

THE THREE TEXANS

written by

Randy Gore

©2018

randygorescripts@gmail.com

OVER BLACK:

We hear the roaring engine of a moving vehicle.

BOBBY (VO)
Yeah? What's your fuckin' idea?

EXT. DODGE CHARGER - TEXAN HIGHWAY - DAY

We track alongside a red 2016 Dodge Charger driving along a two-lane Texan highway in the middle of bumfuck nowhere.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - DAY

The three Texans, BOBBY, JOE, AND DEAN are inside. Bobby is behind the wheel, Joe is riding shotgun, and Dean is in the backseat smoking a joint. All three are mid-20s rednecks.

JOE
I heard about this guy, some white peckerwood dressed up as a black guy, put on a black mask, with this round bald head, you know, to steal shit and rob a fuckin' store so he could get caught on security cameras as a nigger. Everyone thought he was black.

BOBBY
That's very racist.

JOE
No it ain't fuckin' racist. The point is, they dressed up as a black guy and robbed the store successfully. They did it to avoid suspicion. It's business.

BOBBY
All right, race man. Whatever.

Dean is cracking up in laughter.

DEAN
You wanna dress up as a black guy to rob a fuckin' bank?

Joe glances back at Dean.

JOE

What, if I dressed as a clown would
it be offensive to a real clown
like you?

Dean takes another puff from his joint.

JOE (CONT'D)

Quit the fucking weed, Dean, how
the fuck are you gonna hold up a
bank let alone hold up a fucking
pistol?!

EXT. BANK - DAY

As the alarm goes off, Bobby and Joe run out of the bank with
two gym bags full of cash, dragging a stoned Dean along.

Their faces are sweaty as they rush toward the car, trudging
Dean across the parking lot as fast as they can...

They throw the gym bags in the car and toss Dean in the
backseat. In the blink of an eye, Bobby starts the engine and
the Charger SCREECHES out of the driveway.

EXT. TOWN - DAY

The car disappears into the distance to the piercing sound of
the bank alarm.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - DAY

Bobby is speeding out of town. He catches his breath.

BOBBY

Not bad for a first time bank
job...

JOE

Could've done without that
motherfucker. Piece of rat shit.

Joe glares at Dean in the backseat. The man is now snoring,
stoned to the very core.

JOE (CONT'D)

Jesus Christ, wake the fuck up!

Dean awakens in the backseat.

DEAN
Shit, what the fuck's goin' on?

Dean looks at Joe, then at Bobby who sees him in the rearview mirror.

DEAN (CONT'D)
Are we there yet?

Bobby shakes his head. Joe looks at Bobby.

JOE
Jesus Christ is this guy stupid.

Dean looks down and sees the gym bags on the floor. He unzips the bags and peers in. His expression changes. He takes out the wads of Ben Franklins with a big smile.

DEAN
God, we're fucking rich! We fucking did it!!

JOE
Yeah, that's easy for you to fucking say!

DEAN
Oh cheer the fuck up, you bitchass piece of shit!

Dean gives him the finger. Joe sticks his finger right back at him.

JOE
YOU DIDN'T EVEN FUCKING HELP!

BOBBY
We get it, now CALM THE FUCK DOWN!
Jesus!

DEAN
Hey Bobby, how much money you think we got?

JOE
WE?

DEAN
Okay, how much did YOU two imbeciles get?

BOBBY
A lot. At least half a million.

DEAN
 We're fucking rich. We're fucking
 Jeff Beebos, man! You see this
 shit?

The stoner holds up a stack of money in one hand.

DEAN (CONT'D)
 (smiling)
 This is ten fucking grand in my
 hand right now. Ten fucking grand
 in my hand!

INT./EXT. DODGE CHARGER - TOWN - CONTINUOUS

The car is entering a town. They drive past a Mexican restaurant and a cafe.

Dean rolls down a window.

DEAN
 Hey you! Fuck you motherfuckers!

Dean throws a couple hundred dollar bills at four TEENAGE KIDS hanging out on the sidewalk and laughs.

Baffled, the kids walk toward the hundred dollar bills to get a better look -- they don't know what to say. *Is it a prank? Is the money fake?*

They pick up the bills, studying them.

Bobby slows down the car just to see their reaction.

An AFRO KID turns to his buddies. A kid with a skateboard shakes his head, doubting that it's real.

AFRO KID
 (to his buddies)
 Hey we're rich! These are hundreds
 -- thousands of dollars!

SKATEBOARD KID
 No man, you got it all wrong, it's
 a fucking prank. They pranked us.
 No way they'd throw a million bucks
 out the window.

CHICO
 It's fuckin' fake!

BLONDE BOY
(to Dean)
We're not fuckin' stupid you know!

Dean laughs at them: apparently they are fuckin' stupid.

SKATEBOARD KID
(to Dean)
Fuck you!

The kids flip them off. The Skateboard Kid chucks a couple hundred dollar bills back at the car.

Dean bursts out laughing uncontrollably, going into a laughter-spasm in the backseat.

The Afro Kid stares down at the money, considering it.

AFRO KID
Bullshit! That's not true, this is real money!

BLONDE BOY
Hey if that's what you think, I'm gonna laugh my ass off when you try to put it in the bank and you find out it's fake.

Bobby drives away, leaving the kids with the money as the Texans laugh.

The Afro Kid shoves all the cash into his pocket.

INT. DODGE CHARGER - DAY

The Texans laugh at each other: *ahahaha! Ahahahaha!*

Bobby looks back at Dean -- he doesn't see the red light.

DEAN
FUCKING WATCH OUT!

CRASH! He runs into another car in an intersection at a red light, T-boning right into a POLICE CAR.

The three Texans look at each other in silence. No words are required: they know they're fucked. They helplessly stare at the police car as two COPS get out.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END.