

CLEAN BREAK

Written by

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This filmscraw1 is set in Los Angeles in early 2018. A few things to note:

1. A C.U. is a close-up.
2. A medium shot is basically a shot from a medium distance, instead of a close-up which is from a close distance
3. A pan is when the camera turns. So pan right means the camera turns right. Pan left means the camera turns left
4. A zoom is when the camera moves in or moves out.

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - SAM BAKER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bright in the morning. Well, not too bright. Some sunlight shining through the window. Very little. We're CLOSE-UP on the window. That pale glimmer of light. It's a nice day. Nice day for a job, both legitimate and illegitimate. At one point, SAM BAKER didn't know the difference. Or he did, but he committed crimes anyway. Now he knows the difference, or at least he's been forced to. Does he really? We may never know.

Pan SLOWLY LEFT...until we arrive at the bed. Where our fabulous SAM BAKER (65) is fast asleep with his wife (ELEANOR, 63) by his bedside. His wife both likes him and doesn't like him. No she LOVES HIM, on some level, has to put up with him, on some level.

Out of bed she crawls. Sam's still fast asleep. He moves his arm to her side of the bed, notices SHE'S NOT THERE. Deeply sighs. Then simply TURNS OVER ON HIS BACK.

INT. BATHROOM - SAM BAKER'S APARTMENT - DAY

He's brushing his teeth. The sink's running. But then he just...

LOOKS AT HIMSELF IN THE MIRROR...stares DEEPLY at his reflection. Our gaze is no better than his, but his is much more CONTEMPLATIVE. Who am I; why am I here; shit like that.

INT. LIVING AREA - SAM BAKER'S APARTMENT - DAY

LIVING ROOM: Sam's wife ELEANOR is watching "The West Wing" on Netflix. Now there's the ideal world for ya -- have principles, apply principles, get shit done. What Sam never did. We view her from a DISTANCE - DIAG shot at first, then CUT INTO a MED. SHOT - FRONT of her watching with a bowl of RAISIN BRAN.

KITCHEN: Sam's makin' eggs and bacon. Get a delicious CLOSE-UP of that sizzling Oscar Mayer to start off the shot. Cut to a somewhat melancholy LOW-ANGLE C.U. Of his face...

Once he's done (within a few seconds), track the breakfast to his PLATE where he graciously sets it, then STANDSTILL as he exits the kitchen.

LIVING ROOM: Sam walks over to the table, sits down, starts MUNCHIN'.

SAM

Why "The West Wing"?

ELEANOR

You know me. I'm a sucker for Martin Sheen.

SAM

So am I. But there he kinda phoned it in.

ELEANOR

Phoned it in? Have ya seen the energy on this show?

SAM

(beat)

You remember the night o' 73, right?

ELEANOR

When we went to see Badlands?

SAM

Damn straight. Best movie experience o' my life. Thing tanked at like 200 at the box office. Okay, realistically more than that, but still.

Sam tells this story with a hint of PRIDE.

ELEANOR

As I faintly recall, I thought it was painstakingly boring. You thought it was painstakingly poetic.

SAM

You thought Days of Heaven was painstakingly poetic.

ELEANOR
That's only cause it was.

SAM
Looking beautiful and achieving
visual poetry, I'm sorry, is NOT
the same thing.

ELEANOR
Oh, and what is, two hoodlums going
on a kill-crazy rampage?

SAM
Against the NIHILISTIC backdrop of
the American Midwest.

ELEANOR
Would you call Los Angeles
"nihilistic"?

SAM
Heh heh, Raymond Chandler did.

ELEANOR
(sigh)
Right, but...

Eleanor shuts the TV off, walks over to the table, takes a
seat across from Sam.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)
Raymond Chandler wrote a character
who walked down the mean streets
and wanted to make a difference.

SAM
See, no he didn't. The character's
motivations were always ambiguous.
He wasn't just a straight King
Arthur.

ELEANOR
But he still wasn't an ex-convict.

SAM
Hey, now when the FUCK did this
become about me!

ELEANOR
'Bout the time you mentioned
Badlands.

Sam deeply sighs, shakes his head. Viciously GNAWS into his
bacon.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)
 You once said to me "why don't you
 be my Sissy Spacek".

SAM
 When did I say that?

ELEANOR
 The getaway from the Struthers gang
 after the OC job.

SAM
 (shrugs)
 If I said that, I wasn't thinkin'
 straight. Maybe I was just tryin'
 to console you after we got ripped
 off.

ELEANOR
 By implying that I get involved?

SAM
 Hey, I NEVER wanted you to get
 involved.

A rush of silence as Sam sips his coffee.

SAM (CONT'D)
 By the way, the movie was Thieves
 Like Us. And the actress was
 Shelley Duvall.

Beat.

ELEANOR
 Got a call from your manager.

SAM
 My MANAGER?

ELEANOR
 Yes. This...Jim kid, whatever his
 name is, is your manager, correct?

Sam denyingly SHRUGS, SHAKES HIS HEAD, clearly not used to
 having a manager.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)
 Says you've been late the past
 week.

FOCUS on Sam, his arrogant face at the CENTER of the frame,
 as he carelessly munches away.

SAM
Yeah, well...he's full o' shit.

EXT. PARKING LOT - BEST BUY, WEST PICO - DAY

The lot is filled with cars on a BUSY Monday morning. This branch is far more occupied than the Weho one; a much larger selection of 4K'S, which is really all Sam digs about it.

But not much else, CLEARLY, as he PARKS his completely mediocre black COROLLA in between two luxury minivans, lets out that SAME exhausted sigh he more-or-less lets out every morning before he trails into work.

INT. BEST BUY, WEST PICO - DAY

Sam, in his cozy blue Best Buy outfit, enters, walks towards his post in the TV DEPARTMENT. Much to his chagrin, but to the apparent ENTHUSIASM of his young colleagues that walk by.

YOUNG FAGGOT BEST BUY EMPLOYEE #1
(Big BIG smile)
Good MORNING Mr. Baker.

Cause, you know, all Millennials are faggots.

YOUNG FAGGOT BEST BUY EMPLOYEE #2
(even BIGGER smile)
How are you this morning, Mr.
Baker?

Thought they weren't faggots cause this ain't the Weho branch. Well...YOU THOUGHT WRONG, MOTHERFUCKER.

Sam makes his way to the TV Department counter, just stands there. Already worn-out. Looks around him. Young (or at least YOUNGER) folks buying 4K TV's, soundbars, chargers, Roku, all kinds of other Digital (Post-Digital) high tech shit he can't relate to. Except for his 4K TV, which he bought off a young fella's suggestion.

That fella happens to be the young employee to the right of him: JOAQUIN. They work together well, though a bit tense, like Freebie and the Bean. Joaquin's ringin' up a fat, gargantuan prick who think he just bought the right TV. Heck, maybe he did.

JOAQUIN
K, 1399 plus tax is your total.

DUDE BUYIN' THE SUPPOSEDLY RIGHT TV
Take Apple Pay?

JOAQUIN
Come on, you shop here like every
day.

DUDE BUYIN' THE SUPPOSEDLY RIGHT TV
Yeah, but I never used it before.
Then someone told me, I think...

JOAQUIN
Yes, we take Apple Pay.

DUDE BUYIN' THE SUPPOSEDLY RIGHT TV
Dope.

The dude pulls out his Iphone, holds it above the APPLE PAY
SCANNER; the scanner scans him in.

DUDE BUYIN' THE SUPPOSEDLY RIGHT TV (CONT'D)
Declined.

JOAQUIN
Okay, well, call the bank maybe.

DUDE BUYIN' THE SUPPOSEDLY RIGHT TV
Hey FUCK YOU. Alright; I thought
the service was LEGIT.

JOAQUIN
The service IS legit. Your card may
have a problem.

DUDE BUYIN' THE SUPPOSEDLY RIGHT TV
My card ain't go no PROBLEM, dawg!
Okay. It's this...APPLE PAY
bullshit.

JOAQUIN
Fine. So then just pay with the
physical card.

DUDE BUYIN' THE SUPPOSEDLY RIGHT TV
I don't GOT the physical card.

JOAQUIN
And you didn't know we take Apple
Pay? Then exactly how were you
planning to pay today, in case we
didn't.

DUDE BUYIN' THE SUPPOSEDLY RIGHT TV
Alright, alright, I confess. I was
just playin' you.

JOAQUIN
 (suspicious)
 Anythin' else you wanna CONFESS
 about, holmes?

The dude takes a big GULP. Fat Bastard. Where does he roll
 around from? MED. C.U. on his nervous face.

DUDE BUYIN' THE SUPPOSEDLY RIGHT TV
 All good man. I'll just...come back
 some other time.

JOAQUIN
 Sure you will.
 (as the dude walks away)
 Try not come back in HANDCUFFS.

DUDE BUYIN' THE SUPPOSEDLY RIGHT TV
 (O.S.)
 Hey drop dead, motherfucker!

Joaquin smiles to himself. NOTICES SAM, who smiles back,
 IMPRESSED. Now HERE is a fella that Sam digs. Well, more n'
 the rest.

SAM
 Thing is though: why would he come
 to the STORE if the cops already
 got him.

JOAQUIN
 Apologize to me, maybe.

SAM
 Gotta conjure up some better
 comebacks. Anyway, what is this
 Apple Pay fiasco?

Joaquin pulls out his Iphone, shows Sam APPLE WALLET where
 he's got his credit cards saved.

JOAQUIN
 This shit saves all your credit
 cards onto your phone. So you don't
 have to use the physical card.

SAM
 (actually somewhat
 impressed)
 Really. No kiddin'. So why did he
 get declined for it?

JOAQUIN

Wasn't his. Probly stole it off
some guy, saved it to his phone.
Thought he could get away with it.

SAM

Hey, you know, they say crime rates
are down nowadays. But that new
tech could inspire a revolution.

Joaquin laughs, shakes his head.

JOAQUIN

Still thinkin' about ways to get
back in the game, huh?

SAM

Hey, the game is far past me.
'Least if I say so, my wife'll
still fuck me.

JOAQUIN

Yeuhhh boi!

Sam and Joaquin lock elbows. They're bros. Bros for life. In
a sense. They laugh together; Sam is truly enjoying himself.

Then the most grotesque fucking voice you've ever heard: the
voice of a CHINAMAN (Asian American). A young chink who's way
past his prime cause...well a Chink really ain't got no
prime.

JIM CHUNG (O.S.)

(tryna sound tough)

Yo BAKER!

C.U. On Sam as his smile LITERALLY drops.

And the young, skinny, arrogant, condescending, full-o'-shit
Oriental "American" who also happens to be Sam's BOSS walks
over *infuriated*. See, Chinks are never really infuriated;
they just like to pretend they are.

JIM CHUNG (CONT'D)

Get to work.....BITCH!

On that, he holds his lips back, and just BLURTS out
"bitch". THEN WALKS AWAY.

The two of 'em snicker to each other.

JOAQUIN

(mockingly)

Jim Chung.

SAM
 (mockingly)
 Ching Ching Chung.

JOAQUIN
 Oh shit!

They POUND FISTS.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SOME DANK MOTEL IN INGLEWOOD - NIGHT

An overhead shot. The air is thick. Cold as the night. The night is still young, yet the atmosphere is so sullen. As we settle into it, we PAN DOWN to the large, stone-paved lot which leads to a small, dingy motel.

But really we follow a lovely, tall, yet MELANCHOLY dame walking towards the motel. We pan down from overhead, all the way to the stone street, C.U. on her PRICELESS legs, then pan up slowly, as to engage the frame with that PERFECT figure in that PERFECT Armani suit. She dresses to impress -- and with that face, those hips, and those scorching yet scrumptious eyes, she certainly IMPRESSES.

But still melancholy, she ENTERS THE MOTEL.

THE MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The room is dark as the night. She ENTERS. Hangs her coat on the rack, DOESN'T TURN ON THE LIGHTS. There are no lights to turn on, even though there are.

She approaches the bed. Like nothing is around her. As she gets close, a LAMPLIGHT turns on. She HALTS, not exactly shocked, but still a bit surprised.

CLOSE-UP on a GUN pointed in a man's hand. A SILENCER. He won't get caught tonight. Then MED. SHOT of his full figure -- a fiendishly handsome FIEND who's playin' it Butch Cassidy style. This is MILES FORGER. A sharp GRIN on his face.

She just stands there. Speechless. She knows the drill. She can't not comply.

On MILES:

MILES
 Don't pretend like you don't know.
 Specially when I've had a rough
 day.

Complete silence. What can she say? What can she do?

She unbottons her skirt. Pulls it off, revealing her BLACK PANTIES. Then she unbuttons her top, pulls it off; her bra is WHITE. She's taken more than one trip to Victoria Secret -- or whatever high end lingerie shop these high end bitches shop at.

On MILES: that grin widens a tad. His night is about to be made.

She slowly, timidly approaches him. Climbs on top. He tosses his silencer to the side; they fall into a kiss. He wraps his arms around her, THROWS HER ON THE BED, gets on top of her; the kissing gets more tender, more AGGRESSIVE.

Pan SLOWLY LEFT...when they are eventually OUT OF FRAME (but we can still hear the *passionate* kissing in the background), Miles THROWS HIS SHIRT onto the ground, and we see it HIT the floor. Their *loving* continues -- it can't stop. But we can only hear it.

INT. DANE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Dane's wife ELMA is sitting on the couch watching Blue Bloods cause she's frustrated. We view her from a DISTANCE shot.

Just then, in walks LENNY DANE: slender, 26, African American, ready for anything. But like his wife, rather FRUSTRATED. Just doesn't show it - keeps it COOL. At least cooler than most guys on parole would keep it.

ELMA

You go to the store today?

LENNY DANE

(beat)

Yeah, I went.

He halts. Skeptical of that remark.

ELMA

So you just went in, huh?

LENNY DANE

Hey, what is this?

ELMA

I dunno. I mean, you remember last time we had this discussion.

LENNY DANE

YES, and that was four months ago. WHEN we were in a desperate situation.

ELMA

And what situation you think we in now?

LENNY DANE

A SLIGHTLY better one.

ELMA

Can't say I agree.

Dane is lost for words.

LENNY DANE

I went to Wholefoods. They didn't have the breadsticks...so I just left.

ELMA

And what about the frozen lasagna.

LENNY DANE

Oh, it's waitin' in the trunk. Not like I PAID for it!

ELMA

(shakes her head)
Oh that is just so---

LENNY DANE

Yeah, FUCK YOU.

Lenny walks into the bedroom, SLAMS the door shut.

INT. OFFICER BRANDON'S HOUSE IN THE FUCKIN' SUBURBS - NIGHT

Officer CARL BRANDON, a middle-aged totally EXASPERATED son of a bitch and his wife who's trying to keep the house together and failing miserably: they're havin' a bout.

BRANDON

Oh, so I'm gone for a night. A fucking NIGHT. As if that hasn't happened before---

BRANDON'S WIFE

It hasn't happened unless you've been SHOT or STABBED!

BRANDON

What the fuck are you talking about! I've been shot once! And that was only when I was goin' after those artillery dealers!

BRANDON'S WIFE

But you're gone for HOURS ON END.
You're workin' some...robbery beef
or some bullshit at the last
minute, even though you PROMISE
you'll be back by 11!

BRANDON

What the FUCK do you care whether
I'm back or not! You're here,
you're okay!

BRANDON'S WIFE

But I have to WORRY about you!

BRANDON

Why! I've been doin' this for
twenty five FUCKIN' years! Bustin'
my ass, haven't fallen down on it
yet! Yet now for the last four
FUCKING months, all you do is bitch
and moan!

BRANDON'S WIFE

Oh is that all I do---!!

BRANDON

Yeah, that's all you FUCKING do!

BRANDON'S WIFE

Well why don't you get a REAL
fucking job that contributes to
society!

BRANDON

You think I don't contribute!
Whattya think enforcing the law is!

BRANDON'S WIFE

Enforcing the law while taking
bribes on the side!

BRANDON

What is this, the fuckin' 1930s!

BRANDON'S WIFE

Fuck you!

BRANDON

FUCK YOU!

Brandon charges for the front door, slams it shut on his way
out. Leaving his wife at a loss for words. His lovely,
wonderful, supportive wife.

INT. BATHROOM - THE MOTEL - NEXT MORNING

She stares dead at her reflection. Her eyes BEAT. She feels defeated, in a sense. Her stare is constant, unchanging. She is in a ROBE and she has yet to say a word.

The frame doesn't move; it can only remain still.

And he who enters it, they call him MILES. In a towel, with a rather lean upper body. He takes his arms, wraps them *graciously* around, plants a few kisses on her shoulder. She can resist, but she feels defeated. Anyway, he's a great lay.

END OF COLD OPEN

MAIN CREDITS - CLEAN BREAK. "PAPA WAS A ROLLING STONE". HE CERTAINLY WAS.

INT. A SAN FRANCISCO LOOKING COFFEEHOUSE - DAY

The place isn't packed, but it's got enough folks. We are primarily focused on LENNY, MILES, and SAM seated at a window table. Lenny's on his Iphone. Sam's off on something he's enthusiastic about but Miles isn't (necessarily). And we view them from a MEDIUM SHOT.

SAM

I'm serious. Made this string o' what they called "noir" films in the 1940s. Coulda been a major American director. But then he got blacklisted, fled the country, went off to uh...France, and whattya know, he made the greatest heist film of the 1950s. WHICH paved the way for the supercool French movies that would pervade the next decade.

MILES

And I'm supposed to care.

SAM

Well, you are. You know, that's when crime movies were COOL. You know, they represented somethin'.

MILES

Yeah, and what was that?

SAM

A sense of upending the rules.

MILES

And what do we do? NOT upend the rules?

SAM

You're on a...stick up sobriety here. Haven't pulled anything in weeks.

MILES

Wanna say that louder?

SAM

And LENNY here is playin' my card. Gets busted, gets parole, and immediately, at HIS fuckin' age, he's suckin' his wife's cock.

LENNY DANE

(looks up)

Man, mah wife ain't got no COCK.

SAM

(chuckles)

You know what I mean.

MILES

So what are you suggesting, exactly?

SAM

(big sigh)

I dunno. The world's changed. No one's doin' crazy shit anymore. All this cybercrime, hacking. It's not EXCITING anymore, ya know; there's no RUSH.

MILES

It's better to not get CAUGHT than to get a rush. Always how I've looked at it.

SAM

Yeah, well, look where that's gotten you.

Miles looks him DEAD in the eye. Sam notices.

SAM (CONT'D)

(a bit defensive)

Well, I mean.....you're crashin' on a couch.

MILES

That was for a day cause I was stayin' at his place. Didn't have an extra bed.

Sam just chuckles, shakes his head. Patronizingly sips his coffee. Miles, before he can feel defeated, shrugs it off.

MILES (CONT'D)

I got my own ways o' gettin' a rush.

SAM

How've those been workin' for ya?

MILES

Pretty good actually. You're wife'll clue you in.

Miles snickers, proudly sips his coffee.

SAM

I woulda busted your fuckin' head for makin' a remark like that 20 years ago.

MILES

(ain't done sippin')
That was before Rico.

SAM

No that was AFTER Rico, shitbird.

Miles puts down the cup.

MILES

Yeah. Well. Go fuck yourself.

Lenny CHUCKLES, still immersed in his phone. Sam SNAPS his head to face him.

SAM

Sure, smirk it up. And jerk yourself off on a goddamn touchscreen.

LENNY DANE

(Sam: "See, NOW he looks up")
Man, how am I gonna jerk myself off on a goddamn TOUCHSCREEN.

SAM

It's simple. Ya take your finger, move it down to JUST the right spot, and stroke. Aren't you the young guy who's supposed to know this shit?

Now even Miles cracks up a little. Lenny just sighs, goes back to his phone.

SAM (CONT'D)

(chuckle)

Ahhh, ya just can't teach 'em.

MILES

Don't think you're supposed to.

SAM

So the job we came here to discuss.

MILES

You still onto that?

SAM

Why else would I bring you here?

MILES

Cause...to catch up.

SAM

Catch up? I got my own life, sonny boy.

MILES

A wife that loves you?

Sam simply pauses...plants his elbow on table, wags his index finger at this young fucker. DEAD LOOK IN THE EYE.

SAM

Now understand one thing...we may have had our differences in the past---

MILES

(BIG insincere smile)

But ya LOVE EACH OTHER ANYWAY. Isn't THAT so sweet.

(his own dead look; HE KNOWS TOO)

She's growin' tired o' you. Puttin' up cause these may be the last years of her life, and she wants to be there by her husband.

(MORE)

MILES (CONT'D)

But you know and I know that she's really only pretending. Might as well not have you around, but she feels it's her duty.

SAM

And you know this from experience?

MILES

Let's not forget my FATHER was an ex-con.

SAM

Well she's not like that. We love each other very much, and she gave up her LIFE to be with me, even if it required doin' the work that I do.

MILES

Oh, like Bonnie and Clyde, huh?

SAM

We always thought more along the lines o' Badlands. But yes, essentially.

MILES

But why are you SO anxious to get back in the game. I mean, you're an old man.

SAM

I am.

MILES

Don't have a lotta years left.

SAM

Well, maybe that's why I want to. Can't help myself. Look, it's just somethin' I've been thinkin' about, alright. Somethin' I've dabbled in.

MILES

Sure. We all dabble.

Now we are entirely focused on SAM. Not quite a CU, but still.

SAM

And only a handful of us really do it. They say it's the easy way out, but...lemme tell ya.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

Nothin' can be harder. Nothing's riskier...than when ya got to fear for your life. They say dirty money...may be the cleanest money that man can acquire.

He just sits there for a second, pondering. Then finishes his coffee. Then just sits there pondering.

INT. BARNES N' NOBLE - THE GROVE - DAY

Yes, people still shop here. *That includes Miles.* Truly, he is standing in the classics section, admiring (browsing) the works of Hemingway. He's on "Sun Also Rises". And his eyes occupy a type of curiosity.

And whattya know...a very beautiful brown-haired woman in a black dress is right next to him, herself a Hemingway admirer. It's not like he's seen her here before...Okay, okay he has.

He's admiring Hemingway, but by the way he looks her up and down, he is TRULY admiring her. She notices him, with a slightly apprehensive smile. His smile though...he is more than a little curious.

MILES

Who figures they still shop here.

UMA

(chuckles, shakes head)
It's hopeless, really. No doubt about it; this next generation will be the most illiterate in history.

MILES

Wouldn't say that. Reading physical books just ain't a catch. It's all about Kindle now.

UMA

But don'tcha think there's something great about going to a bookstore and being immersed in this VAST library. Let alone holding a book in your hand and reading.

MILES

Sure, sure. 'Specially this stuff. I mean, how can you resist...Old Man and the Sea.

UMA
That's "The Sun Also Rises".

MILES
Yeah, I know, but he also wrote Old
Man and the Sea, which is...

Miles looks around. Aw no, it ain't there.

MILES (CONT'D)
Yeah, okay. Fuck 'em.

Uma laughs. Miles: Yay, she loves me anyway. He just grins.

UMA
They had it at one point. Think
someone may've picked it up.

MILES
Read 'em all anyway. Those college
courses.

UMA
He's a genius. So spare, so
understated. Yet, so profound.

MILES
Yeah. Less is more right.

UMA
Totally.

There's a twinkle in her eyes. To Miles, that twinkle is
essential. First we GAZE at her. Then at him. And there's
that connection.

MILES
I'm Miles.

UMA
Uma.

They shake hands.

MILES
Anyone else besides Hemingway?

UMA
Oh you know...Faulkner, O Connor.

MILES
Elmore Leonard?

UMA

Pardon?

MILES

Freaky Deaky. City Primeval.

UMA

Doesn't ring a bell.

MILES

He's a crime writer.

She nods along. "Oh, he reads crime fiction".

UMA

I see. Is he like...the guy who wrote Lew Archer.

MILES

Lew Arch...oh, no that's uh...Raymond Chandler I think. No, he's a different guy.

UMA

No, I wasn't even thinking of him. I was thinking of...Jim Thompson.

MILES

Jim Thompson? I fuckin' love Jim Thompson. My buddy Sam. Well, he's an older guy. Introduced me. Fuckin' RELIGIOUS Thompson fanatic. Used to actually go to the dime stores where they sold his books. Got one of the first ever copies of "Killer Inside Me".

UMA

Ah.

MILES

Yeah, I mean...you like Hemingway, you should check out Leonard.

She nods like she's not even gonna consider, but still wants to be respectful.

MILES (CONT'D)

So whatchu up to later?

UMA

I was thinkin' o grabbing dinner at Maggianos.

MILES

Really? Got a date?

UMA

No, just me. First day off in like...four weeks. Been workin' on a major case.

MILES

Oh you're an attorney?

UMA

(now she's a little flirtatious)
Yeah, that's right.

MILES

Can't say I follow the law.

She just looks at him. A tad bewildered.

MILES (CONT'D)

I'm kiddin'.

UMA

(gasps)
Oh.

She has a big laugh of "relief". Not as though she believed him anyway. He just grins, eyeing her slyly. She's too cute. She's smart too.

MILES

I'm down for some fancy food.

FOCUS on her; she's apprehensive, but still curious. Betsy in Taxi Driver.

UMA

(soft-spoken)
Sure.

INT. MAGGIANO'S - THE GROVE - NIGHT

The two of them are sitting at a table with fillet mignon, pinot, and an unfinished shrimp cocktail starter. Uma laughs at somethin' Miles just said, cause she's havin' a good time, not necessarily cause what he just said was funny.

UMA

You handle enough run o' the mill cases in a day, with just the HOPE that the next one'll go to court.

MILES

So you actually WANT to go to court?

UMA

Otherwise why would I take the job? Everyone goes with Demi Moore aspirations.

MILES

Until they get to the office.

UMA

BOY are you cynical!

She's REALLY havin' a good time.

MILES

Just my experience. Guys I knew, went to law school.

UMA

The ones who cheated on the BAR, you mean.

MILES

How do ya cheat on the BAR?

UMA

You'd be surprised.

Uma chuckles, takes a bite of her steak. Miles is enthralled by her "cynicism".

MILES

Boy are you cynical!

UMA

HEYYYYY!

They both have a big laugh, clink their pinot glasses. But don't drink down. You can't tell if they're drunk or just plain uncoordinated. Possibly both.

INT. A FANCY SUITE - A FANCY HOTEL - DOWNTOWN L.A. - NIGHT

CLOSE-UP: The two of them on the bed ROUGHLY KISSING. This all happens fast, SUPER FAST. The passion is too intense. Uma roughly pulls off her jacket, unbuttons her coat; ANXIOUS...EXUBERANT...he's just too cute. He's helping her a bit. Getting nowhere.

She pulls it off, throws it aside. She's one of those classy gals with a very high-end black BRA. They fall into another rough make-out, throw themselves ON TOP of each other, her arms around him, as the passion BUILDS UP. And the camera slowly PANS AWAY.

INT. A FANCY SUITE - A FANCY HOTEL - DOWNTOWN L.A. - DAY

THE NEXT MORNING. Camera is in the same position -- FACING THE DOOR. After a few seconds, it slowly PANS RIGHT. Slowly, carefully...you could say CAUTIOUSLY...

And we are on these two lovers (lovemakers) lying in bed under the sheets NAKED and a tad sweaty. She's probably sweating more than he is.

For a few, we simply FOCUS ON THEM. Afterwards, Miles gets out of bed, walks towards the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - THE SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON Miles as he washes his face. Pan up as he lifts himself up, admires himself in the mirror. Grins a little.

MILES

I'm a star...I'm a big fat glowing star...

(trying to recall the line)

Glowing...shining...sparkling...

"Ah, whatever", he gestures. Leaves the bathroom.

INT. CVS - HOLLYWOOD BLVD - DAY

Miles is standing in line, with a basket o' paper towels and a few grocery items. Buncha Chinks in front of 'em. Forget it Miles, it's Chinktown. At least in certain places.

He gets to the front. The guy at the kiosk scans his items. NOTICE the guy is just scanning the items, unaware Miles is examining him closely. NOTICE Miles is examining him closely.

INT. CVS - HOLLYWOOD BLVD - CONTINUOUS

Miles all of a sudden PULLS OUT A GUN, aims it at the guy.

MILES

Put your FUCKIN' hands up.

The guy jumps the FUCK back, HYPERVENTILATING.

CVS KIOSK GUY
Man what the FUCK IS THIS!

MILES
This is a FUCKIN' HOLDUP ya FUCKIN'
ASSHOLE!

CVS KIOSK GUY
Alright, I'll give you everything
you want. I'll give you EVERYTHING!

He chokes on that last one. Heads for the register, presses it open, starts assorting the cash on the table. All very HASTY - obviously. Short o' breath.

Miles sternly watches.....SHOOTS HIM in the leg. He falls on the ground, screaming helplessly.

CVS KIOSK GUY (CONT'D)
What the fuck man.

MILES
(mockingly shrugs)
Sometimes, I can't help myself!

MEDIUM CLOSE as he lets out a big laugh. FREEZE FRAME...

INT. CVS - HOLLYWOOD BLVD - DAY

And settle back into reality. ON THE KIOSK GUY:

CVS KIOSK GUY
(friendly smile)
Well, thank you for shopping at
CVS. You have a wonderful day.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD - DAY

Miles wanders amongst the excessive crowds: the MOSTLY TOURISTS, and the unnecessary degenerates. With a bag full o' groceries, he ROAMS.

INT. GALLAGHER'S JEWELRY SHOP - DAY

This small, family-owned, dimly lit, interior-brown JEWELRY SHOP exists somewhere in Pasadena where such shops are a dime a dozen but none so finely kept.

Start with a CLOSE-UP on Rabbi GALLAGHER (Okay, his name is Pete Gallagher, but he's got a brown beard and a black top hat which makes you think of a rabbi) and ZOOM OUT slowly as he exuberantly rambles:

GALLAGHER

You won't find a finer diamond-encrusted ring, tiara, or cufflink anywhere. This is the place to be, not for cheap suit, but for the higher side of things. To show your lover that it's not ABOUT the money, but it's about something SO MUCH MORE!

And once the frame has settled, reveal the very BEFUDDLED single 30something female who doesn't want a promotion.

30SOMETHING FEMALE CUSTOMER

Look, can't you just recommend something middle-end at a discount?

Gallagher disappointedly sighs.

GALLAGHER

Yes, I suppose I can have one of my associates accommodate you.

Gallagher gets his ass on the phone, gets to business. Meanwhile, CUT OVER to Miles who's browsing a pristine collection of brass rings. Closely. Trust me, he's not just tryin' to get laid.

INT. GALLAGHER'S JEWELRY SHOP - MOMENTS LATER

Miles is up at the front counter, and Gallagher recognizes him IMMEDIATELY (and with SUCH enthusiasm).

GALLAGHER

Miles my boy!

MILES

How ya doin' Mr. Gallagher.

GALLAGHER

Ever plannin' on BUYING anything from my store?

MILES

Well, once I get enough cash.

GALLAGHER

Once you get a JOB!

He's not his father, but still.

MILES

I already got a job.

GALLAGHER

A job where? At a Target?

MILES

Only temporary. Till I find another one.

GALLAGHER

Come on. Take that nice girl out...
(sparkle in his eye)
Huh? Huh? HAH HAH.

MILES

Yeah, I'm able to do that frequently and at a lower price. So I think I'm good.

GALLAGHER

What can I help you with today, son!

MILES

Sarah in today?

GALLAGHER

Sarah? I thought you two---

MILES

Yeah, not for that. Just wanna have a word with her.

GALLAGHER

Well, she said she was heading off to West Hollywood today.

MILES

Fuckin' kiddin' me? I just came out from Hollywood.

Gallagher has a BIG FUCKIN' LAUGH! Seriously, a big one.

GALLAGHER

No, she's there meetin' some guy.

Miles looks disconcerted.

MILES

I'll see ya.

GALLAGHER
 (still enthusiastic)
 Don't disturb her now!

MILES
 (reassuring arm up)
 Don't worry!

He *gracefully* exits the store.

INT. ROCK & REILLY'S - SUNSET BLVD - DAY

The hottest sports bar in West Hollywood. Meaning the world. Today, it's pretty low key. There's no game on. Yesterday, there was a game on. Still pretty low key. WELCOME TO LA.

SARAH GALLAGHER is at the bar stool with an average-looking, tall, brown haired guy. Good enough lookin'. Aren't too many guys around, so no risk of ruckus or any other rough stuff...

MILES STANDS AT THE EDGE OF FRAME. Right behind Sarah.

MILES
 (lovely British Accent)
 Sarah Darling...

Sarah's surprised but not startled. Her expression DROPS. We only see it from behind. Then, ON MILES:

MILES (CONT'D)
 Afraid I'm gonna have to take this
 seat.

The dude ain't feelin' so tough today. He never is. He don't look too scared but you can tell he is. He scuttles off.

Miles takes a seat next to his *darling*. She is exasperated, but reserved in her expression. She deeply sighs.

MILES (CONT'D)
 (good guy grin)
 Aren't ya happy to see me?

SARAH
 May be a TAD happier if you came by
 at an appropriate time.

Miles chuckles.

SARAH (CONT'D)
 But just a tad.

A dramatic pause. Not for Miles, just for her.

MILES

Dropped by your father's store.

SARAH

Yeah, think he's gonna hire you back?

MILES

I get it. He hired me for a temporary stint cause I was goin' out with you. I'm not offended you feel that way.

SARAH

I feel that way cause it's so obviously TRUE. Frankly, I don't think he's taking you back.

MILES

Came here with the off chance that--

-

SARAH

Neither am I.

Miles laughs that one off with a faux-disappointed sigh.

MILES

Look, I'm aware of a recent turn-of-events which have transpired.

SARAH

Meaning.

MILES

Meaning the deal with your parents.

SARAH

(beat)

Yes, my dad has been cheating on my mom for the past seven years. Yes, it did go on during our relationship. Yes, I was aware of it, had a severe emotional turmoil. And yes, you couldn't "put up with my shit". So you dumped me.

MILES

I dumped you cause we stopped fucking. You see, I don't like being with a girl I can't fuck.

SARAH

Cause you see women only for sex.

MILES

Precisely. But I know you're on the
outs with your dad.

SARAH

Who told ya that?

MILES

Instinct. I got.

SARAH

Oh "YOU GOT".

MILES

(a little offended)

Yeah, I got. And there's no reason
at all why your father did what he
did.

SARAH

He was dissatisfied. All men are
the same right?

She is particularly eyeing Miles.

MILES

(couldn't be prouder)

Precisely. Which is why I need the
keys to your father's store.

SARAH

Why do you need my father's keys?

MILES

Cause your father's an asshole.
Okay, we both know that. We always
knew that.

SARAH

My father's the one who helped you
go straight.

MILES

Well, he didn't help enough.
Whatever "help" he gave was only
temporary.

SARAH

And now you're gonna dishonor that
by breaking into his store.

MILES

I'm gonna enrich myself with the finest jewelry collection known to man. And you are gonna get payback for having your whole life ruined.

Beat.

SARAH

What do you mean my whole life.

Miles is stopped short.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Look Miles, I'm a grown woman. I have my own life. He's an old man, he married his childhood sweetheart. I can see where he's---

MILES

You sure there weren't other women?

Sarah is stopped short.

SARAH

Yes. He's not that kinda guy.

MILES

Probably what you said before you found out.

SARAH

He wouldn't cheat just for the sake of cheating.

MILES

How can you be so sure.

SARAH

Look, I'm not gonna help you steal from my father's store. This is EXACTLY I wanted you to veer away from.

Miles deeply sighs.

MILES

Well, baby, you were close. But unfortunately, it's simply who I am.

The bartender walks over. Miles rummages through his pockets, throws a bill on the table.

MILES (CONT'D)
Sculpin. On me.

Miles gets up, walks away. Sarah concernedly watches him leave, doesn't quite mull "oh, that was my chance". But sweetheart, it kinda was.

INT. TARGET - SANTA MONICA BLVD - DAY

The extensive Weho Branch. A flock o' customers scuffling through rather average inventories. But a wide selection of inventories.

Scene begins with us CLOSE-UP on LENNY DANE who stands at the cash register, looking befuddled in his new Target T-Shirt but is really just overwhelmed that he has sunk so low. Afterwards, SLOWLY ZOOM OUT:

TARGET EMPLOYEE (O.S.)
This is where you'll be for the day. Customers drop by, you stand here, scan their items. Answer any questions, but we have floor employees that mainly handle customer inquiries. Guest services as well. So you'll mainly be helping customers with check-out, and the pay's still about the same. Any questions?

He stands like a statue. No questions, no comments. BAR NONE.

INT. LIVING AREA - SAM BAKER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The *happy couple* is having a *delicious* spaghetti dinner which Eleanor graciously prepared. She still enjoys cooking for her husband. She pours some spaghetti into her plate. Sam's barely touched is. He's short on appetite, driven by his shortness on words.

The room remains DEAD QUIET for a few seconds...

SAM
Kids today think they have it so good.

ELEANOR
Oh yeah? What makes you think so.

SAM
Feel they're smarter or something.

ELEANOR
Cause they have the Internet.

SAM
Really all it does is make ya
stupider.

Eleanor snickers, shakes her head.

SAM (CONT'D)
But it's not even that. It's
just...
(deep sigh)
I have more thrill-seeking desires
than the chap.

ELEANOR
(chuckle)
What chap?

SAM
The chap used to work at the
jewelry shop.

ELEANOR
Oh, Young Miles. Oh, he was so
sweet. And gorgeous!

SAM
(aggravatingly sardonic)
Want a date, sweetheart!

ELEANOR
Hey, come on, a woman can't look!
(looks down at her lovely
gold necklace)
'Specially if he recommended this
necklace.

SAM
Clearly, it was based off of the
daughter's recommendation.

ELEANOR
The daughter?

SAM
The daughter of the guy that owns
the store. Gallagher, I believe his
name was.

Sam actually eats some spaghetti now.

SAM (CONT'D)

He's young. He has energy. But he doesn't use it.

ELEANOR

What, can you really blame him for wanting to FOLLOW the law?

SAM

We all make choices. We all come from somewhere. He came from the same place I came from.

ELEANOR

Same neighborhood?

SAM

No, not same neighborhood. Same TYPE o' neighborhood. And when I learned, when I knew I could, I took. And the rush became me.

ELEANOR

And where did it GET you.

Sam pauses.

SAM

(frustratingly defeated)
Where I needed to go, baby!

ELEANOR

Maybe kids are smarter. They're aware of the mistakes people from bad neighborhoods made in the past. They want to do the right thing now, move past what was considered a "rebellious" attitude. Maybe the new way of being rebellious is not being rebellious.

SAM

I'm very proud of who I was. You know that.

ELEANOR

Yes, and those days are over. They're past us.

SAM

But they don't need to be past him.

ELEANOR

They never started in the first place.

SAM

They DID. And he got out too quickly.

Sam digs in somewhat more. Seems the tables have turned, now Eleanor stops short of eating. HE CONTINUES TO EAT. SHE STARES AT HIM. HE NOTICES.

SAM (CONT'D)

Lookin' at me like you expected somethin' else.

ELEANOR

(deep sigh)

Well, I was hoping you would say that if we were younger and I wanted you out, you'd be out.

SAM

You did. There was that one time, after we saw 3 Women. You know with Shelley Duvall.

ELEANOR

I remember.

SAM

Oh you DO remember?

ELEANOR

Our movie-going escapades. The one thing I choose to remember from that time.

Sam shrugs.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

And I love Shelley Duvall movies.

SAM

Never were a sucker for Altman.

ELEANOR

I remember you sadly reminiscing on your childhood. How your father was fired from his job and all of a sudden, he started robbing liquor stores. You didn't know how the money came in until you were about thirteen.

(MORE)

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

You regretted confronting him. And if we had children, they'd suffer the same experience. So you decided we weren't gonna have children.

Beat.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

And I still went along with you. I don't know whether or not it was for love, or I was simply being foolish. Probably both. But I stuck by you, with the HOPE that you would someday quit.

SAM

And you got your wish.

A brief pause.

ELEANOR

I'm still HOPING I got my wish.

Sam pauses for a second. There IS that hint of regret on his face. But inside, not enough.

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

And I'll continue to hope as long as I live.

Eleanor more somberly eats now. Sam looks left in the dark.

SAM

But it's not ABOUT me. The kid shouldn't feel bad about stepping out of his zone. He should still get his kicks.

ELEANOR

(more assertive now)

Well he does feel bad. So you're just gonna have to get used to it.

Eleanor continues to eat without a moment's regret. Sam is still left in the dark.

INT. DANE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Lenny and his wife are sitting on the couch, watching Stranger Things. His wife's intrigued; Dane's stare is deader than any ghost or ghoul in that overrated spiel.

ELMA
Don't tell me you're depressed.

LENNY DANE
(sarcastic)
What reason would I have to be
depressed?

She smiles like she's empathetic. Now, all of a sudden, she is.

ELMA
You know I'm proud of you.

LENNY DANE
Yeah. Cause I work a shit job.
Exactly what you wanted, right?

She shakes her head, smiles, "no, no...no sweetheart".

ELMA
Cause you are doing something that
BENEFITS society for a change.

LENNY DANE
What's that, exactly? If a
supermarket does anything, it's NOT
benefit society.

ELMA
How's that?

LENNY DANE
Sell you used products at a high
price.

ELMA
You know that's not true.

LENNY DANE
Well, they sell you shit!

ELMA
Well, it's shit people wanna buy.

Dane lets out a deep sigh.

ELMA (CONT'D)
It's a good start n' you know it.
It's a good start till you find
something better.

LENNY DANE

Had to kiss up to your father to
get the job!

ELMA

Well, my father's the manager.

Lenny crosses his elbows, even more distraught.

ELMA (CONT'D)

It's hard to accept. I totally get
it.

LENNY DANE

You don't.

ELMA

I DO.

LENNY DANE

Then why don't YOU get a job,
bitch!

Elma sighs, "I can't fuckin' believe this". Turns her head
back towards the TV. Lenny's not gonna give her the
satisfaction...okay, but he'll give her the time.

LENNY DANE (CONT'D)

Seven months, that's all I got
right?

ELMA

Sure. Just try not to FUCK IT UP.

Dane deeply sighs.

INT. BEDROOM - SAM BAKER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sam's on the bed, SKYPING (yes, he can use Skype...finally)
with his buddy from New York. Old convict turned Nice Old
Man. Not even a curmudgeon. Lost the anger after too many
jobs. Good shit. Name's DENNIS. He's about 70.

DENNIS (O.S.)

(southern accent)

Nothin's too major. Had
grandchildren recently. Finally got
a couple o' those little fuckers.

SAM

Really, well that's major.

DENNIS

Mary's doin' good. Her and her husband. Nother Wall Street kike. What's new.

SAM

Never changes. They say WE'RE the criminals. Those goddamn bank hebes.

DENNIS

Problem is though, they're thinkin' o' finally movin' me to the home.

SAM

About time. You're the one of us most qualified.

DENNIS

How da ya figure that?

SAM

You're the oldest.

DENNIS

Yeah, fuck you.

Sam has a laugh.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Guess it's about time. Buncha innocent retirees talkin' bout how cute their lives were.

SAM

There've GOT to be a couple paroled ex-convicts in the damn place.

DENNIS

They all go to the shit shack retirement homes. You know, on like...Jefferson Ave or whatever.

SAM

Fuck that. They go in style. We all do.

DENNIS

Certainly a "stylistic" decor to this one. Other n' that, eatin' at Sal's when I can. Doctor says I should cut down on the cho-less-ter-ol. I figured I'd sock 'im, take everything he's got.

SAM

Your son's a doctor, right?

DENNIS

Or a lawyer, or somethin'. I dunno;
how many goddamn sons do I got?

SAM

Shirley was pregnant. But Randi...

DENNIS

She got pregnant too. Remember,
Staten Island Stint?

SAM

Ah yeah. Ha ha, man that was a
doozy.

DENNIS

Flew by like paradise. But the rest
of it was excitin'. All the way up
until.

SAM

How's she doin now?

DENNIS

Hopin' she got an abortion. But
heck, what do I care. How're you
holdin' up?

SAM

Ah, you know, just me and Eleanor.

DENNIS

Stayin' out of it?

SAM

Why wouldn't I?

DENNIS

If I was in LA, I certainly
couldn't.

SAM

What's so bad about LA?

DENNIS

All those people and nothin'. Makes
you wanna steal.

SAM

Oh, and the Big Apple. There's no
temptation there?

DENNIS

Post Giuliani, temptation's been lost. Lived all through it. You know how it is. Plus, can't compete with the Mexicans nowadays. They got it so thought out.

SAM

Back then, we couldn't compete with the dagos. Now, it's those Latino gangs.

DENNIS

Hey, they've been through a lot. They have an excuse. What was the guineas' excuse?

SAM

They're stupid!

Both have a big laugh. They're such good pals.

DENNIS

Man, I remember those times.

SAM

They're gone. Gotta get used to it.

DENNIS

Do we really.

SAM

Otherwise our wives won't fuck us.

DENNIS

Ha ha ha, never could stop bein' a prick. That's why I love ya!

SAM

Alright, well, old guy like me's gotta get some sleep.

DENNIS

Old guy like me's gotta get a blow job.

SAM

(smiles)

So you go get that blow job. I'll...maybe get one tomorrow morning.

DENNIS

From your wife.

SAM

Fuck no. From that young blonde chick across the street!

DENNIS

She got nice tits?

SAM

Nice everything!

DENNIS

Alright, you go do that. Catch ya later, Ol' Pal.

SAM

Later.

Sam logs off, places the laptop underneath the bed, crawls under the sheets. C.U. on his now-more-solemn face as he ponders. Looks into the dark. Trying to find the light. His eyes are melancholy but they know: it's SOMEWHERE out there.

INT. TOP FLOOR - MILES' DINGY APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Not exactly dingy, just by Miles' standards. This is why he steals. And still he gets nowhere. And he hasn't stolen for a while. And so he is nowhere. Simple as that. The best of nothing is the best of shit.

Up the stairs (O.S.) walks (RELUCTANTLY) Miles' *darling* Sarah, who proceeds towards his apartment with timid but unintimidated footsteps. Her eyes don't blink, even though they want to. She can't leave, even though she wants to.

Up at the door, she rings the bell. Waits. She can turn back. She doesn't.

The door opens, but the one who opens it is a TALL, SLENDER brunette with nice tits in a white slip... "Who the fuck are you", she glares, DEADPAN. Sarah lets out a big sigh; remember, she's dealt with this before.

SARAH

Miles. I'm assuming he's occupied.

No answer. Literally none.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(shrugs, fed up)

Look just bring him out here, okay.

But the bitch doesn't need to, as Miles gracefully exits his room in boxers and a wonderfully lean, SWEATY body. Raises his eyebrows at the sight of his *lost love*.

MILES

Well, isn't this a surprise.

SARAH

I was gonna call, but I didn't wanna INTERRUPT anything.

You can tell she's not amused. You can tell Miles doesn't PARTICULARLY care.

MILES

Right. Darling, can you...

Gesturing to the Brunette, who, still without saying a word, makes her way into the bedroom.

Leaving the two to stand in awkward silence.

MILES (CONT'D)

So...what's on your mind.

Sarah's still hesitant, but anyway...

SARAH

No rough stuff. He doesn't get touched. You go in and out, that's all. And we split the dough.

Miles, "dayummm, that was fast". He smiles, impressed. But dayummm, that was fast.

MILES

I can't assure he won't be touched. You know how these things go.

SARAH

No bullets. He doesn't have a gun in the shop. If it gets physical, only a light punch. Nothing brutal.

BEAT. Miles NODS in agreement.

MILES

Deal.

SARAH

And we split the profit.

Miles nods once again.

MILES

Okay.

CUT TO BLACK.

INT. MILES' APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

A rather sunny day, even for LA. Real beaming sunlight that daunts the window. POURS through. Start with a MED. SHOT of the messy counter table, pan SLOWLY RIGHT (there isn't much space), and arrive at the COUCH where Miles and Sarah are seated, examining the heist notes on Sarah's phone.

MILES

Really got this one mapped out, huh?

SARAH

Took me all afternoon. And I'm rewarded with some stuck-up bitch who can't even say hi.

MILES

Hey, she was nice enough.

SARAH

Nice enough outside the bedroom.

MILES

Well, no...but why does that matter.

SARAH

Actually, it matters to some people.

MILES

Yeah, well those people are dead to me.

Miles smiles, proudly. Sarah's somehow unamused.

SARAH

Layout of the store's basic. You know it. Got a security guard here, here, and here.

She points to three different places on the phone.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Not the most heavily guarded store. Told Pop about this a million times, but he'd never listen.

MILES

Cause he's a stuck-up old Rabbi.

SARAH

He's NOT a fucking rabbi. His dad was Jewish; he's an atheist.

MILES

So why does he look like a Rabbi?

SARAH

His parents were Orthodox.

MILES

(beat)

Thank god he "converted".

SARAH

Okay, now, he's off on Saturday. At best, you should have four men. Three should be fine. Two to handle the security, one to go up to the register. Though I would recommend two go up to the register. Get about 20 grand from the front desk, rest is the stuff on the racks.

MILES

That's mainly what we want. But we could snag the 20k or leave it.

SARAH

Snag it. As backup. The bills aren't marked so you'll be fine.

Sarah scrolls down on her phone. Miles closely eyes her, still surprised.

MILES

Why are you doing this, exactly.

SARAH

(just concentrates on her phone)

You know why, right?

MILES

(thinks for a sec)

No, I really don't. I mean, I get it, your mad at him. But...

SARAH

You came into the bar, thinking I might.

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

And now you're getting what you wanted. Are you telling me you're gonna push your luck?

MILES

(chuckle)

Well, no. But...

SARAH

But what. I'm helping you stake out the place, giving you the keys. Fuck's there to worry about?

Miles sits there, dumbfounded. Little skeptical, but the skepticism washes off, as usual. He just chuckles, shakes his head a bit, gets back in gear.

INT. TARGET - SANTA MONICA BLVD - DAY

Dane's helping out a customer. He obviously wishes he weren't. Scans the items in the most disinterested way possible. Is there an INTERESTED way to scan store items? The frame is FOCUSED on his misery.

All of a sudden, his IPHONE RINGS. His MANAGER, a freckly guy with glasses, walks by, NOTICES. Phone keeps ringin'.

TARGET MANAGER

(bright, cheesy)

Girlfriend callin' ya?

A few cutesy little nods. Dane's completely unamused.

TARGET MANAGER (CONT'D)

Well, you know the rules on phones. Can't answer 'em on the job.

Dane just gives him a look. Then, goes ahead, answers his phone.

LENNY DANE

Dane.

MILES (V.O.)

BUD, ready to get your ass down here for the hottest score in a lifetime?

Dane *thinks about it.*

LENNY DANE

Currently I'm at work. But given that I think my boss can shove his cell phone policy up his fuckin' ass (looks DIRECTLY at his manager while delivering that line) I don't think I am much longer.

MILES (V.O.)

Great, then get your sorry ass down here.

Miles hangs up. So does Dane. PROUDLY.

INT. BEST BUY, WEST PICO - DAY

Sam and Joaquin are at the desk, laughing away like buds.

SAM

And then he bought a fuckin Sony Blu Ray player WITHOUT 4K capability!

JOAQUIN

Ha ha, man. How did John Wick look?

SAM

Huh?

JOAQUIN

The movie with Keanu Reeves.

SAM

Oh, you mean Point Break.

JOAQUIN

(now a bit more
disappointed)

NO, I mean the movie he JUST DID where he's the hitman.

SAM

(ponders a tad)

Huh...Sure it looked fine.

JOAQUIN

Man, you gotta be in touch with current shit.

SAM

You're gettin' me as tuned in as I need to be!

JOAQUIN

Yeah, but like, you know...MORE in touch. Now what's a movie in the last four years that you do like.

Sam ponders. There really aren't any. But he ponders.

SAM

That one with Annette Benning.

JOAQUIN

Which one. She's done a couple.

SAM

The one where she's Gloria Grahame.

JOAQUIN

(chuckles)

Fuck you talkin' about man. No one fuckin' saw that shit.

SAM

Ya really know what I'm talkin' about?

JOAQUIN

Yeah. She plays her in two periods. My buddy was at Telluride when it premiered.

SAM

Alright, so there's somethin'.

JOAQUIN

What about Dunkirk?

SAM

Oh, yeah, the Dunkirk evac film. Made by the guy who did Memento.

JOAQUIN

See, so you are in touch. Yeah man, that's like...better than Private Ryan.

SAM

You shittin me!

JOAQUIN

Serious, man. It was like...a painting or somethin'. You know, it was different.

SAM

You kids. Nothin' matches up to the ambition of Saving Private Ryan, the sheer showmanship of Battle of the Bulge. And the best WWII movie is unquestionably The Big Red One.

JOAQUIN

Big Red One?

SAM

Sam Fuller.

JOAQUIN

Ah...

Now this really doesn't ring a bell.

SAM

Look up Shock Corridor.

JOAQUIN

Oh yeah, think I saw that on the Filmstruck Catalogue.

SAM

Filmstruck?

JOAQUIN

Yeah man, you don't got Filmstruck. Bro, you into these like classic movies, that shit is STRUCK with 'em. Just saw Stagecoach on there.

SAM

Oh wait, that's the channel with all the Criterion Collection movies, right?

JOAQUIN

Yeah, the only reason to have Roku.

SAM

No Shit!

They both laugh. Ching Ching Chung walks over.

JIM CHUNG

Hey BITCHES, what's SHAKIN'!

See, the Chinks have this way of acting like they're tough, even though they're just smug, condescending, and emotionally confused. Jim's no exception. He's the biggest example.

JIM CHUNG (CONT'D)
 (big cheesy smile)
 I'm kiddin'. I'm kiddin'.
 (SMUGLY drops his smile)
 But seriously now, a customer
 walked by and you DIDN'T ring him
 up. Like...COME ON guys.

SAM
 Maybe you can treat us a little
 better.

JIM CHUNG
 Excuse me?

SAM
 Why do you gotta act like that?
 Just be straight with us. We missed
 a customer, he left, that's our
 bad. Come out clearly with what you
 have to say.

Jim's mouth fuckin' WIDENS...DUMBFOUNDED...What...the...what
 is this...Dumbfounded.

JIM CHUNG
 Is this like...your shop!

SAM
 My...shop?

JIM CHUNG
 Do you run this store!

SAM
 (sighs, simply annoyed)
 No, I don't run this store. But I
 am a man with much more experience
 in the world, and it's just common
 sense that...

JIM CHUNG
 (now he's actually pissed)
 Just pay better attention next
 time, alright!

Cut between them a couple times: a rather tense stare. When
 the Dimsum is done, that's it for Ching Ching Chung. He walks
 away. Remember, a Chinaman is never truly pissed. And anyone
 who's in his presence (like these two) watch him walk off,
 simply confused.

Sam deeply sighs.

JOAQUIN
How did he come to own the store?

SAM
No one else wanted it.

JOAQUIN
(nods)
Makes sense.

Sam's phone rings. He picks it up, most relieved.

SAM
This is Sam.
(listens)
Yeah.
(listens more)
Uh huh.
(listens INTENTLY)
Uh huh.
(listens MOST intently, a
big smile grows)
Fuck yeah. Fuck yeah man.

Sam hangs up, slides phone back in his pocket. Exhales so enthusiastically; he's never been this happy in a while.

JOAQUIN
What happened, man?

SAM
(relieved laughter)
Tables have turned. Tables have
truly turned. I gotta tell ya:
sometimes, I misunderstand you
young kids.

JOAQUIN
I'll say on more than one
occasion...

Joaquin's still confused, but happy for Sam. He turns to the customer in line. Sam's got his eyes FIXATED on Mr. Chung who's talkin' to a young black kid with a BLACK LIVES MATTER shirt on. Sam already looks disconcerted.

Over to the Chinaman and the kid:

JIM CHUNG
Look, we're the same. You and me,
you know, we're the same.

BLM KID
We're not the same man. Not at all.

JIM CHUNG

We are. You and me, we gotta team up against these white people. Us PEOPLE OF COLOR. They're our oppressors.

BLM KID

See, the difference is man, black people built this whole country. The whole music of this country was invented by black people. They're rooted in this country. You people are immigrants; you have your own countries.

JIM CHUNG

Ohhhh, so you people are a SUPERIOR RACE.

BLM KID

We are in America. Here, black lives matter MORE.

JIM CHUNG

All lives matter. Think about it man; you're black, I'm Asian, we have the same problems. There's us and there's white people. It's that simple, man; it's that simple.

BLM KID

No man, it's not that simple. Look, can you just help me out with a TV. Okay. My girl's waitin' back home and---

JIM CHUNG

Hey, I'm tellin' you. I just wanna settle this: you do NOT get to be in a higher position. All people are equal, all lives matter.

BLM KID

No, they don't, just help me out with a TV.

JIM CHUNG

(nothin' but a tantrum)
All lives matter---

BLM KID

Just help me out with the FUCKIN' TV!

As the tension rises (DRAMATICALLY), over darts SAM with his right fist clenched. With it, he PUNCHES the godforsaken Chinaman across the face, knocking him onto the ground. He gets down on his knees, brutally BEATS the fuckin' Chink, punches him OVER and OVER and OVER again in the face. The BLM kid watches, a little overwhelmed, a little shocked, but you can tell it's very cathartic for him. Sam was just gonna call it quits and put in his notice. But obviously it had to escalate to this.

After the fiasco is over, Jim lies on the floor, helplessly moaning with pain, face bloody. Sam gets up, pants heavily. Though the phone call made him feel good: NOTHING feels better than this.

He looks at the BLM kid. Nods sympathetically. The BLM kid nods back. With catharsis gained, surrounding customers in shock, and Joaquin observing the debacle, impressed as hell, Sam scuttles off a proud motherfucker.

INT. MULBERRY'S PIZZA - DAY

The best pizza joint in L.A. Only place to get authentically NY without gettin' too dago-ish. Brandon wouldn't want that. He's a cop. Had a buddy in NY once who had a run in with some Gambino factions, low-level scum, Johnny Boy type. Nothin' too major, but basically, Brandon's been there. Now his buddy's a wop, but a good one. KENNY SANTINO. He's havin a good time. Big-ass pepperoni delight on a greasy skillet. They're gorging without bein' too gorged. Times aren't tough, they're just...average.

BRANDON

Same rap?

KENNY SANTINO

Yeah man, it's the same old same old. Got that new promotion, workin' late. Lieutenant now. Just two years ago: all we did was dream about me puttin' on my big boy pants, new gun. It was when the new hours hit, she got pregnant. I wasn't there.

BRANDON

But you already had the baby.

KENNY SANTINO

You know how it is. Now it's about takin' care of the kid. Don't get me wrong;

(MORE)

KENNY SANTINO (CONT'D)
 best feelin' in the world. Try to
 be there as much as I can.

BRANDON
 No one can deliver 24/7.

KENNY SANTINO
 Neither can she. Why I recommended
 hiring a nanny.

Brandon takes a big bite of his slice.

BRANDON
 On my end, I don't have any kids.
 Yet, my wife still gives me shit.

KENNY SANTINO
 So what'll happen when you DO have
 kids.

BRANDON
 Don't think we're gonna.

KENNY SANTINO
 Maybe she's just pissed about that,
 huh?

BRANDON
 Heh, no kiddin'. Different with
 her; she never PARTICULARLY
 approved of my being a cop. When I
 got the job, she was of course
 proud. Lived with it for the twenty
 three years we've been married. But
 I could always tell, it didn't sit
 well with her.

KENNY SANTINO
 Sorry to hear that.

BRANDON
 But life goes on, ya know. Just
 wish she didn't yell at me every
 fuckin' night.

KENNY SANTINO
 Can't be EVERY NIGHT.

BRANDON
 (shrugs)
 Every OTHER night.

KENNY SANTINO
 Now THAT makes sense.

They both have a laugh.

KENNY SANTINO (CONT'D)
Wish there was somethin' for us to do though.

BRANDON
Somethin' for us to do? You know what that MEANS in our profession, right?

KENNY SANTINO
Well, yeah---

BRANDON
Know that entails REAL danger. Can't afford to be John McClane.

KENNY SANTINO
Maybe not McClane. But like...what about those guys in True Detective.

BRANDON
Well, given that Season 2's the one that took place in LA, and that SUCKED---

KENNY SANTINO
Nah man, I mean...a murder case. A real one.

BRANDON
We're not homicide.

KENNY SANTINO
Okay, but...what happened to the factions. All the action.

BRANDON
They disappeared. It's over. Far as any real ACTION was concerned, it was never a thing.

Beat.

BRANDON (CONT'D)
Let's face it; policework is average blue collar business. No big deal. And that's the way it should be. Get to enjoy the pleasure o' bein' the coolest people in the world. Cause people watch cop movies, think that's what we do.

KENNY SANTINO
'Specially kids.

BRANDON
Yeah. Do great at those bring your
parent to work days.

KENNY SANTINO
That's if you HAVE kids.

BRANDON
Or just those things where cops
come down to schools.

Brandon eats. Kenny sits there, staring into space with hope.
Then just shrugs, continues with his slice.

INT. BRANDON'S CAMRY - DAY

Brandon's driving, Kenny's ridin' passenger. Another day.
Nothin' on the horizon.

BRANDON
Wanna stop off at Dunkin'?

KENNY SANTINO
There's Dunkin' here?

BRANDON
Fuck yeah, man. There's like five.

KENNY SANTINO
No shit. Not really; I don't buy
it.

BRANDON
Whattya mean "you don't buy it"?

KENNY SANTINO
A Dunkin' on the West Coast? First
the fake NY Pizza, now this.

BRANDON
You LIKED the pizza joint.

KENNY SANTINO
Or PRETENDED for the sake of a
friend.

BRANDON
Ah shut the fuck up, and let's go
to Dunkin'.

KENNY SANTINO
 (big sigh)
 You're the boss, man.

Then the scanner goes off. Announcement of a ROBBERY IN PROGRESS. The two of them try to act normal, but you can tell their bodies are frozen with enthusiasm. They just LISTEN in for a few.

BRANDON
 Fairfax. That ain't too far.

KENNY SANTINO
 Let's go man. Stop at the Grove after.

BRANDON
 Why's that?

KENNY SANTINO
 They got Maggiano's.

BRANDON
 Oh, so THAT you like.

Brandon just shakes his head, GETS INTO GEAR for a mild robbery beef.

INT. A SAN FRANCISCO LOOKING COFFEEHOUSE - DAY

They're back at the same spot, except this time, SARAH'S with 'em. Miles has the phone with the whole plan in his hand.

MILES
 Okay, so the job's simple. Small place with a lotta fancy shit. Clueless fuckin' owner with no real prospects. Family man, who just happens to be well connected to some pretty high-end places. AND he's Sarah's father.

SAM
 Lax security always rings skepticism. What I've discovered from most jobs.

SARAH
 Security'll definitely be there. But I don't think it'll be a big deal.

MILES

Alright. So after it's over, we meet up at the designated spot. Someone's gotta transport the briefcase to the hideout, and we've gotta go our separate ways for a while.

LENNY DANE

What about our wives.

MILES

Fuck 'em.

LENNY DANE

Fuck yeah.

Miles sharply glances at Sam. Sam's taken aback, offended by his doubts. But you can tell he's a bit hesitant.

SAM

(without any hesitation)

Fuck yeah. You fuckin' kiddin me.

MILES

Okay. So, we've got it all mapped out. We know the stakes. We've done this before, and some of us have served time. All of us as a matter of fact. Now, since Sarah has the keys, I'm the one closest to her, she's gonna be stayin' with me. Rest of you sleep in your homes for the next week, and we do this Saturday, cause that's when Gallagher's out of the store. We figure that's the best time.

LENNY DANE

What about alibis.

SAM

The less we know about where everyone is, the better. Seen buddies on countless jobs get fucked over by knowin' where the other guy is. That said
(carefully wags finger)
We should all be responsible for having an explanation for our whereabouts. And I should trust this won't be a problem.

LENNY DANE

(a tad offended)

Not to be callous, Grandpa. But you ain't the ONLY one with experience around here.

Sam is a bit taken by that remark.

MILES

Come on, let's not start up anything. So, it's all worked out. It's all good. Let's order coffee.

The four of them walk towards the front counter.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SOME LIQUOR STORE IN FAIRFAX - DAY

The two "hard-at-work" cops are dragging the convict across the pavement, as he wallops and pitifully begs to be let go. The cops don't give a fuck; they're two cops who wish they came straight out of a cop movie.

CONVICT

I get my phone call right?

BRANDON

Sure. In hell, fucker.

Kenny has a laugh cause that was funny. They shove him in the car, and he still doesn't stop walloping. Kenny slams the door shut. They just stand outside in debrief mode.

KENNY SANTINO

Call that a minor beef? I mean, here this kid was. Tryin' to hold hostages.

BRANDON

Not the first "hostage scenario" we've had. Not like it's Iran in there.

KENNY SANTINO

All I'm sayin, buddy is: ya never know.

BRANDON

The only thing I know from EXPERIENCE is...never stress out. No matter how bad it gets.

Brandon and Kenny enter the vehicle.

INT. BEDROOM - SAM BAKER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Eleanor's all cozied up in bed, reading a book. Sam enters; there is some hesitation in his footsteps.

ELEANOR
You came late today.

Sam just realizes: he got fired from his job.

SAM
(slight head scratch)
Yeah, I uh...got caught up with
some stuff. Late shift. And
uh...you know how it is.

ELEANOR
Usually you're home by 5. Isn't
that okay with the manager?

Now Sam just freezes. Then begins to CRACK UP. Eleanor snaps her head up. Sam NOTICES.

SAM
Oh yeah, uh...yeah, it's fine with
him. Just today I decided to
uh...pay my respects.

Eleanor's both puzzled and concerned. Nonetheless, she NODS, returns to her book.

Sam walks over to the bed, takes a seat beside her. They just sit there, awkwardly. Sam actually twiddles his thumbs.

SAM (CONT'D)
So uh...what we were talking about
the other day, uh...the kid.

ELEANOR
(beat)
I'm sorry...

SAM
The kid. I said he should be more
in-the-game. You said it's great
he's tryin' to stay out as much as
he can.

ELEANOR
What about him?

SAM
Ya still stand by what ya said.

Eleanor exasperatingly sighs.

ELEANOR

What do you want? Want me to agree with everything you say, AS USUAL.

SAM

Whattya mean "as usual"? And I'm just askin', just...checkin' in.

Eleanor exasperatingly shakes her head, returns to her book. Sam just sits there for a sec.

SAM (CONT'D)

So what, do you---

ELEANOR

Yes, yes I do!

C.U. On Sam's proud-grinning face. He chuckles. Then crawls on into bed.

INT. DANE'S APARTMENT - DAY

I swear to god, the bitch is STILL watching Stranger Things. Lenny's totally on another level, buried in his phone right next to her. C.U. on him ponder an excuse...

LENNY DANE

So uh...Ima be gone next week.

ELMA

You gonna be gone? Where?

LENNY DANE

Decided to take a vacation.

ELMA

A vacation?

Now she sharply glances at him.

ELMA (CONT'D)

All of a sudden, you're gonna pack up and take a vacation. Without tellin' me.

LENNY DANE

Just me and some friends; thats it.

ELMA

And where is this vacation gonna be?

LENNY DANE
New York. Remember, Empire State
Building. Hamilton.

ELMA
Oh, you mean the one we always
planned...

Lenny smiles, PROUD OF HIMSELF.

LENNY DANE
Yeah, that's the one.

ELMA
(lowers her eyebrows)
And you weren't plannin' on tellin'
ME about it...

LENNY DANE
Well, I just told you, didn't I.

ELMA
Yeah, but...you said YOU were
takin' the vacation.

LENNY DANE
Correctamundo.

Lenny CHEESILY smiles. Elma stares at him in utter disbelief.
But she saw this comin'. She just goes back to her show.
Lenny smiles: boom baby, I got an alibi!

INT. LIVING AREA - SAM BAKER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Bright in the morning, the sunlight NOT shining through the
room, Sam's EXUBERANTLY seated on the couch, on Skype with
his good ol' Honky pal from NY.

DENNIS
Yeah. Young kid, neighborhood boy.
Grew up in the trenches.

SAM
The trenches?

DENNIS
Yeah. Came outta the military. Know
how hard it is for these vets.

SAM
You're the one who fought in Nam
motherfucker.

DENNIS

While you were stickin' up mom and pop shops.

SAM

Like you didn't!

DENNIS

I did. But I also served my country. Anyway, kid's just opened up a new bakery. Sells I-talian pastries, some French. But like a hybrid European pastry shop thing. Got some Wall Street guys to invest. Good shit. 'Specially with all this VA debacle goin' on today.

SAM

I'll bet. Wish I had that tenacity. To even stay in a legit job.

DENNIS

You don't got one?

SAM

I quit. Eleanor doesn't know.

DENNIS

Where's she right now?

SAM

WholeFoods.

DENNIS

When do ya plan on tellin'?

SAM

When my dick is soft.

DENNIS

Ha ha, always at it. Even at your age.

SAM

Think I'm MORE at it now, as a result.

DENNIS

You know what you should do, marriage in a rut? Go on one o' them cruises. You know, cross the Atlantic.

SAM

Whattya mean our marriage is in a rut.

DENNIS

I'm just sayin IF.

SAM

Yeah, well, aside from the marinara sauce she insists on making, which has ALWAYS been objectively bad, I think we're doin' okay.

Beat.

DENNIS

You know, I was sittin' today in Central Park, starin' at the pigeons, thinkin...what would it be like if we didn't do this.

SAM

You started on this train of thought from pigeons?

DENNIS

Ah, you know how pigeons are. Wander from place to place, the minute you try to catch one, they quickly fly off. Like we're the pigeons, people are the cops.

SAM

Exactly. And if you never were one of those pigeons, you'd be a swan. A swan more or less stays in one place. It's beautiful, it's elegant. But it gets nowhere. See what I'm sayin'.

DENNIS

Yeah, but...neighborhood boy here, never got busted for nothin'. Was a Veteran, never used that as an excuse. I used Nam, the failin' state o' the country, in my eyes. Matter o' fact, we both used it as an excuse. Sometimes I think that wasn't the right thing to do.

SAM

We rebelled cause everything was shit. THEY made us buy things we didn't need.

(MORE)

SAM (CONT'D)

THEY sent us to fight an enemy we didn't need to fight. Seein' a lot o' that today. If anything is vital at this moment, it's a need for rebellion.

DENNIS

There are plenty o' ways to rebel. Plenty o' more peaceful ways. Isn't that what we all talked about in the '60s.

SAM

Some things we agree with. Others, we disagree. Way it's always been. We did the right thing for ourselves, and eventually we settled down.

DENNIS

And told ourselves we'd never do them again. And what happened.

Sam is stopped short. But obviously, he continues on.

SAM

You know what happened, motherfucker. You don't need to ask.

DENNIS

It's a rhetorical question.

SAM

Yeah, I get that it's a rhetorical motherfucker. No need to tell.

DENNIS

My uncle's donut shop. He died o' cancer, he was gonna hand it over to me. I was old enough when I came outta the army to run the joint. Ernie didn't need to.

SAM

But Ernie DID. Cause he's a little piss-ant who's idea of grand achievement is running something as minor and UNNECESSARY as a jelly donut shop.

DENNIS

Sold more than just JELLY donuts.

SAM

We chose our path well. And let's be happy that we're okay. Two paroled guys, haven't pulled a job in twenty years.

DENNIS

Long as you're not plannin' on pullin' any more jobs.

Sam just pauses. He really pauses. And thinks about how much he should tell his friend.

SAM

Never say never.

Sam HANGS UP. Left Denny out to dry there a bit. Nah, he'll be fine: just grab a Frog pastry at your neighbor's Frog pastry shop!

INT. BEDROOM - MILES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

Miles is on the Iphone, taking one last long glance at the robbery plan. He is immersed, truly. Even though Sarah's in the room. Right now, she's OFFSCREEN.

MILES

Okay, so I was thinking coming in through the back for the safest possible entry. Now I know the back door has a locker combo which you don't remember. But seeing as though Dane may have a lock pick, if he does, he can---

Right on that last sentence, she ENTERS FRAME beside her *boyfriend*, takes a sullen look at him, and simply KISSES him on the lips. There is tenderness, there is loss. There is simply...passion. Somehow. THEY FALL ONTO THE BED. But before the lovin' gets too hot, the camera PANS AWAY. It doesn't need to be there.

INT. BEDROOM - MILES' APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

The camera, IN THAT SAME POSITION, begins to slowly pan right. Until it arrives at the two lovers (might as well be) sleeping under the sheets. Noticeably NOT CUDDLING.

Miles climbs out of bed, stretches out his arms, walks towards the bathroom. He EXITS frame so we can focus on Sarah still sleeping.

INT. BATHROOM - MILES' APARTMENT - DAY

Miles keenly observes himself in the mirror. More confident than ever. And before, he was still pretty fuckin' confident.

MILES
(points at his reflection)
You're super fuckin' cool!

Now THAT movie line, he nailed. More or less. With some excited nods, he makes his way out.

INT. MILES' CAMRY - DAY

Miles is swiftly driving with his comrades Sam in the passenger's seat and Dane/JOAQUIN in the back. Yes, Joaquin tagged along.

LENNY DANE
Yo Sam, sure it's cool to tag your "buddy" along.

SAM
(smugly)
Whattya mean "buddy". He's my pal, ain't he!

LENNY DANE
I'M JUST SAYIN: he ain't one of us.

SAM
What makes you think you are, Mr. Iphone 8, not X.

Joaquin cracks up.

LENNY DANE
Oh, so NOW you pretendin' you know the difference.

JOAQUIN
Knows a little more than you think, asshole.

LENNY DANE
Man, where you get off callin' me an asshole!

MILES
Yo Dane, it's cool! We needed a fourth guy, as Sarah recommended.
(MORE)

MILES (CONT'D)

Joaquin's got experience, and he just quit his job, thanks to Sam's uh...

SAM

(still proud)
Encouragement!

JOAQUIN

Damn right. No one can encourage like Sam can.

LENNY DANE

I dunno 'bout that bitch either.

MILES

You don't know about anyone.

A pause.

MILES (CONT'D)

So what happened again? You beat up on some Oriental?

SAM

Let's not get into it. You guys weren't there; you wouldn't know what it was like.

JOAQUIN

Dopest shit I've seen in a million years, that's for sure!

Sam reaches back, locks hands with his BUD.

SAM

Hell yeah.

A pause.

SAM (CONT'D)

Whatever happened to crime movies.

MILES

What?

SAM

Crime movies. Movies about criminals. What the fuck happened.

MILES

(beat)

Nothin' happened. They're still goin'...somewhat strong.

SAM

Yeah? What's the last crime movie you saw in a theater.

Miles thinks.

MILES

The Vista did a screening of Carlito's Way.

SAM

That was over twenty years ago.

MILES

Okay, well...

JOAQUIN

What about that one where the two brothers, you know, and it's all trippy...

MILES

Sure that wasn't just POT.

JOAQUIN

Felt like pot, that's for sure. Maybe like LSD.

LENNY DANE

Think you're talkin about Good Time.

SAM

Good Time. Heh, that's just desperately TRYING to be a crime movie.

MILES

Okay, so what do you have in mind, PROFESSOR.

SAM

Hey, don't get all snarly. Just tryin' to have a discussion. Talkin' about a movie with real grit. Real power. Showin' guys in the actual streets, the mechanics of the crime. But you see, these movies take time. An attitude that people today just don't have.

MILES

Maybe it's cause there IS no more crime.

LENNY DANE

Fuck you talkin' about! Here in LA,
we have the fourth most violent
neighborhood in the entire world!

MILES

And besides that, where's the
action? Cohen's dead, Bugsy's dead.
Everyone's dead.

SAM

But the spirit o' Bugsy looms
somewhere. Just gotta find where.

MILES

Speakin' o' which, there is that
movie Gangster Squad.

SAM

(excited)
Ah hah!

JOAQUIN

(enthralingly laughs)
Yo, that fight between uh...Sean
Penn and uh...

SAM

Josh Brolin!

LENNY DANE

From No Country For Old Men. Now
THAT'S a movie.

JOAQUIN

Hands down, the best fight of our
time!

SAM

But see, now, you don't see a lotta
people talkin' about movies like
that. They get made, they don't get
sold. And if they get sold, they
don't last. Now back in my day,
there was an entire RENAISSANCE of
movies, and criminality was our way
of rebelling against society. Some
of us had the balls to do it, some
of us just watched movies. I, cause
I loved both, did both.

JOAQUIN

Yeah man. Bonnie n' Clyde Days.

SAM

But what struck me were the ones that played in grindhouses.

LENNY DANE

Tarantino. Yeah, that's right.

SAM

Tarantino's thing was a TRIBUTE to do those movies. But those movies, cause they played in drive in theaters, ya know, smaller venues, they could get into stuff that the big Hollywood movies could never do. Went to a drive in with a sweetheart, who I dumped the next day.

LENNY DANE

Why's that?

SAM

Cause I fucked her. What good is a woman after you fuck her.

Lenny settles into a laugh. But the laughter then GROWS BIGGER amongst the comrades. Then they settle down.

SAM (CONT'D)

Anyway, went into a drive in-theater, saw Dillinger. Now, I'd already seen Dillinger with Lawrence Tierney. But this guy in this, at-the-time, new movie. Played by Warren Oates. He was a BASTARD...but, you loved him for one very simple reason: he was a rebel, and the rest of society was shit.

LENNY DANE

(snaps fingers, trying to recall)

Oh yeah, uh...Dillinger uh...Public Enemies.

Sam chuckles, "yeah right"!

LENNY DANE (CONT'D)

Oh come on, how could ya not dig Public Enemies---

MILES

Ya fuckin' kiddin' me, Gramps. Some old, low-budget exploitation flick from the '70s vs a well researched, METHODICALLY PACED---

Sam shakes his head, "no, no, no, no".

SAM

It's one thing for some Midwestern faggot in glasses to pick up a book and do "research" on John Dillinger. Another to LIVE through that, capture the experience. Now not sayin' Milius lived through it, BUT...he captured the mood of an era. Which in all honesty is more important than just blatant historical accuracy. Not to mention: the film wasn't entirely accurate.

MILES

What did they get wrong?

Beat.

SAM

The uh...mechanics of some of the gunfire. Machine guns never fire that way.

Okay, that's not what they got wrong, but in Sam's mind it is, so we'll settle. Everyone just settles down, ready for the job. The car remains quiet.

INT. GALLAGHER'S JEWELRY SHOP - DAY

The stick-up is already in progress. How they got here is not important. All we need to know is: Miles is at the front counter with a gun EXASPERATINGLY pointed at a starstruck GALLAGHER (he's here) and both Dane and Joaquin with guns pointed at the door guards, guards on their knees, and they're growing impatient as well. Where the fuck is Sam? Who cares, this ain't goin' so well. Thankfully, there are NO CUSTOMERS in the shop.

MILES

How the FUCK did you FUCKING get here.

GALLAGHER

(panting so nervously)
What are you talking about. What
are ya...what happened. Huh, what
did I...what did I do to deserve---

MILES

We'll get to that later! You
weren't supposed to fucking BE
HERE.

JOAQUIN

What? I wasn't told that!

LENNY DANE

You weren't told! They tagged you
along and you weren't even fucking
told!

JOAQUIN

Man, Sam just laid out the plan,
alright. He APPARENTLY forgot to
mention---

MILES

(looks back at 'em)
Shut the fuck up, shut the FUCK UP
YOU TWO! I DON'T GIVE A FUCK ABOUT
WHAT SAM SAID OR DIDN'T SAY!
(turns his head once again
to Gallagher)
What I want you to do is to empty
that register, we're gonna take the
cash, the jewels that Dane stashed
in the box. And we're gonna walk on
out of here, and you're not gonna
say a GODDAMN thing.

GALLAGHER

Look I don't know, I don't know
what I did do deserve this, I don't
know why you're even---

MILES

JUST EMPTY THE FUCKING REGISTER.

LENNY DANE

Yo Miles, forget about the goddamn
register. We got the stash, that's
the main reason we came here---

MILES

We're gonna do this according to the FUCKING PLAN. Now come on, empty the register!

JOAQUIN

Forget about the fuckin' register!

MILES

Shut the FUCK UP! I signed you on as a favor, you keep your FUCKIN' MOUTH SHUT!

GALLAGHER

Listen, listen, I'll give you whatever you want. Okay, just don't hurt me. And please, stay away from Sarah---

MILES

Ohhhh, you don't want Sarah to get hurt. You think I'm incapable of hurting Sarah? Think I care, that I EVER CARED about that bitch!

GALLAGHER

(crying now)

Please, please don't!

LENNY DANE

Look, let's just get the FUCK OUTTA HERE!

Miles and the other argue, yell, bicker, talk nasty in the background as the camera slowly PANS DOWN from the front desk. To reveal that UNDER the desk, the fuckin' faux-Rabbi prick has a MAGNUM holstered. As the bickering processes, Gallagher slowly REACHES for the magnum; the camera CUTS BACK to normal view, and Gallagher POINTS straight at Miles' face. Miles is more shocked than ever.

GALLAGHER

Ha ha! Alright you crazy kids, you've had your fun. Now I believe it's time to surrender the merchandise and leave my store.

The frame is ENTIRELY FOCUSED on Miles' TRAUMATIZED face.

GALLAGHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(proudly laughs)

You actually thought; you actually thought this whole time, I was just a desperate, frail, sad old man.

(MORE)

GALLAGHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I fucking built this whole place, I OWNED this store for twenty years with the most EXPENSIVE jewelry collection in practically ALL Southern California, possibly even Northern. Think I wouldn't have the common sense, the fucking KNOW HOW to defend it!

Now, C.U. On Gallagher, his grittily proud grin accommodated by his rotting teeth as he revels in his success.

GALLAGHER (CONT'D)

I've had this magnum for a long time. Had it since the first time I cheated on my wife, all the way until the second, and right through the third.

(proudly laughs)

Oh you knew didn't you. You knew it happened one time, but what about two. Three. Even four!

Gallagher now cracks the fuck up. Really gets into it, losing focus on what's in front of him. And as we focus on him completely lose it, he is SHOT in the face by Miles. Miles watches him die, without a moment's regret, even though he's totally fucked up this job.

The other two let out the biggest sigh of their lives; they're so disappointed this happened, yet they didn't see any other way. And even they've gotta admit that store owner's a fuckin' douchebag.

The store guards though, they're just traumatized.

STORE GUARD #1

What the fuck. WHAT THE FUCK DID YOU DO!

STORE GUARD #2

I DIDN'T SIGN UP FOR THIS! I DIDN'T FUCKIN' TAKE THIS JOB TO---

And they are obviously shot dead by Joaquin and Dane. The three of them just stay in their positions and just think about what to do next.

LENNY DANE

Okay, so...we got the stuff. Let's just get the fuck outta here, and uh...figure out where to go from there.

JOAQUIN
Yeah, good plan, Einstein.

LENNY DANE
Man, fuck you man---

MILES
HEY, SHUT UP!

Complete silence.

MILES (CONT'D)
Alright, let's just grab the stuff
and get on out.

JOAQUIN
The register.

MILES
Forget the register.

LENNY DANE
That's what I said in the first
place. You did that, we woulda been
out before the Rabbi even saw what
was comin'.

JOAQUIN
Didn't see what was comin' anyway.

Now even they have a slight laugh.

MILES
Alright, alright. Let's just go,
come on.

Miles walks over to the other two and they all exit the store
with their box of jewelry.

PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

They walk all the way down to their car. Notice: Sam's NOT
EVEN THERE.

LENNY DANE
Oh what the---

MILES
Oh, you gotta be fuckin' kiddin'
me.

LENNY DANE

Man, this guy gives us shit ALL THE TIME 'bout how we just kids. Now he leaves the scene!

JOAQUIN

Who even told him to stay in the car?

LENNY DANE

That wasn't even originally the plan. He said his back went out. The PRICK.

MILES

Alright, ALRIGHT. Come on, let's think!

LENNY DANE

Think! Where the fuck is he!

Just then, Lenny realizes something crazy.

LENNY DANE (CONT'D)

Maybe he's gonna rat us out.

MILES

What? Are you crazy!

JOAQUIN

Come on man!

LENNY DANE

I mean it. Look, why would any accomplice leave the job like that? Cause he was workin' for the pigs. Common sense!

JOAQUIN

Look, let's not get crazy, alright! Maybe he just...

No explanation. Miles aggravatingly sighs. But still calms down a tad....

MILES

(KICKS the car door)

FUCK!

INT. LIVING AREA - SAM BAKER'S APARTMENT - DAY

Completely in frame is Eleanor Baker...startled beyond words...but can't make heads or tails of it...but then again knew and PRAYED this would never happen...she shakes her head in utter disbelief.

ELEANOR

I just...I don't...This afternoon?
It happened THIS AFTERNOON.

Oh and there's SAM right next to her.

SAM

(consolatory)

Yes.

Eleanor simply falls into laughter.

ELEANOR

I mean here we were and...I don't even know what to say. I didn't know what the FUCK to say THE FIRST TIME. Surely, I can't---

SAM

It's who I am, Eleanor.

ELEANOR

You told me that when I married you. You could never stop telling me. I'm just...the most shocking thing was that I was convinced.

Sam shrugs, admittedly nods.

SAM

True. You were. But you can't tell me you stayed with me cause you were. Cause you could never be that convinced with me.

Beat.

SAM (CONT'D)

You stayed with me cause you were my woman. I was your man. Simple as that. James Caan and Tuesday Weld. And here we are now, it happened.

ELEANOR

And you're so convinced, you're SO confident I'm not gonna leave you.

(MORE)

ELEANOR (CONT'D)

That I'm gonna accommodate you deep
into the Big Nowhere ONCE AGAIN.

SAM

We don't have long left.

Sam innocently smiles. Eleanor, as angry as she is, has to acknowledge his point.

ELEANOR

You're right. But whatever time we
have, maybe it's best we spend it
separately.

SAM

You're all I have Eleanor. You're
the only thing I've ever had to
latch onto. No matter...what
happened to everyone else, to
everyTHING else. You were the only
one. You still are.

ELEANOR

(so pityingly chuckles)
And now, not even me. Hard to
believe, right.

Beat.

ELEANOR (C.U.) (CONT'D)

Well maybe it's not the...ONLY
thing that's so damned difficult to
believe.

Focus on Sam: you can tell he's disappointed. But he'd be a fool if he didn't anticipate this reaction. Like Eleanor, he hoped. And she didn't fall through. Neither did he.

SAM

Alright, well...that's that,
sweetheart.

Sam gets up, makes his way for the door. But he does so offscreen so we can focus on Eleanor, as she simply watches her husband walk away. We don't know for the last time, and neither does she, but all that matters is right now, that's how she feels.

INT. MILES' CAMRY - DAY

The air is thicker, we can tell.

JOAQUIN

So wanna stick to the rest?

MILES

Yeah man, let's stick to as much as we can. Now after the job, we were supposed to go back to my place and rendezvous with Sarah.

LENNY DANE

Sure she'll be there?

MILES

YEAH SHE'LL FUCKIN' BE THERE YA
FUCKIN' ASSHOLE!

JOAQUIN

How do ya know she didn't skip out on us.

LENNY DANE

No reason to assume. I mean she's only his EX.

Miles aggravatingly sighs.

JOAQUIN

OHHH. Anything else I SHOULDN'T know about.

MILES

You know what, just, just...sit down, be lucky you're not ridin' in the trunk.

JOAQUIN

The fuck kinda insult is that.

Complete silence.

EXT. MILES' NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Average apartment, completely average neighborhood. You get the idea. POV of Miles' car as he drives somewhat SMOOTHLY with, in his mind, nothing on the horizon except smooth sailing.

And as a matter of fact, there's SARAH waiting for him right there in the middle of the street. He HALTS. She walks over to his windshield and he pulls it down.

MILES

Jesus, gotta wait in the middle of the road?

SARAH

Don't see what difference it makes.

MILES

Yeah, well I'm here.

SARAH

Yeah, well...so are they.

PAN UP to reveal precisely THREE squad cars parked in the distance right by Miles' apartment. And afterwards cut to a MED. SHOT of Carl motherfucking Brandon standing up front with a BULLHORN and his partner Kenny Santino to the side.

BRANDON

Miles Forger, please exit the vehicle and walk over here.

Back over to Miles and Sarah, Sarah with the calmest, slyest grin on her face. Miles simply appalled.

MILES

You fucking bitch.

Sarah just shrugs.

LENNY DANE

Come on man, let's get the fuck outta here.

JOAQUIN

Any charges besides robbery? Like homicide?

SARAH

He'll let you know the charges once you get your asses over there.

JOAQUIN

Huh. How bout DOUBLE homicide, bitch!

Joaquin quickly pulls out a gun. The other two are startled.

MILES

What the fuck?!

Joaquin shoots the bitch dead. Good range; from the side seat, she was standing diagonal.

Seriously Joaquin, good shot. The other two don't acknowledge that; they're just pissed.

MILES AND DANE
What the fuck, what the fuck!

LENNY DANE
The fuck is wrong with you, man!

JOAQUIN
Fuckin' rat bitch, that's what the
FUCK is wrong with me!

Over at Brandon and Kenny, who can't fuckin' believe this.

KENNY SANTINO
They fuckin' shot her.

BRANDON
Assholes!

The two run after the car, weapons out.

Over at the POSSE.

LENNY DANE
Come on, let's get the fuck outta
here, man!

Miles swiftly turns the vehicle around, darts in the other direction...

STOPPING Brandon and Kenny on their feet.

BRANDON
Fuck!

KENNY SANTINO
Alright, let's head back to the
car, come on!

The two of them run in the other direction.

INT. JOHNNY ROCKET'S - LA CIENEGA - DAY

The place is packed cause people still have a thing for nostalgia. Or just damn good burgers. SAM BAKER digs both; he's parked right up at the booth. Sits lonely, contemplating...Then sees a guy JUST ABOUT HIS AGE sweeping the front desk. This fella's got a name: RANDY.

SAM
Aren't a lot of us left, huh?

RANDY
(looks at him for the
first time)
I'm sorry?

SAM
Us uh...you know, men. Real men.
Guys. Aren't a lot of us left.

Randy just PAUSES...Then goes back to sweeping.

SAM (CONT'D)
(big sigh)
Yeah, in the '80s, ya know, we said
times were changing. Admittedly,
the '80s were pretty fuckin'
terrible. But now it's like...times
are...ending.

Now even Randy's gotta admit he knows what's up.

RANDY
You're tellin' me.

Sam laughs, "YEAH, so he's on the same page".

SAM
I remember there was a time when
people used to interact with one
another. Used to talk. And
sometimes, there wouldn't even be
anything to talk about but...well
they'd talk anyway.

RANDY
Touche.

SAM
Even the most basic fuckin' things
seem lost now.

RANDY
So what are you prepared to do
about it, Ol' Timer?

Randy says "Ol' Timer" in a playfully mocking way. Sam chuckles.

SAM
Can ya believe it? Back in the
'60s, when we were protesting
against the "establishment". That's
exactly what we'd be sayin'.

Randy chuckles.

SAM (CONT'D)

Now we seem old. Really, society has gone backwards and they don't even realize it.

RANDY

So now us "old guys" are the forward thinkers.

SAM

Can ya believe it.

They both have a laugh.

RANDY

I didn't do much protesting myself. Had a military stint.

SAM

Oh I see. Yeah, I didn't serve. Had a friend who did.

RANDY

Where's he?

SAM

(beat)

Well, I had a couple friends who did. One of 'em's in NY, talkin' about how shitty everything is.

RANDY

Why didn't YOU serve?

SAM

Dad was fairly middle class. I never got drafted.

RANDY

You protest?

SAM

I went to a few of the rallies. Spent most o' my time doin' all the fun stuff: gettin' laid, smokin' pot, kickin' back with Revolver.

RANDY

My favorite record was always Nico.

SAM

No shit. Everyone hated that one.

RANDY

Didn't understand it, that was the problem.

SAM

Think I got into it about ten years later when there was like a revival. Then some uh...young Rolling Stone Writer; this was back in '02 or '03. Showed me this list the magazine was making on the 500 greatest albums of all time. Nico placed at about 15 or so.

RANDY

Hah hah, far out motherfucker.

SAM

Far fuckin' out.

Oh, the good times they reminisce on.

SAM (CONT'D)

(deep sigh)

Well, now, my wife and I are on the outs.

RANDY

Oh yeah, what happened. IF ya don't mind me askin'.

SAM

It's fine. Nothin' much; she just...I mean, we've been married for four decades now. This idea ya stay together forever. I mean...I should know better than anyone else.

RANDY

Ya should. If ya CAN.

SAM

(chuckle)

Yeah. Sometimes you think you know a person, and ya never do.

Randy chuckles.

SAM (CONT'D)

Look at me, gettin' all deep all of a sudden. Where the fuck is my burger...

INT. MILES' CAMRY - DAY

Miles' is ridin' swift albeit cautiously down a highway. The car is dead silent.

LENNY DANE

So what now, man? Huh? What the fuck now.

MILES

Don't fuckin' push me now.

LENNY DANE

Don't push me. Fuckin' Gonzalez here just shot that fuckin' bitch!

JOAQUIN

She was a rat bitch. And who you callin' Gonzalez!

LENNY DANE

You, Gonzalez, cause you shot the Honky's fuckin' girlfriend!

MILES

EX-girlfriend. And yes, she was a rat bitch.

LENNY DANE

So what, ya just don't give a fuck.

MILES

What good's a woman after ya fuck her? Huh?

Lenny shrugs, "fine, good point".

MILES (CONT'D)

She's gone and that's that. We got the stuff. We're far enough away from 'em such that we can think of a plan.

Silence.

JOAQUIN

Okay, so...what's the plan?

MILES

Well, I was kinda hoping since you shot the love of my life, you'd have one.

JOAQUIN
Hey man shut the fuck up---

MILES
I'm kiddin'!...See, we just need to
lighten up.

A pause.

MILES (CONT'D)
Let's find a motel somewhere. Or
like a Best Western. Stay for the
night. After that, go our separate
ways. Look, remember what we
discussed; the less we know about
each other's whereabouts the
better. But make sure you ALL think
of an alibi. Cause circumstances
have changed.

The two of them nod in agreement. Miles looks out at the open
highway, pondering deeper than he ever has. But he can't put
it to words.

INT. BRANDON'S CAMRY - DAY

Brandon DEVOTEDLY cruises down the highway, eyes fixed
STRAIGHT ahead. More or less.

KENNY SANTINO
Guys could be anywhere by now. We
shoulda anticipated they could just
drive off.

BRANDON
Underestimated 'em. This is what we
always do. And now look what
happens.

KENNY SANTINO
We don't always do it.

BRANDON
We always fuckin' do it! Cause we
think this job isn't really
dangerous. Turns out, it is!

KENNY SANTINO
Never said the job wasn't
dangerous.

BRANDON
I don't mean YOU SPECIFICALLY.

Silence.

KENNY SANTINO

Guess the job is kinda worth it
after all, huh?

C.U. on Brandon, whose faces comes to a glistening realization. He smiles WIDE.

BRANDON

Yeah, guess it is.

And with that, he accelerates into full gear, a proud motherfucker.

INT. JOHNNY ROCKET'S - LA CIENEGA - DAY

Sam is gorging a specialty bacon burger. Quite enriched like he hasn't been before. And he's eaten in the most authentic of these diners. Was a Johnny Rocket's fanatic back in '86 when they opened.

SAM

They don't make 'em like this
anymore.

RANDY

Never got much into In n Out, huh?

SAM

Tried it a couple times. Always
been an LA Staple, but like most LA
staples, one worth not havin'.

RANDY

Haven't been LA raised, huh?

SAM

Born in Washington. Lived here most
of my adult life. The food's the
one part I don't particularly love.
Then again, there's all kinds of
it, so...

Randy chuckles. C.U. on Sam; he's told him so many of his deepest feelings, some that he wouldn't tell ELEANOR even. Yet, this guy has no idea who he really is. And if he knew, what would he say?

SAM (CONT'D)

I'm a bank robber.

Randy snaps his head up from his table sweep.

RANDY

Pardon.

SAM (C.U.)

I rob banks. Been robbin' for the past thirty or forty years. In the can for three, paroled in '95. Had a clean record for twenty years, my wife thought I would never go back. Matter o' fact everyone did. And ya know what happened?

Randy just stands there, stunned. Not sure if this guy is telling the truth or not.

SAM (C.U.) (CONT'D)

I went back. I did it again. I stopped doin' it not cause I felt bad about it, not cause I wanted my wife to support me, or cause I wanted to stay outta jail. I mean I did wanna stay outta jail. But in essence, I don't give a fuck about anyone. Or anything. I do whatever the fuck I want. I always have. And right when you think I'm gonna change, I don't.

Randy is now even more stunned.

SAM (C.U.) (CONT'D)

Why would ANYONE have the gull to trust me. Why WOULD anyone trust me?

Beat. Sam shrugs both shoulders with a big proud smile.

SAM (C.U.) (CONT'D)

I guess that's just the essence of my charm. I fucked my wife every night, got the loveliest pussy in the world. You may think "if I'm such a cold hearted bastard who did all these terrible things, I would at least stay faithful to my wife". But I didn't. Had an affair with her best friend. Then her other best friend. Then her other. She found out about ONE of the affairs. We were on the outs. Promised to never do it again. Found another girl the next day, started fucking her.

(MORE)

SAM (C.U.) (CONT'D)

And even though she didn't wanna...assist me in my robbery habit, she was VEHEMENTLY against the idea, I manipulated her. I COERCED her into comin' along with me anyway.

Randy is now both stunned and speechless.

SAM (MEDIUM C.U.) (CONT'D)

And here you were thinkin': this guy. He's from my time, he's my best friend. We may come from the same time. But buddy, believe me...we are not friends. I got no friends. And I don't need no friends. Even people who THINK they're my friends aren't my friends.

(slowly pan into a C.U.)

That's the way it is. That's the way it's always GONNA be.

And when we're fully CLOSE-UP, pause for a couple seconds. Catch Randy's more-stunned-than-ever expression. Then follow with Sam gettin' up, throwing a couple bills on the counter.

SAM (CONT'D)

There's a good tip in there. You deserve it. It's the least I can do.

And with that, Sam leaves the shop a proud motherfucker. We don't even get to see Randy's reaction. We don't need to.

INT. SAM'S HONDA - DAY

Sam hops into his corolla. He's way past his prime, cruisin' in Cadillacs he stole. He's settled, he's happy, and he can move on with what little years he has left. Seems, though, in his mind (at least now) he's got QUITE A FEW years left.

He enters his vehicle. Still proud. Starts it up, and a song plays on the speaker. The song is no other than "I Feel Free" by Cream.

INT. MILES' CAMRY - CONTINUOUS

And the song continues to play over the background as Miles cruises more confidently than before.

INT. BRANDON'S CAMRY - CONTINUOUS

And the song continues to play as Brandon cruises AS
CONFIDENTLY as before.

L.A. LANDSCAPE

The vast city of angels. Millions of people from all walks of
life. Good, bad, legitimate, illegitimate. We can only make
out one characteristic about this diversely populated region:
they are all human, they all struggle somehow, and in their
own minds they get somewhere. They live, they dream, some
prosper, some don't. But as stated at the end of Barry
Lyndon, "they are all equal now". THEY HAVE ALWAYS BEEN
EQUAL.

FADE OUT. "I
FEEL FREE" PLAYS
OVER THE
CREDITS.

(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)

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