

CONFLICTING ISSUES

FADE IN:

INT.: FBI SURVEILLANCE VAN -- DARK, BLUE FILTER -- PRESENT DAY

CLOSE UP: Reel to Reel spinning as voices talk.

VOICES: Three men (JAMES, MAN #1, and MAN #2) talking through a static feed.

MAN #1 (O.S.)  
It's about time Johnny brought that money into town.

JAMES (O.S.)  
(Slurs)  
It's to bad you had to kill him.

MAN #2 (O.S.)  
He was a fucking liability Frank.

SOUND: glass breaking.

INT.: BAR FRONT #1 - VERY DIM, YELLOW FILTER - CURRENT DAY

BAR FRONT: Very dark old bar. Wood trim, wood paneling and a very old wooden bar with brass fixtures. Pool tables are covered in balls and cues. A long mirror is behind the bar with bottles around the bottom of it. A tall BARTENDER (#1) stands behind the bar cleaning beer mugs while three men sit at the bar (JAMES, MAN #1, MAN #2). They are the only ones in the bar.

BARTENDER #1: A tall bald man, lots of stubble on his face, well built, suspenders, black pants, stained sleeveless undershirt. Looks rough and mean. Sweat beads are on his head.

JAMES: Late 30s, hair thinning. Not clean shaven, sweaty, wearing a dirty three-piece suit under a tan trench coat. Sloppy drunk leaning on the bar talking half nonsense to Man #1.

MAN #1: Fifty year old man in a three-piece suit. Come over hair, two big gold and diamond rings. Gold rimmed sunglasses. Drinking whiskey and talking to James and Man #2. His black trench coat is draped over his barstool. A holster and gun are strapped to his back and ankle. Is very dominate...appears like a boss.

MAN #2: Forty year old man dressed in a shirt and tie. Italian, very clean cut. Wears a lot of gold necklaces, rings and has a gold tooth. Drinking a glass of wine and listening to MAN#1 talking.

CLOSE UP: The back of James' head as he slumps over the bar. He turns his head and drools on the bar.

PAN OUT: show all three men from the opposite end of the bar so all three men are in shot.

MAN #1

(Angrily)

Hey what the hell's with you man?

MAN #2

When I said we should get a drink to celebrate I didn't think he'd drink a whole fuckin' bottle...How fuckin' unprofessional.

MAN #1

(turns to Man #2)

I can't believe Billy said this guy was good. That's the last time I take somebody from him. This guys fuckin' out of it.

James falls off of bar stool onto floor as Man #1 tries to catch him. Bartender bends over bar to see what's going on.

MAN #2

(Grabs bartenders arm)

Ain't nothing man. He'll sleep it off. We better get back to counting the money. I'd like it if he wasn't around while we do that.

MAN #1

(Grabs James by coat collar and starts to drag him to corner)

Johnny...help me get him over in the corner.

INT. WHERE HOUSE - DIMLY LIT - DAY - CONTINUOUS

WHERE HOUSE: Aluminum walls, lots of cardboard boxes piled around. Four men (HIT MEN) sit around a round table playing five-card stud. All four have a gun in front of them. Chains are hanging from the ceiling, it looks like a shipping where house.

HIT MAN #1: Young 40s. Wears black suit tie and a black scarf. Determined. Leader of bunch. Looks Greek or Mediterranean. Playing with two aces and three kings.

HIT MAN #2: Late 30s. Talks a lot. Seems like he's the voice for Hit Man #1 by leaning in his direction every time he opens his mouth. He's a little fat, sloppy and balding. Black suit. Wears a lot of gold jewelry and gold rimmed sunglasses. Playing with a pair of twos, a five, an eight, and a Jack.

HIT MAN #3: 20 year old. Wears black suit. Hair slicked back. Italian and seems full of him self. Plays with a full house 2 queens and 3 10s.

HIT MAN #4: 26 year old Italian. Crew cut. Doesn't talk at all. Wrinkly face, seems like he knows something the rest don't. He wears his shirt and tie very tight and his gun closer to himself than any of the others. Listens closely to everything the men say. Playing with a Royal flush.

Camera revolves around table as men talk. The camera sees what cards they have. As each person talks they throw in a couple \$20 bills into growing pile.

HIT MAN #2

(Smoking a cigar)

I don't see what the fuck we're doin around here.

HIT MAN #1

(Raising his hand like he is going to slap HIT MAN #2)

Why don't you shut the fuck up. I told you we're not moving until we get the call that the money is there.

HIT MAN #3

It's not like we don't know they're there. If they are there, the money is there and we should do it before they open up tonight.

Camera moves behind HIT MAN #4 to show his cards as HIT MAN #1 talks.

HIT MAN #1

(Stands up angrily)

The call will come before they open...if it doesn't...we don't move a muscle.

HIT MAN #4 throws in his cards (folds).

SOUND: Phone rings.

FADE OUT:

INT. BAR FRONT #1 - DIMLY LIT, YELLOW FILTER - CONTINUOUS

The MAN #1 & #2 drag James to the corner by the pool tables. James throws up a little and the two back up covering their noses with their sleeves. MAN #2 puts a bottle of whisky on James' lap and heads back to the bar.

MAN #2

What the fuck man...this guys pathetic. He didn't even drink that much.

MAN #1

Forget about it. Lets get the rest  
of that cash out of here. It's gotta  
be done for Geno tonight.

As the two men walk to a door next to the bar the front door  
opens. The Bartender and the two men turn towards it.

SLOW MOTION: Bright sun flair as front door opens. Four HIT  
MEN enter with black trench coats. HIT MAN #3 pulls out a  
sawed off shotgun from under his coat, HIT MAN #1 enters  
next with two automatic hand guns, HIT MAN #4 enters next  
with an uzi, HIT MAN #2 enters next with a revolver.

View in mirror shows Bartender #1 grabbing a shotgun from  
underneath the bar.

SLOW MOTION: HIT MAN #3 shoots Bartender #1 in stomach and  
shoulder. Bartender flies back into mirror and smashes it and  
bottles. MAN #1 and MAN #2 pull handguns out as they are shot  
by all four HIT MEN. The HIT MEN walk over to James in the  
corner. They stand around him relaxed with their guns down.

HIT MAN #3

(Bending down to look  
at James)

This guy's fuckin' passed out drunk.

HIT MAN #1

(Starts to walk away)

Keep him alive until we find the  
dough.

HIT MAN #2 opens the door and finds a bag with money in it.

HIT MAN #2

(Lifting the bag of  
money)

I got the cash. Let's split.

HIT MAN #1

Is it all there?

HIT MAN #2

Yeah boss.

HIT MAN #1

(very nonchalant)

Kill him.

All HIT MEN turn to James. James opens his eyes and very  
quickly pulls two automatic pistols from his coat, puts one  
under HIT MAN #3's chin and points the other at HIT MAN #4.

SLOW MOTION: James shoots HIT MAN #3 through the chin, HIT  
MAN #4 in the forehead then unloads his guns on HIT MAN #1

and #2 before they can react. HIT MAN #2 drops the bag of money and falls to the floor.

Smoky air glooms in as seven shot up bodies lie around the floor with James in the corner still pointing two emptied guns at the dead men. He picks up the bottle of whisky, takes a drink and grabs the bag of money.

James walks to the door to open it.

EXT. BAR FRONT ENTRANCE ON BUSY STREET - DAY - PRESENT

Bright flair lights up screen as James opens the door.

BAR FRONT on street: a very secluded bar with no decorations. Windows are tinted and a black van is parked across the street. Cars drive by as James crosses the street with bag of money.

*CREDITS*

FADE TO BLACK:

JAMES (V.O.)

I graduated from St. Isabelle High back in 72. Things were a little less complicated back then, we didn't have jobs to worry about and money, although scarce, was steady from our parents.

INT. ST. ISABELLE HIGH SCHOOL SHOP CLASS - 1960S - DARK

YOUNG FRANKIE a dirty kid, covered in oil. Wearing coveralls and a backwards baseball cap.

Young man (FRANKIE) working on something in a dark shop classroom. Sparks fly from a welding torch lighting up the room occasionally. Zoom in slowly until you see that he is working on making something that looks like a large potato gun.

POTATO GUN large tube looking device. Use potatoes on ground to show it's a potato gun.

JAMES (V.O.)

Frankie was always working on some contraption in shop class...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL GYM - WELL LIT - 1960S - DAY

GYM - workout room with lots of mirrors.

KIDS High school kids (mostly male) all in gym uniforms.

YOUNG ALLAN Hispanic kid with his hair slicked back. Wearing same uniform as others.

PAN by high School kids working out on various machines then pan down to kid (ALLAN) reading a magazine in the corner.

JAMES (V.O.)

Allan spent most of his time in the gym. He never worked out; he just brought a *High Times* and read in the corner until the cheerleaders came in to do their exercises, then he half-acted like he was lifting a 5 lb dumbbell to impress someone. It didn't always work, but he always had a back-up plan...

INT. HIGH SCHOOL VOLLEYBALL COURT - WELL LIT - CONTINUOUS

VOLLEYBALL COURT young women play volleyball as the coach watches them. Bleachers are set up on both sides with a hand full of kids watching. Girls are all wearing uniforms.

VOLLEY GIRL #1 bends over to serve the ball. Camera zooms out from her butt and pans over to Allan watching intently in the bleachers.

JAMES (V.O.)

the girls volleyball team practiced right afterwards. We started callin' him SUGAR about then.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY - WELL LIT - CONTINUOUS

YOUNG LARRY - a sharply dressed boy reading a book at a library. Next to him are a huge pile of books and his leather briefcase.

JAMES (V.O.)

Larry was always the quiet one...not to say he was innocent.

NUN a younger woman dressed in black and white uniform Nun walks behind him, smiles and pats him on the shoulder.

JAMES (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Fuck, he single handedly broke half the oaths of celibacy in the Nunnery that ran the school. The kid was smart and he used it to his ability any time he saw opportunity.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL GAME NIGHT - RAINING CONTINUOUS

STADIUM Full of high school kids and parents. Full of excitement. Fast camera shots.

Focus on quarterback wearing light blue jersey with crosses painted on each shoulder. He gets the ball, strides back before throwing...

JAMES (V.O.)

Scotty, he was the football star. His parents died when he was five and his 60-year old aunt raised him as her own. He was the starting quarterback of St. Isabelle's 4-20 team. They lost a lot, but Scotty always had his heart in it. He always said he was doing it "as God's will" and that everything would work out in the end.

Show Scotty getting hit really hard while pausing to throw.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - LIGHT - CONTINUOUS

HALLWAY decorated for football games. In between classes so there are a lot of kids walking to classrooms.

AIREAL shot in hallway, pan slowly to a boy (YOUNG JAMES) leaning on a locker and talking to Sugar and a young girl. Sugar and the girl leave and James pulls out a book-marked copy of The Tibetan Book of The Dead from his locker.

JAMES (V.O.)

Then there's me...James. I stayed away from Catholicism. I was always the one that brought up the so called "bad" questions in religion class.

INT. CLASSROOM - WELL LIT - CONTINUOUS

James walks into class with his book and gets a nasty stare from a nun (the teacher). He sits down at a desk and begins talking to a girl behind him.

JAMES (V.O.)

The nuns hated me and constantly sent my parents letters saying, "James is not exactly the type of student we're looking for at St. Isabelle." But I kept my grades up and there wasn't shit they could do about it.

EXT. SCOTTY'S HOUSE - WELL LIT - AFTER SCHOOL

SCOTTY'S HOUSE - an old house with a long alley in back.

James, Frankie, Larry and Sugar walk up the steps and knock on the unpainted wooden door. SCOTTY'S AUNT ANSWERS.

SCOTTY'S AUNT - A very old woman with bad make-up and her slightly purple wig is on crooked. She always wears a moo-moo with flowers and slippers.

SCOTTY'S AUNT

Why hello boys. Are you collecting  
for the Penny Saver?

(YOUNG) LARRY

No mam, we are Scotty's friends from  
school.

SCOTTY'S AUNT

Oh, well then, come in and have some  
cookies.

INT. SCOTTY'S AUNTS HOUSE - DIMLY LIT

INSIDE AUNTS HOUSE - clean, has doilies all over the dressers,  
TV, shelves and furniture. Little statues of Mary are all  
over the place along with many gold crucifixes hung on the  
walls. The *Price Is Right* is on the TV and Scott's aunt headed  
for the kitchen. Three of the boys sit down on the couch and  
the fourth on a light blue lazy-boy.

JAMES (V.O.)

The five of us always met after school  
at Scotty's place. His batty aunt  
made cookies which was really odd.  
They tasted like chalk, but she gave  
us milk while we waited for Scotty  
to get out of practice. The old lady  
would talk about the good old days  
all the time.

Show Sugar taking a bite out of one of the cookies, spitting  
it out disgusted, then drinking the whole glass of milk in  
one gulp.

SCOTTY'S AUNT

Back in my day we never got cookies  
and whenever we wanted milk we had  
to go milk the goat out back. That's  
when it was fresh milk. Then Bob  
Barker would come over and give us  
all kinds of prizes that we could  
play with. One time he brought me an  
oven and a brand new car. We played  
all day long and then Bob, he used  
to let us call him Bob, had to leave...

JAMES (V.O.)

To say the least, Scotty's aunt was  
a little off her rocker. She was  
nice, just crazy as hell.

(YOUNG) SUGAR

(Whispering to James)

Why the hell do we have to sit around  
here with this batty old hag while  
we wait for Scotty man?

Sugar stands up.

(YOUNG) SUGAR

I got a big phatty that's just waiting for us to burn down. Lets split this crusty old place and go out back.

(YOUNG) JAMES

Scotty's never missed out on a session with us and he ain't starting today. Besides, out of all of us, he's gonna need it the most... *Aunt walks in singing a church song and starts dancing in the middle of the room.*

(YOUNG) JAMES

You don't have to live with this old lady, he does.

YOUNG SCOTTY Masculine kid, wearing his football jersey. Nice kid that admires his aunt.

Sugar falls back on the couch in disappointment just as Scotty walks in the door. Scotty walks in, stops his aunt from dancing and gives her a hug.

(YOUNG) SCOTTY

(to his aunt)

Hi aunty, how was your day?

SCOTTY'S AUNT

Oh fine, just fine. Bob came by and let me do the showcase showdown.

(YOUNG) SCOTTY

That's great did you win?

Aunt grabs the tray of cookies from a table.

SCOTTY'S AUNT

I made him these cookies with all those funny fruits in the back yard.

(YOUNG) SCOTTY

We don't have any fruits in the...

(YOUNG) SUGAR

She doesn't mean that pile rotten oranges we dumped there yesterday does she? Fuck Man!

Frankie spits out his cookie and starts gagging.

(YOUNG) SCOTTY

You guys know better to take anything from her. If she could still cook,

(MORE)

(YOUNG) SCOTTY (CONT'D)  
 why would I have to make her packed  
 lunches everyday?

(YOUNG) FRANKIE  
 Lets get out of here. I've had enough  
 of Bob today.

All five boys get up and walk towards the back door.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND AUNT'S HOUSE DAY

AUNT'S ALLEY Dirty with empty crates scattered around.  
 Business buildings line the alley that backs up to her house.

The five go out the back door to an alley behind Scotty's  
 place passing the pile of rotten oranges on the way. They  
 start walking down the ally when Sugar pulls out a big joint  
 and starts to light it up.

JAMES (V.O.)  
 Yeah, that was a long time ago, but  
 everybody still keeps tight. After  
 graduation things tuned out a little  
 differently than we expected.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME WELL LIT - TWO YEARS LATER

ZOOM OUT of Scotty's aunt in a casket in the same clothing  
 she was wearing before with a framed picture of Bob Barker  
 and a pink carnation. The only people at the funeral were  
 the five kids and a priest from school.

FADE TO BLACK:

JAMES (V.O.)  
 We hadn't gotten together for about  
 a month now and I called everybody  
 together for this idea. I had to  
 make some cash - some serious cash.

INT. COFFEE SHOP DUSK - PRESENT

COFFEE SHOP Small place with college students scattered  
 around studying.

James office casually dressed. Wears tennis shoes.

Scotty wears blue coveralls that seem to be covered in  
 something.

Frankie wears a pair of blue jeans and a t-shirt. He's  
 covered in dirt and saw dust.

James is sitting alone at a table. He's reading the paper  
 with his chair tipped back. He's looking at an article about  
 three bank robbers. The headline reads, "12 Dead: Clowns

Allude FBI Again." Scotty and Frankie walk in together covered in dust. They're talking but you can't hear them. They shake hands with James and sit across from him at the table.

NEWS PAPER PICTURE: Black and white video surveillance picture of three men wearing black trench coats and clown masks holding up a bank.

JAMES

(smelling his hand)

Damn Scotty, you smell like shit.

SCOTTY

(smelling himself)

Yeah, some motherfucker put a vat of deep fry grease in the garbage and when I threw it in the truck it exploded all over me.

FRANKIE

That's why I stay in carpentry man, all I do is build shit and the only garbage I have to worry about is when the owners give us shit about being late.

SCOTTY

(sarcasticly)

Yeah Jim, how's that desk job treating ya down at Ray-Tech? Get any new world dominating viruses lateley?

FRANKIE

(sarcasticly)

Yeah, you better watch out so ya don't break a nail.

Larry Well dressed in slacks and a tie. Wears glasses, carries a pile of papers under one arm and the same leather briefcase from school under the other.

Larry walks in sits down at the table next to James.

JAMES

Hey Larry, how your class going?

LARRY

(Angrily)

The same stupid kids come in every year and don't know a thing about English. You would think that if you speak the language all your life, you could do it properly. The foreign exchange students write better than the students who lived here all their life.

SCOTTY  
Hey Larry do I smell bad?

LARRY  
(rolls his eyes)  
That was you?

SCOTTY  
(slumps down in chair)  
Fuck.

FRANKIE  
(hitting Scotty in  
arm)  
Oh shut up Scotty you always smell,  
not like it's a surprise or anything.

As Frankie and Scotty argue Sugar walks in.

Sugar - He's all dressed up in a long fur coat, shinny black shoes, an obnoxious button up shirt and gold-rimed sunglasses.

Sugar flips his jacket off his shoulders like a boxer and sits down at the end of the table.

SUGAR  
(Raises his arms in  
the air)  
Hey brothers what's up?

INT. SPANISH GAME SHOW - BRIGHT - PRESENT

GAME SHOW Sugar's live audience Spanish TV show. Big lights, lots of audience members and big flashy signs are all over the place. In the center of the stage is a kiddie pool, a slide and Sugar all dressed up with a microphone. Women in bikinis are walking around on the set next to the props and prizes.

JAMES (V.O.)  
Sugar had his own Television show now called Sugar and Spice. The show was a typical talk show/ (slash) shock show. He'd have people from the audience come down to win prizes by throwing dog shit at them or something. It was pretty messed up, but it paid his bills for now. The show was sponsored by Andre Mendoza; one of the biggest Spanish television producers in the country. The only thing Andre liked more than shock and sex was his 17-year-old daughter Maria.

INT. STORE ROOM DARK

STORE ROOM boxes piled up everywhere. The profile of Sugar bent over some girl from the show.

SOUND - SEX GROANS. SHOW SOUNDS

JAMES (V.O.)  
 Everything was going great until  
 Andre walked in on Sugar and Maria  
 in back of the set.

Sugar and girl jump up.

JAMES (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Then Andre kicked Sugar's ass and  
 fired him from the show.

INT. COFFE SHOP DUSK

The frame cuts in on Sugar's black eye then zooms out to the five men sitting at the coffee shop table.

JAMES  
 Now that we're all here lets get  
 down to business.

SCOTTY  
 Business, what the hell are you  
 talking about James?

James leans in.

JAMES  
 Remember Vegas?

SUGAR  
 (worried)  
 James...we all agreed..

JAMES  
 Yeah, I know and I still think that  
 should stay completely silent.

INT. VEGAS HOTEL ROOM - WELL LIT - FLASHBACK

LOUD MUSIC: Motley Crew "Girls, Girls, Girls"

FILTER: All five men dressed up, but completely un kept and messed up. They are all drunk and have glasses in their hands. They all stumble around.

KNOCK at the door.

SUGAR opens door with bottle in hand and STRIPPER enters.

STRIPPER: Blonde, tall, dressed in a sluty short red dress and a pink boa.

SUGAR

The stripper is here amigos.

MUSIC gets louder.

Stripper is now topless on Frankie's lap with Sugar behind her drinking out of a whisky bottle.

Frankie, Scotty, Sugar and stripper open door to bedroom and start to enter.

Stripper lays tied up on the bed, with blood dripping out of her mouth. She's dead and all five men sit around her crying and cursing.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT - PRESENT

DESERT: middle of no where. All five men stand with shovels in front of a Suburban with it's headlights pointed to a mound of dirt.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DUSK - PRESENT

FRANKIE

(head in hands)

I can't get that girl's image out of my...

SUGAR

(Angrily)

Shut the fuck up man, it's over...no body knows about it and as long as we all stay quiet, we're cool.

FRANKIE

(Teary eyed)

It was an accident man...

SCOTTY

(Worried)

I'm not killing anybody James.

James leans in and whispers angrily.

JAMES

I'm not saying that we need to kill anyone.

LARRY

(monitone)

You're saying that you need our help and to keep quiet about it.

JAMES

Right.

SUGAR

What's in it for us?

JAMES

Two million to split.

SCOTTY

(Excited)

Two million!

LARRY

Shut up Scotty.

SCOTTY

Sorry...but that's a lot of cash.

FRANKIE

How risky is it?

JAMES

Very little risk, we just have to act fast.

SCOTTY

Is it illegal?

SUGAR

Of course it's fucking illegal you idiot. Why the hell else would we need to keep quiet about it?

JAMES

So what do you think?

CRANE SHOT: James puts his hand in the center of the table. Reluctantly all four men put one hand on top of his.

All five men crouch in to listen.

EXT. BANK #1 - DAY - PRESENT

BANK on small street. Glass doors and very full of people (25 or so). Cars drive by and a black car pulls in front of the bank. You see the driver has a black coat on and wearing a clown mask (CLOWN DRIVER). Camera pulls back and you see three other men in black coats and clown masks.

CRANE SHOT: Three CLOWNS get out of car with bags, shot guns and run into bank.

INT. BANK #1 - DAY - CONTINUOUS

BANK interior has clerk counters, desks and a large wooden table (to write checks on). There are FOUR TELLERS, TWO MANAGERS, a SECURITY GUARD and about 20 CUSTOMERS.

BLACK AND WHITE SURVEILLANCE SHOT: Three Clowns enter the front door and CLOWN #1 shoots the SECURITY GUARD by the door.

CLOWN #1 (LAURENCE): Leader of group. Wears black trench coat. Very vocal and yells a lot. Kills the most people. Carries two semi automatic pistols.

CLOWN #2 (BARNIE): Stupid guy. Follows orders. Kills randomly. Wears black trench coat. Carries two automatic shotguns.

CLOWN #3 (SPROKET): Less vocal. Only kills if someone betrays him. Wears black trench coat. Carries two automatic pistols.

CLOWN #1  
(points gun at people  
and yells)  
Get the fuck down or die.

Some people drop immediately, but five stand for a little longer. One GIRL shakes and cries. CLOWN #2 and CLOWN #1 open fire killing the girl and two others. The other two customers drop to the ground crying with fear.

BANK MANAGER: dressed in a blue suit, glasses and very wirey.

BANK MANAGER is dragged up onto the counter top by CLOWN #3.

CLOWN #3  
(Screams, while  
pointing gun at Bank  
Manger's head)  
What time does the fucking vault  
pop?

BANK MANAGER  
(terrified and confused)  
WHAT...WHAT...

Clown #3 shoots Bank manager through the head. CLOWN #1 and #2 go behind the counter.

CLOWN #1  
(Screams to bank clerk  
#1)  
Open the fucking drawer.

BANK CLERK shakes and falls to the floor frightened. CLOWN #1 shoots Bank Clerk #1 on the ground then forces open a drawer full of money. Clown #1 and #2 empty the drawers of money into their bags as Clown #3 keeps a lookout.

CLOWN #3  
 (looking out the front  
 window)  
 Comon', Comon', runin' out of time  
 boys.

CLOWN #2  
 (looks at MALE CUSTOMER)  
 Give me that watch.

MALE CUSTOMER: Well dressed, wearing a very expensive watch.

Clown #2 has Male customer by hand. Male customer struggles to get it off, and looks very scared. Clown #2 shoots Male customer in the arm with his shotgun to get the watch off. Looks up at camera with male customer's hand still in his hand. The clown throws the bloody hand into the bag and all three head for the door.

INT. TELEVISION NEWS CLIP - WELL LIT - PRESENT

Black screen zooms in on a television playing a news clip about the latest clown robbery. A NEWSCASTER (#1) reads off the latest information. Scenes are shown of the robbery from surveillance cameras.

NEWSCASTER #1  
 The infamous and deadly Clown bank robbers hit the Rural Metro Bank this afternoon killing four and seriously injuring two. This is the 12th bank robbery from the group with a death toll of 32. The Clown bank robbers are on the top of the F.B.I.'s most wanted list, but the F.B.I. has still not taken in any suspects. With us tonight is F.B.I. investigator James Bartlet with the latest info.

Television shows James giving a press conference in an F.B.I. jacket and cap.

JAMES  
 At this time we are still not confirming any suspects and we do not have anyone in custody. We are following all of our leads and expect to see action soon.

Television news switches back to Newscaster.

NEWSCASTER #1  
 A \$20 million reward has been offered by Public Banking Insurance for any information leading to the arrest of the Clown bank robbers.

Television spurts out to static.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DIMLY LIT - PRESENT

James, Scotty, Sugar, Frankie and Larry sit back smoking cigarettes leaning back in their chairs.

JAMES

Look, we've all been completely sick of our jobs.

SUGAR

(jokingly)

Yeah right. I got 20 bucks to my name after this coffee and no job.

JAMES

Yeah, well I have this plan that will remedy all of our financial problems.

James throws the newspaper he was reading earlier into the middle of the table.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I know you've all heard of these clown robberies.

LARRY

Hell it's been all over the news for the past three months.

SCOTTY

You mean you want us to rob a bank?

JAMES

(crouches down and acts secretive)

Shhh...Yeah, but with a little twist. I have a way that we can get away Scott free and no one would ever look for us.

EXT.: RAVER KID'S APARTMENT -- DAY -- CONTINUOUS

James and Scotty pull up in front of the RAVER KID'S APARTMENT in their car. They get out, walk up the stairs, look around to see if anyone can see them, then knock on the door.

Raver Kid's Apartment - Very plain brick apartment (moderate income).

JAMES (V.O.)

We always bought our pot from these raver kids south of town. It was a little out of the way, but they always had kind ass buds - way better than anything I've ever smoked...Anyway, they were young and partied a whole lot more than anyone I'd seen. They we're pretty cool kids, but I always got this weird feeling when ever I say them...like they were watching my every move. I didn't trust them, but I'm sure they didn't trust me either.

MUSIC - Paul Okenfold "Transport"

RAVER KID'S APARTMENT INTERIOR - Extremely nice compared to what it looks like on the outside. Glass tables, lots of mirrors, two couches, turntables in the living room, lazer lights, disco ball, big pshycadelic posters framed and rave fliers scattered all over the place. A scale, huge amounts of marijuana and cocaine are on the table.

Door opens and with James and Scotty outside. Camera ZOOMS OUT to reveal a really skinny kid (OMAR) who opened the door and two more kids on the couch (SCRATCH & DISCO) on the couch smoking pot and snorting cocain

OMAR - Skinny kid, wears huge pants, degotee (wife beater) , NIKE lightblue visor and multi-colored beads. The one who talks the most. He's also the most "normal" of the group.

DISCO - White kid with dread locks. Always wears soccer jearseys from Europe. Big pants, Adidas Samba shoes, and a white head band. When e does talk it's in heavy "Jive" and next to inaudible.

SCRATCH - Wears a lot of hair gell and puts his hair in spikes. Wearing vynl pants and shiny shirts. He always talks with a studder, but everyone always lets him talk until he's said everything.

RAE - Omar's girlfriend. Wears big pants, halter tops and lots of plastic jewlery. Almost always has a backpack on and a candy pacifier in her mouth.

OMAR

Hey it's the Catholic school boys.  
Come on in.

SCOTTY

Hey we could be your father's.

OMAR

(turns to Disco &  
Scratch)

Here that boys? Sounds like we finally  
got somebody to adopt us.

DISCO

(after doing a line  
of coke)

Hey pops can I bum your ride?

SCRATCH

(stuttering)

Ye...e...a...h I...I... need five  
bucks.

JAMES

(sarcasticly)

Shit we ain't gonna take care of  
your sorry asses. Why don't you get  
a hair cut and a real job you peice  
of shit.

OMAR

(laughing)

Ouch that's about what my peice a  
shit dad would say.

DISCO

(almost inaudible)

Guess that's a no on the g-mobile  
huh?

Omar walks over to the couch and sits between Disco and  
Sratch. James and Scotty sit on the other couch. Omar leans  
over the big pile of marijuana and begins to sort through  
it.

OMAR

So what'll it be pops?

JAMES

I need two ounces.

SCOTTY

Make that three.

OMAR

(as he grabs the scale)

Three ounces it is...

As Omar begins to weigh out the pot, Disco picks up a book  
from the table and starts to page through it. He pulls out  
an entire sheet of acid and shows everyone.

DISCO  
 (hard to understand)  
 Shit man [garbled] found [garbled]  
 sheet [garbled] last month man.

SCRATCH  
 (yells)  
 A...c..id drop!

Rae comes running out of hallway and grabs the sheet out of Disco's hand, then breaks off a huge chunk and begins to wolf it down. The other three pass it around each taking huge chunks.

DISCO  
 (offering the acid to  
 James and Scotty)  
 [what ever he says; it's completely  
 garbled]

James and Scotty nod no and Disco puts it back in the book. Rae spins around in circles, screeches out and quickly runs down the hallway.

OMAR  
 (holdking James and  
 Scotty's 3 baggies  
 of pot)  
 Three Z's boys...

SCOTTY  
 Thanks man.

JAMES  
 Thanks...Hey you wouldn't wanna get  
 rid of some powder?

OMAR  
 Sure man, how much?

JAMES  
 The usual.

As Omar begins to scoop some coke into a little bottle, Scotty begins rolling a joint and lights it.

INT.: RAVE - DARK, LOTS OF FLASHING LIGHTS - NIGHT

RAVE - Kids everywhere dancing to really loud techno music. Lights flash, lazer beams bounce off the walls, kids sit down along walls. Rae and Omar are seperated from Disco and Scratch - they are all wearing hooded sweatshirts, hats and backpacks.

Music - Josh Wink (hard house)

DRUG DEALER #1 - Big pants, sweatshirt. Walks around slowly.

DRUG DEALER #1  
 (while walking)  
 Pills...Pills...Pills...Pills...Pills  
 ...Pills

RAE  
 (stopping Drug Dealer  
 #1)  
 Hey you got a little spice for my  
 night?

DRUG DEALER #1  
 Hell yeah baby, what you want, I got  
 it.

RAE  
 That all depends on what you got.

DRUG DEALER #1  
 Follow me and we'll hook ya up.

Drug Dealer #1 and Rea walk through the crowd and Omar follows them a little further back (Drug Dealer #1 doesn't see him). The Drug Dealer leads Rae to a corner where people are sitting and begins to open his bag. Omar (covered in his baggy clothes and hooded sweatshirt) grabs the bag and runs off.

RAE  
 (like she doesn't  
 know him)  
 Who was that?

DRUG DEALER #1  
 (starts to take off  
 after Omar)  
 I don't know.

Rae trips drug dealer as he runs off, but makes it look like a mistake.

EXT.: RAVE PARKING LOT -- NIGHT -- CONTINUOUS

RAVE PARKING LOT -- In an industrial park warehouse. Very close to a busy street. Full of cars, very dark, line of people waiting to get in the door. Only shoot back of building.

Omar runs out with two backpacks through the cars. Omar gets into a car, throws the stolen backpack on the seat and strips off his sweatshirt to reveal another change of clothes underneath. He runs his fingers through his hair as Disco and Scratch reach the car.

(Omar looks completely different than he did before - his clothes are all different colors and you wouldn't guess he was the kid that stole the bag)

DISCO  
Lost the punk at the front.

SCRATCH  
Wh...at ya get?

OMAR  
I haven't looked yet.

Omar opens the bag under his discarded clothing and finds a lot of baggies, pills and cash.

OMAR (CONT'D)  
(pulling out the cash)  
About a grand...couple bags of  
coke...extacy...sheets...some kind  
of blotter...

DISCO  
Score!

OMAR  
(throwing stuff back  
into bag)  
Yeah, well lets count it all later  
and get back in for Rae.

The three leave the car and get in line to re-enter the rave. Drug Dealer #1 is talking to a security guard and waving his hands around a lot. The three kids walk right by him and are not noticed.

INT. JAMES' APARTMENT - NIGHT

JAMES' APARTMENT - Nice apartment, but messy. Two or three dirty shirts around, about six empty bottles of beer scattered, empty pizza boxes, bills, newspapers, and chinese take-out boxes are piled on a large dining room table.

James, Scotty, Sugar, Frankie and Larry walk into JAMES' APARTMENT. James clears off some trash from the dining room table and they all sit down. James pulls a pile of newspaper clippings into the middle of the table (all of them are about the clown robbers).

JAMES  
In the last six months these guys  
have robbed 12 banks, killed 23 people  
and wounded at least 10 others.

LARRY  
There a pretty rough group.

SCOTTY  
That's an understatement.

JAMES

They've gotten away with over 40 million so far and if there is anyone to peg a bank robbery on it's these guys.

FRANKIE

So three of us are just gonna walk into some bank with clown masks on?

JAMES

No. We need all five people.

SCOTTY

But there are only three...

JAMES

Three clowns enter the bank and one stays in the car out front.

LARRY

That's only four.

JAMES

Hold on, your getting ahead of the game.

FRANKIE

So only three of us actually have to rob the place?

JAMES

Right. One stays in the car with the motor running and as a look out. Three enter the bank guns a flying, scare the shit out of the place by firing a couple rounds in the air and grabbing the registers.

LARRY

But they always kill people. Won't the police get a little suspicious if the dreaded clown robbers, who usually kill half the fucking place, decide to walk out of a bank clean spirited?

SCOTTY

I'm not killing anyone.

JAMES

You don't have to and quite frankly it'd be almost impossible - our guns will be loaded with blanks.

SUGAR

Wait a minute. Now I'm not saying that I want to kill anyone, but if we are going to do this and just by chance something goes wrong...we'll I sure as hell ain't gonna let no cop get in my way from getting away with a half a million dollars. Besides their guns will have real bullets and if they're shootin' at my ass...

JAMES

Only half the clips will be blanks just in case, but there is a five minute response time at noon. It's when the banks have the most cash in the registers and the most people at one time. So there is no way we will even see a cop car.

FRANKIE

But what about the fifth person?

JAMES

The fifth person is the casualty.

SCOTTY

What?

FRANKIE

You don't mean that...

JAMES

The fifth person acts like a customer. We put them in a wig, moustache and beard and all they have to do is be in the lobby when it all goes down. We hide a blood pack in their shirt that's hooked up to a trigger in their sleeve. When one of us shoots him with the blank, he hits the trigger, falls to the ground and acts like he's been shot in the chest.

SCOTTY

You've really got this planned out.

INT. - 24 HOUR WALMART - BRIGHT - NIGHT

WALMART - Any regular 24 hour Walmart.

JAMES, SCOTTY and SUGAR enter the toy department. A SCRUFFY KID walks around the corner as they enter an isle with masks.

SCRUFFY KID - About 16 years old, long black unkept hair, backwards baseball hat, trenchcoat, dressed in black.

JAMES  
(reaching toward clown  
masks)  
Here we go.

SCOTTY  
They're all the same right?

JAMES  
(looking at the Scruffy  
Kid)  
Yeah, these ones.

INT. - TELEVISION NEWS CLIP - WELL LIT - PRESENT

Black screen zooms in on a television playing the local news. The first clip is about a Walmart shoplifter, the second is about another clown robbery. A NEWSCASTER (#1) reads off the latest information. Scenes are shown of the robbery from surveillance cameras.

NEWSCASTER #1  
...and the 16 year-old will face  
charges of shoplifting.

Switches to Clown Robbery story.

NEWSCASTER #1 (CONT'D)  
In other news, the F.B.I. still have  
not reported any leads in the Clown  
Robberies. This is the 12th month of  
investigations into the 23 deaths,  
10 injuries and 12 metro banks in  
the metro area.

INT. -