

# Baby Heister

An original screenplay  
by Carole A. Parker

11/28/11

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EXT. RANCH - DUSK

TITLE CARD READS: OJAI, CALIFORNIA 1990.

It's magic hour in the desert. The mid-summer heat shimmers in rippling waves in the air. The crops. The blacktop road.

A small ranch in a green valley. Giant mountains behind it. Can you say *incredible view*? Old, Spanish mission style house. Big barn. Rustic pickup truck parked in the drive.

In the distance, a deep blue lake glows in the fading light. It's picture-postcard time, folks. Doesn't get much more gorgeous and idyllic than this.

EXT. LAKE - DUSK

A young WOMAN (18) lies on an inner tube reading a book, lazily floating on the water. She takes a hit from a joint. Holds it in. EXHALES. Turns the page. Riveted.

Meet KELSEY HAZARD, tomboy deluxe. Pretty, but she's done everything she can to hide it. Her long, sleek black hair tied tight in a ponytail. Baseball cap. Shades. Bare lips.

The problem is the tiny bikini she's almost wearing. Her killer figure undulates around her tall, lean frame. Ouch.

A TALL, OLDER GUY (60) walks out on the rickety wooden pier. Meet DOC HAZARD, her grandfather. Looks like your typical old cowboy. Except for the Grateful Dead T-shirt and biker boots.

DOC  
Supper's almost ready.

KELSEY  
(eyes on the book)  
Be right there. Just let me finish this chapter.

DOC  
(under his breath)  
Goddamn crime novels. If she'd only be as interested in her school books --

EXT. LOS ANGELES - TEN FREEWAY - DUSK

Clogged with rush hour traffic heading west toward the beach. But not so much heading east into downtown LA. We see an ARMORED CAR heading that way in sparse traffic.

It reaches an off ramp, turns, then starts descending into the dirty City of Angels.

INT. ARMORED CAR - DUSK

Behind the wheel sits GINO CONTI (30's). Wiry. Dark-haired. Dark-skinned. He smiles, chewing on a toothpick. Turns and looks at the HULKING BRUTE sitting in the passenger seat.

GINO  
Look at that sky. Beautiful. In the cinema they call it *magic hour*.

GUY  
In my book, they call it *money hour*.

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Meet GRIFF HAZARD (40), heister extraordinaire. Built like a block of granite. Face like a potato. Eyes burning with purpose. Intense. Mouth a cruel dark slash.

GINO  
You wrote book? What is it about?

Griff stares ahead. Silent. Watching the road.

IN THE REAR COMPARTMENT

Sits CHELLE HAZARD (39), Griff's wife. A gorgeous brunette. Curvy goblet of sin poured into a leather catsuit. Armed to the gills. Packing, too. She speaks into a headset.

CHELLE  
Come in, Houston. This is The Eagle. Are we cleared for landing? Over.

GRIFF'S

Eyes flicker. Approach a smile. Don't quite make it.

GRIFF  
(into his headset)  
This is Houston. Approaching our target  
in --  
(looks at his watch)  
T-minus two minutes. Over.

CHELLE

Smiles grimly. Nods.

CHELLE  
Copy that, Houston. Over.

Sitting to her left is HELMUT WOLF (40's), expert marksman, German expat. Dolph Lundgren, without the looks.

HELMUT  
I still don't like space travel names.  
Is too silly.

CHELLE  
That's funny. I don't remember asking  
your opinion.

Sitting to her right is ATLAS DEMO (30's), medium-height, barrel-chested. Jet-black hair. Third generation Greek.

ATLAS  
Don't listen to him. It's fucking genius.  
Anybody hears us, they don't know what  
the fuck we're talking about.

ZVI ROZEN (20's), Israeli computer hacker extraordinaire. Hunched over an old-school briefcase-sized laptop. Looks up.

ZVI  
(to Helmut)  
You just have chip on shoulder because  
you came in job late because someone  
dropped out. You should be GRATEFUL, not  
ruining vibe.

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CHELLE  
Enough bickering. We need to work as a  
team, GOT IT?

Helmut and Zvi glare at each other. Reluctantly nod. Zvi  
returns to his laptop. Starts briskly typing out commands.

CHELLE (CONT'D)  
(to Zvi)  
All set with the power grid?

ZVI  
(smiles, gives a thumbs-up)  
Like taking electricity from a baby.

INT. DOC'S FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - DUSK

Right out of Norman Rockwell. Enough knickknacks and quaint  
furnishings to choke Martha Stewart. Doc and Kelsey sit at  
the table waiting for dinner to be served.

DOC  
You do any more thinking about going back  
to school?

KELSEY  
Why would the fuck I do that?

DOC  
Not having a diploma kinda limits the  
kinda jobs you can get.

KELSEY  
Not if I'm gonna be a heister.

DOC  
A *heister*? Where on earth did you --

Doc's wife JO (60) approaches the table with a big tray of  
food. Once a great beauty, now a bit faded, but still tough,  
with the twinkling eyes of a con artist. Which she was.

JO  
Dinner's served.

She sets it down. Sits. Doc and Kelsey help themselves.

DOC  
Thanks, honey. This looks great.

JO  
So how was your day, Kelsey?

KELSEY  
Okay, I guess.

DOC  
Kelsey's thinking about taking up a life  
of crime.

JO  
Is that so.

KELSEY  
If it's good enough for Griff and  
Chelle --

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DOC  
Now where did you get that idea?  
Your parents are in sales.

KELSEY  
(snorts)  
Yeah, GUN sales.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - DUSK

The armored car stops at a red light.

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF LOS ANGELES - DUSK

All the lights in the city SHUT OFF.

INT. ARMORED CAR - DUSK

Zvi looks up from his laptop. Smiles eagerly.

ZVI  
Let there be DARK.

IN THE FRONT

Griff looks out the window. Sees the lights are out.

GRIFF  
(into his headset)  
Copy that, Eagle.  
(to Gino)  
Better get a move on. Traffic's about to  
clusterfuck.

Gino nods. STEPS on it. They LURCH into the intersection.

IN THE BACK

Chelle nods at Zvi.

CHELLE  
Commence phases two, three and four.

ZVI  
Rockets red glare, coming right up.

His fingers start FLYING across the keyboard.

EXT. UNION STATION - DUSK

A giant EXPLOSION on the front lawn. A GIANT CLOUD OF BLACK  
SMOKE envelopes the building. Pedestrians RUN, screaming.

INT. UNION STATION - CONTINUOUS

People inside SCREAM. DUCK for cover.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DUSK

Complete bedlam. Officers answer phones. Work computers.  
Trying to get control of the situation.

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FRONT DESK OFFICER  
 (on the phone)  
 I don't KNOW if it's connected. Just send  
 units to Union Station, NOW.

IN THE ARMORED CAR

Zvi looks at Chelle. Gives a thumbs up.

ZVI  
 Go Metro GONE.

EXT. CITY HALL - DUSK

An enormous EXPLOSION rocks the front of the building.  
 A GIANT CLOUD OF BLACK SMOKE starts enveloping the area.

ZVI (O.C.)  
 Just fought City Hall --

EXT. STAPLES CENTER - DUSK

A HUGE EXPLOSION rocks the front of the building with a GIANT  
 CLOUD OF BLACK SMOKE. Pedestrians RUN and SCREAM.

ZVI (O.C.)  
*Swish.*

IN THE ARMORED CAR

Zvi looks at Chelle. Smiles.

ZVI (CONT'D)  
 We have a trifecta.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - CITY STREET - NIGHT

There's a RIOT going on. Complete mayhem. LOOTERS *smash*  
 windows. RUN down the street with stolen goods. A GANG-BANGER  
 throws a MOLOTOV COCKTAIL at a police car. It EXPLODES.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The armored car turns a corner.

IN THE ARMORED CAR

Griff speaks into his headset.

GRIFF  
 Eagle, this is Houston. Prepare for  
 impact. Over.

IN THE REAR

Chelle nods. Speaks into her headset.

CHELLE  
 Copy that. Over.  
 (to the rest)  
 Buckle up. It's gonna be a bumpy heist.

Everyone SNAPS on shoulder harnesses that crisscross their  
 torsos. Pull their caps down over their faces until they  
 become ski masks. One by one, they give a thumbs up.

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EXT. BANK - NIGHT

The First National Bank of California. A beautiful building. Facade is two stories of shiny glass and mirrors.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The armored car pulls up in front of the bank, looks like it's going to park, but instead makes a turn, BUMPS over the curb -- ACCELERATES -- and starts HEADING RIGHT TOWARD IT.

IN THE FRONT

Gino and Griff slip on MOTORCYCLE HELMETS.

IN THE BACK

Everyone BRACES for the impact.

EXT. BANK - NIGHT

The armored car reaches the facade, and -- IN SLOW MOTION -- CRASHES THROUGH with a BANG. Glass and debris go FLYING.

INT. BANK - NIGHT

BANK CUSTOMERS RUN for cover. SCREAM. The armored car stops. The doors FLY OPEN. Everyone PILES OUT. Gripping automatic weapons. Griff blasts a SPRAY OF BULLETS at the ceiling.

                  GRIFF  
This is a ROBBERY. Do WHAT WE SAY -- and  
NOBODY GETS HURT.  
                  (looks around)  
Got it?

Everyone nods, terrified. Chelle spins around in a slow circle, aiming her Uzi at them.

                  CHELLE  
Everyone down on the ground, NOW.

ZVI

Sits down at a loan officer's desk. Flips open his laptop. The emergency generator kicks in. The lights TURN ON.

                  ZVI  
That didn't take TOO long.  
                  (fingers work the keyboard)  
Sorry, Charlie. Only the real tuna gets  
to be star-fucked.

And the power SHUTS DOWN.

ATLAS

Approaches the teller windows, pointing his Uzi with one hand. Duffle bag in the other. Evil smile behind the mask. He THROWS the bag at a SCARED SHITLESS FEMALE TELLER.

                  ATLAS  
No tricks, no dye-packs, or you'll DIE.  
GOT IT?  
                  (of her terrified nod)  
In the bag there's more bags.  
                  (MORE)

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ATLAS (CONT'D)  
Give 'em to the other tellers -- and  
start EMPTYING YOUR DRAWERS.

GRIFF

Waves his Uzi across everyone on the floor.

GRIFF  
Which one of you is the manager?

A SHORT GUY WEARING A SUIT AND GLASSES raises his hand.

SHORT GUY IN SUIT AND GLASSES  
I am.

GRIFF  
Let's go take a trip to the vault.

ON THE STREET IN FRONT

A JAPANESE GANG ON MOTORCYCLES drives by, bikes dripping with  
stolen loot. They SCREECH to a halt. Turn their heads.

JAPANESE GANG LEADER

Sees what's happening. Turns to his Second-In-Command.

JAPANESE GANG LEADER  
Looks like our lucky day.

SECOND-IN-COMMAND  
Me rob you long time.

They pull out AUTOMATIC WEAPONS strapped to their backs.  
HIT THE GAS and ROAR TOWARD THE BANK.

INT. BANK - NIGHT

Just as Griff walks Bank Manager past Chelle, the gang  
SQUEALS into the bank and starts FIRING at everybody.  
Griff and Bank Manager get SHREDDED TO RIBBONS.

Atlas and Zvi RUN. Chelle gets HIT with MACHINE GUN SPRAY.  
Her body JERKS like a puppet in a dance of death.

INT. DOC'S FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Doc, Jo and Kelsey sit at the kitchen table, the remains of  
dinner strewn about. Having pie and coffee.

KELSEY  
You can deny it all you want, but I know  
the truth. I found your scrapbook.

DOC  
What scrapbook?

KELSEY  
The one under your mattress.

DOC  
What were you doing SNOOPING around in my  
bedroom?

KELSEY  
I was looking for your stash. I hadn't  
found a connection yet.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



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KELSEY (CONT'D)  
(big smile)  
You were quite the heister.

Doc stares. Speechless. The phone RINGS. Jo gets up.

JO  
I'll get it.  
(answers it, listens)  
Oh my god.  
(turns and looks)  
Doc?

DOC  
What's wrong?

JO  
Griff and Chelle --

KELSEY  
(turns white)  
What.

JO  
They're dead.  
(looks at Kelsey)  
They were -- trying to rob a bank.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Very old. Some graves and crypts overrun with vines.  
A pair of BLACKBIRDS sit on a tombstone, watching --

A FUNERAL in progress. A cluster of MOURNERS DRESSED IN BLACK surround a pair of freshly-dug graves. Twin high-end CASKETS sit inside them. Piled with bouquets of flowers.

Jo holds onto Doc, stoic, both dressed in their Sunday finest. Kelsey stands next to them. Looks out of place in black leather, denim and mirrored shades. Smoking.

The MINISTER (50'a) stands near the casket. More than a few of the MOURNERS look a little shady. That's because they are, being Hazard family coworkers.

CAMERA

Finds one of them, standing off to the side. Tall and dark. Like Kelsey, wearing a black motorcycle jacket and shades.

Meet RAY STARK (35). Think a RESERVOIR DOGS-era Michael Madson. Tough-looking, with that air of danger. He lights a cigarette with a CLICK of his Zippo. Blows a cloud of smoke.

KELSEY

Turns her head. Looks at him. Then back at the caskets.

CLOSE ON --

Her face. A tear slides down her cheek.

EXT. DOC'S FARMHOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

The joint is filled with MOURNERS from the funeral. But now the mood is different. It's a traditional wake. They're laughing, drinking, reminiscing.

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Jo walks around with a tray, passing out snacks. Doc stands behind the bar making drinks. Ray slides up to the bar. Lights up a smoke. Looks at the crowd. Then at Doc.

RAY  
Pretty good turnout.

DOC  
I don't think we've met.

RAY  
(puts out his hand)  
Ray Stark. You must be Doc.

DOC  
(takes it, shakes)  
What are you having?

RAY  
What kinda scotch you got?

DOC  
Johnny Walker Blue.

RAY  
(nods)  
Neat.

Doc nods. Turns, gets the bottle, a glass, pours one. Hands it to him. Ray takes it. Takes a sip. Nods. Winces.

DOC  
How did you know Griff and Chelle?

RAY  
Worked together a couple of times.

DOC  
Funny. Don't remember ever hearing your name.

RAY  
It was awhile ago --

DOC  
I've got a pretty good memory.

Kelsey sidles up to the bar with an empty beer bottle.

KELSEY  
Can I get another?

Doc nods. Grabs a bottle. POPS it open. Hands it to her. She takes a long slug. Wipes her mouth with her sleeve.

RAY  
You must be Griff and Chelle's daughter.

KELSEY  
Who wants to know?

DOC  
This here's Ray Stark. Says he used to work with your parents.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KELSEY  
You're a HEISTER?

Ray makes a *keep it down* motion with his hand.

RAY  
Careful. You don't know who might be  
snooping around.

KELSEY  
Sorry.  
(low)  
What was it like to work with my parents?

JO (O.C.)  
Kelsey? Could you come help me? I need to  
make some more pigs in a blanket.

Reveal JO. Standing nearby with an empty tray. Kelsey sighs.  
Looks at Ray. Then Doc, who gives her a look.

KELSEY  
Sure thing.

She finishes her beer. Puts the bottle on the bar.  
Follows Jo toward the house. Ray watches her go.

RAY  
That's quite a fine filly.

DOC  
She's *eighteen*.

Ray smiles secretively. Sips his scotch. Eyes flicker.

RAY  
Looks more like her mom than her dad,  
don'tcha think?

DOC  
You stay away from her. Hear me?

RAY  
Hold on there, cowboy. If I didn't know  
better, I'd think you were threatening  
me.

DOC  
Now you're catching on.

INT. DOC'S FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Doc sits in 'his chair.' Kelsey sits on the couch, next to  
Jo, asleep. They're watching a movie on TV, eating popcorn.

ON THE SCREEN

We see a scene from Stanley Kubrick's THE KILLING.  
A gang of MASKED THUGS are robbing a race track.

Then, a station break. Some LOCAL CAR SALESMAN comes on,  
hawking *prices nobody can beat*.

KELSEY

Looks at Doc.

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KELSEY

So how come you don't want me to be in the family business?

DOC

It's a hard life, Kelsey. It's no place for a young woman.

KELSEY

But what if it's what I wanna DO?  
(off his look)  
Nothing you can say is gonna make me change my mind.

DOC

Oh, is that right? What about what happened to your parents?

KELSEY

They were careless. I'll be smart. It's in my blood, Doc. My DNA. If I had to be cooped up in an office doing some meaningless shit, I'd fucking shoot myself.

DOC

You think it's noble, cool -- like in those books you read. But it's not. It's a living hell. I *still* have to watch my back. Even though I'm retired, there's always a chance that someone will turn up from the past and cause trouble. Someone who thinks they got a raw deal -- or wants to steal my stake. And then there's the law. Any day now some cop could come snooping around -- and I've gotta live with that the rest of my life, always looking over my shoulder.

KELSEY

But if you did it and my PARENTS did it, why can't --

DOC

Because I'm your legal guardian now, and while you're living in MY HOUSE, you're gonna go back to school and get your degree. Tomorrow morning Jo is taking you to school and get you registered. I want you to have the chance that none of us had. GOT it?

KELSEY

But I don't wanna DO that. It's not FAIR.

DOC

FAIR? LIFE isn't fair. Griff and Chelle are DEAD. Is THAT fair?  
(looks at the TV)  
Now hush up. Movie's coming back on.

Kelsey scowls. Face a dark cloud.

EXT. DOC'S FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

The house and the yard look spooky. Ethereal in the moonlight. A harsh desert wind whips through the yard.

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The front door OPENS. Out comes Kelsey. Rakish in her usual uniform. This time with a slash of red on her mouth. She walks over to Doc's pickup truck. Gets in. Drives off.

EXT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

The kinda joint only the locals hang out at. A row of motorcycles gleam ominously under the dirty, old neon sign that reads LOUNGE. Faint music bleeds out from within.

Doc's pickup pulls in. Finds a space. Kelsey gets out. SLAMS the door. Saunters toward the entrance.

INT. DIVE BAR - NIGHT

Dark and smoky. The kinda place your momma warned you about. BLUE COLLAR WORKERS, BIKERS and other assorted riffraff. A pair of BRUISERS play pool. Kinda quiet on a Sunday night.

Kelsey sidles up to the bar. Slides onto a stool. The FREAKISHLY LARGE BARTENDER spies her. Comes over. Smiles. Not a pretty sight.

FREAKISHLY LARGE BARTENDER  
Whataya have?

KELSEY  
Double shot of Kessler's. Heinekin back.

He nods. Turns to get her poison.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)  
I figured you'd be more of a Jack and Bud kinda gal.

Kelsey, turns, sees --

RAY STARK

Sitting on the stool next to her. Nursing a tumbler of scotch. Eyes twinkling with mischief. Or danger. Maybe both.

KELSEY  
You're the guy from the wake.

Freakishly Large serves her drink. She slide over a bill. He SNAPS it up in a meaty paw. Lumbers over to the register.

RAY  
*The guy from the wake.* Wow. Nice to know I'm that memorable.

KELSEY  
So I forgot your name. Well, I'm SORRY, but when you just went to your parents' FUNERAL, sometimes your MEMORY'S not so GOOD.

She grabs her shot glass. POUNDS it. Grabs her beer. Takes a big gulp. Turns around, facing the other direction.

RAY  
Hey, I'm sorry. I was just busting your chops. You had a stressful day. Probably met a lot of corny, old colorful criminal types. I'd be cranky, too.

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Kelsey turns back. Narrows her eyes. Is this guy for real?

RAY (CONT'D)  
 Let me buy you a round. Make it up to  
 you. No hard feelings?  
 (raises his drink, low)  
 One heister to another --

Her eyes flicker.

KELSEY  
 Okay.  
 (trying to be casual)  
 So you used to work with my parents?

Ray motions to the bartender for another round. Pulls out a pack of smokes. Lights one up with a CLICK of his Zippo.

RAY  
 Long time ago. When they were first  
 starting out. Did a couple jobs with  
 them.

KELSEY  
 Wow. Cool.

RAY  
 First and only time I worked with a  
 married couple --

KELSEY  
 What were they like to work with?

RAY  
 Total pros. Cool as cucumbers.  
 (sips his drink)  
 Is it true they never got caught -- until  
 the last job?

KELSEY  
 Yeah. My grandfather, too.  
 (sips her beer)  
 He's retired now. But I guess you knew  
 that.

RAY  
 (nods)  
 So I guess you're now living with him --

KELSEY  
 Yeah. And it fucking sucks. I asked him  
 to teach me, but he refused. He's making  
 me finish school. I'd rather fucking DIE.

Ray's eyes flicker. He takes a long sip of his cocktail. Takes a drag of his cigarette. Squints through the smoke.

RAY  
 Maybe one of these days I could show you  
 a thing or two.

KELSEY  
 You mean it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RAY  
From where I sit, it looks like you've  
already got your mind made up -- and  
nothing's gonna stop you.

Kelsey smiles. It lights up her face like we haven't seen.

KELSEY  
Damn straight.  
(beat)  
Thanks, uh --

RAY  
Ray Stark, at your service.  
(beat)  
Have robbery, will travel.

EXT. CHAPARRAL HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Blinding bright sunlight. Gorgeous mountains in the background. A quaint, Spanish mission-style building on well-tended grounds. The exact opposite of 'urban.'

STUDENTS stream into the building, excited, chattering with each other on the first day of the new school year. They're mostly fresh-scrubbed crunchy-granola types.

Kelsey appears at end of the walkway. Looks out of place in her motorcycle jacket, black jeans and boots. She sighs. Stomps out her smoke. Starts walking toward the building.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A bright, nicely appointed classroom filled with kids. WELCOME BACK is written on the green blackboard in white chalk in perfect cursive lettering. An omen.

MRS. POTTS (50's), the teacher, is a plump earth mother of the desert. And she's got the Native American jewelry to prove it. Not to mention the 'dream catcher' earrings.

MRS. POTTS  
Good MORNING, class. Welcome back to  
Chaparral High. I know you're all *really*  
*excited* to be back for your senior year --

The door BANGS OPEN. In walks Kelsey. Sullen. Still wearing her shades. She walks over. Hands Mrs. Potts a slip of paper.

MRS. POTTS (CONT'D)  
(reads it)  
Ah, yes --  
(to the class)  
Everyone, this is Kelsey Hazard. She's  
just transferred here from Venice Beach.  
I hope you'll all make her feel real  
welcome.  
(to Kelsey)  
Why don't you find a desk and make  
yourself comfortable, Kelsey.

She nods. Starts walking toward the back of the classroom.

A PAIR OF JOCKS

Watch her. Whisper to each other. Snickering. One of them sticks his leg out to trip her.

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CONTINUED:

KELSEY

Sees it out of the corner of her eye. Approaches his desk. STEPS on his foot with her steel-toed boot. LINGERS a moment.

RED-FACED JOCK

OW.

KELSEY

Whoops. Sorry. You should be more careful. Someone could get HURT.

She PRESSES her full weight down, steps off, and walks to an empty desk. Sits. Smirking. Mrs. Potts sees this. Gets upset.

MRS. POTTS

Johnny Rodman. Is that any way to greet a new student? Shame on you. Apologize to Kelsey, RIGHT NOW.

JOHNNY

(sarcastic)

Sorry, Kelsey.

KELSEY

(under her breath)

Not half as sorry as you're gonna be if you fuck with me again.

MRS. POTTS

What was that, Kelsey? I didn't hear you.

KELSEY

I SAID -- *not half as sorry as you're gonna be if you FUCK with me again.*

(beat)

He tried to fucking TRIP me. What kinda bullshit is that?

MRS. POTTS

I don't know what kind of language you got away with at Venice High, but NOBODY talks like that in MY classroom. Do you understand?

Kelsey nods. Gives her a salute.

KELSEY

Won't happen again.

(whispers)

*Bitch.*

A couple of BLAND-LOOKING CHEERLEADER TYPES lean over. Whisper to each other. Sniff disapprovingly.

MRS. POTTS

Very well.

(takes a breath)

Okay. Homework assignment. I'd like you all to write an essay tonight about what you did on your summer vacation. And then tomorrow you'll read them aloud in front of the class.

(beat)

Doesn't that sound like FUN?



INT. HIGH SCHOOL CORRIDOR - DAY

Kelsey walks down the corridor weaving in and out of the stream of students. Johnny Rodman and his HULKING FRIEND appear in front of her. He SHOVES her.

JOHNNY

What the FUCK were you trying to pull? Do you know who the FUCK I am?

KELSEY

(calm, cool)  
Judging by your limited brain power, your attire -- and the fact that you're a rude fuck, I'd say you're REALLY popular, maybe even the football captain.

JOHNNY

Uh, yeah --

KELSEY

So let's make a deal. You stay the FUCK outta my face, and I won't fuck with yours.

HULKING BRUISER

Are you gonna let her GET AWAY with that?

A small crowd of students starts forming around them.

JOHNNY

WHAT did you say to me?

KELSEY

You heard me.

Johnny GRABS her. SHOVES her up against a locker.

JOHNNY

NOBODY talks to me like that, you fucking CUNT. GOT IT?

Kelsey sighs. Shakes her head sadly.

KELSEY

I warned you --

She grabs his hands, THROWS them off her -- then, almost faster than you can see, she RABBIT-PUNCHES him in the face, SMACK. He weaves a little. Blood starts GUSHING out his nose.

JOHNNY

Uh --

Kelsey then POUNDS him in the stomach with a left, then a right. He DOUBLES OVER in pain. She reaches over. GRABS his hair. Lifts his head. Looks him in the eye --

KELSEY

Hold on. Not quite done yet.

And KNEES him in the crotch. He SQUEALS like an animal. DROPS TO HIS KNEES. Kelsey turns. Looks at his friend.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

You want some?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HULKING BRUISER  
 Uh, no -- no.  
 (sees something)  
 Shit.

Just then THE PRINCIPAL (40's) appears. A really big fella. Beyond pissed off. Face beet-red with suburban indignation.

PRINCIPAL  
 What's going ON here?

KELSEY  
 What does it look like? He was fucking with me, so I fucked with him.

PRINCIPAL  
 There is NO FIGHTING in MY SCHOOL. I want to see both of you in my office, RIGHT NOW.

INT. DOC'S FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Doc stares at Kelsey. Pointing at her. Livid. Beyond upset.

DOC  
 God-DAMMIT, Kelsey. How could you get expelled ON THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL?

KELSEY  
 I told you. It was self-defense.

DOC  
 You broke the kid's NOSE.

KELSEY  
 He shoved me UP AGAINST A WALL. Called me a CUNT.

DOC  
 Then you cursed out THE PRINCIPAL. What the fuck, Kelsey? What were you THINKING?

KELSEY  
 I told you. I don't WANNA go to school. I don't BELONG there. I wanna be a HEISTER.

DOC  
 We've already discussed this.

KELSEY  
 If YOU won't teach me, I found someone who WILL.

DOC  
 Oh? And who is that?

KELSEY  
 Ray Stark, that guy at the wake. Saw him again at The Lounge last night. Nice guy. Offered to help me out.

DOC  
 I don't trust him. There's something fishy about him. Nobody at the funeral knew him. I want you to stay away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELSEY  
What if I say no?

DOC  
If you're gonna live in MY house, you  
*stay away from him* -- and get a JOB.

KELSEY  
A JOB?

DOC  
Well, if you're not gonna go to school,  
you're gonna have to do SOMETHING.

KELSEY  
What kinda job can I get around HERE?

DOC  
Drove by The Stop N' Gulp today. Saw a  
Help Wanted sign.

KELSEY  
*The Stop N' Gulp?* Are you fucking CRAZY?

DOC  
Crazy as a fox, Kelsey.  
(beat)  
Crazy as a fox.

EXT. GAS STATION / CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

A local filling station just off the freeway. Been around forever, and looks it. But the Stop N' Gulp next to it is a fairly new. A sign reads TWO FOR ONE BURRITOS.

Doc's pickup drives in. Parks in space right in front. Kelsey gets out. Looks at it with disgust. Walks in.

INT. STOP N' GULP - DAY

Some sappy country-and-western song plays on an ancient boom box behind the counter.

The usual rows of junk food. Beer and soda behind glass cases. Slurpee machine. Tiny, shitty microwave for heating up shit. A small fan pushes around the fetid air.

Sitting behind the counter is VERNE (60's), the manager. Good ol' boy from Louisiana. Round, pleasant face. Big gut. Right now he's reading a girlie magazine. Eyes filled with lust.

A bell on the door JINGLES. Kelsey walks in. Walks up to the counter. Leans against it. Lowers her shades.

KELSEY  
I'm here about the job.

Verne looks up. Holy shit. He stares at her chest.

VERNE  
Ever work in a convenience store?

KELSEY  
Nope.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VERNE  
Ever work a register?

KELSEY  
I can learn. How hard can it be?

VERNE  
You're hired.

INT. STOP N' GULP - DAY

Kelsey sits behind the counter. Verne stands nearby showing her the ropes. Beyond excited. Pointing out stuff.

VERNE  
Now over there's the baseball bat, an  
over there's the shotgun.

KELSEY  
A SHOTGUN? Nice.

VERNE  
You know how to handle one?

KELSEY  
Of course.

VERNE  
And remember, you don't know the  
combination to the safe.

KELSEY  
You didn't give it to me.

VERNE  
I mean, in case someone tries to rob you.

Kelsey nods. Blank stare.

VERNE (CONT'D)  
Well, that's about it. I'm gonna go to  
the bank, make a deposit.  
(meaningfully)  
I'll come back and check on you later.

KELSEY  
Gee. Can't wait.

VERNE  
I was thinkin' -- when your shift ends,  
how bout you and I gettin' a bite to eat?

KELSEY  
Oh, gosh. I can't. I'm busy. Sorry.

VERNE  
Another time. See ya later.

He tips his cap. Walks out the door. The bell over the door  
JINGLES as he leaves. Kelsey sighs. Lights up a smoke.

KELSEY  
Thank fucking GOD.  
(imitates him)  
*How bout you and I gettin' a bite to eat?*  
In your dreams, fat ass.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The bell JINGLES. In walks Ray. He sees Kelsey. Big grin.

RAY  
Well, what have we got here?

KELSEY  
Hey.

RAY  
They let you smoke in here?

KELSEY  
What does it look like?

He shakes his head. Goes to the cooler. Pulls out a twelve-pack of cheap beer. Grabs some Slim Jims. Brings them over to the counter. Kelsey starts ringing them up.

RAY  
You like working here?

KELSEY  
What do YOU think?

RAY  
Guess beggars can't be choosers.

KELSEY  
(looks at the register)  
That'll be twelve-fifty-three.

RAY  
(hands her a bill)  
Do any more thinking about my offer?

KELSEY  
(takes it, counts out his change)  
Doc told me to stay away from you.  
Says you can't be trusted.

RAY  
You always do everything Doc tells you?

She stares at him. Narrows her eyes.

KELSEY  
Depends.

RAY  
Ever shot a gun?  
(off her blank stare)  
Wanna learn?

KELSEY  
(faint smile)  
Hell, yeah --

RAY  
What time you get off work?

KELSEY  
Midnight.

The bell JINGLES. In walks Doc.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOC  
Thought I'd come by and see how --  
(sees Ray)  
I thought I told you to STAY AWAY FROM  
HER.

RAY  
Hey. I was just getting some beer.  
I didn't know she was --

DOC  
Get the fuck out of here. If I see you  
sniffin' around her again, there'll be  
HELL to pay. You HEAR me?

OUTSIDE IN THE PARKING LOT

A shitty, beat-up puke green Dodge Dart Swinger ROARS into  
the lot. SCREECHES to a stop.

IN THE CAR

Sits a jittery young LOCAL KID (17), all hopped up on meth.  
Been up for days. He pulls out a snifter. SNORTS a bump. Then  
another. Finishes a can of beer. CRUMPLES it.

Pulls out a small, shitty GUN. Reaches up under his cowboy  
hat. Pulls down a stocking over his face.

IN THE STORE

Doc gets in Ray's face.

RAY  
What are you gonna do, old man? Hit me?

DOC  
I tried asking you nicely.

The door BANGS OPEN. In walks Meth Kid. Sees Doc and Ray.  
Starts waving the gun around.

METH KID  
Everybody ON THE FLOOR. This is a  
ROBBERY.

Doc and Ray raise their hands.

RAY  
Okay, okay. Just don't hurt anybody --

METH KID  
I said DOWN ON THE FLOOR, NOW. DO IT. DO  
IT. NOW.

DOC  
Easy now --

Doc and Ray start to get down -- and BANG. Meth Kid's head  
EXPLODES IN A RED MIST. Blood and brains SPRAY the ATM.

KELSEY

Stands behind the counter. Holding the shotgun. Surprised.  
Quivering with adrenaline. Staring at the body. In shock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

KELSEY  
 (whispers)  
 Holy shit.

DOC  
 You okay?

KELSEY  
 Okay?

RAY  
 She's a natural.

DOC  
 Shut up.

The door JINGLES. In walks a SHERIFF'S DEPUTY. (20's), young, eager, a buzz-cut local kid. The polar opposite of Meth.

BUZZ-CUT DEPUTY  
 (sees the body)  
 What the HELL?

DOC  
 Officer. That man was trying to rob the store.  
 (nods at Kelsey)  
 And Kelsey here stopped him.

BUZZ-CUT DEPUTY  
 Well done, little lady.  
 (bends over, looks at the body)  
 Well, I'll be. That's Verne's kid.

KELSEY  
 The OWNER?

DOC  
 What the hell?

BUZZ-CUT DEPUTY  
 Yeah. Verne reported him missing a few days ago. Was on another binge.  
 (shakes his head)  
 Breaking Bad again --

EXT. DOC'S FARMHOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Crickets CHIRP in the background. The wind RUSTLES through the trees. The front yard looks ghostly in the moonlight. Doc and Kelsey sit on the porch with bottles of beer.

KELSEY  
 I keep seeing it happen over and over again in my head.

DOC  
 It'll go away after awhile. It'll happen less and less, then just go away.  
 (beat)  
 Most of the time.

KELSEY  
 You ever killed someone?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC  
Once.

KELSEY  
What happened?

DOC  
Fool kid tried a cross, thought he could take the entire haul. Was MUCH more careful about who I worked with after that.

KELSEY  
I didn't even think. I saw him, grabbed the gun -- and --

She sighs. Shakes her head. Reliving it again. Sips her beer.

DOC  
You know I care about you like you were my own daughter, right?

KELSEY  
I guess so.

DOC  
I can't believe I'm gonna say this --

KELSEY  
What.  
(realizes)  
You MEAN?

DOC  
Still wanna be a heister?

KELSEY  
*Hell, yeah.*

DOC  
Then I guess we better get some shut-eye. Tomorrow's gonna be a big day. Got alot to teach ya.

Kelsey LEAPS UP out of her chair. Goes to Doc. HUGS him.

KELSEY  
Ohmigod, THANK YOU, Doc. I LOVE YOU.  
(beat)  
OHMIGOD. OHMIGOD.

DOC  
Calm down, calm down. Heisters don't squeal like little girls.

KELSEY  
What made you change your mind?

DOC  
Well, you got kicked out of school the first day. Fucked up your job the first day.  
(beat)  
But the way you handled that shotgun tonight? Guess some things were just meant to be.



EXT. DESERT PALMS MOTEL - NIGHT

One of those old, ramshackle affairs that were built back when people still cared about character. Flashing neon sign reads VACANCY. COMPLETE COMFORT. POOL. FREE HBO.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A sea of knotty pine and desert motif. Ray lies in bed fully-dressed watching an old black and white movie on TV. Smoking. Sipping a bottle of beer. The phone RINGS. He answers it.

RAY  
Hello?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LOS ANGELES POLICE HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - NIGHT

The small, dimly-lit office of an overworked, underpaid robbery/homicide detective. Piles of paperwork. File folders. Document boxes on the floor. Empty pizza box on a chair.

A tall, grey-haired COP leans back in his chair, talks on the phone. Meet DARRYL ROOKER (40's), fit. In shape. Looks agitated. Head of the special 'Hazard Family' task force.

DARRYL  
It's Rooker. You sniff out anything?

RAY  
Not yet. The old man's real slick.  
Doesn't trust me.

DARRYL  
Why doesn't that surprise me?

RAY  
But I've gotta way to get close. His granddaughter is staying with him.  
Griff and Chelle's kid.  
(chuckles)  
Wants to be heister.

DARRYL  
No shit.

RAY  
Yeah. Guess the apple doesn't fall far from the bank job.

DARRYL  
How old?

RAY  
Eighteen.

DARRYL  
Hot?

RAY  
Smokin.'

DARRYL  
Careful. Keep your dick in your --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY

Don't worry. I'm not gonna fuck her. I'm gonna USE her. Get this -- she wants to be a heister, but *grandpa* doesn't wanna teach her. So I offered to.

DARRYL

Watch out. You're playing with fire.

RAY

But I gotta get close --

DARRYL

Yeah. But not TOO close. They smell a rat, and you're history. Doc Hazard is a legend. Never been busted, and he didn't get that way by letting an undercover dick get too close.

RAY

Don't worry. I'm being careful.

DARRYL

And stay away from the granddaughter.

RAY

From your lips to God's ears.

They hang up. Ray takes a sip of beer. Smiles.

RAY (CONT'D)

Better watch out, little girl. The big, bad wolf's in town.

EXT. RANCH - DIRT ROAD - DAY

The chainsaw-psychobilly zombie-foot-stomp of Horrorpops' THELMA AND LOUISE over --

Kelsey. Listening to the song on her I-pod. RUNNING on the side of the road. Pumping like a demon in the blistering heat. Shorts and T-shirt soaked in sweat. Fierce. Determined.

She passes a row of crops. A big, old barn. Runs past a pond. A guy on a tractor, who HONKS. Hits the front drive. Runs up to Doc. Standing on the front porch, holding a stop watch.

She stops. Tries to catch her breath. He hands her a canteen. Drinks greedily. Then pours it over her head.

DOC

Not bad. Five minutes. Pretty soon we'll get it down to four.

KELSEY

You trying to kill me?

DOC

When the shit comes down, you gotta be able to MOVE. Heisting isn't just fast cars and big guns, girlie-girl.

KELSEY

Speaking of guns, when do I get to --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC  
After breakfast. C'mon. Let's go chow  
down.

INT. DOC'S FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Kelsey and Doc sit at the rustic, wooden table. Jo serves them a big meal of flapjacks, eggs, toast, bacon and sausage. Then sits and joins them. Kelsey starts wolfing it down.

DOC  
This looks great, Jo.

KELSEY  
(mouth full)  
Yeah, Jo --

JO  
Don't talk with your mouth full, Kelsey.  
It's not ladylike.

KELSEY  
(swallows)  
Sorry.

DOC  
Okay. First lesson. Planning the heist.  
(off Kelsey's look)  
Planning the job is the most important  
part. If it smells bad, you walk away.  
If it looks good, then you plan it out to  
the smallest detail.  
(beat)  
Then you assemble your team -- the  
string. You only work with people you've  
worked with before, or people your  
colleagues can vouch for cause they've  
worked with 'em. You NEVER work with  
someone nobody knows. Ever.

JO  
Except for the *inside man*, of course.

DOC  
I was gettin' to that.  
(to Kelsey)  
The inside man is someone who works at  
the joint you're gonna to knock over.  
They usually come to you with the job.  
Once in a blue moon you approach them,  
if you've got something on 'em.  
(smiles)  
I met Jo when she was the inside man on a  
job.

KELSEY  
I didn't know that. What was the job?

JO  
Coin convention. I was the roper on a  
long con involving one of the dealers,  
and then realized you could take the  
whole shebang.

DOC  
She noticed I was casing the joint --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PUSH IN ON Jo's face. Eyes dancing with delight.

JO  
And the rest is history.

EXT. RANCH - FIELD - DAY

Kelsey and Doc stand about fifty feet away from a wooden fence. A row of empty beer bottles have been placed on top of it. Kelsey holds a Glock in her right hand. Takes aim.

DOC  
Move your feet. They should be shoulder-width apart.

KELSEY  
Okay --

She makes the adjustment.

DOC  
Now put your right foot out a little bit.  
(off her look)  
You're right-handed.

Kelsey nods. Moves it.

DOC (CONT'D)  
When you take aim, close your left eye a little bit.

KELSEY  
Okay.

DOC  
And make sure your arm is almost completely straight.  
(watches her do it)  
Now lean forward a little bit.

She does. Doc nods.

DOC (CONT'D)  
Let 'er rip.

Kelsey FIRES, BANG. The bullet goes WHIZZING above the bottle. THWIP. It FLIES through foliage behind the fence. The recoil makes her JUMP. She rubs her wrist.

KELSEY  
Ow.

DOC  
Got quite a kick, huh? Better use a two-handed grip until you get used to it.

Kelsey puts her left hand around her right. Grips it tightly.

DOC (CONT'D)  
That's right. Just like in the movies.  
(watches)  
Make sure both thumbs point forward.  
(beat)  
Yeah. Like that. And hold it tight.

She takes aim. FIRES. BANG. The bullet WHIZZES into the air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELSEY

Damn.

DOC

Relax. Take a deep breath. Don't *pull* the trigger. *Squeeze* it. Think of it like an extension of your hand. Squeeze it so slowly that you're surprised when it goes off.

(off her nod)

Take your time. Deep breath.

Kelsey takes a deep breath. Exhales. Aims at a bottle. FIRES. BANG. It HITS the fence. PING. Wood FLIES OFF.

KELSEY

SHIT.

DOC

No, you're doin' good --  
(beat)

Make sure the front sight is aligned in the notch of the back sight -- so that the top of the front is level with the top of the back. Got it?

(off her nod)

Now focus on the front sight and aim at the target.

Kelsey concentrates. Moves the gun slightly.

DOC (CONT'D)

Take a deep breath -- and when you exhale, *squeeze*.

She takes a bead on a bottle. Her body relaxes. Takes a deep breath -- and FIRES. BANG. The bottle EXPLODES. Glass goes FLYING.

KELSEY

God-DAMMIT.

DOC

How does it feel?

KELSEY

Like coming home.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

A black SUV is parked on the shoulder.

INT. SUV - DAY

Seated behind the wheel is Ray Stark. Looking through a pair of binoculars. He puts them down. Smiles.

RAY

Looks like the little girl can shoot.

INT. BARN - DAY - IN MONTAGE

We see Doc Kelsey doing a series of exercises. Jumping rope. Push ups. Pull ups. Jumping Jacks. Climbing a rope. Boxing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Doc holds the punching bag as Kelsey SLAMS IT with boxing gloves. THUMP-THUMP-THUMP-THUMP. She's drenched in sweat. Looks fierce. Like a warrior. Doc BLOWS a whistle.

DOC  
That's enough for now. Don't wanna kill you.  
(beat)  
Yet.

Kelsey nods. Out of breath. Doc checks his watch.

DOC (CONT'D)  
Let's go get some supper. Get somethin' in yer belly.

INT. DOC'S FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

A big spread has been laid out on table. Burgers. Fried chicken. Pasta salad. Mashed potatoes. The works.

Eves have been added to the table so that more people can sit. Jo is finishing setting place settings for six people. Doc and Kelsey walk in, see the culinary explosion.

DOC  
A meal fit for a king.

KELSEY  
Why the extra chairs?

DOC  
We're expecting company. Sit. Dig in.

Kelsey sits. Grabs a chicken leg. Starts chewing. Starving.

KELSEY  
What kind of company?

DOC  
Surprise.

The doorbell RINGS. Jo starts for the door.

JO  
I'll get it. Sit.

Doc nods. Takes a chair. Starts filling his plate.

INT. DOC'S FARMHOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Jo opens the front door. Revealing three HEISTERS, grinning. RENO BLACK (30's) a stocky fireplug of gruffness nods.

RENO  
Nice to see ya again, Jo. We're here for the free meal.

DUSTY VEGA (40's), dark and slick, a poor man's Al Pacino nudges him. Chewing on a toothpick.

DUSTY  
You know Reno. If food were the food of love, he'd eat on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMON LEEDS (20's), tall and thin, the rockabilly version of Jonathan Rhys-Meyers shakes his head with mock-embarrassment.

SIMON  
Please pardon the lowlife criminal element. I'm embarrassed to be seen in their company, but I'm afraid I have bills to pay.

JO  
(charmed)  
I don't think we've met --

Simon takes her hand. Kisses it.

SIMON  
Simon Leeds, at your service.

INT. DOC'S FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Everyone sits around the table chowing down. Kelsey keeps sneaking glances at Simon. Smitten, but hiding it. Sort of.

DOC  
Kelsey here is learning how to be a heister.

RENO  
And YOU'RE teaching her?  
(to Kelsey)  
He's the master. You're one lucky frill.

KELSEY  
What's a *frill*?

JO  
Dame. Doll.

DOC  
Broad. Bim.

RENO  
Chippy. Chick.

DUSTY  
Frail. Floozy.

SIMON  
Twist. Tomato.

Kelsey BURSTS into laughter.

KELSEY  
*Tomato?*

SIMON  
We have our own patois, like any other subculture.

DUSTY  
(to Doc)  
So -- is it okay to talk about the job -- with her at the table?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC  
 Yep. In fact, I'd like her to be *in on*  
 the job.

DUSTY  
 I'm not sure that's such a --

DOC  
 I know what you're thinking, but hear me  
 out. She's my kin. We can trust her.

RENO  
 That's true, but --

DOC  
 Think of it as on-the-job training. I'd  
 like her to observe every aspect of  
 planning the heist -- she just won't DO  
 the heist.

DUSTY  
 Highly unusual.

RENO  
 Well, if she's not *doing* the job, what  
 could it hurt?

SIMON  
 He's got a point.  
 (winks at Kelsey)  
 Be kinda fun to teach a baby heister.

PUSH IN ON Kelsey's face. Blushing a deep red.

KELSEY  
*Baby heister?*

INT. DOC'S FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The gang sits around the living room on couches and chairs  
 drinking bottles of beer. Except for Jo, having coffee.  
 Kelsey looks around the room. Trying to hide her excitement.

DOC  
 So tell me about the job.

DUSTY  
 Armored car heist. Palm Springs.

RENO  
 Real sweet.

SIMON  
 Fat and juicy.

DOC  
 Who's the point person?

DUSTY  
 You remember Freddie Fingers?

DOC  
 Yeah, unfortunately. I thought he retired  
 after that dust-up in Reno.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DUSTY  
So did he. But he recently shacked up  
with this waitress --

DOC  
Don't tell me. Some roadside diner?

DUSTY  
Yeah. The job is her idea. But it's a  
good one. It can work.

DOC  
I don't like it.  
(looks at Kelsey)  
Freddie's not the sharpest knife in the  
drawer. And fucking the inside man tends  
to cloud your judgment.  
(looks at Dusty)  
Tell me about the hash-slinger.

DUSTY  
What's there to tell? She's a waitress.  
Tired of serving tuna melts to truckers  
for chump change.

DOC  
Tell me about the can. What's the gag?

DUSTY  
It comes by once a week, same time  
exactly. Always parks in the same place.  
Three guards take turns going to the  
head. Last one grabs coffees to go. Then  
they split.

DOC  
How long are they there?

DUSTY  
Fifteen minutes, give or take. And they  
always park in the same spot. Always.  
Like fucking clockwork.

DOC  
How much dough?

DUSTY  
This is the beauty part. Every Friday,  
they transfer cash to all the local  
branches from the main bank --

RENO  
You know, payday.

DOC  
So it's alot of cabbage.

RENO  
Waitress says it's gotta be at least a  
million.

DOC  
What time?

DUSTY  
Seven-AM.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOC  
Still not sure I like it. I wanna meet  
the soup jockey.

DUSTY  
We're one step ahead of you. Already set  
it up.

DOC  
Okay.  
(looks at Kelsey)  
You never meet the people setting up a  
job WHERE the job is. You don't want the  
locals to remember seeing you.

KELSEY  
Got it.

DOC  
(to Dusty)  
Escape route or hole up?

DUSTY  
Not sure. We'll defer to your expertise.  
Outlying area is kinda open. The desert  
interstate kinda narrows your options.

DOC  
Gotcha.  
(to Kelsey)  
There are three ways to finish a job.  
First is you grab the loot and take a pre-  
arranged escape route that's cool.  
(beat)  
Second is you hole up somewhere until the  
heat dies down, then split up the loot  
and go your separate ways.

KELSEY  
What's the third?

DOC  
Hide the loot, split, then come back for  
it later. Kinda tricky, but it's good  
when there's not a good escape route and  
no place to hole up.

Doc sips his beer. Eyes the men.

DOC (CONT'D)  
Who's financing?

DUSTY  
I am.

DOC  
YOU are.

DUSTY  
I need the job, Doc. Had a bad run in  
Atlantic City.

DOC  
(to Kelsey)  
Every job has expenses. Transportation.  
Weapons. Food and lodging. And sometimes  
you need tech stuff, explosives, whatnot.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DOC (CONT'D)

(beat)

Usually you get an outside financier to put up the dough. They either get double it back, or a percentage. That's the way I like to do it. That way, nobody has more at stake than the others.

(looks at Dusty)

But some people aren't good at managing their money between jobs.

(to Dusty)

You asking ace shares?

DUSTY

Nah. Even split all around. Four shares.

DOC

You ARE desperate.

KELSEY

Ace shares means more money --

DOC

Yeah.

(to Reno)

What's your situation?

RENO

I'm cool. Gone through about half the scratch from my last job. Don't like my reserves to get below that --

(shrugs)

It's a good job, Doc. You'll see.

DOC

(nods at Simon)

And you two vouch for Jason Statham here?

DUSTY

Yeah. We've both worked with him. Best wheelman I've ever seen.

RENO

*Precision driver.*

DOC

(to Simon)

Where'd you learn to drive so well?

DUSTY

Don't you follow NASCAR? Kid's been in the country six months. Already won five races.

SIMON

You make me blush.

Doc nods slowly. Sips his beer. Eyes them.

DOC

When do we meet Freddie Fingers and Truck Stop Sally?

DUSTY

In a couple hours. Told 'em to meet us at the Dairy Shack. We can sit outside. Have some privacy.

PUSH IN ON Kelsey's face. Excited.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

KELSEY  
And *ice cream*.

INT. DESERT PALMS MOTEL - RAY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ray sits at the desk, which now has a rack of electronic equipment set up. Listening on headphones. Smiles. Lights a cigarette. Pours himself a tumbler full of scotch.

RAY  
Thank you, Jesus.  
(raises it in a toast)  
Here's eavesdropping at you, kid.

INT. DOC'S FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kelsey and Doc lean against the counter with fresh beers.

DOC  
So what do you think?

KELSEY  
Are you kidding? It's fucking *cool*.

DOC  
I could tell by the look on your face.  
Soaking it all in.  
(off her smile)  
What part do you see yourself in the game? Muscle? Jugger? Driver?

KELSEY  
I wanna do what you do. Plan jobs.  
Be the boss.

DOC  
You take after Chelle.

KELSEY  
I thought Griff planned the jobs.

DOC  
Oh, he thought he did.  
(beat)  
Cause Chelle let him.

Kelsey nods thoughtfully. Sips her beer.

DOC (CONT'D)  
You sure you still wanna do this? Once you're in, there's no going back.

KELSEY  
I've never been more sure of anything in my life.

Doc raises his bottle in a toast. Kelsey raises hers --

DOC  
Home is where the heist is.

And they CLINK.

EXT. DOC'S FARMHOUSE - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

Kelsey sits out on the porch swing. Smoking. Slowly rocking back and forth. Looking at the night sky. Thinking. Simon comes out. Lights one up. Looks at her.

SIMON  
Hey.

KELSEY  
Hey.

SIMON  
Mind if I join you?

KELSEY  
It's a free country.

He walks over. Sits next to her.

SIMON  
So why do you wanna be a heister? Good-looking bird like you? You could have anything you wanted.

KELSEY  
You're a smart guy. See if you can figure it out.

SIMON  
Your parents?

KELSEY  
He shoots, he scores.

SIMON  
My father drove a lorry.

KELSEY  
What's a *lorry*?

SIMON  
A truck. Didn't fancy doing that.

KELSEY  
What made you come here?

SIMON  
I heard the streets were paved with beautiful girls.

EXT. DAIRY SHACK - NIGHT

Crickets CHIRP off somewhere in the night air. It's still hot out. The gang sits around a big picnic table off to the side of the restaurant eating ice cream.

NERVOUS GUY  
It's a piece a cake, I tell ya.

Meet FREDDIE FINGERS (50's), small, squirrely. Pockmarked face. Jug-like ears. Wearing a suit that was cool in the 70's. Blinking rapidly. Rocking back and forth in his seat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BITCHY WOMAN

Who are all the extra people? You said it was a four-man job.

Meet TILLY SACKLER (40's). Once a near-beauty, now a human cosmetics counter. Dressed like a teenager in leggings and top a bit too small. Newport dangling on frosted pink lips.

DOC

The name's Doc. I'm organizing the job.  
 (nods at Kelsey)  
 This here's Kelsey. My granddaughter.  
 She's learning the ropes. You don't need to worry about her.

TILLY

(to Freddie)  
 What the fuck? It's OUR job --

FREDDIE

Calm down, Tilly. Doc's the best in the business. He's helping us out.  
 (nods at the others)  
 The other guys won't do it unless he gives the okay. Got it?

TILLY

But what about the fucking GIRL?

DOC

(stands up)  
 See ya later, Freddie.

FREDDIE

No, wait, wait.  
 (to Tilly)  
 Tilly, you're gonna fuck this up. The girl is with him. Chill out, okay?

TILLY

I don't like it. This ain't *kindergarten*.

DOC

(to the rest)  
 Told you it was no good. C'mon, let's go.

The others start to get up.

FREDDIE

WAIT. WAIT.  
 (to Tilly)  
 Tilly, GODDAMMIT. If they go, there's NO JOB. Got it? There's NO FUCKING JOB.  
 (off her stare)  
 You wanna work at a joint called EAT the rest of your life?  
 (off her silence)  
 Well, DO you?

Pause.

TILLY

Sit down.

Doc looks at the others. They shrug. Nod. Sit back down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FREDDIE

Okay, okay.  
 (to Doc)  
 So what's the first step?

DOC

I need to scope out the joint. Figure out what we need.

FREDDIE

Do you have any idea yet how you're gonna do it?

DOC

I didn't say we were gonna do it yet. Like I said, I gotta check it out. If it looks bad, we walk. No promises.

FREDDIE

But it's a good one, Doc. A real good one.

DOC

We're professionals, Freddie. That might not be a concept you're familiar with, but professionals don't go off half-cocked. They plan a job down to the most minor detail. That's the reason I've never been busted. Capiche?

FREDDIE

Yeah, sure, Doc. Sure. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

DOC

Good. We'll swing by the diner tomorrow.

He pulls a notepad out of his pocket. Slides it over.

DOC (CONT'D)

I'll need directions.

FREDDIE

(nods, starts writing)  
 What time?

DOC

It's best if you don't know. I'll call you afterwards. If it looks good, we schedule another meeting.

TILLY

What do you mean IF it looks good? It's a piece of cake.

DOC

Knocking over an armored car is NEVER a piece of cake. If it WAS, you wouldn't need US.

TILLY

I don't think I like your tone.

DOC

Freddie, if you don't shut this skank up, I WILL.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TILLY  
HEY --

FREDDIE  
Tilly. Please. You're gonna fuck up the job, and then we ain't got nothin.'

TILLY  
Alright, alright. Keep your shirt on.  
(to Doc)  
Have to respect your elders.

DOC  
You wouldn't know respect if it you bit you on the cellulite.

INT. SIMON'S SUV - NIGHT

Simon sits behind the wheel. Doc rides shotgun. The rest sit in the back. Simon starts the car.

DUSTY  
So what do you think?

DOC  
I don't like it. The dame's a wild card. Just the type that might just try to pull a cross.

RENO  
I was thinking the same thing. But if we're one step ahead of her --

DOC  
I've got half a mind to drive over there right now and check it out. Get it over with.

SIMON  
Well, it IS cooler in the desert at night.

DOC  
(turns around)  
All in favor?

Everyone SHOOTS their hands up. Kelsey's eyes light up.

KELSEY  
*Road trip.*

EXT. DESERT FREEWAY - NIGHT

The SUV drives into the night among sparse traffic.

BEHIND THEM

We see that RAY'S CAR is tailing them.

INT. RAY'S CAR - NIGHT

The classic rock of The Steve Miller Band's TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN plays on the radio. Ray takes a sip from a flask.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

RAY  
 (sings along)  
*Billy Joe shot a man while robbing his  
 castle, Bobbie Sue took the money and  
 run --*

INT. SUV - MOVING - NIGHT

Simon drives. Everyone looks pensive. And a bit tired.

SIMON  
 We need gas.

RENO  
 I could go for some coffee.

KELSEY  
 I gotta pee.

DOC  
 There's a gas station coming up in a  
 little bit.

DUSTY  
 (looks at Kelsey)  
 So you gotta boyfriend?

Kelsey's head JERKS. She turns. Looks out the window.

DOC  
 Leave her personal life out of it.  
 She's just another heister.

DUSTY  
 Sorry. Just makin' conversation.

DOC  
 An eighteen-year-old woman's love life is  
 NOT an appropriate topic of conversation  
 on a job. Got it?

DUSTY  
 Okay, okay --

EXT. GAS STATION / CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Simon fills the tank. Kelsey comes out of the ladies' room.  
 Doc walks up to her with a pair of coffees. Hands her one.

KELSEY  
 Thanks.

DOC  
 So how you holdin' up?

KELSEY  
 (sips her coffee, shrugs)  
 Okay.

DOC  
 This part's not so exciting, I know.

Kelsey opens her mouth the speak. Then stops. Then --

KELSEY  
 This is gonna sound lame --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC  
What?

KELSEY  
(big smile)  
This is like the family vacation I never had.

EXT. RUBY'S DINER - NIGHT

Your standard desert roadside diner on the outskirts of town. All but deserted at this hour. A couple of cars and trucks are parked. Only a few customers are visible in the windows.

The SUV pulls into the parking area. Slides into a space off to the side facing the windows. Stops.

INT. SUV - NIGHT

Simon shuts off the engine. Everyone looks at the diner.

DOC  
I dunno. All those windows.

RENO  
Everybody on this side would see us.

DUSTY  
Yeah. There's no way.

KELSEY  
What if we parked a couple of big trucks on each side of it?

DOC  
The can?

KELSEY  
Yeah.

DOC  
Might work --  
(beat)  
What about the people inside? How could we divert them from seeing what was happening out here?

Kelsey looks at the window. Thinking.

IN THE WINDOW

A WAITRESS blocks off a section with an AREA CLOSED FOR CLEANING floor sign. Then starts mopping.

KELSEY'S

Eyes light up. She points at the waitress.

KELSEY  
Look. See what she's doing?

Everyone turns and looks.

SIMON  
That's fucking brilliant.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELSEY

We have Tilly mop the area in front of the window. Make sure there's plenty of ammonia in the water. Everyone will sit FAR away.

DOC

You're a chip off the old crook.

KELSEY

Takes on to know one.

(beat)

How about we get a piece of pie?

DOC

No can do. Can't be seen in there.

(to Simon)

C'mon. Let's head back.

Simon starts up the engine. Backs up the car.

DUSTY

What about an escape route? It's just a stretch of highway. And I didn't see any place on the way we could hole up.

DOC

We need a vehicle no cop would think of searching.

The SUV pulls out. Heads back out onto the freeway.

SIMON

How about a school bus?

DOC

You'd have to have students in it. Too complicated.

DUSTY

What about a roach coach?

DOC

Also too complicated. All that food.

RENO

How about a manure truck? NO cop would wanna get NEAR that.

DOC

And you would?

KELSEY

I got it. A crime scene cleaning crew. They've got those biohazard stickers on 'em. NO ONE wants to see what's inside of THAT.

DOC

That's fucking brilliant.

KELSEY

We have some other signage for the first part of the job -- then after we jack the can it comes off and becomes the cleaning crew.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Dusty and Reno turn. Look at Doc. Nod slowly.  
Simon looks at her in the rear view mirror. Grins.

SIMON  
Looks like the apple didn't fall far from  
the scene of the crime.

INT. DOC'S FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Doc and Kelsey sit on the couch facing the fireplace.  
Reno, Dusty and Simon sit in easy chairs. Everyone looks  
tired. Sipping coffee. Jo walks in with a fresh pot.

JO  
It's like *Night Of The Living Heist* in  
here. Anybody want a refill?

DOC  
Thanks, Jo.

The doorbell RINGS.

DOC (CONT'D)  
That'll be *The Bitch and the Pauper*.

JO  
I'll get it.

She goes to the door. Opens it. In walks Freddie and Tilly.  
Looks pleased with himself. Tilly looks angry. But tamed.

DOC  
Freddie. Tilly.

JO  
Y'all want some java?

They both nod. Jo goes off to get them mugs.

DOC  
So we checked out the diner --

FREDDIE  
Already?

DOC  
Yeah. Last night. After we met with you.  
(looks at Tilly)  
Wanted to see if there were any *other*  
problems.

Tilly narrows her eyes. Bristles. Jo appears. Brings them  
mugs of coffee. They take them. Sit. Exchange glances.

FREDDIE  
And -- what do you think?

DOC  
We can do it.

FREDDIE  
So what's your plan?

DOC  
Hold on. First there's the matter of the  
split.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FREDDIE  
Wh-what do you mean?

DOC  
We're doing all the heavy lifting. It's now five shares instead of four.  
(points at the gang)  
They each get one. Kelsey and I split one, and you two split one. Five shares.

TILLY  
Now wait a MINUTE. This is MY JOB --

FREDDIE  
I told you to SHUT THE FUCK UP.

TILLY  
No, YOU shut the fuck up.

FREDDIE  
THEY'RE doing all the goddamn WORK. Yes, you came up with the job, but you're not a HEISTER. You're a fucking WAITRESS.

TILLY  
(LEAPS up)  
That's it. I'm outta here.

FREDDIE  
GODDAMMIT. LISTEN to me.

KELSEY  
Excuse me. Tilly? We actually DO need your help.

TILLY  
Y-you need my help?

DOC  
It's a VERY important part of the job. Sit down. We'll tell you all about it.

INT. DOC'S FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The gang sits around the big table eating a hearty breakfast. Doc sits at the head, holding court.

DUSTY  
I do believe she looked almost happy.

KELSEY  
I thought she was gonna bust a gut when you told her she'd have to stay at the diner and meet us later at her place.

DOC  
She needs to stay and finish her shift. Otherwise she'll lead the cops right to us.

SIMON  
And Freddie hangs out at the diner to establish his alibi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC

Yep. It'll give us plenty of time to split up the dough, change the signs on the truck -- and more importantly, prevent them from trying a cross.

(beat)

Okay. Job assignments. Dusty, I need you to get the crime scene mace, then go see a guy I know who'll make the new signage.

He hands him a slip of paper. Dusty takes it. Looks it over. Nods. Sticks it in his pocket.

DUSTY

I'm on it.

KELSEY

What's a mace?

DOC

A vehicle that's not hot. Has a clean chain-of-title with fake paperwork. That way we can travel in it safely, or in the case of the big truck, leave it behind.

(to Reno)

Reno, can you get the big one?

RENO

Piece a cake.

DOC

Good. Don't go nuts. It can be a piece of shit. We're not keeping it.

(to Simon)

Simon. I assume you can jack a set of wheels?

SIMON

We guarantee. In thirty minutes or less.

DOC

Make sure it's fresh. Get it the day of the job. And nothing flashy.

SIMON

Okay. You figured out the parking maneuvers?

DOC

Yeah. We park the van to the right of their spot and the car to the left. When the first guy goes in, the car pulls out, and then the big truck pulls into it's place.

KELSEY

Why do the bit with the car? Why not just park the big truck there right away?

DOC

If they start to pull in and see they're boxed in like that, they might park somewhere else.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

KELSEY

Right.  
 (beat)  
 So what am I gonna do?

DOC

You're gonna come with me to get the guns. Then we'll stake out the diner. Watch the can do it's run. Make sure it's kosher. Sound like a plan?

KELSEY

Works for me.

INT. DOC'S PICKUP TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Kelsey's behind the wheel. She looks at Doc.

KELSEY

Griff and Chelle never took me anywhere. I was always left to fend for myself.

DOC

They were cowboys. Never did the big jobs, so they had to keep working. That's why when they tried to do one --

Pause.

KELSEY

Sometimes it feels like they're up there watching me, you know?

DOC

You're wondering if they approve?

KELSEY

I dunno if *approve* is the right word.

DOC

They loved you very much, Kelsey.

KELSEY

Sure had a funny way of showing it. Everyone else I knew called their parents *mom and dad*.

Doc looks out the window. Deep in thought.

DOC

All families have secrets. Ours are just a bit -- trickier.

EXT. BAKERSFIELD - ANTIQUE STORE - DAY

A sleepy, small town main street with sparse traffic and few pedestrians late morning on a weekday. Doc's truck parks in front of an old, run-down looking joint.

INT. ANTIQUE STORE - DAY

Jammed with all kinds of old shit, most of which looks pretty worthless. The cobwebs have cobwebs. SOLLY STEIN (50's), a round, balding, grumpy-looking chap greets Doc and Kelsey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOLLY  
Morning. Lookin' for anything in particular?

DOC  
Antique model airplanes. Got any?

SOLLY  
(looks at Kelsey)  
I might.

DOC  
She's okay. My granddaughter.

SOLLY  
Kinda young --

DOC  
She's flying with me.

He nods. Goes to the front door. Locks it. Turns the sign around. *Sorry, We're Closed*. Heads toward the back.

SOLLY  
Follow me.

IN THE BASEMENT

Solly leads them down a flight of rickety stairs to a small room, walls lined with shelves stuffed with old boxes, making it seem smaller. Floor covered with wooden crates.

SOLLY (CONT'D)  
What were you looking for?

DOC  
I need three pieces. Hoping you'd give me the group rate.

SOLLY  
What's the job?

DOC  
Jacking a can.

He nods. Walks over to a shelf. Grabs a vintage model airplane box. Opens it. Pushes aside white tissue paper. Pulls out a Smith & Wesson three-fifty-seven magnum revolver.

SOLLY  
(hands it to him)  
This work?

DOC  
(hefts it)  
Oh, yeah.  
(smiles, to Kelsey)  
One bullet can take out an engine.  
(to Solly)  
You got two more just like this?

SOLLY  
You bet. Only used once, on the same job.  
Five hundred each.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

DOC  
I'll give you twelve-hundred.

SOLLY  
Thirteen. And I'll throw in a box of  
ammo. Holsters if you want 'em.  
(off his nod)  
Wanna check it?

DOC  
Yeah. Then let's see the other two.

Solly walks over to the middle of the room where we see a  
circular drain grate. He pulls it off, revealing dirt. Nods.  
Turns. Gets another pair of boxes.

DOC (CONT'D)  
(to Kelsey)  
Hold your ears.

Kelsey clamps her hands on the sides of her head. Nods.  
Doc walks over. Points it into the dirt. Takes aim. Fires.  
BANG. Looks at the hole. Nods. Hands the gun to her.

She takes it. Wide-eyed. Smells the gun barrel.  
Solly takes out the other two weapons. Doc takes one.  
Examines it. Nods. Then the other. Checks the site. Nods.

DOC (CONT'D)  
Looks good.

SOLLY  
We've done business before. If they're  
just used for show, I'll buy 'em back at  
half price.

DOC  
I'll let you know.

Solly nods. Puts the guns back in their boxes. Hands them to  
Kelsey, who tries not to look like a kid at Christmas.  
Doc pulls out his money roll. Counts it out. Hands it over.

DOC (CONT'D)  
Pleasure doing business.

SOLLY  
The family that heists together, stays  
together, huh?

DOC  
Something like that.

EXT. RUBY'S DINER - DAY

Quiet. A smattering of cars in the lot. A few people inside  
having breakfast. Not dead, but not that busy, either.

NEXT DOOR

In a motel parking sits Doc's pickup truck, facing Ruby's.

IN THE TRUCK

Sits Doc and Kelsey. Both watching the joint with binoculars.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IN RUBY'S PARKING LOT

The ARMORED CAR turns off the road, approaches the diner.

KELSEY (O.C.)  
Here it comes --

The can pulls into it's regular parking space and stops.

IN THE TRUCK

Doc looks at his watch.

DOC  
Seven on the dot.

KELSEY  
A well-oiled machine, huh?

DOC  
Not if we can help it.

INT. DOC'S FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAWN

Doc, Jo and Kelsey sit at the table having breakfast.

JO  
I still can't believe you two got up so early. It's not like you're doing the job.

DOC  
Can't help it. My body clock.

JO  
(to Kelsey)  
What's your excuse?

KELSEY  
Couldn't sleep. Too jacked up.

The phone on the wall RINGS. Jo gets up. Answers it.

JO  
Hello?  
(to Doc)  
It's for you. Dusty.

Doc gets up. Takes the phone.

DOC  
Dusty, hey.  
(listens)  
*Shit.*  
(listens)  
When?  
(listens)  
I don't think so. Bring it over anyway.  
(listens)  
Yeah. See ya soon.

He hangs up. Looks white as a ghost.

KELSEY  
What's wrong?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC  
Simon went out last night to jack some wheels and never came back. They think he got busted.

JO  
Oh, no.

KELSEY  
So what happens now?

DOC  
Well, Dusty jacked another car. Wanted to know if I could be their wheelman -- but I don't know, with my arthritis --

KELSEY  
Damn. So the job's off?

DOC  
Well, there IS someone else that knows the job well-enough to do it.

KELSEY  
You mean --

JO  
You sure that's a good idea?

DOC  
I say we let her do it. She's ready.

JO  
I don't know --

DOC  
She's only *driving*.

Jo sighs. Reluctantly nods. Kelsey pumps a fist.

KELSEY  
Yes.

EXT. RUBY'S DINER - DAY

Seven AM. Zero hour. A smattering of cars and trucks dot the parking spaces in front. The spaces to the side are empty.

A big, tall van marked ROTO-HELPER pulls in. Parks to the right of the armored car's space. Dusty gets out. Shuts the door. Ambles into the restaurant.

An ancient Toyota pulls in. Parks to the left of the armored car's space, but on an angle with it's nose to the right to make sure no one else parks where the can is supposed to go.

ANGLE ON --

The Toyota. We see Kelsey's behind the wheel, wearing shades and a baseball cap. She lights a smoke. Waiting.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Down the street near the exit to the gas station lot, the big, shitty truck idles, Reno behind the wheel.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IN THE RESTAURANT

Tilly looks at her watch. Nods to herself. Puts a sign that says AREA CLOSED FOR CLEANING in the area near the side window. Then wheels the bucket and mop over.

ON THE FREEWAY

The armored car turns off, drives into the lot.

AT THE GAS STATION

Big, shitty truck pulls out.

IN THE PARKING LOT

Kelsey drives her car behind the diner.

THE ARMORED CAR

Pulls into its space to the left of the Roto-Helper truck.

DUSTY

Sits in the diner. Having coffee at the counter. Watching.

IN THE PARKING LOT

The armored car DRIVER gets out. Goes to the rear of the truck, raps on the door, and a UNIFORMED GUARD gets out.

They pull out their keys. Insert them in separate key holes. Lock the door. Then head into the diner.

The big, shitty truck pulls in. Parks in the space to the left of the armored car, blocking the view.

IN THE TRUCK

We now get a closer look at Reno. We see he's wearing the armored car company uniform, but not the hat. He checks his gun. Holsters it. Slips on shades.

IN THE DINER

Dusty watches Driver and Guard leave the bathroom. Pick up their 'to go' coffee order. Sees his cue. Leaves.

FREDDIE

Gets up from his stool at the counter. Walks into the back.

THE DRIVER AND GUARD

Come out of the diner. Start walking toward the can.

EXT. DINER PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Dusty stands between the truck and the can. Kicks the front right tire of the truck. Walks to the back. Kicks the double rear tires on the same side. Sighs.

DUSTY  
I'll be a sonofabitch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Driver and Guard look at Dusty. Smile.

KELSEY

Pulls her car out from behind the diner and slowly eases it toward the three trucks. Just as she gets perpendicular to the can, she kills the engine.

KELSEY  
GODDAMMIT.

IN THE SHITTY TRUCK

Reno hears her. Puts on his guard cap. Gets out.

THE DRIVER AND GUARD

Stand in back of the can. They pull out their keys. Driver sticks his in. Then Guard. They stop. Turn. Look at Kelsey.

KELSEY  
Sorry. It stalls out. I just gotta give it a sec.

They nod. Return to their task. Dusty suddenly appears and CLIPS Guard on the side of the head with his gun. He GOES DOWN, hits the pavement. THWUNK.

Before Driver can react, Reno appears with a gun and a knife. SHOVES the gun in his back. PRICKS his neck with the knife.

RENO  
(softly)  
Hold very still.  
(off his panicked look)  
Go around to the front and have the other guard open the door for you.

Reno moves the knife down to Driver's hip. PRICKS him again.

RENO (CONT'D)  
One false move and I castrate you.

Kelsey gets out of the car holding ropes and gags. She and Dusty tie up Unconscious Guard. Stuff him in the shitty truck. Kelsey gets back in her car. Dusty trots over to Reno, now moving toward the passenger-side of the cab with Driver.

IN THE ARMORED CAR

The OTHER GUARD sees Driver in the window, and part of Dusty's uniform. He opens the door. Dusty CLIPS Driver on the head with his gun. He goes down. Aims his gun at Other Guard.

DUSTY  
Get the fuck OUT.

Other Guard hesitates. Looks at Driver on the ground. Swallows. Starts slowly getting out, just as Reno SAPS him on the head from the other side, SMACK. He goes down.

Dusty and Kelsey carry Driver and Other Guard into the shitty truck. Start tying them up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Reno starts transferring sacks and boxes of money from the armored car into the back of the Roto-Helper truck. Kelsey gets in the Toyota and drives it to the back of the diner.

Dusty helps Reno finish putting the money in the roto-truck, then gets in the back with it. Kelsey returns on foot and gets in front. Starts the engine, and drives away.

IN THE ROTO-HELPER TRUCK

Kelsey grips the steering wheel. Big, shit-eating grin. Dusty leans into the cab from the back.

DUSTY (CONT'D)  
Looks like someone just popped her  
cherry. How do you feel?

KELSEY  
Fucking GREAT.  
(makes a face)  
Think I peed my pants a little --

EXT. TILLY'S JOINT - DAY

A ramshackle clapboard affair sits at the end of a long driveway surrounded by big, old oak trees. The joint's in serious disrepair. Dead, brown lawn. Crumbling foundation.

Next to the house is a small barn that looks like it'd fall over if you sneezed. Doors open. The Roto-Helper truck comes down the driveway. Drives into the barn. Stops.

INT. BARN - DAY

Kelsey gets out of the truck. Goes around to the back, opens the door. Reno and Dusty get out. Freddie steps out from the shadows holding a shotgun. Aims it at them.

FREDDIE  
Don't move, or I'll SHOOT.

DUSTY  
What the FUCK?

RENO  
Asshole. I KNEW it.

KELSEY  
You're not gonna get away this.

FREDDIE  
Fuck you, bitch. Now all of you take your  
guns out slowly and TOSS 'em.

Kelsey, Reno and Dusty shake their heads. Curse under their breath. Slowly pull out their guns. Toss them.

RENO  
What's it like knowing you're gonna die?

FREDDIE  
Shut up. Kick 'em over here.

They kick their guns over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DUSTY  
You realize you're a dead man, right?

FREDDIE  
I said SHUT UP. One more word and I'll  
blow your fucking HEADS off.

A GUNSHOT rings out. BANG. A hole appears in Freddie's  
forehead. He falls over, THWUMP. They turn and look, see --

RAY

Standing in the doorway. Holding a giant chrome handgun.  
Wicked smile on his lips. Chuckling.

RAY  
Sorry to crash the party.  
(off Kelsey's shocked look)  
Hey there, darlin.' Don't suppose you'd  
like to ride off into the sunset with me.

KELSEY  
Fucking ASSHOLE.

RAY  
So ladylike.  
(waves the gun at them)  
Start unloading the dough, fellas. Then  
your gonna put it in my van outside.

GUNSHOTS ring out. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. Five RED  
HOLES appear in his white T-shirt. He looks down at them --

RAY (CONT'D)  
What the --

And HITS the ground. THWUMP.

TILLY

Stands in the doorway behind him. Holding a small handgun.

TILLY  
You shot my FREDDIE.

DUSTY  
Tilly. Calm down. He's not with us.  
He wasn't part of the plan, I swear.

RENO  
Yeah. Don't shoot, don't shoot.

TILLY  
SHUT UP. I gotta THINK.

BANG. Her head EXPLODES IN A RED MIST. Kelsey JUMPS. SCREAMS.

DOC

Stands behind her holding a sawed-off shotgun.

KELSEY  
Doc.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOC  
 Didn't think I'd let you do the job  
 without a chaperone, did ya?  
 (beat)  
 Looks like I got here just in time.

RENO  
 No shit. Freddie tried a cross --  
 (points at Ray)  
 And this fella shot him.

Doc goes over to Ray's body. Pull out his wallet.

DOC  
 Bastard been sniffin' around since the  
 wake.  
 (opens the wallet, looks)  
 The guy's a fucking COP. *Detective  
 Charles Willis*, LA Robbery Homicide.

DUSTY  
 Holy SHIT. You know what that means?

DOC  
 Yeah. They're onto us.

RENO  
 But he wasn't *arresting* us. He was gonna  
 TAKE THE DOUGH.

DUSTY  
 Yeah, but the cops still know about us.  
 He was playing along like he was  
 investigating us -- then he was gonna  
 take the dough and disappear.

RENO  
 So when word gets out about the can  
 getting knocked over --

DOC  
 Dead cop? Gonna be a shit storm.

Kelsey stares. Numb. White a ghost. Doc looks at her.

DOC (CONT'D)  
 Don't worry. We're gonna be okay. I've  
 been planning for this day a long time.  
 (off her nod)  
 Take a deep breath.

She gulps down air. Stares at the bodies.

DOC (CONT'D)  
 Be strong. You can freak out later. Right  
 now we gotta focus.

RENO  
 So what are we gonna do about the bodies?

DUSTY  
 I say we torch the joint.

DOC  
 Good idea.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (3)

Reno and Dusty nod. Head toward the house.

DOC (CONT'D)  
C'mon. Let's move the truck. I gotta call Jo.

Kelsey nods. They get in, Kelsey behind the wheel. She starts backing it out of the barn.

IN THE TRUCK

Kelsey stops in the driveway.

DOC (CONT'D)  
Go change the signs. Put the old ones in the barn, okay?

She nods. Starts to get out. Stops. Stares at Doc. In shock.

DOC (CONT'D)  
You gotta trust me. We'll make it through this. I'm not gonna let anything happen to you. Okay?

Kelsey nods. Eyes bright with tears. Gets out. Doc pulls out his cell. Punches a number. Listens.

DOC (CONT'D)  
Hello, Jo?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DOC'S FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Jo stands at the wall phone, holding the receiver to her ear.

JO  
What's wrong?

DOC  
It's D-day. No time to explain. Call Brub at the airport. Charter a plane for us to LAX. Then call Crutch, have a limo waiting for us there. Then drive the stash to the loft downtown. We'll meet you there. Okay?

JO  
Got it. Is everybody okay?

DOC  
Yeah. Don't pack anything. You gotta leave immediately. Okay? Love you.

JO  
Okay. Love you.

She hangs up. Goes to the stove. Turns it off.

JO (CONT'D)  
Sorry, pot roast --

EXT. TILLY'S JOINT - DAY

Kelsey RIPS a sign off the side of the Roto-Helper truck. It now reads CRIME SCENE BUSTERS.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - DAY

Chief Detective Darryl Rooker sits behind his desk. Looks really pissed off. Sips a mug of coffee.

DARRYL  
Went off without a hitch. Not a shot was fired. Guards were tied, gagged and stuffed in a truck. Whole thing went down in a couple of minutes.

Standing nearby holding a bottle of water is another COP.

COP  
Sounds like a Doc Hazard special to me.

Meet FLINT COLE (40's), ex Marine. Now a bit fleshy. Crazy eyes. Does the undercover thing a little too well. You can practically smell him on the page. But he's still the best.

DARRYL  
No shit. I want you to get your ass over to Palm Springs.

FLINT  
I thought Willis was on that.

DARRYL  
He's disappeared. I think he might have been the victim of foul play.

FLINT  
Got too close?

DARRYL  
Either that, or he went to the dark side and got burned.

FLINT  
Which is why you called me.

DARRYL  
Well, you're off suspension. Cleared of all charges. And you've got a bit of a reputation for --

FLINT  
*My unorthodox methods?*

DARRYL  
Yeah, well -- you get results.  
(beat)  
The department has been after Doc Hazard and his crew for over twenty years. They've cost the taxpayers millions of dollars. You get where I'm going with this?

FLINT  
In other words, you want me to *blow the lid off?*

DARRYL  
I want you to go fucking nuts. And that's an order.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Flint CRUSHES the bottle. CRACK. Water EXPLODES.

FLINT  
Let's fucking rock.

EXT. TILLY'S JOINT - DAY

Doc and Kelsey sit in the truck. See flames of fire licking the edges of the windows on the first floor of the house.

Reno and Dusty dash out the front door. Run to the truck. Jump in the back. Doc turns around. Looks at them.

DOC  
You got the barn, too?  
(off his nod, to Kelsey)  
Let's roll.

Kelsey turns the ignition. Starts going down the driveway.

THE HOUSE

EXPLODES IN A BALL OF FIRE -- BOOM. Debris goes FLYING.

DOC

Turns looks out the window.

DOC (CONT'D)  
What the --

RENO  
Little trick I learned. Hot water heater  
in the basement.  
(smiles)  
Put the bodies right next to it.

A HUMAN HAND

Lands on the windshield with a SLAP. Kelsey SCREAMS.

EXT. DOC'S FARMHOUSE - FRONT PORCH - AT THAT MOMENT

Jo comes out the front door. Looks natty in a black men's suit. She goes down the steps, on a mission, walks toward --

EXT. DOC'S BARN - DAY

A massive, two-story affair. Jo walks over to the big doors.

IN THE BARN

Jo SNAPS on the lights, revealing a giant, two-story room. Bales of hay sits against the far wall. She grabs a pitchfork. STABS it. TOSSES IT with surprising strength.

INT. DOC'S BARN - A LITTLE LATER

The front portion of the bales of hay is now gone, revealing a pair of doors. She unlocks them. Steps inside --

A HIDDEN COMPARTMENT

Where we see a big vehicle covered with a tarp. She grabs the front end. YANKS it off, revealing -- a CADILLAC HEARSE.

INT. CRIME SCENE TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Kelsey drives. Doc chats with Reno and Dusty in the back.

DOC  
We'll do the split on the plane. When we get to LAX, you can do whatever you want.

DUSTY  
I dunno. Won't they be watching the airports?

RENO  
Yeah. That place ain't gonna be safe.

DUSTY  
(to Doc)  
Where you gonna go?

DOC  
I've got a limo waiting on the tarmac. Straight shot out of the airport.

RENO  
Where's it gonna take you?

DOC  
A safe house downtown.

RENO  
Well, fuck. Can we come with you? Perfect place to lie low for a bit.

Doc stares off into space. Thinking.

DUSTY  
Whattaya say, Doc. It's only for a couple of days till the heat dies down.

DOC  
(looks at him)  
Yeah, sure. Sorry. Still upset about losing that farm. My whole life, that's all I ever wanted.

KELSEY  
What about Jo?

DOC  
She's driving the stash directly over to the loft.

DUSTY  
If you don't mind me askin,' how much is it?

DOC  
Forty years worth of heisting?  
(pause for effect)  
Little over twenty million.

Reno whistles.

KELSEY  
Isn't that kinda dangerous? Traveling with that much scratch?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC  
Not when it's in a *casket*.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

The hearse heads west toward Los Angeles in sparse traffic.

INT. HEARSE - MOVING - DAY

Country music on the radio. Jo sits behind the wheel, driving. Now wearing a chauffeur's cap and aviator shades. She looks in the rear view mirror. Sees something.

JO  
Shit, shit, shit.

BEHIND HER

Is a Highway Patrol car. Lights FLASHING.

JO

Pulls over to the side of the road. Pulls out a HANDGUN.

THE PATROL CAR

Pulls up behind her. An ANGRY-LOOKING STATE TROOPER gets out. Ambles over to the driver's-side window. It SLIDES down.

IN THE HEARSE

Jo looks at the trooper. Smiles.

JO (CONT'D)  
Good day, officer. Was I going too fast?

ANGRY-LOOKING STATE TROOPER  
Your tag's expired. License, registration and insurance, please.

She pulls out a wallet. Starts handing documents to him.

JO  
I'm so sorry. I'll get that taken care of right away.  
(points at the registration)  
The car is in my husband's name. We own the funeral home.

ANGRY-LOOKING STATE TROOPER  
Since when does the owner of a funeral home drive the hearse themselves?

JO  
When you're a small family business, everybody has to pitch in.

ANGRY-LOOKING STATE TROOPER  
Would you please step out of the vehicle? I'd like to see what's in the casket.

JO  
I'm sorry, officer. It's sealed. I can't open it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGRY-LOOKING STATE TROOPER  
Step out of the vehicle NOW.

JO  
Okay, I'm sorry.

She slowly opens the door. Grabs the gun. WHIPS IT UP.  
SHOOTS him. BANG. BANG. BANG. He CLUTCHES his chest. Stares  
at her in shock. Falls over, HITS the pavement, THWUMP.

JO (CONT'D)  
That's what you get for disrespecting  
your elders.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

The hearse turns off at the next exit. Goes down the ramp.

EXT. EAST LA - INTERSECTION - DAY

A REALLY shitty part of town. Crumbling apartment blocks.  
The hearse pulls into an abandoned gas station.

INT. HEARSE - DAY

Jo slips the gun in her pocket. Opens the car door.

EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - DAY

She gets out. Looks around. Not a soul to be seen. Sees a pay  
phone. Walks over to it. Lifts the receiver. Listens. Dead.

SNEERING GANG-BANGER (O.C.)  
Hey, lady. Where's the funeral?

She turns, sees a pair of THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD HISPANIC KIDS  
holding switchblades. They FLIP them open menacingly.

LAUGHING GANG-BANGER  
Looks like someone got lost or somethin.'

SNEERING GANG-BANGER  
What you doin' in this neighborhood?  
This is OUR territory.

JO  
I had a -- little problem with the  
police.

LAUGHING GANG-BANGER  
You hear DAT? She had a *little trouble*  
with the five-oh?

SNEERING GANG-BANGER  
Well, now you have a *little trouble* with  
US. Give us your WALLET, bitch.

JO  
(WHIPS OUT her gun)  
The TROUBLE involved SHOOTING A COP. Now  
get the FUCK out of my face before I BLOW  
A HOLE in your REFRIED BRAINS.

SNEERING GANG-BANGER  
Holy SHIT. Don't shoot, lady.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAUGHING GANG-BANGER  
Yo, chill. We were just fuckin' with ya --

JO  
(CLICKS the safety)  
Get your CHALUPAS the FUCK out of my  
FACE. NOW.

They RUN. Jo watches them go. Thinking. A light bulb POPS.

JO (CONT'D)  
*Jack Cotton --*

EXT. PALM SPRINGS INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

Gorgeous, beautiful mountains in the distance. A small, white circular building with passenger ramps around it like an octopus. Planes taxi on the runways.

EXT. CHARTER FLIGHT HANGER - DAY

A smallish building for private jets. Parked in front is a PIPER CUB. One of those tiny planes used for crop dusting and pulling banners across the sky.

Standing next to it is BRUB (50's), a grizzled pilot. He looks at Doc, Kelsey, Reno and Dusty. Then the duffle bags.

BRUB  
Plane's too small. Jo said it would only  
be two people.

DOC  
We had a change of plan.

DUSTY  
(points at Reno)  
What if I sit on his lap?

RENO  
Yeah. We could squeeze in real tight.

BRUB  
Too much weight. I can take two of you,  
plus the bags. That's it.

KELSEY  
(to Doc)  
Shit. What are we gonna do?

BRUB  
Tell ya what. It only takes fifteen  
minutes to get to LAX. Why don't I take  
two of you first, then come back?

DOC  
That means we'd have to wait half an  
hour --

BRUB  
Seeing as how we go way back and all --  
I'll only charge half-price for the  
second trip.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC  
It's a deal. Kelsey and me will go first,  
with the bags.

RENO  
Wait a minute. I thought we were  
splitting up the take on the plane.

DUSTY  
That's right. If something happens, we're  
shit outta luck.

DOC  
Tell ya what. We'll take one bag, leave  
one with you.

RENO  
But who says each bag has the same amount  
of dough in it?

KELSEY  
Each bag has about a half-million in it.  
What's the fucking problem? Doc's giving  
you a lift, AND letting you stay at his  
loft. Chill OUT. We've gotta get the fuck  
OUTTA here instead of wasting our time  
standing around ARGUING.

DUSTY  
Broad's right.

RENO  
Okay, okay.

DOC  
(nods)  
See you at LAX.

Dusty nods. Brub opens the door. Doc picks up a bag. Stuffs  
it in. He and Kelsey get in. Then Brub. The plane's  
propellers start WHIRRING. Starts taxiing down the runway.

RENO  
C'mon. Let's go see what kinda grub they  
got.

DUSTY  
Fuck that. I could use a drink.

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

A Yellow Cab pulls up to the curb. Flint Cole pops out the  
back door. SLAMS it. Heads into the building, on a mission.

AT THE SECURITY CHECK LINE

He flashes his badge at a SURLY TSA OFFICER. Cuts ahead of  
the line. Goes through the metal detector. It starts BEEPING.  
He grins. Heads down the corridor.

EXT. SHITTY APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

A piece-of-shit grey cement slab of suburban hell on a cul-de-  
sac with the freeway right behind it. The ROAR of traffic  
going by is deafening. Ah, beautiful West Covina.



INT. SHITTY APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Threadbare, old furniture. Threadbare decor. But spic and span clean. An OLD GUY (70's) sits in a big wing chair watching CNN on an old console TV. Sipping a can of beer.

OLDER GUY  
Fucking liberal panty-waists.

The phone RINGS. He reaches over. Answers it.

OLDER GUY (CONT'D)  
Jack Cotton --

Meet JACK COTTON. Former Marine. Still fit, in shape. A little soft around the edges. White hair in a buzz cut. Blue eyes clear and sharp, if a little red.

JACK  
*Jo Hazard?* How the hell ARE ya --

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. EAST LA STREET - DAY

Jo stands at another pay phone across the street.

JO  
Well, normally, just great --

JACK  
What's wrong? Are you in trouble?

JO  
You could say that.

JACK  
Out with it, woman. What's going on?

JO  
Doc did a job where the inside man tried a cross. A cop got killed, our cover was blown, and we had to blow the ranch. He's traveling to our safe house with the crew, and I'm transporting the stash.

JACK  
Holy SHIT. Don't tell me -- and something fucked you up?

JO  
Yeah, got pulled over by a cop --

JACK  
And you popped him.

JO  
You always were a mind-reader.

JACK  
Had to be in Nam. So I assume you need me to run a little recon? Sky you out?

JO  
If you could, yeah. I'm in a bit of a jam.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACK  
Semper Fi, little lady. Give me your  
coordinates.

JO  
I'm at an abandoned gas station in East  
LA on the corner of Whittier and Soto.

JACK  
Nice neighborhood. What are you driving?

JO  
A black, eighty-five Cadillac hearse.  
The stash is in the casket.

JACK  
No wonder you had to pull off the  
freeway. Sore-thumb city.  
(looks at his watch)  
I'll be there in fifteen minutes.

JO  
Thanks, Jack. I owe ya one.

JACK  
Hey. Didn't I always tell ya I'd always  
be there for ya?

JO  
Why do you think I called?

JACK  
Move the car behind the building. Don't  
want to tempt the locals with your  
splendor.

JO  
Don't worry about me. I'm a big girl.  
Just need a little *roadside assistance*.

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

The Piper Cub taxis over to a charter flight hanger. A black  
limousine sits nearby. The cub's door opens. Kelsey comes  
out. Then Doc, with the bag. They hustle over to the limo.

IN THE LIMO

The driver's partition slides down. A BIG BEEFY BLACK GUY  
(30's) sits behind the wheel. Turns. Looks at Doc. Smiles.

BIG, BEEFY BLACK GUY  
Where do I have the pleasure of taking  
you and the young lady today?

DOC  
Downtown. But we have to wait for two  
more people to get here.

BIG, BEEFY BLACK GUY  
No problem. Please allow me to introduce  
myself. The name's Douglas. But my  
friends call me Def-Con.

KELSEY  
I'm Kelsey. This is Doc.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEF-CON

Pleased to meet you. Feel free to avail yourself of the array of spirits at the bar.

Doc sees the bottles and glasses. His eyes light up.

DOC

Not a bad idea. Take the edge off.

KELSEY

Make mine a double.

INT. AIRPORT RESTAURANT - DAY

One of those bland joints for travellers that don't care about ambiance. Reno and Dusty sit at a table with burgers, fries and bottles of beer watching the planes take off.

DUSTY

What are you gonna do with your share?

RENO

Miami, baby. Surf, sun and pussy.  
(eats some fries)  
Whattaya gonna do with yours?

DUSTY

Think I'll hit Vegas.

RENO

You fucking kidding me? That's just throwing it away --

The door opens. In walks Flint. He takes a stool. The HICK BARTENDER (40's) comes over. Nods. Real friendly-like.

HICK BARTENDER

What can I get ya?

FLINT

Coffee, to go. Black.

Hick nods. Turns around. Goes to fix it. Flint's phone RINGS. He pulls a giant cell out of his pocket.

FLINT (CONT'D)

Tell me something good.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DARRYL ROOKER'S OFFICE - DAY

Darryl sits behind his desk. Looks at a couple of drawings.

DARRYL

Just got a lead. Sketch of one of the perps.

FLINT

A *sketch*? How's a fucking ghost gonna help me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARRYL  
It's not a ghost. One of the guards is an amateur artist. Drew it himself. He's pretty good. Amazing detail.

FLINT  
And --

DARRYL  
We ran it against the database, and guess who's name came up?

Hick Bartender comes over. Hands Flint his coffee.

FLINT  
Thanks.

DARRYL  
You still there?

FLINT  
Yeah. I'm waiting --

DARRYL  
Reno Black. Known associate of Griff and Chelle Hazard. Remember him?

FLINT  
*Reno Black?* Hell, yeah. I put him away a couple years ago. Bank job in Tucson.

RENO AND DUSTY

Hear him. Turn their heads. Look at Flint.

RENO  
(whispers)  
Oh, *shit*. It's that fucking cop.

FLINT

Sips his coffee. Listens.

FLINT  
Well, you know what they say. Love is better the second time around --

RENO AND DUSTY

Look at each other. Nod. Slowly get up. Reno grabs the bag.

FLINT

Gets up from his stool. Grabs his coffee. Looks out the window at the waves of heat on the asphalt.

FLINT (CONT'D)  
Why did it have to be *Palm Springs*? It's a fucking OVEN out there.  
(listens)  
I'm still in the airport. Getting some coffee.

Reno and Dusty walk by feigning nonchalance, heads down. Flint looks at them out of the corner of his eye.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FLINT (CONT'D)  
I'll be there right away. And tell the  
local fuzz not to touch ANYTHING.

Flint cocks his head. Suddenly recognizes Reno.

FLINT (CONT'D)  
HEY.

Reno and Dusty look. Freak. RUN toward the door. SLAM it  
open. FLY into the corridor. Flint SHOVES the phone in his  
pocket. YANKS his gun out its holster. CHASES after them.

FLINT (CONT'D)  
Stop, POLICE --

INT. AIRPORT CONCOURSE - DAY

An open-air space with white fabric above and palm trees  
surrounding the stairs going down to a lower level.

Reno and Dusty come RACING down the steps, Reno hugging the  
duffle for dear life. Flint RUNS after them.

They go around a corner. See a gift shop.  
RACE into it. Flint follows them in hot pursuit.

RENO AND DUSTY

FLY out the back entrance.

FLINT

Runs into the store. SMASHES into a display of books.  
They go FLYING in the air. The SALESGIRL (18) SCREAMS.

EXT. PLAY PARK - DAY

A grassy area for kids to play. Jungle gym. Swings. You know  
the drill. Reno and Dusty RUN across the grass, huffing and  
puffing in the hundred-degree heat.

FLINT

Comes out onto the grass. Chasing after them. YELLS.

FLINT  
Stop or I'll SHOOT.

Reno and Dusty look behind them. See Flint. Reno TRIPS on the  
curb where the park ends and goes FLYING to the ground.

The duffle RIPS OPEN. Money goes SWIRLING into the air.  
Dusty keeps running. Flint takes aim. Shoots. BANG.  
CLIPS him in the leg. He goes down.

FLINT (CONT'D)  
Don't fucking MOVE.

Flint walks over to Reno. Covered in cash.  
Holding his hands up. Aims his gun at his head.

RENO  
Don't shoot, don't shoot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLINT

Ask yourself, punk. Do you feel STUPID?

INT. HEARSE - DAY

Jo sits behind the wheel, waiting for Jack.

INT. BACK ALLEY - DAY

A trio of VICIOUS-LOOKING GANG-BANGERS come around the corner. See the hearse. Start walking toward it.

Jo rolls her window up. Locks the door. The bangers appear in the window. Grinning. She pulls out her gun. Waves it.

JO

Get the fuck OUT OF HERE or I'll blow your HEADS OFF.

The LEADER (20's), Snoop Dogg Lite, looks at his friends. Chuckles. Pull out a chrome handgun. Aims it at her.

SNOOP DOGG LITE

Now is that any way to greet the welcoming committee, homes?

A GIANT PICKUP TRUCK appears behind the hearse, SCREECHES to a halt. The door FLIES OPEN. Out pops Jack Cotton, holding a shotgun. He KA-CHINKS a shell in the chamber.

JACK

Party's over, slimeballs. Get your ghetto asses OUTTA HERE, or I'll blast you all the way to COMPTON.

Snoop Dogg Lite raises an eyebrow. Looks at his friends. They shrug. He puts his piece in his waistband.

SNOOP DOGG LITE

You want that old pussy? You can have her, yo.

They shuffle away. Jack comes over. Jo rolls down the window.

JO

Aren't you a sight for sore eyes.

JACK

Baby-doll -- at my age, *everything* is sore.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Kelsey and Doc sit in the back, sipping cocktails.

KELSEY

I wish we didn't have to wait for them.

DOC

Heister's code. Gotta stick together. Watch each other's back.

KELSEY

How about some music. Kill some time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Doc nods. She reaches over. Switches it on the radio.  
Some shitty auto-tuned top-forty song plays.

KELSEY (CONT'D)

Yuck.

She starts pushing buttons. We hear snippets of country,  
classical, rap -- then a news report.

NEWS ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

-- late breaking bulletin. Two men were  
just arrested at Palm Springs  
International Airport in connection with  
an armored car robbery at a diner just  
outside the city limits --

Shit.

DOC

Fuck.

KELSEY

NEWS ANNOUNCER (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Both suspects are now being held for  
questioning. The authorities have not  
released their names --

Kelsey SHUTS it off.

KELSEY

What do we do now?

DOC

Get the fuck outta Dodge.

INT. JACK'S TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Jack drives east toward Los Angeles on the freeway.  
Jo stares out the window. Lost in thought. Exhausted.

JACK

Must be alotta dough. Forty years of  
heisting. Gotta be quite a nest egg.

JO

We've been enjoying our retirement.

JACK

Took me a long time to get over you  
leaving like that.

JO

I fell in love, Jack.

JACK

But you said you loved me.

JO

But I wasn't *in* love.  
(off his look)  
Don't get me wrong. I'll always love you.

JACK

And I guess being a heister was more  
exciting than being a grifter.

JO

I didn't plan on it, Jack. It just  
happened.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack turns off the highway onto the shoulder. Stops.

JO (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

He pulls out a GUN. Points it at her.

JACK  
You broke my heart, Jo. I never got over it. Now it's time to break you.

JO  
Put the gun down. You're acting crazy.

JACK  
Get outta the fucking car. NOW.

JO  
You think you can just STEAL our nest egg?

JACK  
Sure looks like it.

JO  
You realize Doc will hunt you down to the end of the earth and kill you.

JACK  
That's a risk I'm willing to take. Outta the fucking CAR. NOW.

JO  
Okay. Have it your way.

Jo reaches over to open the door. YANKS her gun out. SHOOTs him. BANG. BANG. BANG.

His head HITS the steering wheel. The horn BLARES. Jo reaches over. Pushes his body against the seat. He slumps to the side. Head THUNKS against the window. She glares at the body.

JO (CONT'D)  
Instant Karma's a bitch. And so am I.

INT. LIMOUSINE - MOVING - DAY

Doc and Kelsey sip their drinks. Doc closes his eyes.

DOC  
Sure is nice to sit back and relax for a spell after all the shit that's been going down.

KELSEY  
Tell me about it.  
(takes a sip)  
So I've been doing some thinking.

DOC  
That could be dangerous.

KELSEY  
No. Listen. It's about Griff and Chelle. I was thinking -- wouldn't it be cool if we robbed the bank where they --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

KELSEY (CONT'D)  
 (beat)  
 You know, finish what they started?

DOC  
 (opens his eyes)  
 Damn. You ARE a heister.

KELSEY  
 (looks out the window)  
 Want to feel -- a connection. Have --  
 closure.  
 (realizes)  
 Hey. Why are we going this way?

DOC  
 He's going toward the Marina, not the  
 freeway.  
 (raps on the divider)  
 Mr. Def-Con. Why are we going this way?

Def-Con doesn't answer. Keeps looking straight ahead.  
 They look at him. Then each other.

DOC (CONT'D)  
 The fucker's trying to HIJACK us.

They look out the window.

KELSEY  
 Now he's turning. Where's he GOING?

DOC  
 A *supermarket*?

EXT. SUPERMARKET - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

A giant mega-market. Not many cars in the lot mid-afternoon  
 on a weekday. The limo pulls around in back.

IN THE LIMO

The divider SLIDES DOWN, revealing Def-Con, holding a gun.

DEF-CON  
 End of the line, pops.

DOC  
 You've gotta be fucking kidding me.

DEF-CON  
 I want you to take out your piece very  
*slowly* and toss it toward me.

DOC  
 Who set us up? There's no way Crutch  
 would have done it. We've worked together  
 twenty years.

DEF-CON  
 That piece of shit? He owes my boss forty  
 large. I just happened to be *visiting him*  
 when he got the call from your wife.  
 (beat)  
 Your piece. TOSS it. NOW.

Doc sighs. Slowly pulls his weapon out from the holster.  
 Tosses it toward the front. THUMP.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DEF-CON (CONT'D)  
Now I want both of you to get out *real*  
*slow* and start walking. Got it?

KELSEY  
Okay, okay. Please don't hurt us.

Doc shakes his head with disgust. Reaches for the door handle. Kelsey looks out the window. Sees something.

KELSEY (CONT'D)  
Holy shit, there's a COP.

DEF-CON  
(turns, looks)  
What the fuck?

Kelsey WHIPS OUT HER GUN and SHOOTS Def-Con in the head. BANG. Blood SPLATTERS the windshield. His body slumps. Doc stares at her with disbelief. Then slowly smiles.

DOC  
There's no cop.

KELSEY  
Nope.

DOC  
Nice shooting.

KELSEY  
It'll do in a pinch.  
(smiles)  
Whattaya say we jack a new set of wheels  
and blow this grocery-fuck?

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - DUSK

An abandoned three-story warehouse surrounded by other old buildings on a deserted block in the middle of no-man's land.

INT. LOFT BUILDING - DUSK

Dark. Quiet. Partitions divide the giant space into different areas. Living room. Bedroom. Kitchen. Dining room. Bathroom. Furniture covered with tarps.

A large, old SERVICE ELEVATOR rises to the top. A WOODEN GATE slides back, and a late-model TOYOTA SEDAN drives into the room. Pulls up against the wall. Kelsey and Doc get out.

KELSEY  
This place is fucking COOL.

DOC  
Bought the building twenty years ago,  
dirt cheap. Figured someday the shit  
would hit the fan and I'd need someplace  
safe to hole up. I set up a shell  
corporation in the Cayman Islands as the  
official owner.

KELSEY  
What's on the floors below us?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC  
Nothing. Completely empty.

KELSEY  
What about the windows? Won't people be able to look in and see us?

DOC  
Watch this.

He walks over to an electrical panel. Starts flipping switches. METAL SHUTTERS start coming down over the windows.

Then starts flipping another set of switches, and lights start coming on -- CLICK, CLICK, CLICK, CLICK.

KELSEY  
Nice. Is there hot water?

DOC  
Yep. Utilities are paid by the corporation in the Caymans. Any more questions?

KELSEY  
Got anything to eat? I'm fucking *starving*.

EXT. PALM SPRINGS POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DUSK

A small white building in a sea of palm trees. Flint Cole walks outside. Pulls out his cell phone. Punches a number.

FLINT  
Rooker, it's me.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DARRYL ROOKER'S OFFICE - DUSK

Darryl sits behind his desk looking at a file folder. Sipping coffee. Holds the receiver against his ear.

DARRYL  
Please tell me you've got good news.

FLINT  
How about two heisters on the half-shell served on a silver platter?

DARRYL  
What the fuck? Where?

FLINT  
At the airport. Dumbshits were having *burgers* in the restaurant. Had half a mil in a duffle bag.

DARRYL  
Good job. Where are they now?

FLINT  
We're at the Palm Springs lockup.

DARRYL  
Did they talk?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLINT  
Of course not. But don't worry.  
I have my ways.

DARRYL  
But Palm Springs won't let you  
get away with --

FLINT  
These desert pansy-asses? Course not.  
That's why I'm gonna take 'em to LA for  
questioning.

DARRYL  
But you don't have jurisdiction --

FLINT  
I do if I'm questioning them about Doc's  
kids' bank job. They caused a fucking  
riot. I've already called the DA. We get  
first crack at them. THEN Palm Springs  
gets 'em.

DARRYL  
And you can hold 'em forty-eight hours.

FLINT  
Yeah, but that doesn't start until AFTER  
I transport them.

DARRYL  
Fucking genius. You'll interrogate them  
*in transit*.

FLINT  
Yeah. And, hey -- it's not my fault if we  
get stuck in traffic. Who knows, we might  
even get a flat tire.

INT. DOC'S LOFT - NIGHT

Classic jazz plays on an old-school boombox. Maybe Coltrane.

Kelsey and Doc sit at a long table near the kitchen area  
eating dinner. Candles have been lit. If you squint your  
eyes, it almost looks homey. Doc spoons a forkful. Chews.

DOC  
Franks and beans. Reminds me of being in  
the Army.

KELSEY  
I'll go to the store tomorrow and get  
some real food.

The motor on the elevator starts GRINDING.

KELSEY (CONT'D)  
Who's that?

Doc gets up. Goes to the kitchen counter. Grabs his gun.

DOC  
Should be Jo. She and I are the only ones  
that know about this joint. If it's not,  
we're fucked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He walks over to the big wooden gate across the elevator shaft. Peers through the slats. Gun ready.

Kelsey gets up. Goes to the counter. Gets HER gun. Joins him. They listen as the elevator motor SCREECHES and CLANKS.

DOC (CONT'D)

Let's each take a side. Just in case.

She nods. Moves to the right. Doc to the left. The platform reaches the top. Stops. The gate slowly rises -- revealing Jo. Sitting in Jack's truck. She looks at them.

JO

Honey, I'm home --

INT. DOC'S LOFT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

More jazz on the radio. Jo sits at the table picking at her food. Exhausted. Doc and Kelsey watch her, concerned.

DOC

How do you feel?

JO

That's what scares me. I don't feel anything.

DOC

That's because you're still hopped up on adrenaline. It'll hit you later.

(takes her hand)

You know I'm here for you.

Doc's pager BUZZES. He fishes it out. Looks at it. Grabs his cell. Punches a number. Listens.

DOC (CONT'D)

Crutch.

(listens)

We killed him. Said you owed money to some shark, was there to collect.

(listens)

I thought your fee was a bit high --

(listens)

Simon's out on bail?

(listens)

Sure. Have him page me.

(listens)

Expect a courier to deliver your package in a few days.

(listens)

You, too. Bye.

He hangs up. Looks at Jo. And Kelsey, trying not to smile.

DOC (CONT'D)

I gather you all got that.

The music stops. An ANNOUNCER'S VOICE comes on the radio.

NEWS ANNOUNCER (O.C.)

Good evening, Los Angeles. This is Shelly Liebowitz with the news.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NEWS ANNOUNCER (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 In our top story tonight, the LAPD has arrested Yung Park Soh, leader of Yakuza gang The Blood Tigers in connection with the First National Bank of California robbery earlier this year.

Everyone WHIPS their head in the direction of the radio.

KELSEY  
 Holy SHIT.

NEWS ANNOUNCER (O.C.)  
 As you may remember, the Blood Tigers interrupted a bank robbery in progress during a riot that started due to a series of explosions set off by the bank robbers as a diversion. In a strange twist, the Tigers killed two of the robbers and made off with over a million dollars. The rest of the gang escaped and are still at large.

Doc gets up. Turns it off. Kelsey's eyes BLAZE with anger.

KELSEY  
 You realize what this means.

DOC  
 It's too dangerous.

KELSEY  
 But I want REVENGE.

DOC  
 That's not a good idea, Kelsey.  
 (beat)  
 Revenge is a dish best not served.

INT. POLICE VAN - MOVING - DAY

Flint sits in the passenger seat talking on his cell. Squints at the GIANT COP who's driving (40's).

FLINT  
 Rooker. What's up?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. DARRYL ROOKER'S OFFICE - DAY

Rooker sips a mug of coffee. Big smile.

DARRYL  
 Just got a lead. A big one. Hitchhiker witnessed a patrolman get shot in East LA after he pulled over a hearse with expired tags.

FLINT  
 What does that have to with the price of gash in Chinatown?

DARRYL  
 Sheriff's office found it abandoned at a gas station, dusted it for prints -- and guess who was driving?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLINT  
I dunno. Vincent Price?

DARRYL  
Jo Hazard.

FLINT  
Fuck me.

DARRYL  
It gets better. She was heading toward  
downtown LA.

FLINT  
Easy place to disappear. All those old  
warehouses --

DARRYL  
No shit. We're setting up a command base  
at an abandoned grocery store, corner of  
Hill and Third.

FLINT  
I'll head over there after I finish  
interrogating Pauley Walnuts and The  
Sundance Shit.

DARRYL  
Any luck yet?

FLINT  
Still waiting.

DARRYL  
For what?

FLINT  
Them to be *well-done*.

INT. POLICE VAN - REAR COMPARTMENT - DAY

Reno and Dusty sit on the bench. Red-faced. Sweating. In  
agony. Flint's smiling appears in the window. They look.  
See him holding a bottle of water. Take a long chug. Laugh.

INT. DOC'S LOFT - DAY

Doc, Jo and Kelsey sit on couches and chairs in the living  
room area. Simon stands in front of them. Looks a bit  
dishevelled. But still bright and cheerful.

SIMON  
It was bad luck. Pure and simple.

DOC  
A cop's daughter.

SIMON  
Yeah. I mean, how was I to know? Bloody  
Nissan Sentra piece of shit. THAT kinda  
car NEVER has *LoJack*.

KELSEY  
How soon they pick you up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMON  
Ten fucking minutes.

DOC  
When's your court date?

SIMON  
Next month.

DOC  
So why did you want to see me?

SIMON  
Well, I know I didn't earn my share, but when I heard Reno and Dusty got busted, I didn't dare go back to the motel to get my stuff. I just need a place to crash until I figure out my next move.

DOC  
You can stay here for awhile.  
(looks at Kelsey)  
I'm sure Kelsey won't mind.

PUSH IN ON Kelsey's face. Her secret smile.

KELSEY  
Hey. The more the merrier.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - ROOF - NIGHT

Kelsey sits on the ledge. Looking out over the city. Sipping a bottle of beer. Smoking. Deep in thought.

CAMERA finds Simon. Sitting a few feet away. Takes a chug from a bottle of vodka. Watching her.

KELSEY  
Doc says it's too dangerous.

SIMON  
I could help you.

KELSEY  
Really?

SIMON  
Yeah. Bastard deserves to die.

Kelsey smiles. He moves a bit closer.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
You should do that more often.

KELSEY  
What.

SIMON  
Smile. You always look so -- serious.

KELSEY  
Haven't had a reason.  
(whispers)  
Until now.

They stare at each other. Lean in. Softly kiss.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

SIMON  
I've thought about that for a long time.

DOC (O.C.)  
There you are.

REVEAL Doc. Standing near the entrance to the stairs.  
Kelsey and Simon pull apart, the spell broken.

KELSEY  
Hey. What's up?

DOC  
Just got a page from Atlas.

KELSEY  
Atlas?

DOC  
From Griff and Chelle's crew.

KELSEY  
Oh -- wow.

DOC  
C'mon downstairs. He's on his way over.

KELSEY  
What does he want?

DOC  
Remember that idea you had about knocking  
off that bank again?

INT. POLICE VAN - REAR COMPARTMENT - MOVING - NIGHT

Reno and Dusty sit facing each other. Sweating bullets.

RENO  
I'm fucking dying. Need -- water.

DUSTY  
He's doing it on purpose. You notice how  
slow we been goin'?

THE VAN

Pulls over to the side of the road into the shoulder. Stops.

IN THE BACK

Dusty and Reno look at each other.

RENO  
What the fuck's he doing now?

INT. DOC'S LOFT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Doc, Jo, Kelsey and Simon sit on couches and chair.  
Atlas Demo and Helmut Wolf stand in the middle of the room.

DOC  
What about Gino and Zvi? Can't they do it  
with you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ATLAS

Zvi retired. Got a gig at Macintosh.

HELMUT

Gino's doing a race in Italy. Can't reach him. And we need three people. A driver, and two more to handle the front and back doors.

ATLAS

We rented the joint next door for three months, so it's still there for us to hide out in. Scaffolding is still up. Why let it go to waste?

KELSEY

Sounds good.

SIMON

Yeah. Count me in.

ATLAS

And here's the best part. The bank is almost done being rebuilt. In a couple days ALL the money is being transferred back. Gotta be several million.

DOC

How are the two of you gonna carry that much cash?

HELMUT

We dress as construction workers. Wheel in a Dumpster. Then wheel it next door.

Doc narrows his eyes. Exhales slowly. Thinking.

DOC

Okay --

(beat)

But only if Kelsey's in charge.

KELSEY

Doc?

HELMUT

Wait a minute.

ATLAS

Yeah. What the fuck?

DOC

I trained her myself. She's got what it takes. And this job means a lot to her.

HELMUT

Well, that's great, but what kind of *experience* does she have?

DOC

We jacked a can using her plan -- and then later, when our driver tried to hijack our limo SHE saved the day. Shot him in the head like swatting a fly.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DUSTY  
I don't KNOW. Please. Need -- water.

Flint shakes his head with disgust. Opens the bottle.  
Starts pouring it on the floor.

FLINT  
Whoops.

INT. DOC'S LOFT - DAY

Kelsey and Simon stand near the elevator. Kelsey and Simon  
are both incognito. Wearing baseball caps and shades.  
Jo hands her a piece of paper. She looks at it.

KELSEY  
That's a lot of stuff.

JO  
Well, we've now got six mouths to feed.

DOC  
(hands her a roll of bills)  
This should take care of it.

KELSEY  
I've got a craving for sushi. You mind if  
we stop in Little Tokyo first?

JO  
That's a great idea. Bring some for me?

KELSEY  
Okay. We'll be back.

Kelsey and Simon get on the elevator. Close the gate. Simon  
hits the switch. They start going down. Doc looks at Jo.

DOC  
I just hope they can keep it in their  
pants until after the job.

EXT. LITTLE TOKYO - CITY STREET - DAY

A block filled with shops and restaurants. Signs all in  
Japanese. As are most of the pedestrians. Simon and Kelsey  
walk down the sidewalk looking at everything in wonder.

KELSEY  
I've never been here. It's so cool.

SIMON  
We don't have this in London.

KELSEY  
I can't believe it was so easy to find  
his address.

SIMON  
The Internet is your friend.

KELSEY  
Don't have a computer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMON  
 (pulls out his smart phone)  
 Reach out and GPS someone.

Simon reads the numbers on the doors. He stops in front of a doorway between a fruit stand and an electronic store.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
 This is it.

KELSEY  
 So what do we do now?

SIMON  
 Let's go round back. Check out the alley.

EXT. LITTLE TOKYO - BACK ALLEY - DAY

Surprisingly neat. No garbage. Kelsey and Simon look at a fire escape on the back of the building.

SIMON  
 That'll work.

Kelsey pulls out her gun. Heads over to the ladder.

KELSEY  
 C'mon. Let's do it.

SIMON  
 Put that away. Too risky. We'll come back later tonight when it's dark.  
 (off her look)  
 Patience, my love.

KELSEY  
 You said *my love*.

SIMON  
 Sorry about that.

INT. ABANDONED GROCERY STORE - DAY

The task force headquarters. A big, wide open space now filled with a couple dozen COPS sitting at makeshift desks.

Darryl Rooker stands in front of a giant map of Los Angeles. Flint Cole is next to him, sipping coffee.

DARRYL  
 I'm sure you all know detective Flint Cole -- who just brought in two of Doc Hazard's gang from the armored car job in Palm Springs.

Flint smirks. Nods. A smattering of applause.

DARRYL (CONT'D)  
 As you all know, the rest of the gang are holed up somewhere around here in an abandoned warehouse. Detective Luna is working on identifying the owners of each building --

A burly HISPANIC COP raises his hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARRYL (CONT'D)

And then his team is going to go building to building and search for them.

(beat)

The rest of you are going to split up into pairs and patrol the area in twelve-hour shifts around the clock.

A smattering of murmuring and groans all around.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Let me remind you that THIS GANG was responsible for the recent riots which cost the city MILLIONS of dollars in damages.

(looks at Flint)

Do you have anything to add, Cole?

FLINT

(raises his cup)

Let's be careful out there.

INT. DOC'S LOFT - DINING AREA - DAY

Everyone sits around the giant table. Atlas stands, points at a map spread out in the middle.

ATLAS

This here's the store next to the bank. We got the windows blacked out, and scaffolding in front of it with one of those construction walls in front of that.

(points)

We wheel the Dumpster out the front door, then into the bank --

KELSEY

Excuse me. Can ask you something?

ATLAS

Yeah, sure.

KELSEY

Your plan is to take the money *after* it's been delivered?

HELMUT

Yeah. What's your point?

KELSEY

Well, the money's being delivered by armored car, right?

ATLAS

Yeah --

KELSEY

Then why not grab the dough *before* it goes in the bank? The can arrives in the back alley, right?

ATLAS

Yeah --

KELSEY

Wouldn't that simpler?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HELMUT  
I guess --

KELSEY  
(stands, points on the map)  
We have the Dumpster already waiting in the alley here, which saves time. All we gotta do is scramble their radio signal, smoke 'em out and fill it with cash.

SIMON  
Fuckin' brilliant.

JO  
That's our Kelsey.

DOC  
Escape or hole up?

KELSEY  
Escape. We jack the truck that delivers the Dumpster when it gets delivered. Then after we load it up, we drive it to a semi we've got stashed nearby. No muss, no fuss.  
(off their looks)  
Holing up next door would be stupid. Cops are gonna comb EVERY inch of the area.  
(beat)  
Any questions?

Everybody stares. Shakes their head 'no.' Doc smiles.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Down the street a few doors down, an unmarked police sedan parks at the curb. We see a pair of DETECTIVES in the car.

INT. UNMARKED POLICE SEDAN - DAY

The detective on the passenger side, big and bulky in a shitty suit (40's) lights a smoke. The other, tall and thin (30's), sits behind the wheel. They look at each other. Nod.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CITY STREET - DAY

Bulky and Tall get out of the car. Walk to the door.

EXT. RUNDOWN WAREHOUSE - DAY

A few blocks away sits a rundown, crumbling warehouse. Another pair of DETECTIVES stand at the entrance. One wields a crowbar. CRACKS OPEN the door. They go in.

ON A WAREHOUSE ROOFTOP

Sits another DETECTIVE with binoculars. He looks across the way into the windows of the buildings across the street.

AT THE COMMAND CENTER

A TIRED, UNIFORMED COP (30's) sits at his desk on the phone.

UNIFORMED COP  
I know the building's not being used, Mr. Magid. But we still need to search it --

INT. DOC'S LOFT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

The planning session has broken up. Jo is serving coffee. Kelsey stands at the window. Sees something.

KELSEY  
Oh, *shit*.

DOC  
What's wrong?

KELSEY  
There's cops out there going building to building.

Everyone rushes to the windows. Looks out.

DOC  
Unmarked Crown Vic. Fuck.

ATLAS  
So whadda we do?

HELMUT  
We gotta get the fuck outta here.

DOC  
Relax. I can shut off the power so the elevator won't work.

KELSEY  
What about the stairs?

DOC  
I had the door on each floor welded shut.

SIMON  
So they can't come up.

DOC  
Exactly. People do that all the time. Keeps out vagrants.

HELMUT  
So we're trapped in here?

DOC  
Relax. I also own the building next door.

KELSEY  
That fleabag hotel?

DOC  
Yeah. Pays the utilities. And the top floor is *closed for repairs*. A back-up safe house, so to speak.  
(beat)  
We don't have much time. Jo, Kelsey. Start covering the furniture.  
(to the guys)  
You three help me start moving shit next door.

Doc walks over to a cement wall demarcated in six-foot-wide sections. He presses one of the joints, and a section SLIDES OPEN, revealing a hotel room on the other side.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

DOC (CONT'D)

Don't worry. We'll leave the light on.

INT. ABANDONED GROCERY STORE - DAY

A beehive of activity. Cops sit at desks, work the phones.  
A red-faced IRISH COP (50's) marks addresses on the big map.

Flint stands with Darryl Rooker in a corner by the coffee machine. He takes a sip from his cup. Makes a face.

FLINT

Tastes like liquid ass.

DARRYL

No luck yet, huh?

FLINT

It's a real bitch. Going door to door.  
Big fucking area, you know? We get  
anything else from Frick and Fuck?

DARRYL

Nah. They're all lawyered up.

A SHORT, ROUND OFFICER (20's) walks up to them. Excited.  
Holding a piece of paper. Waves it in the air.

SHORT, ROUND OFFICER

Hey, Cole. I think I've got something.

FLINT

Costello. Still trying to make detective?

COSTELLO

Listen to this. I found a building that's  
owned by what looks like a shell company  
in the Cayman Islands.

FLINT

What makes you think it's a shell  
company?

COSTELLO

Most of the other buildings are owned by  
local businesses, a few from out of  
state, but *The Cayman Islands*? I mean,  
what the fuck?

DARRYL

Makes sense. A lot shady businesses have  
off-shore accounts there. Away from the  
prying eyes of Uncle Sam.

COSTELLO

Exactly. And if you wanted to maintain  
some kind of hideout, you know -- almost  
untraceable.

FLINT

Good job, Costello.

(takes the piece of paper, to  
Darryl)

C'mon. Let's go check it out.

(to Costello)

This pans out, looks like someone's gonna  
get their gold shield.

INT. SHITTY HOTEL SUITE - DAY

A threadbare room, complete with the requisite threadbare furniture. Threadbare rug. Shitty painting of a ship at sea.

Doc stands in the middle of room. Kelsey and Jo look at the environs with distaste. The bare mattress on the bed.

DOC  
I know it's not The Ritz. But it's only temporary.

KELSEY  
But there's six of us --

DOC  
Oh, there's plenty of rooms, don't worry.

A car engine ROARS next door.

JO  
What's that?

DOC  
Those assholes are trying a CROSS.

INT. DOC'S LOFT - DAY

Jack Cotton's truck sits in the elevator, Atlas behind the wheel. Helmut closes the gate, gun in hand. Doc RACES over.

DOC  
What the fuck do you think you're DOING?

HELMUT  
Getting too hot in here, pops. And besides, why do the job when we can take your stash?  
(waves the gun)  
Take one more step and it's boom, boom, boom, out go the lights.

Kelsey and Jo appear behind Doc.

KELSEY  
You fucking ASSHOLE.

JO  
You'll never get away with this.

DOC  
You just signed your death warrant.

Atlas reaches over, FLIPS the switch. The gears start GRINDING as the elevator starts going down.

ATLAS  
See ya in the funny papers, old man.

As soon as he's out of sight. Doc RACES over to the electrical panel. Starts FLIPPING switches.

THE METAL SHUTTERS

Start coming down over the windows. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC

Looks at Kelsey and Jo.

DOC  
Don't worry. I've got 'em trapped.

Doc grabs the master power lever, THROWS it down. The lights go OFF. And, down below -- the elevator stops GRINDING.

HELMUT (O.C.)  
HEY.

KELSEY  
GOT 'em.

Simon comes out of the bathroom. Puzzled.

SIMON  
The power went off.

JO  
Zorba the Greek and Hitler tried to take off with the stash.

KELSEY  
But Doc cut the power, and now they're stuck half-way down the elevator shaft.

DOC  
It's as good as gone.

KELSEY  
What do you mean?

DOC  
There's no way to get it back.

JO  
What are we gonna DO? That was our life SAVINGS.

DOC  
We cut the cable and serve 'em up to the cops. The noise will bring 'em in.

JO  
THEN what?

DOC  
The four of us do the bank job, then get the fuck out of Dodge.

INT. ELEVATOR SHAFT - DAY

The platform sits immobile in the darkness. Atlas and Helmut look over the railing down below.

ATLAS  
What the fuck are we gonna DO?

HELMUT  
We could climb down the cables --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ATLAS  
But what about the money? We can't carry it, the fucking bags are too big.

HELMUT  
We throw 'em down.

ATLAS  
No, I mean outta here. It's too much for us to CARRY.

DOC (O.C.)  
Hey, TRAITORS. How you doin' down there?

ATLAS  
(to Helmut)  
What does HE want?

DOC (O.C.)  
I'd like to say it's been nice knowing you, but I'm a TERRIBLE liar.  
(beat)  
Time to CUT THE UMBILICAL CORD.

A cable SNAPS. One of the four corners LURCHES down. Atlas and Helmut start to slide toward it. GRAB onto the car.

ATLAS  
What the fuck are you DOING?

DOC (O.C.)  
It's your *golden parachute*.

Another cable SNAPS. The car starts PLUMMETING DOWN.

AERIAL POV

The car PLUNGES down like a rock. HITS the bottom. BANG.

INT. DOC'S LOFT - ELEVATOR LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Doc holds a giant pair of bolt-cutters.

DOC  
Except you just got the SHAFT.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

An unmarked Crown Vic is parked at the curb. Flint Cole and Darryl Rooker stand on the sidewalk looking at the building.

DARRYL  
What the fuck was THAT?

FLINT  
Sounds like the natives are restless.

They RUN to the front door.

INT. SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - DUSK

Simon and Kelsey sit on the bed. Jo, on a wooden chair. Doc closes the adjoining door to the loft. Grabs a handle on the wall, SHOVES it down. We hear a CHINK, CHINK, CHINK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELSEY

What's that?

DOC

Steel rods. They go through the door.  
Even if they could find it, they couldn't  
open it.

KELSEY

But we're still fucked. The entire area  
is gonna be swarming with cops when they  
find the truck in the elevator shaft.

DOC

Not necessarily. One of the reasons I  
chose these buildings is the rooftops of  
the whole block are connected. They're  
gonna think we went up to the roof and  
escaped.

(beat)

So now we just chill out and get a good  
night's sleep. We need to be rested for  
the bank job tomorrow morning.

KELSEY

What about the semi?

DOC

I've got it handled. I made a call.

KELSEY

But where's the semi gonna TAKE us? We  
need to figure out --

DOC

Relax. I have an old friend down in the  
Marina, Zulf Masters, a retired yegg.

KELSEY

How's a *safecracker* gonna help us?

PUSH IN ON Jo's face. Smiling.

JO

He sells *boats*.

EXT. DOC'S WAREHOUSE - DUSK

A SWAT truck is at the curb. Flint and Darryl talk with the  
TACTICAL FORCE COMMANDER, (40's), big, tough, no-nonsense.

SWAT COMMANDER

We gotta problem. The door to the stairs  
has been welded shut. Only way up is on  
the elevator --

FLINT

Which is now toast, with dead heisters,  
over easy.

DARRYL

Can someone climb up the cables?

SWAT COMMANDER

They've been cut.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLINT  
And the windows are secured --

DARRYL  
(to SWAT Commander)  
What do you think? You're the expert.

SWAT COMMANDER  
We go up to the roof, blow a hole, then go in.

FLINT  
He's not there.

DARRYL  
Bullshit. Where could he have gone?

FLINT  
After those two assholes tried a double-cross and crash-landed, he split.  
(points)  
See the roofs up there? They're connected. He could be anywhere by now.

DARRYL  
I say he's still in there.  
(to Swat Commander)  
Go ahead. Blow the fucker up.

INT. SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Completely bare, except for a bare mattress on the floor. Next to it, an ancient, old-school transistor radio. Simon lies on the mattress. Kelsey comes into the room.

KELSEY  
Finally. They're asleep.

SIMON  
I can't believe they still -- do it.

KELSEY  
Love never dies, I guess.

SIMON  
Fucking gross.

KELSEY  
I think it's sweet.

SIMON  
Give you any ideas?

KELSEY  
In your dreams.

She pulls her gun out from behind her back. Checks the clip. CRACKS it back in, KA-CHINK.

KELSEY (CONT'D)  
Cops gone?

SIMON  
Yeah. Boy, were they PISSED when they didn't find anything.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMON (CONT'D)  
 (beat)  
 You sure you wanna do this.

KELSEY  
 Never more sure of anything in my life.

SIMON  
 Then let's go punch out his fortune  
 cookie.

KELSEY  
 Fortune cookies come with Chinese food.  
 He's Japanese.

SIMON  
 You're confusing me with someone who  
 gives a moo-goo-gai-fuck.

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - REAR ALLEY - NIGHT

Kelsey goes to the fire escape. Grabs the bottom rung.  
 Starts climbing. Simon follows her up.

INT. YUNG PARK SOH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tastefully done in 'early dorm room.' And the boxes of stolen  
 electronics are a nice touch. Yung lies in bed with his NAKED  
 GIRLFRIEND (18) watching some action movie on a flat-screen.

YUNG  
 Kill 'em, MOTHERFUCKA --

Naked giggles. Loads a giant BONG with pot. Pulls out a  
 lighter. FIRES it up. Takes a big hit. Starts COUGHING.  
 Hands the bong to Yung. He scarfs up the rest. Holds it in.

OUTSIDE ON THE FIRE ESCAPE

Kelsey and Simon stand on each side of the window. Peer in.

KELSEY  
 (whispers)  
 Gonna be easy. Fucker's wasted.

SIMON  
 Still gotta be careful. Dude's Yakuza.

Kelsey nods. Crouches down. Grabs the bottom of the window.  
 Slowly opens it -- SCREECH. They move away. Wait. Then look.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
 TV's on too loud.

KELSEY  
 (nods)  
 On the count of three.

ON THE TV SCREEN

A big gang fight in a warehouse. You know the cliché. A dozen  
 YAKUZAS fight each other in a whirlwind. A real bloodbath.

YUNG AND NAKED

Stare at the screen. Transfixed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON THE FIRE ESCAPE

Kelsey pulls out her gun. Simon, his.

KELSEY (CONT'D)  
(mouths silently)  
One, two --

They JUMP in the window. Start FIRING. Yung gets HIT.  
He SCREAMS. GRABS an Uzi. Starts SPRAYING bullets at them.

Kelsey gets HIT in the arm. JUMPS back. Simon DUCKS.  
More MACHINE GUN FIRE. The girl SCREAMS. Then silence.  
Kelsey holds her arm. Sees the blood. Gasps.

SIMON  
You've been HIT.

KELSEY  
It's okay. Just nicked me.

SIMON  
What do we do now?

She slowly peers around the corner. Looks.

IN THE APARTMENT

Naked lies on the floor. Bleeding. No sign on Yung.

KELSEY

Looks at Simon, wide-eyed.

KELSEY  
He's GONE. C'mon --

She RACES down the fire escape. Simon follows. They JUMP  
down. Start RUNNING toward the front of the building --

INT. SHITTY APARTMENT BUILDING ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Yung RUNS out the front door. JUMPS on his motorcycle,  
just as Kelsey and Simon DASH around the corner.

He sees them. SPRAYS them with MACHINE GUN FIRE.  
They HIT the ground.

A DISPLAY OF FRUIT

Gets SHREDDED with bullets. Pulp FLIES in the air.

YUNG

KICK-STARTS the bike. The engine ROARS. He TAKES OFF.

KELSEY

JUMPS up. Aims her gun at him. SCREAMS.

KELSEY  
NOOO.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

She FIRES at him. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. Bullets HIT the bike. Yung loses control. FLIES in the air. It SKITTERS down the street. He JUMPS up. Looks around. Can't find his Uzi.

Kelsey and Simon RUN toward him. He turns. Sees them. Eyes flashing. He pulls out a SWITCHBLADE. FLIPS the blade open. Kelsey stops. Aims her gun at him with both hands. Sneers.

KELSEY (CONT'D)  
You killed my PARENTS.  
(growls)  
Now it's YOUR TURN.

She pulls the trigger. CLICK. And again. CLICK. CLICK. CLICK. He smiles. Starts LAUGHING.

YUNG  
Now I cut you in little pieces.

Simon steps into frame. Offers his gun to Kelsey.

SIMON  
Take it --

She DROPS hers. GRABS his -- as Yung CHARGES her.

YUNG  
GAAA --

She FIRES. BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG. The bullets stop him in mid-air. He FLOPS to the ground like a rag doll, THWUMP.

Kelsey stares. Horrified. She VOMITS. Wipes her mouth. A small crowd of ONLOOKERS appear. A siren starts WAILING.

SIMON  
(grabs her hand)  
C'mon, let's get the fuck outta here.

INT. SHITTY HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Kelsey sits on the mattress. Holding a bottle of Jack. Takes a big swig. Wipes her mouth with her sleeve. We see she's been crying. Eyes are red. Simon comes in from the bathroom.

SIMON  
Are you okay?

KELSEY  
No, I'm NOT okay.  
(sniffles)  
I'm a LONG way away from THAT.

He sits down next to her. Strokes her hair.

SIMON  
Maybe you should take it easy with that.  
We gotta big job tomorrow.

She hands him the bottle. He takes a swig. Grimaces.

KELSEY  
I thought I'd feel better, you know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIMON  
 Maybe you're finally grieving.  
 (off her look)  
 A lot of people keep it bottled up.  
 Afraid it would hurt too much.

And that does it. The floodgates open. Kelsey starts SOBBING.  
 Simon takes her into his arms. Holds her tight.

SIMON (CONT'D)  
 It's okay. Let it out. Let it out.

Kelsey cries and cries. Heaving, wracking sobs of pain.  
 Then pulls away. Eyes full of grief.

KELSEY  
 I never really KNEW them.  
 (gasps)  
 It was all a LIE.  
 (a whisper)  
 And now I'm just LIKE them.

She GRABS him for dear life. Starts kissing him. They start  
 going at it. Hot and heavy. She hungrily starts pulling his  
 shirt off. He grabs her belt. Starts undoing it --

And they fall onto the bed in a writhing, twisting, tormented  
 tornado of passion. Consuming each other for dear life.

INT. ABANDONED GROCERY STORE - DAY

The task force HQ is a beehive of activity. Cops sit at work  
 stations working computers. On the phone. The big map on the  
 wall now has dozens of marks on it.

Flint and Darryl sit at a desk with a box of donuts and cups  
 of coffee. Flint picks up a bear claw. Throws it down.

FLINT  
 My teeth are rotting just looking at this  
 shit. I want a real breakfast.

DARRYL  
 There's a Mickey D's around the corner.  
 You want me to send --

FLINT  
 I said a REAL breakfast.

Costello walks over to them. Looks excited.

COSTELLO  
 Chief, I got something. You know that  
 Yakuza gang leader that was out on bail  
 awaiting trial?

FLINT  
 The one who killed Doc's son and his  
 wife?

COSTELLO  
 Yeah. He was shot and killed last night.  
 Witnesses say young a girl did it.

DARRYL  
 Hot? About eighteen?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COSTELLO

Bingo.

FLINT

(looks at Darryl, smiles)  
Looks like Doc's little girl just went  
over to the dark side.

INT. SHITTY MOTEL - BATHROOM - DAY

Kelsey sits on the toilet seat wearing a tank top. Simon ties  
a bandage around her upper arm tightly, making a tourniquet.

KELSEY

Ow.

SIMON

It's gotta be tight. And you're gonna  
have to see a doctor soon. If it gets  
infected, you're fucked.

KELSEY

I'll go after the job. Hurry up and  
finish before they wake up.

DOC (O.C.)

What's going, Kelsey? What happened?

Reveal Doc. Standing in the doorway.

KELSEY

Doc.

DOC

What happened to your arm?

Pause.

KELSEY

We, uh -- visited the Yakuza.

DOC

Did you kill him?

KELSEY

Yeah.

(beat)

Please don't be mad.

Doc stares at her. Sighs.

DOC

Fuck it. Bastard's dead, and you didn't  
get caught.

KELSEY

You're not -- mad at me?

DOC

Life's too short. C'mon. Jo's got a first  
aid kit. We'll get you fixed up in a  
jiffy.

Kelsey stares, open-mouthed. Doc CLAP-CLAPS his hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC (CONT'D)  
C'mon, let's get a move on. We've places  
to go, people to see, banks to rob.

INT. EMPTY STORE - DAY

An empty space with a cement floor. Construction equipment.  
Piles of lumber. The gang wears coveralls and hard hats.

Simon stands at a makeshift table with a metal box on it.  
He FLICKS a switch. A red light starts BLINKING.

SIMON  
Simon says SCRAMBLED.

A HONK-HONK from outside.

DOC  
Dumpster's here. Places, please.

Simon, Doc and Jo pull goggles down from their helmets.  
Scarves up from around their necks. Faces now covered.

IN THE ALLEY

The Dumpster truck rolls to a stop in front of the store.  
Simon walks up to it. Waves. The DRIVER (20's), big and  
burly, gets out. Climbs down carrying a clipboard.

SIMON  
Boy, am I glad to see you. My boss is  
gonna have my ass.

BURLY DRIVER  
Got a lot of shit, huh?

Simon CLIPS him on the head with his gun. He falls, THWUNK.

IN THE STORE

Doc looks at Kelsey.

DOC  
It's showtime, baby heister.

Kelsey nods. Unzips her coveralls. Steps out of them.  
Now resplendent in Daisy Dukes and a tight, denim top knotted  
above her belly button. She takes off her hard hat.

Undoes her ponytail. Shakes her hair free. Puts it back on.  
Then mirrored shades. Applies blood-red lipstick.

KELSEY  
Think this'll work?

DOC  
Won't know what hit 'em.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Simon sits in the truck, lowers the Dumpster in front of the  
exit, leaving just enough room for someone to squeeze by.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AT THE END OF THE ALLEY

The ARMORED TRUCK arrives. Comes to a stop behind the Dumpster. The driver HONKS his horn.

Simon looks in his rear view mirror. Gets out of the truck. Starts walking over the armored car. Waving and smiling.

Kelsey starts coming down the alley on the opposite side. Both guards in the truck stare at her. Simon walks up to the driver-side window. Driver sees him.

DRIVER

Move the Dumpster. It's in the way.

Simon pretends he can't hear. Silently moves his mouth like he's talking. Driver opens the door, starts to get out.

Just at that moment, Kelsey approaches the passenger side door. Pulls out a cigarette. RAPS on the window.

KELSEY

Hey. You gotta light?

PASSENGER-SIDE GUARD

No, sorry.

She gets closer. Smiles. Passenger-Side stares. Wow.

ON THE OTHER SIDE

Driver Guard gets in Simon's face.

DRIVER

I said MOVE the fucking DUMPSTER.

Simon CLIPS Driver on the head with his gun, knocking him to the ground. Passenger Side sees, reaches for his weapon -- as Simon JUMPS in the cab, JAMS his gun in his face.

SIMON

Ever heard the expression *explodes in a red mist*?

IN THE REAR COMPARTMENT

The THIRD GUARD tries working the radio, without success.

THIRD GUARD

Hello? Hello? Come in, GODDAMMIT. We're being ROBBED.

AT THE END OF THE ALLEY

A panel truck backs up toward us. Reaches the armored car. Stops. Jo gets out.

AT THE BANK EXIT

Doc stands to the side of the door. Jo joins on the other side. They pull out Uzis. Nod to each other.

The door OPENS. Out comes a BIG BANK GUARD. Sees the Dumpster blocking the way. Doc presses his Uzi against his chest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOC  
Make a move and you're shredded beef.

SIMON AND KELSEY

Press their guns against the guards' heads. Take their guns.

KELSEY  
Now take out your keys and open the door.

They reach into their pockets. Pull them out.

SIMON  
Slowly. No sudden movements.

KELSEY  
We don't wanna hurt anybody.

In unison, they open the door -- revealing THIRD GUARD, crouched on one knee. Gun aimed at them with both hands.

THIRD GUARD  
Shit.

KELSEY  
Toss it, NOW.

He does.

SIMON  
Get out.

IN THE BANK

Doc and Jo walk Big Bank Guard toward the back. The MANAGER, a puffy, corporate type in beige wearing a goatee and glasses sees him. Then Doc and Jo. Their guns.

BEIGE BANK MANAGER  
Wh-what's going on?

DOC  
What does it look like?

BEIGE BANK MANAGER  
AGAIN?

DOC  
Second time's a charm.  
(beat)  
In your office, NOW.

He stares. Open-mouthed.

JO  
You heard the man. MOVE IT.

IN THE PANEL TRUCK

Simon handcuffs the guards to a steel pole just under the ceiling of the compartment. Kelsey holds a gun on them.

DRIVER  
You'll never get away with this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Simon STUFFS a rag in his mouth.

SIMON  
Watch us.

INT. BANK - MANAGER'S OFFICE - DAY

A small space with the usual functional furniture. Doc and Jo look at Big Bank Guard and Beige Manager, now handcuffed, sitting on the floor, facing away from each other.

DOC  
What time do the other employees get here?

BEIGE BANK MANAGER  
Any minute now.

DOC  
Then we'll make this fast.

Jo puts a piece of duct tape on Big Guard's mouth. RIPS off another piece for Beige.

BEIGE BANK MANAGER  
Do you really have to --

JO  
(SLAPS it on)  
Yeah. We really do.

EXT. BANK - BACK ALLEY - DAY

Simon and Kelsey throw in the last bag of money into the Dumpster. We see Kelsey's back in her coveralls.

Doc and Jo come out. They help them throw in lumber to cover the money. Kelsey and Simon close the rear door to the armored car. Lock it with the guards' keys.

Get in the truck. Simon behind the wheel, Kelsey beside him, Doc and Jo in the rear compartment behind the cab. Simon GUNS the engine, and they start off down the alley.

INT. DUMPSTER TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Simon POUNDS the steering wheel.

SIMON  
We fucking DID it.

KELSEY  
(sings)  
*Take me down to Paradise City, where the cash is green and the girls are gritty --*

Doc leans into the cab. Looks serious.

DOC  
We need to talk. Something went down last night.

EXT. BANK - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

A pair of BANK EMPLOYEES (20's) stand at the front door.  
A HOT TELLER presses a buzzer. Looks at the other, a CHUBBY HISPANIC ASSISTANT MANAGER.

HOT TELLER  
Still no answer.

CHUBBY HISPANIC ASSISTANT MANAGER  
(peers in the window)  
That's strange. Maybe they're around back because of the delivery. C'mon.

INT. DUMPSTER TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Doc looks at Kelsey. Then Simon. White-faced.

DOC  
When the two of you went off to take care of the Yakuza, we got busted.

What? KELSEY What? SIMON

DOC (CONT'D)  
Undercover dick by the name of Flint Cole. Found us in the hotel, but didn't let on to the other cops. Saw an opportunity.

KELSEY  
Why didn't you TELL us?

DOC  
Didn't want you to be distracted. If we fucked up the job, we'd be really fucked.

KELSEY  
So what happens now?

DOC  
In exchange for helping us escape with the dough -- which he gets a cut of, by the way -- he wants half the stash.

SIMON  
The bloody BASTARD.

KELSEY  
But the cops have it.

DOC  
Yeah. But he knows where it is, and how to get it back -- if we help him.

INT. ABANDONED GROCERY STORE - DAY

Costello SLAMS down the phone. RACES over to Darryl's desk, where he sits and chats with Flint over cups of coffee.

COSTELLO  
Chief, the First National Bank of California's been hit. Main branch, downtown.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

FLINT  
The bank where the Hazards were killed?  
I thought it was closed for repairs.

COSTELLO  
It was, but now it's done.

DARRYL  
And they were delivering all the money  
they'd need today --

Another COP (40's) African-American, built like a linebacker,  
salt and pepper, approaches them, excited.

LINEBACKER COP  
Chief. We just a call from a guy at a gas  
station. Recognized Doc and his crew when  
they stopped to refuel.

DARRYL  
WHERE?

LINEBACKER COP  
Near a freeway entrance. Said they're  
heading east on the ten. Big U-Haul.

DARRYL  
Call the Highway Patrol. Have them set up  
a roadblock.

LINEBACKER COP  
One step ahead of you.

Flint gets up. Starts heading toward the door.

FLINT  
I'm gonna catch those fuckers.

DARRYL  
They gotta BIG lead on you. You'll never  
catch them.

He GRABS the knob. Turns. Looks. Sneers.

FLINT  
You haven't seen ME drive.

EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

A ramshackle joint from the turn of the century. The Dumpster  
truck pulls up to the entrance. HONKS once. Then twice again.  
The doors slowly open inward. The truck drives in.

INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A giant space. Almost big enough to be an airplane hanger.  
Parked off to the side is a giant semi tractor-trailer, back  
doors open, with a ramp leading up inside it.

Flint stands near it, along with EB PICKER (40's), a giant  
redneck trucker right out of central casting. Holding a  
shotgun. Chewing tobacco. Confederate flag hat. The works.

IN THE DUMPSTER TRUCK

Kelsey looks at Doc. Shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELSEY  
I don't like it.

DOC  
Don't have any choice.

SIMON  
Who's the scary-looking dude next to him?

DOC  
Must be the driver.

KELSEY  
How do we know we can trust them?

DOC  
Fifteen million bucks says so. And besides, we now have protection. He'll keep the law away from us.  
(opens his door)  
C'mon. Let's get it over with.

They get out of the truck. Flint and Eb walk over.

FLINT  
Well, if it isn't the Cooch In The Wall Gang.

DOC  
Cole.

FLINT  
Okay. Here's how it's gonna work. Eb here gave the cops an anonymous tip that you're heading east on the ten freeway in a U-Haul, so the cops are looking for you there. Meanwhile, he's gonna take you to the Marina where your boat is.

EB  
(CRACKS the shotgun)  
Leave the drivin' to us.

FLINT  
You'll wait there while Doc and I go get his dough.  
(to Doc)  
If I don't return safely, they die. And if they get cute, you're toast.  
(cackles)  
Sometimes I'm so brilliant I can't fucking take it.  
(off their stares)  
Okay. Toss your guns on the floor and let's get this show on the fuckin' ROAD.

Kelsey, Simon and Jo toss them. Look pissed. Eb starts picking them up.

DOC  
If we're going to rob a police precinct, I'd like to keep mine.

FLINT  
Sorry, pop. No can do.  
(off his stare)  
You'll get it back. Promise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOC  
What if I take out the bullets?

He carefully pulls out his Magnum. Racks out the clip. Opens it. Dumps the bullets on the floor. Holds it up. Shows it's empty. SHOVES it back in, CLICK. Flint smiles.

FLINT  
That'll work.

INT. SEMI TRAILER - REAR COMPARTMENT - MOVING - DAY

Simon, Kelsey and Jo sit on the floor in the rear.

SIMON  
This fucking sucks.

KELSEY  
Don't worry. We'll figure something out.  
(looks at Jo)  
Right?

JO  
Motherfucker made a BIG mistake. No one messes with DOC.

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - PARKING LOT - DAY

Flint's Crown Vic pulls into the lot. Parks.

INT. FLINT'S CROWN VIC - DAY

Flint shuts off the engine. Looks at Doc.

FLINT  
Now don't shit your pants. This is gonna go real smooth. Everyone I work with is at the command center. And the shift doesn't change until two, so there's almost no one around.

DOC  
So how we gonna do this?

FLINT  
Evidence room is downstairs. Stairwell isn't far from the rear exit. We go in quick, grab the duffles and slide back out. Easy as pie.

DOC  
What if someone recognizes me?

Flint hands him a baseball cap and shades.

FLINT  
Put these on and you'll look like a dick.

DOC  
No shit.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - CORRIDOR - DAY

Linoleum floor. Pale puke cinder block walls. Flint leads Doc down the hallway. Deserted. No one around. They reach the door to a stairwell. Flint grabs the knob. Opens it. Bows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLINT  
Heisters first.

Doc shakes his head. Heads on down. Flint follows.

IN THE STAIRWELL

Doc goes down the steps, Flint right behind him.

FLINT (CONT'D)  
Think I'm gonna like being on your side  
of the law.

DOC  
Were you ever on the right side?

FLINT  
You had a good run, old timer -- but you  
finally met your match.

They get to the bottom.

DOC  
Let me go first.

He opens the door. They walk into --

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - BASEMENT CORRIDOR - DAY

They walk down the hallway silently. Make a turn. Arrive at a caged area with a FAT LATINO COP (50's) sitting behind a desk. Flint walks over to the doorway. Raps on the cage.

FLINT  
Rodriguez, you fat fuck. You STILL down  
here? I thought they retired your refried  
ass.

Rodriguez gets up. Smiles. Walks over.

RODRIGUEZ  
Well, if it ain't detective Serpico,  
outta the gutter and back on the take.  
(looks at Doc)  
Who ya got with you? Too old to be your  
new partner.

FLINT  
This here's Gus. He's a screenwriter,  
doing research for a TV show.

RODRIGUEZ  
Really? What's it called?

DOC  
*The Heisters.*

FLINT  
It's pretty cool. About a family of bank  
robbers.

RODRIGUEZ  
Oh, wow. That does sound cool.  
(brightens)  
Like Doc Hazard and his gang.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLINT  
As a matter of fact, that's why we're here.

RODRIGUEZ  
Right. I heard you were on that case.  
(unlocks the door, opens it)  
C'mon in.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

A large room filled with rows of metal shelves stacked with boxes. Rodriguez leads them down a narrow aisle.

RODRIGUEZ  
Let's see -- Harrold, Hatfield, Hazard.  
(points at a box, smiles)  
Knock yourself out.

FLINT  
What about the cash?

RODRIGUEZ  
That's in a separate cage in the back.

Flint pulls out a gun with a silencer. Pokes him with it.

FLINT  
Then let's go open it.

RODRIGUEZ  
Cole. Stop fucking around.

FLINT  
I'm not fucking around, Hector.

RODRIGUEZ  
You'll lose your badge for sure this time.

FLINT  
Gee, ya think?

RODRIGUEZ  
(looks at Doc)  
He's not a screenwriter, is he?

FLINT  
Can't get anything past you, huh.  
(POKES him in the stomach)  
C'mon, MOVE it. I don't got all day.

Rodriguez sighs. Starts walking. They follow him to a separate caged room with boxes and bags in it. He opens the door with a key. Shakes his head.

RODRIGUEZ  
You realize I'll have to call this in after you leave.

Flint raises the gun to Rodriguez' head. FIRES. BANG. His skull EXPLODES like a watermelon. SPLAT.

FLINT  
Whoops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC  
Jesus fucking Christ, Cole. Did you have  
to do THAT?

FLINT  
Shut the fuck up and find the bags.

Doc shakes his head with disgust. Goes into the room.  
Looks around. Sees the two giant black duffles. Points.

DOC  
Those two.

FLINT  
Bring 'em out. We'll each carry one.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - BASEMENT CORRIDOR - DAY

Flint and Doc hustle toward the stairwell exit with the bags.

MALE VOICE (O.C.)  
Holy SHIT. Rodriguez's been SHOT.

Flint opens the door. They start RUNNING up the stairs.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

A BALD, BLACK COP (40's) stands next to Rodriguez' body.  
In shock. SHOUTS into his cell.

BALD, BLACK COP  
Seal the building --

IN THE STAIRWELL

A siren starts WHOOP-WHOOP-WHOOPING on the PA. Flint and Doc  
RACE up the stairs, reach the top, huffing and puffing.  
Flint GRABS the door, FLINGS it open, to reveal --

AN ANGRY COP

Running right toward them.

FLINT

SHOOTS him in the chest. THWIP. THWIP. THWIP. His midsection  
EXPLODES in a sea of red. Body HITS the tiles, THWUMP.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - CORRIDOR - EXIT - CONTINUOUS

Flint and Doc RUN to the exit. SMASH through the door, into --

EXT. POLICE PRECINCT - PARKING LOT - DAY

They TEAR ASS toward Flint's car, bags BANGING against their  
legs. Bald, Black Cop RUNS out the door. Draws his gun.

BALD, BLACK COP  
Stop or I'll SHOOT.

Flint WHIRLS AROUND. SHOOTS him. THWIP. His head EXPLODES.  
They JUMP in the car, just as COPS start pouring out of the  
building. Flint JAMS the car into gear and ROARS away.

EXT. MARINA - PARKING LOT - DAY

The semi is parked at the far end of a parking lot near a commercial slip where large vessels are berthed. Boats for parties. Fishing trips. Whale watching.

Eb gets out of the cab. Walks over to the rear doors. Opens them. Climbs up. Pulls out his piece.

INT. SEMI TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Simon climbs out of the Dumpster truck cab. Looks at Eb.

SIMON

Hey. No need to point that at me. We're your submissive bitches, remember?

EB

Jus' making sure you ain't gonna pull no monkey-shines. Now start takin' the money bags outta the dumpster. They gonna be here soon.

Eb SLAMS the door shut. The padlock CLICKS. Kelsey and Jo climb out of the truck.

KELSEY

Okay. Let's get started.

JO

Look for stuff we can use as weapons.

KELSEY

But Flint said if we tried anything --

JO

Honey, you don't know Doc. Not only IS he gonna try something, he's gonna expect US to. No way in HELL is he gonna let them get away with ONE DOLLAR of our nest egg.  
(off their looks)  
Now go on. Get busy.

SIMON

Aren't you gonna help?

JO

Honey, I'm sixty years old.  
(beat)  
I'm gonna sit back and watch.

INT. TASK FORCE HEADQUARTERS - AT THAT MOMENT

Darryl Rooker sits at his desk talking on the phone. He SPITS OUT his coffee. Face turns beet-red.

DARRYL

They WHAT?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - OFFICE - DAY

A small, cramped space filled with police shit. Piles of file folders. Plaques and framed commendations on the walls. Bald, Black Cop sits behind his desk. Glares at Rooker.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BALD, BLACK COP  
You heard me. They fucking SHOT Rodriguez  
AND another officer.

DARRYL  
And they just -- *got away?*

BALD, BLACK COP  
Yeah. But one of the officers ID'd them.

DARRYL  
Who the fuck WAS it?

BALD, BLACK COP  
You're never gonna believe it --

DARRYL  
Fucking TRY me.

BALD, BLACK COP  
Flint Cole -- *and Doc Hazard.*

INT. FLINT'S CROWN VIC - MOVING - DAY

Flint Drives. Cigarette dangling on his lip.  
Doc stares out the passenger-side window. Sullen.

FLINT  
After all this time, we're finally  
partners. Life sure is strange, huh?

DOC  
It'll be a cold day in Wassilla when we  
become partners, Cole.

Flint sees his exit. Hits the turn signal.  
Starts making the turn onto the off-ramp.

DOC (CONT'D)  
Don't take Lincoln. You'll get stuck in  
traffic. Ocean Avenue's better.

FLINT  
This is more direct. Just sit back and  
leave the driving to us.

EXT. FREEWAY OFF RAMP - LINCOLN AVENUE - DAY

Flint's Crown Vic turns off the ramp, heads south on Lincoln.  
Gets immediately caught in traffic.

IN THE CAR

Doc smiles. Shakes his head.

DOC  
Good one, *partner.*

FLINT  
Shut the fuck up.

DOC  
What's the hurry? It's not like we have  
twenty million in the back seat.

Flint glares at him. His phone RINGS. He picks up.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

FLINT  
This is Cole --

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TASK FORCE HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Darryl Rooker sits at his desk on the phone.  
Costello stands next to him. Fists clenched.

DARRYL  
Any news? You see them yet?

FLINT  
I'm right behind 'em, but there's too  
much traffic. Gonna stay in pursuit until  
they get off the freeway.

Darryl turns, looks at --

ANOTHER COP SITTING AT A NEARBY DESK

Wearing headphones, listening on electronic tracking  
equipment. He nods. Gives a thumbs-up.

DARRYL

Grimaces in the phone.

DARRYL  
Okay, just don't lose sight of them.

FLINT  
You got it. I'll call you back when I get  
the fuckers.

They both CLICK their phones shut.

A STERN-LOOKING FBI AGENT

In a sharp suit appears next to Headphone Cop.

STERN-LOOKING FBI AGENT  
We cool?

HEADPHONE COP  
Ice-cold.

Darryl comes into frame. Anxious.

DARRYL  
But that wasn't long enough to --

STERN-LOOKING FBI AGENT  
Not with your antiquated piece-of-shit  
call-tracing. But with OUR state-of-the-  
art satellite def-jam, we can triangulate  
his exact location through his cell  
phone.

(to Headphones)  
And the winner IS?

HEADPHONE COP  
(reading the screen)  
They're on Lincoln Avenue in Santa  
Monica, heading south --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

                  HEADPHONE COP (CONT'D)  
                  (smiles)  
And it looks like they're stuck in  
traffic.

                  DARRYL  
                  (to Costello)  
Send as many units as we've got. We're  
finally gonna GET this fucker.

INT. FLINT'S CROWN VIC - MOVING - DAY

The car sits in traffic waiting for a red light.

                  DOC  
Cut through that gas station. Then take a  
right on Ocean Park.

                  FLINT  
Alright, alright --

EXT. LINCOLN AVENUE - CONTINUOUS

The Crown Vic cuts diagonally through a gas station,  
starts heading west.

INT. SEMI TRAILER - DAY

A pile of garbage sits on one side of the Dumpster truck.  
The bags of money on the other. Simon stands in the front  
with a long two-by-four. Jo, with a length of steel pipe.

And Kelsey, with a piece of glass tied to a broom handle.

                  KELSEY  
Okay. This is how we're gonna do it --

EXT. MARINA PARKING LOT - DAY

Flint's Crown Vic pulls up alongside the semi. He and Doc get  
out. Eb climbs down out of the cabin. Walks over.

                  EB  
How'd it go at the cop shop?

                  FLINT  
Like taking candy from a retard. Let's  
open up the tin can.

They walk over to the truck. He climbs up the back.  
Unlocks the door. Opens them, revealing --

The Dumpster truck. Trash on the right. Money bags on the  
left. But no Kelsey, Simon or Jo.

                  EB  
Hey. Where'd they go?

                  FLINT  
Stupid redneck. They're hiding in the  
Dumpster.

                  KELSEY (O.C.)  
We're not hiding. We're resting.

                  FLINT  
                  (pulls out his gun)  
Just as well. Makes it easier.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC  
Makes WHAT easier?

FLINT  
Did you REALLY think I was gonna SHARE  
the money with YOU? A career CRIMINAL?

DOC  
You're a fucking piece of shit, you know  
that?

FLINT  
That may be, but I'm a fucking RICH piece  
of shit.  
(to Eb)  
Start unloading the bags into my car.  
I'll take care of the Dumpster-divers.

Eb nods. Climbs in. Grabs a couple of bags.  
Kelsey LEAPS up. JABS her spear into his eye. CRUNCH.

EB  
GAAA --

FLINT  
FUCK.

Flint SHOOTS at her. She DIVES back down. Bullets PING, PING,  
PING off the Dumpster. Doc WHIPS OUT his gun. SHOOTS Flint in  
the head. BANG. He falls over, dead. THUMP.

DOC  
Asshole.

Kelsey, Simon and Jo appear. Climb down out of the truck.

KELSEY  
I saw you empty the clip.

DOC  
I did.  
(beat)  
But I still had one in the chamber.  
(beat)  
Throw 'em in the Dumpster, quick.  
Somebody might've heard the gunshots.

Kelsey and Simon pick up Flint. Carry him up into the truck.

JO  
We gotta problem, Doc. His car ain't big  
enough to carry all the money and the  
four of us.

DOC  
I know, we gotta find a new ride.

An OLD, YELLOW VW HIPPIE BUS comes into frame. Covered in  
bumper stickers. Pictures of dolphins. Driven by the  
requisite GREASY STONER DUDE (30's). He leans out the window.

GREASY STONER DUDE  
You guys hear a gunshot? I coulda sworn I  
heard a gunshot.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOC  
Car backfired. Sorry if we scared you.

GREASY STONER DUDE  
Right on.

Jo nudges Doc. Nods at the bus. Doc nods.  
Walks over to Stoner's car window.

DOC  
I know this is gonna sound strange, but I  
was wondering if we could swap vehicles.

GREASY STONER DUDE  
Huh?

DOC  
We wanna go on a camping trip, and our  
car just ain't big enough.

GREASY STONER DUDE  
What the fuck are YOU smoking -- and do  
you got any more? This is my RIDE, bro.  
My baby. She's taken me to Woodstock,  
Bonarroo, Coachella, squints --

Kelsey appears. Holds up a big wads of banded bills.

KELSEY  
Will this take care of it?

GREASY STONER DUDE  
(GRABS it)  
DUDE, you gotta DEAL.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - MOVING - DAY

Costello drives. Darryl Rooker rides shotgun.  
Talks on his cell phone. Looks REALLY pissed off.

DARRYL  
I KNOW he's not answering his fucking  
phone. Where the fuck IS he?  
(listens)  
Marina Del Rey?  
(listens)  
Send as many units as you've got.  
Then call the Sheriff's.  
(listens)  
Copy THAT.

He CLICKS his phone shut. Looks at Costello.

DARRYL (CONT'D)  
To the marina, and step on it.

COSTELLO  
Think they're gonna try and get away in a  
boat?

DARRYL  
Gee, ya think so?

INT. VW BUS - DAY

Simon sits behind the wheel. Jo sits next to him. Doc and Kelsey sit in the back with the money, which is now a massive amount. Doc closes the curtains on the back windows.

DOC  
Okay, let's go.

Simon starts the engine. Drives out of the parking lot -- just as a trio of SQUAD CARS, lights FLASHING, sirens BLARING pass by them, ROAR over to the truck and SCREECH to a halt.

EXT. MARINA PARKING LOT - DAY

A BEEFY COP opens the back door to the semi, revealing the Dumpster. Darryl Rooker looks out his window. Sees it. Nods.

DARRYL  
(to Costello)  
Call the Marina Sheriffs. Have them seal off the channel.

COSTELLO  
Yes, sir.  
(beat)  
But what if they're already at sea?

DARRYL  
Then call the Coast Guard. Have them stop EVERY BOAT. I'll call the FBI. Have them send some choppers.

EXT. HOUSEBOAT - DAY

An old, wooden, two-story joint from an era gone by. It would be kinda quaint if it didn't look like it was falling apart. But it's still oddly homey-looking.

INT. HOUSEBOAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

'That Seventies Boat.' All knotty pine. Curtains drawn. Stuffed with old furniture. Hanging plants. Nautical shit. Doc, Jo, Kelsey and Simon walk around, inspecting the joint.

KELSEY  
This is so COOL.

DOC  
We can hole up here for good long while. Zulf stocked the fridge and the pantry. We got satellite TV, a full bar.

JO  
I'll do some cleaning and spruce the place up. It'll feel like home.  
(smiles at Kelsey)  
Kelsey will help me. Won't you, hun?

KELSEY  
Sure. Of course.

JO  
C'mon, let me show you the galley.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KELSEY  
 Okay. Let me close the door.  
 (walks toward the door)  
 It's starting to get a bit --

FLINT

Appears in the doorway. A bloody mess. He GRABS Kelsey.

KELSEY (CONT'D)  
 HEY.

JAMS his gun against her head.

JO

Ducks down behind the couch. Scampers away.

FLINT

Smiles at Kelsey.

FLINT  
 Getting a bit nippy out. Bet your nipples  
 are nice and hard.

DOC  
 Put the gun down, Flint. Let's talk about  
 this.

FLINT  
 There's nothing to talk about, old man.  
 NOBODY crosses me, GOT it?

DOC  
 You can have the money. Just let go of  
 her. Take me instead.

A GUN WITH A SILENCER appears next to Flint's head.

JO  
 Get your hands off my fucking DAUGHTER.

Reveal JO. Gripping the weapon. Quivering with rage.

KELSEY  
 Daughter?

THWIP. THWIP. THWIP. Flint's head EXPLODES. Kelsey SCREAMS.  
 His body hits the floor, THWUNK. She looks at the body.  
 Shudders. Looks up, eyes bright with tears.

KELSEY (CONT'D)  
 Doc?

DOC  
 It's a long story.

KELSEY  
 Jo?

JO  
 I was forty. Still the *con artist about*  
*town*. Didn't want to be -- tied down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DOC  
Chelle couldn't have kids.

JO  
We thought it would -- calm them down.

DOC  
Didn't work.  
(mumbles to himself)  
They were so reckless.

JO  
We were going to tell you. We were just  
waiting for the right --

DOC  
After the funeral -- seemed too soon.  
Then we both kept --

JO  
Putting it off --

DOC  
And here we are.

Kelsey stares at them. Speechless. In shock.

SIMON  
Oh, shit.

DOC  
What's wrong?

SIMON  
Asshole must have left a trail of blood  
leading right to us.  
(off their looks)  
I'll go outside and clean it up.

Darryl Rooker appears in the doorway. Aiming his gun.

DARRYL  
Like following a trail of bread crumbs.  
What was that old fairy tail?  
(sickly smile)  
Doc Hazard. We meet at last.

DOC  
I'm tingly all over.

Darryl reaches into his jacket for his cell phone.

DARRYL  
Nobody move a muscle. I'm gonna call for  
back up.

Everybody stares while he dials. Listens. Makes a face.

DARRYL (CONT'D)  
Godammit. No reception --

KELSEY  
(pulls hers out)  
Wanna use mine?

He looks at her. Then the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DARRYL

Yeah. Just don't try any --

FAST AS LIGHTNING she SMASHES IT in his face, CRACK. GRABS his head. BANGS it against the wall. And again. And again. SCREAMS. Lets go. His body hits the floor, THUMP. Lights out.

She stares at Doc and Jo. A tear slides down her cheek.

EXT. MARINA PIER - DAY

A row of boats gently bob in the water. A SHERIFF'S BOAT slowly cruises by at the end of the pier. Across the way, we see a PATROL CAR slowly cruising the waterfront.

EXT. HOUSEBOAT - DAY

A pair of COPS walk up the gangplank. One of them KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCKS on the front door. Sighs.

TIRED COP

I can't believe we gotta check EVERY single fucking boat.

BLASE COP

I say they're long gone.

Tired Cop KNOCK-KNOCKS again.

TIRED COP

Anyone home? It's the police.

The door FLIES OPEN. Jo appears, wearing a sexy bathrobe, holding a tray of freshly-baked cookies. The cops stare.

JO

Hello, officer. Sorry it took me a moment. I was just taking these cookies out of the oven. Would you like one? They're chocolate chip --  
(big smile)  
*And still warm.*

TIRED COP

(takes a couple)  
Yeah, sure. Thanks.

BLASE COP

(takes one, bites into it)  
You seen anybody suspicious-looking hangin' around?

JO

You mean like those bank robbers?

BLASE COP

Yeah.

JO

No, I'm sorry. I was sure hoping to, though.

(winks)  
Gets kinda lonely all alone here on the boat.

(nudges him)  
If you know what I mean.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

The cops exchange looks.

BLASE COP  
Would you mind if we came in and took a  
look around?

Jo reaches down. Unties her robe. It falls open.

JO  
C'mon in, the water's wet.

TIRED COP  
(to Blase)  
On second thought --

BLASE COP  
(looks away)  
Sorry we bothered you, Ma'am.  
Have a good day.

They turn. Start walking away.

JO  
Hey, wait a minute. I've got a full  
liquor cabinet --  
(watches them go)  
Don'tcha wanna PARTY?

INT. HOUSEBOAT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jo puts the plate of cookies on the coffee table in front of  
the couch. Walks over to a fake Persian rug on the floor.  
Pulls it aside. Reaches down. Opens a trap door. Looks down.

JO  
They're gone.

Doc climbs up. Then Kelsey. Then Simon.

DOC  
Thank god. Kinda cramped down there.

KELSEY  
You baked cookies --

SIMON  
(takes one)  
Smells great.

Kelsey takes one. Bites into it. Looks at them.

DOC  
So are you -- okay? I understand if  
you're -- upset.

JO  
You probably -- have a lot of questions.  
Want to -- talk about it.

She takes another bite. Thinking.

KELSEY  
Can we talk later? Right now I just wanna  
sleep for a year.  
(takes another cookie)  
After I have a bunch of these.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOC  
We thought we were doing the right thing,  
Kelsey.

JO  
We're really sorry.

KELSEY  
(softly)  
I know.

DOC  
We were hoping maybe we could start over  
again.

KELSEY  
I'd like that.

She chews some more. Then, the barest hint of a smile.

KELSEY (CONT'D)  
So what do think about me and Simon  
getting married?  
(beat)  
Mom? Dad?

Doc and Jo exchange glances. Then look at her.

SIMON  
Kelsey?

KELSEY  
C'mon. We'd make a great team. And we'd  
all be a family.

He looks at Doc. Speechless.

DOC  
You're on your own, kid.

She finishes her cookie. Rubs her hands on her hips.  
Goes to him. Puts them on his.

KELSEY  
You need to THINK about it?

SIMON  
No, no -- I, I -- uh --

KELSEY  
Then shut up and kiss me, *wheelman*.

She leans into him. He drops his cookie. They kiss. Softly.  
Tenderly. Then more passionately. Start to go at it, hot and  
heavy. No one else in the world.

Doc and Jo watch. Big smiles. She taps him on the shoulder.  
He nods. They start to leave, as we --

FADE TO BLACK