

THE WELL-MANNERED BOYS: THE NICEST BANKROBBERS IN LOS ANGELES

Written by

J. Richard Singleton

PO BOX 811024, LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90081
(323)590-7634

FADE IN:

INT. THE RUSSELL DOWNTOWN - EVENING

This is a very classy restaurant in downtown Los Angeles. The well-dressed PATRONS are all eating, having a good time.

LUC is a handsome white kid of 21. He's the kind of guy who's old enough to care for himself but young enough to still think the world a fair place. He's wearing his best suit - his church suit, if he ever went to church.

The MAITRE DE, a proper Euro-wannabe who's every bit as snooty as any maitre de ever is in movies, has little respect for this young guy.

A WAITER passes by, carrying a scrumptious-looking DESSERT on a PLATE, which momentarily distracts Luc because it just looks that good.

LUC
(re the dish)
Hey, that looks good - can that be eaten?

MAITRE DE
Yes, this being a restaurant, everything you see on a plate can be eaten.

LUC
No, I mean that sometimes when you go to a restaurant, you see wax food on display to show people what the dishes look like - they do that at the mall a lot.

MAITRE DE
Our waiters don't just carry around plates of wax food so people can decide what they want to eat.

LUC
Yeah, I guess that would be a waste of everyone's time.

MAITRE DE
Yes, imagine that.

LUC

Anyway, I'm about to tell my parents that I'm going to propose to my girlfriend - we met in high school, going to the same college together, and though we're both young, I really think this is gonna last so I'm popping the question as soon as soon as I get their props. I hope that doesn't sound dorky, but I'm just old-fashioned like that.

The Maitre De doesn't even try to hide his utter contempt for this young man, and especially his personal stories.

MAITRE DE

(interrupting)

How nice.

LUC

Right. I was wondering if you could get a bunch of your wait staff together - I bought a cake in advance - and you could come out and sing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

MAITRE DE

We don't normally do that here.

LUC

Well, they do it at Chuck E. Cheese.

MAITRE DE

(sarcastically)

Just as long as they do it at Chuck E. Cheese, I suppose we can do it here in a three-star restaurant.

LUC

Great! I have...

Luc produces a FIVE DOLLAR BILL. He holds it up as if it were even a moderate amount of money.

LUC (CONT'D)

...five dollars on me.

MAITRE DE

You expect me to have my wait staff interrupt their work for five dollars?

LUC

Don't be a dick. You can't put a price on me and my girlfriend's love.

MAITRE DE

And yet you're the one offering five dollars.

Luc shoves the five into the man's coat. Then he pulls out another bill - a DOLLAR - and shoves it in the man's pocket.

LUC

And here's a little something for yourself - Mr. George Washington - buy yourself a new attitude.

INT. THE RUSSELL DOWNTOWN - LATE EVENING

Luc's sitting at a TABLE with his parents, LUC'S FATHER and LUC'S MOTHER. Everyone's laughing casually over some little quip, preparing for dessert and after-dinner coffee. This whole thing is going well.

LUC

You know I don't normally invite you guys out to dinner.

LUC'S FATHER

(sarcastically)

Really? I've never noticed.

They all have a good chuckle over that.

LUC

But I've just turned 21, and I really think it's time for me to step up and do the adult thing.

LUC'S MOTHER

You're gonna stop taking guitar lessons.

LUC

No - what? I'm only three lessons away from playing "Classical Gas."

LUC'S MOTHER

Oh - I don't think that's gonna happen.

LUC
 Anyway - I'm going to propose to
 Diane.

His parents are happy. This is a great step of maturity for
 the young man.

LUC'S FATHER
 Congratulations, son!

LUC
 I didn't know if you'd be okay with
 it.

LUC'S MOTHER
 "Okay with it"? We're ecstatic
 about it!

LUC
 And I want you to know, this won't
 affect my studies. I'll have my
 communications degree by June, then
 we'll get married in July or
 August.

LUC'S MOTHER
 A July wedding would be wonderful!

LUC
 That's the thing I wanted to ask
 you about. Diane's stepdad just got
 laid-off and her mother has gone
 back to teaching, so they're not
 going to be able to chip-in much
 for the wedding, so we were hoping
 that you'd...

There's an awkward moment of silence, as Luc gauges his
 parents' reaction. They are listening intently, but the
 jovial mood has largely passed. They are not jumping in.

LUC (CONT'D)
 ...you'd help us out - with the
 wedding expenses.

Luc's parents do something totally unexpected: They start
 laughing - laughing hysterically.

LUC'S FATHER
 We're not going to give you money
 to propose to your girlfriend!

Luc immediately becomes crestfallen.

LUC'S MOTHER

We're happy for you, but we're not gonna give you money to do it.

LUC

But I'm being an adult - I'm taking responsibility for my life!

LUC'S MOTHER

But you're doing it with our money!

LUC'S FATHER

(sarcastically)

Why don't I just break out my invisible checkbook and also pay for your honeymoon?

With that, he pantomimes withdrawing his checkbook from his coat pocket. He also pulls out an imaginary pen.

LUC'S FATHER (CONT'D)

(pretending to click a pen)

Click!

(writing an imaginary check)

"Pay to the order of One Freeloading Son, For: One Million Dollars and no sense. Memo: Not a chance in Hell."

The old man RIPS out the imaginary check, making the proper sound (really selling it), then hands it to his son.

LUC'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Here you go - don't cash it til the end of the week or else it'll bounce.

Luc's parents laugh some more.

LUC'S FATHER (CONT'D)

Why don't - why don't you just have a cash-bar to offset the costs - oh wait, you don't have enough friends to put a dent in the wedding costs!

LUC'S MOTHER

(to Luc's Father)

Don't be mean, dear. Maybe Diane knows a lot of people.

LUC'S FATHER
 (through laughter)
 Yeah, maybe they could charge
 admission!

Mom starts back laughing riotously.

LUC'S FATHER (CONT'D)
 I bet you didn't even buy a ring -
 and with a woman, it's all about
 the ring.

LUC'S MOTHER
 It is - it totally is, dear!

LUC
 I was hoping that Mom would give me
 her engagement ring, so we could
 keep it in the family - you know,
 turn it into an heirloom.

LUC'S MOTHER
 But, sweetie, what'll I wear?
 Besides, we all know this won't be
 your first marriage!

LUC'S FATHER
 Frankly, son, I always thought she
 was out of your league to begin
 with!

LUC
 Stop being mean to me - I'm your
 favorite son!

Luc's parent laugh all the harder!

LUC'S FATHER
 Your brother Tom is our favorite
 son - didn't you know!?!

LUC'S MOTHER
 Tommy got into Stanford! Oh,
 sweetie, did you really think you
 could compete with that?

Just as Luc thinks that this humiliation cannot get any
 worse, here comes the WAIT STAFF, CAKE and SPARKLERS in hand.

WAIT STAFF
 (singing)
 "For he's a jolly good fellow/
 For he's a jolly good fellow/
 For he's a jolly good fellow - "

LUC
 (interrupting)
 Stop - stop! They're not paying for
 the wedding! (beat) And I want my
 five dollars back!

WAITER
 Well, this is really awkward.
 (beat) I mean, can...(beat)...us
 waiters eat the cake?

Luc's father starts laughing again.

LUC'S FATHER
 (through his laughs)
 Why not - Mr. Moneybags here paying
 the check!

INT. USC. REC ROOM - LATE EVENING

Luc and best friend DUSTIN, 21, are playing foosball. Fairly
 immoral to begin with, Dustin is a spoiled brat, and he's
 like Luc's anti-conscious, filling his head with bad ideas.
 Less naive than Luc, but far more obnoxious, Dustin grew-up
 rich. He's handsome and all that - but he's a dick.

DUSTIN
 They'll be a lot of great jobs
 waiting for you when you graduate
 from -

Dustin starts laughing. At least he quickly composes himself.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry - I just started thinking
 about your communications degree
 and I couldn't complete the lie.

LUC
 I can't believe they're not going
 to help me out with my wedding.

DUSTIN
 You know, in feudal times, Diane's
 parents would give you stuff to
 marry her - it's called a "dowry."

LUC
 Really? What kind of stuff - nice
 stuff? Like a pony? What would be
 the modern equivalent of a pony - a
 Jetta? It doesn't matter - this
 isn't feudal times, motherfucker!

DUSTIN

Well, excuse me for thinking in historic terms.

LUC

Damn. Now you got me thinking of Jettas.

DUSTIN

Well, marrying your girlfriend isn't gonna get you a Jetta, so forget that.

LUC

Speaking of girlfriends, your girlfriend's talking to an athletic Filipina.

CUT TO:

POV - DUSTIN

TAYLOR, an almost supernaturally pretty woman of 21, is talking to a fit JOGGER. The Jogger is wearing tight SPANDEX SHORTS and a JOGGING BRA beneath a SWEATSHIRT, which is unzipped as she shows Taylor her ripped abs.

Taylor feels the track star's stomach as she flexes. Although we can't hear what they're saying, Taylor is clearly impressed, mouthing an "Oh, wow."

DUSTIN (O.S.)

Taylor likes meeting new people -

The two young women giggle.

BACK TO SCENE

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

...that's what I find so endearing about her.

Luc tries not to betray his disbelief of this entire situation.

LUC

Yeah...(beat)...that's completely believable.

DUSTIN

Hey, Taylor - come over here! We're playing pool now!

Taylor enters the shot, intending to hug her boyfriend. Dustin pulls her towards him and tries to kiss his girlfriend on the mouth, but she turns away at the last minute - as if Dustin has the flu.

TAYLOR
Not on the mouth.

DUSTIN
Oh, right.

He kisses her cheek. Luc tries to ignore this sideshow.

LUC
Taylor, wanna play some pool with us? You like playing with balls, don't - um...(beat) You like being bent over - I mean. You like touching sticks - no, that doesn't work either. There are some darts over there!

TAYLOR
No, I'll play some pool. I've always been meaning to learn how to play but have never had the time.

DUSTIN
Here, take my stick.

Dustin hands his girlfriend his pool cue.

LUC (O.S.)
Ha!

Dustin and Taylor glance at Luc sheepishly but quickly ignore him. Cue in hand, Taylor bends over the table, and Dustin leans into her to guide the stick. Despite them being in a "relationship," Taylor is oddly miffed about what Dustin is doing right now.

TAYLOR
You're in my comfort zone right now.

DUSTIN
(reassuring,
"seductively")
Shhhh. It's part of the game.

Dustin positions the cue tip behind the ball.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
Now just stroke the shaft -

There's a loud CLICK - the sound of a cellphone's camera going off. The two look up.

ONE SHOT - LUC

Luc is holding his CELLPHONE, having just taken a picture of the two.

BACK TO SCENE

DUSTIN
What the hell, man!?!

LUC
Trust me - you're gonna want a photo of this as proof that this really happened.

INT. DUSTIN'S HOUSE. DINING ROOM - AFTERNOON

This is a clean/modern McMansion. In some ways, frozen in 80s-chic. All of which is owned by his parents.

Dustin is in the living room, watching TV while chilling on the sofa. He is mildly hungover; Luc, meanwhile, might be hungover but he's also working on a LAPTOP a few feet away at the dining room TABLE.

DUSTIN
(sheepishly)
Ugh. How much did I drink last night?

LUC
So much that you didn't notice Taylor left with the hot Filipina jogger.

DUSTIN
No, I noticed. She was designating driving her back to her dorm.

LUC
Right - anyway, thanks for letting me use your wifi, Dustin.

DUSTIN

That's what friends are for. You wouldn't need to use my computer if you hadn't canceled your wifi account - just needed to point that out, because that's also what friends are for.

LUC

I needed to cancel it to save money.

DUSTIN

Fuck. Did Suzy Ormon tell you to do that? I've been watching public television, and that's why I just brought her up.

LUC

I thought you said that public television was for homeless retards.

DUSTIN

It was for my international affairs course - I just put it on mute when the old broads start asking for handouts.

LUC

But, dude, who are you to criticize? Your parents literally pay for everything.

DUSTIN

Not for wifi. They've made me pay for it ever since they found some stuff on my harddrive.

LUC

Donkeys?

DUSTIN

If only it was just donkeys.

Luc shakes his head. Dustin ventures to get up and walk over to take a look at what Luc's looking at.

LUC

To change the subject quickly, I'm not looking for an ordinary job because I still need to finish school, so I'm looking for a job on Craigslist.

DUSTIN

Dude, Craigslist is for hippie, scammers and lonely women who want to get murdered - 90% of the jobs are for prostitutes.

LUC

You think all these jobs are sex-related?

DUSTIN

I'd go so far as to say I think I've accepted the services of all these girls on Craigslist -

Dustin taps Luc on the shoulder then points at the screen.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

This chick would do a Cleveland Steamer.

LUC

(re computer)

What's this?

DUSTIN

Oh, a Cleveland Steamer is where the girl shits on a glass table and -

LUC

(interrupting, re computer)

No, I mean what's this - what's this on the screen - I see a job that I might be qualified for:

(reading ad)

"Wanted: Attractive boy to work in Thai massage parlor. Must have firm but soft hands and know how to keep secrets."

Luc thinks about it for a moment. The gears in the two guys' heads grind slowly.

LUC (CONT'D)

Okay, that one is probably sex-related.

Dustin nods "that's right."

DUSTIN

Well, how bad do you want a white wedding?

LUC
I'm not goin' to give dudes
handjobs!

Dustin motions a sarcastic "fine." The doorbell RINGS.

LUC (CONT'D)
There's the pizza.

Luc gets up and walks to the door.

LUC (CONT'D)
I want to work, but I also want a
job where I can set my own hours
and can make a lot of money quickly
- that's not too much to ask for.

Luc opens the door.

The PIZZA MAN is a racially ambiguous brown fellow with a massive dark beard that doesn't necessarily make one hungry for pizza. In fact, it makes him look like a mujahideen. Luc pulls out his WALLET and he does that thing where a guy takes out his wallet and pretends he's searching for the correct bills. Dustin, impatient as always, walks over to see what the hold-up is.

LUC (CONT'D)
(to Dustin)
Would you mind getting this?

DUSTIN
(sarcastically)
Yeah, thanks for going thru your
wallet like you were about to pay -
you just fooled everyone, what you
did right now.

Dustin pulls out his MONEY-CLIP, flush with crisp TWENTIES and FIFTIES.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
I use a money-clip. Let's people
know I'm serious about my money -
that it has its own clip and
doesn't have to touch receipts or
family photos and unimportant shit
like that -

LUC
You are the man, Dustin.

DUSTIN
Yeah, I hate fuckin' poor people.

LUC
Yet you love Craigslist ads.

DUSTIN
I'm a complicated guy. I'm allowed
to be layered.

LUC
It's your house.

Dustin hands the Pizza Man a twenty, who's still not pleased
by this.

PIZZA MAN
Do I get a tip?

DUSTIN
Get a shave. You look like Osama.

PIZZA MAN
Cracker, I'm Chicano!

DUSTIN
And I'm shutting the door now -
watch your face.

Dustin SLAMS shut the door, almost smacking the Pizza Man in
the face.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
That's what happens when you try to
give people advice.

Luc takes the pizza to the COFFEE TABLE.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
What kind of a faggot is saving up
for a wedding anyway? You're a
dude! You should be saving up
for...(beat)...weed.

LUC
I don't smoke anymore - remember
what happened the last time we
smoked.

FLASHBACK

INT. DUSTIN'S HOUSE. BASEMENT - FRESHMAN YEAR. LATE NIGHT

Dustin and Luc are sitting on the carpet, baked out of their minds and passing around a humorous BONG between them, belching smoke like a chimney. It's either the pot or them; they're really shitfaced and paranoid right about now.

DUSTIN

I'm freakin' out! I'm losing my mind!

Double beat.

LUC

Yeah, this is some goodass shit.

DUSTIN

Thank you - thank you. You know, my ex-housekeeper hooked me up. She's - she's Jamaican. Those people are only good for two things: pot-growing and cool-running.

LUC

Dude, that's racist.

DUSTIN

How is that racist? I'm complimenting - complimenting the Jamaicans. They built a bobsled program on a tropical island from the ground up - and it's hard to grow good weed.

LUC

That's racist - that's racist - I'm a Democrat and I think that's racist - for some reason - can't - can't think right now. Can't.

DUSTIN

Okay, okay - cool running sucks. Hey, hey - I own "Runnings" on VHS" - wanna see it?

LUC

Who the fuck owns "Cool Runnings"? And who the fuck still owns a VCR?

DUSTIN

Well - well - all my parents' sex tapes are on VHS - so we also have to make sure we put in the right tape.

LUC
Ew. (pause) They should digitize
that shit.

They laugh, but Dustin also realizes this is not funny.

DUSTIN
(seriously)
I'm pretty fucked-up sexually.

Luc stops laughing. He either didn't hear Dustin's moment of self-realization or didn't care.

LUC
Jamaican bobsled team.

Beat.

DUSTIN
Hey - hey, I think that guy's over
there is staring at you.

As Dustin says this, he points to an area off-screen through the smoky haze, indicating that they're not alone.

LUC
Y'know what? I think you're right.

DUSTIN
(nodding)
I'm getting a little scared.

LUC
(to someone offscreen)
Hey! Hey, asswipe! What the fuck
are you lookin' at!?!

Nothing. But Luc looks scared, too - as the situation escalates.

LUC (CONT'D)
(to Dustin)
I think this guy's trying to start
a fight.

DUSTIN
(to Luc)
I got your back.

LUC
(to someone offscreen)
Hey, asshole, I'm talking to you!
You think you're better than me!?!

Luc jumps to his feet. We now see that the two young men have been referring to Luc's reflection in a large MIRROR hanging on a wall.

LUC (CONT'D)
(to the mirror)
Sonofabitch - call me an asshole!?!

Luc takes a swing at his own reflection. Way short of making contact with the mirror and with drugged-out balance, he spins out and collapses on the floor in a heap. There's an awkward moment as Dustin takes this in before raising his hands defensively against his own reflection.

DUSTIN
(to the mirror)
I don't want any trouble!

END FLASHBACK - BACK TO SCENE

LUC
Things are getting bad, man.
Yesterday I wasn't even able to pay
for her coffee at Starbucks.

FLASHBACK

INT. STARBUCKS - YESTERDAY

Luc and Diane step up to the counter. The BARISTA is an unusually perky young woman - typical Starbucks barista.

BARISTA
What can I get you on this
wonderful Starbucks Day?

LUC
It's not Starbucks Day. It's
Saturday.

DIANE
I'll get a venti half-soy, half-
skim, half-half-and-half latte with
a shot of peppermint and heavy
foam.

BARISTA
Okay.

The Barista takes down a VENTI CUP and begins marking the complicated order. Luc is still hung-up on the unusual greeting.

LUC
(to Barista)
Did Congress just declare today was
"Starbucks Day"?

DIANE
Do you need me to repeat it?

BARISTA
No, I got it.

DIANE
Good, because I literally can't.

LUC
Are you under the impression that
Starbucks now has its own day -
because I did not vote for that -
...
(to both women)
...or was that Proposition 42?
(to Diane)
What is that, like, seven buck?

BARISTA
Oh, at least!

LUC
Do you have anything on your menu
that doesn't have coffee, tea, milk
or flavoring in it?

BARISTA
(sarcastically)
So you just want foam?

LUC
Is that an option here?

BARISTA
No. And if it were, here at
Starbucks, the foam would be very
expensive.

LUC
What do you have for under a
dollar?

BARISTA
A cup of ice.

LUC
You charge for ice now?

BARISTA
A quarter, yes. Company policy.

Luc produces a THERMOS.

LUC
Okay, I brought my own iced coffee.
I just need some fresh ice.

From behind the counter, the Barista produces a LONG STICK.
With a single swipe, she knocks the thermos out of his hand.

It hits the ground, and its contents gush out, creating a huge mess that another Starbucks employee will just have to clean up. Luc is shocked by the rudeness.

BARISTA
No outside drinks. That's also
company policy.

END FLASHBACK - BACK TO SCENE

LUC
I need money for our wedding, so I
need a job, so I need to use your
wifí - and your computer.

DUSTIN
Man, whatever. Work is for suckers.

LUC
If I don't do something dramatic,
I'm going to lose her, man.

DUSTIN
I know what to do.

Dustin picks up a TRASH CAN. Without provocation, he throws
the trash can through the window.

LUC
Why the fuck did you just do that?

DUSTIN
Well, it was pretty dramatic.

LUC
I have to do something dramatic!
(beat) Fucking stupid! Worse, that
totally didn't help me. Not at all.

(MORE)

LUC (CONT'D)

And that was fucking stupid,
anyway. Fucking stupid. And you
know what? Your parents are gonna
have to pay for that.

DUSTIN

Eh, my parents have to replace a
lot of things when I stay here.

LUC

And I believe it! Oh, my God!

DUSTIN

Well, tonight we'll get shitfaced
and play foosball.

LUC

How is that going to help my
problem?

DUSTIN

Help whose what now?

INT. EXPO PARK BAR - LATE NIGHT

Luc and Dustin are playing at a FOOSBALL TABLE. They can
still afford BEERS.

DUSTIN

What I don't understand is why
don't Diane pay for the wedding?

LUC

She's barely scraping by too. At
least my parents are paying my
tuition.

DUSTIN

Well, what about her father? The
father's supposed to pay for shit
like this right?

LUC

Dude, remember, Diane's father died
- he died when she was in high
school.

DUSTIN

Oh, right. (beat) Too bad she doesn't have two gay dads - that way, if one dad died, the other could still be on the hook for the wedding. I mean, the gay marrieds ought to be good for something.

LUC

(sarcastically)
Yeah, that's what gay marriage is about.

Dustin takes a gulp of beer.

LUC (CONT'D)

(re the beers)
Hey, how many have you had?

DUSTIN

Not enough if I'm coming out in support for gay marriage.

Dustin takes a shot at whiskey.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

(re the whiskey)
Better?
(beat)
Hey, hey - you think I could jump over that pinball machines?

A YOKEL ENTERS the bar. Really, he's a yokel. He's wearing OVERALLS over a PLAID SHIRT under a BLUE JEAN JACKET. He takes off his STRAW HAT and hangs it on a HAT RACK.

YOKEL

(to no one in particular)
Hoooo doggie! I just got off the bus from Muskogee, and I sure could use a right stiff drink!

DUSTIN

(re the Yokel)
Hey, this'll cheer you up: Look at Jeb Clampett over there.

Luc restrains a laugh.

LUC

"Jeb" or "Jed"?

DUSTIN

Could be "Jed," could be "Jeb."

The Yokel heads for the main characters. He's waving hello, apparently thinking they're friendly Angelenos. Dustin freaks, his tone growing gradually more panicked.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

(aside, to Luc)

Oh no - he sees us. He sees us and he's waving. Don't engage - don't engage.

YOKEL

(re the foosball table)

Woo-wee - what kind of crazy billiards table be this?

DUSTIN

"Billiards"? What the fuck - just say "pool"!

Encouraged by Luc, Dustin quickly calms down.

LUC

This is a game called foosball. It's kinda like soccer - but on a table.

YOKEL

"Soccer"? You means the kind of football that the Mexicans play?

DUSTIN

(sarcastically)

Yes, foosball is exactly like the Mexican football played on a billiards table.

YOKEL

Well, who-doggie!

At this point, the Yokel reaches beneath his coat and pulls on his RED SUSPENDERS that are presumably keeping his pants up, like Brady from Inherit the Wind.

DUSTIN

(aside, to Luc)

My God - he's wearing suspenders.

LUC

(aside, to Dustin)

Shh. I think he can hear us.

DUSTIN

(aside, to Luc)

At this point, I don't care.

(MORE)

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
 (louder than necessary, to
 Yokel)
 You're wearing suspenders, sir!

YOKEL
 Maw-maw says belts are the ties of
 the Devil. Think I'd like to play
 some of this "foos-ball."

LUC
 Sure. We can even play for quarters
 - how about a dollar a point?

YOKEL
 Golly! The Good Lord says that
 gambling be bads.

LUC
 This isn't gambling - this is
 motivation - motivation for you to
 get good reals quick.

DUSTIN
 Yeah, the people who sit at the
 slots in Vegas look the most
 motivated of them all.

Luc nudges Dustin, telling him not to cock-block this.

YOKEL
 Well, that sets it. I's gonna get
 real good real quick.

CUT TO:

Luc, slamming yet another point across the Yokel's goalie.

DUSTIN
 Oh!
 (to random passerbys)
 Did you see that? Did you see that?
 If soccer were a real sport, my
 friend here could almost be a
 professional athlete!

YOKEL
 Dang-it! You wins again!

LUC
 That's \$90.

The Yokel rummages through his pants pockets, eventually
 producing a bunch of CRUMBLED-UP BILLS, which he hands to
 Luc, who struggles to count and straighten the bills.

LUC (CONT'D)

Yeah, thanks for crumbling up your money in advance - saves me the time of having to crumble it up in the future.

YOKEL

Gosh, I wish we could play for a hundred a point, that way I could wins my moneys back quicker.

Luc and Dustin look at each other; for once, they're on the same page.

DUSTIN

There's only one thing for us to do...

CUT TO:

Dustin, attempting to jump over the pinball machines, with Luc and the Yokel watching him. He lands on the floor in a heap.

Neither young man attempts to help Dustin off the floor.

LUC

Okay, we did that. Now let's do my idea.

EXT. BANK ATM - LATE NIGHT

Luc and Dustin are standing at the ATM. Luc has his CARD in hand.

LUC

I only have \$3,000, and that's in my savings account. Gonna need that to get started when I graduate even if I don't marry Di.

DUSTIN

Here, use my card and take out \$7,000.

Dustin pulls out his ATM CARD and hands it to Luc.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

You can pay me back after you beat this yokel.

LUC

What's your PIN?

DUSTIN
Just enter "CUNT" on the keypad.

LUC
Your PIN is "CUNT"?

DUSTIN
The bank-guy told me it had to be four letters and something I'll always remember. (beat) I'm the first to admit I don't think well under pressure.

Luc enters the PIN, and something occurs to him:

LUC
How uncharacteristically generous of you.

DUSTIN
I just really hate the Okies.

LUC
Okay, it turns out we can't take out more than \$600 from an ATM.

DUSTIN
Well, if we're gonna hustle this hick out of his hard-earned, cousin-fuckin'money, you need hard cash.

INT. BANK - LATE NIGHT

Luc is filling out a couple of WITHDRAWAL SLIPS.

LUC
Good thing this bank was open.

DUSTIN
This is one of those late-night branches. Caters to drunken businessmen, opium-peddlers, and other shady characters and their unseemly associates - you'd find them everywhere throughout Los Angeles.

LUC
Fuck - do you ever listen to yourself?

DUSTIN

You can't listen to yourself and talk at the same time - that's just science.

LUC

Well, I may not be an opium-peddler, but I know a good idea when I see it. Let's get this money out and play some foosball.

The two guys approach the BANK TELLER, an obligatory sassy black woman of 47.

LUC (CONT'D)

Hi. My friend and I would like to make a withdrawal. We'd like the denomination to be hundreds.

DUSTIN

Or "C-notes," as they're called where I come from.

LUC

Orange County.

DUSTIN

There are C-notes in Orange County.
(to Bank Teller)
We'd also like you to count out the bills aloud, so we know how much we're getting.

LUC

Good call - safety first. You can never be too careful,...

Luc turns to face the teller, his eyes straining to read her NAME TAG.

LUC (CONT'D)

...Sandy? - I'm sorry - I can't read your name tag.

CLOSE SHOT - BANK TELLER'S BLOUSE

We now see her NAMETAG is partially obscured on account of her flowing hair.

CUT TO:

BANK TELLER

Yeah. I do that intentionally.

The Bank Teller opens her drawer; and removes and begins counting out HUNDREDS, stacking them in piles of ten.

LUC
I love hundreds.

DUSTIN
I never cared for them. I'll carry them around, but I won't like it. Ben Franklin looks like a hippie - the only Founding Father to look like a hippie. What's up with that?

LUC
He liked the prostitutes.

DUSTIN
Well, he couldn't have been all bad.

The Bank Teller is finished counting out their money.

BANK TELLER
...and that's 10,000.

LUC
Thank you, potential Sandy.

Dustin - pathologically needing to look important - intervenes:

DUSTIN
We'd also like a security guard to escort us to the parking lot.
(to Luc)
Whenever you make a large withdrawal from a bank, you should always have a security guard escort you to the parking lot.

LUC
Yeah, well, what if someone robs us in the parking lot?

BANK TELLER
Nuh-uh. We only have one security guard in this branch, Old Jim.

The Bank Teller waves at OLD JIM, and we see that he's really old. Really old - at least 75. Further, he's short, scrawny and wears COKE-BOTTLE GLASSES; his UNIFORM hangs off him comically. But he's been there awhile.

BANK TELLER (CONT'D)
Hey there, Old Jim!

ONE SHOT - OLD JIM

Old Jim doesn't respond.

BANK TELLER
(louder)
HEY THERE, OLD JIM!

Now Old Jim responds - he knows someone's calling him. He looks around for the source of the greeting.

BANK TELLER (CONT'D)
No - over here, Old Jim! Over here!
Jim!

CUT TO:

The Bank Teller, waving frantically - she'd already committed to waving him down, and that's what she's gonna do.

BANK TELLER (CONT'D)
No, over here Jim - I'm wa-ving at
you!

Now Old Jim sees that she's calling out to him. He waves back.

BANK TELLER (CONT'D)
(re Old Jim)
He's been with this branch since it
opened, so you know you're safe.

DUSTIN
(sarcastically)
Well, now I feel glad that my
family's money's in this bank.

INT. EXPO PARK BAR - LATE NIGHT

The Yokel has scored! And judging by the swagger, it looks like he's been scoring a lot.

YOKEL
Gosh! Looks like I's gotten better!

The Yokel collects a STACK OF C-NOTES piled on the table's corner. He makes a cursory stack of the bills - about a thousand, before shoving them into his britches.

DUSTIN

(to Luc, aside)

That's all our money, and I'm finally sobering up enough to think I showed bad judgment - which is the worst time to be sober.

LUC

(to Dustin, aside barely)

I KNOW that's all our money!

(to Dustin, calmer)

Okay, front me some more money - another seven or ten grand, and I'll start winning again - no problem. This is just a warm streak.

DUSTIN

(to Luc, aside)

If he's having a warm steak, why the fuck would I bet against him? You don't chase good money after bad - my father made up that expression.

LUC

(to Dustin, aside)

Your father made up that expression, seriously? Your father made-up the expression, "You don't chase good money after bad?"

DUSTIN

(to Luc, aside)

Now's not the time, now's not the time.

YOKEL

How 'bouts another round, pardners?

DUSTIN

(seething)

I'm not you "pardner."

LUC

(to Dustin)

I'll win it back.

Luc walks around the table, attempting to bridge the gap between he and the Okie with all his cash - all of his cash.

LUC (CONT'D)

Well, okay -

(to Yokel, laughing
nervously)

Why don't you just give me some credit so we can keep this game going. C'mon! We're friends! We all like Oklahoma! "Go suitors" - "sooners" - what does that even mean?

(laughing nervously)

We all like Oklahoma!

The Yokel's accent abruptly disappears. He untucks his shirt and pulls off his suspenders. It turns out he's not a yokel - or at least he's one that's competent in foosball.

YOKEL

Gentlemen, you've just been hustled! Hustled by the Foosball Mafia!

The Yokel runs out the bar. No one follows him. They're all in shock.

LUC

How did I lose -

DUSTIN

(interrupting)

How did you lose \$10,000 playing foosball!?! Seven thousand of it was mine! Dude, you lost \$7,000 of my money! I'm gonna kick your ass!

LUC

I'd like to see you try.

There's an awkward pause between the two men. Luc is slightly larger than Dustin, but Dustin wasn't going to follow through on his idle threat.

DUSTIN

If we turn against each other, the Okies would've won. Plus I don't hit a guy wearing glasses.

LUC

I'm wearing my contacts.

DUSTIN

I don't hit a guy who sometimes wears glasses and sometimes does not.

INT. DUSTIN'S HOUSE. BASEMENT. EARLY MORNING

DUSTIN

I'm not gonna give you your money back - I didn't take it in the first place - you gave it away - don't blame me for you fiduciary irresponsibility.

LUC

Hey, fuck you and fuck that word-of-the-day calendar I bought you last Christmas!

DUSTIN

It's just like you to blame a calendar for your misfortunes, Luc! That is exactly what you always end up doing!

LUC

You were the one who suggested we go drinking. You had the idea that I could make money playing foosball! You told me to not stop playing till I beat that Okie!

DUSTIN

None of which involved me.

LUC

All of which involved you! You were like that hot chick that casinos hire to entice rich guys to gamble more.

DUSTIN

Is that a real thing?

LUC

I don't know - I'm not rich, motherfucker!

DUSTIN

How was I supposed to know that he was with the Foosball Mafia!?!

LUC

You owe me now, man! You owe me like you haven't owed me since I helped you fake a kidnapping so you wouldn't have to break-up with that crazy chick sophomore year!

DUSTIN
Oh, Bipolar Betty?

FLASHBACK

INT. BETTY'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - MORNING. SOPHMORE YEAR

Bipolar BETTY is a pretty 19-year-old who's apparently quite crazy. (She has to be to believe this ruse.) She's sitting on a SOFA, being comforted by Luc, who has a arm around her as she cries uncontrollably while watching the proof-of-life tape.

INSERT SHOT - TELEVISION

Dustin, looking dirty and shaking nervously as he leaned against a non-descript wall, was holding yesterday's LA TIMES. His eyes were scared.

LUC
(voice modulated)
We have your boyfriend. We are a small faction of international, non-religious terrorists dedicated to kidnapping frat boys and frat boys only.

BACK TO:

BETTY
(hysterical)
Oh, my god! Dusty's been telling me about those kind of kidnappers!

She continues crying.

LUC
That's right - but the best thing you can do at times like this is to move-on. Maybe transfer to a different college - oh, wait, there's more -

LUC (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(voice modulated)
Do not call the FBI. Do not call the FBI. If you notify the authorities, we'll kill him and send his head to you via Fedex -
(MORE)

LUC (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 but first - but first, we'll cut
 off his dick and shove it down his
 own throat. That way, you'll get
 both his head and his dick via
 Fedex, and we'll save on shipping.

Betty sobs some more! After a half-minute of this, she gets
 an idea.

BETTY
 Maybe - maybe we can raise ransom
 money, and get him back.

LUC
 No, the kidnapers don't want money
 - they just want you to see other
 people.

END FLASHBACK

DUSTIN
 Friends fake kidnappings with
 friends, asshole!

Dustin flops down on a beanbag chair. Surprisingly, he has an
 idea.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
 Hey, if that cocksucker from
 Oklahoma could rip us off, we can
 rip people off too!

LUC
 I don't think he was really from
 Oklahoma.

DUSTIN
 Not following the big picture here.
 (beat) Okay, here's my idea, and
 please hear me out cuz this is
 kinda complicated and a total shot
 in the dark: What if...we...
 commit...a crime - there, there it
 is.

Like cannibalism on a deserted island, the suggestion just
 hangs there.

LUC
 Well, what kind of crime are you
 talking about? We can't sell drugs -
 you know what happens when we do
 drugs -

FLASHBACK

DUSTIN

I'm freakin' out! I'm losing my mind!

END FLASHBACK - BACK TO SCENE

DUSTIN

White collar crime! It's hardly a real crime - people wear white collars when they do it, so it's not like they even have to get dirty!

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

My uncle - he was the CFO of a garbage-hauling firm. He skimmed, like, 2% off the employee retirement plan, brought in an extra million a year to supplement his salary.

LUC

Your uncle the ex-con?

DUSTIN

Oh, everyone's uncle's an ex-con! When he got pinched, all he had to do was give 60% of the stash back and lecture some inner-city kids about honesty. He didn't go to jail because, you know, he's a rich white guy.

LUC

You make some good, evil points - but neither of us have jobs where we work for companies we can skim from - neither of us even have jobs.

Dustin ponders to this, as he hatches yet another brilliant plan.

DUSTIN

What if we do what that Jew Bernie Madoff did? What if we take a bunch of people's money, say we're investing money while we're really just paying them off with their own money - like we're paying them interest on the loan.

LUC
You're talking about a pyramid
scheme?

DUSTIN
What the fuck do I know about
geometry - I'm not Isaac-fuckin'-
Newton!?! My point is that people
would still get paid, and we'd buy
ourselves some time to launch an
even bigger money-making plan!

LUC
Neither of us is Jewish -
(stammering)
I mean, neither of would be trusted
with that much money - that's what
I mean!

DUSTIN
What if...(beat)...a bank! We can
rob a bank!

LUC
Why a bank?

DUSTIN
It's where the money is!

Pause.

LUC
That does sound just about right.

DUSTIN
How hard could it be to rob a bank?
Criminals do it all the time - and
they're criminals, they're dumb.
We're college students - we're
smart.

LUC
Criminals get caught.

DUSTIN
So let's not get caught!

Beat. The two guys ponder this.

LUC
(sarcastically)
You have to be the first person to
think of that.

DUSTIN

Yeah, I knew that was stupid even as I was saying it.

(changing tack)

But you saw the security they had at that branch - they're basically asking for someone to rob them. But we're gonna need a third guy - someone to watch our backs.

LUC

What about Brent Nelson - he seems pretty trustworthy. He could help us rob a bank.

DUSTIN

Are...(beat)...we thinking about the same Brent Nelson?

FLASHBACK

INT. ALPHA THETA PI HOUSE. BASEMENT - THREE YEARS AGO

The SCARED FRESHMEN are all lined up neatly in a row, stripped to their underwear - including BRENT NELSON, a hardworking but not terribly bright young man. The cliché sadistic FRAT PRESIDENT walks amongst them like a general, a PADDLE in hand.

FRAT PRESIDENT

I have been accused of date-raping 17 girls - no convictions! Now you cocksucking maggots - this university's anti-discrimination policies prevent me from calling you faggots - so I'm calling you "maggots" - you maggots now aspire to be one of the few, the brave brothers of Alpha Theta Pi. Prepare for Hell Week!

BRENT

Prepare for Fun Week?

The Frat President gets right in Brent's face like a drill sergeant.

FRAT PRESIDENT

I said: "Prepare for Hell Week"!

BRENT

"Prepare for Fun Week"?

FRAT PRESIDENT

What we have here is a failure to communicate! I'm starting to think this cocksucker has gotten too much jizz in his ears!

BRENT

Oh, you see, the paddle made me think it was Fun Week - I think that's where I got that from.

END FLASHBACK - BACK TO SCENE

DUSTIN

Ugh. The guy who works at the computer lab with the fucked-up eye?

LUC

No, that's Fucked-Up Eye Phil.

DUSTIN

Oh, is that the worker with one leg shorter than the other?

LUC

Why would someone with a short leg even be called "Fucked-Up Eye Phil"?

DUSTIN

What - am I supposed to know all the gimps' life stories?

LUC

No, just why you consider them gimps.

DUSTIN

Dude, and what is up with the disabled and them working behind a desk but still being in our face with their disabilities?

LUC

(sarcastically)

Yeah, the handicapped are jerks that way.

DUSTIN

But you know the guy - the guy with the eye that moves everywhere - the eye that doesn't even bother to lock-in on you.

LUC

That's why the guy I'm talking about has two good eyes.

DUSTIN

Good. Because I hate that crazy-eyed freak.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

Well, we know he can keep a secret.

LUC

Yeah, he hasn't told you your girlfriend's a lesbo -

DUSTIN

What?

Luc changes the topic fast - he doesn't want to have this conversation.

LUC

What?

DUSTIN

You were saying something about my girlfriend?

There's an awkward pause between the two guys - the kind that suggests that this problem has been broached before.

LUC

So we'll bring Brent into this?

DUSTIN

Yeah, he'll be our third man.

INT. USC. LIBRARY. FRONT DESK - AFTERNOON

Dustin and Luc approach the front desk. A young man is working on something, his back turned towards them. Our heroes have no way of knowing it, but they're about to encounter FUCKED-UP EYE PHIL.

LUC

Excuse me, I'm looking -

FUCKED-UP EYE PHIL turns to greet them; Dustin makes a small startled leap back, but Luc has steadied himself. Luc tries to avoid the awkward gaze.

DUSTIN
(re the eye)
Whoop - there it is.

LUC
(aside, to Dustin)
I can't take you anywhere.

FUCKED-UP EYE PHIL
What can I do for you?

Dustin, who's standing on Phil's right side, moves around a little bit.

DUSTIN
You could make that eye stay in one place.

Luc nudges Dustin with his elbow.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
Right - okay.

LUC
We're looking for Brent Nelson. We understand he works here, and for some reason, you're the one working the front desk.

Fucked-up Eye Phil leaves to fetch Brent, who's working in the back room.

DUSTIN
(re Fucked-up Eye Phil)
Oh my God...!

LUC
It's okay. It's okay. He's gone now - we never have to see him again.

DUSTIN
That eye - that eye - was fucked-up!

LUC
I know - I was there, too.

Brent ENTERS from a back room.

BRENT
Hey, Luc!
(re Dustin)
Dustin, right?

Dustin does not hide his contempt for the young man.

DUSTIN
Daylaborer.

BRENT
So what can I help you with? Did you come here to use our microfiche? Because it's just like the Internet but with knobs.

LUC
I came here to ask you one question: Do you enjoy this?

BRENT
Do I enjoy going to college? Hells yeah. I'm the first in my family going to college -

DUSTIN
(interrupting)
Bor-ing!

LUC
No, I'm asking do you enjoy your job?

BRENT
It's a job - what do you mean?

LUC
Do you enjoy this - do you like your work?

BRENT
This job isn't all bad. It pays a little better than minimum wage.

LUC
How much better?

BRENT
Forty-two cents an hour. Forty-two cents an hour above minimum wage is still above minimum wage. (beat) And this is stable employment; no more excitement than I can handle.

(MORE)

BRENT (CONT'D)
I get to meet new girls - whazzup,
Marcie?

MARCIE, an attractive 19-year-old, is walking by.

MARCIE
Fuck you, nerd!

Marcie walks away. There's a story there, but we'll never hear it.

BRENT
(to himself)
Wear her down, Brent Nelson. Wear
her down til she's yours.

LUC
(clears his throat)
Alright, let's all pretend that
wasn't weird - I was just wondering
if you'd like to get in on the
groundfloor of a new moneymaking
endeavor.

BRENT
Gee, I don't know

LUC
What if I told you that there was a
way that you can get a bunch of
money really fast?

BRENT
I don't try to make money fast -
not since I got roped into selling
Amway - or since I entered into
online business relationships with
Nigerians on several different
occasions.

Dustin makes a face, momentarily in awe of Brent's naïveté.

DUSTIN
(mouthing words in
disbelief)
"Several" different times!

LUC
There's no money down - all those
other things just said "no money
down" - we're actually telling you,
this deal requires no money down.
We will provide all the capital -
we just need another warm body.

DUSTIN
(aside, to Luc)
Making our badass plan sound gay.

LUC
(aside, to Dustin)
Yeah, sorry.

BRENT
Well, I can't sell any plasma while I'm on this experimental herpes vaccine, if that's your idea. The people at the blood bank are under the impression that it might be dangerous - or that I already have herpes.

DUSTIN
Yeah, it's probably one of those things.

LUC
Selling blood gets you peanuts compared to what I'm talking about. Peanuts and a little cup of juice - which you know costs them nothing any -

DUSTIN
(interrupting)
We're talking about robbing a bank.

LUC
(aside, to Dustin)
I said I was handling it.

DUSTIN
(aside, to Luc)
You were handling it slowly.

Brent, though fairly poor, is still a nice guy, and he's offended by this suggestion and freaked that they are discussing it.

BRENT
You're talking about a felony!

Brent looks both ways nervously.

BRENT (CONT'D)
You're talking about getting beaten with socks filled with nickels by the Aryan prison gang in the showers at San Quentin!

DUSTIN

Don't be stupid. If we get caught, you'd probably get sent to Corcoran, not San Quentin. Me, however, will have a high-priced attorney who would get me off on an insanity defense. I'm laying the groundwork now - in ways that you don't understand. Just call me "Patty Hearst."

LUC

(to Brent)

Don't pay attention to that. We're not gonna get caught. Besides none of us have prior records, so we'd get a slap on the wrist - a slap on the wrist is just a couple years. And if we do get caught, we won't be sodomized nearly as much as the pedophiles already there.

Brent tries to appeal to Luc's sensibilities.

BRENT

Okay, this guy is a fucktard, but you should know better! Your argument is based on us not getting sodomized as much as the pedophiles!

Luc continues with his "logic":

LUC

We go in with guns, we come out with money - it would take us three minutes, tops - easy money.

BRENT

Take it from someone who returns Nigerian e-mails, money is like girls - the easy ones aren't worth trying to get.

DUSTIN

I likes easy broads.

BRENT

This idea is crazy!

LUC
(re Dustin)
Do you want to spend another four
years assisting rich douchebags
like him?

DUSTIN
Yeah, like me?

BRENT
I'm not gonna help you guys rob a
bank!

Brent looks around nervously, and only then do they all become aware that there's a WITNESS looking at them. The Witness might be a student himself.

LUC
Oh, um, me and my friends are
rehearsing a play, where two
college students are trying to talk
a third into helping them...

Luc checks to see if the Witness is buying this. Clearly, he isn't.

LUC (CONT'D)
...into robbing a bank. (beat) For
money to stay in college.

WITNESS
Oh, I don't care. I'm just here to
steal computer monitors.

The Witness runs off, grabbing a COMPUTER MONITOR as he flees. No one tries to stop him - and the future bankrobbers are in no position to judge.

DUSTIN
This is just a crime-ridden campus.

Dustin shakes his head, and the three continue the discussion at hand.

LUC
Yeah, you see? He's getting away.
No one's trying to stop him because
it's not their computer getting
jacked. When we rob a bank, it'll
be that easy - go in, grab the
money, get out - we'll only be
doing it one time.

BRENT
Only one time?

LUC
Yeah, and don't you get tired of picking up extra money acting as a human test subject for a pepperspray company?

FLASHBACK

INT. MACE COMPANY. TESTING LAB - DAY

Brent is standing in this ultra-sterile medical environment, SCIENTISTS #1 and #2 are before him, one with a CLIPBOARD the other with two CANS OF MACE. The two scientists spray him with mace, one can for each eye. Brent falls to the floor, rubbing his eyes and rolling around on the floor.

SCIENTIST #2
Okay, which mace stings more?

Brent's having trouble breathing because he's just been maced twice in the eye! Needing the money, he still tries to be as helpful as possible.

BRENT
(gasping for air)
The sample in my left eye - Maximum Defense-brand mace.

Scientist #2 notes this on his clipboard; Scientist #1 checks the labels.

SCIENTIST #1
Oops. Your right eye was sprayed with Maximum Defense - I totally mixed-up the samples. Okay, let's try it again.

END FLASHBACK - BACK TO SCENE

Brent's right eye twitches a little, as he remembers all the things he's done for money. Terrible things.

LUC
Take the day to think about it. We'll be on the quad tomorrow morning til 11 to hear your decision.

The two young men pause.

DUSTIN
Oh, one more thing.

Dustin and Luc turn around to face Brent again - this time Dustin takes the lead. A sudden darkness emerges in the preppie's personality that makes him even less likable.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
(growling)
And if you tell anyone about our
plans, I will KILL YOU! I will
FUCKIN' KILL YOU!

Brent is taken aback by this threat. Luc feels the need to moderate the situation.

LUC
(re Dustin)
Ha... (beat) This guy. This guy -
seriously, whatever you decide,
don't tell anyone what we told you.
C'mon, just do us that solid -
whatever you decide to do.

BRENT
(laughing nervously)
Oh, okay. I won't tell anyone -
I'll think about it but I won't
tell anyone about it.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - EVENING

Brent is sitting on a BENCH alone, thinking the proposition through. He has made a decision. He stands. He runs across the pier excitedly ala the running gag from "Seinfeld."

EXT. USC. OUTDOOR SEATING AREA - MORNING

We FOLLOW Brent as he approaches his new friends. Dustin and Luc are hanging out at a table, drinking coffee, conversing among themselves:

DUSTIN
...It's not the way they smell - I
just don't like Malaysians.

They both notice Brent at the same time.

BRENT
So no one will get hurt?

DUSTIN

As long as they don't mouth-off to me.

Luc shoots Dustin a glare.

LUC

I've never been more serious about something in my life - no one will get hurt - especially not us.

DUSTIN

Especially not me.

BRENT

Okay, I'm in.

INT. USC. FOYER - AFTERNOON

The three guys are walking, talking.

LUC

We'll meet tonight at Dustin's parents' house.

DUSTIN

You mean my house?

LUC

Your parents own it - it's your parents' house, right?

DUSTIN

Yeah, but why'd you have to say it like that?

LUC

I'm sorry that I pointed out your parents own "your" home.

DUSTIN

It's a tonal issue.

All stop.

LUC

Fuck you and your fuckin' tonal issues - we'll meet tonight where you live - we'll meet at nine, okay!?! We'll meet at nine!

BRENT

I'll bring porkrinds.

LUC

Great, Brent will bring the pork rinds - uh-oh. Vaginas and other lady-parts coming at us from 3 o'clock.

DUSTIN

Crap. My smoking hot girlfriend - she ruins everything.

BRENT

(re Juliet)

That's your girlfriend? You must be rich!

DUSTIN

I'll handle this. I have a way of handling the ladies I'm tapping - I'm tapping that, you know.

Juliet is now within earshot, and Dustin's voice raises several octaves and gets really gay as he addresses her.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

Juliet! Sweetie Cakes!

They air-kiss.

JULIET

(re not kissing her)

You remembered. This is my friend Frannie. We met in a vegan pottery slam. She plays bass in a Wild Orchid tribute band.

DUSTIN

(feigning interest)

Oh, I love - some of those things!

JULIET

Anyway, I was thinking we could head over to my parents' tonight. They have a hard time believing you exist, for some reason - and I want to show them, I have a boyfriend.

DUSTIN

I'd love to. I'd love to do that with you - but me and the guys, we've been thinking of staying in, having a night of watching Michael Bay movies.

JULIET

Oh my God - Michael Bay?

DUSTIN

Yeah I know how much you don't like Michael Bay, so we're gonna watch his movies by ourselves.

JULIET

I'm glad I'm not gonna be there - I hate Michael Bay.

DUSTIN

I know, because...

JULIET

(simultaneously)

Because he grabbed my sister's ass that one time.

DUSTIN

(simultaneously)

Because he grabbed your sister's ass that one time.

Brent, predictably, almost blows it:

BRENT

We're going to spend the night at Dustin's house - we're not gonna rob a bank -

(laughs nervously)

It's definitely the first thing I just said.

JULIET

(to Brent)

That's great. I'm just sorry that I don't know you.

BRENT

Oh, I'm Brent. I guess I qualify as a "friend-of-a-friend."

LUC

(to Juliet)

I'm your friend, and Brent's my friend - look, it doesn't matter. Watching movies at home is something people really do.

Luc playfully drapes an arm around Dustin.

LUC (CONT'D)

(re Dustin)

I'm gonna have to borrow this guy for a night. Hope you're okay with it.

JULIET

Oh, no - you can borrow him. That's cool. I'll just show him to my parents next week. My new best girlfriend and I are probably going to stay in our dorm, have a girls' night in.

LUC

Hey, you can give each other facials...

DUSTIN

(lowly, to himself)

Ha. "Facials."

LUC

...or you can do each other's nails - girls like that.

FRANCIS

We like doing a lot of things together.

The two girls start laughing, and the guys start laughing because the hot girls are laughing. Juliet and Francis's eyes meet - for entirely too long. They check each other out, and Juliet bites her lip momentarily. There's some sexual tension there. The two girls depart, leaving Dustin and Luc to continue planning. Brent is left in a stupor.

BRENT

Oh my God - was I the only one who saw that?

The other two ignore Brent.

INT. UNITED WESTERN BANK - MORNING

Standard consumer bank set-up. Brent, wearing a ridiculous disguise, ENTERS the branch and walks across the floor to the nearest UNITED WESTERN BANKER.

LUC (V.O.)

The first thing we need to do is recon.

(MORE)

LUC (V.O.) (CONT'D)
We know where the money is, but we
need to take counter-measures to
minimize the chances of being
captured.

Brent mouths something to the UW Banker, who exits the scene.

LUC (V.O.)
Brent, you're going to go in
disguised as a potential customer
to get information on what kind of
security measures they have
directly from the manager.

As Brent waits for the manager, he scopes out the place. The
BANK MANAGER quickly arrives.

BANK MANAGER
Hello, Mr. Carnegie Van
Rockefeller, I am the manager of
this bank branch.

He extends his hand to Brent. After an awkward second, the
two men shake hands.

BRENT
Hello, I am an eccentric
millionaire who doesn't trust
banks. I am wondering what kind of
security measures you have in this
bank before I deposit my billions
in this institution.

There's an awkward pause.

BANK MANAGER
I thought you said you didn't trust
banks. And if you're only a
millionaire, how can you have
billions?

There's another awkward pause; this one is even longer, as
Brent gradually accepts that he just fucked-up. He maintains
the persona even as everything else falls apart.

BRENT
I don't know.

INT. DUSTIN'S CAR - LATER

Brent ENTERS the car, ripping off his phony beard.

BRENT

Well, we can't go back to that branch.

LUC

Did the bank manager suspect what we were planning? I mean - are we gonna have to go back and kill him or something?

DUSTIN

I don't want to kill anyone, my first day as a bankrobber.

BRENT

The bank manager-guy just thought I was crazy, I guess.

DUSTIN

Yeah, imagine that.

LUC

I don't want to risk it again - we're just gonna go in blind, when we do this.

There's a silence, and the trio agree on this.

DUSTIN

(to Brent)

And what's up with the way you dressed?

Brent is sincerely offended by this slam on his extravagant costume, putting a hand over his heart.

BRENT

This is how a rich guy dresses.

DUSTIN

I'm rich, and I don't dress like the Monopoly guy.

BRENT

Rich people dress like this.

LUC

Maybe if you're J. Paul-fuckin'-Getty!

INT. DUSTIN'S HOUSE. BASEMENT - MORNING

The newly formed gang are going thru wardrobe choices. Various ARTICLES OF CLOTHS - casual, business, nice-casual, some PANTYHOSE.

LUC

Okay, this is our dry run for what we're gonna be wearing when we rob a bank - consider this a wardrobe fitting.

BRENT

Just like in theater.

DUSTIN

Theater's gay.

LUC

The pantyhose doesn't go on your legs!

ONE SHOT - DUSTIN

It is revealed that Dustin is putting the pantyhose on his leg, his pants rolled-up, implying that he's just goofing off - or is he? Dustin pauses in putting on the pantyhose.

DUSTIN

(jokily)

Then why am I wearing a garterbelt?

Dustin starts laughing, breaking the silence, as the other two guys are staring at him with WTF on their faces.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

No, that was a joke. I'm not wearing a garter belt.

BRENT

I know where we can get great disguises - even monocles!

LUC

We're not using disguises! You know what's obvious when you're out there on the street? A disguise!

DUSTIN

Well, we all need to wear something - even if it's just our street cloths.

BRENT

Oh - I know! Ski masks!

DUSTIN

We're still in Los Angeles.

They think some more. Crickets.

BRENT

Oh! What's the greatest Patrick Swayze movie ever?

LUC

"Ghost."

DUSTIN

"Roadhouse."

LUC

"Dirty Dancing."

DUSTIN

"To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar!"

LUC

(aside)

Gay.

DUSTIN

Dude, I just called Brent gay, like, 30 seconds ago - you can't just turn around and call me gay!

LUC

How do you even go from "Roadhouse" to "To Wong Foo, Thanks for Everything, Julie Newmar"?

DUSTIN

Hey, "To Wong Foo" was an underrated movie, okay!?!

LUC

It was a trainwreck - that's what it was.

BRENT

I never saw it, but it doesn't sound very good.

DUSTIN

Patrick Swayze went from
"Roadhouse" to "Wong Foo" - that's
how you go from "Roadhouse" to
"Wong Foo"!

Brent has to pull them back:

BRENT

"Point Break" - okay, guys? I'm
talkin' "Point Break"!

LUC

They play it on TV constantly, so
it feels like I've seen it before
but I can't remember if I've seen
it.

DUSTIN

I remember it's like "Fast and
Furious" but without the cars - but
that's all I remember about it.

BRENT

I'm not gonna summarize the entire
plot of "Point Break" for you, but
the point is: They wore plastic
President masks.

DUSTIN

That's not a retarded idea!

LUC

I can get onboard with that idea.

BRENT

Oh, they made a remake a few years
back. With the woman from "The Hurt
Locker."

LUC

What?

BRENT

The lady who made "The Hurt
Locker."

INT. DUSTIN'S HOUSE. BASEMENT - EVENING

Luc has a PowerPoint presentation going on an OVERHEAD
PROJECTOR set up there. The other two guys are sitting on the
floor, rapt in attention.

LUC

Let me first-off thank Dustin for supplying this great workspace and access to his parents' fridge.

Brent begins applauding Dustin. It's immediately awkward because of the three guys there, Brent is the only won applauding. Dustin shoots him a look, and Brent's applause quickly dies down.

LUC (CONT'D)

And let me thank Brent for providing us with this awesome overhead projector.

BRENT

I need to bring it back before Monday morning.

LUC

We'll make sure we do just that.
(continuing his presentation)
We have decided to rob a bank.

LUC (CONT'D)

These are a few of the problems that we might encounter: 1) Uncooperative bank personnel.

DUSTIN

We should bring guns - I know where we can get guns.

LUC

Good call. We shall use those guns to suppress the guards and any customers already there.

BRENT

Ooh. "Shall."

LUC

2) Timing. It takes the LAPD an average of three minutes to respond to a 911 call, so let's say from the moment we enter the bank with our masks on, we should be in the car in two. We won't hit the vault, which would only slow us down. It doesn't matter how little money we collect, we're out there in two minutes. 3) Cops.

(MORE)

LUC (CONT'D)

In the event we are confronted by the police, we will not shoot ourselves out.

Dustin looks disappointed.

LUC (CONT'D)

We will throw down our guns and surrender immediately. Now since we're all white, the police won't shoot us immediately. And if any of us kill a cop, none of us will ever get out of jail. But that's the worst case scenario - don't worry, that's not going to happen. Tomorrow we reconvene at Dustin's den at 0700 hours.

BRENT

(raises a hand)
Question.

Luc points at him.

BRENT (CONT'D)

Since we're already at Dustin's house, can't we just stay here the night - you know, have a sleepover?

DUSTIN

Yeah, okay - and why does it have to be at seven? The bank doesn't even open till eight - can't we make it ten or eleven?

LUC

This is your house we're going to be meeting at - why are you complaining about the meeting time?

DUSTIN

I just like to sleep late on weekdays.

BRENT

Oh, boy. And I brought my sleeping bag - I knew something like this was going to happen.

From out of nowhere, the young man produces a "DORA THE EXPLORER" SLEEPING BAG.

Luc isn't entirely sure how to broach the forthcoming question.

LUC
Is that...(beat)...a Dora the
Explorer sleeping bag?

BRENT
Hey, it was on sale, and Dora's the
bomb.
(emulating Dora's voice)
Hola, Dustin! Hola, Dustin! Are we
going on an adventure tomorrow?

Dustin resists the desire to punch Brent in the face. He's
going to be his accomplice, so good call.

Luc shakes his head, like "whatever."

INT. DUSTIN'S HOUSE. DEN - MORNING

Dustin has the CUPBOARD where his dad keeps all the guns wide
open. He's distributing them to the newly formed gang.

DUSTIN
Don't take more than eight, or my
dad's gonna notice they're gone.

LUC
Shouldn't he lock these guns up so
nobody could steal them?

DUSTIN
No, we're Republicans.

BRENT
I don't know about using a shotgun.
Do you have anything lighter?

INT. DUSTIN'S HOUSE. KITCHEN

CLOSE-UP - COOKIE JAR

Dustin's hand opens the cookie jar. He reaches in, and pulls
out a WALTER PPK.

WIDE OUT

Dustin hands Brent the little firearm.

LUC
You keep a gun in the cookie jar?

DUSTIN

You never know when a burglar might come into your home, try to...(beat)...make himself a sandwich. Do you want a burglar to come into your home, make himself a sandwich? Touching your bread?

LUC

Well...(beat)...no.

INT. BRENT'S CAR - MORNING

Luc and Dustin are riding up front - Dustin is driving. Brent is sitting alone in the backseat, cradling a SHOTGUN.

LUC

Okay, we got our masks and we're all wearing outfits that no one has ever seen us wearing. We are locked and loaded.

BRENT

I don't want to hurt anyone - in fact, I'm going to put the safety on my gun, and I'm gonna keep it on the whole time -

The shotgun accidentally discharges, taking out a rear window. Dustin and Luc flinch.

BRENT (CONT'D)

Okay, now I have to rob a bank to pay for that window.

EXT. US POST OFFICE. PARKING LOT - MORNING

Brent's car pull up slowly, stopping in the spot furthest from the building but closest to the ramp.

INT. BRENT'S CAR - MORNING

The three are sitting in the car, PLASTIC PRESIDENT MASKS on their heads but not pulled over yet to conceal their faces.

DUSTIN

Well, here we are. Point of no return.

BRENT

We haven't robbed the bank yet -
it's not actually the point of no
return yet.

DUSTIN

Oh, are you backing out now?

BRENT

No, I'm not backing out - I'm just
pointing out that we haven't passed
the point of no return yet.

DUSTIN

Okay, so we're all balls-in?

BRENT

Balls in. My balls are all in - my
balls haven't been out in awhile -
like, 30 minutes tops.

There's a moment of silence. In all the planning, seems like
they've forgotten something.

DUSTIN

Have you thought what you're going
to say?

LUC

Oh, when I first come in and point
my gun at the teller?

DUSTIN

Yeah, yeah.

LUC

Well, I was thinking "this is a
bank robbery, give me your money" -
you know, it's direct and to the
point, leaves no ambiguity to what
we're asking for and expect from
the bank.

BRENT

In the movies, they always say
something clever while robbing the
bank.

DUSTIN

Maybe we should put some spin on
it. Make sure they know we're
serious.

BRENT

Well, we brought our guns.

DUSTIN

Yeah, and we'll be waving them around, but we need to make sure they know we're serious - that we'd use the guns.

LUC

I don't want to threaten anyone. I just want to take all their money.
(beat) I'll do improv.

DUSTIN

You'll do improv?

LUC

Yeah, remember - we took that class.

BRENT

So the planned intro is improv?

LUC

The plan is improv, right.

Luc turns in his seat.

LUC (CONT'D)

(to Brent)

You're not going to vomit?

Pause.

BRENT

No. Let's go.

They all get out of the car, and pull down their masks. Brent is Jimmy Carter. Dustin is Jimmy Carter. Luc is Bill Clinton.

INT. US POST OFFICE - MORNING

The three guys ENTER what appears to be a bank - with CUSTOMERS lined-up single file and POSTAL CLERKS. Luc points the shotgun in the air.

LUC

Everyone, reach for the ceiling and no one has to die!

DUSTIN
 (aside, to Luc)
 That was good improv.

LUC
 (aside, to Dustin)
 Yeah, I got an A in the class - I
 wanna say it again -
 (to everyone, slightly
 louder)
 Reach for the ceiling and no one
 dies!

There's an awkward pause among everyone in the vicinity. A single postal clerk dares to speak up.

POSTAL CLERK
 What are you doing?

LUC
 We're robbing this bank!

POSTAL CLERK
 Um, this is a post office.

There's an awkward pause, as the trio look around - seeing that this is, indeed, a post office and not a bank - and consider the most nonchalant way to remove themselves from this situation.

LUC
 Sorry - sorry.

DUSTIN
 (threatening the hostages)
 We were never here!

Brent then does something unexpected: He gets in line. The other two stop, and stare at him in disbelief.

BRENT
 I need stamps.

INT. UNITED WESTERN BANK - MORNING. FOUR MINUTES LATER

The three guys ENTER the bank. Luc points the shotgun in the air again.

LUC
 Reach for the ceiling and no one
 has to die!

Despite being armed, the security guard is a NERVOUS GUARD - he was already skittish and middle-aged. Now his bank is being robbed! His voice goes up several octaves. The first thing he does is throw up his hands.

NERVOUS GUARD
OH-MY-GOD - it's a bankrobbery!

DUSTIN
(aside, to Luc)
I hope this is one of those real banks, not one of those fake banks.

LUC
(aside, to Dustin)
Right, because making that same mistake twice would be stupid.

As Dustin and Brent cover him, Luc begins distributing GARBAGE BAGS to the tellers.

LUC (CONT'D)
I'm passing around some garbage bags. Everyone take a garbage bag and fill it with the contents of your drawers.

Brent can be heard unleashing a childish GIGGLE at "contents of your drawers." Luc rolls his eyes, and keeps on talking.

LUC (CONT'D)
We want no dye-packs and no GPS monitoring chips and no sequential bills - you know what I mean.

We PAN OVER and across the tellers, who are complying with Luc's instructions.

The Nervous Guard is in his own panicked world, as Dustin approaches him to relieve him of his FIREARM.

NERVOUS GUARD
Don't shoot me, don't shoot me,
don't shoot me - I make \$17 and
hour and my kids really hate me!

DUSTIN
(to himself, re Nervous
Guard)
Okay, I think if we do shoot this
guy, we'd be doing him a fuckin'
favor.

The Nervous Guard's body tenses up.

NERVOUS GUARD

AHHHHHHHH!

With that yell, URINE quickly escape the Nervous Guard's body, soaking the crotch of his previously beige uniform pants. Dustin is taken aback by all this crap.

DUSTIN

Damn, man. Damn, that was a joke!

Luc and Dustin head for the banking area.

LUC

(to Brent)

Jimmy Carter, take out those cameras!

But Brent, who's covering all the customers, doesn't respond at first.

BRENT

Oh, I'm Jimmy Carter?

Brent looks at himself in a shiny piece of metal on a wall, trying to figure out what kind of mask he's wearing.

BRENT (CONT'D)

HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO KNOW!?! I flunked U.S. History freshman year!

NERVOUS GUARD

You couldn't take out the camera before I pissed myself?

Dustin twists his gun in the man's temple.

DUSTIN

Shut up, you!

BRENT

I'll take out the camera!

Brent trains his shotgun on the SECURITY CAMERA. FIRES. He misses. With a shotgun. From seven feet away. He FIRES again. He misses. Frustrated, he begins wielding the gun like a club, attempting to break the camera with the butt of the gun.

LUC

All the large currency bills in the Hefty bag! No dye-packs, only non-sequential bills!

Teller #1's hand moves to a drawer labeled "SEQUENTIAL, DYE-PACKS," then to a drawer labeled "NON-SEQUENTIAL, NO DYE-PACKS." She opens this drawer, and begins shoving wads of cash into the trash bag.

Brent is still wielding the gun like a club, attempting to take out the camera.

TELLER #3, a timid young woman, is crying hysterically as she shoves packets of money into the bag. Luc alternately tries to terrorize and reassure her:

LUC (CONT'D)
 (pointing the gun)
 Keep shoving money in the bag!
 (calmly)
 Don't cry.
 (pointing the gun)
 Put the money in the bag!
 (calmly)
 Oh, I'm really a nice guy. You
 don't need to be upset.

Teller #3 momentarily stops shoving money in the bag.

TELLER #3
 I just broke up with my boyfriend!

LUC
 (calmly)
 Oh, sweetie. There are plenty of
 fish in the sea, and you're a very
 pretty girl; you just need to put
 yourself out there, and show them
 what a great catch you are -
 (pointing the gun)
 I'LL SPLATTER YOUR FUCKIN'
 BRAINS!!!

CUT TO:

Three minutes up. They are preparing to leave, with their small amount of money, not filling up the large bags.

LUC (CONT'D)
 Nobody follow us! We gots eyes in
 the back of our heads!

Luc pulls on the door handle, but it won't open. They're all confused.

BANK CUSTOMER
 Push.

LUC

I knew that! We totally knew that!
 (pushes open the door)
 Eyes in the back of our heads!

Then he EXITS. The bank customers look at each other in disbelief. A TEEN CIVILIAN takes out his CELLPHONE.

TEEN CIVILIAN

This deserves an update of my
 'gram.

EXT. UNITED WESTERN BANK. PARKING LOT - MORNING

The three guys run out of the bank. They race across the bank's parking lot (which was too crowded to park in, anyway). Then they make a mad dash across the street, looking both ways to prevent getting struck by one of the passing cars.

DUSTIN

I wish we could've parked closer to
 the bank!

BRENT

I wish we could've used the
 crosswalk!

EXT. US POST OFFICE. PARKING LOT - MORNING

The three guys rush to the car, its engine still running, to make their getaway. Luc and Dustin wait for Brent to get in and unlock their doors. But Brent is just staring thru the driver's side window.

BRENT

Oh no! I locked the keys in my car!

Luc and Dustin can't believe this. Luc is in shock; Dustin is enraged.

DUSTIN

Un-fuckin'-believable! I'm gonna
 fuckin' kill you, asshole!

Dustin begins to walk around the car to kick Brent's ass in the middle of their robbery. Then Brent holds up his keys.

BRENT

(smiling idiotically)
 Just kidding.

LUC
Everyone just get in the fuckin'
car!

That's what they do. Dustin gets in the back.

DUSTIN
What the fuck's wrong with you!?!

INT. BRENT'S CAR - MORNING

They're making their getaway - unbelievably, it all worked.
They remove their masks.

LUC
Did any of the dye-packs explode?

DUSTIN
How would we know?

LUC
Well, open the bag and check.

DUSTIN
What if by opening the bag, we end
up triggering the dye-packs?

BRENT
That actually might be a real
thing.

LUC
Okay. We get back to my place,
we'll check it for exploding dye-
packs.

INT. LUC'S APARTMENT. LUC'S BEDROOM - EVENING

The bills are strewn out over the KING-SIZE BED. Then the
three guys are seen rolling around naked on the money, the
bills strategically clinging to their naughty parts.

DUSTIN
Is what we're doing right now gay?

There's a moment of contemplation as they stop to consider
this.

LUC
Well, no; we're rolling around with
the money, not - not with each
other.

That issue settled, they continue rolling around in the money.

NOTE: INTERCUT SEQUENCE

EXT. UNITED WESTERN BANK. PARKING LOT - EVENING

COPS everywhere, taking witnesses' statements in the background. POLICE TAPE cordoned off the bank. Los Angeles newscaster, ANNA-MARIE GREGSON COHAN-YANG, 33, is a noted broadcaster on the scene.

ANNA-MARIE

(into camera)

Hello, this is Anna-Marie Gregson Cohan-Yang on the scene of LA's latest bank robbery. This morning three masked madmen brandishing firearms entered UW Bank, terrorizing customers before making their way out with several bags full of money.

INT. DUSTIN'S HOUSE. BASEMENT - EVENING

The guys are watching this on television.

BRENT

Hey, it's Anna-Marie Gregson Cohan-Yang! I love Anna-Marie Gregson Cohan-Yang!

DUSTIN

And you didn't want me to turn on the TV right now.

LUC

They make it sound like we got away with a lot more money than we did.

BRENT

Yeah, and we weren't "madmen" - I was real scared too!

EXT. UNITED WESTERN BANK. PARKING LOT - EVENING

Anna-Marie is now interviewing the Nervous Guard, who's pants are still wet and is now attempting to save face.

NERVOUS GUARD

As you can see, one of them peed into a cup and threw it on me to make it look like I did it to myself.

CRAZY BLACK BOY (O.S.)

He peed hisself!

NERVOUS GUARD

(to Crazy Black Boy)

I did not! It was a cup of urine they brought with them - it's called "psychological warfare"!

CUT TO:

Anna Marie is now interviewing an ELDERLY WHITE WOMAN.

ELDERLY WHITE WOMAN

They were so nice, not ethnic at all. They were such well-mannered boys.

INT. DUSTIN'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Dustin is putting some final touches on himself as he prepares for a night on the town. He takes up a large canister of AXE BODYSPRAY.

DUSTIN

(to Axe)

Axe Bodyspray, you've got me laid more times than I can count.

He sprays himself with Axe.

SFX - DOORBELL

Dustin opens the door. It's Luc. He's holding some DVDS.

DUSTIN

Hey, I was just heading off - did you get my text?

LUC

I reached my data plan limit and I didn't want to spend the extra dime to read your message - you know why? Because about 90% of your texts are dirty emoticons you just discovered.

DUSTIN

Oh, well - bad Jennifer Love Hewitt movie night is off. Brent and me are going to strip club - and, you know, no engaged vaginas allowed.

LUC

Aw, but I rented "Heartbreakers" and both "Garfield" and "Garfield: A Tale of Two Kitties" - never has such a great oeuvre of crap ever been assembled.

DUSTIN

Sorry, man. I'll leave behind a bottle of lube so you can jerk off to Love Hewitt and maybe the voice of Bill Murray.

LUC

I'm just hearing that you're going on a man-date.

DUSTIN

Yeah, but it's to stare at tits, so it's okay. It's a titty-man-date.

This strikes him as especially funny - this bizarre play on words.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

Ha. "Titty mandate." Like "all tits should be big and firm and ripe for motorboating."

LUC

That would be a good titty mandate. (beat) Speaking of okay tits, how does Taylor feel about you looking at other women - not that she doesn't too.

DUSTIN

Hey, "eating ain't cheating."

LUC

You stink of Axe, sir.

DUSTIN

I'm uber-horny right now because Taylor's in the second week of her being on the rag, and you know how I feel about vaginal bleeding: Almost makes me want to wear a condom.

Luc can't believe this stupidity.

LUC

How - how long do you believe that a girl's period lasts?

DUSTIN

Taylor told me hers lasts three weeks - why?

LUC

Dude, a girl's period traditionally lasts about three days, not three weeks.

DUSTIN

Aw, hell, now I have to do somethin' beyond eating!

LUC

Why are you going to a strip club with Brent - you hate poor people.

DUSTIN

It turns out we both like pussy,...
(beat)...so...

Brent ENTERS, dressed as douchey as Dustin.

BRENT

Hey, playahs. So how do I look?

LUC

Like the pastiest guy on "Jersey Shore."

These insults go completely over the young man's head.

BRENT

That good? Alright!

INT. PUSSYCAT HOLE - LATE NIGHT

Here's the gratuitous T&A shots in the movie. Dustin and Brent are actually on the catwalk, dancing ridiculously with some stacked STRIPPERS, who are cool with it since these guys are throwing so much money around.

DUSTIN

Watch me make it rain!

Dustin tosses the HUNDREDS into the air. Strippers and patrons cast up their arms in celebration and to get some free loot.

BRENT

Dude, it's dark - did you know those are hundreds?

DUSTIN

Damnit!

(pleading)

Okay, everyone here - ladies, ladies - when you collect the money, bring it back. Bring it back to me. I'll be outside after closing in the parking lot.

BRENT

You know that's not gonna happen. Strippers are like Winnie the Pooh - with cash as honey - long story short, they're always putting their hands into sticky holes to be happy.

DUSTIN

Well, yeah, it's still not as bad as when I tried to make it rain with silver dollars.

FLASHBACK

INT. VIP GENTLEMEN'S CLUB - LATE NIGHT. LAST YEAR

A 20-year-old Dustin is dancing idiotically on the stage with a bunch of STRIPPERS. His dancing is slightly less polished.

DUSTIN

Look out, ladies, White Lightning is gonna make it rain!

From out his pockets, Dustin produces and tosses into the air fistfuls of SILVER DOLLARS. The coins hit a normally conveniently placed CEILING FAN, which sends the heavy coins flying in all directions at warp speed.

The strippers run to seek cover. Several are knocked to the floor. One falls off the TABLE that she was dancing on.

END FLASHBACK - BACK TO SCENE

DUSTIN

Two strippers were killed.

BRENT

Wow, that's terrible.

DUSTIN

It's okay. They were strippers so they didn't have families.

INT. PUSSYCAT HOLE - LATE NIGHT

Several hours of R-rated stuff has passed, and the two are very drunk.

BRENT

Why are you caring about this.

DUSTIN

I don't know - I'm pretty drunk. I had this many beers.

Dustin holds up two fingers in one hand and five in the other.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

(re his finger)

This is a "2," this is a "5" - I had 25 beers! Oops, I just peed myself a little. (Double beat)
Okay, I jus' stopped.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

I mean, have you ever had sex?

BRENT

I'm a 21-year-old man - of course I've had sex!

DUSTIN

(doubtfully)

Ah-huh.

BRENT

Hey, I know the score. I went to space camp.

DUSTIN

Okay, what the fuck - how does going to space camp prove anything - the simple fact that you went to space camp makes me think you've never had sex.

BRENT

Zipper on flight-suits get stuck. Penetration gets achieved. It's only unpleasant when it happens with another dude.

DUSTIN

(sarcastically)

It all sounds very pleasurable.

BRENT

I've always imagined sex on Earth to be the same.

EXT. PUSSYCAT HOLE. PARKING LOT - LATER

The two EXIT the club's back exit. They walk towards one of the last cars in the parking lot.

DUSTIN

That Muslim was a jerk - saying we can't look at his half-naked ladies because we ran out of money. You know - you know - you know what we should do - you know what we should do? You know what we should do? You know - you know - you know what we should do?

They stop at Dustin's car. Brent waves Dustin to hand something over.

BRENT

You're really drunk - give me your keys.

DUSTIN

Fuck YOU!!! You just want to drive a rich guy's car!

BRENT

I do - I really do. But you're a whole lot - a whole lot drunker than I's. I should - I should drive us home. Come on, man, be cool. I's a good driver.

INT. DUSTIN'S CAR

The two ENTER the car - Brent driver's seat, Dustin passenger seat. Brent struggles to get the key in the ignition.

DUSTIN

Ugh. We're so drunk.

BRENT

You're right. You're right. We should drive real fast - that way, we won't be on the roads so long.

DUSTIN

You know - you know what else we should do? We shouldn't wear our seatbelts. That way, if we get into an accident, we'll be thrown to safety.

BRENT

Man, you're smart!

DUSTIN

That's why I watch Glenn Beck.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

Aw, shit - we're not gonna get in an accident - just drive.

The car backs up - and they hit something, causing a sickening THUD. Brent immediately hits the breaks.

BRENT

Oops - I just hit a stripper.

DUSTIN

Is she still moving?

Brent checks the rearview mirror. There's an awkward pause, because he does want to check on the woman's safety.

BRENT

Yes.

DUSTIN

Okay, then it's not hit-and-run if the chick's still alive - just drive.

Brent hits the gas, and they're off.

BRENT

Wow, you're really smart.

DUSTIN

That's why I'm going to be a corporate lawyer - that and I really hate dirty hippies.

EXT. USC CAMPUS. QUAD - TWO WEEKS LATER

Luc is sitting at a table, reading. Dustin and Brent approach him. Luc looks up.

DUSTIN

We need to rob another bank.

LUC

We just robbed a bank! What did you guys do with your shares?

DUSTIN

We went to a strip club a few times.

LUC

How did you spend \$23,000 at strip clubs in two weeks!?!

BRENT

We also paid them to...(beat)...do stuff to us.

DUSTIN

Yeah, and your share was, like, \$12,000. You can't get married with \$12,000. Maybe you can have, like, a hundred guests, but it's not like it can be a destination wedding. You can't fly anyone out, so, like, none of your out of town family will come.

LUC

No. Absolutely not. We are not robbing another bank!

INT. BRENT'S CAR - MORNING

The three guys are in the car again, prepared to rob another bank.

LUC

Not for the rest of the week. I said that we were not going to rob another bank for at least another week. Now that it's Monday...

BRENT

Yeah, we're pretty much dancing with the devil right now.

NOTE: MONTAGE

INT. BANK

Brent, now wielding a PAINTBALL RIFLE, shoots out the lens. Two shots, two direct hits - the camera is down. He hoists the gun in victory.

BRENT

Took out the camera first try!

DUSTIN

Yo, Annie Oakley, don't get penisy!

INT. CAR

BRENT

Next bank robbery, I say we dance on the counter like the guys in "The Breakfast Club."

LUC

We're not gonna dance on the counter like we're in "The Breakfast Club"!

INT. BANK

The three guys are standing on a small counter, guns in hand, dancing like Judd Nelson, Emilio Estevez and Ian Michael Hall in "The Breakfast Club."

INT. BANK

INT. DUSTIN'S HOUSE. BASEMENT

A large MAP OF THE GREATER LOS ANGELES AREA is spread out on the table.

DUSTIN

I've been thinking; if we're going to do these jobs, we should do them right. We're going to survey our targets before we hit them - you know, scope them out. That way, we can better know the lay of the land, be prepared for if anything goes south.

LUC

In case we get shot at?

DUSTIN

(agreeing)

In case we get shot at.

INT. SOUTHWESTERN BANK - MORNING

The three guys are standing in the middle of the bank, scoping it out.

LUC

But what's the deal with the fake facial hair? We wear masks.

DUSTIN

An extra layer of security, my friend.

Brent scratches his fake beard - which is, oddly enough, completely different from the beard he wore in an earlier scope-out.

BRENT

My fake beard itches.

DUSTIN

You wore a fake beard last month, you weren't bitching about it scratching you.

BRENT

I bought that last beard with my own money - you guys owe me \$3.99, by the way - and I was able to first test it against my skin to make sure it agreed with my skin composition.

LUC

Would you just shut up about all the times you wore fake beards?

(beat)

(to Brent)

I'll give you your \$3.99 later.

(to Dustin)

You're really getting into this bank robbing thing, aren't you?

DUSTIN

Just take in the scene, and don't stand out.

NOSEY CUSTOMER #1

Hey, this guy has a phony mustache!

A BALD CUSTOMER approaches the trio. He begins inspecting Brent's fake beard. He begins feeling up the fake beard.

BALD CUSTOMER

You know, I've been looking for a real good toupee. Do you remember where you bought this beard - do they also sell toupees?

BRENT

NO!

BALD CUSTOMER

"No" you don't remember where you bought it or "no" they don't sell toupees?

BRENT

It's not a fake beard!

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Brent and Dustin are standing next to two HOTTIES, trying to get in good with them.

BRENT

We rob banks, but we don't kill people - unless that gets you hot, then we also kill people.

INT. BRENT'S CAR

The trio are driving away from their latest job.

BRENT

John Dillinger would leap over the counter in one jump - next time we do a job, that's what I'm goin' do.

INT. SOUTHWESTERN BANK

Brent attempts to jump over the counter, only when in mid-leap noticing the bulletproof GLASS BARRIER that separates the teller area from the public.

BRENT

Oh no - there's glass!

Brent hits the glass wall hard. He bounces off the barrier, landing in a pathetic heap on the floor. Dustin and Luc are still wearing masks, but we can tell they're obviously trying to restrain their laughter.

BRENT (CONT'D)

(to his friends)

Why didn't you guys try to stop me!?!

DUSTIN

We thought it was going to be funny

-

(beat)

- which it was.

BRENT

What the fuck!?!

INT. STRIPCLUB. CATWALK - NIGHT

Dustin and Brent, still dancing.

DUSTIN

The party's never gonna stop - you hear me!?! The party's never gonna stop!

NOTE: END INTERCUT SEQUENCE

INT. PARKER CENTER. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

LT. ANTOINE BULLMAN, age 56, is making a presentation with an OVERHEAD PROJECTOR. An African-American with a slight Southern twang and an officious nature, he speaks in quick chirped messages. He's like a cross between Tommy Lee Jones's US Marshal Samuel Gerald from "The Fugitive" and Morgan Freeman on acid. He's a hardass to the point of parody.

LT. BULLMAN

In 1999, there were 237 bank robberies in Los Angeles.

DUMBASS COP

But that was in 1999. It's 2017, sir.

LT. BULLMAN

The exact year is irrelevant - the point is we have a lot of bank robberies in L.A.

LT. Bullman puts up a video clip of surveillance footage of one of the Well-Mannered Boys' robberies.

LT. BULLMAN (CONT'D)

Two months ago, a new team arrived in the greater Los Angeles area: They smoothly got in, took over the bank, and made off with almost \$40,000. The images we have of them show they're white men wearing latex presidents masks.

COP #1

Let's call them the "Preppy Bandits"!

COP #2

Let's call them the "Country Club Kids"!

COP #3

No, let's call them the "Plastic-Mask President-Faced Bandits"!

LT. BULLMAN

No, we're calling them the Well-Mannered Boys! The name has been decided - they're the Well-Mannered Boys!

LT. BULLMAN (CONT'D)

Since this first bank, they've hit seven other banks, as their methods have grown more sophisticated, netting in excess of \$200,000.

LT. BULLMAN (CONT'D)

I am Los Angeles Police Lieutenant Antoine Bullman. That's Bull-man. That's right. I am half bull and half man - that's how you should remember my name. Next year I'll have 30 years in the LAPD, five years heading the Chief's anti-bankrobbing task force. In those five years, I have closed over 95% of the cases of bankrobbery brought to my attention, two percent of those cases ending in shoot-outs termed "justified" by the review commission. Okay. That's enough exposition.

LT. STEVENS (O.S.)

Knock-knock.

LT. STEVENS, another police lieutenant, is at the door with a half dozen of his MEN.

LT. STEVENS (CONT'D)

Are you done with the conference room, Bullman? The LAPD's serial-killer task force would like to use this conference room.

LT. BULLMAN

This is a big building - get another conference room, serial-killer task force. We're using this one!

That's the end of that conversation. Lt. Stevens and Co. scoot out.

LT. BULLMAN (CONT'D)

Jesus. No respect for our work. And this is the bankrobbery capital of the world, and no respect for our work.

(back to presentation)

Uniformed officers are going to split up patrols, so there'll be twice as many cops on the streets.

LT. BULLMAN (CONT'D)
I shudder to think what these
criminal masterminds are doing
right now.

EXT. USC. WALKWAY - DAY

The three guys are walking in slow motion, accompanied by RAP MUSIC on the soundtrack. They abruptly stop - as does the music. Everything around them is in normal speed - they're just walking in slow motion.

LUC
(to Brent)
There. We walked in slow motion.
Now can we go do something
constructive?

BRENT
Two more minutes!

The RAP MUSIC cues up again, and the three guys continue walking in slow motion like badasses. Idiots.

INT. DUSTIN'S HOUSE. GARAGE - NIGHT

The three guys are standing around Brent's car. Brent has a CAN OF HOUSE PAINT and a LARGE BRUSH in his hands. Before them is an old BEATER.

BRENT
It occurred to me that we can't
keep using my car, so we buy a
piece of crap car, paint it to
disguise it, then ditch it after
doing a BJ - by which I mean
a "bank job" - not, y'know...

LUC
We're using house paint?

DUSTIN
Fucktard - there's more than one
kind of paint!

BRENT
Okay, and that reminds me, the next
BJ we do, you guys each owe me \$600
for your shares of the BJ-car.

LUC

I think we all silently agreed we wouldn't be using the abbreviation "BJ."

BRENT

Okay, well, everyone, grab a brush!

LUC

We're not painting a car after every bank robbery.

BRENT

Okay, so after every other?

LUC

We're not painting a car at all. A car covered in house paint would be immediately suspicious to everybody. We'll steal a license plate and stick it on your car. That way even if someone knows the car, they won't pick-up your license plate. That'll be more than enough to muddy the waters.

EXT. OSCAR MEYER COMPANY. PARKING LOT - DAY

The WM DRIVER is a short 30-something fellow who just can't believe he's having this conversation with Lt. Bullman, Peabody and a UNIFORMED OFFICER, as they all stand before the WIENERMOBILE.

WM DRIVER

Like I told the cop over the phone, someone had stolen the rear license plate from the Wienermobile last week. I didn't think much of it til you folks called and said the plate was involved in a crime.

LT. BULLMAN

So you're saying this wasn't the getaway car in a crime this week - is that the story you want to commit to? That this is not the getaway car?

WM DRIVER

Well, no, because it's the Wienermobile.

LT. BULLMAN

But how do we know - how can we be sure that the vehicle wasn't the one involved in yesterday's bank robbery?

WM DRIVER

Was a Wienermobile reported as the vehicle involved in the robbery?
Did the bank robbers escape in a 40 foot long hotdog?

There's an awkward pause, as Lt. Bullman eyes the pitiless driver with suspicion.

LT. BULLMAN

Alright, I'm going to take you in for more questioning.

He motions to the uniformed officer who, without question, produces a pair of HANDCUFFS. He gets behind the befuddled driver and cuffs him.

INT. GOOD NEIGHBOR'S BANK - DAY

Another bank robbery. Everything is going smoothly. Everyone is cooperating. Almost everyone: a REDNECK BANK CUSTOMER is watching this, simmering with rage. He's mid-40s, beared, and wearing a CONFEDERATE FLAG BASEBALL CAP. He doesn't much cotton these proceedings.

BRENT

Okay, people, the sooner we get all the money, the sooner we'll leave.

REDNECK BANK CUSTOMER

I'll be damned if I'm going to allow some punk dressed like that commie Jimmy Carter to tell me what to do with my money!

Redneck Bank Customer pulls a massive REVOLVER from a SHOULDER HOLSTER - like something out of "Sledgehammer."

REDNECK BANK CUSTOMER (CONT'D)

I'm making a citizen's arrest!

BRENT

Shit, redneck has a gun.

Dustin and Luc don't see this; they're busy holding up the TELLERS.

DUSTIN
 (over his shoulder)
 What?

BRENT
 Redneck has a gun!

Brent dives behind a counter - as the Redneck Bank Customer opens fire! People scatter.

Dustin and Luc now see what's going on. Neither of them bother to return fire, despite having guns themselves. They both seek cover.

DUSTIN
 (into phone)
 Hello, 9-1-1? Some crazy guy is shooting at me! (beat) What am I doing right now? Is that really important? I mean, is that something you really have to know?

Now it's Brent's turn to shine. He pops up from behind the counter, and starts shooting at Redneck Bank Customer as he yells:

BRENT
 AHHHHH!!!

Brent shoots. Misses. Shoots, misses. Shoots, misses - the bullets explode all around the Redneck Bank Customer in a comical fashion. Redneck Bank Customer is more stunned by Brent's crappy marksmanship than anything else.

REDNECK BANK CUSTOMER
 Goddamn, boy. Who taught you how to shoot?

WHAM! LUC cold-cocks the Redneck Bank Customer with a CHROME TOASTER. Dustin ventures to peer over the counter, the shooting having stopped. Still cradling his phone, Dustin stands.

DUSTIN
 Is that a toaster?

LUC
 Yeah, apparently banks still give out toasters.

DUSTIN
 I did not know that.

INT. DUSTIN'S HOUSE. BASEMENT - EVENING

The three guys are gathered around a POKER TABLE.

DUSTIN

Every great gang has at least four men.

LUC

We're a gang now?

DUSTIN

Jesse and Frank James had the Younger gang. Even Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid had a bunch of guys, too - the Ho in the Wall Gang.

BRENT

Can white people be in a gang?

DUSTIN

Four men - three bagmen, one wheelman. We can lower our risk of being captured - or shot at - if we have a guy, in the parking lot, waiting for us.

BRENT

Four men, four shares?

DUSTIN

Right! But the extra cash we can take will more than compensate for dividing the total by four.

A friendly, older woman's voice chimes in from upstairs:

DUSTIN'S MOM (O.S.)

Are you sure you boys don't want a snack? I was going to make homemade nachos.

DUSTIN

We don't want homemade nachos, Mom!
(beat) Thank you, Mom!

BRENT

I wanted homemade nachos.

INT. DUSTIN'S HOUSE. BASEMENT - THE NEXT DAY

Luc, Dustin and Brent are hanging out, wearing SOMBREROS and drinking MARGARITAS.

LUC
Why do we have to get him drunk
first?

DUSTIN
That way, if he's not cool with it,
we can say we were just drunk and
joking.

LUC
But what's with the sombreros?

DUSTIN
I don't know. Brent brought them.

A laid-back 21-year-old Vietnamese American man, NG, ENTERS the basement. He descends the stairs, as the other three guys stand to greet him. Ng shakes the three guys' hands - this has the semi-formal cordial atmosphere of a job interview, as they all take their seats.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
How do you even pronounce your last
name: "N-G" - "Enguh"?

Ng. NG

Eng? DUSTIN

Ng. NG

Engee? DUSTIN

Ng. NG

DUSTIN
I'm going to call you "Ted."

LUC
You see, Ng, all us guys here in
this room have secrets.

NG
Yeah, I get it. You guys are gay.

The guys are blown away by this suggestion.

DUSTIN

Oh my God!

LUC

What made you think we were gay?

NG

Dude, you guys are always around each other. (beat) You hang out in a basement. There's the way that you walk.

DUSTIN

A lot of guys hang out in a basement!

BRENT

This is like our clubhouse.

DUSTIN

Yeah, like a clubhouse.

NG

You're all 21.

LUC

We rob banks - is that going to be a problem with you?

There's a pause.

NG

They're insured, right?

LUC

Oh, definitely.

NG

Well, give me a full quarter, and I'm in - don't try to Ernie Hudson me.

LUC

Ernie Hud - what does that even mean?

NG

Ernie Hudson was the only Ghostbuster not to receive a producer's credit on the first two "Ghostbuster" movies. Seems like whenever a minority works with you

(MORE)

NG (CONT'D)
white people, he gets screwed out
of his due. If you want me on your
team of gay bankrobbers -

LUC
(interrupting)
Just bankrobbers.

NG
S'all good. If you want me on your
team, I'll be taking an equal share
of the booty.

LUC
That's more than fair.

BRENT
Oh, Ernie Hudson was in "OZ."

There's a pause. That was just the briefest recruitment scene
in crime movie history.

DUSTIN
You know what? We're drinking
margaritas. That's why we're
wearing sombreros.

INT. DUSTIN'S HOUSE. BASEMENT - MORNING

The four guys are prepping to rob another bank. Ng has a
problem with his mask - his CONDOLEEZZA RICE MASK.

NG
Why do I have to be Condoleezza
Rice?

DUSTIN
You're the new guy - I'm not going
to be Condoleezza Rice.

BRENT
Why does anyone have to be
Condoleezza Rice?

DUSTIN
Because we wear president-masks
like the surfers in "Point Break"
and the store was out of all masks
but Condoleezza Rice and Dick
Cheney.

NG

Then you should've gotten me the Cheney mask.

DUSTIN

Dick Cheney was never a president.

NG

Neither was Condoleezza Rice.

DUSTIN

Someday she might run for president, and you know what? I would vote for her.

BRENT

Yeah, that's a shocker.

LUC

Do you want to go to the novelty shop and buy another mask in the next five minutes? Because we're leaving for the bank in five minutes.

NG

You guys aren't gonna kill me after the job - like the Joker in "The Dark Knight"?

DUSTIN

Don't be paranoid - we're not gonna kill you.

Uncertain, Dustin turns to Luc, who calmly shakes his head and mouths the word "no."

INT. GETAWAY CAR - MORNING

The car pulls up to the bank. Luc looks around, checking to see if the coast is clear, as the other guys pull down their masks.

LUC

Okay, Condoleezza Rice, drive around the bank, park five minutes. Come back. If we're not back in six minutes, just go home; there's no reason for us all to get caught.

NG

Six minutes after the original five minutes?

DUSTIN

No, he's saying we have six minutes total - right?

BRENT

No, I think he means that you're supposed to wait six minutes after the original five minutes, then come around.

LUC

He's right - six minutes.

BRENT

Who's right - I'm right? Dustin - I mean, Ronald Reagan's right?

Luc pulls down his mask.

LUC

Look - go to Burger King if you want, just be back here in six minutes!

EXT. PARKING LOT - MORNING. FIVE AND A HALF MINUTES LATER

The three men EXIT the bank, holding guns and BAGS full of money.

DUSTIN

Oh my fuckin' God! He's not here!
He's not here!

The getaway car turns the corner, and stops before the other Well-Mannered Boys.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

What took you!?!

NG

It's six minutes now - what the fuck are you talking about!?! You were early! You came early!

The three hurriedly get into the car. Still smoother than their first time, but it always is.

DUSTIN

I never come early - not since 7th grade!

INT. GETAWAY CAR - MORNING

The three guys are now all in the car.

LUC
Drive, Connie Rice, drive!

EXT. STREET - MORNING

The car PEELS OFF.

BRENT (O.S.)
Hold up, guys - I didn't have time
to buckle my seat belt.

The car speeds down the street, weaving across lanes erratically as if they're being chase - which they aren't. Still, it's a high-speed chase with one element missing.

INT. GETAWAY CAR - MORNING

Ng's hands are firmly on the wheel - this is some white-knuckle shit.

NG
Have we lost the cops!?!

DUSTIN
Were we being chased by the cops -
I don't think we're being chased by
the cops!

NG
Then why am I driving like this!?!

BRENT
I don't know! He said "drive," and
you sped off like a maniac!

LUC
WHY ARE WE STILL DRIVING SO FAST!?!

The car comes to a screeching halt. There's an awkward pause, as the guys try to regain their composure.

DUSTIN
Okay, who decided that the Asian
guy would be the getaway driver?

INT. DUSTIN'S HOUSE. BASEMENT

INSERT - TV

More news coverage of the latest robbery. HOT WITNESS GIRL whose both well-endowed and wearing a LOW-CUT TOP is being interviewed. She jumps in excitement and her tits jiggle.

HOT WITNESS GIRL
(on TV)
They were so cute.

CUT TO:

Dustin hits the pause button the REMOTE. He and the other three guys are watching the overwhelmingly positive news reports.

LUC
Alright, this situation is getting outta hand.

BRENT
What I want to know is why the television news seems to be talking about us so much - I mean, we're not that important, are we?

DUSTIN
Let's not forget what's really important:
(points to the TV)
We gotta find this girl. Seriously, guys, I bet she'd have sex with us!

LUC
We gotta stop doing this.

Dustin is outraged by this perfectly reasonable suggestion.

DUSTIN
Wha - what?

LUC
I'm saying we need to quit while we're still ahead.

DUSTIN
No - we gotta keep going. People who quit while they're ahead are losers!

NG
And I just got started.

DUSTIN
(to Ng)
Thank you, Ted!

BRENT
I almost have enough for med school. You guys - Luc, you were born into money. It's just different for guys like me.

DUSTIN
And people are loving us. There's even a Well-Mannered Boys fansite on Instagram!

Dustin holds up his CELLPHONE to show Luc their fansite.

LUC
You joined the Well-Mannered Boys fansite?

DUSTIN
Joined it? I founded it! Now we have a web-presence!

LUC
You can't create an Instagram for the Well-Mannered Boys - you're one of the Well-Mannered Boys!

DUSTIN
Why not? Over 15,000 people are following us.

BRENT
That's, like, a thousand times more people who like me in real life!

DUSTIN
(to Brent)
I believe it.

LUC
The cops'll think the guy who created the page is one of the bankrobbers - this could lead the cops to you, and you'd lead them to us.

DUSTIN

Oh, the cops in this city can't catch the herpes - besides, anyone who asks wouldn't know I was a bankrobber - they'd just think I was a sycophant.

LUC

First of all, I'm taking back the word-of-the-day calendar. Second, take down the site!

DUSTIN

It's the best place to hide, anyway: in plain sight!

BRENT

(to Dustin)

And while we're on the topic of Instagram, I'm still waiting for you to return the follow.

There's an awkward pause, as everyone knows what this means except Brent.

BRENT (CONT'D)

(to Luc)

I'm also waiting for you to follow me back.

Slightly longer awkward pause.

INT. PARKER CENTER

Peabody is at his desk, working on his COMPUTER. Lt. Bullman ENTERS from his office.

LT. BULLMAN

Peabody, what are you doing? We're supposed to be tracking the most dangerous bank robbers of the 20th century and you're playing the Candy Crush?

PEABODY

The Well-Mannered Boys have been getting a lot of positive press, so I was thinking: Maybe they've joined an online group extolling their exploits, so I'm checking out all these social networking sites to see who fits the profile.

LT. BULLMAN

The interweb? That's a dead-end, if I ever heard one - and I just heard one right now when you suggested we look at those social networking sites. They call them "sites" - and you know what? They're not even real places! Why, it was just a couple decades ago one of my son's friends asked for money so he could start some kind of search engine company. A search engine? I went to his garage expecting to see something like a V8 - didn't have it, was kinda disappointed. Even the company's name sounded made-up - "Spoogle" or "Goggle" -

PEABODY

(interrupting)

"Google"? You could've invested in Google but you didn't because it sounded like a "made-up" company?

LT. BULLMAN

That's right, and I never looked back! Now if you're done looking at little Asian ladies titty-spanking each other, get off that idiot-box and do some real police work!

INT. DUSTIN'S HOUSE. BASEMENT - EVENING

Luc, Dustin and Ng are dressed to go clubbing. Brent ENTERS and is enormously chipper. He's now wearing a faux gold POLEX WATCH.

BRENT

Does anyone notice anything different about me today?

LUC

Did you finally whiten your teeth?

NG

Your pants fit you?

DUSTIN

You don't smell like a homeless guy fucking a chicken right now?

BRENT

NO - MY WATCH! MY WATCH, YOU
ASSHOLES!!! I just bought a new
watch. It's a Rolex. Cost me
\$3,000.

Dustin humor Brent and checks out his new prized possession.

LUC

Not many young guys wear watches
these days.

NG

I've noticed that.

LUC

They mostly use the clock on their
cellphone.

DUSTIN

(re watch)

This says it's a "Polex."
Congratulations, you just paid
\$3,000 for a "Polex"!

Dustin starts to laugh, then the other guys join in.

BRENT

No, it's not - it's a Rolex. The
guy who sold it to me -

Brent stops to examine the watch - possibly for the first
time.

BRENT (CONT'D)

Okay, I just got ripped-off. Fuck
me.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB - LATE NIGHT

There are a lot of YOUNG BLACK PEOPLE waiting in line, but
these four don't realize it. They approach the VELVET ROPE,
and the GIANT BLACK BOUNCER.

DUSTIN

Whoa - Michael Clark Duncan!

He looks almost nothing like the late Michael Clarke Duncan.

GIANT BLACK BOUNCER

I don't think you want to go in
there. Not your crowd.

DUSTIN

I gotta get the ACLU up in here to
shut this place down!?! Attica!
Attica!

Dustin pumps his fists in the air in emphasis. No, no one is
joining in.

GIANT BLACK BOUNCER

Fine - just get in here! Just get
in here and shut the fuck up!

EXT./INT. NIGHTCLUB. CORRIDOR

The four young men walk through the anteroom, still unaware
that they don't really belong in this club.

BRENT

That was so fuckin' awesome!

DUSTIN

The secret to playing the race card
when you're Caucasian is irony.

INT. NIGHTCLUB

This is a predominantly black nightclub, and most of the
PATRONS turn to face these white guys and one Asian. It is
momentarily awkward, to say the least.

DUSTIN

Okay, nobody move. I don't think
they'd be able to see us that way.

Luc can't believe Dustin's sheer ignorance.

LUC

You're thinking of the T-Rex.

DUSTIN

No - black people can only see
movement, right?

LUC

No, that's the dinosaur
Tyrannosaurus rex that could only
see movement - and I think that was
only in the movie "Jurassic Park."

NG

That's true. I dated a black chick once, and she could see things both moving and stationary.

LUC

Really think black people can see more than movement.

The MUSIC starts-up again. It was momentarily awkward, but that's it.

LUC (CONT'D)

I don't feel like going anywhere else. I want to get drunk here.

Luc makes a beeline for the bar.

Brent is consciously trying to hide his expensive Poley with his free hand.

NG

(to Brent)

Are you...(beat)...hiding your watch?

BRENT

I don't know - one of these guys might try to steal my Poley.

NG

Dude, that's racist.

BRENT

I don't see you wearing your Poley.

NG

No one else in America owns a Poley!

BRENT

I don't mean to brag, but I voted for Ba-rack O-bama - I mean, if I were a few years older, I would've voted for him.

(thumbs up for emphasis)

"Hope and change."

It was the lamest pick-up line ever, but Tamara - maybe she's drunk - was giving him an opening, if only because she thinks his pathetic is cute.

TAMARA

Oh, is that so?

DWAYNE, a fairly large black man of 27, sees Brent talking to his lady, and he confronts the two. He looks even less like Michael Clarke Duncan than the Bouncer.

DWAYNE

Tamara, whatcha doing with this faggot!?!

Dustin sees this, and he gets involved.

DUSTIN

Yo, back-off, Michael Clark Duncan!

That didn't help the situation. Situation's still escalating.

TAMARA

Don't be a jerk - he would've voted for Obama!

DWAYNE

I don't care if he voted for Jesse Jackson in his ill-fated 1988 presidential bid - this motherfucker's goin' down!

Ng and Luc interject themselves into the confrontation, attempting a conciliatory approach.

NG

My friend doesn't get out much, he's been having a rough year, he's had too much to drink -

LUC

(interrupting)

No, he's our designated driver - he's probably sober.

Ng shoots Luc a look.

LUC (CONT'D)

(to Dwayne)

We don't want any trouble.

HOMIE #1

You're a long way from Brentwood.

LUC

Actually, the UCLA campus is much closer to Brentwood.

BRENT

Yeah, and we hate UCLA too!

DUSTIN
 (aside, to the trio)
 I have an idea - just follow my
 lead.

Dustin walks over to the DJ, and he hands the DJ a CD.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
 Here, play this - here's a bunch of
 hundreds.

Dustin tosses a small bundle of HUNDREDS at the DJ.

Dustin returns to his friends. A song begins playing over the club's speakers. Softly at first, but it grows more recognizable: It's RICHARD ASTLEY'S "NEVER GONNA GIVE YOU UP"!

The Well-Mannered Boys. They slide out of the confrontation, towards the center of the dance floor, as the patrons give them space.

TAMARA
 What's going on?

What's going on is a bitchin' dance number, as the four college boys introduce the magic of late 80s white guy pop to the black patrons.

The Black Patrons, though originally skeptical, begin bopping their heads and waving their hands to the rhythm.

Dwayne's jealous boyfriend anger subsides.

DWAYNE
 (to himself)
 Okay, okay...

Dancing so close together in formation, Ng is compelled to ask Dustin something:

NG
 So, you just carry around a Richard
 Astley CD everywhere you go?

DUSTIN
 Yeah, all white people do.

Nobody can resist the magic of Rick Astley!

LUC
 C'mon, guys, lets show them how we
 do it in the 'burbs!

The Well-Mannered Boys line up in formation. They really choreographed this.

Now everyone's dancing! Petty grudges evaporate.

EXT. NIGHTCLUB

As he checks RANDOM GUY'S ID, the Giant Black Bouncer is bopping along too! Then he hits Random Guy with his MAGLITE.

INT. NIGHTCLUB. DANCE FLOOR

The song dies down. The four guys freeze, posed, like a damn boy band.

LUC

You got rickrolled, black people!

INT. PARKER CENTER. TASK FORCE CONFERENCE ROOM

Peabody is at his desk, studying video footage intently.

Lt. Bullman ENTERS, and takes a look over the cop's shoulder.

LT. BULLMAN

What is this?

PEABODY

Richard Astley's "Never Gonna Give You Up" - don't worry; a lot of black people don't know this song.

LT. BULLMAN

No, I mean what is this you're watching right now?

PEABODY

Oh, this is video from a nightclub in South Gate. A local DJ tried to deposit one of the marked hundreds at a bank. He said he got it from one of these guys dancing. I confiscated this security camera footage. This is the best lead that we have on the Well-Mannered Boys bank robbing team.

LT. BULLMAN

Are you trying to get my job?

PEABODY
No, Lt. Bullman, you're
irreplaceable.

LT. BULLMAN
Damn straight.

With that, Lt. Bullman pulls-out a half-eaten roll of COOKIE-
DOUGH - just a totally random thing for him to be eating. He
takes a bite.

PEABODY
American money. It's covered in
fingerprints and DNA - also trace
amounts of cocaine.

LT. BULLMAN
(agreeing)
Also cocaine.

PEABODY
Forensics isn't going to get
anything useful off the bills.

LT. BULLMAN
Do we have any faces?

PEABODY
The resolution's too poor - this
was technology in the club. We
barely got any audio.

LT. BULLMAN
Great. Let's send it to the
forensics lab, get it enhanced.
Maybe we can even get some
fingerprints.

PEABODY
Some fingerprints off the tape?
Sir, there's no reason to believe
that any of these suspects even
touched the security camera tape -
they're just appearing on the tape -
it's a prerecorded image.

LT. BULLMAN
Well - could the disc jockey
describe them to a sketch artist?

PEABODY
Three white guys and an Asian -
couldn't do any better than that.

LT. BULLMAN

Then we dust the bills for prints.

PEABODY

As I said a minute ago, we already dusted the bills for prints. There were no hits in our system, which means that the perp has never been arrested.

LT. BULLMAN

Very good, Det. Peabody. If you need me, I'll be in my office finishing my cookie-dough.

INT. MOVIE THEATER. SNACK BAR - NIGHT

Night at the multiplex. Luc and Diane are standing in line at the snackbar. Luc is standing tall, finally confident that he can buy her any over-priced foodstuff she wants to shove in her gullet.

LUC

Go ahead. Order anything you want. Nothing's too good at the movie concession snackbar for me girl - order nachos and popcorn if you want.

DIANE

Wow, you're doing alright now.
(sarcastically)
What, did you rob a bank?

LUC

WHO TOLD YOU!?! - oh, you're kidding.

Dustin unexpectedly approaches them, looking extremely nervous. His douchiness is not so pronounced here.

DUSTIN

Hey, Luc. There was something I needed to talk to you about that I couldn't do over the phone.
(to Diane)
I'm gonna need to borrow this guy for a moment.

Dustin is already pulling Luc out of line. Luc is reluctantly allowing himself to be removed from Diane.

DIANE
Oh, okay.

LUC
(to Diane)
Go ahead and order anything you
want; I'll comp you later.

She nods.

The two men are huddled as they walk towards a restroom.

LUC (CONT'D)
(to Dustin)
How did you find out I was at the
movies?

DUSTIN
Yeah, I followed your car.

LUC
What?

DUSTIN
I followed your car.

INT. MOVIE THEATER. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Dustin pulls Luc into the restroom.

DUSTIN
I needed to tell you something, and
I couldn't talk about it over the
phone.

There's a loud FART coming from the Man in Stall.

MAN IN STALL (O.S.)
Oh, those nachos!

The two young men react, but otherwise they push thru.

DUSTIN
Anyway -

Just a long, milky FART. Like a lazy trumpet. Luc really
reacts to the stench.

LUC
I think we should talk somewhere
else.

CLOSE SHOT - DUSTIN

Dustin's eyes are starting to water.

DUSTIN
I think we should too.

INT. MOVIE THEATER. LADIES ROOM

The two men ENTER the restroom. A PO'ED GIRL is finishing the act of washing her hands. There's a small COUCH off to the side.

PO'ED GIRL
What the fuck - this is the ladies' room - get the fuck out!

DUSTIN
(to PO'ed Girl)
Hey, chill! We're not here to rape you.
(to Luc)
Are we here to rape her?

LUC
I'm not entirely sure why we're here - no.

DUSTIN
No!

The PO'ed Girl quickly EXITS the restroom.

LUC
Hey, they have a couch in here.

DUSTIN
Lucas, listen. You gotta listen.

Luc is still in awe of the restroom sofa.

LUC
Why do they have a couch near where they poop?

DUSTIN
Luc, listen: I bought a dictionary and I found out what "sequential" means.

LUC
What?

DUSTIN

Fresh bills come to the bank in the order that they were printed. In case of a bank robbery, the tellers can slip in the fresh bills with the used money, and the cops can trace the new bills because they know the series - that's why bank robbers always ask for "non-sequential bills"!

LUC

What are you talking about?

DUSTIN

The money - a lot of the money is in sequential bills! We can't use these bills!

LUC

How much?

DUSTIN

I don't know - a lot!

LUC

Call Brent and Ng. Tell them to bring all their money to your house.

INT. DUSTIN'S HOUSE. BASEMENT - EARLY MORNING

The four guys are gathered around the room, leafing thru the fresh bills that are scattered haphazardly around the room. They look both weary and exhausted because it's been a very long night.

CLOSE SHOT - DUSTIN'S HANDS

The bills' serial numbers: 8703456, 8703457, 8703458, 8703459...

BACK TO SCENE

DUSTIN

Son-of-a-motherfucker!

NG

You fucktards should've known what "sequential" meant before you started robbing banks!

LUC
Hey, that's not helpful right now!

NG
Ninety percent of \$800,000? That's almost \$700,000.

BRENT
(interjecting)
That's \$720,000.

NG
All us Asians aren't good at math!

BRENT
Oh, all those bank tellers - they tricked us. They seemed like such nice ladies. You really can't trust anyone these days.

NG
Will you please stop saying that!?! You said it, like, five times - it wasn't funny the first time, it's not funny now!

LUC
So all this? All this - the bank robbing, the getting shot at, the looking over our shoulders - all this was for less than a hundred grand!?!

BRENT
Hey, we were able to payoff our debts and get some quality male-bonding time in together.

This especially sets Luc off. He has tasted the high-life and doesn't want to go back to white upper-middleclassdom.

LUC
You know what? Fuck you! Fuck you and your fuckin' bonding! Fuck you and fuck this fuckin' friendship bracelet!

A frustrated Luc takes off his FRIENDSHIP BRACELET that Brent gave him at some point, and throws it on the floor somewhere between them.

BRENT
Why you bein' so negative!?! Now I'm yelling too!

LUC
 We did all this work, for what!?! A
 hundred grand!?!

DUSTIN
 Guys, guys! I can fix this!

Ng, surprisingly tries to comfort Brent, and raises a wrist
 to show solidarity with the young man.

NG
 (to Brent)
 I like your friendship bracelets.

They all turn their attention to Dustin, who's yelling to get
 their attention, not because he's angry. If anything, he's
 calm and methodical.

DUSTIN
 We need more money. So we rob
 another bank. One with a lot of
 money on hand and the tellers won't
 be paying attention enough to slip
 marked bills in the take.

NG
 How do you know this - you don't
 know anything.

DUSTIN
 Oh, let's just say I did my
 research in advance....

We HOLD on Dustin, as he begins scratching his chin like an
 evil genius.

INT. DUSTIN'S HOUSE. BASEMENT - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

Dustin's still scratching his chin pensively.

LUC (O.S.)
 Well?

Dustin snaps out of it, and he stops stroking his chin.

DUSTIN
 Huh?

We WIDE OUT. Ng isn't even here anymore.

LUC

You said you did your research,
then you started staring out into
space for like a couple minutes.

BRENT

Yeah. It was strange. Ng left - he
went to the bathroom.

DUSTIN

Fuck! I'll tell you all my plan
later. I did my research - let's
leave it at that.

INT. PARKER CENTER. TASK FORCE

Tight on Peabody and Lt. Bullman as the two men consult a MAP
OF LOS ANGELES, with PUSH PINS at various spots throughout
the city.

PEABODY

Okay, this is a map of all the bank
jobs done by the Well-Mannered Boys
- right?

LT. BULLMAN

Yes, I've been staring at the map
for the past two months - I'm not
sure why you found it necessary to
explain that piece of information -
in fact, since Officer Stevens is
the only one in the room not on the
task force, you should have
explained that to him right now -
but what are you getting at?

PEABODY

Every robbery is at a bank located
within half a mile of a strip club.

We WIDE OUT to see OFFICER STEVENS is there too.

STEVENS

...is only a block from the

PEABODY

Yeah, we should've called them the
Strip Club Bandits.

LT. BULLMAN

The "Well-Mannered Boys" name stays
- but continue.

LT. BULLMAN (CONT'D)
How did you figure this out?

PEABODY
(aside, whispering)
Officer Stevens and his wife have
been having a little trouble.

LT. BULLMAN
(aside, whispering)
Has Katy been still seeing that
Sparkletts water guy?

PEABODY
(aside, whispering)
No, you're thinking of the pool
boy. Stevens's wife was she was
sleeping with the pool boy.

PEABODY (CONT'D)
(aside, whispering)
No, she did sleep with the
Sparkletts guy, but the problem was
she was also banging the pool boy,
who was just 17 at the time.

PEABODY (CONT'D)
(aside, whispering)
Totally destroyed Stevens's self-
esteem. Tried the dating scene
during their trial separation,
couldn't even make it to the
singles' bar.

LT. BULLMAN
(aside, whispering)
What a lame-fuck - couldn't even
score at a singles' bar.

PEABODY
(aside, whispering)
Didn't you - didn't you have
something going with Katy?

LT. BULLMAN
(aside, whispering)
It was a one-time thing - but best
blowjob of my life. Epic blowjob.
And she let me cum into her mouth -
I mean, what kind of chick wants
you to cum into her mouth, I don't
know.

Tears are streaming down the man's cheeks. He's standing about three feet from the other two, so it doesn't matter that Peabody and Lt. Bullman are whispering.

PEABODY
 (aside, whispering)
 I think Stevens can hear us - he's been hearing us this whole time.

Pause.

LT. BULLMAN
 (aside, whispering)
 I think so too.

Peabody takes a step back

LT. BULLMAN (CONT'D)
 Good job, officer. If this idea pans out, I'll make sure you get a commendation.

Lt. Bullman clears his throat. There's a tinge of guilt in his tone:

LT. BULLMAN (CONT'D)
 It's the least I could do for you.

There's an awkward pause between the three men. Lt. Bullman clears his throat again.

LT. BULLMAN (CONT'D)
 We put two plainclothes officers at every bank near a strip club - no, we put a couple officers in every strip club.

PEABODY
 Even the gay strip clubs?

LT. BULLMAN
Especially the gay strip clubs.

INT. THE HOT BUNS LOUNGE - LATE NIGHT

A buff MALE STRIPPER is gyrating on stage in nothing but a PINK THONG, to wooing mobs of women and men alike as "IT'S RAINING MEN" is pumping over the speakers. Two men are sitting at a table unmoved, they're uniformed officers JIM and JERRY. It's their job to be here.

OFFICER JIM
 Do you feel uncomfortable?

OFFICER JERRY

No, I don't feel uncomfortable.

OFFICER JIM

No, there's no reason to feel uncomfortable. We're both modern guys. We live in Los Angeles. We don't have any problem with gay people -

SNAP! The pink thong goes flying into Jim's face. All the other patrons just go wild! Meanwhile, the underwear just hangs there on the officer's forehead, like a hood.

OFFICER JIM (CONT'D)

If I take this man's thong off my face quickly, will it make me look homophobic?

INT. GETAWAY CAR - EVENING

The Well-Mannered Boys are scoping out another bank.

DUSTIN

That's the United Bank of Beverly Hills. Real estate agents, lawyers, dentists, talent managers, rich motherfuckers -

BRENT

(interrupting)
Guys like you.

DUSTIN

Guys like me. Right. Every first, these white collar schmucks have their paychecks transferred to this bank - but it's all electronic, and no one uses banks anymore - so forget them. No one uses banks anymore except the help.

This peaks Ng's interest. He girds himself to hear something racist.

NG

"The help"?

DUSTIN

The nannies, the dogwalkers, the cleaning ladies and various Mexicans go into banks on the second.

(MORE)

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

Because they're paid by personal check and have a very low rate of savings, they withdraw a lot of their money in the bank nearest to their employers, so this bank has an unusual high volume of cash on the second.

LUC

That's really evil - but clever. Robbing banks has made you clever.

Dustin shrugs, accepting the very backhanded compliment.

DUSTIN

The second is coming up.

LUC

One final job.

Dustin opens his mouth, prepared to protest this decision.

LUC (CONT'D)

(to Dustin)

One final job. Then we're out.

BRENT

Some of us will be more out than others.

DUSTIN

Great going, dickweed. You just ruined Luc's dramatic moment.

BRENT

No, I didn't.

NG

No. I was there. You ruined his moment.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - MORNING. THE FIRST OF THE MONTH

Two dim-witted uniforms, OFFICERS ED and LOU, are staking out the UFB Bank, a pair of SHOTGUNS between them in the front seat.

OFFICER ED

...so I said don't pull that there. And you know what he did? He pulled it right there.

OFFICER LOU
 What is the world coming to? Then
 he pulled out the lotion?

OFFICER ED
 Then he pulled out the lotion!

The two cops laugh and laugh - it must've been a very funny story. Officer Ed is the first to regain composure.

OFFICER ED (CONT'D)
 Still, it was the best Rosh
 Hashanah ever.

EXT. UNITED BANK OF BEVERLY HILLS. FRONT ENTRANCE - MORNING

Luc, Dustin, Brent - masks on, and guns and bags at the ready
 - are walking into the bank.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR

Officer Ed sees this. He motions his partner to take a
 gander.

OFFICER ED
 Three guys dressed like bank
 robbers carrying guns. Tell me: Is
 it Halloween?

OFFICER LOU
 If it is, I need to buy a bag of
 Tootsie Rolls.

OFFICER ED
 Yeah, and even if it is, they
 shouldn't walk into a bank dressed
 like that.

OFFICER LOU
 That's just common sense.

OFFICER ED
 If we do capture them all, we'll be
 heroes - we'll probably get medals.

Officer Ed grabs his shotgun, and COCKS the shotgun.

OFFICER LOU
 There are at least three of them -
 maybe four. We should wait for back-
 up.

Officer Lou COCKS his shotgun for emphasis.

OFFICER ED
 Okay, we'll call for back-
 up,...(beat)...but I'm still
 cocking this shotgun one
 last time.

Officer Ed COCKS the shotgun one last time, for emphasis.

Officer Lou picks up his RADIO. Meanwhile, Officer Ed starts
 the car.

OFFICER ED (CONT'D)
 I'm gonna get us closer to the
 bank.

INT. GETAWAY CAR

Ng is wearing his mask, and is about to enjoy a delicious,
 piping hot BURRITO. He rasies the burrito. But the burrito
 doesn't fit through the mouth hole - and clearly couldn't
 fit. Still, Ng tries again. Then he tries a third time. After
 thinking about it for a few seconds, he decides to just raise
 the mask.

NG
 (to himself)
 I did not sign-on to wear something
 that would obstruct my burrito-
 eating.

He takes a bite of the burrito. It's too damn hot!

NG (CONT'D)
 (to himself, mouthful of
 burrito)
 That is friggin' hot! That is
 friggin' hot! Ow! It's like eating
 lava! Why didn't I wait a few
 minutes? It's like eating lava!
 It's like eating a lava burrito!
 God, I am not very smart - I am not
 very smart at all. That was so
 stupid!

POV - NG

The police cruiser pulls up to an area that is visible from
 Ng's perspective.

BACK TO SCENE

A great song - Johnny Cash's "THE MAN COMES AROUND" - is cued up, as Ng takes an unbelievable amount of time in fumbling to pull up his mask to his hairline and get out the car.

NG
Shit - shit!

NOTE : INTERCUT SEQUENCE

INT. UFB BANK

Brent is having a grand time, dancing around the bank and taking out the cameras with his paintball gun.

EXT. UFB BANK. PARKING LOT

Despite his panicked state, Ng does a pretty good job at pulling down his mask while obstructing his actual face from the cops.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR

Officer Lou is still holding his radio, having called in the possible robbery.

OFFICER ED
Was that...(beat)...Condoleeza
Rice?

INT. UFB BANK

Before the police can move on the bank, Ng ENTERS the bank, hurriedly closing the door behind him.

NG
Cops - cops!

DUSTIN
Connie Rice, you're suppose to be
waiting in the car! We left you
with a burrito!

NG
Cops! There are cops coming!

Luc takes in this information, as he struggles to concentrate - as the Cash song continues. He abruptly turns to an area off screen.

LUC
 Brent, will you turn that damn
 thing off!

CUT TO:

Brent, who's been standing on a DESK and holding a BLUETOOTH
 SPEAKER high over his head the whole time, was the one
 blasting the Cash song. He promptly lowers it, and kills the
 music.

BRENT
 (slightly offended)
 Excuse me for trying to bring some
 culture to this bank robbery.

BACK TO SCENE

LUC
 That is not helping.

NG
 I was made - I mean, you were made!

Ng glances thru the window, and sees the police are not
 following.

LUC
 So you could've just called!

NG
 Well, in hindsight, I wish that I'd
 left your white asses behind - but
 here I am now and the police are
 coming!

EXT. UFB BANK. PARKING LOT

Several POLICE CRUISERS pull up, SIRENS ablazing.

INT. UFB BANK. LOBBY

Ng is still at the door, guarding it. They can all hear the
 SIRENS.

NG
 What do we do?

SENSIBLE HOSTAGE (O.S.)
 Release the hostages?

DUSTIN
 Man, shut up! You don't get a vote -
 (to Brent)
 Do they get to vote?

BRENT
 No, traditionally, the hostages
 don't get a vote.

DUSTIN
 (to Ng)
 You were supposed to be our
 lookout!

NG
 I was looking out - that's how you
 know the cops are coming!

DUSTIN
 You know how I knew the cops were
 coming!?! - I can hear the fuckin'
 sirens! Why did we bring you into
 this if you weren't going to be a
 lookout?

NG
 Now I wish you didn't bring me into
 this - you're about to get me
 arrested!

LUC
 SHUT-UP! JUST EVERYONE SHUT THE
 FUCK UP!

Luc is clearly overwhelmed by this. And everyone does shut-up.

LUC (CONT'D)
 I'm trying to think this through.

Luc rises to his position - for the first time in his life,
 he takes responsibility.

LUC (CONT'D)
 Close those blinds - close all the
 blinds!

EXT. UFB BANK. STREET

An UNMARKED CAR pulls up to the scene.

Peabody and Lt. Bullman EXIT the car, just as a BULLHORN COP
 is walking by.

LT. BULLMAN
Give me that bullhorn.

The Bullhorn Cop hands Lt. Bullman the bullhorn. He raises it to his mouth.

LT. BULLMAN (CONT'D)
(over bullhorn)
I am Lt. Bullman, talking on a
bullhorn - I know, funny, huh?

Lt. Bullman waves on a nebbish cop, OFFICER BINGHAM, who crosses the parking lot in a hurried dash. He's holding a slim CELLPHONE.

LT. BULLMAN (CONT'D)
(over phone)
I'm sending over a cellphone. A
police officer is going to slide it
under the door.

EXT. UFB BANK. FRONT ENTRANCE

Officer Bingham squats down, and he slides the cellphone under the door.

LT. BULLMAN (O.S.)
(over bullhorn)
Please don't shoot the police
officer bringing you the cellphone!

This is the first that Officer Bingham has heard of this. He's still squatting, turning his head slightly to his boss, who's standing behind him - way, way behind him.

OFFICER BINGHAM
Whoa - what?

INT. UFB BANK. LOBBY

The Well-Mannered Boys and hostages watch the phone slide under the door.

NG
Well I'm not going to get the
phone. In action movies, they
always kill the minority.

Ng has just revealed a piece of personal information about himself to the hostages - a big no-no.

NG (CONT'D)

(to hostages)

Not that I'm a minority. I'm a white guy. A white guy, just like the average America,...(beat)... y'all.

DUSTIN

You're wearing a Condi Rice mask - you're clearly the minority.

BRENT

Nobody sounds trustworthy on a bullhorn.

LUC

I'm going for it.

Luc cautiously approaches the door.

BRENT

Look out for flashbang grenades, L!

Luc, still wary, squats down and takes up the cellphone.

BRENT (CONT'D)

Those flashbang grenades are mildly annoying.

EXT. UFB BANK. STREET

A super macho SWAT SNIPER #1, RIFLE slung over his shoulder, approaches Bullman and Peabody.

SNIPER #1

We have a problem, sir. Apparently the bank has Venetian blinds - and the hostiles have closed those blinds. SWAT did not anticipate that there would be curtains involved in this situation.

PEABODY

What good is having snipers if they're foiled by Venetian blinds?

SNIPER #1

Well, mostly us snipers shoot people when they're out in the open, in broad daylight from a distance. So, yeah, us snipers aren't very...(beat)...good.

LT. BULLMAN
Set up snipers anyway.

EXT. NEIGHBORING BUILDING. FRONT ENTRANCE

A similarly macho SNIPER #2 sets up his rifle. He trains it on the bank's front.

EXT. NEIGHBORING BUILDING. REAR EXIT

Sniper #1 sets up his rifle. He's guarding the rear.

INT. UFB BANK. LOBBY

Keeping his body against the wall, Luc closes the remaining Venetian blinds. That done, he furthers secures the situation.

LUC
Condoleezza Rice, Ronald Reagan,
you watch all the hostages - shoot
them in the back if they move!

Luc motions to a the most well-dressed man in the bank wearing a name tag: the BANK MANAGER.

LUC (CONT'D)
You - you look like the bank
manager - is there a back entrance
to the bank?

BANK MANAGER
Yes. There's a fire exit in the
rear. But if you use it, the alarm
will sound, and everyone will be
mad at you.

LUC
Fine! Jimmy Carter, barricade the
back door!

BRENT
Right, I'm Jimmy Carter.

LUC
Go with him, Ronald Reagan.

Dustin and Brent EXIT the room. An ELDERLY HOSTAGE confirms with ANOTHER HOSTAGE.

ELDERLY HOSTAGE

It's nice seeing those two working together - the 1980 election was very contentious.

INT. UFB BANK. LOBBY - LATER

Everyone is not at a stand still. Hostages still on the floor. Bank robbers anxious for another call from the phone now on the island in the center of the room.

EXT. UFB BANK. PARKING LOT

Meanwhile, the parking lot is buzzing with activity - police, media and a growing public presence of ANTI-BANK PROTESTORS, carrying SIGNS reading "FUCK THE BANKS," etc.

Lt. Bullman is standing alongside Peabody. Lt. Bullman has an idea. He brings the phone up to his face.

LT. BULLMAN

I'm going to try to build some trust with them.

Lt. Bullman waves at the protestors in contempt.

LT. BULLMAN (CONT'D)

(to Peabody)

Get this people back!

INT. UFB BANK. LOBBY

The phone rings. Dustin, who's closest to the island, picks up. After a moment of listening, he covers the phone and talks to his friends.

DUSTIN

Ooh, the LAPD are offering to get us pizza.

BRENT

Will we have to pay?

LUC

We're bank robbers with hostages - no, we won't have to pay.

BRENT

Still, we should ask if they expect us to pay.

LUC

Why can't we get both - we're the ones with the hostages!?!

BRENT

A lot of restaurants have Coke but not Pepsi.

DUSTIN

That's true. It has something to do with anti-competitive clauses.

LUC

Look, okay, we're ask for Coke and Pepsi, but we'll take whatever they bring us.

VEGETARIAN HOSTAGE

I want veggie pizza.

LUC

We're not getting individual pizzas!

BRENT

I don't know - I'd kinda like an individual pizza; that way, nobody would have to worry about germs.

DUSTIN

It is flu season.

LUC

Which side are you on!?!

BRENT

The side that wants individual pizzas!

LUC

Since when do you agree with Brent - you hate Brent.

Brent is taken aback by this "revelation."

BRENT

You hate me? I thought that was you hazing me because that's what you do to people you like - you fuck with them like a douchebag.

DUSTIN

No, I'm only a fucking douchebag to people I don't like.

(MORE)

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

(back to Luc)

And I can recognize a good idea wherever it came from. It doesn't have to be cheese, but since someone else is paying for it, it'll all be easier if everyone gets their own pizza in this hostage situation.

LUC

We're getting a bunch of pizza with the works - people can pick-off whatever toppings they don't want!

VEGETARIAN HOSTAGE

Meat is murder.

This unexpectedly makes Dustin snap.

DUSTIN

Yo, I'm about to commit murder if you keep talkin' hippie.

There's an awkward pause after this surprisingly dark threat in this otherwise lighthearted comedy. The girl recoils a little.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

(to the other guys)

That was kinda gangsta.

BRENT

You've been acting kinda gangsta - that's what I was about to say just now.

LUC

Look, we'll tell the cops to bring us a bunch of extra-large pizzas with the works.

BRENT

Why does it have to be the works? Why can't they all be cheese?

LUC

Because no one will touch the cheese pizza! No one ever touches the cheese pizzas!

CUT TO:

The hostages, eating PIZZA. EXTRA LARGE PIZZA BOXES everywhere. Just as Luc said, no one has touched the CHEESE PIZZAS. They sit in a stack, barely touched and unloved.

VEGETARIAN HOSTAGE

Are there any more pizza with the work?

LUC

Aren't you the vegetarian? Eat the cheese pizza.

VEGETARIAN HOSTAGE

How do you get off judging me? You're the one taking hostages.

LUC

Sit down and eat the damn pizza.

Her request unfulfilled, the Vegetarian Hostage returns to her seat. Luc shakes his head in disbelief.

LUC (CONT'D)

(to himself)

This hostage-situation is getting totally out of hand.

NG

Well, we can't just keep these people here forever.

DUSTIN

I'm a diehard Republican, but even I have to admit it: We need an exit strategy. I don't want to have to kill all these people. For one reason, they'd be blood everywhere and I just bought these shoes.

We PAN DOWN to reveal Dustin's new, brown patent LEATHER LOAFERS. We just as quickly PAN UP again.

NG

Whoa. Those are some nice shoes.

DUSTIN

Thank you. They're Italian. They're from Florence.

NG

Do they come in any other color besides brown?

DUSTIN

They do also come in black. But I already own several pairs of black loafers, and I was feeling adventurous.

LUC

(to Dustin, Ng)

Can we focus, assholes!?!

BRENT

I have an idea - let's first check on something:

Brent turns to the hostages.

BRENT (CONT'D)

Excuse me, everyone! Everyone! Does anyone here have the Stockholm syndrome yet?

A NEEDY HOSTAGE raises her hand. She's a timid woman. Pretty, young - but also very needy.

NEEDY HOSTAGE

I like you a little, but I just broke up with my boyfriend, so I might be on the rebound.

DUSTIN

Well, that's something.

Meanwhile, across the room, a PANICKED HOSTAGE (a nervous older gentleman) is rocking back and forth with his head cradled in his hands.

PANICKED HOSTAGE

Please don't shoot me, please don't shoot me!

Brent, still a nice guy at heart, tries to calm down the older man.

BRENT

Hey, relax - I'm not gonna shoot ya!

The Panicked Hostage immediately calms down, then he relays this bit of information to the rest of the hostages:

PANICKED HOSTAGE

They're not going to shoot us - we're free!

All the hostages stand and rush out the bank. True to their nice-guy reputation, none of the Well-Mannered boys want to shoot anyone - though Dustin is gesturing with his gun for everyone to get away from the door. The four men are left alone, holding the bags.

DUSTIN

This is why you never let the liberal handle the hostages.

EXT. STREET

The hostage stream out the bank, filling the streets. Waiting cops and EMTs hustle them away from the building.

NOTE: INTERCUT SEQUENCE

EXT. ROOFTOP

Sniper #1 is lying on his belly, fully prepared to shoot.

SNIPER #1

(into walkie)

Do you want us to shoot the hostages?

LT. BULLMAN

(into walkie)

No, don't shoot the hostages!

SNIPER #1

(into walkie)

But they're out in the open!

INT. BUILDING. WINDOWSILL

SNIPER #2 is at the window, having already set up his RIFLE.

SNIPER #2

(into walkie)

I know!

SNIPER #1

(into walkie)

And it's broad daylight

SNIPER #2

(into walkie)

I know - and we're from a distance!

LT. BULLMAN (V.O.)
 (over walkie)
 DON'T SHOOT ANY OF THE HOSTAGES!!!

END INTERCUT SEQUENCE

INT. UFB BANK. LOBBY

The four men are left with guns, but no one to point at. There are a few moments of silence. Something abruptly occurs to Luc.

LUC
 You see that?

NG
 What?

DUSTIN
 You see that we'll about to get
 butt-raped by a bunch of black
 Muslims in San Quentin!?!

LUC
 No, nothing. Nothing is happening -
 nothing but a 21-year-old crying in
 a corner, I mean.

NG
 What are you getting at?

LUC
 Don't you see? If they knew we were
 alone, our lungs would be filled
 with teargas. They think we still
 have hostages.

DUSTIN
 We still would have hostages if not
 for...

We quickly PAN OVER to see Brent, curled up in a corner and shaking uncontrollably like a scared kid.

BRENT
 We're going to jail, we're going to
 jail, we're going to jail.

DUSTIN
 Oh, for the sake of -

He forces his accomplice to his feet.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)
Get a hold of yourself, man!

Dustin bitch-slaps Brent.

NG
Hey, don't slap Brent - he's a nice
guy.

Ng bitch-slaps Dustin!

LUC
Don't slap my bestfriend!

Luc bitch-slaps Ng.

BRENT
Hey, he's our ride!

Brent bitch-slaps Luc. Dustin bitch-slaps Ng. Luc bitch-slaps
Dustin. Brent punches a cardboard cut-out!

A lot of smoldering rage there. Then the PHONE RINGS.

DUSTIN
Does anyone have their ringtone
tuned to old-timey phone?

The PHONE RINGS again.

LUC
No. That's the regular phone. The
kind that's stuck yo the wall or
ceiling.

The PHONE RINGS again, as Luc rounds a desk and answers it.

LT. BULLMAN
(into phone, bullhorn)
This is Lt. Bullman of the LAPD.
I'm sure you've heard of me.

All the guys are rubbing their sore faces. Luc covers up the
receiver to confer with his gang.

LUC
Do we know a Lt. Bullman?

BRENT
No.

DUSTIN

I know a Major Bullock - he sometimes visits our house in the Hamptons.

NG

(bitterly)

You never invited me to your house in the Hamptons.

DUSTIN

I just met you.

NG

It's cuz I'm Vietnamese, isn't it?

DUSTIN

I swear, all this time, I thought you were Korean!

Luc waves his hand, trying to silence them as he places the phone back to his ear.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

Dude, I grew up in Orange County. My neighbor is Vietnamese!

Luc tries to ignore them.

LUC

(into phone)

Okay, let's say we have heard of you - we're four very desperate men, and we want a guarantee that we're being allowed to walk away from this, and we won't hurt any of the hostages.

LT. BULLMAN

(into phone, bullhorn)

So you're desperate?

LUC

(into phone)

Oh, believe you me, we are very desperate over here.

LT. VENTURA

I am Lt. Terry Ventura of the LAPD Hostage Negotiation Team.

LT. BULLMAN

I am Lt. Bullman of the LAPD Robbery-Homicide Division.

(MORE)

LT. BULLMAN (CONT'D)
 Back off, Sally Jesse Raphael. This
 is my show.

LT. VENTURA
 This is a hostage situation, which
 makes it a Hostage Negotiation Team
 show - but this isn't about that
 spec script I wrote for the CW.

LT. BULLMAN
 I've been tracking these guys for
 several months now. They're
 criminal masterminds, and they're
 out of your league, so go and

LT. VENTURA
 Why don't you go investigate a
 tranny's murder!?!

LT. BULLMAN
 WHY DON'T YOU SUCK MY BIG BLACK
 BALLS!?!

Pause.

LT. VENTURA
 Okay, this is getting counter-
 productive.

Lt. Ventura snatches the bullhorn out of Lt. Bullman's hand.

LT. VENTURA (CONT'D)
 You see - hostages!

LT. BULLMAN
 (to himself, bitterly)
 I still got the phone.

LT. VENTURA
 (over bullhorn)
 Mr. Well-Mannered Boys, I am Lt.
 Terry Ventura. I am an LAPD hostage
 negotiator. We have an important
 question for you: Are you Muslims?

Lt. Ventura lowers the bullhorn, and explains to Bullman:

LT. VENTURA (CONT'D)
 If they're Muslim, they might be
 suicidal, then we'd have to call in
 the domestic terrorism team.
 Hopefully we're dealing with some
 normal bankrobbers who'd prefer to
 be taken alive.

INT. UFB BANK. LOBBY

Luc covers the receiver and confers with the other three.

LUC
(to the others)
He wants to know if we're Muslim.

BRENT
My family is lapsed Catholic, if
that helps - probably doesn't help.

LUC
(into phone)
No, we're not Muslims.

EXT. UFB BANK. STREET

Lt. Ventura holds the phone down on his shoulder, and gestures to some people offscreen.

LT. VENTURA
(to someone offscreen)
They're not Muslims.

Lt. Ventura was gesturing to some HEAVILY ARMED SWAT MEMBERS raising bigass GUNS. That was their cue to lower the guns and continue negotiations.

LT. VENTURA (CONT'D)
What can I do to make this
situation end peacefully?

LUC
(into phone)
I want you to go away!

LT. VENTURA
(over bullhorn)
Okay! You are a shrewd negotiator!
I am going away right now!

Lt. Ventura hands the bullhorn back to Lt. Bullman, who tries to hide how relieved he is to be back in charge.

LT. VENTURA (CONT'D)
Keep me appraised of the situation.
I'll be in the surveillance truck.
(beat) I hope they don't come
looking for me.

LT. BULLMAN
 (into phone, bullhorn)
 I need to know those hostages are
 still alive.

LUC
 (into phone)
 Oh, we do have hostages - yessir,
 real hostages. A number of
 hostages, the high-quality kind
 that any hostage-taker would
 appreciate - the Palestinian
 Liberation Army, for instance,
 would love these hostages!

BRENT
 Dude, that's not funny.

Luc hurriedly covers up the phone.

LUC
 Too soon?

LT. BULLMAN
 (into phone, bullhorn)
 I want to be able to help you out
 of this situation, but first I'm
 going to need a sign of good faith.

LUC
 (into phone)
 "A sign of good faith"?

LT. BULLMAN
 (into phone, bullhorn)
 Right. You give me a sign of good
 faith, I'll give you a sign of good
 faith - let me hear from some of
 the remaining hostages.

Luc covers up the phone.

LUC
 He wants to hear from some
 hostages.

BRENT
 I got this.

Brent takes the phone.

DUSTIN
 When does he ever have this?

BRENT

(imitating a Southern man)
 What do ya bandits want? Why are ya
 doing this to us?
 (imitating a black woman)
 Oh my goodness, the bank robber is
 now getting fresh with me!
 (imitating a black man)
 Don't you touch her, crackah!

Luc snatches the cell phone back.

LUC

(into phone)
 Okay, you've heard from some of the
 hostages. Now we want something!

LT. BULLMAN

(into phone and bullhorn)
 What do you want?

LUC

(into phone, and to the
 guys)
 What do we want?

The Well-Mannered Boys huddle, as they try to figure out
 there next move in a democratic fashion. Bits and pieces of
 the conversation are heard:

BRENT

I want to go home, right about now.

LUC

(to Dustin)
 I'm not going to shoot myself out -
 do you want to shoot yourself out?

Mumbling between them.

LUC (CONT'D)

Well, we need to say something; I
 don't think we should keep them
 waiting - it's rude to keep them
 waiting - and they have guns.

DUSTIN

We have guns.

LUC

They have more guns - how many
 times do I have to tell you this!?!

NG
But what do we want?

They break. Luc takes up the phone again.

LUC
(into phone)
We want...(beat)...cheeseburgers.

Luc regrets saying that immediately after saying it. Exasperated, he engages in another powwow with his accomplices.

LUC (CONT'D)
Why cheeseburgers - why the fuck
did I just ask for cheeseburgers?

NG
I skipped lunch and I ate hardly
any of the pizza, so that was
probably my bad.

LT. BULLMAN
(into phone and bullhorn)
We can get you cheeseburgers.

LUC
(into phone)
Forget the cheeseburgers.

LT. BULLMAN
(into phone and bullhorn)
Are you sure? We have the
cheeseburgers right here.

Lt. Bullman produces a PAPERBAG filled with greasy cheeseburgers.

LUC
(into phone)
We don't want cheeseburgers - we
got hostages over here!

LT. BULLMAN
(into phone and bullhorn)
Okay, but this counts as your sign
of good faith.

Peabody enters the scene.

PEABODY
Sir, the snipers are in position.

LT. BULLMAN

Very good. Do you want to say it a little louder -
(into bullhorn)
SO THE BANK ROBBERS CAN HEAR YOU!?!

LUC

(into phone)
We demand a plane to take us out to a country without an extradition treaty with America - like Czechoslovakia - we want a plane to take us to Czechoslovakia.

LT. BULLMAN

(into phone and bullhorn)
Okay, but do you want the plane to take you back to the early '90s? Because Czechoslovakia hasn't existed in about 30 years.

BRENT

I say we go with the time-traveling jet.

DUSTIN

Yeah, we could kill Justin Bieber's parents!

LUC

I don't the jet is real.

LT. BULLMAN

Why are you demanding money?

LUC

Don't worry about why we're demanding money - we're the guys with the hostages - you don't need to worry about why we're demanding money - you're just supposed to give us the money.

LT. BULLMAN

I'm just saying it seems kinda weird that you're asking for a ransom seeing that you're holed-up in a bank.

DUSTIN

Man's got a point - not on his side or anything.

LT. BULLMAN

Look, kid, I want to get those hostages out, but I also gotta tell you that this will not end up good for you and your little friends. We have snipers out here set up ready to kill you - all they do, is try to kill people. That's how they live their lives. They're like pumas - because you can't see them. Long story short, no matter how this ends - no matter how long you stay in that bank, this will end one of two ways: You boys dead or you boys in jail, wishing that you were dead.

INT. UFB BANK

This has to sink in briefly. This is clearly a no-win proposition for the young men.

NG

Okay, they have snipers,...
(beat)...but are they bringing us the cheeseburgers?

INT. UFB BANK. LOBBY

LUC

Ng, think hard: While coming into the bank, did anyone actually see your face?

NG

I took my mask off for a few seconds to run into the bank - but all us Asians look the same anyway - right?

Dustin nods, and he silently mouths the words "they do."

LUC

Remember that movie with Bill Murray as a bankrobber -

BRENT

(interrupting)
"Ghostbusters"?

LUC

Retard, Bill Murray played a ghostbuster in "Ghostbusters" - I'm talking about that movie he did with Geena Davis, "Quick Change."

NG

You never see Geena Davis in movies anymore. I don't know why; she's still very pretty.

BRENT

Oh, and she's real smart too. She's even a member of that genius organization - MENSA.

NG

Yeah, but if she's so smart, why did she do "Pirates Island" - ?

LUC

(interrupting)

Okay, why don't I just get myself out of here and leave you guys to give blowjobs to members of the Aryan Prison Gang?

BRENT

Now I don't want to see this Bill Murray movie!

Dustin is serious now - he wants a way out, and he's ready to hear any plan.

DUSTIN

What's your idea?

LUC

We're all gonna get out of this. (beat) And none of us will end-up getting ass-raped in prison.

DUSTIN

I like that. But it really is more of a sentiment than an idea.

LUC

I'm getting to the idea. First thing we do is we hit the vault.

INT. UFB BANK. VAULT

The four men are now in the vault, grabbing all the cash they can - armfuls of the stuff.

LUC (V.O.)

We grab the money - we grab all the money - at least all that we can carry in the next two minutes.

INT. UFB BANK

They're taking TAPE DISPENSERS from off the desks.

LUC (V.O.)

Second thing we need is tape - preferably duct tape, but in this pinch, Scotch tape will do.

CUT TO:

The guys undressing. (A lot of male nudity in this script.)

CUT TO:

The guys taping bundles of cash to their arms and legs and waists; not so much as to be obvious.

LUC (V.O.)

Then we strip down and strap-on - we tape as much cash to our bodies as we can. Don't get greedy. None of us can look too thick.

Dustin, who's stripped down to his leopard-print BIKINI BRIEFS puts the roll of hundreds down his front. The action promptly stops, as Dustin takes a moment to model his recent enhancement.

DUSTIN

Look at my package. Look at my package.

The other guys, also stripped to their underwear, already have packets of cash taped to their legs and torsos. They don't believe this.

NG

You're not helping the argument that you don't want to get raped in prison.

DUSTIN

Fuck prison. I'm getting a picture
of this for my 'gram.

Dustin takes out his cellphone.

LUC

(into phone)

Okay, it's been a good half-hour,
and we've been thinking about what
you said - about us ending up in
prison. And we're sending out a
hostage, because...(beat)...
you seem like a cool guy.

EXT. UFB BANK. STREET

Lt. Bullman, still on the phone.

LT. BULLMAN

(aside, to Peabody)

He thinks I'm cool.

It's Ng! Ng runs into the first-responders' open arms.
Pretending to be completely innocent, he's ranting like a
hysterical naïf who has just lived through a hostage
situation.

NG

It was awful! They had guns and
were cursing - one said, "Hey,
riceboy, why don't you show us some
karate?" And I said, "I don't know
any karate" -
(breaks down sobbing)
- it was awful!

INT. UFB BANK - NIGHT

Brent and Dustin are watching this through the Venetian
blinds.

BRENT

He is quite the actor.

DUSTIN

I take back every bad thing I said
about him - especially that
"riceboy" comment.

BRENT

Yeah, that was unfortunate.

They move away from the window.

LUC

So which one of you guys is next?

DUSTIN

Last one out would have the least odds of disappearing into the crowd.

BRENT

I'm a little surprised you let Ng go first.

DUSTIN

Hey, I didn't know if the plan was going to work or if Ms. Saigon was going to go down in a hail of gunfire. You were just trying to make money for college - you shouldn't get caught. (beat) And we all know that you would be the first one to get butt-fucked in prison - like, the very first five minutes there.

BRENT

I would.

DUSTIN

For a poor kid, you're alright. Sorry if I ever made you think otherwise.

BRENT

And I'm sorry that your girlfriend's a flamin' lesbo.

The two shake hands. A genuine bond has developed between the two young men.

EXT. UFB BANK. STREET

LUC

(over phone)

I'm releasing another hostage.

Brent runs out the bank, his hands on his head.

BRENT

Don't shoot! Don't shoot - I'm a hostage too! Totally a hostage! Hostage!

The police grab him, and they quickly herd him off with the other hostages in the debriefing area.

INT. UFB BANK. LOBBY

Luc and Dustin are again peering through the Venetian blinds, taking the whole thing in.

DUSTIN

Do you really think this is going to work?

LUC

Nobody has seen our faces. We'll give them fake names and addresses, and avoid having our picture taken. Just remember to sneak away first chance you get.

DUSTIN

(nodding)
Just like sex.

DUSTIN (CONT'D)

Now I just want things back to normal.

LUC

So no more bank-robbing?

DUSTIN

Yeah, if we get out of this with our asses intact, I'll never even take another pen from the counter - I mean, I was having trouble doing that before because they're on chains - but you see where I'm going, you see where I'm going.

Luc gives Dustin a pat on the shoulder, and sends him out.

INT. UFB BANK. LOBBY - MUCH LATER

LUC

(into phone)
Alright, we're gonna send another hostage out, then we'll not gonna talk for awhile - it's not because we're angry at you;

(MORE)

LUC (CONT'D)

it's because my throat is kinda scratchy and I need to get a bottle of water out of my bank robber's bag and I don't trust any of my accomplices with my cell phone because it's an expensive cell phone. So, just to repeat, don't take the next couple of minutes of silence as a sign of hostility - we still have plenty of hostages...

WIDE SHOT

There are no hostages left - it's literally just Luc. He looks around, in disbelief that this is actually working.

LUC (CONT'D)

...and we will hurt them if we need to.

EXT. UFB BANK. STREET - EVENING

The door opens, and Luc emerges from the bank, wearing different cloths and looking scared. Luc hands Lt. Bullman a POST-IT.

LT. BULLMAN

(reading)

"I am a deaf-mute, so please put all questions in writing."

(to the cops)

Okay, we got a deaf-mute here! No loud noises! No loud noises! Don't want to make it worse!

Luc quickly but calmly fades into the crowd. We FOLLOW, and he smiles.

EXT. DUSTIN'S HOUSE. BACKYARD - MORNING

The four guys are now confronted with a wonderful problem: a black GARBAGE BAG filled with MONEY PACKS.

NG

We should've stuck with non-sequential bills.

DUSTIN

Yes, in hindsight, it's easy to say we should've only jacked non-sequential bills.

BRENT

I still don't know what "non-sequential" is referring to.

NG

(to Brent)

I'll explain it to you later.

LUC

We got greedy. It really wasn't any specific person's fault.

DUSTIN

No, it's not anyone's fault.

LUC

We have enough money in enough clean money to live several years in comfort.

BRENT

How are you and Summer?

LUC

Oh, we're good. Wedding's this summer.

BRENT

I think I'll have chicken, because fish tastes too fishy. But I do like tartar sauce. Could I put tartar sauce on chicken? I have a few months to think about it - we really don't have to get into that now.

NG

So what do we do with all this?

BRENT

We should throw the money off the roof. On television, the heroes always throw the money off the roof in the end.

There's a pause, as the guys apparently consider this. They're really not.

DUSTIN

You know why you're poor? You say stupid shit like that!

BRENT

Hey, I'm less poor now.

LUC
(sarcastically)
Living the American dream, Brent.

DUSTIN
We can't donate it.

BRENT
We can't give it back.

DUSTIN
We can't spend it - not anytime soon. Six years from now, the statute of limitations will expire.

BRENT
Look at you - already thinking like a lawyer.

LUC
Dustin, can you get us access to one of your father's construction sites?

DUSTIN
I got you access to his guns - so, yes, I can get you access to a company construction site.

LUC
No, we won't be needing guns for this idea of mine.

A smiles spreads across Luc's face. He's got an idea.

NG (O.S.)
So what'll we do with all this cash?

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE. FOUNDATION - EARLY MORNING

Luc, Ng and Brent are gathered around an unfilled segment of the concrete foundation. Dustin is at the driver's seat of a CEMENT-MIXER TRUCK parked beside the hole, its spigot facing towards the foundation. Luc is actually in the hole, laying down the garbage bags filled with cash.

LUC
In six years, we can meet back here and dig-up this cash, and we'll be able to spend it legally since the statute of limitations will have expired.

NG

Yeah, but in six years, won't we be arrested for criminal trespassing?

There's a pause as all the guys ponder this.

BRENT

Well, we'll have six years to plan that.

LUC

Thank you, Brent.

Ng and Brent help Luc out of the hole.

LUC (CONT'D)

Okay, Dustin, fill'er up!

BRENT

(aside)

That's not what his girlfriend didn't say.

LUC

Ha, that's right.

Concrete is quickly poured into the hole.

NG

(re Dustin)

So he is capable of doing manual labor.

Brent is staring at the hole, filled with money, filling with concrete.

LUC

Thinking of diving in after the money?

BRENT

A little. (beat) But we still have plenty of money.

Luc drapes an arm around Brent's shoulder, and there's a sense that a valuable lesson has been learned.

LUC

Yeah, we got plenty.

Pause.

BRENT
Life lessons rock.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. BANK. PARKING LOT

There are very few people left. Everyone has gone home - including many of the cops, apparently. Lt. Bullman and Peabody are still there, though.

LT. BULLMAN
We are wearing them down.

Pause.

PEABODY
I don't think there's anyone left.

LT. BULLMAN
That's what they want us to think.

Pause.

PEABODY
You're an idiot, sir.

CUT TO BLACK

THE END