

Exit

An original screenplay
by Carole A. Parker

Management:

Shelly Liebowitz
818/299-6297
shelly@shellyliebowitz.com

EXT. THE SUNSET STRIP - NIGHT

A CHYRON reads 'August 16, 4:47 AM.'

An occasional CAR passes by. An occasional HOOKER works the stroll. A trio of WASTED PARTY GIRLS (18) turn a corner and stagger down a side street looking for their car.

CAMERA ZOOMS IN ON a SMALL WHITE BUILDING that was once a bank, now a high-end designer boutique at the foot of the Hollywood Hills in the Sunset Plaza shopping district.

CAMERA GLIDES OVER to the side of the building, where we see a STAIRCASE to the basement.

CAMERA GLIDES DOWN THE STAIRS and STOPS at the door. No window. No sign. Just a small red buzzer.

INT. AFTER HOURS CLUB - NIGHT

Plush and jazzy. Part Art Deco. Part tiki lounge. The dim, pin-spot lighting makes the joint seem to glow. Welcome to The Exit Room. Hot and cold running decadance until dawn.

Standing behind the long, polished bar is MIA TANAKA (20's), mixologist deluxe, shiny black hair down to her ass. Looking every bit the wannabe actress she is. Right now she's cutting up lime wedges and evesdropping on --

A pair of WOMEN doing shots of top-shelf tequila. They SLAM them down, then CRACK their shot glasses on the bar. The dark-haired chick grabs the bottle. Pours two more.

DARK-HAIRED CHICK

(raises hers)

To the best fucking screenwriter in
HOLLYWOOD.

Meet BETTIE BLACK (40), fading grungy-goth rock star. Still good-looking, but now a bit rough around the edges. But still sexy in revealing, ripped black threads. If you squint your eyes. She lights a new smoke off the old one. A crooked grin.

BLONDE BABE

(raises hers)

To the best poet since PATTI SMITH.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Meet CASEY MONTANA (20's), white-hot Oscar-winning screenwriter. Sexy-dirty, working that vintage pinup look. The black and blue streaks in her hair match her outfit.

BETTIE
Patti Smith? Really?

CASEY
Hey. If you're gonna compare me to
Quentin Tarantino --

They DOWN them.

BETTIE
Flattery will get your clit sucked.

Bettie pours two more. They DOWN them. CRACK their glasses.

CASEY
That'll grow hair on your tits.

BETTIE
What are you working on now?

CASEY
That bottle. Keep pouring.

BETTIE
Ever seen Leaving Las Vegas? Wanna write
the rock star version?

CASEY
Only if Nic Cage plays you.

BETTIE
Pay him enough, he probably would.

They DOWN them.

BETTIE (CONT'D)
Doctor says if I don't stop drinking,
I'll die.
(pours more)
Works for me.

CASEY
Hey. Don't talk like that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BETTIE

(downs hers)

It's the end of the road, baby. My label says if I don't go to rehab, they're dropping me.

CASEY

(downs hers)

But you don't seriously mean --

BETTIE

(pours more)

You don't know my pain.

CASEY

Well, if we're playing 'to tell the truth,' I'm in a bit of a crisis myself.

They raise their shots. Nod. SLAM them. CRACK.

BETTIE

Oh, yeah? Having a hard time spending all that money?

CASEY

No, that's easy. It's --

(beat)

I can't come up with my next story. I'm blocked.

(off her look)

It took me a year to write the first one. I wrote it longhand during my lunch hour at work, carefully crafting it. Now they want another one right away, and I can't --

(beat)

Can you imagine the pressure after winning the Oscar?

BETTIE

Hey.

CASEY

What.

BETTIE

There's two of you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CASEY

Two of me --

BETTIE

Got double vision. See two of you.

(puts hand over one eye)

One --

(takes it off)

Two.

CASEY

I think that calls for another drink.

IN A NEARBY BOOTH

Sit a pair of GOOD-LOOKING GUYS drinking glasses of top shelf single malt scotch, deep in conversation.

SKY MASTERS (30's) indie hipster movie hunk, smallish, thin, carefully ratty-looking takes a sip. Eyes bleary.

SKY

Nah. I was a drama nerd. Couldn't play worth shit.

EASY WASHINGTON (30's), African-American pro baseball player, big, even better-looking, swirls his glass.

EASY

Lucky for you --

(takes a sip)

You get injured, you can still act. I get injured, I get fucking traded.

SKY

There's other ways you can fuck up your career.

EASY

Please. You're the golden boy. Critics and audiences love you.

SKY

Yeah, well --

(sips)

They don't know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

EASY

Know what?

(off his stare)

C'mon, man. Out with it. What's the big secret?

Sky stares at him. Raises his glass. Drains it in one gulp.

SKY

Found out I'm HIV-positive.

EASY

Damn.

(beat)

That doesn't necessarily mean you're --
I mean, look at Magic Johnson.

SKY

I didn't get it from fucking.

EASY

You shooting SMACK?

SKY

You wanna say that a little louder?

EASY

Sorry.

SKY

And you wanna know the REAL clincher?

(pours more)

I'm getting married tomorrow.

EASY

Does she know?

SKY

No.

EASY

(raises his glass)

The truth will set you free.

He downs it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

SKY

Now you know what I'm doing here at five in the morning instead of being with my fiance.

EASY

Bet that's a big load off your mind.
(off his look)
Sharing your deepest, darkest secret.

SKY

I guess.

Easy grabs the bottle. Pours them another.

EASY

The media's gonna break a big story about me today. Major scandal.

SKY

What. You cheated on your wife? There's no way it can be as bad as --

EASY

Wanna bet?
(off his look)
It wasn't with another woman.

SKY

You're sleeping with another dude? Big fucking deal. Welcome to Hollywood.

EASY

The dude's another player.

PUSH IN ON Easy's face. Resigned to his fate.

AT THE BAR

Sitting at the far end is ANGEL DIAZ (20's), the bouncer, big and burly. Also great-looking, like a model. But looks a bit frayed around the edges. He chats up Mia.

ANGEL

I'm so fucked. They're gonna break my knees.

(low, to himself)
Where the fuck IS he?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

MIA
Who you waiting for?

ANGEL
Mickey, my dealer. He's gonna give me
some credit.

MIA
But you already have coke.

ANGEL
I did, but my apartment got burglarized
last night. Now I need more to sell so I
can make the vig.

MIA
And you wanna sell it here? Are you
crazy? You're lucky Klaus didn't fire
your ass when you got caught last time.

ANGEL
I got no choice, Mia. I'm outta options.
I need to make the vig.

MIA
(nods at the customers)
What makes you sure they're gonna buy it?

ANGEL
Please. Wasted celebrities in an after-
hours joint? We should have a fucking
vending machine.

MIA
I don't get why anybody does a drug that
won't let you get it up. Stupid.

ANGEL
I told you. That's never happened before.

MIA
Well, it's not gonna happen again, that's
for sure.

The buzzer RINGS.

ANGEL
That's him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

He RACES to the door. Unlocks it. MICKEY MERTZ (30's) walks in. Tall, blonde and rakish in the latest hipster threads. Boyish looks a bit fuzzy due to hard-partying. Eyes burning from the combination of chemicals dancing in his head.

MICKEY

I made it.

ANGEL

Got here just in time. We're closing soon.

MICKEY

You know what they say, 'better late than never.'

ANGEL

(fake smile)

Yeah, right.

MICKEY

So where we gonna do this?

ANGEL

VIP room.

MICKEY

Lead on, Macduff.

They head off toward the back. The buzzer RINGS again.

MIA

Angel, the door.

ANGEL

(over his shoulder)

Tell 'em we're closed.

They disappear. Mia shakes her head. Walks over to the door.

MIA

Sorry. We're closed.

ANGRY GUY (O.C.)

It's an emergency. Open up.

MIA

We're closed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

ANGRY GUY (O.C.)
I need help. I'm bleeding.

MIA
Then call nine-one-one.

ANGRY GUY (O.C.)
I don't have a phone. PLEASE. I need your
HELP.

Mia's cell phone RINGS. She looks. Answers it.

MIA
Hey, sis. What's up? Calling kinda late --

Distracted, she opens the door, listening. We hear WILD
CHATTER on her phone.

MIA (CONT'D)
Mom had a STROKE?

Two BIG MEN BURST INTO THE ROOM. The bigger guy holds a sawed-
off shotgun, the other a chrome handgun and a giant duffle
bag. Bigger Guy aims the shotgun at the girls at the bar.

BIGGER GUY
Cell phones ON THE FLOOR, NOW.

Meet DANNY PEEL (40's). Would be a dead ringer for George
Clooney, except you can tell he parties too much. Arm a
bloody mess. Eyes wild and desperate. But still kinda hot.

DANNY
CELL PHONES. NOW.

He aims the shotgun at the ceiling. FIRES. BANG. Plaster
RAINS DOWN. Mia SCREAMS. Bettie and Casey TOSS their phones.
Sky and Easy TOSS theirs. Mia DROPS hers.

ANGEL AND MICKEY

Appear in the doorway.

ANGEL
(low)
Holy shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

MICKEY
(a whisper)
Ohmigod.

Smaller Guy, bleeding from the leg, aims his gun at them.

SMALLER GUY
Glad you could join the party. Toss your
phones, NOW.

Meet VIN VARGAS (30'S), your typical grunt cop gone to seed.
Paunchy. Dark circles under his eyes. Sweating like crazy.
Eyes darting back and forth. Pumped with adrenaline.

ANGEL
Okay, okay. Don't shoot.

Angel and Mickey TOSS their phones.

DANNY
Okay. Everybody go sit at the bar.
(to Vin)
Smash 'em.

VIN
You got it.

He drops the bag. Starts CRUNCHING them with his boot.
Sky, Easy, Angel and Mickey move to the bar. Take stools.

DANNY
Okay, everybody. We're gonna be here a
little while, so I want you to get nice
and comfortable. Do exactly what I say
and nobody gets hurt.
(off their terrified looks)
Just because I'm holding a gun and
covered in blood doesn't mean I'm not a
nice guy -- so, in the interest of all of
us getting along, the next round's on me.
(to Vin)
Vin?

VIN
Yeah?

DANNY
Can I get some of that cash?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

VIN
Yeah. Sure.

He goes to the duffle, zips it open. Grabs a banded wad of cash. TOSSES it to Danny.

DANNY
Which one of you is the bartender?

MIA
I am.

DANNY
(SLAPS it down on the bar)
What's the most expensive scotch you got?

MIA
M-McCallan's.

DANNY
I wanna buy a round for the house.

Mia goes behind the bar to get a bottle and some glasses.

DANNY (CONT'D)
(to Sky)
Hey. You're that movie star. You're in all those independent films.

SKY
Guilty as charged.
(weak smile)
With the occasional studio tentpole.

DANNY
Hey. Gotta pay the bills, right?
(nods)
I used to wannabe an actor, but I really like eating.
(looks around)
Whoah, Nelly. This is celeb-city.
(to Easy)
Easy Washington. My man. Was really sorry to hear about your injury.

EASY
Not as much as I was.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (11)

Mia gives Danny his glass. He takes a sip.

DANNY
Holy shit is that smooth.
(eyes Bettie)
And what do have we here? Bettie Black.
Big fan. Lost my virginity to your first
album.

BETTIE
Really?

DANNY
Nah. Just fuckin' with you. I'm more of a
classic rock kinda guy.
(sings)
Takin' care of business --
(sips, looks at Casey)
And who is this lovely creature?

Danny and Casey lock eyes. She blushes.

CASEY
Nobody.
(beat)
I'm a writer.

BETTIE
Shut up.
(to Danny)
She won the Oscar, hello?

DANNY
Oh, yeah. The media gave you shit about
your tattoos.

CASEY
My agent wanted me to wear a long-sleeved
dress, but I said 'fuck that.'

DANNY
Rebel outlaw girl.

Danny drains his glass. Gestures to Mia for another.

DANNY (CONT'D)
You gotta first aid kit in this joint?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (12)

ANGEL
In the back office.

DANNY
Is there a back entrance?

ANGEL
No.

DANNY
The only way out is the way we came in?

ANGEL
Yeah.

DANNY
Isn't that against the fire code?

ANGEL
Owner's tight with the city.

DANNY
You the bouncer?

ANGEL
Yeah.

DANNY
(to Vin)
Vin, go with him to the office and get
the first aid kit and scope out the rest
of the crib.

VIN
(drains his glass)
You got it.

He gets up. Nods at Angel. They head off toward the back.
Danny sips his drink. Looks at Mickey.

DANNY
What's your story?

MICKEY
I'm a dealer.

DANNY
Check it out. Not afraid to admit it.
I like that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (13)

MICKEY

Thanks.

DANNY

What do you deal?

MICKEY

You name it. Weed, X, coke, shrooms,
pills --

DANNY

Maybe I'll hit you up later.

(off his look)

Don't worry, I'll pay for it. I may be a
fugitive from the law, but I don't steal
from other criminals unless they fuck
with me.

MICKEY

That's -- great.

DANNY

Are you a top or a bottom?

MICKEY

Excuse me?

DANNY

You heard me. Do you pitch or catch?

MICKEY

I'm -- versatile.

DANNY

I'll keep that under advisement.

MICKEY

Okay --

DANNY

Relax. Just fucking with you.

(looks around)

C'mon, everybody. Stop looking like the
dog just died. Let's PARTY.

(to Mia)

Barkeep. Another round for my friends.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (14)

Mia starts pouring shots for everyone. Vin and Angel return, Angel carrying a first aid kit.

VIN
(to Danny)
Got quite the set-up back there. Office.
Kitchen. VIP room --

DANNY
Any phones?

VIN
In the office. Disabled it.
(smiles)
One step ahead of you.

DANNY
Good work.
(to Mia)
You got a kitchen. I'd fucking kill for a
cheeseburger about now.

MIA
(pouring shots)
Sorry. We don't serve that.

DANNY
Well, what DO you have?

MIA
Tapas.

DANNY
What the fuck are tapas?

MIA
Spanish appetizers.

DANNY
Then bring me some tapas, barkeep. I'm
positively famished.

VIN
Yeah, I'm starving.

MIA
All we've got left are pickled anchovies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (15)

DANNY
Anchovies? I fucking HATE anchovies.

CASEY
(smiles)
Why do you think that's all that's left?

DANNY
(to Mia)
You have any crackers or peanuts, you know, something edible?

MIA
I think we have some rice cakes. I can go look.

DANNY
Rice cakes?
(beat)
Alright. Whatever.

VIN
Want me to go with?

DANNY
Nah. There's no way for her to get out.

Mia nods. Heads off to the back. Bettie watches her go. Grabs the bottle. Starts pouring more shots.

BETTIE
This round's on me.

She DOWNS hers. Makes a face. Then PROJECTILE VOMITS an ARC OF BROWN SPEW into the air. FALLS off her stool. HITS the floor, THWUMP. Starts going into CONVULSIONS.

CASEY
Holy SHIT.

Easy JUMPS off his stool. RUSHES over to her. Takes her hand.

EASY
Somebody gimme a spoon or something, QUICK.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (16)

INT. LADIES' ROOM - NIGHT

As gorgeous as the rest of the joint. Mia hurries into a stall. Grabs a piece of toilet paper. Takes it to the sink.

Pulls a pen out of her pocket. Quickly scribbles on it. Climbs up on the sink. Reaches up, opens a casement window. Flings the note outside.

IN THE MAIN ROOM

Bettie lies motionless. Easy takes her pulse.

EASY (CONT'D)

SHIT.

CASEY

What's wrong?

EASY

She's got no PULSE.

He starts giving her CPR, PRESSING his hands on her chest. Sky and Casey kneel nearby. Casey grabs her wrist.

SKY

Holy shit.

CASEY

Still nothing.

Easy PUMPS his hands HARDER.

CASEY (CONT'D)

Nothing. HARDER.

Easy PUMPS her chest for all he's worth. Bettie JERKS back to life. COUGHS. Opens her eyes --

BETTIE

Need -- a drink.

And passes out again. Easy strokes her forehead.

EASY

C'mon, baby. Stay with us.

(to Sky)

Help me move her over to a booth. Make her more comfortable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (17)

Easy and Sky pick her up. Take her over to a booth. Carefully lie her down. Casey walks over. Sits next to her. Holds her hand. Studies her face.

CASEY

She doesn't look good. We need to get her to the hospital.

DANNY

You can take her after we leave.

Mia comes back in. Takes her place behind the bar. Hands a box of rice cakes to Danny.

MIA

Here you go.

DANNY

(take it, makes a face)
Great.

MIA

They're blueberry.

DANNY

Yummy.

He takes one out. CRUNCHES a bite. Chews. SPITS IT OUT.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Tastes like fucking cardboard.

VIN

Maybe we could order a pizza.

DANNY

Are you TRYING to look like an idiot? We'll figure out something later. The first order of business is getting ourselves patched up.

(to Angel)

You good with that first aid kit? Take care of a couple gunshot wounds?

ANGEL

I could try.

MICKEY

I can. I used to be a nurse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (18)

VIN
Why doesn't that surprise me?

MICKEY
I was a trauma nurse, asshole.

VIN
Hey. Who you calling an asshole, FAGGOT?

DANNY
Enough with the name calling. Let
Florence Nightengale do his thing and
shut the fuck up.

VIN
I'm not gonna let him touch me.

DANNY
You want your leg to get infected? Get
gangrene?

VIN
No, of course not.
(beat)
Okay, okay.

MICKEY
I promise I'll be gentle.

DISSOLVE TO:

A CHYRON reads 'August 16, 5:06 AM' over --

INT. THE EXIT ROOM - MAIN LOUNGE - EARLY MORNING

Danny sits at the bar nursing a cocktail. One of his shirt sleeves has been cut off. The gunshot wound on his arm has been dressed and bandaged. Vin sits in a booth with his bloody pants leg sticking out, pointing his gun at Mickey.

MICKEY
Cutting your jeans would be stupid.

VIN
I'm not taking them off. You cut Danny's
shirt, you can cut my pants.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIKEY

But it's different. Danny can put a jacket on, but it's gonna look really stupid with one long leg and one short leg.

VIN

I could give a rat's ass.
(aims his gun)
Cut the fucking pants. NOW.

MICKEY

Okay, okay. Stop pointing that thing at me.

VIN

Shut the fuck up and CUT MY FUCKING PANTS.

MICKEY

Okay. Calm down.
(beat)
Would you mind standing up? I can't get to them with you lying down like that.

VIN

Alright. But if you touch my junk, you're a dead man, got it?

AT THE BAR

Danny sits at the far end. Looks at Sky, Easy and Angel at the other end. Mia looks down. Like she's going to cry.

DANNY

(to Mia)
Why so glum, gorgeous? Play your cards right and you'll get out of this alive.

MIA

My mother had a stroke. I need to go the hospital and see her. If you let me go, I promise I won't say anything.

DANNY

Sorry, doll. Ain't gonna happen.

Casey comes over. Plops in a stool. Looks at Mia.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CASEY

Can I get a drink? I'm starting to sober up.

DANNY

How's she doing?

CASEY

She's breathing. But I really think she should go to the hospital. She could die.

DANNY

Yeah, but then her record sales would go through the roof.

Mia hands Casey her drink. She takes a sip.

CASEY

So what did you guys do? Rob a bank?

DANNY

Nah. Don't do banks.

(beat)

Why do you wanna know? Think it would make a good movie?

CASEY

Maybe.

DANNY

You wrote 'Wilshire Boulevard.'

CASEY

Guilty as charged.

DANNY

Great fucking movie.

CASEY

Thanks.

DANNY

I love the part where the intruder rapes the rich bitch, but turns out to be the guy she's having an affair with.

CASEY

She was based on my boss's wife at my last job.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DANNY
(smiles)
What's that expression? 'Art imitating
life?'

CASEY
(smiles)
Ten points.

Pause.

DANNY
It was a home invasion. We ripped off a
dirty cop up in the hills. Thought it'd
be a cinch, two against one, but he was
in bed with some slut, and trigger-happy
over there --

BANG.

Everyone JUMPS. Turns and looks at --

MICKEY

Lying on the floor. Half his face, gone.

DANNY

RACES over.

DANNY (CONT'D)
What the FUCK, Vin? What the fucking fuck
did you DO?

Vin stands next to Mickey's body in his tighty-whiteys
holding his gun, lower lip quivering.

VIN
He -- made fun of my underwear.

DANNY
I thought he was gonna cut your pants.

VINCE
Changed my mind. Gay guy with scissors
anywhere near my crotch? No fucking way,
Jose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

AT THE BAR

Angel hugs Mia, silently sobbing in his arms. Casey joins them behind the bar. Easy looks at Sky.

EASY
(whispers)
We gotta do something.

SKY
(whispers)
You gotta plan?

EASY
I'm thinking, I'm thinking --

NEXT TO MICKEY'S BODY

Danny berates Vin.

DANNY
You fucking idiot. We were all getting along and you had to fucking RUIN it. Now they're afraid of us. Now they think they're gonna die.

VIN
Well, aren't they?

DANNY
(low)
No. We want them to TRUST us. This will go ALOT easier if they cooperate. Now we have to watch them in case they try and pull something.

VIN
I don't see what the big deal is. Dead fag. So what?

DANNY
That man was a HUMAN BEING, Vin. And if you weren't so homophobic, he'd still be alive -- and your leg would be taken care of.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

VIN

So I'll splash some booze on it and tie a tourniquet around it.

DANNY

Suit yourself. But first get him the fuck out of here before they freak out any more.

VIN

Alright, alright.

He grabs Mickey's body by the ankles and drags him out of the room. All eyes follow him. Danny walks back to the bar. Sticks his gun in his his waistband. Takes a seat.

DANNY

I'm really sorry. My associate has an itchy trigger finger. I promise I'll keep him under control.

Danny grabs the bottle. Pours himself another drink. Takes a big gulp. Vin comes back in.

VIN

I put him in the VIP room.
(off everyone's silence)
It was an accident, okay?

EASY

You shot him because he was gay.

VIN

No I didn't.

EASY

Yes you did. I heard you call him a 'faggot.'

SKY

Yeah, I did too.

CASEY

I like to fuck girls. You gonna shoot me, too?

Danny shoots her a look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

VIN
What the fuck IS this?
(to Danny)
You gonna let them talk to me that way?

DANNY
Well, if the shoe fits.

VIN
What the fuck is THAT supposed to mean?

DANNY
You just fucking shot someone because
they're gay right in front of their eyes.
I think they've got the right to give you
shit about it.

VIN
Wait a minute. Whose side are you ON? It
was an accident, okay? The gun just went
off.

EASY
Was it because he was a little bit
effeminate? What if he was macho like me?

VIN
What?

EASY
If you found out I was gay, would you
shoot me?

VIN
You're not GAY. You're a pro baseball
player.

EASY
That's true. And I'm married.
(smiles)
But I also like to suck cock.

DANNY
Check out Easy Washington coming out of
the closet. Now that took guts.

VIN
Bullshit. He's just fucking with me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

EASY

I'd prove it, but you're not my type.
Don't go for the greasy Italian thing.
Hate the taste of pepperoni.

(laughs)

Better check the oil. Looks like you
might be a little low.

VIN

HEY.

Vin CHARGES him. Easy PUNCHES him in the head, THWUMP. Vin
HITS the floor. Danny WHIPS out his gun. Aims it at Easy.

DANNY

Thanks. I've been dying to do that all
night.

He looks at Vin, holding his head, slowly getting up.

DANNY (CONT'D)

You okay?

VIN

Yeah.

(looks at Easy)

Asshole.

EASY

Self-defense. You attacked me.

DANNY

(to Vin)

Apologize to the man.

VIN

What?

DANNY

You heard me. Apologize.

VIN

For what? He started it.

DANNY

Vin. The first rule of holding people
hostage is to gain their trust. You lost
your temper and lost their trust.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

DANNY (CONT'D)

In order for us to maintain a sense of order, they need to trust we'll stay cool.

SKY

(to Vin)

Yeah. Like randomly shooting one of us. Did wonders for my confidence in you.

DANNY

You hear the movie star? Apologize to the man.

VIN

WHAT?

DANNY

You heard me. Apologize. Unless you want this to become a Lord Of The Flies situation, we need to remain civilized.

Vin looks down. Shakes his head.

VIN

I don't fucking believe this.

DANNY

Vin.

VIN

Jesus fucking Christ.

(low)

I'm -- sorry.

DANNY

Good boy. Now take care of your leg and put your fucking pants on. This ain't Risky Business.

DISSOLVE TO:

A CHYRON reads 'August 16, 5:18 AM' over --

INT. THE EXIT ROOM - MAIN LOUNGE - EARLY MORNING

Angel sits on a stool next to Mia behind the bar. Danny sits near Casey, Easy and Sky. Vin sits at the other end with a bottle of scotch, pants back on. Everybody is quite buzzed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASEY
(to Danny)
You used to be a cop.

DANNY
Is it that obvious?

CASEY
Why did you leave the force?

DANNY
I didn't leave. I was shit-canned.

CASEY
What happened?

DANNY
Long story.

CASEY
Do you have a getaway plan?

DANNY
Jesus. You movie people. 'Getaway plan.'

CASEY
No, seriously. Maybe we can help. You drove to the house, right? Where's your car?

DANNY
Parked on one of those narrow, winding streets up in the hills. It's stolen, so I don't know how much longer it'll be there.

EASY
But all you gotta do is wait until the coast is clear, right?

DANNY
(nods)
Figured I'd walk back up and get it, then drive down and pick up Vin and the money.

VIN
(to Danny)
Hey, chief.
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VIN (CONT'D)

Sorry to interupt bonding with the hostages, but is there any way we can get some fucking food? I'm starving.

(to the group)

Any twenty-four hour fast food joints around here? Hell, I'll go get it.

DANNY

Too risky. We don't know what's going on out there.

(thinks)

Wish we had some blow. Take the edge off.

ANGEL

I've got some.

DANNY

You do?

Angel pulls a decent-sized bag of cocaine out of his pocket.

ANGEL

Little bit.

DANNY

How the fuck does a bouncer afford that much Toots and the Maytals?

ANGEL

Mickey was giving me some credit.

MIA

Another loan --

ANGEL

Shut up, Mia.

MIA

(to Danny)

He got a lot more with money from a loan shark, but it got stolen -- and now he's late paying them back. His goons are gonna be here any minute.

ANGEL

Mia --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DANNY
 (to Angel)
 That true? You got loan shark thugs on
 your tail?

ANGEL
 (sheepish)
 Yeah.

Danny KA-CHINKS the sawed-off.

DANNY
 Well, now they're gonna haveta fuck with
 me.

DISSOLVE TO:

A CHYRON reads 'August 16, 5:45 AM' over --

INT. THE EXIT ROOM - MAIN LOUNGE - EARLY MORNING

Danny finishes chopping up a series of big, fat lines of coke
 on the bar. Holds a rolled-up bill in his hand. Smiles. Leans
 over. SNARFS one up. Then another. HONK. Hands it to Vin.

DANNY
 Breakfast of champions.

VIN
 Beam me up, Scotty.
 (does a line)
 Damn. That's good shit.

CASEY
 (to Danny)
 Can I -- ?

DANNY
 Hell, yeah. We should all be on the same
 wavelength.

Casey smiles. Pulls a silver tube out of her bag. Leans over.
 SNORTS a line. Shakes her head.

DANNY (CONT'D)
 Check out the paraphenalia on Miss Red
 Carpet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASEY

Present from my director.
 (offers it to Sky)
 Your turn.

SKY

Sorry. I'm clean and sober.

DANNY

Really? How long?

SKY

Three days.

DANNY

That's all? You can make that again
 standing on your head.

SKY

I dunno. My sponsor --

DANNY

Tell 'em you were held hostage at
 gunpoint by a crazed gunman and he made
 you.

SKY

(big smile)
 Fuck, yeah.

He takes the tube from Casey. Leans down. SNARFS up a line.
 Then another. Dips a finger in his drink. Wets his nose.

SKY (CONT'D)

That's some righteous booger sugar.
 (hands it to Easy)
 Seventh Inning Stretch, my man?

EASY

(takes it)
 Line drive, brother.
 (does a hit, shakes his head)
 Pun intended.
 (does another)
 Home run, bases loaded.

He swings the tube like a little bat. Angel points at it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGEL
My turn?

DANNY
(hands it to him)
But of course. The bouncer needs a
bounce.

Angel smiles grimly. Leans down. SNARFS up a line. Then
another. Nods his head. Danny points at Mia.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Now it's your turn.

MIA
No, thanks.

DANNY
Aw, c'mon. Join the party, doll.

MIA
I -- don't do drugs.

DANNY
Oh, so you think you're better than us?

MIA
No. I just --
(looks at Angel)
Don't do drugs.

DANNY
(aims his gun at her)
Well, now you do.
(hands her the straw)
C'mon. One little toot. You'd make a
dangerous criminal VERY happy.

MIA
Please.

DANNY
(clicks the hammer)
DO IT. NOW.

Mia stares at him. Eyes fill with tears. She leans down.
SNORTS a hit. Lays down the straw. Rubs her nose.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DANNY (CONT'D)
See? That wasn't so bad, was it?

UNDER THE BAR

Easy taps Sky's leg. Slips him a folded napkin.

SKY

Looks down. Carefully opens it.

THE NAPKIN READS

'I'll grab Danny's gun. You get Vin's. When I say NOW.'

SKY

Crumples it up. Looks around nervously.

AT THE BAR

Danny looks at Mia. Smiles.

DANNY (CONT'D)
How do you feel?

MIA
(eyes burning)
I don't like it. It burns my throat.

He stares at her a long beat. Then breaks into a big smile.

DANNY
Well, now you can say you've tried it.
(big smile)
More for me.

Danny leans down. SNARFS up the last line.

EASY
NOW.

In rapid-fire succession --

Easy LEAPS off his stool. GRABS Danny's sawed-off. Tries to YANK it away. Danny tries to YANK it back.

At the same moment, Sky JUMPS off his stool. GRABS Vin's gun. They WRESTLE for the weapon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Mia SCREAMS. Casey and Angel GASP.

Easy and Danny roll around on the floor, struggling for control of the gun. Danny JERKS it toward Easy's face, but Easy's STRONG, and starts JERKING it back toward Danny's.

Vin YANKS the gun away from Sky, PISTOL-WHIPS him on the head. Blood FLIES from the wound, SPLATTERS Vin's face. Sky tries to PUNCH him, but Vin KNEES him in the groin, HARD. He goes down, writhing in pain.

Easy and Danny both grip the sawed-off, KICKING and CLAWING at each other. Vin aims his gun at Easy -- just as the shotgun FIRES -- BLOWING OFF HIS ARM at the shoulder. BANG. A GEYSER OF BLOOD SPRAYS IN THE AIR.

IN THE BOOTH

Bettie wakes up. Sees the mayhem. Tries to focus.

BETTIE
What's -- going on?

AT THE BAR

Casey stares in horror.

CASEY
Holy fucking SHIT.

ANGEL
(to Mia)
TOWELS. GET SOME TOWELS.

MIA
They're IN THE LAUNDRY.

ANGEL
PAPER TOWELS, NAPKINS -- ANYTHING. HURRY.

Mia reaches under the bar, grabs a stack of paper towels, hands them to Angel. He RACES over to Easy. SHOVES them on the gushing wound.

Danny gets up. Thumbs a couple of shells into the sawed-off. KA-CHINKS them into the chamber. Aims it at Easy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

DANNY

And I thought we were getting along so well.

(aims it at Sky)

And YOU. You're PATHETIC. Weak. This isn't a fucking MOVIE.

(to Vin)

You okay?

VIN

Yeah.

EASY

Joke's on you. Movie star's got HIV.

VIN

Who gives a shit. So we got another faggot. Fucking Hollywood --

DANNY

He means the blood on your face.

Vin reaches up. Touches his face. Looks at his hand. Sees it.

VIN

What the FUCK?

He RUNS toward the men's room. Danny aims his gun at Sky.

DANNY

Okay, junkie. Go sit with the others.

Sky slowly gets up. Trudges over to the bar. Sits.

CASEY

(nods at Easy)

We're gonna have to cauterize his wound.

DANNY

Or what? He'll lose his arm?

ANGEL

No, she's serious. He'll lose too much blood.

DANNY

(looks at Easy)

Hope that wasn't your jerking off hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

Vin walks back in, wiping his face with a paper towel. Walks over to Sky. JAMS his gun against his head.

VIN
If I get AIDS, I'm gonna fucking KILL
you, fucking FAGGOT.

DANNY
Vin. He's not gay. He's a junkie.
(off his look)
Needles?

VIN
Oh.
(beat)
Right.

DANNY
(nods at Easy)
We gotta cauterize the wound.

VIN
Why? Just let him bleed out. He fucking
attacked you for crissakes.

DANNY
(to Mia)
What kinda stove you got in the kitchen,
gas or electric?

MIA
Electric.

DANNY
Perfect.

EASY
Oh, no. You can't -- do that.

DANNY
Oh yes we can. You wannna live, right?

EASY
Can I get back to you on that?

DANNY
(to Angel)
GQ. Help me bring him into the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

Angel nods. Walks over.

DANNY (CONT'D)
(to Vin)
You keep an eye on the gang from Cheers.

VIN
Okay.

Danny and Angel help Easy up. Start walking toward the back.

EASY
Why are you helping me?

DANNY
Shades of grey, Mr. Pro Athlete.
Sometimes the bad guy shows a glimmer of
compassion.

VIN
What about his arm?

DANNY
You deal with it.

They leave. Bettie slides out of the booth.
Starts weaving toward the bar.

VIN
(sees her)
And just where the fuck do you think
YOU'RE going?

BETTIE
(sits)
Excuse me, but that was some intense
shit. I need a drink.

CASEY
I don't think that's a good idea.

BETTIE
Like I could give a flying fuck what you
think.

MIA
She's right. It's probably not a good
idea. You've had a lot --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

BETTIE

Pour me a fucking DRINK, barkeep. I'm a
ROCK STAR. It's what we DO.

(sees the powder on the bar)

You guys were DOING COKE?

She licks her finger, wipes it through the residue.
Rubs it on her gums.

BETTIE (CONT'D)

Now we're fucking TALKING. Is there any
more?

VIN

(points his gun at her)

Shut the fuck up. You're giving me a
headache.

(to Mia)

Give her a fucking drink. Maybe she'll
pass out again.

Mia's eyes flash angrily. She grabs a glass. Starts pouring.
From the kitchen, we hear Easy CRY OUT IN PAIN.

EASY (O.C.)

AHHHHHH --

DISSOLVE TO:

A CHYRON reads 'August 16, 5:29 AM' over --

INT. THE EXIT ROOM - MAIN LOUNGE - EARLY MORNING

Easy sits in the corner of a banquet, in pain. Chugs from a
bottle of scotch. We see a big, ugly scar on his arm socket.

Sky, Angel, Bettie, Casey, Mia and Angel sit around him.
Danny and Vin sit at the bar, facing them, guns aimed.

SKY

(whispers to Casey)

Nothing like seeing a guy getting his arm
blown off to sober you up.

Casey nods, in a daze.

DANNY

Not as much fun as sitting at the bar, I
know.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DANNY (CONT'D)

But your priviledges have been revoked.
(low, to Vin)
What did you do with his arm?

VIN

(whispers)
In the VIP room with the dead guy.

MIA

(to Danny)
Could I get some ice for his shoulder?

DANNY

No. Nobody moves. Tried being nice and it didn't work.

SKY

What if we have to go to the bathroom?

DANNY

Then you pee in your pants.

BETTIE

Shit.

DANNY

That, too.

VIN

I'm really hungry, Danny.

DANNY

Then do some more blow.

VIN

Nah. That shit fucked me up. Stomach's tied up in knots. What if I go outside and see what's going on? If the coast is clear I could go get some food.

DANNY

Are you fucking crazy? It's too risky.

MIA

There's a Twenty-Four-Mart a couple blocks away. He could go behind the stores in the alley.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VIN

Yeah?

DANNY

(looks at his watch)

It's still dark out --

VIN

C'mon. Let me go take a look. I'll creep up the stairs real careful like. Nobody will see me.

Pause.

DANNY

Okay. But be careful.

(looks at the group)

I supposed you're all hungry.

VIN

Are you kidding? After the shit they pulled? Let 'em starve.

CASEY

I don't see why the rest of us should be punished for Tango and Cash's shenanigans.

Danny looks at her a long beat. Narrows his eyes.

DANNY

(to Vin)

What the fuck. Get enough stuff to make sandwiches for everybody.

SKY

I'm a vegan --

DANNY

You're lucky you're fucking ALIVE. You'll eat whatever grub you're given.

VIN

You wanna feed them ALL?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DANNY

Why not. Good faith gesture. Maybe the media will call me 'The Gentleman Gunman' or some shit.

VIN

You're fucking crazy.

DANNY

Crazy like a fox. If their bellies are full, they might not get so desperate again.

(to the group)

Right?

(off their nods, to Vin)

Get a couple loaves of bread, some cold cuts and chips and shit.

VIN

Okay.

He starts heading for the door.

DANNY

Be careful.

Vin nods. Unlocks the door. Slowly opens it. Peers out. Then leaves. Shuts the door behind him.

CASEY

Thanks.

DANNY

Yeah, well -- I figure if things go south, maybe they'll go easier on me if I treat you like human beings.

EASY

Right. Like blowing off my arm?

DANNY

You tried to grab my gun. That was your fault, not mine. I was giving you lines of coke, remember?

CASEY

You seem like too nice a guy to be --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DANNY

What. A cold-blooded killer? You surprise me. As a writer, you of all people should know people are complicated.

(beat)

What I want to know is why you're all here. You've got great careers, tons of dough, and yet you're hanging out in an after-hours club on a weeknight at five in the morning. What's up with that?

BETTIE

I was doing an Amy Winehouse until you interrupted me.

DANNY

Makes sense. Your last album tanked, and I saw that video on YouTube. Ouch. You really clocked that kid.

BETTIE

Label's gonna drop me. My band won't speak to me. There's nothing to live for. Music is my life.

DANNY

Gonna make a hell of a 'Behind The Music.'

(to Easy)

I think I got you figured out. The press is going to out you, right?

EASY

He shoots, he scores.

DANNY

Wasn't a detective for nothing.

(to Sky)

And you, Mr. HIV-positive. Just found out?

SKY

Yeah.

DANNY

Then why come here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

SKY
Getting married tomorrow.

DANNY
So the wife doesn't know.

SKY
What do you think?

DANNY
I think they should rename this place
'The Hideout.'
(to Casey)
What's your deal? Looking for your next
story?

CASEY
More like avoiding trying.

DANNY
But you found it, didn't you.

CASEY
Maybe.

DANNY
If you live through this, you're gonna
write about it.

CASEY
I'm thinking about it.

DANNY
Maybe Ethan Hawke here can play me.

CASEY
Nah. Too scrawny. Thinking more of a
George Clooney type.

DANNY
I'll take that as a compliment.

CASEY
So why did you rob the dirty cop? You
know him?

DANNY
Know him? He was my fucking partner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

CASEY

What did he do to you?

DANNY

If I tell you that, you could testify
against me in a court of law.

CASEY

C'mon. I'm curious. I wanna know.

DANNY

You know what they say about curiosity --

They stare at each other. The buzzer RINGS. Everyone looks.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Too soon to be Vin --

(to Mia)

Go see who it is. Tell 'em we're closed.
If it's a cop, stall him. If it's the
loan shark guys, tell 'em Angel's gone.

Mia nods. Gets up. Walks over to the door. Danny follows her.

MIA

Sorry. We're closed.

EXCITED MALE VOICE (O.C.)

I'm looking for Mickey. I know he's here.

Angel breathes a sigh of relief.

MIA

I said WE'RE CLOSED.

EXCITED MALE VOICE (O.C.)

C'mon, man. I know he's here. Let me in.
It's an emergency.

MIA

He's not here. He left.

EXCITED MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Oh, yeah? Then why's his car still here?
If you don't let me in, I'm gonna call
the cops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

DANNY
(to Mia)
Step aside.

She does. Danny unlocks the door. YANKS it open. Aims his sawed-off at Excited Male Voice.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Shut the fuck up and get your ass in here.

In walks HARRY DILL (60's), dishevelled, with shaggy hair and a beard. Natty in flip flops, board shorts and a ratty tie-dyed t-shirt that makes The Dude look sophisticated.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Go over there and sit with the others.

HARRY
(stares at the gun)
I can dig it. Tight security. Chill. I'm cool. I'm cool.
(looks at the others)
Where's Mickey?
(sees Angel's stump)
Whoah. Dude's missing an arm. Now that's what I call a fucking party.

DANNY
Sit down and shut the fuck up.

HARRY
So where's Mickey? In the head?

DANNY
Mickey's dead. SIT.

HARRY
He's DEAD? Wh-what h-happened?

Danny PUNCHES him in the stomach. Harry doubles over.

HARRY (CONT'D)
Dude. That fucking HURT. Why'd you have to do that?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

DANNY

Cause I told you to SIT DOWN and SHUT THE
FUCK UP.

Harry nods. Takes a seat.

HARRY

Alright. Jeez.

DANNY

Why did you want to see him? What the
fuck was so important?

HARRY

We got raided by the Feds. All of our
inventory was seized. I barely escaped
and I was coming to warn him. Didn't
answer his cell so I knew something was
up --

(looks at Danny's gun)

But not something like this. Did you rob
a bank or something?

DANNY

Why does everybody think we robbed a
fucking BANK?

(beat)

How did you know he was coming here?

HARRY

He told me. We're business partners. I
procure the inventory and he distributes
it. Some cat who works here is a
customer.

(beat)

Dude. My heart's beating a mile a minute.
Mind if I smoke out?

DANNY

'Smoke out?'

HARRY

You know, weed. You can have some, too.
Chill you right out.

DANNY

That's actually not a bad idea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

HARRY

Right on.

He pulls a joint out of his pocket. LIGHTS IT with a click of his Zippo. Takes a big hit. Hands it to Danny. He takes a toke. Holds it in. Nods. EXHALES.

DANNY

(hands it back)

That's good shit.

HARRY

Oh, yeah. OG Kush from Humbolt. None of that hydroponic bullshit. I mean, sure it gives you a great high, but it's gone an hour later. This shit'll give you a body-shizzle that'll last all night.

(stares at Bettie)

Sugar Magnolia, blossoms blooming. I'm in the presence of the Dark Goddess.

BETTIE

(smiles)

That's me. Can I get a hit?

DANNY

It would be an honor. Weed is the universal language of stoned.

He passes it to her. She takes a ginormous hit. Holds it in.

HARRY

(low, to himself)

Mickey's dead. Who am I gonna get to move my product?

(looks at Danny)

Can I -- ask what happened?

DANNY

My partner accidentally blew his head off. Got nervous, thought he was hitting on him.

HARRY

Pulp Fiction, ahoy.

(looks at the group)

Which one is he -- or she?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

DANNY

He's not here. He went out to get some food.

HARRY

A hostage situation with snacks. Far out.

(realizes)

So -- you're not gonna let me go.

DANNY

Now you're catching on.

HARRY

Guess it's safer here than back at my place. Joint's crawling with DEA.

DANNY

Sounds like it's your lucky night.

HARRY

Hey. If you're given lemons --

(brightens)

Can we have some tunage?

DANNY

You mean -- music?

HARRY

Soothes the savage beast. This IS a club, daddy-o.

CASEY

(to Danny)

Great idea. We get high, listen to some music, then have something to eat when Vin gets back. You'll be relaxed and refreshed for when you make your escape.

Pause.

DANNY

Okay. But no dancing.

DISSOLVE TO:

A CHYRON reads 'August 16, 5:43 AM' over --

INT. THE EXIT ROOM - EARLY MORNING

The lush world beat of Thievery Corporation gently pulses through hidden speakers over --

Everybody sitting on the banquette getting high. Danny's at one end with his shotgun on his lap. Bettie stands in the middle of the room doing an interpretive dance.

DANNY
(laughs)
I thought I said 'no dancing.'

BETTIE
I'm not dancing.

DANNY
No shit.

DANNY (CONT'D)
(looks at Mia)
So what's your story? You an actress-
slash-model?

MIA
I guess so.

DANNY
You guess so? Then why look so sad?
You're pursuing your dream.
(off her look)
There's no need to be afraid of me. I'm
not gonna hurt you.

MIA
Right before you -- came, I got a call
from my sister. My mother had a stroke
and she was being rushed to the hospital.
And I don't know if she's okay.

DANNY
Oh, wow. Shit. I'm sorry.

MIA
Can I use your cell phone to call the
hospital?

The buzzer RINGS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FEMALE COP (O.C.)
Open up, it's the police.

DANNY

VIN

DANNY
(to Mia)
Go answer it. Shut off the lights and pretend you're closing up. If you can get rid of her, I'll let you call your mom, okay?
(to the rest)
Everybody else get behind the bar.

They quickly tip-toe toward the back. Danny takes position next to the door. Mia goes to a panel on the wall, shuts off the lights. Opens the door. A tough-looking FEMALE UNIFORMED OFFICER (30's) appears.

MIA
Hello, officer. I was just closing up.
Can I help you?

TOUGH-LOOKING FEMALE COP
You're just closing now? What kinda place is this?

MIA
After-hours club.
(smiles)
Very exclusive.

TOUGH-LOOKING FEMALE COP
(sniffs)
I smell marijuana.

MIA
Yeah, I know. It's against the rules. But who's gonna argue with Easy Washington?

TOUGH-LOOKING FEMALE COP
Easy Washington was here? Tonight? Shit.

MIA
Yeah. We had quite the crowd tonight -- Bettie Black, Sky Masters, Casey Montana --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOUGH-LOOKING FEMALE COP
Who's Casey Montana?

MIA
She wrote Wilshire Boulevard?

TOUGH-LOOKING FEMALE COP
Oh, wow. I loved that movie.
(peers in)
So they're all gone?

MIA
Yep. Were you looking for somebody?

TOUGH-LOOKING FEMALE COP
Yeah. Had a home invasion up in the
hills. Cop got killed.

MIA
Oh, no. That's terrible.

TOUGH-LOOKING FEMALE COP
Tell me about it. Got everybody they can
on it. Got me outta bed.

MIA
Wow. That sucks.
(off his look)
Do you mind if I get going? I've got a
sick mother at home that needs me.

TOUGH-LOOKING FEMALE COP
(keeps peering inside)
Yeah, sure.
(sees something)
Wait a minute. Is that blood?

She pulls out her flashlight. Shines it into the room. Sees
the pool of blood where Easy's arm got blown off.

MIA
Oh, they got into a little scuffle.
Cleaning crew will take care of it later.

TOUGH-LOOKING FEMALE COP
That's a hell of a lotta blood, miss. I'm
gonna have to go in and take a look.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MIA
You sure? It was just a little fight --

TOUGH-LOOKING FEMALE COP
Step aside please, Miss.

Mia shrugs. Moves. Tough-Looking walks in.

TOUGH-LOOKING FEMALE COP (CONT'D)
Could you turn the lights on please?

She goes to the panel. FLICKS them on. Tough-Looking walks in. Looks at the blood. Then at the banquet area and table where everybody was partying. Sees the booze, the pot.

TOUGH-LOOKING FEMALE COP (CONT'D)
That was some party.
(turns to her)
You just left all that stuff lying
around? Why didn't you clean it up?

A shotgun appears next to her head.

DANNY (O.C.)
Because the party's just getting started.

Reveal Danny. Holding it.

DISSOLVE TO:

A CHYRON reads 'August 16, 5:51 AM' over --

INT. THE EXIT ROOM - EARLY MORNING

A big spread of food is on the table. Everybody sits on the banquet eating sandwiches. Vin's there, too. Looks like hell in greasy, filthy clothing.

CASEY
Ohmigod, this is so fucking good.

VIN
Boar's Head. I don't eat that cheap shit.

HARRY
Righteous sandwich. You know your way
around munchies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIN

Great fucking weed. Took the edge right off.

DANNY

(to Vin)

You really paid a homeless guy to switch clothes with you?

VIN

Yeah. Gave him a hundred bucks. There were so many cops around, I had to disguise myself --

(takes a bite)

That's what took me so long to get back.

DANNY

I gotta say I'm impressed.

VIN

What about the cop? How long before they start looking for her?

DANNY

(holds up a walkie talkie)

We've got some time. Now that we got her radio we can listen to what's going on.

VIN

I can tell you what's going on. Full media blitz, cops everywhere, choppers.

DANNY

We gotta come up with a new plan. They're gonna find the stolen car.

VIN

Yeah. We're gonna need new wheels.

MIA

You can take my car.

DANNY

What kind of car do you have?

MIA

A Honda SUV. Has tinted windows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DANNY

I dunno. There's gonna be roadblocks. I gotta think about it.

MIA

(to Danny)

While you think about it, can I use your phone to call the hospital?

DANNY

That offer was good if you kept the cop away.

MIA

I tried, but she saw the blood. It wasn't my fault.

VIN

You were gonna let her use your PHONE?

DANNY

(to Mia)

Okay. Make it quick. I'll be listening.

MIA

Ohmigod, THANK YOU.

VIN

What the fuck?

Danny pulls out his cell phone. Hands it to her. Mia takes it, dials a number. Relieved.

DANNY

Chill out. Her mother had a stroke. It's not her fault you fucked up tonight.

VIN

WHAT?

DANNY

Shut up, Vin. I wanna listen.

MIA

(into the phone)

UCLA Medical Center in Santa Monica?

(listens)

Thanks.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MIA (CONT'D)

(listens)

Yes, hi. I'm calling to get some
information on a patient of yours?

(listens)

Lucy Tanaka.

(listens)

Sure, I'll hold.

(to Danny)

I'm holding --

DANNY

It's okay.

MIA

(nods)

Yes? She IS? Thank god. Thank you.

(listens)

She's going home tomorrow?

(listens)

Is my sister there? Can I talk to her?

DANNY

Time's up.

MIA

But I want to ask her --

DANNY

(GRABS the phone)

You found out your mother's okay. Can't
risk you talking to your sister. She'll
be able to tell something's up by the
tone of your voice.

VIN

I can't believe you let her fucking do
that. Hostages aren't allowed to make
phone calls.

DANNY

You really are a pain in the ass, you
know that?

VIN

HEY. I risked my BADGE for you. And
what's this bullshit about 'I fucked up
the job?'

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DANNY
You DID fuck up the job.

CASEY
Wait a minute. Vin's a COP?

DANNY
(nods)
A cop with a gambling problem.

VIN
Why the fuck did you have to tell her
THAT?

DANNY
Cause it's true?

VIN
I didn't fuck up the job. He was going
for his piece.

DANNY
No he wasn't. He was reaching for his
glasses. He was blind without them.
(to Casey)
They were fucking when we walked in --
(to Vin)
And Dirty Harry here just HAD to go in,
guns blazing.

CASEY
Oh my god. This WOULD make a great movie.

VIN
A MOVIE? You can't make a movie outta
this without our permission.

DANNY
I'm giving her mine.

VIN
WHAT?

DANNY
Gonna do something about it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

VIN
(stands)
Maybe.

DANNY
I wouldn't do that if I were you. Be the
last mistake you ever made.
(chuckles)
One in a LONG line --
(imitates him)
'Hello, honey? I lost our mortgage
payment at the track.'

Vin reaches for his gun, but Danny's faster -- and SHOOTs him
with the sawed-off, BOOM. He FLIES backwards, HITS the floor,
THUD. Blood starts PUMPING out of his belly. Casey stares,
wide-eyed. Heart beating a mile a minute.

SKY
Holy shit.

BETTIE
Good riddance.

EASY
Asshole.

ANGEL
I was getting tired of his shit.

MIA
Bye-bye, sucker.

Angel looks at Mia. Smiles.

HARRY
(low)
Remind me not to make him mad.

Casey gets up. Walks over to Danny.

CASEY
You meant that?

DANNY
What?

CASEY
Permission to tell your story.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

DANNY

Yeah.

Angel nudges Sky. Points at Vin's body. They nod. Get up, pick him up and carry him out of the room.

MIA

(softly)

I'll go make us some drinks.

Bettie and Easy follow her to the bar. Danny watches them out of the corner of his eye.

CASEY

Wilshire Boulevard's a true story.

DANNY

No shit?

CASEY

(nods)

I'm Jenny.

DANNY

But you said you liked to fuck girls.

CASEY

Doesn't mean I don't like to fuck guys.

DANNY

Thank heaven for small miracles.

CASEY

That's why I haven't been able to write.

DANNY

Why don't you just find another true story?

CASEY

I tried, but it didn't work. The story's gotta happen to me.

(beat)

Watching my boyfriend kill my parents and my brother really --

(beat)

So I wrote about it. It was the only way I could let go.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

CASEY (CONT'D)

(whispers)

But I haven't been able to have sex.

DANNY

Really.

CASEY

Yeah.

(beat)

But now --

DANNY

You've been waiting for another triple homicide to come along?

CASY

More like -- waiting for a muse.

DANNY

I inspire you?

CASEY

Scary, huh?

DANNY

Boo.

CASEY

Gonna huff and puff?

DANNY.

Blow your house down.

They GRAB each other. Start going at it, hot and heavy. Angel and Sky come back in, see what they're doing. Go to the bar. Join the others. Whisper to each other.

Danny pulls Casey over to the banquet so they won't be seen. Lays her down. Kisses her neck. Pulls his sawed-off out from his waistband. Points it at her crotch.

DANNY

Ever had both barrels?

CASEY

Go ahead.

(beat)

Fill me with buckshot.

DISSOLVE TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

A CHYRON reads 'August 16, 6:03 AM' over --

INT. THE EXIT ROOM - MAIN LOUNGE - EARLY MORNING

Danny and Casey sit together at the bar next to a bottle in a bucket of ice. Sip champagne from flutes. Danny raises his glass to the others in a toast.

DANNY

Thanks for not trying anything while we were --

CASEY

Busy?

They stare at each other. Smile.

EASY

Well, I'm not really in fighting shape anymore.

DANNY

HEY. Feeling sorry for yourself is not allowed, got it?

EASY

That's easy for you to say.

DANNY

Oh, yeah? Please. You lost your arm, but you've got millions. And you're gonna be remembered as a hero. I'm gonna be lucky if I get out of this alive. Any minute now the cops could break down the door.

SKY

So we should come up a plan.

MIA

I told you. He can take my car. Angel can drive me home.

ANGEL

Yeah, sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASEY

Wait a minute, I've got it. What if I drive, Easy rides shotgun, Bettie and Sky sit behind us, and Danny hides in the back under a blanket?

DANNY

That's fucking brilliant.

CASEY

Four celebrities going to breakfast after a night of partying? We could get through any roadblock.

DANNY

You guys would do that for me?

SKY

We could say you had a gun on us.

DANNY

(raises his glass)

As an expression of my gratitude, I'll give you each a hundred-k, in cash, tax-free. I'll get the fuck outta here, and you'll have some mad money.

CASEY

(raises her glass)

To The Gentleman Bandit. He robs from the rich -- to give to the rich.

SKY

Holy shit. You mean that?

ANGEL

All of us?

MIA

Ohmigod.

HARRY

Dude. Really?

DANNY

Sure. Why not. Now that my partner's gone, I'll still have over a million to head off into the sunset.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CASEY
What about me?

DANNY
You wanna come with?

CASEY
It's my story, too.

DANNY
(nods)
We'll hole up in a shitty motel until the
heat dies down. You can go out and get
food and shit.

CASEY
The start of act three.

The buzzer RINGS.

CASEY (CONT'D)
Shit.

DANNY
(to Angel)
Go see who it is. If it's the loan shark
guys, I've got you covered.
(beat)
Everybody else get down behind the bar.

Angel walks over to the door. Danny follows. The rest scramble
off their stools. Get down on the floor behind the bar. Danny
takes position to the side of the door, shotgun ready.

ANGEL
(at the door)
Who's there?

MALE VOICE (O.C.)
Liquor delivery.

ANGEL
We just had one. It's a mistake. We don't
need anything.

Angel shoots a look at Danny.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

No mistake. Owner ordered that new vodka
from Croatia. Expensive shit.

ANGEL

Really?

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Yeah. C'mon, can you open the door? I
gotta take a wicked piss.

Danny looks at Angel. Nods. Angel unlocks, opens the door --
and two HUGE GUYS (20's) walk in carrying shotguns. PUB, a
crazy-looking Brit, and NED, a scary-looking redneck.

PUB

(aims his gun at Angel)
Just the bloke we're lookin' for.

NED

(looks around)
Fancy joint ya got here.

Danny LEAPS around, JAMS his sawed-off against Ned's cheek.

DANNY

Don't move. Drop it.

PUB

(to Danny)
Drop yours, or I blow da spic's head off.

DANNY

Drop yours, or I spray the wall with Jed
Clampett's brains.

NED

(to Pub)
Wait, wait. If you shoot him, we don't
get no money.
(to Danny)
Who the fuck are you?

DANNY

None of your fucking business. Who the
fuck are YOU?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

PUB

He owes our boss money --

NED

And we're here to collect.

DANNY

How much?

PUB

Two thousand.

ANGEL

TWO thousand? The weekly vig's supposed to be one.

NED

It doubles if you're late.

DANNY

I'll give it to you if you put your gun down.

PUB

You'll give it to me? Right. You just happen to carry around that much cash.

DANNY

I've got it, okay?
(off his look)
I'm in a similar line of work.

NED

How do I know you're not gonna blow my head off?

DANNY

You're just gonna have to trust me.

PUB

He's bluffing.

EASY (O.C.)

Gentlemen. Can't we all just get along?

Reveal Easy. Standing nearby, jacket over his shoulders.

NED

Holy shit. It's Easy Washington.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

PUB

Who gives a shit. I fookin' hate
baseball.

EASY

(smiles)

And I hate soccer. We're even.

NED

I just heard on the radio that you're a
bone-smuggler.

EASY

Well, bisexual is more accurate.

NED

(aims his gun at Easy)

A fag's a fag, no matter if he eats
pussy. It's like being half-black, yer
still black.

SKY (O.C.)

Is that any way to speak to a sports
legend?

Reveal Sky. Standing a few feet to the side.
Holding Vin's gun, aimed at Pub.

PUB

Who the fuck are -- wait a minute.
(to Ned)
That's Sky Masters.

NED

Who?

PUB

Sky Masters. He was in 'Baby Heister.'
You know. The wheelman.

NED

Oh, yeah.

SKY

Nice to meet you, fellas. Now why don't
we all put our guns down so my friend can
give you your money. Whattaya say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

NED
Bullshit. You're tryin' to trick us.

CASEY (O.C.)

BETTIE (O.C.)

Reveal Casey and Bettie. Holding bottles of booze.
They both take a swig. Smile.

BETTIE
C'mon, boys --

CASEY
Let's get the party STARTED.

NED
Holy SHIT. That's Bettie Black.

PUB
(to Casey)
Who are you? You famous, too?

CASEY
(coy)
Maybe --

Bettie and Casey raise their bottles with one hand, PULL UP their tops with the other. Pub and Ned stare at their breasts -- as the girls SMASH the bottles on their heads. They both HIT the floor. THWUMP.

Their shotguns go OFF. BANG. BANG. Angel gets HIT in the belly. FLIES across the room.

MIA
ANGEL, NO.

Easy gets HIT in the crotch, falls to the floor, THWUMP.
Bettie and Casey SCREAM. Harry starts having a HEART ATTACK.
CLUTCHES his chest. Weaves. Falls over. HITS the floor.

Danny aims his sawed-off. BLOWS OFF Pub's head. BANG. Then Ned's. BANG. Danny looks at their bodies. Then the girls.

DANNY
I need a drink.

DISSOLVE TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

A CHYRON reads 'August 16, 6:13 AM' over --

INT. THE EXIT ROOM - MAIN LOUNGE - EARLY MORNING

Mia makes coffee, eyes red-rimmed. Bettie and Casey sit at the bar, in a daze. Bettie pours a shot. Downs it. Pours another. Slams it. Pours another.

CASEY

Still trying to leave Vegas?

BETTIE

Hell, no. That fucking shit was PUNK ROCK. I'm sorry Easy and Angel died and shit, but that lit the fucking spark. I haven't felt this alive in YEARS. Got all kinds of music in my head.

Danny and Sky walk in. Take seats.

DANNY

The VIP room is starting to look like a morgue.

SKY

'Starting to?'

DANNY

(looks at Mia)

I could go for a cup of coffee.

SKY

Make mine Irish.

DANNY

You did good, kid.

SKY

I just got into character -- and did it.

DANNY

(to Casey)

How you holding up? You okay?

CASEY

Top of the world, Ma.

DANNY

No, seriously. You looked spooked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CASEY

I am.
(faint smile)
But it's a good kinda spooked.

BETTIE

I don't know about you, but all this shit gave me the kick in the ass I fucking needed.

SKY

I know, right? Now I don't give a shit what anybody thinks. I fucked up, so I'll pay the price. I'll get clean, go to rehab. Big fucking deal. HIV is no longer a death sentence, right? I'll be fine. Hollywood loves a big comeback.

(beat)

I can't believe I was acting like such a pussy.

DANNY

So the big, bad wolf ends up helping everybody get their shit together.

(beat)

Sure could use some of that myself about now.

Casey takes Danny's hand in hers. Looks in his eyes.

CASEY

So what happened? Why did you do it?

DANNY

We should get going.

CASEY

In a sec. I think we all wanna know.

(looks at the group, off their
nods)

What happened?

Pause.

DANNY

Rael and I used to be partners. Started out squeaky clean. Loved the job.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DANNY (CONT'D)

Both of our fathers were cops, real heroes, you know?

(beat)

We walked the straight and narrow for a long time. But cops don't make very much money -- and every day you're out there busting these assholes who've got a shitload of cash. You're driving a Ford and they've got a Porsche. You wear a Timex, they've got a Rolex. You eat burgers, they have steak.

(beat)

So one day you swipe a little cash after a bust. Who's gonna notice, right? Bust a guy who's got a couple-hundred grand, pocket ten. Big fucking deal. Who does it hurt?

(beat)

We started doing it more and more. Thought of it as a bonus for doing a good job. Take down some lowlife who had a million in coke and a half-a-million in cash, you deserve fifty-k for bringing him down.

(beat)

Problem is, you start getting used to the finer things in life. A cabin up in Big Bear. New clothes for the wife. Nice vacations. You become addicted to spending it. Almost like you want to get rid of it, like you don't really deserve it.

CASEY

I know what you mean. I spent so much money after the movie hit, my accountant almost had a heart attack.

DANNY

How did you stop?

CASEY

I didn't. Why do you think I need the next movie?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DANNY

(nods)

So, anyway -- I rip off a dealer who turns out to be an informer, get busted for being dirty and get thrown off the force. The wife's not happy. No more gravy train.

CASEY

Ohimogd. She slept with Rael.

DANNY

Are you fucking pyschic? How did you know that?

CASEY

Read a lot of books, watch a lot of movies. I can predict a plot twist at twenty paces.

DANNY

No shit.

(sips his coffee)

So -- I did what any broke, jealous asshole would do. Robbed the fucking creep that fucked my wife.

(beat)

Only I didn't think she'd be in bed with him when I did it.

SKY

That's some pretty intense shit.

BETTIE

No shit.

DANNY

I'm afraid I'm not the savior you think I am. I'm just your garden variety criminal.

MIA

But you did it for love. That means something.

DANNY

Love? I dunno. Jealous rage is more like it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DANNY (CONT'D)

After I got kicked off the force, our marriage was never the same.

(beat)

I fucking lived for that job.

CASEY

Well, you got the money.

DANNY

And someone to tell my story.

CASEY

Gonna make a hell of a movie.

DANNY

Whattaya say we get the fuck outta here?

The buzzer RINGS.

URGENT MALE VOICE (O.C.)

OPEN UP, POLICE.

CASEY

Shit.

BANG-BANG-BANGING on the door.

ANGRY COP (O.C.)

OPEN UP THE DOOR RIGHT NOW.

DANNY

We need a diversion.

CASEY

(to Mia)

Go put some music on. Make it seem like a private party or something.

Mia dashes over to the sound system. Turns it on. Thievery Corporation bubbles its world beat on hidden speakers.

BETTIE

Let me try.

DANNY

Yeah, go ahead. Do it.

Bettie nods. RACES over to the door. Opens it a crack. Danny grabs his shotgun. Follows her. Stands off to the side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BETTIE

Sorry, officer. Private party. Was the music too loud? Joint's supposed to be soundproof --

ANGRY COP (O.C.)

I need to come in and search the place, Miss. There's a dangerous felon on the loose.

(beat)

You're Bettie Black --

BETTIE

That's me.

ANGRY COP (O.C.)

I'm afraid I'm still gonna have to come in.

BETTIE

Do you have to? Me and my friends were gonna be leaving soon. Can you come back a little later?

ANGRY COP (O.C.)

I'm sorry, Ms. Black.

BETTIE

Bettie, please. Do I looke like a 'Ms?'

ANGRY COP (O.C.)

I believe you -- Bettie, but I gotta come in. It's my job. We gotta check every building. Sorry to inconvenience you.

BETTIE

Who you looking for?

ANGRY COP (O.C.)

Are you kidding? It's all over the news.

BETTIE

I don't watch the news. You said you're looking for a dangerous felon?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

ANGRY COP (O.C.)

Yeah. Some asshole killed a cop up in the hills. We got a city-wide manhunt going on.

BETTIE

Holy shit.

ANGRY COP (O.C.)

I'll just be a minute.

BETTIE

Well, see -- the thing is, we've been doing some partying. Smoking some weed, doing a little blow. Promise you won't bust us?

ANGRY COP (O.C.)

Don't worry about it. Got bigger fish to fry. Now if you'll excuse me --

The door starts to push open. ANGRY COP (30's) starts coming in. Meet sergeant BIFF GRIFFIN, a big beefy fellow. Danny SHOVES his sawed-off against the side of his head.

DANNY

Make one move and you're chunks in sauce.

Biff freezes.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I want you to take three steps, VERY SLOWLY.

He does. Danny continues to aim the gun at his head. Bettie quickly closes the door.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Now VERY SLOWLY unholster your weapon, drop it on the floor and kick it across the room.

Biff carefully unsnaps the holster. Gingerly pulls it out. DROPS it. KICKS it. The gun SKITTERS across the floor.

BIFF

You'll never get away with this. You realize how many cops are out there?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

DANNY

Shut up. Now the gun on your ankle.

He sighs. Bends down. Pulls up a pants leg. Pulls out a small snub-nose revolver. Drops it and kicks it away.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Now your pepper spray.

Biff unhooks a cannister off his belt. TOSSES it.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Go sit over there.

He marches defiantly over to the banquet. Sits. Glowering.

BIFF

My partner's gonna come looking for me.

DANNY

Shut the fuck up.

SKY

You want us to tie him up?

BIFF

(looks at him)

Hey. You're that actor.

DANNY

I said SHUT THE FUCK UP.

(to Mia)

You got some rope or something in the office?

MIA

I think we have some twine.

DANNY

Go get it.

Mia dashes off.

CASEY

We should keep him in here. The other cop in the VIP room and he could help each other escape.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

DANNY
Yeah. Good idea.

BETTIE
(points)
Over there against the wall.

SKY
(points)
Over there in that dark corner's better.

BIFF
(to Danny)
Wait a minute. They're not acting like
hostages. What the fuck's going on?

Danny marches over. CRACKS him on the head with the sawed-off. Biff slumps over, out cold.

DANNY
What part of 'shut the fuck up' didn't
you get?

DISSOLVE TO:

A CHYRON reads 'August 16, 6:22 AM' over --

INT. THE EXIT ROOM - MAIN LOUNGE - EARLY MORNING

Danny stands near the door holding the duffle bag. Casey, Bettie, Sky and Mia are right behind him.

DANNY
I'll go out first, make sure we can get
to Mia's car. Okay?

CASEY
Be careful.

Biff's radio CRACKLES.

TIRED MALE VOICE (O.C.)
(electronic)
Finished the other side of the street.
You almost done? Wanna go get some
coffee?

CASEY
Shit. That must be his partner.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIRED MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Biff, you copy that?

(beat)

Biff?

(beat)

You takin' a piss or something?

CASEY

He's gonna start looking for him.

SKY

We still can make it to the car.

BETTIE

Are you crazy? He's right nearby.

Danny walks over to the cop. Grabs his radio.

CASEY

Danny, NO. What are you doing? Are you crazy?

He presses a button. Speaks into it.

DANNY

Okay. Here's the deal. I'm the guy you're looking for, and I've got your partner on ice. I've got two million dollars, give or take. Half of it is yours if you help me.

TIRED MALE VOICE (O.C.)

What the fuck have you done with my partner?

DANNY

Relax. He's just taking a little nap. And I've got five more hostages, one of 'em is another cop. If you don't help me, they die, capiche?

TIRED MALE VOICE (O.C.)

You honestly think I'm gonna help a cop killer?

DANNY

Think about it. That's your salary for twenty years. Tax-free.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Pause.

TIRED MALE VOICE (O.C.)
Where are you?

DANNY
Small white building on the corner. Used
to be a bank. Can't miss it.

TIRED MALE VOICE (O.C.)
I'm on my way.

Danny shoves the radio in his pocket.

DANNY
Okay, everybody. We got company.

CASEY
This is fucking crazy.

SKY
No, it's not. It's five against one.

BETTIE
(to Sky)
Yeah, but only you and Danny have guns.

CASEY
(realizes)
The cop's guns --

She races across the room. Finds his guns on the floor.
Picks them up. Walks over to Bettie. Hands her one.

BETTIE
Fucking COOL.

DANNY
Ever shot a gun before?

BETTIE
Hell, yeah. Grew up in Texas.

DANNY
(to Casey)
How about you?

CASEY
Only in my dreams.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

DANNY

It's easy. Just take aim, take a deep breath and squeeze the trigger. Use two hands. Sucker's got quite a kick.

CASEY

(nods)

Squeeze the trigger.

DANNY

Okay, then. It's settled. We're all in this together.

The buzzer RINGS.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Places, please. Aim at the door.

MIA

Don't I get a gun?

DANNY

Get behind the bar, Mia.

She frowns. Starts walking toward the bar. Danny goes to the door. Leans into it.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Come in nice and slow.

The door slowly opens. In walks Sergeant LUTHER JAMES (20's), African-American, tall, good-looking, holding his weapon in a two-handed grip. Danny points his sawed-off at him.

LUTHER

Looks like a standoff, cop killer.

DANNY

Not quite.

Casey, Sky and Bettie come into view, weapons aimed.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I get by with a little help from my friends.

LUTHER

Wait a minute. Sky Masters?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SKY
Yippee-kai-yay, motherfucker.

LUTHER
And Bettie Blue?

BETTIE
Helter Skelter, baby.

LUTHER
(to Casey)
You're that writer.

BETTIE
(nods)
The sword is mightier than the pen.

LUTHER
(to Danny)
You're trusting your hostages with guns?
What, they go Patty Hearst on your ass?

DANNY
You'll have to ask them.

LUTHER
Where's my partner? Show me he's okay.

DANNY
(nods behind him)
In the corner there. He's out, but he's
okay.

LUTHER
(sees him, nods)
Where's the money?

DANNY
Behind the bar in a duffle. Feel free to
count it.

LUTHER
How exactly do you propose I get you
outta here?

DANNY
In your car. Take me to a motel and
you're a rich man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

CASEY
I'm coming with him.

LUTHER
What?

CASEY
He's gonna need someone to check him in
and then go out for supplies and shit.

LUTHER
You're gonna jeopardize your career for
him?

CASEY
You got that backwards. He's gonna save
it.

DISSOLVE TO:

A CHYRON reads 'August 16, 6:39 AM' over --

INT. THE EXIT ROOM - MAIN LOUNGE - EARLY MORNING

Everybody sits around the bar. Looks at the giant stack of
cash sitting on it.

CASEY
Isn't it beautiful?

LUTHER
You underestimated. Two-point-three
million. That means I get one-point-one-
five.

DANNY
Check out the math major.

The police radio SQUAWKS to life.

POLICE DISPATCHER (O.C.)
Attention, all units. The perp is holed
up at Croci's boutique in Sunset Plaza,
one-five-oh-one Sunset. All available
units respond.

LUTHER
(under his breath)
Shit.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUTHER (CONT'D)
(into the radio)
Copy that. We're on our way. Are units on
the scene yet?

POLICE DISPATCHER (O.C.)
Roger that.

LUTHER
How'd they find him?

POLICE DISPATCHER (O.C.)
Homeless person found a 'help' note in
the window well outside. Wanted to know
if there was a reward.
(chuckles)
Maybe we should hire him. Did a better
job than our guys did.

LUTHER
Copy that. Over.

He clicks the radio off.

LUTHER (CONT'D)
You're fucked.

DANNY
So are you.

POUNING on the door.

ANGRY COP (O.C.)
POLICE, OPEN UP. WE KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE.

CASEY
Shit.

SKY
Fuck.

BETTIE
Motherfucker.

DANNY
Okay, everybody. Calm down. Let me think.

LUTHER
Think? They've got the place surrounded.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

DANNY
But I have hostages.

LUTHER
You got co-conspirators.

DANNY
But they don't know that.
(smiles)
And I've got you. Gimme your weapon.

LUTHER
Are you fucking kidding me?

DANNY
If I've got your weapon, they'll think
you're a hostage, not a co-conspirator.

ANGRY COP (O.C.)
Open the door RIGHT NOW, OR WE'LL BREAK
IT DOWN.

Danny races over to the door. SHOUTS.

DANNY
You might not want to do that. I've got
seven hostages. Three celebrities, three
cops and a bartender.

ANGRY COP (O.C.)
Three celebrities and three COPS?

DANNY
That's right. So I certainly hope you've
got one hell of a hostage negotiator.

ANGRY COP (O.C.)
He's on his way. Who are the celebs?

DANNY
Sky Masters, Bettie Black and Casey
Montana.

ANGRY COP (O.C.)
Who's Casey Montana?
(to someone else)
Already?
(to Danny)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANGRY COP (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Negotiator's here. Get away from the
door. He's coming in.

Danny unlocks the door. Moves away from it. The door OPENS.
In walks MARKO MAISEL (50's), medium-height, buff, balding
and fierce-looking. Wearing a skin-tight black jumpsuit. Red-
tinted shades. He smiles brightly, eyes burning with menace.

MARKO
Did somebody order a hostage negotiator?
(off his look)
You're the crazed gunman, I take it?

DANNY
I wouldn't use the word 'crazed.'

MARKO
Marko Maisel, LAPD, at your service.
(nods)
Wish I could say I was pleased to meet
you, but given the circumstances, this
being work-related and all --
(examines him)
But still, you look like a fairly decent
fellow. No frothing at the mouth --

DANNY
Haven't frothed in years.

MARKO
And you have a sense of humor. That's
good. Might just save your life.
(beat)
Do you know how long I've been a hostage
negotiator?

DANNY
No, but I've got a funny feeling you're
gonna tell me.

MARKO
Twenty-five years.

DANNY
That's a lot of hostages.

MARKO
Do you know how many I've lost in all
those years?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

DANNY

Let me guess. None?

MARKO

Smart lad. I like that. Smart.

(sighs)

If only you'd applied yourself in a different field, who knows what you could have accomplished.

DANNY

Guess we'll never know.

Marko looks at everyone at the bar. Sees their guns.

MARKO

I was told there were celebrities in here, but I didn't believe it.

(looks around)

This is a nightclub, I take it. Open kind of late -- or should I say early?

DANNY

After-hours club.

MARKO

(sees Biff)

There's one officer --

(looks at Luther)

And there's another one.

(looks at Danny)

Where's the third?

DANNY

In the VIP room getting a table dance.

MARKO

I must say, that's quite impressive. You've kept three hostages at bay and overpowered three cops all by yourself?

DANNY

When I came in, I had a partner.

MARKO

Where is he now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

DANNY
I'm afraid he's no longer with us.

MARKO
But still, three cops. I'm impressed.

DANNY
Let's just say I'm resourceful.

CASEY
He had some help.

BETTIE
We're not hostages. He's our friend.

SKY
He's not a bad person once you get to know him.

CASEY
He was upset. The guy slept with his wife. His partner was the one that did all the shooting.

Marko stares at them. Slowly nodding his head. Thinking.

DANNY
So what happens now?

MARKO
Well, this is the point where I ask you to give yourself up and come with me quietly, tell you I'll try to get you the best deal I can --

(beat)

But somehow I don't think you're gonna go for that.

DANNY
That would be correct.

MARKO
Then I assume you have demands? You'd like transportation out of here? Safe passage so you can make your escape? Maybe a pizza?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

DANNY

No thanks. I've seen Dog Day Afternoon.
We've got our own transportation. Just want
you to back off and let us split.

MARKO

I see.

MIA

They're taking my car.

MARKO

You must be the bartender. That's very
generous. I assume you're also generous
with your cocktails?

MIA

(half-smile)

Sometimes.

Pause.

MARKO

Tell you what I'll do. If you let me
escort the officers out of here, I'll go
ask my boss.

DANNY

Sorry. The officers stay.

Marko stares at him. Then at the others. Thinking.

MARKO

I'll just be a few minutes.

He leaves.

CASEY

Jesus Christ. That guy's fucking weird.

SKY

You think they're gonna let us go?

BETTIE

Of course they are. They're not gonna
shoot celebrities.

DANNY

I wouldn't be too sure of that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

Suddenly we hear DRILLING from above.

CASEY
What the fuck's THAT?

DANNY
They're coming in.

LUTHER
Fuck this shit. I'm getting the fuck
OUTTA here.

He shoots Danny in the belly. BANG. BANG. BANG. Sky SHOTS Luther in the chest, BANG. BANG. BANG. Luther slumps against the bar, SLIDES off his stool, HITS the floor, THWUMP.

DANNY
(holding his stomach)
Motherfucker that hurts.

Casey rushes over. Tries to stop the bleeding with her hands.

CASEY
Shit, shit, shit --
(gasps)
GODAMMIT.

The drilling gets LOUDER. A circular piece of the ceiling FALLS, hits the floor, BANG. Grey GAS starts BILLOWING out from the hole. Starts filling the room.

SKY
SHIT. What do we do?

BETTIE
They can't DO this. We're FAMOUS.

DANNY
Guess the joke's on you.

MIA
I'll go see if I can break a window in
the bathroom.

She RACES out of the room. The smoke starts getting THICKER. Everyone starts CHOKING. Blood burbles out of Danny's mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

DANNY

(to Casey)

They're gonna be coming in any second.
Save yourself.

CASEY

No fucking way. I'm not leaving you.

DANNY

You wanna fucking DIE? You got your
story. Go. NOW.

CASEY

But there's NOWHERE TO GO.

DANNY

VIP room. Separate ventilation. For
cigars --

CASEY

But, but --

DANNY

GO.

Casey looks into his eyes. Bites her lower lip.

CASEY

I don't wanna leave you.

DANNY

That makes two us.

CASEY

What we had was -- nice, wasn't it?

DANNY

It was True Romance, baby. But you gotta
go now.

(off her look)

Do it for me. Tell my story.

She gets up. Wipes her nose with a bloody sleeve.

CASEY

I promise I'll do you justice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

DANNY

(softly)

I know you will. Now please, get the fuck outta here.

A tear trickles down her cheek. She turns, RACES out of the room -- just as the door EXPLODES off it's hinges. Two dozen SWAT COMMANDOS wearing full body armor and ventilators STORM into the room FIRING AUTOMATIC WEAPONS.

Sky and Bettie try to RUN, but get CUT DOWN in their tracks. Danny's body gets SHREDDED with bullets, his body JERKING around like a puppet.

LEAD COMMANDO

CLEAR.

They STORM toward the back.

INT. VIP ROOM - EARLY MORNING

Even plusher than the rest of the joint. We see Tough-Looking Female Cop, tied and gagged. Still out cold. A pile of bodies in the corner. Easy. Angel. Mickey. Vin. Harry. Pub. Ned. And underneath them, Casey, eyes closed.

The door gets KICKED IN. A pair of COMMANDOS RACE in. See the carnage. Pull off their masks. Walk over.

TALL COMMANDO

Holy shit.

BULKY COMMANDO

I think one of 'em's still alive.

A GIANT COMMANDO walks in. Sees them. The bodies.

GIANT COMMANDO

We're clear.

(sees the bodies)

Jesus fucking Christ. And I thought the dead chick in the bathroom was fucked.

Tall Commando bends down. Feels Casey's pulse. She opens her eyes. Looks at them.

TALL COMMANDO

Hold on miss, we'll get you outta here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BULKY COMMANDO

(to Tall)

Smart girl. Pretended she was dead.

TALL COMMANDO

(nods, to Casey)

Someday you're gonna have a great story
to tell your grandchildren.

Casey stares at him a beat. Her eyes flicker.

CASEY

Make a great movie, don't you think?