

Fifty Fingers

By

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EXT CHURCH COURTYARD - NIGHT

Three men stand at a distance from each other in the courtyard near a pond. The courtyard is sheltered from the outside world sandwiched on either side by a church and a brick wall. Light from the nearest street barely penetrates back here.

The three men all have guns drawn and trained on each other in a Mexican Stand-off.

DONOVAN has his gun directed at the head of

NILES, who returns the aim to Donovan. His eyes keep darting between Donovan and

BARRY, who is also aiming toward Niles. He is more relaxed and seemingly unwilling to directly focus his attention.

Donovan and Niles are extremely tense and rigid in their aim.

DONOVAN

This isn't entirely what we'd planned on, is it?

BARRY

This is fucked up.

NILES

This is really fucked up.

DONOVAN

I only two options; we can try and sort this out or we can all die here tonight. Your call Niles.

NILES

I'm not dying here tonight. Not broke and not at your hand.

BARRY

Good.

Barry relaxes his aim moving it toward the ground.

NILES

Don't get too comfortable princess. There's still some shit that needs answering. Like where is my motherfucking money?

BARRY

I was just about to ask you the same thing.

NILES

Don't fucking look at me. I'm not the one driving around in a brand spankin' new car. Am I, Donny?

DONOVAN

I won that square and you know it. And don't call me Donny.

NILES

No, I know what you told us. I know that you say you won it in a poker game that none of us knew about and no one seems to be able to verify. I believe that.

DONOVAN

You can believe whatever you want.

NILES

Next you're gonna tell me that faeries came and flew away with the money, right?

DONOVAN

Hey, fuck you man.

NILES

No, fuck you.

BARRY

Relax. You can believe whatever you want, but understand this; we wouldn't even be in this situation if it wasn't for that loose trigger brother of yours.

NILES

You might wanna be careful about what you have to say about Neil to me. I know my brother a whole lot better than I know you assholes. I'm certain he's not the reason we're where we are right now.

DONOVAN

You're certain, are you? You know what? Fuck you and fuck your brother. Should've never brought

DONOVAN
you morons in on this in the first
place.

NILES
What the fuck did you say to me?

Niles steps past Barry towards Donovan and presses his gun into Donovan's cheek. The force behind the press pushes Donovan's head to the side. Donovan clenches his jaw and puts force back against the muzzle.

DONOVAN
You sure this is how you want it to
go down Niles?

Niles simply smiles and cocks his head lightly. As he does his head bumps in to the muzzle of Barry's gun. His smile drops. Donovan adjusts his aim to Niles' crotch.

DONOVAN
Pick a head, tough guy.

NILES
Nice. I see the boys are still
working together.

DONOVAN
Why shouldn't we be? You're the one
who called us down here and you're
the one ready to take this to the
next level. If you're not ready to
go that route you need back up.
Now.

NILES
Not a fucking chance.

Niles and Donovan stare each other down. Not a blink or a breath, just solid tension. Barry keeps looking for a sign from Donovan, only to receive none. Donovan has his gaze locked on Niles.

BARRY
Fuck the both of ya. You two wanna
kill each other be my guest. I'm
not gonna be a part of that. na be a
part of that.

Barry pulls his gun back from Niles head and takes a step back.

DONOVAN

Back up... Now.

Niles doesn't flinch.

NILES

I lose my dick and your teeth
become part of a brain smear. Who
do you think is on the winning end
of that situation?

Barry steps back up and levels his gun once again at Niles' head. This time with force, the quick sound of metal on skull.

BARRY

Me. Now back it up.

Again, Niles remains solid.

BARRY

It's a simple question answered
Niles. If I'm forced to choose who
I shoot first, you or Donovan, your
outlook isn't so good. Bring it
down a notch.

Niles smiles and lets out a little chuckle. He lowers his gun a little and takes a few steps back.

NILES

Of fucking course. Because we're
always playing under Donovan's
fucking rules.

DONOVAN

From the moment it was real, from
the minute I called you, this was a
group gig. You as much as anyone
else, including me. This has been a
group deal from the word go.

NILES

Yup. One nation under Don. It was
your fucking deal from the word go.
Always has been.

DONOVAN (V.O.)

And he was probably right too.

INT OFFICE BOARDROOM - AFTERNOON

Donovan sits at a huge conference table as various other EMPLOYEES file out of the room. A stack of human cards folding in on each other to exit through the narrow door.

A generic bar chart is projected on the far wall and Donovan's manager, ALAN SACHS, is quietly shuffling paper in to a briefcase. Donovan sits in silence watching the man.

DONOVAN (V.O.)

Is money the root of all evil? I don't think so. Is it the answer to all of your problems? Not by a long shot. Money makes people do strange things. When you don't have any you're all consumed with the fact that you're broke. When you have more than you need it never becomes more than a passing thought.

Alan glances over his shoulder to see Donovan still seated at the table glaring at him. He goes back to his packing up.

DONOVAN (V.O.)

Either way, people will do the most remarkably stupid things because of those two reasons. Take for example Exhibit A. Barely two months ago my entire life consisted of a just shy of six figure a year job for what was essentially a glorified data entry clerk. I only had three worries in the world. When am I getting laid next? Why am I working such a shitty job? And finally, why is my boss, the wonderful and wise Alan Sachs, such a fucking moron?

Alan glances over his shoulder again.

ALAN

Is there something I can help you with, Donovan?

DONOVAN (V.O.)

Most people would have just let it lie and gone back to work. Anyone who lives from pay cheque to pay cheque. Anyone who's has to struggle through a couple days or more a month with empty pockets. Anyone who actually worries about

DONOVAN (V.O.)
their financial situation. On most
days, I probably would have just
let it lie. I'm still not entirely
sure why I didn't.

Donovan gets up from his seat and begins rounding the table
toward Alan.

DONOVAN
Yes, Mr. Sachs, there is something
you can help me with. You see I've
got this problem. What I'm hoping
is that we can take some time,
start a dialogue and sort all of
this out.

ALAN
Sure thing. Anything I can do to
help out.

DONOVAN (V.O.)
There's something to be said about
leaving yourself that wide open.

DONOVAN
It's like this. Four years I've
been forced to watch you ramble
along incompetently all the while
wondering how you actually managed
to keep this job. At one point I
considered you did might do so at
the expense of others. Something
goes wrong and shit falls down.
However, after four years of
watching you fuck the dog.

ALAN
This is not an appropriate conver-

DONOVAN
Four years of dog fucking I'm
fairly confident that's not what's
happening here. My next thought was
that you put on a facade of
incompetence to make others feel
more comfortable. If those working
under you can feel superior then
they don't feel quite so bad when
you fuck them over.

ALAN

What the hell has gotten in to you?

DONOVAN

But I don't know. You can just tell by looking in to a persons eyes and see that there's just empty space behind them. I get that when I look at you. All of this leads me logically to the question on how you keep your job; exactly whose dick are you sucking?

Alan simply stands there looking at him in shock.

DONOVAN (V.O.)

Needless to say. That was my last day of employment under the wise tutelage of Alan Sachs.

ALAN

Get the fuck outta here. You're fired.

Donovan eases back in his chair with an ear to ear grin.

DONOVAN (V.O.)

Which brings us to...

INT DONOVAN'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Donovan and Barry are sitting on the couch watching Mexican wrestling on TV. Empty beer bottles and a half eaten pizza on the table in front of them. They cheer as the match progresses.

DONOVAN (V.O.)

Exhibit B. Four weeks later, with reality crashing in on every side of me. Running low on cash and really fucking bored of having nothing to do day after mind numbing day.

The program switches to commercial. Donovan grabs some of the empty beer bottles off the table and stands.

DONOVAN

Beer?

BARRY

Beer.

DONOVAN

Beer.

He walks in to the kitchen with the empties and proceeds to grab two fresh ones out of the refrigerator.

BARRY

Next week is on me.

DONOVAN

So is the week after that and then probably a few more after that.

Donovan sets the beers down and has a seat.

BARRY

You still having trouble finding work?

DONOVAN

Funny thing, it's hard to get employment references when your departing words to your previous employer are, "I'd tell you to go fuck yourself but I think your head's too far up your ass right now."

BARRY

You're still my hero.

DONOVAN

Ahh, the light and warmth of my adoring fans. It makes me feel loved.

BARRY

What could be better?

DONOVAN

Well, money for one.

BARRY

You're doing all right.

DONOVAN

Hardly. If this keeps up I'll be moving in with you in the next couple of weeks.

BARRY

Like hell. I gotta deal with you more than enough right now. Move in and I'd probably axe murder you in your sleep.

DONOVAN

Which leaves me somewhere between fucked and more fucked.

BARRY

Well if you're fucked anyways you've got two options. Whore yourself out or sell sperm.

DONOVAN

That's pretty much the same thing, isn't it?

BARRY

For the most part. Yeah. And neither of them really pays well. At least with selling sperm you get to avoid touching old men.

DONOVAN

Well then, I gotta get rich quick.

DONOVAN (V.O.)

And with those five simple words the seed was set. At a base level there's two really simple methods to get money. Beg or borrow. Although in this case I doubt you can truly classify it as borrowing.

INT PUN'JAVA'S COFFEE HOUSE - LATE AFTERNOON

Donovan is sitting in a booth at an East Indian themed coffee house. The place is relatively empty and even the CASHIER sits staring around the room with a vacant, bored look, snapping away at his gum. Donovan, coffee in hand, is flipping through notes in a spiral note pad. Barry enters and goes to front counter.

BARRY

Coffee, black.

The Cashier looks put out by the need to move. He pours the coffee and sets it on the counter.

CASHIER

A buck fifty.

Barry slaps two dollars down on the counter.

BARRY

Keep it.

The cashier does his best to sound sincere.

CASHIER

Thank you.

Barry cocks his head at the Cashier and then turns to join Donovan. He sits down across from him.

BARRY

What the fuck are you doin' in this place?

DONOVAN

Just going over some notes that I wrote up last night. Making some changes and clarifications. That kinda stuff.

BARRY

What notes?

Donovan looks up at him with a confused look.

DONOVAN

The notes.

(beat)

For the plans.

(beat)

That we came up with last night.

Barry's eyes go wide.

BARRY

Fuck off.

Donovan goes back to his notes.

DONOVAN

Yup.

BARRY

Your not actually serious about going through with this are you?

DONOVAN

Damn straight, Troy my man. Serious as cancer. After you left last night I got thinking about it and called Niles. The man had some good thoughts and I figure with what I've got written down right here we can pull it off.

BARRY

Holy shit. Anything in stone yet?

DONOVAN

It's gettin' there. I should ask before I go any further with this, are you in?

BARRY

Niles already on board?

DONOVAN

He better be, or the man's got enough to put me in jail for a long, long time.

BARRY

Fuck.

(beat)

Count me in.

DONOVAN

Niles and I went over some scenarios. Optimally we're looking at an in and out job. Really quick at about four or five minutes tops. We'd need at least four but preferably five people. If we can get five we've got everyone but the wheel man inside. Two on the floor and two in the back. Hit 'em fast no one will know the difference.

BARRY

Shit, you have been working on this. I'll need a little more than that but so far it sounds pretty good. There's just

Donovan looks up from his notes again.

DONOVAN

Just what?

BARRY

You know if Niles is on board that means we're stuck with Neil too. They're connected at the fuckin' hip.

DONOVAN

Already taken care of. We need a driver so I'm thinking worst case scenario we can just leave him in the van.

BARRY

It's probably a good idea. He can get twitchy at times. He's kinda flakey.

DONOVAN

True. But Niles is rock fuckin' solid and he can keep Neil in check. Or at least he always has.

BARRY

Fair enough. What do we need?

DONOVAN

I already got Niles working on collecting some gear. All we need is a fifth and a man inside.

BARRY

Not as easy as it sounds.

DONOVAN

Sure it is. Paul.

BARRY

Fuck. I didn't even think of Paul. But you can't just walk up to him and says, "Hey dude, we're gonna rob your bank. We need your help. Would you mind?"

Donovan glances over to the Cashier and Barry lowers the volume.

BARRY

You know what I mean, though. You can't just dead pan drop that shit on him.

DONOVAN
I look that stupid to you.

BARRY
Well, now that you...

DONOVAN
Shut up.

They both laugh.

DONOVAN
I know what you mean though. That doesn't mean you can't grease the wheels and still keep it in your pants.

Barry looks at him with a slight smile a little confused by the meaning underneath that statement.

DONOVAN
Trust me. I'll make sure he's down before I spring it on him. He won't even know it's coming until I've already made up his mind for him. Once Paul's in we're a go.

BARRY
So much for joking around, huh?

DONOVAN
Most definitely. I told Niles you'd give him a call and let him know where things stand. In the meantime, I have a date. Got a little greasing to do. I'll call you once I'm 100% on Paul and we'll move on from there.

BARRY
I'll be waiting. Donovan closes the note pad and relaxes in to his seat a little.

DONOVAN
How's your mother doing?

BARRY
She's good. She said she misses you. You should stop by sometime. But like I was saying before. What the fuck are you doing in this shit hole?

INT APARTMENT HALLWAY - EVENING

Barry is standing in the hallway in front of an apartment with a cell phone pressed against his ear. It's ringing.

NILES (O.S.)

Yeah?

BARRY

Niles?

NILES (O.S.)

Yeah. Who's this?

BARRY

Barry.

NILES (O.S.)

Just hold on a second.

Barry listens to dead air for a moment.

NILES (O.S.)

What's up?

BARRY

We're should be on. Just a little detail to take care of first.

NILES (O.S.)

Good stuff. Let's not talk over the phone though. Come over, we'll do the details here.

BARRY

I kinda figured you'd say that. Open your door.

The apartment door opens and Niles is standing there with a cordless phone to his ear. He smiles and hangs up the phone. Barry shuts off his cell phone and puts it in his pocket.

NILES

Come on in, make yourself at home.

INT NILES KITCHEN

Barry and Niles are sitting at the kitchen table.

BARRY

How much did Donovan tell ya?

NILES

Just that you fuckin' nuts wanna knock off a bank. Other than that, not a whole lot. We kinda worked out some details from there.

BARRY

Not just a bank, my friend, the bank.

NILES

Anything new on the table I should know about?

BARRY

Not really. Donovan's trying to feel out Paul. Once that's figured we should be right as rain.

NILES

Inside man.

(beat)

That's a good idea. I'm surprised I didn't think of it.

There is a moment of silence.

BARRY

This is fuckin' weird.

NILES

What is?

BARRY

All of this. It goes from me and Donovan bouncing bullshit off each other and now it's a plan. How the fuck does it do that in one night?

NILES

Weird things happen when you aren't expecting them.

BARRY

I guess so.

NILES

I hope it's not over the line but I ran the idea by Neil. Thought he might have a few thoughts Donny and I didn't come up with.

BARRY

Did he?

NILES

Not much more than he wants in.

BARRY

Naturally. That's cool, though. We figured you'd want to bring him in anyways. We're banking on needin' at least four guys and that puts us at our minimum.

NILES

I kinda figured that you guys wouldn't mind too much. When are you expecting the call?

BARRY

Any time now.

NILES

We might as well head over to Neils. At least if we're there we don't have to repeat all this shit again later.

BARRY

Sounds like a plan.

They grab their stuff and start to head out the door.

BARRY

Next stop, nut job central.

Niles takes a quick glance at Barry but lets it slide.

INT PAUL'S HOUSE

Donovan and Paul are sitting in the living room.

PAUL

That's nice, but I was talking to the midget.

Donovan bursts out laughing. Tears begin streaming down his face.

DONOVAN

That's the funniest thing I've heard in a long time.

PAUL

I knew you'd like that. I had a rep tell me that last week. It's just a good thing I was on lunch at the time or I would've been fucked.

DONOVAN

How's things going with work?

Paul sets his beer down.

PAUL

Fuck, I don't even know where to begin. It sucks. I got a promotion two weeks ago and don't have the time to take a shit anymore.

DONOVAN

Promotion, huh? Aren't those supposed to be a good thing?

PAUL

Yeah, I mean the pay raise is cool and everything, but the extra work is a bitch. I've got all these new responsibilities and shit. Fuck, once a month I'm partially responsible for almost five mill in cash. Do you have even the slightest clue how much fucking stress that is? It's insane.

DONOVAN

Quit.

PAUL

You may be my role model but I can't go that route. I need the money.

DONOVAN

Hell, it's five fuckin' mill. Just knock the fuckin' place over.

Paul pauses and looks at Donovan. He grabs his beer.

PAUL

Wouldn't that be the move. No one would suspect the newly promoted guy.

Paul laughs it off.

DONOVAN

Fuck. I'm sorry. I fucked that up.

PAUL

Yeah?

DONOVAN

Yeah. I don't wanna drag you in to this if you're not up for it.

Paul sets his beer down and looks directly at Donovan, a stern look on his face.

PAUL

You ever hear about the conspiracy laws?

Donovan shakes his head 'no'. Paul gets up and leaves the living room. He returns with a huge blue binder in hand. He drops the book on the table and sits back down.

PAUL

Conspiracy laws break down like this.

He begins flipping page by page through the binder.

PAUL

Let's say for example you and I are sitting here like we're doing now and we're talking about, I don't know, burning down a building. Nothing serious, we're just fucking around.

Donovan nods.

PAUL

Now, we were just joking. Place a couple of strategic gas cans and a small bomb to set the whole thing off. Make sure it's something big so it would burn longer and be harder to put out. Now remember, we're just joking so we go for the gusto on this, make it a federal building. Now for the sake of argument, this is hypothetical, someone over heard us. The next day this has peaked my attention. Out of curiosity I start searching some web pages looking for explosives information and burning

PAUL

temperatures for different accelerants. I grab a couple things and keep them on my computer. You know, some cool shit on homemade dynamite and burning temperatures for jet fuel. This is just curiosity, we weren't actually planning on burning this building down. As far as we're concerned there never was a fucking building. Now the person who overheard us, reports us to the cops. The cops feeling they have a reason to worry search my house and my computer. Next thing you know they find all this information about explosives and such and biggity bam, we're both under arrest for conspiracy. We both go down and we're looking at some serious fucking jail time. We're trying to be loyal, especially considering we didn't actually do anything, but in the end the time we're looking at serving is just a little too much. So one of us cops out with a plea. One spends a year and half in jail with say another two years on probation. Now the other rots for four in some hell hole state institution where they're routinely subjected to unwelcome anal penetration from their fellow inmates and abuse from the guards.

DONOVAN

Are you fucking serious?

PAUL

Yup... Now listen up, cause here's where it relates to us. Let's say for example you were thinking about knocking over my bank. Nothing solid, not even a real idea. Just something you've been curious about and maybe even bounced off one or two different people. You come to me. Now it doesn't really matter what you're looking for. Whether it's an inside man or perhaps some security information about the bank. It's all the same in this

PAUL

case. Now, considering how our justice system works, you and I are both eligible to be arrested and prosecuted for conspiracy. You've created a crime and attempted to further your means to complete that crime.

Paul stops flipping through the book and looks directly at Donovan.

PAUL

That is unless I were to call the police and let them know what I know.

Donovan is spooked, he puts his head down and puts his hands over his face.

DONOVAN

Fuck.

Paul taps his index finger on a page in the binder and then slams it shut.

PAUL

The twenty third. There'll be 4.6 million in cash. If you can get in and out in under five minutes you'll be fine. Alarm triggers are in the tills and by the managers desk.

Donovan looks up at Paul. A look of shock across his face.

DONOVAN

You're cool with this?

PAUL

Donovan, for a slice of five mill, I'd let you gang rape my sister.

Donovan laughs.

DONOVAN

You are one weird duck. I wasn't sure how you'd react, but that... That was fuckin' classic.

There is a short, awkward pause.

PAUL

There are four guards on duty that day. Two in the front and two in the back. You'll need guns and at least two people to carry cash.

DONOVAN

You are Jeckle and fuckin' Hyde, my man. Don't get me wrong, it's very cool. I take it you're in.

PAUL

Just one question; who's in?

DONOVAN

Me, Barry, Niles and Neil.

Paul's expression drops.

DONOVAN

Don't worry about Neil, he'll be kept in check. It's a necessary evil at this point. Niles is completely the fuckin' man as far as this is concerned and can hook us up eight different ways.

PAUL

Of course to get Niles you gotta have Neil.

DONOVAN

Necessary evil unfortunately.

EXT NEIL'S APARTMENT

Niles is standing in front of the door with Barry. He pounds on the door incessantly.

BARRY

He normally take this long?

NILES

Depends on if he's jerking off or not.

The door opens and Neil is standing there in his underwear.

NEIL

What?

NILES
Took you long enough.

NEIL
Yeah, it did, didn't it?

NILES
Assclown.

Neil turns and walks back in to the apartment and leaves the door open.

INT NEIL'S APARTMENT

NEIL
You know, you're welcome to come in
if you want.

Barry and Niles follow him.

NEIL
How you doin' Barry?

BARRY
Still alive, it's about all I ask
for and expect to get.

NEIL
Sorry about the wait. I was in the
middle of something.

At that moment a HOOKER walks out of the bedroom.

HOOKER
Are we done?

NEIL
We are now.

The Hooker grabs her purse and snaps her fingers at Neil.
She holds out her hand. Neil grabs some money off the table
and slaps it in her hand.

HOOKER
Thank you.

Neil grabs her by the arm and leads her out the door.

HOOKER
I won't be back.

NEIL

Well then, it works out. I won't be waiting. Nobodys feelings get hurt.

Neil slams the door shut behind her. Still in his underwear he sits on the couch.

NEIL

So how goes the fuckin' plan?

NILES

The plan goes like this. Until you put on some fuckin' clothes you don't get to hear the fuckin' plan. I'd prefer not to have to see you in stained tighty whities.

Neil rolls his eyes, gets up and wanders back to the bedroom.

BARRY

That was interesting, I think.

Niles laughs.

NILES

That's nothing new around here. There's a reason why I have a place of my own. As much as I love my brother he just does some strange shit sometimes. That was actually pretty mild.

Neil reemerges in ripped up sweats. He does a mock curtsy.

NEIL

Does this please your highness?

Neil sits back on the couch.

NILES

I'd prefer something that didn't have your balls hanging out of the crotch but I guess that will have to do.

Neil gives him the finger and takes a glance down to double check.

NEIL

So what's the plan?

BARRY

As of right now, we're waiting on Donovan. He's putting the finishing touches on a crew and then the real planning starts.

NILES

I've tried rolling this around every way possible and I keep coming up with the same thing.

BARRY

I know. We're gonna need some fire power.

NILES

That's cool though, I can take care of it.

BARRY

We can't walk in holding our dicks.

NILES

It would make interesting news footage though. I've got Dave in mind. He's got the gear, he's reliable and we don't have to worry about his talking to the wrong people.

Neil gets up off the couch and walks out toward the kitchen.

NEIL

Fuck that prick. You bring that motherfucker in and I'm out.

NILES

Get back here and sit down. We need gear and he's got gear. If you can't put your petty bullshit aside for one fucking day then we'd be better fuckin' off without you.

Neil sits back down and stares straight ahead with a pissed off look.

BARRY

It's not all that hard Neil. We've got a simple choice to make here, it's all or nothing. Right now I'm bettin' on all. Which would you prefer?

Barry's cell phone rings. He answers it.

BARRY

Yeah.

Barry wanders away from Niles and Neil to talk privately.

NILES

You gotta keep this in the right frame of mind. It's a simple deal with a good pay day. As far as Dave's concerned, don't fuckin' worry about it. It's simple. We get the gear from him and that's it. Chances are you won't even have to interact with him. Fuck, if you want, I'll deal with him by myself. He'll be there in name only.

Neil simply stares ahead. Barry turns his phone off and returns.

BARRY

Paul's in. Donovan and I are going to work on some details. Get a line on that gear and get back to me.

Barry starts to exit.

NEIL

Thanks for stopping by. It was our pleasure serving you.

BARRY

I may have to shop here more often.

Barry leaves.

NILES

It's about the fucking pay day.

NEIL

A boat. I always wanted a boat.

NILES

Well, with our cuts we're gonna be able to do a lot.

Neil just smiles.

NEIL

Yeah... Cut.

Niles looks at him, a confused and concerned look on his face. Niles begins to walk out.

NEIL
Where the hell are you going?

NILES
Business call.

As Niles is closing the door behind himself Neil calls out after him.

NEIL
Let Dave know I told him to go fuck himself.

NILES
I'm sure it'll make him smile knowing that you care so much as to say hi.

INT STRIP CLUB

Niles wanders through a scummy little strip bar with music blaring. He approaches a table and exchanges a few inaudible words with DAVE. Dave rises and the two exit through a door inside the bar.

INT HOTEL STAIRS

Dave and Niles walk up the stairs as they talk.

NILES
How the hell do you find these fucking places?

DAVE
A misspent youth with an obsession for placing bills in womens underwear. Back in the day you could pay any of the rippers twenty bucks and they'd take you up to one of these rooms and blow you. Not these days though. Bouncers chuck you if you even mention it.

NILES
Self respect is a horrible thing for a horny man.

DAVE
You're telling me. I still use the place to get away from the woman every so often though.

NILES

Nice. Fucking strippers behind your wifes back?

DAVE

God no. Just to get a night away from her. The beds are comfortable and there's entertainment a couple floors down.

NILES

Doesn't it get boring after awhile?

DAVE

The shows do, the people don't. The shows rotate about every hour and repeat. With the people it's always something new. Fucking moron last week kept touching the girls. Security had enough when he bit one of the waitresses on the ass.

NILES

He bit her on the ass?

DAVE

Yup, left marks and everything. The real treat was what security did afterward. They opened the fucking door with his face. Two bouncers, each with an arm and a leg.

NILES

The opened the front door with his face?

DAVE

Poor bastard wasn't that lucky. He got the big fucking steel one that leads out to the alley. Took 'em three tries to get enough force to open the door.

They stop at a hotel room door and Dave fishes out a key.

NILES

Ouch.

DAVE

Yep. And that's what he'll be saying when his jaw finally heals.

They enter the hotel room.

INT HOTEL ROOM

Niles stands just inside the door while Dave grabs a duffle bag and sets it on the bed.

NILES

So did you bring anything interesting?

DAVE

Let's see. I wasn't sure what you'd need for what you've got planned, so I brought a few reliable pieces.

Dave reaches in to the bag and retrieves a few revolvers and semi-automatic handguns. He arranges them on the bed.

DAVE

Personally, I'd recommend the semi auto. Reliable and easier to shoot. This here's a 9mm barretta, the favourite gun of all the big movie guys. From Chow Yun-Fat to Steven Segal. Now this here, is my favourite. It's a Colt .45 semi auto. Packs a nice punch with little kickback and is more solid than the 9. If you're looking for pure power then this is your baby.

Dave retrieves a huge handgun from inside the bag.

DAVE

This, however, is the gun for the new millenium. It's called a Desert Eagle and this is the .357 Model. This fucker would make Dirty Harry shit his pants. Actually, it did in one movie.

Niles is just staring at him like a buyer in a stereo store with no clue what's going on.

NILES

Dave? This isn't a stereo store. You don't need to make a hard sell. We just need something that will work. That's only if we need to use them. That's all.

Dave laughs.

DAVE

Sorry man. I just get in to this shit. I just get this crazy vibe that gets me all revved up and ready to rock.

Dave smiles and tosses the 9mm to Niles.

DAVE

This is your bad boy. Barretta 9mm. Fast, reliable, and fun for the whole family. Kinda of a cure all for anything you need cured. So you wanna tell me what the deal is?

Niles glances over the piece of metal in his hand.

NILES

Nothing more than a quick score. How much more than that do you need to know?

DAVE

The really depends on you. I work one of two ways and the choice is yours. The easiest way for me is if you just buy the gear outright. It's yours and you never have to worry about what happens to the guns afterward. I sit back and once you've done your gig I get a little kickback. This way it's clean and you don't need to worry about me knowing too much. The other option is that I can loan you my shit and I'm in for an even split. This costs a little bit more but then you don't have to worry about disposal afterward or reliability. You got a problem with something it's a lot easier to get a replacement. That and it's never bad having an extra body.

NILES

At this point it's really your call. Ideally we could use the extra man.

Dave lays back on the bed.

DAVE

Interesting. I'll tell you what, you lay it down for me and by the time you've finished I should have a pretty good idea of whether I want in or not.

INT DONOVANS APARTMENT - EVENING

Donovan, Barry, Paul, Neil, Niles and Dave are all crowded around Donovans little coffee table.

DONOVAN

This is final breakdown kids, so listen up. We're looking at 4.6. Even with seven people involved we're still looking at just under seven hundred thousand each.

Donovan pauses as everyone just smiles at the thought.

DONOVAN

We got masks for everyone. Barry?

Barry starts pulling wrestling masks from a duffel bag and hands them out.

DONOVAN

From this point on when you have that mask on you will only be addressed by and answer to that wrestlers name.

Everyone looks at their masks.

NILES

Cool. Beats the fuck out of something as cliched as ski masks. So, who's doing what then?

DONOVAN

We break into pairs inside, with one out in the van. I was figuring Niles, you and me will stay up front with the customers, tellers and guards. Barry and Dave will be in the back getting the money.

NEIL

So where does that leave me?

NILES

Driving. You're solid behind the wheel, and we need a good wheel man.

NEIL

So, I'm outside while that prick -

Neil points at Dave.

NEIL

- is in with the money? I don't think so. If he's inside, then I am too.

DONOVAN

For fuck sakes, Neil. You can either drop this shit now and you can fuckin' walk. It's up to you.

Neil gets up and turns his back to the group.

DAVE

Don't worry about it. It's not a problem. Quite honestly I don't trust this asshole not to drive off and leave us stranded in the fuckin bank.

Dave moves to get to nose to nose with Neil.

DAVE

You have a history of being -

Dave moves in a little closer.

DAVE

Twitchy.

Neil grabs Dave by the shirt and slams him up against the wall. Dave's head bounces from the impact.

NEIL

Say one more fuckin' word motherfucker.

Niles and Donovan immediately move. Niles pulls Neil off of Dave. Dave slowly regains his bearings. Donovan moves in the way to restrain him before he can lunge at Neil.

DAVE

You ever touch me again and you're fuckin' dead.

NEIL
I've heard that before.

DONOVAN
Enough.

The room falls entirely silent. Neil stops struggling against Niles and Dave does the same with Donovan. Niles taps Neil on the shoulder and Neil turns and walks away from the situation.

DONOVAN
It's very simple. At this point we're all seven hundred thousand dollars richer. But I swear, I hear one more fuckin' about this shit and it's off and each and everyone of you motherfuckers is poor again. Are we understood?

Complete silence.

DONOVAN
Good.
(to Neil)
You wanna be inside that bad?

Neil just nods in response.

DONOVAN
Fine. You're with me. We're in the front. If that's not good enough then walk out that fuckin' door now.

Nothing.

DONOVAN
Okay, now that that's settled. Neil and I are in the front working crowd control. Dave and Barry are still in the back on the money. Which means Niles you'd just been nominated our new wheel man. You down with that?

NILES
No worries. Someone reliable has to do it.

Niles shoots a glare Neil. Neil doesn't respond.

DONOVAN

Finally, now I can get on with the details.

(beat)

Here's the breakdown.

INT BANK - DAY

The bank is typical with customers corralled in to their waiting maze and quiet before Neil, Barry, Donovan and Dave burst in, masks on and guns drawn.

DONOVAN

I want everybody on the fucking floor now!

Barry and Dave quickly move behind the counter where Paul is standing with the MANAGER.

DAVE

Hands away from the tills. I want everyone out from behind the counter with the customers. Move now. All the staff begin moving around the counters.

The manager begins to follow and Barry grabs him by the arm.

BARRY

Not you sweet heart. We got plans for you.

Neil storms up to the two GUARDS.

NEIL

Pieces on the floor now. One wrong move and you're family has a funeral to arrange.

Both Guards summarily slide their guns across the floor to Neil. Barry and Dave move back toward the vault with the Manager. Donovan walks up beside Neil.

NEIL

I want everyone up against this far wall now. Double time.

The customers begin quickly making their way against the wall.

DONOVAN
Short and sweet. Everyone
co-operates and everyone goes home.
I hope I'm making myself clear.

Dave emerges with TWO MORE GUARDS from back by the vault.

DAVE
On the floor with everyone else.

They do so and Dave returns to the back. Only to come back a second later with the manager.

DAVE
Follow the example, on the floor.

Dave returns to the back. Neil stands watching guard over the customers and employees while Donovan returns to the door.

There's a long quiet moment before Dave and Barry return, each with two heavy black duffel bags slung over each shoulder. Donovan holds the door open for them as they rush out. Neil is quick to follow behind them.

DONOVAN
Thank you for you time. We
apologize for the inconvenience,
please continue with your day.

Donovan exits the bank and the door swings closed behind him.

INT DONOVANS APARTMENT

DONOVAN
Short and sweet.

DONOVAN (V.O.)
And by all rights it should have
been.

Everyone looks around with a smile on their faces.

EXT BANK - DAY

Niles is sitting in the van looking back and forth from the rear view mirror to the front door of the bank. Neil exits the bank with two duffel bags. He opens the back of the van and tosses the bags in. He follows them in and slams the door behind him.

NEIL

God damn, that was fuckin' intense.

Donovan is standing at the front of the bank holding the door open. He screams inside while firing round after round in to the bank.

DONOVAN

Let's fucking move! Stay the fuck down. Come on guys, fucking move it.

Barry stumbles out half carrying Dave who has his arm wrapped around Barry's shoulder. At the same time Barry is trying to carry two more duffle bags. Barry tosses Dave in to the back and climbs in. Dave is limp and bleeding from the throat.

BARRY

We gotta fucking go! Now!

Donovan fires two more round in to the bank, turns and bolts for the van. He gets in the front seat and Niles peels away from the curb.

DONOVAN (V.O.)

For some reason reality likes to ignore well laid plans.

EXT CHURCH - NIGHT

Niles, Barry and Donovan are still behind the church. Although their guns have lowered they stare each other down.

NILES

Some how, it all just got fucked along the way and keeps getting worse.

DONOVAN

All this fucking shit for what?

BARRY

Let's just bring this down a bit and try to figure out what happened. Who could have taken it? Niles?

Niles narrows his glare.

NILES

Jesus Christ, it's blame Niles night.

DONOVAN

No blame, just a question.

NILES

Fuck you. Would I have called you out here if I took the fucking money? Use your fucking head. If I had it I'd be long fucking gone.

DONOVAN

Fuck.

(beat)

Barry?

BARRY

Come on. Do you even have to ask that? How do we know someone didn't leak this? Told their mother, hooker, dog.

NILES

As far as I know it was only the six of us. Donovan?

DONOVAN

Do I really look that stupid?

NILES

You really want an answer to that?

Donovan raises his gun.

NILES

That's your answer for everything isn't it?

DONOVAN

Seems to suit me fine. I'm actually starting to like it.

BARRY

Aw fuck, I'm sick of being the voice of reason here but let me reiterate. That will not solve anything.

(beat)

Maybe someone saw us drop the money?

DONOVAN

Not a chance. There isn't a fuckin house around here and the church is empty at night. We're far enough off the street that no one passing by could have seen shit.

Barry passes Donovan an accusing stare.

DONOVAN

What the fuck is that?

BARRY

What the fuck is what?

Donovan takes his focus off of Niles and points his gun at Barry. Barry in turn raises his gun toward Donovan. Niles just smiles and watches on.

DONOVAN

That fuckin' look. Like I'm hiding something from you.

NILES

That sounds pretty guilty Don.

DONOVAN

Shut the fuck up.

BARRY

It was just a look. If you didn't take the money there's no reason to worry is there?

NILES

Aw, are the bestest buddies a little untrusting? That's sad.

Barry and Donovan turn their focus back to Niles.

DONOVAN

Now's not the time for smart ass remarks. Unless you're trying to turn us against each other.

NILES

Guys, focus. The point is the money, right? Maybe the nuns found it, decided they needed new habits.

BARRY

I doubt it. Wouldn't they have been obligated to turn it in?

NILES

You're right. The church never steals and lies about.

BARRY

We would have heard about it on the news. Besides, the cops would have printed everything and we'd be having a completely different conversation in a prison cell right now. No, someone who knew it was here took it.

DONOVAN (TO NILES)

What did you and Neil do after you left here that night?

EXT CHURCH - NIGHT

Niles, Neil, Donovan and Barry are in the church courtyard. Donovan is wrapping the duffel bags in plastic and weighing them down with old weight plates. Everyone except for Barry, who is pacing frantically, watches.

BARRY

This is bad. This is really, really bad.

DONOVAN

It's done. Just relax it'll blow over.

Donovan dumps the bags in to the pond and everyone watches in silence as they sink, even Barry stops pacing to watch. All is quiet until the last bubbles break the surface. Barry begins pacing again.

BARRY

This fucking changes everything.

NILES

Fuck that. It changes nothing.

DONOVAN

He's right. We stick with the plan. We got Paul locked in tight already. He knows how this kind of shit works. They'll do their little investigation but for the most part he's clear. Otherwise, everything goes back to the way it was before this went down. Niles and Neil, you

DONOVAN

guys are together. Barry's with me and in six months kids, we're all gonna be sipping drinks on a beach with white sand and blue water. All we have to do is be patient. We wait this out and we're clear. Be patient and don't let anyone in on this place. That's means stay away. Got it? If we're coming back here every night someone is gonna get suspicious. Tomorrow is just another day like any other day.

NEIL

If we're all splitting up how can we trust one another?

(beat)

How can I trust you? How can I trust any of you?

DONOVAN

When I walked in to that bank I was trusting you guys with my life. You understand? I gave you my life and trusted that you would take care of it. If I can trust you with that I can trust you with this. All you need to do is to think the same. All of you. Everyone was down when we started this thing. If you had doubts you shouldn't have gotten involved. It's a little late to second guess now.

Neil stares at Donovan for a second.

NEIL

Fine. But I'm warning you all right now that if someone comes knocking on my door it's your fucking ass. Understand that.

Donovan steps up to Neil. Niles casually slides in between them.

NILES

Isn't it time that we left?

Neil nods and steps back.

NILES

Give us about five minutes before you guys leave. We don't want to walk out holding hands, do we?

BARRY

Why so long?

NILES

Well you can follow us out but that would be a little like advertising, isn't it? I'd prefer not to be a walking billboard tonight.

Niles grabs Neil by the arm and they head out toward the street.

EXT. CITY STREET

Once at the sidewalk they walk away from the church at a brisk pace.

NILES

I gotta know something and I need you to tell me truth.

NEIL

Of course.

NILES

I need to know what happened in there. Did you shoot first?

NEIL

Fuck, not you too.

NILES

I'm not accusing I just, I had to ask.

NEIL

Don't worry about it.

NILES

I need to know what happened in there.

Neil continues walking for a moment before responding.

NEIL

You want the truth? Here it is. I don't know who started shooting

NEIL
first. Once the shooting started I dove over the counter to keep from getting hit. The next think I knew, I look up and Dave's been shot in the fucking throat.

Neil glances over his shoulder to see Donovan and Barry exiting the church grounds and heading toward the van parked in the opposite direction.

NEIL
Did you hear that prick there? Who the fuck does he think he is? Nobody comes back here! Fucking dick. I was two seconds from smashing his fucking face in with the butt of my gun.

NILES
I know, I didn't like the way he handled that either but he's right. We gotta stay clear for awhile. We lay low it'll all pan out. It's not safe there. For any of us.

NEIL
There's a big difference between staying clear and keeping an eye on the place, isn't there?

NILES
I was thinking the same thing.

They approach an intersection. Neil stands there as Niles walks away.

NILES
Call me tomorrow. I've got a little something in mind we should think about.

Neil stops in the middle of the road.

NEIL
What's that?

NILES
Nothing you need to worry about right now. Call me tomorrow and we'll sort it out. Just go home for now.

Neil turns and continues walking across the street.

EXT CHURCH - NIGHT

NILES

I went home and Neil did too.
Happy?

DONOVAN

Far from it. Did you see him go
home or did you just assume?

NILES

If you're asking me whether I held
his hand the entire way or not. No,
I didn't.

DONOVAN

Trusting, aren't you?

NILES

He would have had no problem
fucking you over. He wouldn't have
done it to me though. So, yeah, he
said he was going home and I
believe him.

BARRY

And did he tell you he started
shooting the fucking place up too?

NILES

Bullshit. He didn't fire a fuckin'
shot until he saw Dave go down. I
can't blame him for calling it open
season after that. You trying to
tell me different?

DONOVAN

We're not saying shit. For all we
know it could have been a
rent-a-cop playing Rambo. Quite
honestly, I don't fucking care. I
do know he was the first of us to
start shooting.

NILES

The only reason you fucks are
ganging up on him is because he
isn't here to back himself up and I
wasn't in the bank.

BARRY

Nobody is ganging up here. Neil was
in the front running crowd control.

BARRY

Dave was in the vault with me. When everything started going down Dave grabbed the bags and went out. He got around the corner and that's when he took the fucking hit. You said yourself, you were in the fucking van. How can you know anything? Donovan, you were in the front.

DONOVAN

I just started shooting. I didn't have a choice.

BARRY

None of us did. It appears we still don't.

Barry glares at Niles. It's returned.

NILES

Like I said. I went home. Neil went home. Barry snickers under his breath.

NILES

What about you Barry? Where the fuck did you go after you left here with Donovan? When Donovan left with Dave what did you do?

EXT CITY STREET - NIGHT

Donovan and Barry leave the church grounds and on to the sidewalk. Barry looks down the street to Niles and Neil walking away from them. Neil glances over his shoulder at them.

DONOVAN

You need a ride?

They begin walking down the street in the opposite direction toward the van.

BARRY

I don't think so. I'm still a little jumpy. Just fucking jittery. I've gotta walk this off. I'm just gonna heel-toe it home.

DONOVAN

Suit yourself. Although I'd probably be doing the same thing right now if I didn't have to deal with this fucking van.

They approach the van.

BARRY

Can you take care of my piece?

DONOVAN

Sure thing.

Barry opens the passenger side door of the van and dumps his gun on the seat. He glances in to the back to Dave's dead body partially covered with a jacket. Barry quickly slams the door shut and leans up against the van. He glances down the street again where Niles and Neil stands at the intersection.

DONOVAN

You all right?

BARRY

I don't know. This is really fucked up. It wasn't supposed to work like this. I mean, I didn't even think we'd have to use the guns. And Neil. What the fuck do we do about Neil?

DONOVAN

What about him?

Barry is still staring up the street as Neil crosses and disappears down a side street.

BARRY

It's too fuckin' much. He's been so amped ever since we walked out of that bank. I don't know if he's just worked up or he's the wrong type of person to be giving a gun too. He was getting right up in your face back there. He knew this was the plan and now he's having problems with it? I don't fucking trust him? I'm surprised we didn't all fucking die in there today. No fucking thanks to him.

DONOVAN

No worries. The tough part is over.
We got the cash. We fucking got it
and we got out.

BARRY

That doesn't change shit with Neil.

DONOVAN

And that's fine. We stick to the
fucking plan and if we have to
watch Neil we'll watch Neil. Niles
is solid. He'll keep Neil in check.
Just relax. Lay low, stay cool and
it's all cake from here on out.

BARRY

You know what the fucked up part
is?

DONOVAN

What?

BARRY

I know you're right. I'm all
fucking wound up and it's making me
paranoid.

DONOVAN

We're all a little paranoid. I
think it's part of the game.

They stand in silence for a moment.

DONOVAN

Us being paranoid isn't going to
help anything. I'm sure to Niles
and Neil it just makes us look
guilty.

BARRY

You're right. Fuck it. You should
go.

DONOVAN

Yeah, I think the sooner we get rid
of this beast the better off we're
gonna be.

BARRY

I'll call you in about an hour.
Make sure everything went smooth.

DONOVAN

I think we've had more than our share of lumps for the day. I doubt there'll be any problems. It's just a simple drop.

BARRY

What are you gonna do with Dave?

DONOVAN

Aw, Fuck. I forgot about Dave. I'm not really sure.

Donovan walks around to the driver side of the van. He glances through the window in to the back.

DONOVAN

I guess for all the difference it makes he can just stay with the fucking van. Unless you got a better idea.

BARRY

I'm drawing a blank, sorry.

Donovan gets in the van, starts it up and drives away. Barry continues walking down the street away from the church.

INT CORNER STORE

Barry is in the back of the store glancing through magazines when Paul walks in. He approaches Barry. The CLERK at the counter occasionally looks up at them from his own magazine.

PAUL

Hey! Fancy meeting you here.

Barry looks up and smiles.

BARRY

What's up?

PAUL

Not much, some old some old. You?

BARRY

A few lumps and bumps aside everything is perfect.

PAUL

Must be nice. Praying I could say the same right now. My fucking bank was robbed today.

BARRY

No shit.

PAUL

It was fucked up. Blood, guns. It was right out of a fucking John Woo movie. I was waiting for Chow Yun-Fat to bust through the door any minute. Fuck.

Paul trails off.

BARRY

What?

PAUL

I'm gonna be dreaming that all night now.

Barry chuckles.

BARRY

I think I heard something about a robbery today. On the news or something, maybe. Were you working?

PAUL

I guess so. If you can call shitting my pants work.

Another chuckle from Barry.

PAUL

Tack on top of that two hours with the cops and I'm fucking wiped out.

BARRY

What'd the cops have to say? Anything important?

PAUL

A whole lot of fuck all.

INT BANK BACK CORNER - AFTERNOON

The bank is swarming with police. Paul is standing in the back of the bank in a small area the police have turned in to their on site base of investigation. Paul looks shaken, seated and sipping from a coffee mug. Two COPS interview him.

COP #1
So, Mr...

PAUL
Hamilton.

COP #1
Right, Mr. Hamilton. We just have a few questions we need to get through. Is that all right?

PAUL
No, no. That's fine.

COP #1
Can you give a quick account of what happened here? Whatever you saw.

PAUL
It was just another Thursday. It was normal. We didn't do anything different. We opened and people came in to do business. Pay their bills, cash their welfare cheques. It was just Thursday. I turn my back for two seconds and when I turn around there's a bunch of guys waving guns.

COP #2
A bunch? Is it possible to be more specific, maybe give us a number to work with?

PAUL
I think three or four. Two of them came back here and started pushing me around. They grabbed Herb and dragged him in to the back. They forced me over on to the floor with all the customers and the other employees.

COP #1
And then?

PAUL
I was just sitting on the floor like I was told, when one of the customers tried playing hero, and pulled out a gun and tried to shoot one of them.

COP #1
And what did this person do?

PAUL (ACTING UPSET)
He, he turned around, and shot the
guy right in the head.

(beat)
That's when one of the guards
pulled out a gun and started
shooting. After that, I just curled
into a ball and prayed I didn't get
shot.

COP #2
Can you describe any of the
perpetrators?

PAUL
Easily.

COP #1
Did you know them?

PAUL
Well, not personally. You ever
watch wrestling on TV?

COP #2
My son does, why?

PAUL
Well, they were wearing wrestling
masks. There was Rey Misterio,
Jyushin Lyger, El Santo...

COP #1
So in other words, you have no idea
what they looked like?

PAUL
I guess not. I couldn't see their
faces.

COP #1
Okay then sir. It looks like a pro
job. Probably been a couple others
at least. We'll contact you if we
need to do any follow up questions.

PAUL
Is it okay if I leave now? I need a
drink.

COP #2

Sure. If you remember anything feel free to call us. Anytime.

Cop #2 hands Paul a business card. Paul looks over the business card intently before pocketing it.

PAUL

I'll do that thank you.

Paul gets up from the chair, exits the office, and heads out the front door.

INT CORNER STORE - EVENING

PAUL

I pretty much got the impression they don't have a fucking clue as to where to start. Other than to ask me the same bullshit questions ten times over.

Barry smiles.

PAUL

But I'm just here for beer. Try my best to shut my brain off for a little bit. Maybe even relax for a while before I have to go back in that place.

BARRY

You do know that alcohol actually lessens the ability for your body to properly relax, right?

PAUL

Maybe. It sure does help get me through the night though.

They both laugh.

PAUL

I think I'm going to risk it anyway.

BARRY

You have fun.

PAUL

I always do. I'll talk to you later?

BARRY

Definitely. We'll have to go out
for a drink sometime soon.

PAUL

Sounds like a good idea to me.

Paul wanders toward the coolers. Barry grabs a magazine off the shelf and head up to the front counter. The Clerk reluctantly puts his magazine down and begrudgingly rings in the purchase. Barry stops on his way out of the store to wave a quick good bye

BARRY

Don't drink too much.

PAUL

No matter how many warnings I get I
always do.

Barry smiles and exits the store.

INT BARRYS APARTMENT

Barry is on the phone speaking to Donovan. He is vacantly flipping through his magazine.

BARRY

I'm still out there on this. I'm
still not sure what I should be
feeling.

DONOVAN (V.O.)

Me too. You should have seen the
cube that was left over. Very odd.
I'm still trying to figure how
everything got so fucked up so
fast.

BARRY

It's all a fuckin blur. All I
remember is...

INT BANK - DAY

Donovan enters the bank just ahead of Neil. Barry enters next followed closely by Dave. All four men are wearing their wrestling masks.

DONOVAN

I need everyone to be cool. All we need is two minutes of your time. This goes fast and smooth and everyone goes home tonight.

Barry jumps over the counter and head directly to the managers desk. Paul is standing there with the manager, HERB. Both look completely terrified.

NEIL

I want each and every one of you motherfuckers on the floor now.

All the CUSTOMERS and TELLERS do so.

BARRY (TO HERB)

Don't put your bank before your life. Be smart and this will be over quickly.

Herb just trembles in his chair. Dave approaches all the Tellers on the floor. One is reaching up to open her till. Dave simply shakes a finger at her.

DAVE

Tsk, tsk, tsk. That's naughty.

The Teller slowly moves her hand away from the till.

DAVE

All right, ladies. On your feet and around the counter.

They follow his demands and move over to the customers. Dave goes right for the two SECURITY GUARDS. Neil has them closely guarded.

DAVE

I want your guns on the floor now. You fucking breath wrong and you'll die on the floor where you sit. Think about that before you try anything.

They willing oblige his demands. Dave kicks the guns across the floor to Donovan who picks them both up and returns to the front door. Dave returns to Barry who has lifted Herb out of his seat. Paul still stands beside the desk.

DAVE (TO PAUL)

You too motherfucker. Over there, double time, double time.

Dave grabs Paul by the shirt and pushes him in the direction of the

NEIL

Everyone up against the wall. Line 'em up and find a seat, kids. It doesn't matter if it's comfortable or not. This won't take long.

The hostages begin doing their best to find a spot along the crowded wall. At they do Dave and Barry lead Herb in to the back. With Herb in front of them as a shield they both train their guns on him when they run in to two more SECURITY GUARDS, guns drawn.

BARRY

As of this moment this mans life belongs to you. If you don't drop your weapons he dies. Do you understand.

Neither Security Guard responds. They stand there in a tense stand off.

HERB

Please.

DAVE

Do it now or his death is on your conscience. Five.

No response.

DAVE

Four.
(beat)
Three.

Herb begins shaking uncontrollably.

DAVE

Two!

HERB

For the love of God!

The Security Guards drop their weapons.

DAVE

Good. Now out front.

Barry continues past the Security Guards with Herb. The Security Guards walk past in the opposite direction, Dave follows them out. Barry and Herb stop in front of the vault.

BARRY

I want to make this very clear. Our intention is for no one to get hurt. This vault and what it contains is all that we came for. You play by the rules and everyone goes home. Do you understand?

HERB

Yes.

BARRY

You fucking better.

Herb opens the vault for them as Dave returns. Barry pushes Herb toward Dave.

BARRY

One more.

Dave leads Herb out. Barry enters the vault. He slides a black duffel bag off his shoulder and sets it on the floor. He opens it up and pulls three more duffel bags out from inside it. He immediately starts placing money in to the bags.

Dave returns and helps to fill the bags. As they continue piling money in to the bags they stop long enough to shoot a quick smile at each other.

DAVE

This is too fuckin' easy.

BARRY

We're not clear yet.

Almost finished shots ring out.

BARRY

Fuck it, go. I'll finish.

Dave zips up two bags, slings them over his shoulder and leaves. Shots continue to be fired as Barry hurries to finish packing the money as quickly as possible.

Once done he exits the vault and enters the teller area. In front of him Dave is laying on the ground behind the counter clutching at his throat, blood running through his fingers. Neil is wrenching the duffel bags off of him.

NEIL

It's about time we fuckin' go.

Neil grabs the bags and heads for the door shooting randomly over the counter. Barry does his best to lift Dave and carries him out of the bank.

INT BARRYS APARTMENT

BARRY

It's still a fuckin' blur.

EXT CHURCH - NIGHT

DONOVAN

He made the call.

NILES

You motherfucker. You're talking about us doing shit behind your back and you're out meeting Paul? That wasn't in the fuckin' plan. How do I know the two of you didn't cook some little scheme to fuck us over?

BARRY

Someone had to talk to him. I had to make sure things were cool on his end so I could fuckin' sleep at night. Nobody else seemed to think it was necessary to find out so I took it on myself. How the fuck do you think I got all that info back to you and Neil so quick, 1-900-Psychic?

Everyone lowers their guns slightly. Niles begins pacing frustrated. Niles kicks a rock.

NILES

Fuck! Where did the fucking money go?

Niles stops and looks directly at Donovan.

NILES

You.

DONOVAN

Don't fucking look at me like that. Jesus use your fucking head. I brought you in to this because I wanted this for all of us. This

DONOVAN

wasn't just some bullshit quick fix for me. I put this together so that all of us would have something in the end. You're completely off base thinking I did this.

NILES

I never said you did.

DONOVAN

Then what the fuck?

NILES

When you stop and think about it though it's pretty simple. Now, it wasn't me or my brother. I know that for sure. It couldn't have been Dave for obvious reasons and I know it couldn't have been Paul either. If someone had found it we would have known, it would have made the news. Now what that tells me that it was one of you two. Either you're both trying to fuck me, which doesn't make sense cause you would have just shot me by now, or one of you is trying to bend me over.

DONOVAN

For fuck sakes.

BARRY

He's got a point Dono. You had an hour. What did you do with it?

Donovan looks flat at Barry, betrayed.

EXT STREET - NIGHT

Barry and Donovan are standing beside the van.

BARRY

What are you gonna do with Dave?

DONOVAN

Fuck.

Donovan walks around to the driver side of the van. He glances through the window in to the back.

DONOVAN

For all the difference it makes he
can just stay with the fucking van.

Donovan gets in the van, starts it up and drives away. Barry continues walking down the street away from the church. Donovan stops at a stop sign down the block.

INT VAN

Donovan removes his hands from the steering wheel and covers his face. He sighs in to his hands. He puts his hands back on the steering wheel and stares blankly at the road ahead.

After a moment of hesitation he hits the turn signal and rips around the corner. Donovan drives for a moment looping back around to the church. He stops down the street and turns the car off. Donovan watches the entrance to the church yard.

EXT WRECKING YARD

The van enters the wrecking yard and stops by a small office building. Donovan exits the van and slams the door behind himself. He stands by the van for a moment.

Attempting to choke back the emotion he taps the van twice before turning his back on it. Donovan walks away from the van and enters the small office building.

INT OFFICE BUILDING

The room is typical of a wrecking yard office, scattered parts and debris literally everywhere. Donovan walks over to the desk and retrieves a set of keys from the top drawer before heading back outside.

EXT WRECKING YARD

Donovan gets back in the van and drives it further into the yard. He drives the van up to a large crushing machine, then stops and exits. Donovan goes up to the operation panel and starts it with one of the keys taken from the office.

The machine roars to life and Donovan walks over to a large fork lift and starts it up. He maneuvers the forklift beside the van and stops. He gets out of the forklift and stands beside the van. Glancing in the window to what's visible of Dave.

DONOVAN

Fuck. I don't know what to say,
Dave. I keep trying to make it okay
by telling myself that you knew the
risks. It's not okay. I told
everyone it'd be cake. We'd walk in
and we'd walk out. Everyone did but
you. I'm still working that out,
how that happened. I still don't
know exactly what happened. I'm
sorry it ended up this way.

(beat)

At the very least I'll make sure
that Maggie's taken care of.

Donovan pauses for a moment before jumping back in to the
forklift. He slams in to the side of the van, forks pushing
through the vehicle and out the opposite side.

DONOVAN

I wish there was another way.

He lifts the van off the ground and places it in the
compactor. Clearing the forklift, he gets out and heads to
the operation panel. A moment of hesitation and he pushes
the switch.

EXT CHURCH - NIGHT

BARRY

You didn't tell me you came back.

DONOVAN

I didn't see the point.

Niles raises his gun at Donovan.

NILES

Fuck you. You came back. You came
back, you motherfucker. It's
looking pretty clear to me who took
the fucking money.

Donovan raises his gun in return.

DONOVAN

Fuck you. Listen to yourself. It
was your own fucking words. If it's
true for you why not for me?

Niles cocks his head.

DONOVAN

If I had taken the money I'd be on some island right now with my face buried between the tits of some nineteen year old. Instead I'm here and I'm stuck between the two of you.

NILES

Fuck!

DONOVAN

I came back here to look after all of us. Dave's dead, Barry's bouncing around like he's whacked out on speed and your brother is jumping in to my face over the smallest possible fuckin' things. What was I supposed to do? Go home and assume everything else worked out as planned?

NILES

I'm sick of listening to the fucking bullshit.

DONOVAN

It's no more bullshit that what you've told me.

Niles narrows his gaze.

DONOVAN

If you have to think about that than maybe I'm not the one you should pointing that gun at.

Niles pauses and lowers his gun again. Niles kicks another rock.

NILES

Fuck. At least tell me what happened in the bank. You're telling me one thing. Neil told me another. Shit doesn't add up. One plus one is coming out three right now.

BARRY

He's right. It's the best to place to start.

DONOVAN
Before we get that far, I wanna
know exactly what Neil told you.

Niles stares down Donovan.

INT BANK - DAY

Neil is standing near the back of the main room. He walks back and forth down the hostages, watching them with each step.

The Security Guards followed by Dave emerge from the back. Dave has his gun buried deep in the back of one of the security.

DAVE
Find your fat asses a seat.

He pushes them over toward the customers lined up on the wall. And heads back to the back. He's back momentarily with Herb. A hand wrapped around the back of Herb's neck and the muzzle of his gun pressed in behind his eye.

DAVE
Test me.

He pushes Herb toward the customers and head back.

Neil looks toward the front of the bank at Donovan. Donovan is looking out to front door toward the street. He gives a thumbs up and a shot rings out.

Neil whips around to see a COWBOY, eyes closed with a pistol in his hand. He's nervously squeezing off rounds. Neil immediately runs for the counters and dives over.

DONOVAN (O.S.)
Guard.

Neil glances over the counter to see the Cowboy shot dead and a Security Guard shooting towards the end of the counter. Neil crouches down again and shots continue to be fired.

NEIL
Fuck me. Fuck me.

Dave comes around the corner and is facing Neil. His gun is in his waistband and he has a heavy duffle bag slung over

NEIL (CONT'D)

Time to go big man.

At that instant Dave's throat explodes. He hits the ground clutching at his throat. Blood seeps through his fingers. Neil glances over the counter to see a Security Guard with his gun smoking, pointed in their direction. Neil pulls his head down and fires a few blind shots over the counter. He goes to Dave's aid.

NEIL (CONT'D)

It's okay. We're gonna get you
outta here.

He begins to try and strip the bags of him. Barry comes around the corner.

BARRY

What the fuck?

NEIL

We gotta get him outta here. I'll
take the bags, you get him out.

Neil finally strips the bags off of Dave and begins moving out of the bank. He passes Donovan hiding near the end of the counter.

NEIL

It's time to leave.

EXT CHURCH - NIGHT

DONOVAN

Not a fucking chance.

NILES

That's what he told me. Why would
he lie about it?

DONOVAN

That doesn't add up at all.

INT BANK - DAY

Donovan is standing by the front door. He watches as Neil paces back and forth by the hostages. The SCREAMER is having a hard time making his way back along the far wall.

NEIL

Back the fuck up.

SCREAMER

Come on man, I just came by to cash my welfare cheque.

NEIL

Shut up and get against the fucking wall.

SCREAMER

Please man.

Neil slams the butt of his gun in to Screamer's face. Screamer howls and pain and begins scrambling backward. He continues scrambling even when the wall behind him stops him from moving any further.

NEIL

That's better. Nobody fucks around and nobody gets hurt.

Donovan turns and looks out the front door. Niles is sitting in the van on the street. Donovan gives him a thumbs up. As he does a shot rings out behind him. He whips around to see Neil plugging rounds in to the Cowboy. He punctuates his syllables with the gun shots.

NEIL (CONT'D)

Stupid cocksucking motherfucker.

Across the room one of the Security Guards reaches for his back up ankle gun.

DONOVAN

Guard.

Neil turns to see the Security Guard raising his gun. Before the Security Guard can squeeze of a round Neil is heading for the counters firing blindly. Donovan runs for shelter at the end of the counters. He sits with his view obscured as the gun play continues around him.

Donovan begins to glance around the side of the counter. As he does the counter explodes in to a hail of splinters beside his head. He immediately pulls his head back and fires blindly around the corner. Neil comes around the corner. Two bags slung over his shoulder.

NEIL

I fuckin' love this shit. Let's go.

Neil walks out the front door firing as he goes. Donovan follows in behind him and stops at the door providing cover fire as Barry carries Dave and two bags out the door.

EXT CHURCH - NIGHT

NILES

What? You're trying to tell me that my brother started the fucking shooting?

DONOVAN

I don't know but when I turned around he plugging a customer. He turned it from one shot in to the fucking Wild Bunch.

The tension has dropped and they are calm compared to the earlier chaos.

BARRY

All I can say is that when Dave walked out of that vault he didn't have his gun out.

He was holding both money bags and his gun was in his waistband. Niles begin pacing again.

NILES

I don't think it's too much to want to know exactly what the fuck -

Niles fires a shot in to the air.

NILES

- happened in there.

INT VAN - DAY

Niles is in the driver seat and Donovan, Barry, Neil and Dave are in the back putting on their masks. The van idles. As they finish everyone starts checking their weapons.

DONOVAN

Run it by the numbers and it's gonna be like a quick lay. In, out and done. You follow the plan and it's tropical islands from here on out.

Everyone stops and takes a deep breath.

DONOVAN

Let's rock.

Niles slams the van in to gear and they tear down the street and around the corner. The van comes to an abrupt stop.

EXT BANK

The van door slides open and they exit the van in order: Barry, Dave, Neil and Donovan, weapons drawn. Without a word they storm in to the bank in the same order.

INT BANK

The four men rush in. It all seems very organized despite the chaos.

Before anyone can respond Dave and Barry are behind the counters. Neil is already putting his gun in the face of one Security Guard while Donovan covers another. Barry approaches the Manager who is sitting at a desk. Paul is standing beside the desk trying to look terrified.

BARRY

As of this moment you are responsible for every life in this bank including your own. If you fuck with us, if you sound an alarm, I will execute every last person in this bank. Do you understand?

MANAGER

Yes.

Donovan is with a Security Guard.

DONOVAN

Drop the gun on the ground.

The Security Guard drops the gun on the floor. Donovan grabs him by the collar and pushes him across the room. He kicks the gun across the room to Neil who has just finished doing the same with the other Security Guard. Neil grabs the gun and sticks it in his waistband.

NEIL

I want everyone against the fucking wall now. You don't fuck around and you make it home.

The hostages start moving quickly across the room with the exception of a few people too scared to move. Dave is working with the tellers behind the counter.

DAVE
Hands up ladies and start moving
towards the front.

All the tellers obey. Barry is still dealing with the Manager.

BARRY
Don't give me any shit, don't
fucking lie to me. This is very
simple and I shouldn't have to
babysit you through it.

PAUL
Just listen to what he says. We'll
all make out fine.

Barry looks at Paul.

BARRY
I didn't give you permission to
speak. Get the fuck over there with
everyone else.

Paul looks down toward the floor and starts walking over to the other hostages. Paul and Dave cross paths as Dave walks over to the Manager's desk. Dave slaps him in the back of the head.

DAVE
We're good.

Barry grabs the Manager by the suit jacket collar and pulls him up out of his seat.

BARRY
Anyone in the vault?

The manager just stares into space.

BARRY (CONT'D)
Chippy! Anyone in the vault? You
know... guards?

The manager snaps back into reality

MANAGER
Uhm... no, no one.

Barry gives him a sly look, like he knows he's lying.

BARRY

Cool, then you won't mind going first then do you?

MANAGER

Two. There are two guards in there.

Barry smiles at him.

BARRY

Good boy. There are two guards by the vault? You'll lead us in.

The Manager nods his head. They begin walking toward the back of the bank. Manager leading with Dave and Barry behind him. He functions as a human shield, Dave and Barry with their guns at his head.

On the floor Donovan has returned to the front door and the Screamer is pleading with Neil.

NEIL

I said back against the wall.

SCREAMER

Please man, I'm just trying to cash my welfare cheque.

NEIL

Shut the fuck up.

SCREAMER

Let me go.

Neil slams the butt of his gun across the Screamer's face. He begins pushing himself backward across the floor and continues to even after the wall prevents him from moving any further.

NEIL

That's better.

Dave, Barry and the Manager approach the back with two Security Guards. Both have their weapons drawn.

BARRY

You are responsible for this mans life. If you don't drop your guns we will execute him right now. And then we'll execute you. It is your decision whether you die today or not.

The Security Guards hesitate.

BARRY

I'm not fucking around. Do it now.

The Security Guards hesitate again and then oblige. They drop their guns to the ground and raise their hands.

BARRY

Out front with everyone else.

Dave walks around them and escorts them to the front. He returns and does the same with the Manager. Inside the vault Barry kneels and pulls a black duffel bag off of his shoulder. He opens it and pulls three more duffel bags from inside. Immediately he begins shoving stacks of money in to the bags. Dave enters the vault and follows suit.

Out on the floor everyone has been corralled along the far wall. Neil walks up and down the row of people. Donovan is standing by the door and looks outside. Neil turns his back to the group of hostages. Donovan gives a thumbs up out the front door. In the groups of hostages the Cowboy pulls a gun out from inside of his jacket.

He's nervous and clumsy with the gun. He closes his eyes and squeezes the trigger. A shot rings out. Neil instinctively ducks and a lighting fixture on the opposite side of the room explodes. Neil immediately turns and fires a round in to the Cowboy. Donovan turns as Neil punctuates each syllable with another gun shot.

NEIL

Coward motherfucker.

Neil stands a few feet away staring at the dead man. His gun now silent.

NEIL

Fucking moron.

One of the Security Guards reaches for his back up ankle holster. Donovan sees it right away.

DONOVAN

Guard!

Neil turns to see the Security Guard level his gun at him. He runs toward the counter firing rounds indiscriminately as he goes. Donovan heads toward the end of the counters. Neil dives over top.

Once over he fires blindly and continually over the counter in the direction of the Security Guard until out of bullets. Inside the vault Dave and Barry are scrambling to fill the bags as the shots continue to ring out. Barry slides two bags across the floor.

BARRY

Take those and get out. I'll be there in a minute.

Dave slings the bags over his shoulders and exits the vault. As he comes toward the front of the bank he sees Neil crouched behind the counter. Neil in turn sees Dave and slides a fresh clip in to his gun.

NEIL

It's time to go.

Neil levels the gun and fires. The bullet rips through Dave's throat and he hits the ground clutching at the wound. Neil fires a few more indiscriminant rounds over the counter and crouches over Dave.

NEIL

More for me. Gimme the fucking bags.

He starts wrenching at the bags trying to tear them off Dave. He's slowly succeeding as Barry exits the vault. He immediately sees Neil pulling the bags off of Dave.

BARRY

What the fuck?

NEIL

I don't know. I think one of the guards tagged him.

BARRY

Fuck.

NEIL

I'll grab the bags you help him out.

Neil finally gets the bags free of Dave and slings them over his shoulder he runs toward the door firing continually over the counter. He reaches the end and looks down to see Donovan.

NEIL

I think we should leave now.

Neil runs out the door without another word and Donovan follows him to it. He stands there holding it open while firing rounds inside. Barry is doing his best to life Dave off of the ground.

BARRY

We're gonna make it out. Just hold on.

Barry finally succeeds and struggles toward the exit carrying two bags of money and Dave.

DONOVAN

Let's fucking move.

Donovan continues firing rounds in to the bank as Barry and Dave pass by.

EXT BANK

Barry is carrying Dave toward the waiting van. Donovan fires two more rounds in to the bank before letting the door swing closed. He rushes to help Barry put Dave in the van. The van doors slam and they tear away.

INT VAN

They speed down the road. Niles driving with Neil in the front seat. In the back Donovan and Barry are tending to Dave.

NILES

Jesus Christ. What the fuck happened to Dave.

BARRY

Fucking security shot him.

NILES

Is he hit bad?

DONOVAN

Well he's shot in the fucking throat so I'd say yeah, Niles, he's shot pretty fucking bad.

NILES

Fuck. What the fuck do you morons do in there?

BARRY

Stop fucking yelling. Bullets just started flying I don't know what the fuck happened.

NILES

Well you better fucking figure it out.

DONOVAN

Stop fucking talking and start fucking driving.

Niles shuts up and does his best to focus on the road ahead, looking in to the rearview to try and glimpse what's going on. Neil rips off his mask and looks over at Niles until Niles looks back.

NEIL

Goddamn. We should do this every fucking day.

EXT CHURCH - NIGHT

DONOVAN

There was just way too much happening in that place. Short of going back and robbing the place for their fucking security tapes I don't think we'll ever know. We're probably better off trying to figure out who could have took it.

NILES

You been out on coffee break? I thought that's what we've been trying to do.

BARRY

We're missing something here.

DONOVAN

Paul. What the fuck happened to Paul? Has anyone heard from him?

NILES

I got this funny feeling it wasn't Paul.

DONOVAN

Funny feelings don't fucking count.

NILES

Let's just say I'm pretty fucking sure.

BARRY

What, have you heard from him?

NILES

The last one to.

DONOVAN

How do you know it wasn't him?

NILES

No one dies sitting on five mill.

EXT PAUL'S HOME - EARLIER SAME DAY

Neil is sitting on Paul's front porch. Niles walks up the front path and meets him.

NILES

What the fuck is so important that I had to meet you here?

NEIL

I really needed to talk to Paul. That you might be interested in what I had to say.

NILES

And what's that?

NEIL

Just something I think needs clearing up. A small detail.

NILES

You been in yet? Neil shakes his head no.

NEIL

Now is as good of a time as any.

INT PAUL'S HOME

The front door opens and Neil and Niles enters.

NEIL

Paul? Hey Paul. Are you here?

No response.

NEIL

What time is it?

Niles looks at his watch.

NILES

About 5:30.

NEIL

He's probably not home yet. Fuck.
That's all right. We can wait.

NILES

I gotta take a shit. Let me know
when he gets here.

NEIL

Sure thing.

Niles heads up stairs. Neil wanders in to the livingroom and
lays across the couch. He turns on the television and begins
flipping through channels. This is what Paul comes home to.

PAUL

What the fuck are you doing here?

NEIL

That all depends on where the fuck
my money is asshole.

PAUL

What money?

NEIL

The motherfucking money from your
motherfucking bank.

PAUL

Where the fuck do you think it is?
It's at the church, where it's
supposed to be. You know that.

NEIL

No, I did know that. Now I know
that it's not there. So now I need
to know where it is.

PAUL

It's gone? How the fuck would you -
(beat)
You fucking prick! You went to go
steal that fucking money didn't
you? A week and you're already
trying to fuck everyone over.

NEIL

Hey, I tried. It looks like you beat me to it though.

PAUL

Bullshit. I went out on a fucking limb for this. I wouldn't do that. Do I look like some backstabbing piece of shit to you?

NEIL

You trying to say I do?

PAUL

Obviously.

NEIL

You don't even fuckin' know -

Neil gets up from his place on the couch and storms over to Paul. Paul remains steadfast. Neil whips out his guns and grabs Paul by the back of the head. He wrenches him to the ground by his hair and slams the barrel of the gun in to his mouth busting up a few teeth.

NEIL

Listen up, cause if I have to repeat myself this is just gonna get worse. Where is my fucking money?

PAUL (GUN IN MOUTH)

I don't know.

Neil smiles at the unintelligible response.

NEIL

Sorry kid, I couldn't understand that.

He rips the gun out of Paul's mouth with enough force to remove some teeth with it. Paul screams in agony and rolls on to his stomach spitting blood and teeth to the floor.

PAUL

You sick motherfucker. Look at what you did to my mouth.

NEIL

Yeah, sorry about that.

PAUL

What about your brother? Were you gonna fuck him over too?

NEIL

What he don't know won't hurt him. So once more, with feeling, where is my motherfucking money?

PAUL

I don't know.

Neil kicks him in the ribs. Paul rolls beside the couch and yelps in pain.

NEIL

Last chance.

Paul reaches under the couch.

NEIL

Where is my money?

PAUL

I don't fucking -

Paul pulls out a gun from under the couch and fires at Neil.

PAUL

Know!

The bullet finds Neil's gut and sends him toward the ground. As he falls he fires a shot in return. It rips through Paul's arm. Niles comes running down to the stairs to find the two men on the livingroom floor, wounded and bleeding.

NILES

I take it we're shooting each other now? What the fuck is going on?

NEIL

That motherfucker shot me in stomach.

PAUL

I told you I didn't take it.

NILES

Take what?

PAUL

The money from the robbery. He said it's gone but I didn't fucking take it.

Niles glances over to Neil. Neil just grimaces and nods

NILES

Ah fuck.

Niles walks over to Paul and crouches beside him.

NILES

Shit man. Is your arm all right?

PAUL

It's fucking shot. How do you think it's doing.

NILES

Don't know, never been shot. Does it hurt?

PAUL

It doesn't fucking tickle.

NILES

I can imagine.

Niles glances back to Neil.

NILES

How 'bout you, killer? Neil gives a thumbs up.

Niles returns his attention to Paul. He pulls the gun away from Paul and tosses it across the room.

NILES

This is crazy. Shooting each other. Accusing each other of shit.

PAUL

At least you have some fucking sense.

Niles slaps one hand over Paul's mouth and uses the other to jam his index finger in to the bullet wound in Paul's arm. Paul's screams are muffled under Niles' hand.

NILES

I need you to listen. We're all friends here and nobody wants to see anyone else get hurt. Believe it or not, it hurts me to do this, but I swear to God, if you don't tell me what I want to hear I'll push my finger right through to the other side of your fucking arm.

Niles removes his hand from Pauls face.

PAUL

I don't know what happened to the money.

Niles pushes his finger deeper in to the wound. Another scream.

PAUL

I don't fucking know. You can kill me if you want to but it doesn't change that fact.

Niles pulls his finger out of the wound.

NILES

You know, I think I just might believe you. Just in case though, you're gonna help us figure out -

Niles is interrupted by Neil shooting Paul twice in the face. Niles wears part of the splash back.

NILES

You fucking child.

NEIL

He shot me in the fucking stomach Niles. Besides, he didn't know shit.

NILES

He sure doesn't now.

NEIL

What do you mean I'm a child?

NILES

You're a fucking child. You don't get your way and you throw a fucking fit.

Niles pulls his cellphone out of his pocket and speed dials.

NEIL

Fuck you. That motherfucker deser -

Niles sticks his index finger in the air and Neil stops talking. Niles speaks in to the phone.

NILES

Donovan?

(beat)

It's Niles. We got a problem. Meet me at the church for nine.

(beat)

Nothing I can talk about right now, just meet me there.

(beat)

Fuck the rules, they don't count right now. Call Barry. He needs to be there too.

Niles hangs up the phone and puts it away. He looks down to Neil.

NILES

Can you walk?

NEIL

I doubt it.

NILES

Of fucking course.

EXT CHURCH - NIGHT

Barry and Donovan look disgusted.

DONOVAN

What the fuck did you do?

Donovan raises his gun to Niles. Niles raises his arms in a show of passivity.

NILES

Hey, cool it down. I didn't once say I killed Paul, all right? That was entirely Neil's gig.

Barry raises his gun as well.

NILES

What?

BARRY

You motherfucker. You and that bastard brother of yours tried to rip us off. Then you kill Paul and now you act like none of this is your fault?

Niles lowers his arms and levels his gun at Barry.

NILES

Weren't you fuckin' listening? I just fuckin' told you, Paul was Neil's gig. He called me and said he needed a ride over to Paul's.

DONOVAN

It never crossed your mind to ask him why?

NILES

No, actually, it didn't. He said he needed to talk to him. Tell you the truth I didn't realize about what until I was standing over two bullet holes.

DONOVAN

What did you and your brother do with the fucking money?

NILES

I'm talking to myself. Fuck. I didn't even know the money was gone until I was at Paul's place. Why the fuck do you think I called you right afterward.

Barry steps up.

BARRY

Someone is sitting on almost five grand right now. How do we know it's wasn't Neil?

NILES

It wasn't Neil.

BARRY

Well I don't fucking see him right now. Maybe he's with the money and you're here to make sure we don't talk to anyone.

NILES

Neil is with Paul.

DONOVAN

Paul is dead. How the fuck -

Niles just tilts his head to note that Neil is dead too.

DONOVAN

Comes down to you and Niles, Barry?

BARRY

I'm your best fucking friend. You were at my fathers funeral. I can't believe you think I stole the fucking money.

DONOVAN

Yeah I was at your fathers funeral and I don't want to attend yours. I'm through fucking around. If someone has something to say they better say it soon.

Niles takes a dead aim at Barry.

NILES

Or they won't be saying it at all.

BARRY

Fuck you. This is bullshit.

NILES

It's a simple question and it's the last time you'll be asked. Did you or did you not take the money?

BARRY

If you had half the chance it'd be your money.

DONOVAN

Answer the question.

BARRY

What the fuck? Are you gonna listen to that fuck? For all we know him and Neil knocked off Dave and Paul so they're be more money for them.

DONOVAN

You still haven't answered.

NILES

Come to think of it, not once have you said that you didn't take the money.

Barry cocks his head at Niles. Turns to look at Donovan and flashes a quick smile and a wink. In an instant a muzzle flash and Niles shoulder explodes. The force sends Niles to the ground who fires in return. The haphazard shot tears through Barry's knee. He buckles and hits the ground.

DONOVAN

Fuck!

Donovan stops, stunned, and looks down to Barry.

NILES

Motherfuckers!

Niles fires from his position on the ground and hits Donovan in the stomach. Donovan fires twice on his way down. The first hitting Niles in the stomach and the second hitting the ground beside his head. Niles drags himself across the ground trying to find relative cover. Donovan rolls on to his stomach and levels his gun at Niles.

DONOVAN

What did you do with it?

NILES

I fed it to your fat fucking mother, while I was fucking her last night. How many different ways can I say I didn't take it?

Donovan screams.

DONOVAN

Where is the fucking money?

In the distance sirens approach.

BARRY

We gotta get outta here.

DONOVAN

I'm not going anywhere without the fucking money.

BARRY

I got it.

Donovan takes his focus off Niles.

DONOVAN

You took it?

BARRY

I moved it.

Donovan aims for Barry's head.

DONOVAN

You took the money!

BARRY

I had to move it. I know those fucks were gonna try for it.

DONOVAN

You took the fucking money!

BARRY

If I hadn't moved it Neil and Niles would have been long gone by now.

DONOVAN

Shit. Why didn't you tell me?

(beat)

Where is it?

BARRY

I moved it to -

The back of Barry's head explodes. Donovan wears some of it. He stares in disbelief at Barry.

NILES

Son of a bitch.

Donovan turns to look at Niles. Niles simply lays in position, his gun still aimed at Barry's corpse.

DONOVAN

You motherfucker!

Donovan fires three quick rounds killing Niles. Donovan pulls himself over Barry as the sirens near. He slaps Barry across the face multiple times hoping to illicit a response. Nothing.

He rolls away from Barry's body and tries to pull himself to his feet. He fails. He tries again and again nothing. The sirens are nearly on top on him. Defeated he looks to the gun in his hand. He closes his eyes and sighs deeply. Opening his eyes once again he begins moving the gun towards his own head.

EXT CITY STREET OUTSIDE THE CHURCH

Two cops cars scream to a stop just outside the church. Between the two cars THREE COPS get out and slam their doors. They approach the gate, with their guns drawn. They stand at the gate waiting for some indication to go in.

DONOVAN (V.O.)

There's all kinds of things that will drive a man to do so strange shit. A junkie will rob his own mother blind just to get a fix. A man chasing after a piece of pussy will ignore everything in his life to get it. But money?

Off screen a single shot is fired. The Three Cops storm in to the church courtyard.

EXT CHURCH COURTYARD

The Three Cops follow around the church toward the back.

DONOVAN (V.O.)

Is money the root of all evil? I don't think so. It will change a man though. The pursuit of money is very different from the pursuit of happiness. Money will corrupt a man until he doesn't recognize himself in the mirror anymore. Money will corrupt a man until he doesn't recognize his own friends.

The Three Cops come upon the dead bodies of Niles, Barry and Donovan.

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

Money's not the root of all evil. It just brings it out of us.