad next to the door.

Julian studies the door and intercom.

VOICES and FLASHLIGHTS creep from around the corner.

Julian disappears.

INT. 24 HOUR CHEMIST - DAWN

INSERT TITLE CARD: SATURDAY

SOOTHING MUSIC plays as Julian strolls down the aisles.

He stops when he hits the first aid kits.

He picks up the most expensive one. Walks to the --

CHEMIST COUNTER

An elderly PHARMACIST, 60s, thick rim glasses - stands behind the counter.

A digital clock on the wall behind tells the time of 6:03am.

Julian PLONKS the first aid kit on the counter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHARMACIST

(jokingly)

You going to wrestle a bear or something?

Pharmacist thinks of himself as a comedian. Julian isn't impressed.

Pharmacist can feel Julian's glare. Acts cool. Scans the first aid kit.

PHARMACIST

Okay then, that'll be forty nine ninety five.

Julian taps his pockets.

JULIAN

I don't have any money.

PHARMACIST

Well you can't have the first aid kit then.

JULIAN

I need it.

PHARMACIST

I don't care.

JULIAN

I'm taking it.

PHARMACIST

No, you can't, sir, that's stealing.

JULIAN

But I need it.

PHARMACIST

You look fine.

JULIAN

I look fine now.

PHARMACIST

Look buddy, if you don't have any money, you can't have it. End of story.

JULIAN

Does this first aid kit have two sets of scissors?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pharmacist stands confused.

PHARMACIST
Why does it matter?

JULIAN
I only need one.

PHARMACIST
That doesn't matter. You can't have
any of it.

Julian peels opens the first aid kit. Pulls out one set of
scissors and chucks them on the counter.

PHARMACIST
Sir, are you okay in the head?

Julian looks at Pharmacist.

JULIAN
What defines someone to be 'okay' in
the head?

PHARMACIST
Well, I don't -

JULIAN
- You don't know?

Pharmacist, speechless.

JULIAN
Why would you ask someone a question
like that if you yourself do not have
a full understanding of what the
answer is or should be?

PHARMACIST
Look, all I know is that you cannot
just have the first aid kit. Now if
you're not going to pay for anything,
I'm going to have to ask you to
leave.

Julian looks at Pharmacist as if he were an idiot. Grabs the
handle of the first aid kit, but doesn't lift it. Yet.

PHARMACIST
Sir.

Julian looks at the Pharmacist like a rebellious child and
lifts the first aid kit from the counter. Slowly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHARMACIST

No.

Julian turns, walks for the exit. First aid kit in hand.

PHARMACIST

Sir!

Julian ignores Pharmacist. Pharmacist picks up the phone.

Julian stops. Turns to Pharmacist.

JULIAN

Are you willing to die for forty nine dollars?

Pharmacist swallows hard and hangs up the phone. Petrified.

JULIAN

Cut the cord.

PHARMACIST

Wh, What?

JULIAN

Take the scissors I just gave you and cut the cord to the telephone.

Scissors on the bench.

PHARMACIST

But -

JULIAN

(ordering)

- I didn't stutter. Cut the cord.

Julian watches over as Pharmacist hesitantly cuts the cord.

EXT. CHEMIST - CONTINUOUS

An empty parking lot. Few shops next door yet to be opened.

Julian walks for his Bugatti Atlantic when a little white car with "MILLHAVEN MUSEUM SECURITY" stickers planted across the doors parks up in front of the chemist.

Julian stops. He watches as a SKINNY, red headed, Security Guard gets out of the passenger door.

Skinny FLICKS his keys and WHISTLES as he walks inside the chemist.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Inside the car sits the CHUBBY Security Guard (pg 7), behind the wheel. Shoveling a doughnut into his mouth.

INT. SECURITY CAR (MOVING) - MOMENTS LATER

Chubby sips at his steamy large coffee with powdered sugar smeared on his chin while steering the wheel. Skinny sits. A train of thought hitting him like a mullet.

SKINNY

That pharmacist was acting strange.

Car lights FLASH from behind.

CHUBBY

Ugh, what does this stupid guy want?

Chubby puts his arm out the window. Signals to pass.

No cars pass.

FLASHES again.

SKINNY

Maybe something's wrong. Pull over.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Covered by 2 apartment blocks. Brick walls swallow the security car as they pull up. Julian's Atlantic pulls up half a foot behind.

Chubby hops out. Puts his arms out to his sides.

CHUBBY

What's the problem?

Julian steps out of his Atlantic. Draws his silenced shotgun on Chubby.

Chubby's eyes open wide.

Julian FIRES. An ice bucket challenge of shotgun pellets.

Chubby takes flight. HAMMERS into the brick wall.

Skinny jumps out. Grabs his pistol, but is met by the sight of a pump action shotgun barrel staring him in the face.

Skinny drops his pistol. Throws his hands in the air. Trembling like a kitten.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Julian doesn't take an eye off his mark as he creeps closer.

Shotgun looking down Skinny's throat.

Julian STRIKES Skinny using the butt of his gun. KO.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

SKINNY'S P.O.V.

Regaining consciousness. Heavy Breathing. Blindfolded vision. Can't make out anything. RATS SQUEAL from beneath.

Head moves, left, right, left. Tries to talk. Gagged.

FOOT STEPS approach.

Skinny panics. Shakes desperately.

Blindfold removed, revealing we are --

INT. FACTORY - DAY

Hasn't seen humans in decades. Cobwebs hang rafter to rafter. Not somewhere you want to be with a sociopath that sees carnage as good sport.

Skinny faces the wall. Bound by ropes attached to each of his arms and legs.

Julian stands behind, next to a steel table piled with rusty cutting tools.

Julian removes the gag.

Skinny, in between confused as fuck and scared shitless --

SKINNY

What the fuck? Where are we?

JULIAN

It doesn't matter.

SKINNY

What do you want?

JULIAN

Your clothes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SKINNY
You could've just fucking asked me!

JULIAN
Can I have your clothes?

SKINNY
Yes!

JULIAN
Give them to me.

SKINNY
What?

JULIAN
Take your clothes off.

SKINNY
How the fuck?

JULIAN
Find a way.

Skinny tries to shake his cloths off. Useless.

SKINNY
I can't do it!

JULIAN
Try harder.

Skinny shakes harder. Still no progress.

SKINNY
I can't!

Julian grabs a hammer and hits it against the steel table.

JULIAN
Hurry up!

Skinny shakes like crazy. Clothes still very attached.

It's no use, he gives up and tears fall.

SKINNY
Please!

Julian approaches Skinny. Now calm and collective.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIAN

What's the name of the last person that started working security at the museum?

Skinny looks back at Julian.

SKINNY

What?

JULIAN

What's the name of the last person that started working security at the museum?

SKINNY

What, why?

Julian, teeth clenched. Losing patience.

JULIAN

Answer the question.

SKINNY

It was me.

Julian, calm.

JULIAN

What's your name?

SKINNY

Peter.

JULIAN

How long ago did you start working at the museum, Peter?

PETER

Two days ago.

JULIAN

How many people do you know that work at the museum, Peter?

PETER

The only guy I met was Jacob.

JULIAN

Who's Jacob, Peter.

PETER

The guy you just shot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIAN
Any others?

PETER
No!

JULIAN
What's the security code for the door
to the back entrance of the museum?

PETER
I don't know.

Julian barks back up.

JULIAN
Peter! What's the security code for
the door to the back entrance of the
museum?

PETER
I don't know!

STEEL SCRAPING CONCRETE. Julian pushes a table up next to
Peter. Unties his right hand.

JULIAN
Put your hand on the table.

Peter, hesitantly, places his hand on the table. Looks back
at Julian.

JULIAN
Don't look at me.

Peter looks forward and then straight back at Julian.

Julian picks up his gun, points it at Peter's butt.

Peter looks forward. Shuts his eyes. Petrified. Crying.

JULIAN
What's the security code for the door
to the back entrance of the museum?

PETER
I don't know!

An AXE POUNDS the table one centimeter from PETER'S hand.

PETER
One, six, three, eight, five!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JULIAN

Thank-you.

Julian cuts Peter free with a rusty knife. It takes some effort.

Peter drops to the ground, looks at his hand. It's fine.

JULIAN

Take your clothes off.

Peter makes his way to his way to his feet, undressing himself. Slowly.

JULIAN

Hurry up.

INT. ATLANTIC - CONTINUOUS

Julian hops in. He puts his new, nicely folded, security uniform on the passenger seat.

JULIAN

(to himself, repeat)

One, six, three, eight, five.

He takes a black marker that lives in a cup holder and writes down "1,6,3,8,5" on a note pad.

INT. LILLY'S DINER - DAY

The bell RINGS as Julian walks inside.

A middle aged plump MISERABLE WAITRESS that clearly hates her life greets Julian.

MISERABLE WAITRESS

Just one?

Julian smiles.

JULIAN

Please.

Miserable Waitress leads Julian to his --

TABLE

Julian sits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MISERABLE WAITRESS
You wanna order now?

JULIAN
Milk please. And pancakes.

MISERABLE WAITRESS
That'll be five minutes.

Miserable Waitress leaves. Julian plays with the zipper on his coat when --

The DOOR BELLS RING.

Tyson walks in. Julian looks up at him. Tyson looks back.

EXT. LILLY'S DINER - DAY

Cleaning his chops with a napkin, Julian walks for his Atlantic.

MANAGER (O.S.)
Sir! Stop.

Manager follows. Julian throws the napkin aside.

MANAGER
Sir!

EXT. MILLHAVEN MUSEUM - DAY

Julian pulls up out front the museum.

Wearing his museum security uniform, he jumps out of his Atlantic, grabs the duffle bag then makes way for the --

EXT. MUSEUM SECURITY DOOR

Julian punches in 1,6,3,8,5 on the keypad.

RING RING.

Camera above the door PANS on Julian.

The light turns green. The door BUZZES open.

Julian enters the --

INT. MUSEUM SECURITY OFFICE

Julian approaches a desk that hosts a FAT WOMAN with a 'I don't really care about my job' attitude about her, sitting behind a computer.

Behind the desk stands a BUFF SECURITY GUARD (pg 7) - taking stance next to a door. The door has a sign: 'MUSEUM SECURITY ROOM'

A clock on the wall tells the time of 11:30 am.

FAT WOMAN

New guy -

Fat Woman thinks of a name.

JULIAN

Peter.

A light bulb goes off in Fat Woman's head.

FAT WOMAN

Peter! I thought you were coming in with Jacob?

JULIAN

He called in sick.

FAT WOMAN

Typical.

Fat Woman susses Julian's duffle bag.

FAT WOMAN

What's in the bag?

JULIAN

Gym clothes.

Fat Woman slides a clipboard with some paperwork on it over to Julian.

FAT WOMAN

Sign this.

Julian signs the paperwork. Fat Woman BUZZES the door behind her.

Julian, about to walk through when a picture of Peter appears on Fat Woman's computer screen.

She looks at Julian.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FAT WOMAN

Wait.

Julian stops. Caught out.

INT. MUSEUM SECURITY ROOM

Filled with TV's that show the entire museum's security footage. An OLD TIMER security guard, watches over the monitors with his feet kicked up.

SILENCED SHOT GUN BLASTS. Followed by a loud THUMP against the door.

Old Timer stands. Pulls his gun. Takes aim on the door.

The door opens. Buff Security Guard's body SLUMPS down. A pool of blood streams inside.

Old Timer approaches. Slowly. Calm. He's done this before.

The handle of Julian's shotgun swings in. KO's Old Timer.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. BASEMENT - DAWN

INSERT TITLE CARD: FRIDAY

Cold concrete walls besiege the dark, macabre dungeon like room that would send chills down the spine of any cutthroat.

In the middle of the room, tied to a chair by the wrists and ankles sits:

JUNKIE (pg 15), wears an "I'm not a part of the hipster fad" tee, blindfolded and gagged. Terrified. Guarded by:

MEXICAN GANGSTER, 30s, face tattoos, gold teeth clenched as he aims his AK47 up on Junkie from behind.

Mexican (pg 19), talks on a corded phone.

MEXICAN

(into phone)

Whatchu mean pendejo. I ain't fuckin' around wit chu.

Mexican moves around impatiently. Listening.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEXICAN
 (into phone)
 Your little brother fucked up ese.
 Shouldn't be making bets he can't
 pay.

Mexican walks OFF SCREEN. Phone cord still attached,
 dragging along the ground. Listening.

MEXICAN (O.S.)
 (into phone)
 You know the price. You have forty
 eight hours to deliver or he loses
 his head.

Mexican walks back ON SCREEN. Listening.

MEXICAN
 (into phone)
 No, you suck my dick, chingada madre!

Mexican SMASHES the phone down with anger. Repeatedly.

MEXICAN
 (Spanish; subtitled)
 Fucking assholes!

INT. ALISTER & CARRICK'S HOME - DAWN

A small, dilapidated room. Penises spray painted on the
 walls. A torn up couch, a little box TV plays cartoons and
 two single beds at each end furnish the shit hole. Written
 all over a nudie poster on the wall: "THE WEIRD"

ALISTER, early 30s, shaved black hair, wears a beat up
 collared shirt with a set of aviators. No pants on, just
 undies. He flicks a lighter, trying to light a crack pipe.

He sits next to his brother:

CARRICK, early 30s, malnourished, but could be good looking
 with a bit of effort. Wears a novelty shirt and like his
 brother, isn't a fan of pants.

Both men speak with strong COCKNEY accents at 100 mph.

Alister eventually lights the pipe, takes a hit, then blows
 a cloud of smoke above his head. Relaxed.

Alister the pipe to Carrick. Carrick indulges.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISTER

The little prick's been bettin' up a storm at some rich wankers house in Millhaven. If we don't deliver within forty eight hours, he's fuckin' dead.

CARRICK

(blows out smoke)

The fucks he doin' Millhaven?

ALISTER

Fucks me, mate, but we better think of something A S A fuckin' P.

CARRICK

How the fuck are we gonna steal this thing? It's in a heavily guarded museum, three hundred fuckin' miles away. We ain't got a chance.

ALISTER

(blowing out smoke)

Well, for a start, you're gonna have to stop being a pessimist cunt and turn that negativity into confidence towards our situation, or else we're all fucked.

Alister stands.

ALISTER

We're also gonna need a bigger gun.

A compact pistol sits on a bong ridden table. Alister picks it up and shakes his head at it.

ALISTER

We need a magnum or some other hand cannon with a mean kick back. Pop one of them off and every git will scatter like nuns in a whore house.

Alister laughs at his own joke.

CARRICK

It's just to spook people isn't it? You ain't gonna shoot anyone?

ALISTER

I don't want to, but, if we're confronted with a situation where I have to choose between us or them, it's gonna be them.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISTER (cont'd)

And if I rock into a museum with two dozen armed guards with this thing, I may as well shoot myself.

Carrick nods agreeably.

CARRICK

Are you sure, Alister? This ain't no run-of-the-mill robbery we're talking about 'ere.

ALISTER

It ain't about me, bruv. I ain't lettin' some fuckin' spics kill our little bruvva for a mess we lead him into.

CARRICK

We ain't lead him into shit, he got himself in this mess and here we are fixing the fuckin' situation.

ALISTER

It's our fault he's in this predicament. He's a good kid with alota potential. His only downfall is that he idolized us and we lead him into the fuckin' gutter via drugs and gamblin'. Our oldies would turn in their grave if we turned our back on him, now.

Carrick agrees. Stands.

CARRICK

You're right, bruv. We need to protect him. It's our duty as family.

EXT. ALISTER & CARRICK'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Under a bridge. A graffiti ridden shipping container in the slums of town. A gas guzzling generator makes a hell of a noise on top.

The Junkies exit the container. Bulk smoke streams out the door. They head towards a --

Busted up GREEN FORD CAPRI.

ALISTER

(throws keys)

You wanna drive?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carrick catches the keys.

INT. FORD CAPRI (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Carrick steers out from under bridge onto a homeless street.

CARRICK

Take the wheel for me, would ya?

Alister takes the wheel. Carrick takes a hit from the pipe.

CARRICK

So, how we go about getting a magnum,
Einstein?

Carrick takes over the wheel.

ALISTER

Well, it's simple really, we gonna
rob some shitty little service
stations for everything they have in
the till, then we're gonna take our
little skinny white asses to a big
ol' gun store and buy one.

CARRICK

Hang on a fuckin' tik. You want to
rob service stations for money to buy
a gun?

ALISTER

Yeah.

CARRICK

Why don't we just rob a fuckin' gun
store?

ALISTER

Because, those gun store owners are
fuckin' maniacs. Last year I tried to
hold up a gun store with that shitty
compact pistol you call a fuckin'
weapon and the Mug, pulled out a
shotgun the size of me fuckin' leg.

CARRICK

That's unpleasant, bruv.

EXT. SERVICE STATION 2 - DAY

Middle of the desert.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carrick goes for the fuel pump. Alister walks into --

INT. SERVICE STATION 2

A BUZZER sounds. Alister strolls in. Suspicious, he looks around, up and down.

OLD CLERK (O.S.)
Can I help you, Sir?

SERVICE STATION COUNTER

OLD CLERK, chubby, wrong side of 60s, grease coated overalls make him look the part - stands behind the counter.

Alister approaches.

ALISTER
Oh, I'm just looking for some eggs.
You see, I'm on this new diet and it
says I gotta eat a whole lotta eggs.
I don't really like eggs, but fuck
it, apparently they're good for ya?

OLD CLERK
No eggs, sorry bud.

ALISTER
Well thank fuck for that, that's just
an excuse for me not to eat the
fuckin' things. I hate 'em.

OLD CLERK
We have eggnog.

ALISTER
The fuck's eggnog? I just told you I
don't like eggs and now you're trying
to sell me fuckin' eggnog?

OLD CLERK
I don't understand.

ALISTER
Of course you fuckin' don't. I'll
just take some boats, then, aye?

OLD CLERK
Come again.

ALISTER
Boats.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OLD CLERK
I'm sorry, are you saying boats?

ALISTER
No, fuckin' boots!

OLD CLERK
Boots?

ALISTER
Oats. Fuckin' oats!

OLD CLERK
I can't understand you. Speak slower.

ALISTER
(faster)
Fuckin' oats you dickhead. Oats!
Fuckin' oats!

Old Clerk sighs. Alister gets in his face.

ALISTER
Are you a fuckin' simpleton, mate?
O A T S. Oats.

Alister backs off.

OLD CLERK
Oh, sorry we don't have none.

ALISTER
Oh for fuck sake, really? after all that you're gonna tell me you don't have any fuckin' boots? This place is fuckin' useless. Can I have some water? Have you got some fuckin' water? Drink, Drink, liquid fuckin' water?

OLD CLERK
Well of course we have water. It's in that fridge right behind you.

Alister turns to a fridge full of water.

ALISTER
(impersonating Old Clerk)
Of course we have fuckin' water.

Alister grabs a fresh bottle of water. Holds it over his head and SPRAYS himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Old Clerk isn't impressed.

OLD CLERK
Hay! you can clean that up.

ALISTER
Oh, you can -

Alister, about to bark back when both men turn their attention to --

EXT. SERVICE STATION 2

A YOUNG FAMILY trapped inside their car. Carrick acts like a gorilla, noises and everything. Jumps around the car. Smacking it with the side of his fists.

Carrick rips a fire extinguisher from its holster. Unleashes foam onto the family car.

Kids SCREAM from inside as the family car takes off, leaving a cloud of smoke behind it's back wheels.

INT. SERVICE STATION 2

Alister KNOCKS on the window.

THROUGH WINDOW

Carrick turns around.

Alister puts his hands out. What the fuck are you doing?

Carrick acts cool. Slips into the passenger seat of their Capri.

INT. SERVICE STATION 2/COUNTER

Old Clerk grabs a bat from the overhead.

OLD CLERK
Son of a -

ALISTER
Be cool, mate.

Old Clerk moves around the counter. Eyes on Carrick.

OLD CLERK
Shut it, I'll deal with you next.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alister pulls the compact pistol on Old Clerk.

ALISTER
Is that fuckin' right, ye' old prick?

Old Clerk drops the bat. Throws his hands up.

OLD CLERK
Now, son, I don't want any trouble.

ALISTER
You don't want trouble? Your eyes on my brother, walking with ferocity, wielding a baseball bat, sure as hell looked like trouble was about to fucking emerge.

Old Clerk retraces his steps, back around the counter. Alister tracks him with the pistol.

OLD CLERK
Don't be silly now, don't do something you might regret.

ALISTER
Are you my fucking dad? Empty the till into a bag, ya fat idiot.

Old Clerk loads a bag. Alister waves the gun around.

ALISTER
If you moved any fuckin' slower you'd fall over. Tik fuckin' tok.

Old Clerk empties the till into a bag. Passes it to Alister.

Alister STEPS at Old Clerk. Old Clerk flinches, stumbles back. Frightened. Double chin wobbles.

Alister laughs --

EXT. SERVICE STATION 2

Alister runs to the Capri. YELLING GIBBERISH.

INT. FORD CAPRI (PARKED/MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Key turns. Foot to the floor.

CARRICK
What happened in there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISTER

Well, up until you started acting like a Neanderthal, me and the old fella were having a very fucking civilized conversation. Then he lost his marbles at the sight of you being a twat, so I had to kick his ass.

CARRICK

Bull fuckin' shit, you didn't kick his ass. How much ya get?

Alister passes Carrick the loot.

ALISTER

Yeah I fuckin' did. Here, count it.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - LATER

Green bush lands. Birds enjoy their roadkill feast.

In the distance: The Junkies Capri ROARS towards us. Pedal to the metal. Gaining fast as it can. Which isn't very fast.

Almost here.

The birds skedaddle. One bird doesn't make a quick enough escape.

SPLAT. Feathers explode.

INT. FORD CAPRI (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

HEAVY METAL plays THROUGH THE ROOF. Both men HEAD BANGING. Alister almost hitting the steering wheel with his head, until the --

Stereo CRAPS OUT.

Utter disappointment. They gaze upon the stereo like it were a spaceship. No idea what to do.

Carrick pushes button.

Alister finally decides to look up at the road. He SWERVES. Narrowly misses a HARLEY DAVIDSON in the opposite lane.

CARRICK

Aye, aye watch it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISTER
(looks back)
Fucker popped outta nowhere.

Carrick plays with the stereo.

CARRICK
Fuckin' piece of shit.

The beautiful sound of a Harley Davidson RUMBLES up next to the driver side door.

BIKIE, 50s, built like a brick shit house - kicks the door.

Carrick launches a beer bottle out the window, over the car. HITS Bieke on his helmet, but only bounces off.

CARRICK
Fuck off ya grub!

Bieke speeds up, pulls in front of Alister and Carrick. Signals to pull over.

ALISTER
(to himself)
You gone and done yourself a mischief
here you fuck ass.

Music BACK ON.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

Bieke pulls up on the side of the road, jumps off his bike.

Alister RAMS the back end of the Harley Davidson, sending it meters forward. Bieke LEAPS out of the way.

Alister and Carrick both get out.

BIKIE
(furious)
You're fucked!

Bieke goes Alister. Alister pulls the compact pistol. Walks towards Bieke with the nozzle to his face.

ALISTER
You gotta -

Without hesitation, Bieke knocks Alister for six. Alister flies back onto the bonnet of the Capri.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gun hits the ground.

Carrick comes from the side with the biggest punch he can muscle up. Taps Bikie on the cheek. Nothing.

Bikie turns to Carrick. Head butt. Carrick drops.

Bikie moves to his bike. Picks it up.

Alister gets himself together. Goes for the back seat of the Capri. Pulls out a metal baseball bat.

Bikie looks over the damage of his bike.

BIKIE

Fuck! Shit! You two mother fuckers -

From behind. Alister WHACKS Bikie over the back of the head.

Bikie drops to the side. Out cold. Harley Davidson falls with him.

Alister swipes Bikie's wallet from his back pocket. Looks inside. A pile of hundreds. He pockets the cash. Notices --

Carrick, trying to find his feet. Alister picks up his gun, then helps his brother.

The Junkies stumble into the Capri. Alister starts her up.

CARRICK (O.S.)

Fuck me that guy was big.

Alister and Carrick laugh as the Capri burns off.

EXT. SERVICE STATION 1 - AFTERNOON

BIRDS EYE VIEW: The Junkie's Capri screams past.

CARRICK (O.S.)

Pull in ere! Pull in ere.

The Capri's breaks SCREECH. They turn down the street backing onto the Service Station.

INT. FORD CAPRI (PARKED) - CONTINUOUS

Alister and Carrick, now sport a thumping black eye each.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISTER

What the fuck ya telling me to stop
'ere for?

CARRICK

Let's hit this one.

EXT. BEHIND SERVICE STATION 1 - CONTINUOUS

Both wearing balaclavas. Alister and Carrick jump out of the car.

CARRICK

Gimme the gun.

ALISTER

Nah, fuck yah, I wanna hold it.

CARRICK

It's my fuckin' gun, give it ere.

ALISTER

Oh fuckin' whatever, mate.

Alister passes the gun to Carrick. Not to worry, Alister pulls out a flick knife.

They make way for the --

SERVICE STATION 1 ENTRANCE

The Junkies walk inside.

Julian's Atlantic sits at the pump.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

EXT. SERVICE STATION 1 - MOMENTS LATER

Alister and Carrick run down the side back to the Capri.

ALISTER

Baaaaaaaaahhhhh, ching chong ching!
(English subtitles:)
Baaaaaaaaahhhhh, ching chong ching!

CARRICK

Ce, ce, gracious, ching ching chong
ching!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARRICK (cont'd)
 (English subtitles:)
 Yes, yes, thank-you, ching ching
 chong ching!

INT. FORD CAPRI (PARKED/MOVING)

Carrick jumps in the driver's seat, Alister rides passenger.
 Still wearing his balaclava.

Carrick turns the key. Takes off like a rocket.

CARRICK
 (rips balaclava off)
 How much did we get?

Alister lights up a smoke. Counts the loot. He can't count.

ALISTER
 Fuckin'... How much is that, Carrick?

Alister shows Carrick the loot.

CARRICK
 It's about fifteen hundred.
 Balaclava, bruv.

ALISTER
 Well, that's fucked, we'll 'av ta rob
 another ten joints to get enough for
 a magnum.

CARRICK
 Fifteen hundred ought be plenty
 enough for a magnum. Bruv, take your
 balaclava off.

ALISTER
 No mate, we'll need at least a
 thousand.

Carrick, frustrated.

CARRICK
 Fifteen hundred is one thousand five
 hundred.

ALISTER
 You said hundred.

CARRICK
 You're a fuckin' idiot. And would ya
 take ya fuckin' balaclava off!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARRICK (cont'd)

We honestly couldn't look anymore
more like a couple of tits that just
ransacked a fuckin' service station.

Alister, realizes. Peels his balaclava off.

EXT. GUN STORE - AFTERNOON

The sun drowns. Closing time.

The two bozos in their Capri, drive into the parking lot and park right in front of the gun store, taking up two parking spaces.

INT. GUN STORE - CONTINUOUS

One CUSTOMER stands up the back of the shop, reading through a brochure.

Alister and Carrick walk through, sussing out all the guns along the way to the --

COUNTER

GUN MAN, 40s, poster boy for the NRA - standing behind the counter, looks Alister and Carrick over as they approach.

Alister leans up on the counter. Carrick stands behind. Both with a stupid look on their face.

GUN MAN

You two look like shit.

Alister and Carrick stare at Gun Man. Not impressed.

GUN MAN

But who am I to judge? You both
looking to buy some guns?

ALISTER

We are.

GUN MAN

What kind of gun are you looking for?
We got everything from M sixteens -

M sixteen on the wall.

GUN MAN

- to paint ball guns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Paint ball gun on the rack.

ALISTER

An m sixteen sounds very tempting,
but, nah mate, you got any magnums?

Gun Man points to a glass cabinet behind Alister and Carrick. They both turn to see the --

Beautiful 44. Magnum.

ALISTER

(turns to Carrick)
Fuckin' beautiful innit.
(to Gun Man)
I'll take one with plenty of ammo.

GUN MAN

Alright then, I'll just need to see
some identification and permits to
carry.

Alister turns to Carrick. Carrick shrugs his shoulders.

Gun Man raises an eyebrow.

Without thinking. Alister pulls out the compact pistol from his back pocket and points it at Gun Man's face.

CARRICK

Wait. Wait!

Gun Man's eyes widen. He SMASHES a button under his counter.

SIRENS RING throughout.

A bullet proof barrier DROPS DOWN between Alister and Gun Man.

The Customer up the back drops his brochure and legs it.

CARRICK

The fuck did you do that for?!

ALISTER

Fucked if I know mate. We don't have
I.D nor any fuckin' permits.

Gun Man drops to the ground. Out of sight of Alister and Carrick.

Alister turns, then SHOOTs the glass cabinet holding the magnums.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alister grabs the magnum. Carrick loads up on ammunition.

EXT. GUN STORE - CONTINUOUS

Alister and Carrick run from the store. Jump in their Capri.

Sirens BLARE. A SQUAD CAR pulls up behind. Blocks them in.

Two POLICE OFFICERS get out of the car. OFFICER 1 takes aim on Alister. OFFICER 2 squares up on Carrick.

INT/EXT. FORD CAPRI

OFFICER 1 (O.S.)

Put your hands where I can see them.

Alister shoves the magnum down his pants, fills his pockets with bullets.

OFFICER 2 (O.S.)

Show us your fucking hands!

The Junkies put their hands where the Officers can see them.

CARRICK

This can't happen, if we don't get that watch our little brother's fuckin' dead.

ALISTER

(hits steering wheel)

Fuck!

The two Police Officers approach the car. One each side. Carefully, they open the doors.

Alister and Carrick do as they're told. Hands visible.

OFFICER 1

Step out of the car slowly.

Alister and Carrick both get out of the car. Slowly.

Officer 1 grabs Alister. Officer 2 grabs Carrick. They shove them on the bonnet and cuff them.

OFFICER 2

You two dumb ass mother fuckers.

The Officers rough the Junkies up as they throw them in the back of the squad car.

INT. SQUAD CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The Junkies sit back, behind a cage. Officer 1 drives.

OFFICER 2
(quietly)
We calling it in?

OFFICER 1
Nah, let's kill these assholes.

Officer 2 smiles. Alister overhears.

Alister moves around in his seat. Officer 2 catches him in the rear vision mirror. Turns to Alister.

OFFICER 2
What do you think you're doing, boy?

Officer 2 looks ahead.

ALISTER
What are you talking about, Sir?

Alister gets himself free of the cuffs. Quickly loads 3 bullets into the magnum.

ALISTER
You gonna fuckin' kill us are ya?

Officer 2 turns to see Alister: Out of his cuffs loading the hand cannon.

Officer 2 goes for his gun. Alister beats him to the mark.

Carrick takes cover.

Alister SHOOTS Officer 2 in the face. Blood sprays over the windshield and dash.

OFFICER 1
(frantic)
What the fuck!

CARRICK
Fuckin' hell!

ALISTER
We've got too much shit going on for you two double dealing dick heads to fuck us over now!

Officer 1 slows the car down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISTER

Nah, nah, nah mate! Keep driving unless you want ta look like your devious mate here.

Officer 1 speeds the car up.

OFFICER 1

You son of a bitch. I'll fucking -

ALISTER

- Shut the fuck up and gimme the keys for the cuffs!

Officer 1 searches his belt for the keys. Slyly, he goes for his gun.

Alister sees it coming.

BANG.

Officer 1's head hits the HORN. Dead.

EXT. FREEWAY

Horn BOOMING. The squad car scrapes along the barrier until it ends. Veers off the road, down the embankment.

The front wheel hits a ditch, sending the car FLIPPING like a football punted by a woman.

A thick tree stands its ground as the squad car SMASHES into it, coming to an immediate halt.

The squad car lands back upright on all four.

INT. SMASHED UP SQUAD CAR

The 2 officers have been smudged. Unrecognizable.

The front end of the car is completely obliterated, while by some miracle the back seat isn't so bad.

Alister and Carrick survived. Somehow. Both men look exactly like the day they've had. Shit.

CARRICK

How the fuck did you get out of your handcuffs?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ALISTER

I've been arrested about three hundred times, Geeza. You alright are ya?

CARRICK

Bloody hell. I think I am.

Alister grabs the keys from the dead cops belt through a hole in the cage. Unlocks Carrick's handcuffs.

Alister tries to open a door. Jammed. He kicks the door.

ALISTER

(frustrated)

Tits!

Alister SHOOTS the back window. Shatters it.

Carrick puts his foot to it. Breaks through.

EXT. FREEWAY

As Alister and Carrick crawl from the wreckage, Tyson approaches.

TYSON

Shit, you guys alright?

ALISTER

We're fine.

Alister and Carrick walk away from Tyson.

Tyson susses the car. Two dead cops.

TYSON

What happened to these two?

Alister stops, turns around, looking at Tyson as if he were stupid.

ALISTER

What the fuck does it look like, mate?

Alister shakes his head, continues on his way.

TYSON

I can't let you guys leave.

Alister and Carrick stop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tyson walks towards Alister and Carrick.

Alister pulls out his magnum. Shows it off.

ALISTER
You ain't got much fuckin' choice,
mate.

Tyson slows down. Approaches with caution.

TYSON
You prepared to use that?

Alister puts the barrel in Tyson's direction.

ALISTER
You lookin' ta find out, ya twit?

Tyson, weary. Continues slow.

Alister's finger tightens.

CARRICK
(to Alister)
Easy bruv.

Magnum about to pop.

Tyson creeps closer.

ALISTER
Fuckin' stop!

Tyson stops when in the corner of his eye --

An elder male: BOB, 60s, hard old boy, scar across his
throat - scales the embankment.

TYSON
(to Bob)
Hold up!

Bob notices the situation. Stops. Looks it over.

Alister swings his gun on Bob. Bob stands his ground.

Tyson moves towards Bob.

TYSON
Let's just go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BOB

I've seen too many people getting
away with shit in my town and I've
had just about a gut full!

Bob continues his way towards Alister and Carrick.

TYSON

Stop!

Alister grinds his teeth.

ALISTER

What ya doin' old fella?

Bob isn't stopping.

Alister finger tightens.

Bob lifts his shirt. Revealing a 9mm. About to draw.

Alister sees it. Squeezes trigger.

BANG.

Misses! Bob heard the bullet go past his head.

Alister squeezes again.

CLICK.

Tyson tackles Bob to the ground.

Alister looks at his gun. Takes aim.

CLICK.

Tyson picks up Bob, bear hugs him and drags him up the
embankment.

BOB

Let go of me, you yahoo!

Alister hits his gun. Aims. Pulls the trigger. CLICK.

ALISTER

What the fuck!

Carrick grabs Alister.

CARRICK

Let's just get the fuck outta here,
bruv.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tyson has a hell of a time restraining Bob.

Alister and Carrick run off.

Tyson lets go of Bob.

BOB
God dam pussies!

Tyson shakes his head. Catches his breath.

INT. FORD CAPRI (PARKED) - DUSK

Alister and Carrick jump back in their Capri.

A Kombi van drives off, TOOTING THE HORN.

Alister looks over his gun. Not happy.

CARRICK
I thought we was dead bro. I thought
we had failed our little bruv.

ALISTER
Fuck's wrong with this piece of shit?

CARRICK
There must be some sick, twisted
angel watching over us, bruv.

Alister has the gun aimed at the roof. Pulls the trigger.

Click. Click.

He realizes something.

ALISTER
There's no bullets in 'ere.

Carrick shakes his head.

EXT. GUN STORE

The Junkies Ford Capri reverses out and drives off.

CARRICK (O.S.)
Dickhead.

INT. FORD CAPRI (PARKED) - NIGHT

Opposite the Millhaven Museum.

Carrick pulls out the loot from the robberies.

Clock on the dash tells the time of 9:04 pm.

CARRICK

Come on mate, let's go see some tits.

Alister turns his attention to the Museum.

ALISTER

Nah, mate, I wanna check this shit.

CARRICK

We been 'ere for hours. Whatcha think ya gonna learn?

Alister keeps his eyes on the museum. Taps his teeth.

CARRICK

'Av you ever heard of the Theo Henry Method, bruv?

Alister looks at Carrick with genuine interest.

CARRICK

It's a method a lotta professional fighters use. In the week leading up to their bout, they don't train hard or nothing. They don't hit the bag or do whatever the fuck they do. They calm themselves. So when they get into that ring, they ain't all tense. They're level headed. They're ready.

(points to museum)

That's your ring, bruv. There's a lot at stake here, a lot on your shoulders. You don't want to be making any rash decisions because you're head ain't in the game. Let your brain rest tonight. So it's ready tomorrow. Ready to get our little brother back.

Alister has a change of heart. Smiles.

ALISTER

Titties do make me smile.

EXT. MILLHAVEN CITY SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Busy as any Friday night on the town would be. Alister and Carrick dodge party goers.

Alister sucks down a cigarette. Carrick struts.

Grayson (snubbed Tyson at hotel), with his flash outfit, BARGES through the middle. Knocks Carrick.

CARRICK
You fuckin' alright are ya?

Grayson MUMBLES UNDER HIS BREATH. Continues to walk away.

Alister, not impressed at all.

ALISTER
You rude, prick.

Grayson ignores Alister.

CARRICK
Fuck 'em, let's go see some titties.

Carrick pulls Alister around a corner and into --

SHADY FOLKS STRIP CLUB

A bum, passed out on his cardboard bed, wears a pretty snazzy watch. Time turns from 9.46pm to 10.24am.

Shadows evolve.

EXT. SHADY FOLKS STRIP CLUB - DAY

INSERT TITLE CARD: SATURDAY

Street now dead. Alister and Carrick stumble out of the club. Wipe their eyes to the light of day.

Alister leads off to piss on the wall of the club. Carrick finds himself.

INT. FORD CAPRI (MOVING) - DAY

Carrick pulls up at the back of the museum.

ALISTER
Alright, so you know the plan?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARRICK
What fuckin' plan?

ALISTER
The fuckin', I fuckin' told you - Oh
fuck it. Just wait 'ere alright.

CARRICK
Wait! What about cops and shit? Us
being in jail ain't helping the
situation.

ALISTER
Mate, I'll be in and out before any
cop knows what fuck happened.

CARRICK
What about the armed security guards?

A Security Guard exits the security door. Holstered gun at
his hip.

ALISTER
Fuck 'em, they won't do shit with a
hundred civilians running around.

Alister gets out.

THROUGH WINDOW

ALISTER
Just wait 'ere alright, I'll be out
before you finish spanking it.

Alister motions jacking off.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INSERT TITLE CARD: THURSDAY

Black and white set of number plates: 'THE UGLY'

CAMERA ZOOMS OUT, REVEALING --

EXT. MILLHAVEN CITY STREET - DAY

A Ferrari 488 GTB RED LINES before taking off like a bat out
of hell.

INT. FERRARI (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Grayson KOYLE (Bumped into Carrick), receives a head job from a young BRUNETTE.

Swerving in and out of traffic, Grayson rolls his eyes back in pleasure.

He shows the facial expressions of ejaculating.

Brunette wipes her mouth as she lifts her head. She should be at the Playboy mansion. Not sucking this douche bag off.

GRAYSON

Babe, if I pull up, could you jump out and get me a diet coke.

BRUNETTE

Are you serious, I just sucked your dick and that's all you say to me?

GRAYSON

Oh come on, I'll buy you those earrings you were looking at before.

Brunette sits back in her seat, smiles.

EXT. MILLHAVEN CITY STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Grayson pulls up. Brunette gets out. She cat walks around to Grayson's window, puts her hand out for money.

GRAYSON

How does "no" sound bitch?

Grayson puts his foot down. Almost runs over Brunette's feet.

BRUNETTE

You fucking asshole!

DOWN THE ROAD

Grayson throws her panties out of the window.

EXT. KOYLE MANSION - DAY

Beautifully presented. Modern but tropical. Gorgeous palm trees run along the driveway. GARDENER'S slave away.

Grayson drives through the gates and up to the --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRONT DOOR

Grayson gets out. A GARDENER looks at him.

GRAYSON

What are you looking at you peasant?
Do some work!

GARDENER

(Spanish; subtitled)
You're a rich spoiled young punk.
Fucking bastard!

GRAYSON

What the hell did you just say? You
speak to me in English or I'll have
you deported you fucking immigrant.

GARDENER

(broken English)
Sorry sir, I make sure this is done.

GRAYSON

Whatever chump.

Grayson walks inside.

Gardener flips him off behind his back.

INT. KOYLE MANSION/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Everything modern. Beautiful varnished solid timber.

Grayson walks through to the --

LOUNGE ROOM

Massive, state of the art TV. A Spartan lounge suite looks
as cushy as a cloud.

Grayson's father MR. KOYLE, 50s, tall, aging well - watches
TV.

MR. KOYLE

Where the fuck you been? I called two
days ago. Come here.

Grayson hesitantly obeys his orders. Mr. Koyle stands up and
over an intimidated Grayson.

A Distinctive STAR TATTOO on Mr. Koyle's hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. KOYLE
I have another job.

Grayson drops his lip. Mr. Koyle grabs his cheeks, squeezes.

MR. KOYLE
You better pick that lip up if you
want to keep living large at my
expense. Understand?

Mr. Koyle lets go. Grayson hesitantly nods.

MR. KOYLE
I need you to get in contact with
your key punching buddy from school.
What's his name?

This takes Grayson by surprise.

GRAYSON
Jerry?

MR. KOYLE
Yes, him. He did good last time. I'm
going to need the alarm systems at
the Millhaven Museum shut down on
Saturday morning at eleven a.m.

GRAYSON
What for?

Mr. Koyle SLAPS Grayson, Firmly.

Grayson backs down like a terrified house pet.

MR. KOYLE
You don't need to know details. Get
it done and get it done now or you'll
be spending the rest of your days
cleaning my skid marks off porcelain
with the Mexicans.

Mr. Koyle nods for the door.

Grayson sighs and walks for the exit.

Mr. Koyle picks up his phone. Dials a number. Phone to ear.

INTERCUT WITH UNKNOWN OFFICE

A mobile phone BUZZES on the desk. Unknown Man answers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UNKNOWN MAN
 (into phone)
 Mr. Koyle.

INTERCUT WITH KOYLE MANSION

MR. KOYLE
 (into phone)
 It's sorted.

EXT. KOYLE MANSION - CONTINUOUS

Grayson SLAMS the front door shut. Jumps in his Ferrari.

FRONT YARD

Grayson drives over some freshly clipped grass on his way out, leaving mud marks on the grass and driveway.

Gardener runs down, swinging a rake.

GARDENER
 Puta!

EXT. UNIVERSITY - DUSK

Grayson's Ferrari is parked out front of a college dorm.

JERRY (O.S.)
 What could your father possibly want
 from me?

INT. COLLEGE DORM (ROOM 286) - CONTINUOUS

Jerry, 20, short, fuzzy hair, wears a batman tee with thick rim glasses - stands befuddled.

Grayson, seated on Jerry's office chair. Feet kicked up on the computer desk.

GRAYSON
 He needs you to disable the alarms at
 the Millhaven Museum, Saturday
 morning at eleven a.m.

Jerry stands with a lean, hands on hips with attitude.

JERRY
 And if I don't.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grayson responds with a FILM SLAP across Jerry's face. Grabs his face and squeezes his cheeks.

GRAYSON

We both know it's in your best interest to do as my father says. So drop the macho attitude and do as you're told or I'll fucking end you.

Grayson lets go. Jerry backs down, terrified. Fixes up his glasses.

JERRY

Has this got anything to do with the watch featuring?

GRAYSON

The what?

Grayson thinks to himself.

JERRY

The watch. It's the main attraction of the world at war exhibit at the Millhaven Museum this weekend. I was going to go see it myself, but -

Something comes to Grayson.

GRAYSON

- Shut the fuck up.

Grayson taps his teeth as he thinks.

JERRY (O.S.)

Okay. I'll help him, Grayson, but -

GRAYSON

- Shut the fuck up, Jerry!

Jerry stands confused.

Grayson smiles, dubiously.

GRAYSON

You're going to help me steal the watch.

JERRY

No, no, no, no.

Grayson gets in Jerry's face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAYSON

If you don't, I'll tell my father,
you refused to help.

Jerry swallows. Hard.

GRAYSON

It's not up for a discussion, Jerry.
I didn't come here to ask.

Jerry takes a deep breath.

JERRY

What makes you think I won't tell
him?

Grayson laughs.

GRAYSON

Jerry, Jerry, Jerry, he will kill you
just as quick as he kills me. Then,
when he's done with us, he'll go to
your parents house and -

JERRY

- Yeah, yeah, I get the point.

Jerry knows he hasn't got a choice. Takes a deep breath.

JERRY

What else do you need me to do?

GRAYSON

You're the I.T nerd, you tell me.

Jerry thinks. Scratches his head. Paces the room.

JERRY

Well, there will be sprinklers in
case of a fire. I can set them off
after I hack into their systems as a
distraction.

GRAYSON

A distraction?

JERRY

That'll be your time to pounce.

Grayson thinks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JERRY

Your father will kill you if he finds out.

GRAYSON

I'm sick of being his patsy. If my father fails. They'll kill him and I'll get everything.

Jerry shakes his head. Turns his computer on. Gestures Grayson to leave.

JERRY

Well, it looks as though I don't have a god dammed choice, so, if you wouldn't mind, I would like to get this over and done with.

Grayson walks for the door. Something comes to Jerry.

JERRY

Hold on.

Grayson stops.

JERRY

If you're going to do this yourself, you'll need some help on the inside. I know a guy in Millhaven. For a small fee he could watch your back.

Grayson seems interested.

GRAYSON

Set up a meeting.

Grayson SLAMS the door as he exits.

EXT. UNIVERSITY - NIGHT

Grayson walks to his Ferrari, phone to ear -

GRAYSON

(into phone)

No, I need it today!

Listens.

GRAYSON

(into phone)

Useless! First flight in the morning. No later.

EXT. AIRPORT RUNWAY - MORNING

INSERT TITLE CARD: FRIDAY

Grayson walks the tarmac, towards a --
PRIVATE JET.

A good looking STEWARDESS greets him at the door.

STEWARDESS
Welcome back, Mr. Koyle.

Grayson pinches the stewardess on the ass. Enters the cabin.

STEWARDESS
(under her breath)
Fucking asshole.

INT. KOYLE TOWERS/PENTHOUSE - AFTERNOON

Grayson buttons the cuffs of his Armani shirt, overlooking the city through glass walls as if he were king.

His phone RINGS.

GRAYSON
(into phone)
Yes, Jerry?

INTERCUT WITH JERRY'S DORM ROOM

Jerry works his computer. Shoulder holding up his phone.

JERRY
(into phone)
Okay Grayson, I have set up a meeting for you and my pal at a bar called Sally's Sports Bar. His name is John, he said he said he's wearing a plain red t-shirt and camo pants.

INT. KOYLE TOWERS/LOBBY - AFTERNOON

A GOLD CLOCK above the elevator tells the time of 3:17 pm.

BOSS (O.S.)
I don't give a shit. You'll piss yourself before you leave that door again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DING.

Elevator opens. Grayson heads for the front door.

Tyson's Boss approaches. Walks next to Grayson. Kissing ass.

BOSS

Good afternoon, Mr. Koyle. It's a
pleasure to have you here. Is your
father -

Grayson stops, gets in Boss' fat face.

GRAYSON

(whispers)

If you mention anything about me
being here to my father. I'll have
your head put on a stick.

Frightened, Boss stops and watches as Grayson heads for
the --

FRONT DOOR.

Grayson walks past Tyson. Out the rotating door.

TYSON

Good day, sir.

INT. LIMOUSINE BACK SEAT (PARKED/MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Grayson enters. The DRIVER turns around.

DRIVER

Where can I take you, Sir?

GRAYSON

Sally's sports bar.

CAB

Driver looks in the rear vision mirror at Grayson.

DRIVER

What brings you to town?

Grayson rolls his eyes back. Winds the window up that
separates him from the driver.

DRIVER

Oh, okay then.

EXT. SALLY'S SPORTS BAR/PARKING LOT - LATER

Grayson throws a few notes at Driver as he walks past the door.

GRAYSON

Wait here.

INT. SALLY'S SPORTS BAR

Grayson struts past security, right up to the --

BAR

Greeted by Tasmyn. Grayson takes a lean.

TASMYN

Good afternoon, mister, can I see some identification please?

Grayson shows his identification.

TASMYN

Perfect. What can I get ya, darling?

GRAYSON

Scotch and rock.

TASMYN

Sure thing, that'll be nine dollars.

Grayson pays Tasmyn. Tasmyn does her thing. Grayson turns to see:

A BLONDE, 20s, a sight for sore eyes. Chest falling out of her top - plays billiards with:

JOHN, rough, but decent looking, RED SHIRT, CAMO PANTS. Both enjoying each others company.

BACK TO GRAYSON

TASMYN

Here you go darl.

Tasmyn hands Grayson his drink and change.

Grayson snubs Tasmyn, walks to the --

BILLIARD TABLE

Grayson walks right up to Blonde and John and takes a seat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAYSON

(to Blonde and John)

Look, I have this friend that's dating this girl, right. And she is getting upset because he's still in contact with his ex from college. Now, the thing is, my friend and his ex have known each other since they were pups. Is the new girlfriend being selfish or has she got a right to be upset?

John, taken aback. Blonde, interested.

BLONDE

How long did they -

Grayson cuts Blonde off completely. Full attention on John.

GRAYSON

- What do you think man?

Blonde sits confused.

JOHN

I don't give a rats arse, mate.

GRAYSON

Hay, I like your shirt. The logo is interesting.

John, proud.

JOHN

Yeah, thanks. I designed it myself.

GRAYSON

Oh, that's cool. You should design my website sometime.

John doesn't know how to take the backhanded insult.

Blonde giggles.

JOHN

(to Blonde)

Can I get you another drink?

GRAYSON

Wow, why are you buying her drinks? She should be buying you drinks, man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grayson laughs. Looks at Blonde.

GRAYSON
I guess she's alright.

JOHN
You some sort of faggot?

Grayson stands back. Arms in the air.

JOHN
(to Blonde)
Another vodka?

Blonde smiles. John leaves for the drinks.

GRAYSON
(to Blonde)
Your boyfriend seems intense.

BLONDE
Oh, he's not my boyfriend.

Blonde smiles. Grayson gives her a wink.

INT. KOYLE MANSION/KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Mr. Koyle paces impatiently around the island kitchen bench.

MR. KOYLE
What the fuck are you doing?!

WOMAN (O.S.)
I'm peeing!

MR. KOYLE
Are you reciting the theory of
relativity whilst doing so? Hurry the
fuck up.
(to himself)
For fuck sake.

WOMAN (O.S.)
God dammit, Just wait!

Mr. Koyle's BUTLER, 60s, pompous English accent - approaches from the side.

BUTLER
Ah, Mr. Koyle, Have you given any
authorization for your jet to go to
Millhaven today?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mr. Koyle stops pacing. Nose and lips twitching.

INT. SALLY'S SPORTS BAR - CONTINUOUS

John's fired up. Two BOUNCERS hold John back. Grayson acts innocent. Blonde watches over.

JOHN

(to Bouncer 1)

Why the fuck do I have to leave?
Everything was fine until this cock
showed up.

GRAYSON

(to Bouncer 2)

I don't know what he's talking about,
man? We were just talking and he
freaked out!

JOHN

(to Grayson)

You lying little cunt!

BOUNCER 2

(to John)

Alright guy, time to leave, let's go.

Grayson laughs at John as the Bouncers struggle to push him out the door.

He looks at Blonde, shrugs his shoulders.

BLONDE

That wasn't nice.

GRAYSON

Come on. Don't tell me you were
interested in that loser.

BLONDE

Maybe I was.

GRAYSON

Maybe you weren't.

Blonde smiles. Grayson gives her another wink.

FRONT DOOR

Julian walks in.

BACK TO GRAYSON AND BLONDE

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grayson turns his attention to Julian. Then back to Blonde.

Grayson's phone RINGS.

GRAYSON
I have to take this.

BLONDE
That's okay.

Grayson turns from Blonde.

GRAYSON
(into phone)
Jerry.

INTERCUT WITH JERRY'S DORM ROOM

Jerry jumps from his desk and walks around the room.
Computer screen lights the room.

JERRY
(into phone)
Everything is a go. The alarms will be shut down at eleven a.m. I will then call you at eleven fifty nine a.m. to confirm. The sprinklers will dispatch one minute from the end of that phone call at midday. Remember that, Grayson: Sprinklers will dispatch at midday exactly. Did you manage to get to Sally's sports bar?

INTERCUT WITH SALLY'S SPORTS BAR

GRAYSON
(into phone)
Yes, I'm here now. Where is this asshole?

INTERCUT WITH JERRY'S DORM ROOM

JERRY
(into phone)
He should be there, he's from Australia, so he's probably drunk, but I assure you he is worth having with you tomorrow.

INTERCUT WITH SALLY'S SPORTS BAR

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GRAYSON
(into phone)
That guy just got thrown out.

JERRY (V.O.)
(over phone, filtered)
What? Go find him! You need him
Grayson!

Grayson hangs up on Jerry.

GRAYSON
(to himself)
Fuck.

Grayson turns back to Blonde.

GRAYSON
(to Blonde)
I'm gonna get outta here.

BLONDE
You only just got here?

Grayson puts back the rest of his scotch.

GRAYSON
Yeah and now I am leaving.

Blonde smiles. Grayson puts his hand on hers. Turns to exit.

BLONDE
Wait.

Grayson turns back.

BLONDE
If it's not too much to ask, could I
have a ride?

Grayson smiles.

EXT. SALLY'S SPORTS BAR/PARKING LOT - DUSK

Grayson sucks the life out of a cigarette as he walks for
his limousine when he is cut off by --

Julian. Duffle bag over his shoulder.

GRAYSON
Can I help you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Julian tilts his head to the side. Smiles.

JULIAN

Hello.

GRAYSON

Get out of my way asshole.

Grayson tries to step around Julian. Julian blocks him.

GRAYSON

You want something?

JULIAN

For myself, nothing. For you,
everything.

Grayson sighs with a look of confusion.

JULIAN

Do you feel like a man?

GRAYSON

What the fuck?

JULIAN

Do you feel like a man?

GRAYSON

Do you know who the fuck I am?

JULIAN

I know exactly who you are.

GRAYSON

Then you best be on your -

JULIAN

- Everything you have ever done has
lead you right to me.

GRAYSON

Okay, freak. Get out of my way.

Grayson BARGES past Julian.

INT. LIMOUSINE CAB

Driver, ear phones in, listens to a HIP TUNE, scrolling
through his phone. Completely oblivious to the events --

THROUGH THE WINDOW

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grayson walks away from Julian.

Julian turns, pulls his duffle bag to his front. Opens it slightly.

EXT. SALLY'S SPORTS BAR/PARKING LOT

Julian peels his duffle bag zipper. Shotgun revealed --

GLASS AND TIN POUR INTO A RECYCLING BIN.

Julian stops. Looks over at --

Tasmyn, emptying a bin. She smiles at Julian.

Julian smiles back. Closes his duffle bag. Watches Grayson get in the limo.

INT. LIMOUSINE BACK SEAT (PARKED)- MOMENTS LATER

Blonde joins Grayson. Grayson pounces, she doesn't resist.

FRONT SEAT

Driver opens the window.

DRIVER

Where do you want to go?

Grayson pulls his face away from Blonde.

GRAYSON

(to Blonde)

Where do you work?

Blonde smiles.

BLONDE

I don't start till nine.

Grayson smiles. He knows he's getting laid.

START FAST FORWARD:

Grayson and Blonde make out in the back of the limo until they arrive at -

INT./EXT. KOYLE TOWERS

They make their way from the limo, through reception and up to the penthouse.

They get naked. Grayson's ass moves like a sewing machine as he pumps Blonde on the couch while the sun goes down.

END FAST FORWARD.

Grayson fall back and wipes the sweat from his head.

INT. COLLEGE DORM (ROOM 286) - NIGHT

Jerry opens the door to -

Mr. Koyle. Staring daggers at him.

Jerry GULPS.

Mr. Koyle enters. Jerry shitting himself, backs into the corner.

Mr. Koyle looks at the computer screen. A hack is running. He glares back at Jerry, who is almost hyperventilating.

MR. KOYLE
Where's Grayson?

JERRY
I, I, I don't know.

Mr. Koyle motions towards Jerry's phone on his bed.

MR. KOYLE
Find out.

Jerry moves to his bed to where his phone is charging. He punches the screen with his texting fingers.

Mr. Koyle looks around. Moves towards Jerry.

MR. KOYLE
You're going to continue with the arrangement as per required.

Jerry nods.

JERRY
O, okay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MR. KOYLE

And you don't speak to Grayson regarding this matter again.

Jerry nods.

JERRY

Yes, sir.

TEXT MESSAGE TONE from Jerry's phone. He shows Mr. Koyle his phone.

Mr. Koyle smiles, rubs Jerry's head. Exits.

EXT. SHADY FOLKS STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

The crowd's sturdy. People dressed for a night out walk to and from clubs.

Grayson jumps out of the Limousine with Blonde and hands a wad of cash to Driver.

GRAYSON

I'm done with you now. Get out of my sight, loser.

DRIVER

You're a little asshole, kid.

Driver TAKES OFF.

Grayson flips him off.

GRAYSON

Hey, fuck you, buddy!

Right next to Grayson pulls up another BLACK LIMOUSINE. The door OPENS.

Grayson, taken by surprise when Unknown Man's Nephew gets out and towers over Grayson.

NEPHEW

(to Blonde)

Scram.

Blonde scrams.

Nephew grabs Grayson by the scruff of his collar, then launches him into the back seat of the limo as if he were a Rag Doll.

INT. GANGSTER LIMOUSINE (PARKED) - CONTINUOUS

Sat next to a BLACK GANGSTER. Grayson acts like a spooked dog in a cage. Whimpering like a bitch.

Nephew gets in after Grayson. Sits opposite. Shakes his head.

NEPHEW

Why a strip club, Grayson?

Grayson, close to imploding.

NEPHEW

You know, I ain't ever been a fan of titty bars. They give me blue balls. You ever get that, honkey?

Grayson's got no idea.

NEPHEW

Nah, you ain't ever had blue balls. Being a good looking dude with all the money in the world, daddy being as powerful as he is. Yeah, I bet you seen a lot of ass in your time. You ever fucked a stripper, Grayson?

Grayson, calming down.

NEPHEW

How much ya pay? Five hundred? One thousand? One hundred? Those hundred dollar strippers are nasty. I like my strippers at the thousand mark. They the good ones, but I ain't ever paid for sex before. I like to earn my pussy.

Grayson, more confused than scared.

NEPHEW

So, contrary to what everyone believes, us gangsters don't like paying for sex all that much. Which brings me back as to why I don't indulge in strip clubs. Them sexy girls, they be grinding up on you, rubbing their pussies on your dick, flaunting them big ass titties in your face.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEPHEW (cont'd)

You can grab a hold of them titties, sometimes they even let ya suck on 'em, but ya can't fuck 'em. It's like going to a fancy restaurant and ordering a big juicy steak. And then just looking at it. It's cooked to perfection, just waiting to have it's ass eaten, but you can't. You can touch it, you can smell it, but you just can't fucking eat it.

Other Gangster laughs, Nephew joins in.

Grayson smiles, looks to Gangster and Nephew. Laughs with them.

Nephew and Gangster stop laughing when Grayson starts. They glare at him.

Grayson stops laughing. Serious face.

NEPHEW

The fuck you laughing at, honkey?

Grayson shakes his head.

NEPHEW

Ain't nothing to laugh about.

Grayson agrees.

NEPHEW

Alright, I'm going to stop fucking with you. You gone and fucked up real good, boy. You went against not only your father, but my uncle too. You know who my uncle is?

Grayson nods.

NEPHEW

Now, we been in contact with your old man and everyone's willing to forget about your little charade if you do us one thing.

Nephew pulls a photo up. Shows Grayson:

A picture of Julian.

Grayson recognizes him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEPHEW

You know him?

GRAYSON

Yeah. A freak.

NEPHEW

A freak is damn right, nigger. If John Wayne Gacy and Ted Bundy had a love child, it would be this fool. I once seen him super glue thumbtacks to a mans hand and made his jack off with it.

Grayson, disgusted.

GRAYSON

What do you want me to do?

NEPHEW

What the fuck you think? We need this crazy ass cracker taken the fuck out.

Grayson, nervous. Stutters.

GRAYSON

How am I meant to find him?

NEPHEW

Mother fucker intercepted some important shit regarding the watch and it's buyers. He'll be there tomorrow to make a mess. I'd go myself, but hell, mother fucker scares the shit out of me.

GRAYSON

Surely you have someone more capable?

NEPHEW

You're expendable, cocoa puff. I'll lay it out for your dumb ass. You got two options. Option one: You kill him. Option two: We kill you. If you possess any self preservation, you'll do it and do it without asking why, who or what the fuck.

Nephew pulls out a Colt. Takes aim on Grayson.

NEPHEW

So what's it gonna be, vanilla slice?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grayson practically begs.

GRAYSON
Okay! I'll do it!

Nephew hands the gun to Grayson.

EXT. SHADY FOLKS STRIP CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Shoved from the car, CLUB PATRONS side step Grayson as he falls onto the sidewalk.

NEPHEW (O.S.)
Get the fuck out my car, honkey.

The door SLAMS shut before the limousine takes off.

Grayson stands. Acts cool. Whips out his phone.

No answer.

GRAYSON
(into phone)
Fuck.

Grayson hangs up the phone. Brushes himself off. He turns to make tracks down the sidewalk.

Alister and Carrick approach. Grayson BARGES through the middle of them.

GRAYSON
(under his breath)
Piece of shit.

Grayson keeps walking.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

INT. MILLHAVEN MUSEUM - DAY

INSERT TITLE CARD: SATURDAY

Fully loaded. People stand shoulder to shoulder to witness this once in a lifetime exhibit.

Engraved on the GLASS CABINET: "THE BEAUTIFUL"

A clock on the wall shows 11:57am.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Julian stands on one side of the room in his museum security uniform and duffle bag over his shoulder. Mesmerized by a beautiful painting.

Alister walks past, scratching his arms. Off his head, he bumps into an ELDERLY MAN.

ALISTER
You alright, Geeza?

Elderly Man shrugs Alister off. Alister continues on his way through the crowd.

Unbeknownst to Alister, he walks past:

Tyson, who notices Alister. Tyson raises an eyebrow. I know that guy.

Young Mother pulls along her Daughter past Tyson. She leads off to the --

GLASS CABINET

Few people stand around, gazing inside. Enchanted by what's inside. Young Mother joins in. (We don't see the watch)

YOUNG MOTHER
(to Daughter)
It's beautiful isn't it.

Daughter looks inside. Shrugs her shoulders. Meh.

Julian approaches. Looks into the cabinet.

A clock on the wall clicks to 11:59am.

INSERT: ONE MINUTE COUNTDOWN

Alister rocks up, right next to Julian. Looking around. Anxious. Julian notices.

Grayson walks through the crowd. He checks his watch

He looks around. Searching.

He finds his target:

Julian, on the other side of a thick crowd.

Young Mother and Daughter next to the Glass Cabinet. Daughter, restless.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DAUGHTER

Mum, I'm bored.

Young Mother sighs and takes her daughter off into the crowd.

Grayson takes a deep breath. Clinches his the gun in the back of his pants.

Julian and Alister stand side by side, looking at the watch with a crowd of people around them.

MUSEUM HOST (V.O.)

(over pa)

There is a green Ford Capri parked in the loading zone. Could the owner, please move -

Alister raises an eyebrow.

MUSEUM HOST (V.O.)

(over pa)

- the car before it is towed. Thank you all and enjoy your day here at the Millhaven Museum.

Alister thinks to himself for a moment. Mouths "What the fuck".

SPRINKLERS SPRAY FROM THE ROOF

A displeased crowd head for the exits.

Julian looks up at the water coming down.

Alister looks around. He catches Grayson in the corner of his eye, behind Julian, walking towards him.

Grayson approaches. Draws his gun.

Alister in the line of fire. Sees Grayson pulling a gun in his general direction.

Grayson takes aim on Julian. Hesitates.

Alister acts quick. He raises his magnum right in front of Julian's face.

A Woman SCREAMS.

Julian hits the deck.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grayson's eyes open wide when he sees the barrel of a magnum looking down his throat.

GRAYSON

No!

Alister FIRES. Hitting Grayson in the chest. He fires 3 more rounds into Grayson's chest and body as he falls back.

The museum ERUPTS.

SCREAMING civilians run wild.

Alister freaks out. He PUSHES the Glass Cabinet over. SMASHING it.

The watch is for the taking.

A brave Security Guard takes out Alister from the side with a thumping tackle.

Julian gets to his feet. Pulls out his shotgun. He sees the watch. Picks it up.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)

Drop it!

Another SECURITY GUARD runs for Julian.

Julian takes aim.

SHOOTS.

A CIVILIAN in the way gets BLOWN AWAY with Security Guard.

Julian see's red. Shoots three Security guards and two more civilians.

Bodies fly everywhere.

The crowd wears thin.

Alister wrestles with his Security Guard on the ground.

He manages to get a elbow to Security Guards temple. Knocks him out.

Julian makes for a sly getaway.

Alister catches him in the act as he gets out from under a unconscious Security Guard and SHOOTS Julian in his leg.

Julian's leg crumbles. He drops to a knee.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Alister gets to his feet. Wipes his mouth. Stretches his back.

Alister walks over to Julian.

Julian looks up. No fear in his eyes. Stares at Alister as --

Alister lines up on Julian's head.

ALISTER
Give it 'ere -

WHACK. Out of nowhere, Tyson king hits Alister.

Alister goes down like a sack of potatoes.

Tyson turns to Julian, struggling to his feet.

Julian tends to his wound when he notices Tyson, coming at him with purpose.

Julian turns his gun in Tyson's direction.

Tyson stops.

Squeezes trigger.

CLICK.

Julian's face drops. Tyson smirks. Continues towards Julian.

Julian drops his gun, throws a weak punch at Tyson.

Tyson takes the hit like a trooper and grabs Julian by his throat.

Julian CHOKES and struggles as he tries to break free from Tyson's grip.

Tyson releases Julian, then HOOKS him in the stomach.

Julian drops to a knee, gasps for air, coughs blood.

Tyson grabs the watch from Julian's pocket. Knees him in the face, sending him onto his back with a BUSTED nose.

The museum, now empty.

Sprinklers STOP.

Tyson makes a run for an exit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANG.

Tyson stops in his tracks. Eye's roll to the back of his head. Drops.

Alister gathers himself. GUN SMOKING.

He gets to his feet, stumbles to Tyson's body and grabs the watch.

ALISTER
Sorry mate, but I need this more than
you do.

He turns to --

Julian, PUMPS HIS SHOTGUN.

ALISTER
Oh for fuck -

Julian SHOOTS.

Alister FLIES back into the wall. Completely DESTROYS a painting.

Julian limps over to Alister's corpse. Takes the watch.

Out of nowhere, Carrick SHOULDER CHARGES Julian.

Shotgun slides across the ground.

Carrick CRASHES into the wall.

Julian SMASHES through a table.

Julian stays down.

Carrick gets to his feet. Cracks his neck.

Carrick scoops up the shotgun. PUMPS it, then makes his way over to Julian.

Julian looks up at his maker. No emotion.

Carrick puts the barrel in Julian's face.

Finger tightens on trigger.

From behind, a TAZER STRIKES Carrick. He HITS THE DECK.

A remaining Security GUARD behind the tazer, lets go of the trigger.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Carrick, down for the count.

Guard puts his hand out for Julian, helps him to his feet.

As Guard puts handcuffs on Carrick, Julian, from behind picks up his shotgun and turns it on Guard.

FIRES ONE.

Julian tosses the shotgun aside, then limps for the exit.

FADE TO BLACK

RADIO TUNES.

REPORTER (V.O.)

(over radio)

The town of Millhaven was rocked yesterday morning after a shootout at the world at war exhibit involving three men, left twelve people dead.

FADE IN:

INT. ATLANTIC (MOVING) - DAY

A bandage tied firm around Julian's wound. His nose severely busted with a band-aid hanging from it.

Julian plays with the watch as he steers.

REPORTER (V.O.)

(over radio)

A British male believed to be one of the shooters has been taken into custody. Another man who was shot in the back while attempting to stop the gunmen, was revived by paramedics on site.

REPORTER 2 (V.O.)

(over radio)

That's right, Tyson Margate, an ex marine, is tipped to make a full recovery. Already, a large sump payment from an unknown source has donated for his hospital bills -

Julian turns the radio off.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

A quiet street. Dogs bark from around the back. Sprinklers feed the grass.

A YOUNG BOY, 10, plays with a remote control car on the driveway. He bogs it in the grass.

Julian parks his Bugatti Atlantic out front of the house.

Julian looks at Young Boy. Signals for him to come. Intrigued, Young Boy does exactly that.

Julian throws him a genuine smile and hands the watch to Young boy.

Excited, Young boy runs off into his house with the watch.

HOUSE ACROSS THE STREET

The front door opens. Tasmyn walks out with a suitcase. Waves at Julian.

INT. ATLANTIC

Tasmyn jumps in. Smiles at Julian. He smiles back.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END