The Three Little Pricks (and the Big Bad Wolf)

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EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

HARRY SVINE (30's) lays asleep in a lawn chair. He's stubby, overweight, shirtless and wearing expensive jewelry. His red, sunburned gut hangs over a pair of snug Hawaiian shorts.

Nearby GIGGLING wakes him up.

Reveal: Harry is outside of a massive mansion with a glistening pool and expensive gaudy lawn decorations.

Two beautiful BIKINI BABES (20's) are chicken fighting in the pool. They're straddling Harry's brothers, JAMES (20's) and TIMMY (20's). Both are also sunburned, stubby and overweight. James has the shorter stature and temper.

One of the women is KNOCKED into water. More LAUGHTER.

Harry sees this, smiles and closes his eyes.

The doorbell RINGS.

INT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

James goes to answer the door shirtless, barefoot and still dripping from the pool. Beer in hand.

The doorbell RINGS again.

JAMES

Jesus! Hold on.

He opens the door.

A team of serious looking FEDERAL AGENTS is on the other side.

Up front: The lead agent, DAMON WOLFE (30's), is scruffy, impatient, and looks especially annoyed.

AGENT WOLFE

Is this the Swine residence?

JAMES

(annoyed)

"Suh-vine". It's Scandinavian.
AGENT WOLFE
Right.
(beat)
Are you Harold?

JAMES
No -- but what the fuck is it to you?

Agent Wolfe pulls out a badge.

AGENT WOLFE
I'm agent Damon Wolfe with the FBI.
We have a warrant to search the premises.

Agent Wolfe hands James a folded warrant from his jacket.

James looks it over. Yells toward the back of the house.

JAMES
Yo, Harry!

HARRY (O.S.)
What?

JAMES
The feds are here. They want to search the house!

HARRY (O.S.)
What? Hold on.

James pulls out his cellphone and snaps a photo of the warrant.

Harry walks up to the door in a robe.

HARRY
What's all this about officer?

AGENT WOLFE
Sir, we have reason to believe, that illegal activity is being conducted on this property.

HARRY
What?

Takes the warrant from James. Reads it over.

HARRY (cont'd)
You know who our father is right?
AGENT WOLFE
Yes, we know who your father is.
Consider us, not kicking in your
door, a professional courtesy.

Reveal: FEDERAL AGENTS surround the house with guns drawn.
Waiting for a signal from Agent Wolfe.

JAMES
Wow, you must feel real big and bad
right now. Just wait until our father
hears about this. He'll have your
fucking badge --

Harry motions to try and calm his brother down.

Agent Wolfe smirks.

AGENT WOLFE
Your father being a Senator, doesn't
change the fact that I'm going to
need you both to step out of the way.
Right now.

HARRY
Now hold on, let's talk about this.
Why don't you give us a second to get
our father on the phone. I'm sure we
can all figure something out.

AGENT WOLFE
This isn't a negotiation.
(peers into the house)
Are you trying to stall us?

HARRY
What? Stall you?

SMASH CUT TO:

MONTAGE - INT. MANSION (UPSTAIRS) - DAY

1) Timmy POURS a bucket of colorful pills down the toilet.
FLUSHES.

2) Timmy SMASHES hard drives with a hammer.

3) Timmy frantically SHREDS papers. A tall stack of
documents remains.
INT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

    HARRY
    Of course not.

Beat.

    AGENT WOLFE
    Okay -- we're coming in.

Agent Wolfe motions to the other agents. They push the brothers aside.

Harry and James just stare. Silently.

INT. MANSION (UPSTAIRS DEN) - DAY

Timmy frantically SHREDS papers while looking over his shoulder. Sweat drips from his face.

A sizable pile of paperwork remains.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Bikini Babes SCREAM as agents rush in with guns.

    AGENTS
    No need to panic. We're just executing a search warrant.

INT. MANSION (UPSTAIRS DEN) - DAY

Timmy JAMS more papers into the shredder. It won't take any more. Panicked, he starts SHOVING paper into his mouth.

INT. MANSION (DOWNSTAIRS) - DAY

Agents rush from room to room, opening drawers and closets as they go. They approach a winding staircase.

INT. MANSION (UPSTAIRS DEN) - DAY

Timmy FEEDS the shredder more paper.

    TIMMY
    Come on, come on, come on.

Outside the FOOTSTEPS get louder. Timmy's eyes open wide.
EXT. MANSION - DAY

A LUXURY CAR speeds up the driveway. Tires SQUEAL as the car stops suddenly.


ATTORNEY
You need to pull your men back right now.

AGENT WOLFE
Excuse me?

The attorney pulls out his phone. A snapshot of the warrant is on the screen.

ATTORNEY
You need to pull your men back. You have a big problem with your warrant.

AGENT WOLFE
And who are you?

ATTORNEY
I'm the Svine family attorney -- and this warrant has incorrect information.

Agent Wolfe takes the original warrant from Harry. Looks it over closely.

ATTORNEY (cont'd)
This says, "Thirty-twenty Feather Lane". We're at Three-oh-two.

AGENT WOLFE
That must be a typo. Not a big deal.

ATTORNEY
Actually, it's a huge deal. You're not authorized to be here.

AGENT WOLFE
Well, we'll just get a new warrant then.

ATTORNEY
You certainly can -- but until then, you've got to go.

Holds up his phone.
ATTORNEY (cont'd)
If the warrant doesn't fit -- your boys -- have got to split.

Agent Wolfe mouths the word "fuck". Angrily yanks a portable radio from his belt.

INT. MANSION (UPSTAIRS DEN)

Timmy SHREDS more documents but a sizable pile remains. Agents are on the other side of the door, ready to enter.

Wolfe's message BLARES across their RADIOS.

AGENT WOLFE (O.S.)
(over the radio)
We need to pull back, right now. Stand down.

Timmy looks relieved. Wipes his sweaty forehead. Spits out a wad of paper.

INT. FRONT DOOR - DAY

Wolfe looks angry. The attorney is smug. Agents stream out.

ATTORNEY
You better make sure you cross your T's and dot your I's next time.

The final agent leaves. They have nothing.

ATTORNEY (cont'd)
And don't you even think about talking to my clients again without calling me first.

He hands Agent Wolfe his BUSINESS CARD.

It reads: Attorney Mason Ree -- Criminal Lawyer

AGENT WOLFE
Mason Ree?

ATTORNEY
That's right. The best in the city.

The attorney steps inside the house and grabs the front door.
ATTORNEY (cont’d)
Now have a nice day gentlemen.

Harry and James smirk at Agent Wolfe.

AGENT WOLFE
We'll be back.

James makes a face at Wolfe.

JAMES
Blow me.

Door SLAMS

FADE TO BLACK

THE END