

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

The bleachers of Fairview High School gym are filled to capacity with people.

The graduating class of 1997 is in the middle of their ceremonies. They sit in folding chairs arranged in the center of the gymnasium.

WYATT KEMP stares blankly ahead as the sound of someone talking into a microphone echoes unintelligibly in the room.

Wyatt looks ridiculous in his ill-fitting cap.

He slowly starts to turn his head to the right.

GARY THOMAS sits quietly. He is one row behind, and a few seats to the right of Wyatt.

He doesn't seem to notice Wyatt looking at him.

WYATT
(Whispering)
Gary. Gary.

Gary jumps in his seat when he finally hears his name and starts to stand up.

WYATT
Sit down stupid. They haven't called your name. Loosen up before you make an ass out of yourself.

GARY
Look at me Wyatt, could I ever be a bigger ass?

Gary points to his cap.

WYATT
Good point.

Wyatt turns around in his seat as a high pitched feedback rips through the PA system's speakers.

Up on the stage LORRAINE STEAL, class valedictorian, stands behind the podium.

Her outfit is covered in all sorts of ribbons and tassels, all perfectly placed.

The note cards in her hand are all in order, she is ready for her speech.

Gary stares at her in awe with his jaw dropped and his eyes twinkling.

The look on his face is one only teenage love could cause.

LORRAINE (O.S.)

Good afternoon everyone. It is my
pleasure today To look out into the
fa...

Her voice slowly fades away as Gary's smile grows bigger.

INT. GARY'S FANTASY ROOM

Gary's fantasy room isn't too fancy. It's dimly lit in a strange blue light. There is a sofa in the middle with a television in front of it.

He and Lorraine are on the couch sitting fairly close but not touching.

With the TV light flickering on her face Lorraine starts to move toward Gary very slowly.

The sound of someone knocking quietly on the door makes Gary look over.

Lorraine puts her arm around Gary, the knocking gets louder and louder.

BACK TO THE GYM

Gary accidentally kicks the chair in front of him and a big mean jock named JASON WILLIAMS turns around and runs his finger across his neck in a menacing slicing motion.

Lorraine stands behind the podium finishing up her speech.

LORRAINE

Some people say that we are a
generation of slackers that will
never amount to anything. But I
look around here today and see the
face of our future on each and
every individual seated before me.
And one thought comes to mind...
Everything's gonna be fine.

The gym erupts in cheers and clapping.

Lorraine takes a quick bow and moves off to the side.

PRINCIPAL STEWART steps up to the microphone and waits a brief second for the noise to stop.

STEWART
(glancing after Lorraine)
Thank you Lorraine. And with no
further adieu, let's get started.

Principal Stewart produces a sheet of paper and puts it on the podium.

STEWART
John Abberson...

He reads the names off the list and one by one the kids file up to the stage to receive their diplomas and have their picture taken.

TIME PASSES

Wyatt walks up the stairs onto the stage.

He turns his head towards a camera off to the side as he shakes hands with PRINCIPAL STEWART and grabs his diploma.

He makes no attempt to smile. A flash goes off and things go right back into fast-forward.

TIME PASSES

Gary moves up the stairs slowly towards smiling Principal Stewart.

The stairs seem to shake and bend beneath him and the hand rail is wobbly.

Once Gary makes it to the top of the stage he reaches for his diploma with the wrong hand thereby making it awkward to shake Principal Stewart's hand.

A camera flash goes off in Gary's face and as he starts down the stairs things start to get blurry.

He looks down at his feet and sees that his foot is caught in the bottom of his gown.

The ground comes hurtling up at him.

BLEACHERS ACROSS FROM STAIRS

The crowd is silent so they can hear the name of their son or daughter as it is announced when they get their diploma.

The sound of what seems to be someone's sneaker making an abrupt stop on the gym floor makes all of them gasp and cover their eyes or avert their gazes.

But then, they begin to laugh.

BOTTOM OF STAGE STAIRS

Gary begins to pull himself up off the floor.

The person that was behind him spits on him as they step on him, not over him.

BACK TO PODIUM

Principal Stewart stands at the podium. He grabs the microphone. He has a smile on his face.

PRINCIPAL STEWART
(trying not to laugh)
Everyone, that's enough.

Wyatt, back in his seat, covers his face with both hands. He is not laughing.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

The doors are open and people are pouring out of the gym.

Gary and Wyatt stand off to the side. They are looking into the black folders that should be holding their diplomas.

The inside of their folders are empty.

WYATT
I don't know if I can handle
another session of summer school.

GARY
Yeah, well, at least you didn't
trip.

WYATT
Didn't I tell you to relax?

MR. KEMP, Wyatt's father, paces up. Gary and Wyatt turn in unison to look at him.

Their is a big red mark on Gary's cheek.

They all stand in silence for a moment.

MR. KEMP

Wyatt, will you hurry the hell up?
You're gonna make me miss the game
for Christ's sake.

Wyatt turns back to Gary as Mr. Kemp walks away.

WYATT

That's my queue. Your parents
didn't show I guess?

GARY

Nah, they had to work or go to one
of Brian's games I'm sure.

WYATT

That's pretty cool. I sure as hell
wish mine woulda stayed home.

GARY

Yeah I guess.

WYATT

Well, I'll see you at work.

He starts to walk away then stops.

WYATT

Oh, and don't worry, I'm sure that
mark will go away by morning.

Wyatt walks off.

GARY

(to himself)
Yeah, sure.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

The front end of the grocery store is filled with customers,
employees, and carts loaded with groceries.

In the middle of everything there is a huge banner hanging
from the ceiling that reads: "WE ARE ALWAYS BUSY TRYING TO
GIVE YOU BETTER SERVICE."

Wyatt's back is visible at check lane #17.

There is an OLD LADY in front of him shaking something in his face. Upon closer inspection, it turns out to be a summer sausage.

OLD LADY

The rack said 99 cents boy. Are you gonna tell me the rack is wrong.

WYATT

Yes. I'm sorry but it is the six-inch that's 99 cents. The foot long is \$1.49, and you have a foot long.

OLD LADY

Well what are you gonna do?

WYATT

I'll just ring it up for 99 cents.

OLD LADY

I want it free. It should be free.

WYATT

Sorry but...

OLD LADY

I don't want you to be sorry I want it to be free!

Wyatt looks up and all that is visible of the banner now is: "WE ARE ALWAYS BUSY" because the rest of the banner is cut off by the Old Lady's screaming head.

Gary turns his head so that all he sees is the lady's face.

Everything is in slow motion.

OLD LADY

Free! Can you hear me?!

Wyatt looks over at the line of people.

A BUSINESS MAN points to his watch.

A BABY in a cart screams.

All the people have a disgruntled look about them.

OLD LADY

Are you even listening to me you brat?

Wyatt slowly turns his gaze back to the Old Lady.

WYATT

Is fifty fucking cents really worth
all this bullshit to you?

OLD LADY

Wha...? Excuse...?

WYATT

Yeah.

He reaches over and picks up the intercom phone. The Old Lady has regained her train of thought.

OLD LADY

You little brat! I've been coming
to this store for 35 years and not
once has anyone been so rude.

WYATT

Will you please shut up? I need to
take care of something.

OLD LADY

I will not! Where is your manager?
I'm going to have you fired.

WYATT

Okay.

The receiver of the phone comes up next to Wyatt's mouth.

WYATT

(on the intercom)
Gary Thomas....

The Old Lady is shuffling off to find the manager.

CUSTOMER SERVICE OFFICE

MANAGER ED is bent over with his head in the store safe that
sits about waist high to him.

There are two other EMPLOYEES behind the service counter with
him but they are just standing around.

The office clock reads 10:53 am.

WYATT (O.S.)

(on the intercom)
...can you please come to the front
to the store please?

Ed quickly cocks his head to one side while it's still in the safe and then scrambles out.

CHECKOUT LANE #17

Wyatt hangs up the phone and starts walking towards the front doors.

Just as Wyatt gets away from his lane Manager Ed walks out of his office. He is walking toward Wyatt looking upset.

ED

Wyatt, did I just hear you use the intercom for personal reasons? You know that's against store policy.

Wyatt walks right past Ed without even looking at him.

ED

And where are you going? It's not time for your break yet. You can't just leave your register, we're busy!

Wyatt just keeps walking.

WYATT

I know Ed.

FLORAL AREA

Gary comes around the end of a floral display and gets his name tag caught on a balloon string. He manages to pull it off but breaks the string in the process.

Gary watches the balloon float up to the ceiling.

He's still staring when Wyatt walks up. Gary turns his head.

GARY

What's up Wyatt?

WYATT

We're quitting Gary.

GARY

Thank God!

EXT. STORE FRONT - DAY

Gary and Wyatt can be seen through the glass walking towards the automatic sliding doors. As the doors open Manager Ed steps into view behind them.

ED
(yelling)
You forfeit your last paycheck if
you don't put in at least 2 weeks
notice!

Gary and Wyatt don't respond.

ED
You have to turn in your uniforms!

Gary and Wyatt simultaneously pull off the striped shirts they have on and throw them over their shoulders onto the ground.

Manager Ed watches the sliding doors close silently as Gary and Wyatt pass through and walk into the parking lot.

INT. WYATT'S CAR - DAY

Wyatt and Gary sit in the parked car. Country music plays on the radio.

Gary reaches for the radio from the passenger seat and presses the search button. The digital dial whirs to a station and stops.

It lands yet another country station.

WYATT
God damn it! Why is this shit
always on?

He presses the button again, no luck, more country.

WYATT
JESUS! Someone has to be paying
them to play this shit. No one can
like this.

GARY
People are stupid Wyatt.

This time Wyatt hits the button.

Once again the digital scanner finds the station with the strongest signal, and it happens to be a country station.

WYATT

Get a tape! Quick!

Gary's opens the glove box. It drops open and tapes fall out everywhere.

WYATT

Anything, just hurry.

Gary takes his hand and rummages through the tapes spilling even more out. He finally grabs one and holds it up to inspect it.

He pops it in the tape deck. After a second the music starts.

Gary and Wyatt sit and smoke while having a semi-argument.

GARY

I should get the real one.

WYATT

Why?

GARY

'Cause it's mine! Besides, if I'm gonna be crowd control I need to be convincing.

WYATT

And what, I don't have to be convincing?! Besides it's not yours, you took it from your dad.

GARY

Exactly, so I'll use the real one.

Gary is bouncing his leg up and down rapidly.

WYATT

Gary, I don't think it's a good idea. You seem a bit nervous.

GARY

Nervous?! You're the one smoking like a freight train.

Gary pauses to throw his own cigarette out the window.

GARY

If I don't get to use the real one I'm out.

Wyatt takes a long drag on his cigarette.

WYATT

Okay, fine. You get the real one.
But Gary be careful god damn it.

Gary lights another smoke.

GARY

Yeah, yeah.

WYATT

I'm gonna get some fresh air and
check out the situation. I'll
signal you.

GARY

I'll be ready.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Wyatt steps out of the car dressed completely in black and holding one of the guns he and Gary were discussing in his right hand.

He lifts the back of his shirt and puts the gun in the top of his pants.

Gary keeps on smoking and pays no attention.

Wyatt walks up to the corner of the bank and leans up against the wall so he can see the parking lot and the front door.

He lights a cigarette. Not counting Wyatt's there are only three cars in the parking lot.

Wyatt focuses on one in particular, a gold mid-nineties Saturn.

The door to the bank opens to his left and Lorraine walks out.

LORRAINE

Wyatt? What are you doing here?

Wyatt shifts a little uneasily.

WYATT

Oh, nothing, just cashing
graduation checks, you know. I
thought I recognized your car.

LORRAINE

Yeah, I'm here depositing
grad-checks...somebody die?

Lorraine points to his attire.

WYATT

Nah, it's just uh...

LORRAINE

Say, how's Gary? I feel
so bad that everyone laughed
at him.

WYATT

Oh, he's fine.
(grinning)
He'd sure be stoked to know you
cared. He's got the biggest crush
on...

Lorraine cracks a big smile.

LORRAINE

He does?! On me?! Really?! He
barely says a word when I try to
talk to him.

WYATT

Please don't tell him I let this
slip, he'd seriously kill me.

She nods her head in agreement.

LORRAINE

Hey, you guys should come to my
graduation party on Saturday. Mom's
gonna be there to supervise but she
got a keg.

She puts her palms up and shrugs.

WYATT

(Nodding)
Sure Saturday.

LORRAINE

Okay Saturday.

She waves a little wave then turns on her toes and sort of
skip walks toward her car. She stops a few yards later.

LORRAINE

Wyatt, will you make sure Gary
comes?

Wyatt gives an "okay" sign and smiles. Lorraine walks the
rest of the way to her car and gets in.

Wyatt walks around the corner and waves to Gary who is still in the car. Gary hasn't seen Lorraine.

Gary opens the door and starts to get out but he gets jerked back by the seat belt. He fools with the seat belt and tries again but still can't get out.

Wyatt walks up.

WYATT

What's the hold up? Our window of opportunity is getting smaller here.

GARY

I don't know. There's something wrong with the seat belt again.

Wyatt leans over him to take a look.

Lorraine exits the parking lot in her car.

Wyatt leans over Gary who is moving his head around trying to get a look at what he's doing.

WYATT

Twice in one week?

GARY

It's not twice in one week. The last time was last Wednesday and it's now Thursday. That's eight days.

Wyatt presses the button and the belt pops off.

WYATT

Fine eight days. It's still a record.

Wyatt steps back and Gary gets out.

They walk around the building.

As they round the corner Wyatt points to the virtually empty lot.

WYATT

See Gary, no crowd, that means no crowd control. Still want the real one?

GARY

Yes god damn it! Ask me again and I'll shoot you. Besides, that BB gun is probably just as powerful. One time I shot my brother with it.

INT. GARY'S KITCHEN - DAY

BRIAN THOMAS, Gary's older brother, is making a sandwich. He's got on a baseball uniform that has dirt all over it.

Gary walks in with a magazine and sits down at the table.

Completely unprovoked, Brian walks over and rubs the two halves of his sandwich in Gary's hair.

Gary very calmly stands and leaves the room. As he turns to leave Brian gives him a kick in the butt and Gary falls down.

Brian goes back to making his sandwich as if Gary never came into the kitchen.

INT. HALLWAY

Gary is in the dark hallway glaring at the oak door that separates him from the kitchen and his brother.

In his hand is the BB gun.

He raises and aims the gun at the center of the door.

GARY

Brian!!

There is a clatter and the sound of an angry voice comes from the kitchen. Footsteps can be heard approaching the door.

The door starts to move but before Brian is even all the way through Gary starts to fire rapidly.

Little chips of wood splinter off the door as BB's slam into it from just a few feet away.

The sound of Brian hitting the floor and screaming can be heard from behind the gently swinging door.

Gary walks up to the door and looks at the holes that go all the way through the door that the BB gun left.

There are thin beams of light coming through, shining onto Gary's smiling face.

Gary tries to open the door but has a hard time because his brother is lying in front of it.

He looks down to see his brother lying on the floor, his chest covered in blood.

Gary is smiling ear to ear.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Gary on the couch with peanut butter still in his hair.

Mr. Thomas is standing in front of him yelling and waiving his hands.

MR. KEMP

What the hell kind of stunt is this Gary? Your brother is in the hospital and may have to miss State because of you!

Gary simply points to the top of his head.

His father points toward the kitchen door.

MR. KEMP

And who's gonna pay for that door? You with your \$5.25 an hour job at the grocery store?

Gary shakes his head and diverts his gaze out the window.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Wyatt and Gary are standing outside the doors of the bank.

WYATT

Great Gary, let's do this.

GARY

Paris?

WYATT

Paris Gary. Just think Paris.

Gary nods and pulls a ski mask out of no where and puts it on. Wyatt follows suit.

They walk inside.

INT. LORRAINE'S CAR - DAY

Lorraine is driving along listening to the radio and singing along.

She comes to a stop sign and looks both directions. First left then right. When she looks right, something catches her eye on the seat. It's a graduation check she overlooked.

She picks it up.

Lorraine looks around, the coast is clear. She makes a U-turn and heads back toward the bank.

INT. BANK - DAY

The bank is totally silent.

The TWO FEMALE CLERKS are looking at magazines and they don't even look up when Gary and Wyatt come in.

There are no other people in the bank.

Gary and Wyatt charge in with their guns out and ruin the peacefulness of the morning.

WYATT

Nobody moves, nobody gets hurt!

He aims his gun at one of the clerks.

WYATT

Both of you put your hands where I can see them.

The clerks look at each other in disbelief and put their hands in the air.

Gary walks up and produces a cloth sack that he stole from the grocery store he worked at until yesterday.

He sets the bag in front of the clerk closest to the door.

WYATT

Put all the money in the bag.
Quickly please.

Gary looks over at Wyatt who just shrugs in response.

The clerk just stares at Gary with her hands in the air.

GARY

You're gonna have to move quicker
than that bitch or I'm going to
blow your fucking teeth out the
back of your goddamn neck!

Now Wyatt shoots Gary a look.

Gary shrugs.

The clerk grabs the bag and starts to stack the money from
her drawer in neat piles in the bag.

GARY

You don't have to be neat about it,
it still spends when it's bent.

The clerk stops and looks at him confused.

Gary takes a step back and almost trips over one of the
velvet ropes. He manages to regain his balance quickly.

GARY

Just get a fucking move on bitch!

She finally gets the picture and starts tossing the money in
faster. She cleans out her drawer.

WYATT

Good girl, now start on the next
drawer.

As he says this a noise comes from the parking lot.

WYATT

Gary, see what that was.

Without taking his aim off the clerk Gary turns his head
towards the door.

GARY

No names!

Gary sees Lorraine make her way through the first set of
glass doors.

INT. GARY'S FANTASY ROOM

Gary and Lorraine are on the couch exactly where they left
off.

They are kissing and groping and Lorraine is unbuttoning her
shirt.

The sound of knocking comes again. Gary pulls his shirt off and looks over his shoulder.

The knocking sound starts to get louder and he looks up.

Lorraine pulls his face back to hers.

INT. BANK - DAY

The robbery is still in progress with only a few seconds having elapsed.

Wyatt is screaming and so are the clerks.

WYATT

OH MY GOD! OH MY GOD! Come on, Oh
shit! I can't believe it!

Wyatt comes running and grabs Gary who is holding the bag of money the bag of money, and starts pulling him toward the door.

As they run Gary turns his head and looks down.

He sees Lorraine's body on the ground. She is not moving. There is blood everywhere though it's impossible tell where it's coming from.

Gary stops and stares at Lorraine lying on the floor.

WYATT

COME ON!

Wyatt jerks Gary's arm and they run to the doors and then out into the parking lot.

One of the clerks picks up the phone.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Wyatt's car tears out of the parking lot as fast as it can go, barking the tires a little when it bounces out into the street.

INT. WYATT'S CAR - DAY

Wyatt and Gary race down the road. Wyatt is obviously pissed.

GARY

WHAT?! What do you mean?

WYATT

I mean you fucking shot her! I said, "See what that is." Then I hear the gun go off and when I turn around she's lying on the floor in a pool of fucking blood! Holy fuck!

GARY

No...I...

WYATT

Just shut up Gary. I gotta think. Jesus. I mean we went over the plan like 1000 times Gary-NOBODY GETS HURT-. That's what we said. And the first chance you get you go shooting people. Not to fucking mention it just happens to be the same girl you've been drooling over for the last two years. Shit! This is so bad.

Gary seems to be on the verge of tears.

GARY

I'm sorry Wyatt. I saw her coming in and I blanked out. You know... and well that's all I remember.

WYATT

Well let me fill you in... YOU FUCKING SHOT LORRAINE!! Jesus Christ! We're gonna get the chair. We're dead if they catch us.

GARY

Wyatt no. We've gotta turn ourselves in. We can't...

WYATT

Fuck that. We can and we will. Just don't puss out on me.

GARY

Sorry Wyatt. I won't.

EXT. BANK - DAY

There is a huge crowd of people surrounding the bank. There are two ambulances and three police cars.

Lorraine is on a stretcher being put on to one of the ambulances.

The lights on top start spinning and the siren blares. The crowd moves out of the way so it can get past.

The local news van is also there.

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY

OFFICER ALLEN DUMAS'S police cruiser is creeping up to the pickup window.

INT. OFFICER DUMAS'S CRUISER - DAY

The radio begins to bark and Officer Dumas jumps at the sound of the DISPATCHER'S voice. He stares at the radio. The name on his badge is "A. DUMAS".

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Attention all units. Be on the look out for a late model blue Ford Tempo license # Q4061H. That's Q as in quarter, as in 4, O as in octopus, 6 as in 6, I as in ice, H as in horse. It was last seen heading east on Linn avenue. Suspects are believed to be responsible for robbing the 1st Division Bank. Suspects may be armed. If spotted, call for back up immediately. Do not approach. Repeat, Do not approach.

When the radio finally falls silent Officer Dumas looks up.

Wyatt's blue Ford Tempo pulls into the motel across the street from where Officer Dumas is.

Then a bag of food is shoved in front of Dumas's face.

He looks to the window and then into his bag. He rummages around in it for a second.

OFF. DUMAS

S'cuse me, I ordered two triple burgers with the works and there's only one in here.

He hands the bag back to where it came from.

An arm snatches the bag away from him.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Gary and Wyatt are standing at the front desk. Gary is rather nervous. A tall slender young man named MARK is waiting on them.

MARK

Yes we do, but the room only has one bed.

WYATT

That's great.

He looks at Gary, winks and makes a kissing gesture.

MARK

Uh Huh.

INT. OFFICER DUMAS'S CRUISER - DAY

Officer Dumas is still waiting for his food. He's leaning out of his window yelling into the pickup window.

OFF. DUMAS

No! I want pickles! Jesus.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Gary and Wyatt are in the middle of renting their room.

WYATT

And we're kind of expecting a third party. Maybe more than one. They'll be dressed up, I think as policemen, I think that's what we got.

He looks at Gary again. This time as if to say "don't mess it up."

GARY

Yeah, I think so.

Wyatt slips Mark a Fifty-dollar bill.

WYATT

When or if, he or they drop by could you give them our room number and then once they leave here ring the room immediately? We want to make sure we're ready.

Wyatt winks at Mark.

MARK

Oh, I see, sure thing.

INT. OFFICER DUMAS'S CRUISER - DAY

Officer Dumas is still sitting in the drive-thru waiting for his food.

An arm comes out the window and drops a sack into Officer Dumas's lap.

OFF.DUMAS

Thanks.

He puts the bag on the passenger seat and finds his glasses in his breast pocket. He puts them on and looks across to see the car but it's gone.

OFF.DUMAS

Errrrr.

He puts the car into gear and heads toward the motel.

INT. MOTEL ROOM #143 - DAY

Gary and Wyatt are sitting on the bed with the money out in front of them.

GARY

How long do you think we have before they find us?

WYATT

I don't know. Not long.

Wyatt takes his hand and spreads the money out on the bed a little more. He makes no attempt to count it.

WYATT

Does it look like a lot to you Gary?

GARY

I don't know. Not a whole lot I guess.

WYATT

Me neither.

Wyatt shakes his head.

WYATT

We woulda had more if we didn't
have to leave so fast. I bet we
only got a fifth of what they had.

Gary stands up and walks away.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Mark is standing behind the counter with his back to the door. He is staring at the television which has a motorcycle on a spinning podium on the screen.

Officer Dumas comes through the door and Mark turns around.

When Mark sees him he cracks a big smile.

INT. ROOM #143 - DAY

Gary is pacing and Wyatt is lying on his back on the floor.

GARY

You gonna count it?

WYATT

Not yet, I need to think. Stop
pacing, you're gonna give yourself
an ulcer.

GARY

Why, 'cause I worry? How can you
just sit there and think?

WYATT

Well, first I sit. Then I think.

GARY

Maybe it's easier for you cause you
haven't killed anyone.

Wyatt rolls over and looks at Gary.

WYATT

You don't know you killed her.

GARY

Quit trying to see the bright side
Wyatt. She was lying there, not
moving, bleeding, and god knows
what else after we took off.

Maybe you can feel less guilty if you tell yourself she's not dead but you're not the one who shot her.

Wyatt looks under the bed.

WYATT

You're right. I didn't shoot her. You did. So don't expect me to feel sorry for you. I mean, you didn't have to shoot her.

GARY

I think I'm catching a cold.

Wyatt stands and walks toward the bathroom.

WYATT

Even if she's not dead she's probably crippled for life.

Wyatt shuts the door to the bathroom.

Gary covers his face with his hands.

GARY

Arg!

INT. BATHROOM

Wyatt is standing in front the mirror with water running.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Mark is standing behind the counter grinning.

MARK

(sarcastically)
Uh huh. Sure officer...

Mark leans in to look at his name tag. He pronounces it incorrectly.

MARK

Dumb ass?

OFF. DUMAS

It's pronounced DOO-MAHS.

MARK

Whatever, it's room number 143.
It's all the way around the back.

OFF.DUMAS

Thank you for your cooperation. I
know you aren't supposed to give
out room numbers, but these men
could be dangerous.

Mark gives him a huge smile.

MARK

(trying not
to laugh)
Yeah, dangerous.

Officer Dumas gives him an uncertain look and walks out.

Just as the door closes Mark picks up the phone.

INT. OFFICER DUMAS'S CRUISER - DAY

Officer Dumas has the CB in his hand.

OFF.DUMAS

...repeat, request for back up.
Vehicle matching description of car
used in robbery earlier today...

INT. ROOM #143 - DAY

Wyatt and Gary run around the room.

The sound of a car door closing comes from out side.

WYATT

Get ready.

GARY

Getting.

Wyatt runs up to the door and looks through the peephole.

INT. OFFICER DUMAS'S CRUISER

Officer Dumas sits in his car directly in front of room#143
staring at the door.

The voice of the woman dispatcher comes on the CB.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Repeat, wait for back up.

Officer Dumas undoes his seat belt and opens his door.

INT. ROOM #143 - DAY

Wyatt is at the door looking out the peephole. Officer Dumas is walking up to the door.

Wyatt aims a gun at the door when Officer Dumas knocks.

OFF. DUMAS
(through the
door)
Police open up!

EXT. ROOM #143 - DAY

Officer Dumas is standing outside the door patiently waiting for an answer. He doesn't have his gun drawn or seem to be expecting any trouble.

He then leans up and puts his eye up to the peephole to see if he can see into the room.

INT. ROOM #143

Wyatt is still aiming his gun at the door. He leans up and looks through the peephole one last time.

He sees Officer Dumas gazing stupidly into the wrong side of the peephole.

Wyatt shifts his aim up to the peephole and pulls the trigger several times in rapid succession.

Instead of any loud bangs though all that comes out is the sound of compressed air being released.

OFF.DUMAS
(through the
door)
Owe! My face!

Wyatt opens the door and Officer Dumas is laying on the ground holding his face. Blood is pouring out from behind his hands.

Gary comes charging through with a pillow. His foot clips the thresh hold and he trips.

He flies through the air with the pillow in his hands making a crash landing on top of Officer Dumas.

He still manages to get the pillow over his face and muffle the screams.

Wyatt comes out and grabs Officer Dumas's feet and Gary grabs him around the head so that the pillow doesn't fall off.

They pick him up and start to carry him in.

GARY

I fucking told you dude! Right
through the fucking door!

Gary's elbow has a big bloody scrap on it from where he fell.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

Wyatt's Tempo pulls out in a fairly aggressive manner and makes an immediate right turn.

It disappears just as three police cars come screaming into the lot.

EXT. ROOM #143 - DAY

There are moans coming from inside the room.

OFFICER FRANK kicks in the door as OFFICER PAUL and OFFICER RITA cover him.

On the bed Officer Dumas is gagged and hogtied, lying on his stomach with several pillows stacked under his knees so that his moans go even deeper into the mattress.

Officer Rita walks up and rolls Officer Dumas onto his side revealing all the little holes in his face and the blood soaked comforter they have created.

OFF.FRANK

Y'alright there Al?

OFF.DUMAS

(through the gag)

NUH! UHTHY MUH!

Officer Dumas starts squirming around on the bed.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Inside the police station is a hectic scene. Uniformed officers run in every direction.

There are four people sitting on a bench next to a door that says "DETECTIVE OSCAR CLEOFISS" in gold letters on the glass.

MR. & MRS. KEMP, and MR. & MRS. THOMAS have been brought in for questioning.

The door to the office opens and DETECTIVE OSCAR CLEOFISS steps out.

With a file in his hand he motions for them to enter.

They all stand at once and start heading in.

INT. DETECTIVE CLEOFISS' OFFICE - DAY

The two couples sit paired off in their separate chairs. The spouses are holding hands.

Both of the Mrs.'s are dabbing their eyes with handkerchiefs.

CLEOFISS

I know this must be hard but the car has been identified. Your son's car Mrs. Thomas.

MR. KEMP

Well couldn't someone have stolen my son's car? Isn't that a possibility?

CLEOFISS

Sir, it is a possibility that someone stole your son's car but if we're being realistic... it's an '88 tempo. It's not your typical auto thief's first choice.

MR. KEMP

Yeah, I guess.

Mr. Kemp looks over at Mr. Thomas.

MR. KEMP

This is all your fault. If you kept your damn kid on a leash he'd never get the chance to corrupt my son all the time.

MR. THOMAS

My fault? I don't hit my kids.

Mr. Kemp almost jumps out of his chair.

MR. KEMP

You mother...

CLEOFISS

Enough! This is no time for laying blame. Right now I need answers so maybe we can figure out just what the hell your kids are doing.

Mrs. Thomas sobs and blows her nose.

MRS. THOMAS

(crying)

How would we know? It's not like they told us they were going to do this and we ignored them. This just isn't the type of thing someone talks about with their parents. Not that Gary speaks to us at all.

MR. THOMAS

Be quite honey. He means did we notice any strange behavior lately or something like that. Right?

Cleofiss shuffles some papers on his desk.

CLEOFISS

Where do you think they got the guns? Do any of you own any guns?

MR. THOMAS

Yes sir, I own quite a few. I sort of collect them. Nothing serious though. Not like my brother. He...

CLEOFISS

Is there any way Gary could have gotten a hold of any of these guns.

MR. THOMAS

No. I keep them locked up. And the key is hidden.

CLEOFISS

Well, I'll have somebody go to check and make sure. Just in case.

Cleofiss makes a few notes. Then presses the intercom button on his desk.

CLEOFISS
Dolebrook can you come to my
office?

The door opens and OFFICER DOLEBROOK steps in.

DOLEBROOK
Sir?

CLEOFISS
Yes, I want you to go to Mr.
Thomas' house and check to see if
any of his guns are missing.

DOLEBROOK
Sure thing.

Officer Dolebrook turns and walks out of the room.

CLEOFISS
Any strange behavior? Anything out
of the ordinary?

MRS. KEMP
Well, they had good jobs at the
grocery store and then they just
quit. I'm so embarrassed, I have to
find somewhere else to shop now. I
can't show my face in there any
more. How could he do this to me?

CLEOFISS
Okay, this is good. Did they say
why they quit?

MR. THOMAS
They didn't even tell us. Gary
never says a word to us.

MR. KEMP
Maybe if you weren't so busy all
the time.

CLEOFISS
Enough already!

INT. WYATT'S TEMPO - DAY

Gary and Wyatt are driving at a reasonable pace through a quiet suburban neighborhood.

GARY

This is so bad. We're going to jail forever. What the hell are we doing?

WYATT

I don't know exactly. We need a place to lay low for a while.

Gary turns on the radio and starts nervously flipping through the stations. He stops when he hears the NEWS ANCHORMAN'S voice.

NEWS ANCHORMAN (V.O.)

...they are believed to be two local boys. The police aren't giving out any information at this point. We do know that the young girl, Lorraine Steal, that was shot was pronounced...

INT. GARY'S FANTASY ROOM

Gary and Lorraine are lying on the couch making out.

They almost roll off the sofa onto the floor but they catch themselves.

The knocking sound pounds once again.

GARY

Can a guy get a little privacy!?

The knocking sound continues.

INT. WYATT'S TEMPO - DAY

There is a loud crash inside Wyatt's Tempo.

WYATT

...the hell are you doing!?

GARY

What? Why are you yelling?

The glove compartment is hanging open, lower on one side than the other, tapes and documents are falling out onto the floor.

GARY

What happened?

WYATT

You tell me. You turned on the radio and they mentioned Lorraine and the next thing I know you're banging you're head into the window and trying to kick the dash board off.

GARY

Fuck, I'm sorry Wyatt. It just... What did they say about Lorraine?

Wyatt points to where the radio was. It's smashed worse than the glove box.

WYATT

You heard as much as me.

Gary looks down at the radio.

GARY

Fuck!

WYATT

Fuck is right bro. You almost kicked us into park while we were doing forty.

GARY

Man I...

They make a right turn.

Gary tries to catch tapes as they fall out while rounding the corner. Then he tries to shut the glove compartment but with no luck. It just keeps dropping open.

WYATT

No harm done this time. We should have come up with a back up plan though.

GARY

Maybe we should...

WYATT

Don't say it. We can't. If we do it now we're fucked. We still have a chance.

GARY

Yeah, but maybe...

WYATT

Okay, maybe. But not yet, I've got an idea. Let's go to your house. Your parents are never home.

GARY

Don't you think they would send somebody to our houses Wyatt?

WYATT

You're probably right. All right I know where we'll go.

INT. THOMAS' HOME - DAY

The front door of the Kemp's home is shut.

It opens slowly and Officer Dolebrook walks in. He looks around and then walks toward the kitchen.

He stops and looks at the holes in the kitchen door and then walks on through.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

Gary and Wyatt get out of the car with the bag of money and guns in tow.

GARY

Wyatt, what the hell are we doing?

WYATT

Shopping.

GARY

But, this is the ghetto mall. Nobody comes here.

WYATT

Exactly.

Gary nods in understanding.

GARY

Right. Let's go.

They turn and head for the run down old building.

As they walk they put their guns into the backs of their pants.

INT. THOMAS' KITCHEN - DAY

Officer Dolebrook is making himself a sandwich. There is a glass of milk out on the table.

INT. MALL - DAY

Gary and Wyatt walk side by side through the run down mall.

Most of the shops are closed and the people in the mall don't look very friendly.

There are a few groups of teenage thug types hanging around.

Nobody pays a bit of attention to Gary and Wyatt even though they're still dressed all in black.

GARY

What are we looking for?

WYATT

I'm not sure exactly. I'll know it when I see it though. Let's go in here for a minute.

He points to the rest room and starts to walk toward it. Gary follows as usual. They disappear into the bathroom.

INT. REST ROOM

They walk in and enter the large handicapped stall. There is graffiti all over the walls.

Wyatt and Gary sit down in the stall.

Wyatt opens the bag of money and starts to count out loud.

Gary shuts the door.

WYATT

One, Two, Three, Four, Five, Six...

BART, a thirty something white male walks in. He hears Wyatt counting and quietly steps over to the sink to listen.

Gary and Wyatt don't know he's there.

WYATT

2,000 dollars give or take. Paris may have to wait.

GARY

It doesn't seem worth it. This whole thing leaves a bad taste in my mouth. I just don't think I'm cut out for this.

WYATT

It was your first time. After the next one you'll be a pro. Besides this is still quite a bit of cash.

GARY

What do you mean next one?

Bart quietly moves over in front of the stall right next to the one Gary and Wyatt are in so that when they open the door and it swings out he will be hidden behind it.

INT. DETECTIVE CLEOFISS'S OFFICE - DAY

Detective Cleofiss is sitting quietly behind his desk as Mr. Kemp and Mr. Thomas yell at each other. Mrs. Kemp and Mrs. Thomas are both crying.

MR. THOMAS

If you would have taught your son some discipline none of this would be happening.

MR. KEMP

Yeah, well if your boy had a mind of his own instead of following whatever Wyatt does like some spineless piece of...

Mr. Thomas takes a swing at Mr. Kemp. Mr. Kemp ducks it and does a flying football tackle into Mr. Thomas' stomach.

Detective Cleofiss calmly presses the intercom button on his desk.

CLEOFISS

Tony, can you come to my office please?

Mr. Kemp and Mr. Thomas begin to roll around on the ground.

INT. MR. & MRS. THOMAS' BEDROOM

Officer Dolebrook is sitting on the bed looking at the old wooden gun display case. There are several rifles and handguns.

As he scans along he sees a gap where one of the handguns has been taken.

He turns and grabs the TV remote off the night stand and clicks the television on.

He puts his feet up on the bed and lays his head against the headboard adjusting a pillow behind his back.

He sets the remote down and notices a key on the night stand. He picks it up.

INT. REST ROOM

Back in the rest room Wyatt is zipping up the bag.

WYATT
So we're agreed then?

GARY
I don't know.

Wyatt beams at Gary.

GARY
Okay. Jesus. I just don't know
that's all.

Wyatt opens the door to the stall and he and Gary are immediately faced with the reflection of Bart, who doesn't realize that they can see him in the mirror until he looks over at it.

Gary and Wyatt pull out their guns and aim them at the mirror.

Bart puts his hands up.

Gary is the first to realize that they are looking at Bart's reflection and he quickly steps around the door to aim his gun at the real Bart.

Wyatt follows his lead.

BART
Duh, Duh, Duh, don't shoot. I was
just listening. I ain't gonna tell
nobody.

WYATT
What's your name?

BART

Bart.

WYATT

Well Bart, what kind of car do you drive?

BART

'79 Buick La Sabre. Are you guys like, boy hookers or robbers or what?

WYATT

Both, you nailed it. Let's have a look at that La Sabre.

Wyatt turns Bart around and shoves him toward the door.

BART

I ain't got no money. You guys ain't gonna fuck me are you?

WYATT

I promise I will if you say one more word.

He crams the gun into Bart's back.

INT. DETECTIVE CLEOFISS'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Kemp and Mr. Thomas are seated with their hands cuffed behind their backs.

The Mrs.'s are still crying.

CLEOFISS

Well, this doesn't seem to be getting anywhere. Why don't you all go home and you can call if you think of anything or if they try to contact you. And if anything comes up on our end I'll be sure to let you know.

He stands and walks around his desk. He hands both the ladies a card.

Then he walks behind the men and uncuffs them.

CLEOFISS

Now you boys behave.

Cleofiss then opens the door and they all stand up and walk out.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

Gary and Wyatt are walking Bart to his car as the sun goes down. They come upon a big brown Buick and stop.

GARY
This is your car?

BART
Yeah, so what?

GARY
It's fucking huge!

Wyatt walks up and tries to open the door but it's locked.

WYATT
Gimme the key.

Bart digs in his pocket and brings out the keys. He hands them to Wyatt.

BART
This is bullshit man.

WYATT
Hey, you're lucky I'm not fucking your ass yet Bart.

BART
Well shit man. How am I getting home?

Wyatt reaches in his pocket and pulls out his keys. He looks at them a second and then tosses them to Bart.

WYATT
Here, we'll trade.

BART
What kinda robbers are you guys?

WYATT
We're not robbers. We're just boy hookers, and that's what you're gonna say if anyone asks you right?

BART
Why would I do that?

Wyatt walks over to Bart and puts the gun in his chest while reaching around and grabbing on his ass.

BART

Hey man, get off. No wait, I didn't mean it like that...

Wyatt pulls out Bart's wallet and takes his driver's license.

WYATT

We know where you live Bart. Got it?

BART

Yeah.

He shakes his head yes.

GARY

The car's parked in red 13. It's the blue Tempo.

BART

A Tempo?!

WYATT

Bart.

Wyatt puts his index finger and thumb in the shape of a circle then uses his other finger to imitate penetration.

BART

Damn man.

GARY

Keys?

Wyatt tosses the keys over to him.

Gary catches them, unlocks the driver's side door and gets in.

Wyatt walks around the car while aiming his gun at him. Bart just stands there shaking his head.

EXT. THOMAS' HOUSE - DAY

The front door of the Thomas' opens and Officer Dolebrook walks out and gets in his cruiser. He start the car up and pulls away from the front of the house.

Just as he goes out of sight Mr. and Mrs. Thomas pull up in their Lexus.

They get out and start to head for the door.

MR. THOMAS

He made me miss the last half of
Brian's game.

MRS. THOMAS

I know honey. Let's just try to
relax.

They stop in the last light the day at the front door as Mr.
Thomas tries to find the right key.

INT. DETECTIVE CLEOFISS'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Officer Dolebrook is standing in front of Detective Cleofiss
who is sitting at his desk.

CLEOFISS

How many?

DOLEBROOK

I'd say between 20 and 30. I didn't
count them though.

CLEOFISS

And only one was gone.

DOLEBROOK

That's right. And there were no
signs of forced entry which means
they used this key.

(he produces the key)

Which by the way was not hidden. It
was on top of the night stand right
next to the case.

CLEOFISS

Isn't that always where they hide
it?

He and Dolebrook laugh a little bit.

DOLEBROOK

It's either there or it's "hidden"
(doing finger quotes)
in the lock.

They both break into loud laughter.

CLEOFISS

Yeah, and the bullets are hidden in
the clip.

Dolebrook holds his stomach and wipes a tear from his eye.

DOLEBROOK

So are we gonna charge Mr. Thomas with anything?

CLEOFISS

Honestly we should, but I don't want to see any of those people again. I understand a little bit of denial but jeez, parents like those just make me sick. You know?

DOLECROOK

I feel the same way. Which is why I think we should charge him with something. Neglect, anything we can come up with. I promise I'll keep him out of your site.

Cleofiss rubs his eyes.

CLEOFISS

If you can come up with something that you feel confident will stick, bring him in.

DOLEBROOK

Thank you sir.

INT. KEMP'S HOME

Mr. And Mrs. Kemp sit in silence on the sofa in front of the television.

Mrs. Kemp is no longer crying but she is still holding a box of tissues.

Mr. Kemp just looks mad.

MR. THOMAS

If I ever catch him I swear to god I'll beat him to death. What a fucking embarrassment.

He changes the channel with the remote. The "news" music comes on and LINDA GRAY introduces herself.

LINDA GRAY (V.O.)

Hello, I'm Linda Gray reporting live from 1st Division...

EXT. BANK - NIGHT

The CAMERA MAN and LINDA GREY are surrounded by a huge crowd of people at the entrance to the bank.

Linda is holding a rather large microphone with the channel's logo on it.

LINDA GRAY

...as many of you know already, the bank behind me was robbed at gun point earlier today.

(motioning behind her to the bank)

Police have just told us for certain that the suspects they are looking for are two recent high school graduates, Gary Thomas and Wyatt Kemp. With me now are a few of Gary and Wyatt's classmates who may be able to shed some much needed light on this mystery.

She waves to someone off screen to come over.

Jason Williams, the big jock from graduation walks over. He is very excited to be on TV.

LINDA GRAY

Would you please state your name and tell us how you know the suspects?

She leans her microphone over to Jason.

JASON

My names Jason Williams and I had gym with those geeks three years in a row.

(waving to the camera)

Hey mom, I'm on TV!

LINDA GRAY

I see. And what can you tell us that might give us some insight as to why they might commit such a terrible crime?

JASON

Well, like I said I had gym with them all through high school. They were real weird.

They didn't care if they won or not, I don't think they even liked to play sports. This one time...

INT. GYM - DAY

It's the same gym that the graduation was held in only now the students in it have on gym shorts and T-shirts.

Gary and Wyatt stand next to each other in the middle of the basketball court as the rest of the boys run around.

Jason Williams has the ball and dribbles up next to them.

He gets right in Gary's face and starts showing off by dribbling between his legs.

Gary reaches out, grabs the ball and throws it over his left shoulder.

The ball hits the backboard and goes into the basket.

Everyone else continues with the game but Jason stays standing there right in front of Gary.

GARY

What?

JASON

What do you mean what? You know what you faggot. You took the fucking ball from me!

GARY

I thought that's what I was supposed to do.

JASON

You're supposed to shut the fuck up bitch!

GARY

But earlier you said to get off my gay ass and play.

Jason takes another step toward Gary so that their faces almost touch.

JASON

Think you're funny fag?
Let's go fucker.

Jason pushes Gary and he stumbles back a bit.

Wyatt steps in between them.

WYATT

Whoa there big guy. Let's just...

Jason grabs both of them by the shirts and starts to haul them over to the bleachers.

JASON

Too late fags. I'm gonna kill you both at the same time.

Now the rest of the class is watching. The gym teacher is nowhere to be found.

The crowd starts to chant.

CROWD

Beat the fags! Beat'em 'til they're dead! Kill the fags! Crush their fucking heads!

JASON

Someone get me two garbage cans. Moose, you hold this bitch while I fuck this one up.

Jason shoves Wyatt over to the boy they call MOOSE.

Moose is so enormous that his head isn't in the picture at all.

Wyatt's face smashes into Moose's chest. Moose quickly bears hugs Wyatt.

Then out of nowhere two big plastic garbage cans come sliding in.

JASON

BALL!

Jason pushes Gary out in front of him just as a basketball comes soaring into his hands.

Gary starts to make a move but it's too late.

Jason takes the ball and bounces it off Gary's face.

The ball snaps smartly back into Jason's hands and then is immediately in Gary's face again and then his stomach.

The crowd disrupts its chant long enough for a brief laugh and then goes right back into the chant.

Gary doubles over and Jason picks him up.

He stuffs him head first into one of the garbage cans and then pulls his pants down so you can see his bare ass.

Jason then shoves the garbage can into the bleachers as hard as he can so that it tips over and Gary falls out.

JASON
Gimme the next one!

INT. KEMP'S HOME - NIGHT

The Thomas's are still in front of their television. Their jaws are dropped as they watch and listen.

MR. KEMP
Wyatt said those bruises were from football practice. That little liar. I'm gonna kill him.

Mrs. Kemp gets up and walks over to the phone.

She is crying again. She picks up the phone and starts to dial. She waits a second.

MRS. KEMP
Yes, Mrs. Thomas, this is Mrs. Kemp. Have you been watching the news? No? Well...

INT. THOMAS' HOME - NIGHT

Mr. And Mrs. Thomas are in the kitchen where Officer Dolebrook made a sandwich earlier.

Mrs. Thomas is putting away the peanut butter.

Mr. Thomas bangs his hand on the table.

MR. THOMAS
I can't believe he lied to us. We're his parents! Why would he tell us he was on the football team? How could we not know?

Mrs. Thomas walks over and puts her arm around him.

MRS. THOMAS
It's okay honey, we are both busy people.

It's not a crime to be busy. We'll just have to try to pay a little more attention that's all.

Mr. Thomas turns and faces his wife.

MR. THOMAS

You're right. I mean How were we supposed to know? We both work so he can have things and look at how he thanks us. I just wonder what else he lied about.

MRS. THOMAS

Maybe I'll go see if I can find his girlfriend's phone number in his room. I'm sure she could tell us something. What was her name again? Lorraine?

She pats Mr. Thomas on the back lightly.

MRS. THOMAS

Come on sweetie, let's see if we can find Lorraine's phone number and give her a call.

They start to walk toward the door. The holes are still there from when Gary shot his brother.

Mrs. Thomas gets a puzzled look on her face.

MRS. THOMAS

Wasn't Lorraine the name of the girl that got shot?

MR. THOMAS

I don't recall.

MRS. THOMAS

Hmm, I wonder if... Did Gary ever show you his prom pictures of he and Lorraine?

MR. THOMAS

Come to think of it he never did.

MRS. THOMAS

Me neither.

MR. THOMAS

Maybe we can look for those too. Maybe he showed them to Brian.

We'll have to ask him when he gets home.

They walk through the door and it closes behind them.

EXT. BANK - NIGHT

Jason is just finishing up his story. Linda Gray looks bored.

JASON

...and so I didn't get to play in the game or nothing. Those dudes really messed up my weekend. Nobody liked them anyway. We all knew they'd end up pulling something like this.

Linda flips the microphone back to her mouth.

LINDA GRAY

So you're saying that they were social outcasts.

JASON

Yeah.

Jason looks off to somewhere.

JASON

Is that what they were Moose?

Jason looks back at the camera nodding his head a vigorous yes.

JASON

Yeah, just like you said.

Linda turns her attention from Jason back to the camera.

LINDA GRAY

There you have it. Two social misfits unwilling to conform to the laws of a civilized land.

She puts her hand to her ear and listens for a second.

LINDA GRAY

This just in. Lorraine Steal has been released from the hospital. Doctors say she will make a full recovery. That's the news for now. This is Linda Gray with Channel 14 News signing off.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Bart and the Tempo are pulled over on the side of the road.

There is a police car parked behind them. Officer Rita stands at the window with his gun out but not pointed at anything in particular.

OFF. RITA

So what you're saying is that two boy hookers gave you this car after they stole yours?

BART

Well... yeah. That's pretty much what happened.

OFF. RITA

Are you a fag son?

Bart leans his head back against the seat and sighs loudly.

BART

Jesus. I'm not a fag! Two fags stole my car. Have you heard anything I've said?

Officer Rita takes off his sunglasses and leans down so he is eye to eye with Bart.

OFF. RITA

Now you listen to me goddamnit. If you wanna get smart with me I can just take your gay ass downtown. How's that sound to you queer bait? Wanna spend the night in jail?

Bart just stares at Officer Rita.

OFF. RITA

That's what I thought. Now let's discuss what really happened.

Bart closes his eyes and puts his forehead on the steering wheel.

INT. OFFICER DUMAS'S CRUISER - NIGHT

Officer Dumas is in the drive-thru again. His face is bandaged up quite a bit. The dispatcher comes on just as the DRIVE THRU PERSON speaks.

DRIVE THRU (V.O.)
Welcome to Foggy's would you like
to try a triple bacon cheese fog
burger today?

And almost at the same time.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Attention all units.

Officer Dumas reaches over and turns down his police radio.

DUMAS
Nah. All take a nubber thix. Wiff
Doctah Peppah.

DRIVE THRU (V.O.)
S'cuse me?

DUMAS
Nubber thix wiff Doctah Peppah.

The Dispatcher is still talking but Dumas pays no attention.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
...they are believed to be
traveling in a stolen '79 brown
Buick La Sabre. Plate number...

DRIVE THRU (V.O.)
Your total is 5.80. Please pull
around.

Officer Dumas puts the car in gear and starts to pull around.
The dispatch radio goes silent.

Just as he reaches the window the Buick goes past but he
doesn't give it a second look.

INT. THE LA SABRE - NIGHT

Gary is driving with a big grin on his face.

GARY
This thing is huge.

WYATT
Will you quit saying that, just pay
attention or you're gonna...

GARY
I'm not gonna miss the turn. I've
only been here like a 1,000 times.

I still don't see why we have to do this.

WYATT

Because we need more money.

GARY

But before you were saying it was...

Wyatt picks up the moneybag. And shoves it at Gary.

WYATT

This is not enough to live on Gary.

GARY

I know.

Gary shoves it back at Wyatt.

The car comes to a stop and Gary shuts it off.

WYATT

Maybe you should leave the engine on just in case we have to make a fast get away.

GARY

Yeah.

Gary gets out without turning the car back on. Wyatt gets out also.

EXT. UNCLE SAM'S GUN STORE - NIGHT

Gary and Wyatt are walking towards the entrance to the store.

GARY

By the way, I'm really...I mean, you were really...

WYATT

I know Gary, It's cool. Just try not to fuck up too bad. That's all I ask.

They both look up at the sign on the front of the building.

The sign on the store they have come to reads "UNCLE SAM'S GUNS" in big neon letters.

GARY

Are you sure we have to do this
Wyatt?

WYATT

Yes. And thanks.

GARY

For what?

WYATT

Never mind.

In unison they reach behind their backs and pull out the guns and pull down the ski masks as they open the double doors.

INT. UNCLE SAM'S - NIGHT

UNCLE SAM has his back to them as they come in.

He's watching the news on a small black and white TV that's up on a shelf in the corner.

GARY

Uncle Sam, What's up?

Uncle Sam starts to turn around when he answers.

UNCLE SAM

Gary my boy! I was just watching
you on the - HOLY SHIT!

Uncle Sam jumps out of his chair and spins all the way around to see Gary and Wyatt aiming their guns at him.

GARY

Sorry about this Uncle Sam.

Uncle Sam puts his hands up.

WYATT

We got to Sam.

UNCLE SAM

Hey, no problem. I understand. Do
you have to point those at me?

Wyatt walks off and starts to look around for things they can use.

GARY

Yeah, kinda. But don't worry it's
only a BB gun.

UNCLE SAM

Is it the one I got you for your
5th birthday?

GARY

Yeah.

UNCLE SAM

Then I'll worry if you don't mind.
That's a goddamn powerful gun I
tell you what.

The sound of Wyatt rummaging around in the back can be heard
up front.

WYATT(O.S.)

Hey Sam, where's the shells for the
12 gauge.

UNCLE SAM

They're on the shelf right next to
it.

Gary looks up at the TV and pulls his mask up.

It changes from pictures of Gary and Wyatt to a picture of
Lorraine.

TV ANCHOR

...Lorraine Steal was released from
the hos...

INT. GARY'S FANTASY ROOM

Gary is leaning over Lorraine on the couch kissing her.

Lorraine has her arms around his shirtless torso and emits
several little giggles and sighs.

The sound of knocking pounds again. It gets louder every
time.

Gary pulls his head up and looks around.

GARY

Go away Goddamnit!

Again the knocking echoes.

INT. UNCLE SAM'S - NIGHT

Upon arriving back to the scene, everything is haywire.

The TV is shattered and smoking.

Glass is breaking, things are falling over, and Uncle Sam is ducked down behind the counter.

UNCLE SAM

Gary! Gary! What the fuck are you doing!?

Wyatt comes running around the corner. He grabs the gun away from Gary.

WYATT

Jesus, can you not shoot everything please? Now what the fuck are you doing?

Gary stares blankly.

GARY

I uh... um ... I was uh watching the TV. When I saw her.

WYATT

Saw who?

GARY

Lorraine, on the TV. She's not dead Wyatt.

WYATT

That's great. So why did you shoot the TV?

Uncle Sam stands up from behind the counter.

UNCLE SAM

Forget the goddamn TV I took one in the arm.

He holds up his right arm to show the little trickle of blood.

GARY

Shit, I'm sorry Uncle Sam. I just get all...

UNCLE SAM

No biggie Gary. I've had worse for sure. Tell you what, let me help you guys find stuff so this goes faster. I'll get you all set up. You guys plannin' some serious shit I hope.

'Cause I got some serious shit
that's just collecting dust back
here.

He waves for them to follow him as he starts for the back.

UNCLE SAM
I hate to see it go to waste.

INT. GARY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Mr. & Mrs. Thomas are in Gary's room digging through his
things and making a mess.

Brian walks past the open door in his dirty baseball uniform.

MR. THOMAS
Hey Brian, did you win?

BRIAN
Yeah. We beat them pretty bad.
Where'd you go?

MR. THOMAS
We went to the police station. Your
brother has gotten himself into
some real hot water.

BRIAN
Is that what all the fuss has been
about?

MR. THOMAS
Yup. Say Brian, We're trying to
figure out what's gotten into Gary.
Do you know his girlfriend's
number? We figured she'd know
something.

Brian makes a sour face and shakes his head.

BRIAN
Gary doesn't have a girlfriend. I
don't think Gary has any friends.

Mr. & Mrs. Thomas look at each other. The doorbell rings.

Mr. Thomas looks at his watch.

MR. THOMAS
Who could that be?

EXT. THOMAS' HOME - NIGHT

Officer Dolebrook stands at the front door. The door opens and Mr. Thomas steps into view.

MR. THOMAS

Yes?

DOLEBROOK

Mr. Thomas you are under arrest.

He reaches up and expertly spins Mr. Thomas and puts the hand cuffs on him.

MR. THOMAS

What!?

DOLEBROOK

Now don't struggle, you'll only make it worse.

Officer Dolebrook roughly shoves him up against the wall.

INT. UNCLE SAM'S - BACK ROOM

The back room of Uncle Sam's store is rather dark. The only light comes through the doorway to the front of the store.

There are figures moving around and the sound of their feet is audible on the concrete floor.

Uncle Sam turns on the light and illuminates the arsenal he spoke of previously.

Gary and Wyatt look at each other in amazement.

UNCLE SAM

I've been collecting since Korea.
But I never get to use the stuff.
It breaks my heart to see it sit
around here gathering dust like
this.

Uncle Sam smiles at them.

UNCLE SAM

Plus I'd really like to see what
some of this stuff does.

He laughs a little and starts taking guns off the wall in a very careful manner.

He then places them on the table that is connected to the back wall like a workbench.

UNCLE SAM

I'll set you guys up with every thing you'll need. If you see anything you want to take just put it on the table.

Gary and Wyatt start taking guns off the wall and inspecting them at random. Some they set on the table some they put back on the wall.

Gary moves down to the far end and finds a pine box.

GARY

What's this?

Uncle Sam turns around to see what he's talking about.

UNCLE SAM

Oh, those are hand grenades. If you think you'll need'em grab a few.

Gary slides the lid back and grabs a couple.

GARY

Holy shit.

INT. STEAL'S HOME - NIGHT

Lorraine sits on the sofa watching television with her leg propped up on pillows. She has a cast on her leg that goes up to her knee.

The news comes on and there is a flash of Linda Grey. She turns off the TV.

She stands up on her crutches and hobbles into the kitchen where MRS. STEAL is cleaning up the dishes.

LORRAINE

Mom do we have any ice cream?

MRS. STEAL

No, but I'll go get you some if you want.

LORRAINE

Don't worry about it. I'll just go myself.

MRS. STEAL

I don't know honey, the doctor said not to drive when you're taking your pain killers.

LORRAINE

I know, I was gonna walk. It's only a few blocks.

MRS. STEAL

Are you sure honey? I don't mind going.

LORRAINE

I'm sure. I need to get out of the house for a while. Just get up and move around.

MRS. STEAL

I understand. At least let me give you some money.

She stops washing for a minute and goes over to her purse, which is on the table. She pulls out some cash.

LORRAINE

I won't argue with that.

Then Mrs. Steal walks into the living room instead of returning to the dishes.

LORRAINE

Are they still out there?

Mrs. Steal looks out through the curtains at their quiet and empty front yard.

MRS. STEAL

No. They must have gotten all the pictures they need for now. They'll be back I'm sure.

Lorraine starts to hobble into the living room.

LORRAINE

Let's hope not. I couldn't stand doing one more interview or having my picture taken again.

Lorraine makes it to the front door and opens it.

MRS. STEAL
Lorraine, you've had a long day.
When you get back try to get some
sleep okay.

LORRAINE
Sure thing mom.

MRS. STEAL
Love you.

LORRAINE
Love you too.

Lorraine steps outside and closes the door.

INT. UNCLE SAM'S - BACK ROOM

There are two pairs of black boots, laced to the top, shining
in the light from the small bulb that hangs from the ceiling.

Gary and Wyatt have armed themselves to the teeth. Handguns,
rifles, knives, grenades, you name it, they've got it
attached to their person in some way.

They stand facing Uncle Sam so that only he can see their
faces.

Uncle Sam takes a step back to admire his work with a tear in
his eye.

UNCLE SAM
How do you feel?

WYATT
Fine.

GARY
Good.

UNCLE SAM
Do you think you'll have enough?

GARY
Yes.

UNCLE SAM
And you're sure you can move with
all that stuff on?

WYATT
Yes.

Uncle Sam scratches his head.

UNCLE SAM

Then the only thing left is for me
to call the police.

GARY & WYATT

What?!

UNCLE SAM

You can't do battle with out an
enemy boys. What'd you think, you
were gonna get all cocked and then
start shooting civilians?

Gary and Wyatt shift uneasily. All of the equipment strapped
to them jingles around.

UNCLE SAM

Besides, you'll have plenty of time
to get set up. Hell you may even be
gone before they get there if
you're quick.

GARY

Uhhhhh...

WYATT

But...

Uncle Sam walks up and grabs each one by the shoulder and
spins them around.

Their cargo pants pocket bulge with more "necessary" stuff.

INT. DETECTIVE CLEOFISS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Detective Cleofiss sits at his desk looking through some
papers. The sound of muffled screams come from some where
outside.

Cleofiss stands and walks over to the window that looks out
into the rest of the police station.

He pulls opens the blinds to see Officer Rita escorting a
struggling Bart through the station.

BART

Goddamnit I'm not gay! Let me go! I
didn't rob any banks!

Bart kicks a garbage can full of paper into the air and it
scatters all over.

OFF. RITA
I'm gonna make you pick that up
with your teeth.

Officer Rita finally gets Bart over to an unmarked door and shoves him in.

Then he turns back and walks toward Cleofiss' office.

Officer Rita knocks and enters. Detective Cleofiss does not turn when he comes in.

OFF. RITA
I just picked that guy up. You'll
never guess what car he was
driving.

CLEOFISS
The blue Tempo?

OFF. RITA
Right. And get this, his story is
that two boy hookers traded him for
his car.

Detective Cleofiss turns and looks at Officer Rita.

Officer Rita shrugs and shakes his head.

CLEOFISS
You realize I already know all this
don't you?

Officer Rita look around uneasily.

OFF. RITA
I, uhm...

CLEOFISS
Just write up the report.

Officer Rita turns and walks out.

INT. CART LOBBY - NIGHT

quiet

The glass enclosed cart lobby of the grocery store that Gary and Wyatt used to work in is quite and peaceful.

INT. FROZEN FOOD SECTION

Lorraine is standing in front of the long row of glass doors contemplating her choices.

She wobbles a little on her crutches while trying to open one of the doors.

INT. CHECKOUT LANE #41

Manager Ed is almost finished collecting money from all the registers for the evening shift closure.

He has a big bag in which he puts all the smaller bags that contain all the money from the registers.

He finishes up with #41 and starts to move down to #42.

busy

The store isn't empty but it's not as busy as normal.

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The La Sabre pulls into view. It turns and aims its headlights right at the cart lobby and stops.

INT. THE LA SABRE - NIGHT

Gary and Wyatt stare down the massive hood of the La Sabre.

Across the parking lot the store sits waiting.

Gary mashes the gas and the engine roars sending the car lunging forward.

Gary and Wyatt are hurtling at the entrance of the store.

INT. CART LOBBY - NIGHT

of not if

A WOMAN walks out of the store pushing a cart full of groceries as a YOUNG MAN is heading in with a cart of his own.

The sound of a car horn comes from outside.

The two people look to see what the noise is.

Then they scatter and scream.

They are out of the way by the time the headlights fill up the cart lobby sending light flickering across all of the rows of carts.

The lights turn abruptly and the sound of screeching tires rips through the calm night.

The La Sabre comes crashing through the glass passenger side first. It makes a full 180 degree turn before smashing into the carts backwards and coming to a stop.

Gary and Wyatt step out of the car in unison. Their faces are visible for the first time since getting ready at Uncle Sam's.

They have used face paint to make their faces look like skulls.

INT. CHECKOUT LANE #42

Manager Ed hears the horrible crash and spins around in time to see the car coming to a stop.

He runs toward the lobby with the cash bag in tow.

As he bursts through the doors he sees Gary and Wyatt standing there with their faces painted, strapped to the teeth, and aiming guns at him.

bag, Ed

WYATT
Gimme the bag Ed.

ED
Wyatt?!

Wyatt fires a shot into the ceiling.

WYATT
Gimme the fucking bag Ed!

Gary and Wyatt start moving toward Ed.

Gary snags the bag out of his hands and looks in.

He sees the smaller bag marked #42 along with all the other little numbered bags.

GARY
It's all here. Let's jet.

WYATT
We need the safe.

GARY
The fucking cops will be here in two minutes. We don't have time.

WYATT
We have to. That bag is not enough.

ED
That bag has close to ten thousand
dol...

Wyatt slaps Ed in the mouth with the back of his hand.

Ed grabs his mouth.

GARY
Ten thousand Wyatt, that's enough.

Wyatt ignores Gary and grabs Ed by the arm and starts to
march him back into the store.

WYATT
This fucker is gonna open the safe
right now and then we'll jet.

They all walk back in the store.

No one in the store is moving. Their eyes are all glued to
the three of them as they walk past.

ED
Everything is okay! Stay calm!

The banner that says "WE'RE ALWAYS BUSY..." blows in the
breeze of the air conditioner.

Wyatt pulls out his gun and sends a barrage of bullets into
it. Pieces of the banner fall to the ground.

People scream and hit the floor.

INT. OFFICE

There are two EMPLOYEES standing still as Gary, Wyatt, and
Manager Ed open the little half-door and walk into the
cubbyhole that is referred to as the office.

Wyatt shoves Manager Ed over toward the safe.

WYATT
Open it!

ED
I can't.

WYATT
Bullshit Ed. I've seen you open it.

ED
I mean I can't open It yet.

Bullshit, Ed

lower case i in
IT

WYATT

Why the fuck not?

"timer goes off" instead of second "unlocks"

ED

It's on a magnetic time lock. It won't let the key turn until it unlocks. It only unlocks twice a day, once at seven 'til 11:00 am and once at seven 'til 11:00 pm.

The clock on the wall reads 10:48 pm.

ED

It stays open for exactly three minutes and thirty seconds. That's exactly enough time for me to get the drop from this morning out and put anything else back in.

GARY

Why do you take stuff out? I thought you put things into the safe.

ED

An armored bank truck shows up every night at eight minutes 'til to pick up the money. The trucks are only allowed to have a certain amount of cash on board at any given time.

The clock ticks to 10:49 pm.

WYATT

We'll wait. Gary, clear the store.

GARY

Wyatt?! Let's just go.

WYATT

Clear the goddamn store!

Gary reaches over to the intercom and picks it up.

GARY

Attention customers and employees. Get out of the fucking store unless you want to get shot. You have no minutes. Leave now.

Gary's voice booms through the store.

Gary looks back at Wyatt and shrugs. Wyatt shrugs back.

The two Employees behind the counter with them take off.

Some people start to leave but no one is in a big hurry even after everything that's happened. They just sort of look at their groceries and wander slowly out.

Some people take their full carts and some people look around and put more stuff in theirs.

Gary hops over the counter instead of using the door to leave the office. He reaches behind his back and pulls out the assault rifle that is slung over his shoulder.

The two Employees in the office both slink out.

Gary begins firing into the ceiling and screaming.

People start to run to the doors now.

Gary stops firing and watches all the people running for the door.

The last person is on their way out and Gary's eyes get wide when he realizes that two people are coming in.

It's FRED WATKINS and JOHN FRANCIS, the armored truck drivers.

Normally one of them stays in the truck but seeing the car parked in the cart lobby aroused their curiosity.

Fred is on his shoulder clip walkie talkie.

When he sees Gary, John goes for his gun but he's not fast enough.

Gary swings the rifle around and sprays half the magazine of bullets into Fred and John before they can even blink.

Gary stumbles back a little. He seems a bit dazed.

He looks at the clock that reads 10:52pm.

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The parking lot is almost totally empty now except for the armored truck.

Screeching tires and sirens can be heard in the distance. Several police cars fly into the lot and come to a screaming halt.

The parking lot starts to fill up with police cars and S.W.A.T. vans rapidly.

There is one ambulance and one fire truck in a far corner.

INT. OFFICE

The clock on the wall hangs at 10:52 pm. Then it finally changes and in the silence the loud click of the safe unlocking echoes.

The sound of the sirens come inside from the parking lot.

WYATT

Gary cover the door.

Gary runs to the produce section.

As he passes the freezer section Lorraine can be seen laying on the floor next to her crutches hiding behind an open door that has partially fogged over.

Gary doesn't notice her.

Gary jumps into the

PRODUCE SECTION

and slides in behind a huge watermelon and pineapple display.

He begins to take some of his equipment off. He spreads things out in an orderly fashion on the floor in front of him and begins mumbling to himself.

GARY

Okay, let's see. This goes over here, And this goes here. Man...

He reaches up and rubs his eyes with the palms of his hands.

GARY

Jesus Christ! What the hell am I doing?

Gary leans over and grabs another clip and starts to load it with bullets from his backpack.

INT. WYATT'S ROOM - DAY

Gary and Wyatt are in Wyatt's room watching TV.

The room is lit up with Christmas lights that are strung around the ceiling. There are empty soda cans and pizza boxes all over.

WYATT

...and then she looks at me like I'm crazy. Like it didn't sound good to her or something. I mean, I was gonna pay for her ticket and everything.

GARY

So you really did ask her if she'd sleep with a roadie for two backstage passes.

WYATT

Yeah, it was Metallica for Christ's sake.

GARY

And she really never spoke to you again?

WYATT

Nope. And that was two years ago.

GARY

Damn man, that sucks.

He turns and starts to fumble through some cans on the table next to him. He doesn't seem to find what he's looking for.

WYATT

It's okay, I mean who wants a girl like that anyway.

Gary turns back toward Wyatt and in the process knocks most of the cans off the table. They go crashing onto the floor and neither of them pay one bit of attention.

WYATT

Say, you wanna go to the store and see if we can get someone to buy us some beer?

GARY

I don't know. Shit got out of hand last time.

WYATT

How were we supposed to know that dude was a cop?

Gary starts checking his pockets for something.

GARY

Yeah, I don't care anyway. Let's just go. You gotta smoke?

They both stand up and start walking to the door. Wyatt pulls his cigarettes out of his shirt pocket.

WYATT

Seems like you never have smokes.

GARY

Just gimme one.

Gary hands Wyatt a cigarette as they walk out the door. Wyatt turns and gives his room one last look then closes the door.

INT. PRODUCE SECTION

Gary is still sitting on the floor. He holds the loaded clip in one hand and some bullets in the other.

He has something that resembles a smile on his face.

He puts the bullets down, picks up one of the guns and puts the clip in. He clicks off the safety and cocks it then places it carefully on the ground.

He reaches for another clip.

INT. OFFICE

Wyatt stands behind Manager Ed aiming his gun at him as Ed reaches into the open safe.

WYATT

Don't worry Ed. This will all be over in a few minutes.

INT. CART LOBBY - NIGHT

Police and S.W.A.T. members are running around everywhere outside getting into position.

Detective Cleofiss steps out of one of the cars. He seems to be calm in all the commotion around him.

The amount of people running around begins to decrease and after a few seconds or so it completely stops.

Everybody is in position now and ready to follow orders.

Detective Cleofiss reaches into the car and pulls out a bullhorn and puts it to his mouth.

CLEOFISS
Unit one move to position number
two.

About half a dozen policemen start zigzagging around again.

Slowly they make their way into the lobby.

INT. OFFICE

Manager Ed turns around with the bag from earlier and hands it to Wyatt.

WYATT
See Ed, not so tough was it? Now,
do you want to leave?

ED
I'll leave if you let me.

WYATT
Okay, Leave.

Manager Ed takes off like a bat out of hell.

He bolts down past all 42 checkout lanes and rounds the corner into the cart lobby. Just as he disappears from sight the sound of two gunshots boom through the silent store.

Wyatt creeps up and looks around the corner to see Manager Ed stumble back into view. He has been shot. He drops to the ground in a mess of blood.

Wyatt picks up the intercom.

WYATT
Gary did you just shoot Ed?

INT. PRODUCE SECTION

Gary is still on the floor behind the watermelon and pineapple display.

He looks around and sees an intercom phone over in the floral department about ten feet away.

He then glances over the top of the display and sees the police in the lobby. They are looking around in a confused manner.

He drops back behind the produce display.

INT. OFFICE

Wyatt holds the phone waiting for a reply.

WYATT
Gary, pick up!

INT. PRODUCE SECTION

Gary looks around the corner, grabs a gun in each hand, and makes a break for the floral counter.

Gary slides in behind the counter and quickly reaches up for the phone, clicks the intercom button off and then ducks back down.

GARY
Wyatt, I'm in floral right now
but...no, I'm not sure. I'm scared
too. Look...as ready as I'll ever
be I guess... Yeah me too.

what?

Gary hangs the phone up and peeks around the corner.

INT. OFFICE

Wyatt leans out around the corner again and this time he sees two of the COPS creeping toward the floral counter.

He jumps the counter and does a running dive into checkout lane #11 directly across from the office.

He scrambles around to the end and takes aim with his rifle.

He clicks the safety off and opens fire.

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The policemen in the parking lot watch as the two policemen that were heading toward the floral department drop to the floor just outside the lobby.

The other four COPS inside scramble for cover. Some go behind the Buick and others hide behind some carts.

Cleofiss stands in the middle of the lot behind a cop car. He raises the bullhorn to his mouth.

CLEOFISS

Units two and three move! Dead or
alive! I want them now!

All at once the parking lot comes alive. People start rushing toward the building as fast as they can.

INT. FLORAL DEPT

Gary is still crouched down behind the counter.

He looks around the corner and sees the mob of policemen running toward the store.

He jumps up with a gun in each hand and starts firing as he runs back for his stronghold at the watermelon display.

Two of the cops that are running toward him fall to the ground.

As Gary slides into safety a hail of bullets flies in.

Things begin to explode all around him and pieces of vegetables and fruit fall all over the place.

INT. FROZEN FOOD SECTION

where did the
bodies come from
- no shooting until
after store cleared
out.

A woman crawls on her stomach with her crutches in hand away from the front of the store.

CART LOBBY - NIGHT

There are several bodies strewn about the floor.

Police officers are trying to find places to hide from the bullets that seem to be coming from no where.

One policeman, ROGER SHELACK, crouches down behind the row of carts that is closest to where the doors used to be.

As soon as he's found cover two shots are fired and the carts shake a little.

Roger falls over and blood pours from his chest and mouth.

INT. CHECKOUT LANE #11

Wyatt is lying on the ground peering through the scope of his rifle. Smoke is drifting out of the barrel.

Wyatt quickly rolls back behind the end of the checkout lane as several bullets hit close to where he was sitting.

EXT. BACK LOADING DOCK - NIGHT

About a dozen cops crowd on the back dock around the huge door.

Two of them get on each end and lift it open. The door rumbles loudly as it opens.

Everyone on the dock moves into the store quickly and quietly.

INT. BAKERY/DELI

Lorraine is still crawling on her hands and knees. As she goes past a rack of bread there are several loud gunshots.

Some of the bags of bread fall onto the ground and bread crumbs go all over.

Lorraine clumsily ducks behind the rack and waits until the shots stop.

INT. CHECKOUT LANE #11

Wyatt is using a small periscope to look around the corner.

He has the assault rifle set up on a stand that is attached to the front of the gun and he is firing at the door blindly as cops try to come in.

After a few quick shots the gun makes a clicking sound.

Wyatt jumps up from behind the lane with two nine-millimeter pistols and starts firing.

INT. PRODUCE SECTION

Gary is behind the stand with his back to it. He is holding on tightly to a handgun.

He hangs his arm around the corner without looking and squeezes off two shots.

He pulls his arm back when the return fire starts. He covers his head while chunks of watermelon and pineapple fall on him.

comes,
shape - not
shapes

A fuzzy navy blue shape come into view over Gary's right shoulder but he doesn't notice. As the shapes gets closer it turns out to be Officer Allen Dumas.

Officer Dumas aims his gun at Gary.

Gary still has not noticed him.

Officer Dumas takes advantage of his time to make sure he has Gary in his sights.

Just as Officer Dumas gets ready to pull the trigger Lorraine crawls in. She is now directly between Gary and Officer Dumas.

Lorraine looks at Officer Dumas and then at Gary.

LORRAINE

Gary!

Gary's head whips around to see Lorraine hobbling up onto her feet.

INT. GARY'S FANTASY ROOM

Gary and Lorraine are half naked rolling around on the floor laughing and kissing and rubbing each other.

undewear

They scoot/roll behind the couch and after a second two pairs of under wear come flying over the top of the couch.

Then the knocking starts again. It's the loudest it's ever been. It pounds three deafening times and then it's silent.

INT. PRODUCE SECTION

Lorraine is collapsing in front of Gary. She has three gunshots in her back that were produced by Officer Dumas's .357 magnum.

She hits the floor face first and a pool of blood forms around her.

Gary stares at her for a second and then raises his gaze to look at Officer Dumas who seems to be as stunned as Gary.

Gary lifts his gun and aims it at Officer Dumas.

Officer Dumas stands there with the bandages still on his face, and doesn't even attempt to raise his gun.

Gary then starts walking forward quickly.

With each step he pulls the trigger. After nine shots the gun starts making a clicking sound.

Gary throws it on the ground and pulls out another handgun.

Gary now stands over the bloody mess that used to be Officer Dumas. He aims the gun at him again.

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Cleofiss is standing on the hood of the car now screaming into the bullhorn.

CLEOFISS
Everybody inside!

The remaining units start to move in.

Cleofiss jumps off the hood and follows them in.

INT. DAIRY SECTION

Gary is running sideways shooting behind himself as he goes.

Officer Paul, Officer Rita, and Officer Dolebrook are chasing after him.

Rita and Dolebrook are limping due to gunshot wounds they've received from Gary.

Gary ducks into the chip and soft drink aisle and keeps on running.

He runs to the end and breaks left to circle back behind the people that are chasing him.

INT. BAKING GOODS AISLE

Gary comes around the corner and stops. He sees Officer Paul trying to get Dolebrook off the ground.

Gary pulls his rifle off his shoulder and takes aim. He pulls the trigger twice.

Officer Paul's chest explodes and he falls to the ground.

Dolebrook's head turns to see where the shot came from. Gary doesn't hesitate to shoot him also.

Officer Rita has doubled back to where Paul and Dolebrook are laying.

He runs around the corner and squeezes off several rounds in Gary's direction.

Gary takes a bullet in the left side and falls to the ground. He drops his rifle and it slides across the linoleum. He reaches for another gun.

Officer Rita continues to run toward Gary. He is frantically trying to reload his revolver.

Gary is the quicker of the two and produces his pistol and shoots one time.

Officer Rita takes a bullet in his upper chest and his feet go out from under him. He lands with a loud thump on the linoleum.

INT. CHECKOUT LANE #42

There is a complete and odd silence in the store now.

Everything is totally wrecked.

GARY(O.S.)

Wyatt!

Wyatt's head pops out way down from behind the end of lane #11.

WYATT

Gary!

Gary comes limping around the side of the floral department holding his side.

GARY

Lorraine's dead!

Wyatt stands up and starts running toward Gary.

WYATT

What?! You're bleeding!

Gary is crying.

GARY

Dumas shot her. Or maybe I did. I don't know. She came out of no where. I...

The police are coming in through the cart lobby.

As the policemen start to come into the main building Wyatt grabs Gary and jerks him into checkout lane #29.

One of the officers sees where they went and points.

INT. CHECKOUT LANE #29

Wyatt sits with his back against one side and Gary faces him from the other.

The sound of gunshots and whizzing bullets are frequent and the policemen's footsteps get closer.

Gary, wheezing with every breath, reaches across to Wyatt's vest and grabs a hold of two grenades that are strapped to his vest.

He puts his fingers through the loops on the pins.

Wyatt does the same to Gary.

Gary and Wyatt now sit with their arms outstretched across to one another.

The police are flanking the lane they are in from just about every position.

Gary and Wyatt just sit still holding on to the pins.

Cleofiss walks into view from the right. He's still carrying the bullhorn, and even though he's only about twenty feet away he still uses it.

CLEOFISS

You are surrounded. Slide your weapons out and put your hands up where we can see them.

Gary and Wyatt don't move.

WYATT

(quietly)
We're dead Gary.

Gary nods his head in recognition of the fact that Wyatt has pointed out.

GARY

One.

WYATT

Two.

GARY & WYATT

Three.

They pull the pins out of all four of the grenades at once.

Then they throw their hands up in the air letting the pins sail out onto the ground near where Cleofiss is standing.

Cleofiss takes a step closer and bends down to see what they are.

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The store looks small from the back of the parking lot. It's silent.

The lights on the cop cars are still flashing but there are no sirens, no people, and no sounds coming from inside any more.

Then the grenades go off inside and a huge flash of light passes through the lobby.

The sound is thunderous. Within a few seconds the roof is burning and immediately smoke fills the night sky.

The building burns for a while and then the sound of sirens is heard in the distance.

A fire truck pulls up on one side and an ambulance comes to the other.