

DUTCH N' CLYDE

by

Jordan Santos

Fairfax High School

2002 Second Place

FOR READING PURPOSES ONLY
MAY NOT BE COPIED OR
DISTRIBUTED WITHOUT PERMISSION

DUTCH N' CLYDE

FADE IN:

EXT. REST HOME - DAY

A compact Ford drives up to the front of a local rest home. The home's an estate with a sign up front reading: "SMITH'S GROVE".

The Sedan parks and two people get out.

The driver, CLYDE REDDING, 24, stares at some old people who are sitting on lawn chairs, getting tans. He would pass for any other slacker if it weren't for that hard, confident look in his eye and stride.

His partner in crime, WENDELL BURNETT, 24, is another story. He looks like a greasy slacker because he is one. Not to mention he's a little over weight.

WENDELL

Why do we gotta come now? I'm missing some quality time with the TV.

CLYDE

Can it. We haven't come here in a long time.

Wendell rolls his eyes as Clyde walks past the home and up to the old people, getting a tan. He looks at an OLD MAN with sunglasses. Before Clyde can get a word in...

OLD MAN

You an insurance salesman?

CLYDE

Excuse me?

The Old Man takes off the glasses and looks at Clyde.

OLD MAN

No, too young.
(re: Wendell)
And dirty.

CLYDE

I'm looking for my grandmother, Margaret.

OLD MAN

Oh, Maggie?

CLYDE

She lives here?

OLD MAN
Yeah, Maggie O'Sullivan. Nice
broad.

Clyde gives him a look.

OLD MAN
Oh, sorry.

INT. SMITH'S GROVE REST HOME - DAY

NANCY, the receptionist, is reading through a Cosmo magazine when Clyde walks up to her.

CLYDE
Hi, I'm here to see Margaret
O'Sullivan.

NANCY
And you are...

CLYDE
Her husband.
(off her look)
I'm her grandson.

Nancy looks at him and rolls her eyes. She grabs her clip board and searches through the names.

NANCY
It's about time. Poor old lady
hasn't gotten a visitor in years.

Clyde looks down, guilty.

CLYDE
I know. My mom never got along with
her, so I never really was told
anything... until now.

NANCY
She's in room 323.

CLYDE
Thank you.

Clyde and Wendell walk to the elevators.

INT. THIRD FLOOR - DAY

The elevator doors open and they walk out. Clyde leads the way to room 323. He gives Wendell a look to scam, and he does. Clyde knocks on the door. Beat.

The door opens. MAGGIE O'SULLIVAN, an old lady with a heart of gold, smiles at Clyde and Wendell.

MAGGIE
Yes?

Clyde stares at her face and sighs.

CLYDE
I'm sorry, wrong room.

MAGGIE
Oh, okay.

She closes the door. Wendell gives Clyde a look.

CLYDE
Not that one.

WENDELL
Why?

CLYDE
Cause.

He walks off.

WENDELL
Fucking softy.

ANOTHER DOOR

Wendell knocks on it, while Clyde stands by him.

WENDELL
Watch and learn.

WICKER opens the door. He looks at Wendell with beady eyes.

WICKER
What the hell do you want?

WENDELL
I'm your grandson.

WICKER
Grandson?

WENDELL
Yeah, Michael.

Wicker gets a crooked smile.

WICKER
Well, I'll be damned. Come on in.

He pats Wendell's back really hard and pushes him inside.

INT. WICKER'S ROOM - DAY

Wendell's looking through Wicker's war memorabilia, while Clyde is sitting on the edge of the bed. Wicker's on a recliner.

WICKER
How's that whore?

WENDELL
Who?

WICKER
Your mother.

WENDELL
Oh, she's okay. Such a drama queen though.

Wicker laughs. He looks over at Clyde.

WICKER
Who the hell are you?

CLYDE
Clyde, friend of Wen... Michael's.

Wicker nods his head. Stares at Wendell now, who picks up a VIETNAM COMMUNIST POSTER.

WICKER
Gentle there.

WENDELL
How much would this go for, Grandpa?

WICKER
Oh, quite a few greenbacks. It's genuine.

CLYDE
Can I use the bathroom?

Wicker motions to a nearby door. Clyde goes in. Wendell continues looking through the memorabilia. He picks up a PISTOL.

WENDELL
How much would this go for, grandpa?

WICKER
Oh, that? Easily over two grand.

WENDELL
So where were you stationed at, grandpa?

WICKER
 With the Vietcong. I was a P.O.W.
 Fuckin' Gooks trapped my platoon
 under some...

Wendell isn't even paying attention as Wicker goes on his rant.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Clyde's going through the medicine cabinet. He's shuffling through prescription drugs.

CLYDE (V.O.)
 Me and Wendell have been doing this
 routine for a while. It helps us
 get extra cash on the side.
 (holds up one of the
 bottles)
 This for instance, Codeine, is nice
 candy to sell around campus.

He reads another label.

INT. WICKER'S ROOM - DAY

Wendell looks through more things as Wicker finishes his story.

WICKER
 Yeah, that's how I escaped.
 (beat)
 Hey, what's your friend doing?
 Taking an awfully long time...

WENDELL
 Came down with diarrhea on the way
 over.

WICKER
 That's nice. Wanna know something?

Wendell shrugs.

WICKER
 I know you ain't my grandson.

Wendell gulps.

WENDELL
 What are you talking about,
 grandpa?

WICKER
 I never even had a son or daughter.

Wicker gets a devilish smile on his face.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Clyde puts some of the drugs in his pockets. He holds another two. The door is KICKED OPEN. Clyde drops the pill bottles. Wicker has the memorabilia gun in his hand.

WICKER
You're with the Gooks, aren't you?

CLYDE
Jesus Christ!

In the other room, Wendell is tied up and gagged to a wheel chair...

INT. HALL - DAY

TWO ORDERLIES runs through the hall. They stop at Wicker's room and unlock the door. They find Wicker pointing a gun at both Clyde and Wendell.

TALL ORDERLY
Hey, Thomas, now put the gun down.

WICKER
You outta your mind? They're fucking with them...

TALL ORDERLY
What?

WICKER
Trying to take my shit! Give it back to the enemy!

Clyde and Wendell look at the SHORT ORDERLY, shaking their heads. They're shitting in their pants by now.

The Tall Orderly slowly approaches Wicker. At only a few inches away from him, he tackles Wicker to the ground, taking the gun out of his hand.

Clyde gets up, while the Short Orderly unties Wendell. He gets up and goes to the door.

SHORT ORDERLY
Just wait out here while we fix the problem.

Clyde and Wendell walk out.

INT. HALL - DAY

Clyde and Wendell stop to catch their breath.

CLYDE
This is the last time I ever let you handle this.

WENDELL
It's not my fault!

WICKER (O.S.)
Those fuckers ain't my grand-kids!
I don't even got a daughter!

They look at each other and run down the hall.

EXT. SMITH'S GROVE - DAY

The Ford's tires SCREECH as it takes off down the road.

INT. PARA-TRANSIT MOBILE - DAY

Clyde drives while Wendell stares out his window. Clyde looks at him with the corner of his eye.

CLYDE (V.O.)
I know what you're thinking, and
it's true. I hang out with Wendell
because he gives me higher self-
esteem...

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Wendell is in a college class, listening to the professor's speech. Everyone jots down notes except for Wendell.

CLYDE (V.O.)
Wendell's not too bright either, so
that's like a bonus.

INT. BAR - DAY

Wendell is talking to a good looking girl, M.O.S. She isn't even paying attention to him.

CLYDE (V.O.)
And did I mention that he doesn't
have a way with women?

The good looking girl SLAPS Wendell and pours her drink on his head.

CLYDE (V.O.)
I wonder what the hell he just said
to deserve that?

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL CAMPUS - DAY

Clyde and Wendell are standing next to the entrance of the building. The BELL rings and people start rushing out. ADAM, the school druggie, walks up to them.

ADAM
Clyde, what's up man?

CLYDE
Just paying one of my patients a
visit.

ADAM
It's about time.

Clyde shows him some of the pills from his pockets.

EXT. SCHOOL ROOFTOP - DAY

Adam downs some of the pills. Clyde and Wendell are leaning
on the edge of the roof. Clyde stares at the campus.

CLYDE
Man, this place is no good for me.

WENDELL
What do you mean? You know how well
we're doing?

CLYDE
Yeah, compared to the other wash
outs in this place.

ADAM
Hey...

CLYDE
Not you, you're cool.

ADAM
You guys want some weed?

WENDELL
Yeah.

Wendell takes a joint from Adam and starts to light it.

CLYDE
The business is all right, but we
need to get out of this place.
(beat)
You think we can do it with this
petty cash?

Clyde shows Wendell the cash which he just got from the sale.

WENDELL
If you don't want it...

Wendell goes for it, but Clyde pockets it.

CLYDE
I never said I didn't want it. It's
just not enough.

Wendell shrugs, he takes a hit from the joint. He lets the air back out.

CLYDE
We stay here and we'll end up like every other guy here.

ADAM
What's that?

CLYDE
Couple of fucking nobodies.

Adam laughs.

WENDELL
You're one to talk, drop out.

CLYDE
That's cause they were teaching bull shit. I need something real.

WENDELL
All I need is some herb, money and food.

Clyde laughs.

CLYDE
You're definitely gonna need some food when you get done with that.

ADAM
You guys are nuts. Leave this place?
(beat)
Besides, you guys are like... my heroes.

Wendell smiles and takes another hit. Clyde raises one eye brow at Adam and turns around, staring at the sky.

CLYDE (V.O.)
There's nothing more sad than hearing a young druggie say that to you. Makes you feel like Mick Jagger.

INT. CLYDE'S APARTMENT - DAY

They walk in and hear the phone RINGING. Clyde gets it.

CLYDE
Hello?
(beat)
You've been calling me for two hours for Fruit Loops?
(beat)
(MORE)

CLYDE (cont'd)
 Jesus, you could've asked for
 someone --
 (beat)
 Okay, okay. I'll come.

Clyde hangs up the phone.

WENDELL
 Your old lady?

CLYDE
 Shut up.

Clyde grabs his Para-Transit work shirt and leaves.

INT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Clyde stands in the middle of an aisle, reading through the nutrients of a FRUIT LOOPS box. In his other hand, there's a can of dog food.

Clyde puts the Fruit Loops back, opting for a box of CHEERIOS instead. He walks away.

INT. FRONT OF GROCERY STORE - DAY

Clyde walks into frame, staring at the long lines of customers, waiting with their food and shopping carts.

CLYDE
 Shit.

He looks around, trying to size up the shortest line, but they're all about the same.

His eyes wander, noticing a girl, NORA LYNCH. She's in her early twenties, a book-worm type, but pretty. Her eyes catch Clyde's look as she grabs a National Enquirer from a rack.

They stare at each other for a brief second. Their eyes connect. Nora almost drops the magazine. They both look away. Nora stares at the register, while Clyde looks at the Tampon special.

Clyde glances back at her, trying to look nonchalant about it.

He walks through the line.

CLYDE
 Excuse me... Pardon me... Coming
 through.

People give him irritated glances, some even mouth off. He stops right behind Nora, who's reading. He sighs.

CLYDE
 Honey, I got the cereal.

She turns around, surprised. Looking at Clyde, then at the Cheerios.

CLYDE
What, not your brand?

NORA
Ugh, I don't know --

CLYDE
Fine, I'll pay for it.
(snatches the Enquirer)
And this.

He looks back at a WOMAN who was pissed off at him.

CLYDE
She usually buys em for me. You know, it's kind of embarrassing.

The WOMAN nods her head, understanding.

WOMAN
My husband had the same problem.

Clyde looks back at Nora and smiles nervously.

NORA
I'm sorry, but I don't even --

CASHIER
Miss. You're up.

The Cashier rings up Nora's things. Clyde watches, shocked that she hasn't said anything or slapped him.

The Cashier finishes up and Nora starts taking out the bills.

CASHIER
Twelve-fifty.

NORA
Wait, I got my club card in here...

Nora fumbles through her small purse. Clyde takes out his club card and hands it to the Cashier.

CLYDE
It's cool, I got it.

NORA
Thanks.

The Cashier hands it back to Clyde. The price drops and now Nora pays \$10.35. The bag boy bags up her things.

The Cashier rings up Clyde's three items.

CASHIER
Four-twenty nine.

He pays up and notices Nora leaving.

CLYDE
Honey, wait.

Nora stops. She turns around, still feeling peculiar about the act.

Clyde gets back his money and items and walks over to Nora.

EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY

Clyde and Nora walk out together. Clyde slips the Enquirer into her cart.

NORA
That was a ballsy move.

CLYDE
The line was long. I couldn't wait.
(beat)
You looked like a nice person, too.

NORA
Thanks.

They walk in the same direction.

NORA
Ummm...

CLYDE
No, I'm not following you. My car's over there.

He points to his car.

NORA
Oh okay. Good.

She stops at her car and he walks on, but he stops and turns around. She notices.

NORA
Yeah?

CLYDE
I never pulled anything like that.
I thought you were gonna make a scene.

Beat.

NORA

Well, it was weird. But you seemed...

CLYDE

Like a nice guy?

NORA

I guess.

He nods his head, turns around, and leaves. She stares at him, wondering.

She hauls the bags in her car. Clyde goes back and grabs one of them. He puts it in the trunk.

CLYDE

I *am* a nice guy.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Clyde walks to his Ford and notices large strips of cloth which cover some of the car's paint job. He removes the strips from the side and the back to reveal the words... "PARA-TRANSIT" printed on the car.

The Ford is THE PARA-TRANSIT MOBILE.

INT. PARA-TRANSIT MOBILE - DAY

Clyde drives, while the bag of Cheerios and dog food sit next to him.

CLYDE (V.O.)

My job was to basically help paraplegics. Take them around places, talk to them, or buy em cereal.

Clyde checks the time on his watch.

CLYDE

Shit.

He speeds through the street.

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

Clyde gets out of the car and runs through the lawn of a very expensive home. He runs up a METAL RAMP that leads to the front door.

He rings the top doorbell. There's two, one three and a half feet high, the other about five and a half.

DUTCH KRAMER opens the door. An elderly man in a wheel chair. He has cropped white hair and thick glasses.

DUTCH
 You son of a bitch. I said four
 o'clock on the dot. And what
 happened to your key?

CLYDE (V.O.)
 I think he meant to say, "Nice to
 see you, Clyde."

CLYDE
 Sorry, there was traffic. And it's
 on my coffee table.

DUTCH
 You know, my brother-in-law told me
 that same excuse when he was late
 to his wife's funeral.

Clyde smiles.

CLYDE
 He left his keys on the coffee
 table too?

DUTCH
 Shut up.

Clyde walks in.

DUTCH
 You didn't say the magic words.

CLYDE
 Blow me.

DUTCH
 You're in. For now.

He shuts the door.

INT. DUTCH'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING

The rooms are beautiful. Vintage black and white photos line
 his walls. A decorator with style did his house. It's also
 custom designed to fit Dutch's handicap.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Clyde's feeding the dog food to Dutch's pooch, TARD. Dutch
 grabs the cereal from the bag.

DUTCH
 You bastard. I said Fruit Loops.

CLYDE
 They're healthier.

DUTCH
Does it look like I go to a gym to
get into shape?

CLYDE
You're in shape Dutch. You're
round.

Dutch puts spoonfuls of sugar into his bowl of Cheerios.

DUTCH
Pointless anyway, you know I put
sugar in it.

CLYDE
At least it won't kill you as
quick. With that fried glucose
crap. Red dye number four.

DUTCH
Whatever. Did you feed Tard?

CLYDE
Yep.

Clyde watches Tard eat.

CLYDE (V.O.)
The dog's name wasn't always Tard.
Used to be Bogart, after "The Great
One" as Dutch says. But somewhere
along the line, Bogart became...
retarded.

Tard starts to GAG the food out. He shakes his head
violently, spewing out chunks of meat here and there. We
notice that there's some old pieces of MEAT stuck to the
floor -- something that happens often.

CLYDE (V.O.)
Hence the new name. Right now, his
head confused his wind pipe for his
esophagus.

Clyde looks away, disgusted.

DUTCH
Why don't you take a picture? It'll
last longer...

CLYDE
I already have.

Dutch moves the JOYSTICK on his wheel chair, leaving the
kitchen.

CLYDE
Tard will be okay?

DUTCH
He'll be fine, good as new in no
time.

They leave Tard, who is still choking up.

INT. STUDY ROOM - DAY

This is Dutch's prized room. His study. Book shelves full of books he's actually read, not just the classics from Dickens. There's some RICHARD STARK in there, ELMORE LEONARD, STEPHEN KING, and J.D. SALINGER. Playwrights too.

Dutch is at his specially made wooden desk. An old fashioned type writer sits in front of his fingers. Clyde is on a large, comfortable sofa, reading Stark's THE HUNTER.

CLYDE (V.O.)
Dutch was a writer. A good one. He
weaved through many genres. From
Drama to Romance. His preference
was crime, though...

We see a section on the book shelf of DUTCH's books. Titles range from THE WEASEL GOES POP to TEN YEARS GONE.

Dutch is reviewing his last typed page. Clyde notices a picture of a middle aged woman on the desk.

Dutch puts it inside a drawer. He looks back at his work, concentrating on the piece of paper.

CLYDE
Do you remember everything you
write when you come to an old page?

DUTCH
I just look at the last page and it
hits me. As if I'm coming out of a
spell.

CLYDE
Which do you start with, a
character or an idea?

Dutch takes time to think about it.

DUTCH
You know, that's a good question.
Back when people took the time to
interview me, I never got any kind
of question like that...

CLYDE
What kind did they ask?

DUTCH
How did you get into the writing
game? Who was your influence?
(MORE)

DUTCH (cont'd)
 You know... stuff that circulated
 around writing, but nothing that
 got in depth about it.

Beat. Dutch reads through his paper.

CLYDE
 So, which do you prefer?

DUTCH
 Prefer what?

CLYDE
 You know, what I just asked you...

Dutch doesn't have a faint idea. He rubs his eyes.

DUTCH
 What are you talking about?

CLYDE
 I just...
 (reads Dutch's face)
 Never mind. Tell me about life out
 there...

DUTCH
 You mean in New York?

CLYDE
 Yeah.

DUTCH
 You always want me to tell some
 story, why?

CLYDE
 Because, I'm thinking about taking
 a trip myself.

DUTCH
 A vacation?

CLYDE
 More like a permanent one.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Clyde opens the medicine cabinet. There are lines of
 prescription bottles.

CLYDE (V.O.)
 That's why he hasn't been in the
 spotlight for years. After Dutch
 had his accident, he lived off of
 this crap.

Clyde grabs one of the bottles.

INT. HALL - DAY

Clyde approaches the door to the study with a glass of water in his hand. He stops and listens into the wooden door. The RHYTHM of typing comes from within. Beat.

DUTCH (O.S.)
Shit, shit, shit!

INT. STUDY ROOM - DAY

Clyde opens the door and sees Dutch snatch the piece of paper from the type writer and crumple it in his hand.

CLYDE
I brought your pills, Dutch.

DUTCH
Screw the pills!

CLYDE
Come on. You have to take them.

DUTCH
What's the point?

Clyde puts the glass of water on the table and drops the pill next to it.

CLYDE
If you don't take it, you won't be able to have your interview with Time Magazine.

Beat. Dutch smiles.

DUTCH
Time called for me?

CLYDE
Yeah.

DUTCH
It's about fuckin' time.

CLYDE
So you better take your medicine.

DUTCH
I don't like it. Makes me tired.

CLYDE
I know it does. But you have to.

DUTCH
How will I do my interview with Time if I'm passed out?

CLYDE
Don't worry, it's taken care of.

DUTCH
All right.

He grabs the pill, puts it in his mouth, and downs it with water. Clyde starts walking out.

DUTCH
Where are you going?

CLYDE
To the front door. Gotta be there when they come, right?

DUTCH
Right.

Clyde walks out.

INT. PARA-TRANSIT MOBILE - DAY

Clyde drives through traffic.

CLYDE (V.O.)
I guess it was rude to trick Dutch like that. But I don't know, it was the only time I saw him... happy.

INT. DUTCH'S STUDY - DAY

Dutch, tired from the pills, is already dozing off in front of the type writer. He holds something in his hand.

CLYDE (V.O.)
We all need to lie to ourselves sometimes to keep us going. But I didn't know what was keeping *him* going.

We finally see what Dutch was holding, the picture of the middle-aged woman from before.

INT. CLYDE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Wendell is watching TV as Clyde walks in.

CLYDE
Any calls?

WENDELL
Nope.

CLYDE
If I find out that I got one fucking call...

WENDELL

Chill man, I said you didn't get any.

CLYDE

You always say that. And most of the time, I do.

Clyde goes up to the phone as Wendell thinks. Beat. He gets out of his seat and grabs the phone before Clyde can.

WENDELL

Wait!

Clyde looks at him. He knew it.

WENDELL

I think... someone called...

(beat)

Oh wait, no one called for you.

Wendell sits back down. Clyde checks the message -- none. He checks Caller ID -- nothing either. He hangs up the phone.

CLYDE

So what'd you do today?

WENDELL

Nothing much, just sat around, looked for a job.

CLYDE

Usual I see.

WENDELL

Oh, something cool happened. Guess who called...

Clyde shrugs.

WENDELL

Charlie, man. He's in town.

It comes back to Clyde. He grins. FREEZE FRAME.

CLYDE (V.O.)

Charlie McGee was a collegian going for a M.D. in Surgery.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY - FLASHBACK

CHARLIE MCGEE walks through the campus, passing the College sign. He's in his late 20's with a preppy look to him, likeable as well.

INT. CHARLIE'S DORM - DAY

He sits at his desk, swamped with study notes and an anatomy book. Behind him, the door opens. MICKEY looks at Charlie, very scared.

MICKEY
Shit man, I got a problem.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Charlie is sitting on a bench, reading a newspaper.

CLYDE (V.O.)
Mickey, the poor lug, was flunking
out of college. The only way he
could stay in was to somehow
blackmail someone in the system.

A younger Wendell passes by Charlie, giving him the silent
What's Up?

Charlie puts down his paper and looks at CHANCELLOR DAVE walk
out of a building. A tall and skinny man with white hair.

CLYDE (V.O.)
Enter Chancellor Dave Ravel.

Chancellor Dave gives Charlie a wave. Charlie greets him back
with a smile.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Charlie's BLUE HONDA drives slowly through the downtown LA.
There are hookers prowling about.

He stops the car and rolls down the window. Mickey is in the
passenger's seat.

One of the hookers walks up to the car and looks at them.
Charlie does all the talk M.O.S.

The hooker walks away, into a bar. Beat. She comes back out,
escorting YOLANDA to the car. A beautiful woman.

They exchange words and Mickey starts counting out 20 dollar
bills.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - NIGHT

Charlie and Mickey are sitting at the same bench as before.
Chancellor Dave comes walking out. Gives the wave to them.
They wave back together.

Yolanda starts following Chancellor Dave. Charlie and Mickey
watch as Yolanda tactfully trips, falling onto Chancellor
Dave's back.

Charlie and Mickey smile.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

Chancellor Dave and Yolanda are talking over drinks. She laughs. Flirts a lot.

Charlie and Mickey are at the other side of the bar, watching.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Chancellor Dave and Yolanda are taking off each other's clothes while kissing. She is down to her bra and panties.

He's excited. We notice the WEDDING RING on his finger.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Charlie is in the bathroom of the same room where Chancellor Dave and Yolanda are. The door is open just enough so that the LENS of his CAMERA could fit through.

CLYDE (V.O.)

Yolanda was... a special case.

CHANCELLOR DAVE

Holy shit!

CHARLIE'S POV -- Chancellor Dave's in shock. We only see the naked back of Yolanda. Her bra and panties are off. Her ass is hairy and her legs are muscular. In fact, her body is very... MASCULINE.

CLYDE (V.O.)

The Crying Game all over again.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Charlie is snapping away at the photos. But he's disgusted at the same time. He stops taking pictures for a moment, trying not to gag.

He looks back through the door, surprised.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Chancellor Dave and Yolanda are under the sheets. Going at it.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Mickey is sitting on a bench, outside the Administration's Office. He has a large envelope in his hand.

INT. CHANCELLOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Mickey walks in, Chancellor Dave smiles. Mickey doesn't sit, he just dumps the file on his desk.

CLYDE (V.O.)
Blackmailing 101. The main rule is
to use something that will ensure a
pay-off...

Chancellor Dave looks at the photos, we do not. He's scared at first, but then he grows confident. He nods his head, accepting it.

Mickey can't believe it.

CLYDE (V.O.)
Which is a rule Mickey obviously
didn't read.

INT. CHANCELLOR'S OFFICE - LATER

Mickey is seated in the same seat as before, only the desk lamp is SHINED in his face. Two silhouetted figures stand behind the desk. Their faces are hidden because of the strong light.

DISTORTED FIGURE
We know somebody else was behind
this operation...

MICKEY
Operation? I just wanted to stay in
school.

DISTORTED FIGURE #2
Tell us who the big fish is and
we'll let you stay.

MICKEY
Big fish? It was a silly prank.

CLYDE (V.O.)
He was bound to crack sooner or
later. They could've said he shot
J.F.K. and he would've said, "Yes."

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Charlie holds two suitcases in his hands. He's walking away from his beloved school, depressed.

Behind him, Mickey walks out with his things too.

Charlie stops, drops the suitcases, and faces Mickey. He pulls his HAND back, ready to punch him...

INT. CLYDE'S APARTMENT - DAY - PRESENT

FREEZE FRAME -- Clyde grinning. Everything goes back to normal.

CLYDE
That's cool.

WENDELL
Yeah, Charlie wants to hang out
some time, said he'd drop by.

CLYDE
Sounds good.

Clyde walks to his room. Wendell goes back to his TV.

CLYDE (V.O.)
Interesting post script to that
story.

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS - DAY

Chancellor Dave and Yolanda walk together through the campus,
holding hands.

EXT. CAFE - DAY

Clyde's sitting at an outdoor table with Nora.

CLYDE
I'm curious, but how long have you
lived here?

NORA
Couple of years, why?

CLYDE
I never noticed you before.

NORA
Maybe you didn't look hard enough.

CLYDE
Trust me, I'm people who know
people.

NORA
You sound like Barbra Streisand.

CLYDE
That's probably because my room
mate can't get enough of her.

NORA
What's her name?

CLYDE
His name is Wendell.

She laughs.

NORA
 You know, if you weren't cute, I probably would've slapped you at the market.

CLYDE
 Thanks, I guess.

Nora looks at Clyde's face as he drinks his coffee.

NORA
 I'd say you're average in photos.

CLYDE
 Oh, really?

NORA
 I have this thing... That you can tell whether a person's picture cute or not.

CLYDE
 I know that I'm not, but are you?

NORA
 Are you kidding? I look like crap.

CLYDE
 I find that hard to believe.

NORA
 Promise not to laugh?

Clyde nods his head "yes". She pulls out her ID and flashes it to him. He laughs. She takes it back.

NORA
 I told you not to laugh.

CLYDE
 I know, but I couldn't help it.

She throws a crumpled up napkin at him.

CLYDE
 So what kind of job do you have?

NORA
 Junior accountant.

CLYDE
 Oh, humble, boring, quaint,
 occasional moment of excitement...
 (MORE)

CLYDE (cont'd)
 (off her look)
 Sorry, I was kidding.

NORA
 So what do you do?

CLYDE
 Me? I'm nothing special, really. I
 just work for this agency...
 helping crippled people.

NORA
 That's nice. Volunteered?

CLYDE
 If you call doing it for money
 volunteering, then yeah, I guess
 so.
 (beat)
 What do you do besides accounting?

NORA
 There's college. But that can suck
 at times.

CLYDE
 What's so bad about it?

NORA
 Tuition.

Clyde nods his head, agreeing.

INT. NIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

Clyde is sitting at an empty table, watching the crowd of
 people DANCING. He's not really into the music or the vibe of
 the place. He just sips his White Russian.

Wendell is dancing horribly with a moderately attractive
 girl. CHARLIE MCGEE, on the other hand, dances like a pro.
 He's got a better looking girl too. He's aged a bit since his
 college days and not as preppy.

The song ends. Charlie motions to his date, TRACY, that he
 wants to stop. They head over to the table. Wendell and his
 girl, JULIANA, follow.

They all sit down at the table.

CHARLIE
 You really should dance.

WENDELL
 Yeah. Place is lighting up like
 it's fucking Christmas, man. You
 don't get this back home.

Juliana laughs. No one else does.

CLYDE

So what are you guys up to after this?

CHARLIE

We can go back to my place.

WENDELL

All right, I got some pot in my car.

TRACY

You got any drinks?

CHARLIE

Do I?

Charlie pecks her on the mouth. Wendell puts his arm around Juliana.

WENDELL

Why aren't you trying to get hooked up, Clyde?

CLYDE

I met a girl the other day. I don't wanna fuck it up. You know?

CHARLIE

Yeah, but who will know?

CLYDE

I guess I'm just a monogamous kind of guy.

Tracy laughs.

TRACY

A what?

INT. CHARLIE'S CONDO - DAY

Clyde, Charlie, and Tracy are in the gourmet kitchen. Charlie fixes some drinks.

The place is very expensive. The furniture in the adjacent living room is very nice.

Wendell's sitting on the couch, talking to Juliana.

CLYDE

This is a nice place. How does a college drop out afford a condo?

TRACY

You're a drop out?

CHARLIE
Kicked out, not a drop out. But
what's a kid who almost finished
med school supposed to do?

CLYDE
Become a gynecologist?

CHARLIE
No, you go into a business which
tailors to your skills.

Charlie mixes the Margarita mix in the blender.

CLYDE
You can't become a doctor.

CHARLIE
Technically I can, just not a
licensed doctor.

CLYDE
I see where you're going with this.

CHARLIE
Think about it, there are many
people who can't go to real
doctors. A gangster who wants to
get a heart transplant before
anyone else...

Clyde smirks.

CLYDE
Criminals with bullet wounds.

CHARLIE
Exactly. So the only place for me
was the underground market.

Clyde is taken back. Charlie starts pouring the drinks in the
cups.

CLYDE
You're fucking serious?
(beat)
Whoa, you're serious.

Charlie hands Clyde a drink. Clyde downs it.

CLYDE
How much do you make?

CHARLIE
Look at this place. *Enough.*

CLYDE
Shit, maybe you can hook me up with
a job.

Charlie gives him a look.

CLYDE
Not a doctor job, of course.

CHARLIE
I'll see what I can do.

He hands Tracy a drink and begins to pull her away.

CHARLIE
I'm gonna need you to remove your
clothes.

She smiles and they leave to his room. Clyde leans on the counter, drinking his Margarita.

INT. DUTCH'S HOUSE - DAY

Clyde walks in through the front door.

CLYDE
Dutch?

Beat.

CLYDE
Yo, Dutch?

No reply. He searches through the house, worried.

DUTCH (O.S.)
Get over here, you son of a bitch!

Clyde sighs.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Clyde walks in to see Dutch laying on the tile with a cheap rope tied around his neck. The rope is attached to the pole that holds the shower curtain. The pole is laying in the bath tub. The wheel chair has fallen on its side.

Tard is licking Dutch's face.

DUTCH
Are you just gonna stand there or
get me my fucking chair?!

CLYDE
Jesus, Dutch, what the hell
happened?

DUTCH
Do I really need to explain?

Clyde looks at the contraption Dutch made.

INT. BATHROOM - THE NIGHT BEFORE

Dutch rides into the bathroom with a rope in his hand. The rope's end has been made into a noose.

Dutch throws the rope over the curtain POLE. He grabs the end and ties it to one of the water knobs. He tugs on it, checking to see that it holds.

Dutch then puts the rope over his head... sliding it on his neck. He tightens it. Licks his lips.

DUTCH

Here I come sweet-cakes.

He PUSHES himself off the wheel chair. The curtain pole loosens and FALLS into the tub. Dutch falls on his belly onto the tiled floor.

He CRIES in pain.

INT. DUTCH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Clyde lays Dutch onto the bed. He stares at him for a long moment.

DUTCH

What, you're surprised?

CLYDE

For Christ's sake, why didn't you just O.D. on your pills?

Dutch laughs.

DUTCH

It was pretty stupid.

CLYDE

A curtain pole. You kidding me?

DUTCH

I thought it would hold. I mean, I'm thin... don't weigh much.

CLYDE

If you did it the right way, it would've saved you the embarrassment of me finding you.

(beat)

How long were you lying there?

DUTCH

The whole night.

CLYDE

Christ Dutch. If you wanted to kill yourself so bad, you should've told me.

Dutch looks at Clyde, an idea sparks in his eyes.

CLYDE
Hey, I didn't mean that.

DUTCH
Yeah, you did. You said it to my face. You meant it.

CLYDE
Quit joking around. I'm not a murderer, all right?

DUTCH
You don't *have* to kill me. What if you arrange my death? Like a wise guy. You know... hire someone to take me out.

CLYDE
So that's how it is?

DUTCH
How what is?

CLYDE
Born to Lose, 1982. A drug lord puts a hit on his own head for the next day. That was your book.

DUTCH
So?

CLYDE
If what you're saying is what I'm thinking... you're out of your mind.

DUTCH
For a long time now.

Clyde walks away from the bed.

CLYDE
I'm gonna get a doctor to take a look at you.

DUTCH
I'll pay you.

Clyde stops for a moment, but he walks on.

INT. DUTCH'S BEDROOM - LATER

A DOCTOR is looking at Dutch's chest. Examining the bruises.

DOCTOR
Does it hurt when I push here?

Dutch shakes his head "no". Clyde watches Dutch from the doorway.

DUTCH
Hey, watch where you put the hands,
pervert.

The Doctor moves his hand away from Dutch's lower part of his body.

INT. CLYDE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Clyde gets inside and sees Wendell talking on the phone, while the TV is on.

WENDELL
...that really sounds great.
(beat)
It's for the both of us?

CLYDE
Who is it?

Wendell covers the phone.

WENDELL
Charlie. He said he could hook us
up with this small job he's doing.

CLYDE
No shit? How much?

WENDELL
Maybe a grand or two each.

CLYDE
Let me talk to him.

WENDELL
(into phone)
He said he'd do it.

Clyde walks to Wendell and grabs the phone out of his hand.

CLYDE
What kind of job is this, Charlie?

INTERCUT THE PHONE CONVERSATION -- CHARLIE AND CLYDE

Charlie is at his desk, looking through some files.

CHARLIE
We're boosting a van that's
carrying some fresh organs.

CLYDE
Organs? As in parts of dead people?

CHARLIE
 There's a lot of money in it. Many
 people wanna be at the top of the
 list.

Clyde nods his head.

CLYDE
 We don't hurt anybody?

CHARLIE
 You kidding? It's only a driver. He
 won't take a bullet for some organs.

CLYDE
 Cool. I'm in.

INT. CHARLIE'S CONDO - NIGHT

Charlie is wearing black attire. Clyde is too, except Wendell
 is dressed in less traditional cat burglar garb.

CHARLIE
 I thought I said dark clothes.

Charlie darts a look at Wendell.

WENDELL
 Hey, this is all I got.

CHARLIE
 What we are doing is serious. It's
 not a game.

WENDELL
 I totally understand. Who cares
 what I'm wearing, anyway?

Charlie rolls his eyes and looks at Clyde. Charlie's eyes
 scream out, "What did I do to deserve this?"

His phone rings. He picks it up.

CHARLIE
 Hello?
 (beat)
 No problem. We're ready.

He hangs up the phone and looks at Clyde and Wendell.

CHARLIE
 Let's go.

EXT. CHARLIE'S CONDO - NIGHT

The three walk out of the place and up to this BLACK VAN
 that's parked near the sidewalk.

INT. BLACK VAN - NIGHT

Charlie gets in the front seat with JACK, his assistant, behind the wheel of the car. A young guy around Charlie's age. He also wears black clothes.

Clyde and Wendell get in the back.

CHARLIE
Guys, this is Jack. Jack, the guys.

JACK
First timers?

CLYDE
Yeah.

JACK
One piece of advice for the squeamish: Think of the job like you're in a liquor mart... you break, you buy.

Jack turns on the engine and drives off.

EXT. BLACK VAN - NIGHT

As it drives through the streets of the town. It goes into the slums.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The Black Van drives into this lot with only a TRANSAM inside. It parks right in front of it.

The guys get out of the van.

CLYDE
Who are these guys?

CHARLIE
You ever heard of Burt and Ernie?

CLYDE
That's their names?

CHARLIE
Ones that I gave them.

Clyde sees the guys in the Transam get out. BURT and ERNIE are their infamous names. Two guys that act alike, but look like opposites. Burt's tall and skinny; Ernie's short and chunky.

BURT
Charlie...

Charlie nods his head at them.

Burt leads them around the car. He opens the trunk, only to find that it's completely empty.

He lifts up the false bottom to reveal a crate. He unlocks it with a key and opens it.

An array of guns is inside the box.

CHARLIE
That's real nice.

BURT
You betcha.

CHARLIE
You're only willing to sell the
crate?

BURT
All in one shot. You either get it
or you don't.

INT. BLACK VAN - NIGHT

Charlie, Clyde and Wendell look through the crate while Jack drives.

JACK
What kind of pieces are in there?

CHARLIE
Good stuff. Two Colt .45's.
Shotgun. Magnum. The works.

CLYDE
Do I have to use one?

CHARLIE
Yeah, just in case.

CLYDE
I thought you said nobody would get
hurt.

CHARLIE
You ever try to rob anybody without
a weapon?

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Black Van slows down to the side of the road.

INT. BLACK VAN - NIGHT

Everyone is looking at Charlie, who is sitting in the back.

CHARLIE

The van should be coming through
this place in exactly one hour.

Jack smiles.

CHARLIE

All we need to do is create the
diversion.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

A different area from the Black Van's location. It's quiet
and empty.

A MEDICAL VAN speeds through the highway. The driver, LARRY,
listens to some music on the highway.

INT. MEDICAL VAN - NIGHT

Larry whistles to the music. Behind him, we see the organ
packages he is delivering to different places.

His eyes grow concerned as he stares at the road. He slows
down.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The Medical Van slows down in front of a couple of CONES and
a "DO NOT CROSS" yellow tape that barricades the strip.
Charlie has an orange plastic vest on, looking like a
construction worker.

Clyde and Wendell also wear the uniform. They're standing
near their Black Van.

Larry rolls down his window.

LARRY

Excuse me...

Charlie turns around.

CHARLIE

Yes?

LARRY

What's going on here? I have to
make a delivery and this is the
fastest short cut --

CHARLIE

Sorry, but there's a gap in the
road.

Larry looks around and sees that there aren't any gaps.

LARRY
Hey, there are no gaps...

Charlie lifts the COLT .45 to his head.

CHARLIE
You're not looking hard enough.

LARRY
Whoa, man. Just cool it. I don't
have any money.

CHARLIE
I don't want your money.

Clyde and Wendell run up to the Medical Van.

CHARLIE
Open the back door.

Larry is apprehensive. Charlie pulls back the hammer of the
gun. Larry unlocks it.

The Black Van turns on and drives in reverse, parking side to
side with the Medical Van.

INT. MEDICAL VAN - NIGHT

Clyde opens the back doors. He looks inside and notices all
the containers holding the organs. He starts taking them out.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Clyde opens the back doors of the Black Van and loads the
containers inside. Wendell gets out of the Medical Van and
does the same.

The cycle continues.

EXT. MEDICAL VAN - LATER

Charlie yawns and looks at his watch, as he still keeps the
gun pointed at Larry.

Clyde gets the last container in back and slips out. He
closes the doors.

CHARLIE
You've been very cooperative. Have
a nice day.

Charlie slips some bills into Larry's shirt pocket. Larry
takes them out and counts through them. He smiles.

LARRY
... Thanks.

Charlie gets in the passenger seat of the Black Van. It drives off. The Medical Van is left alone on the highway.

Larry pockets the cash and takes out his cell phone. He dials and waits...

LARRY
I've got an emergency. I was just robbed by these guys in a van...

Larry notices the license plate of the car.

LARRY
Did I catch the numbers? No, I didn't.

He smiles at the Van's license plate.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATER

Charlie and Clyde unload the containers into the trunk of Charlie's car.

Jack and Wendell are wiping down the van of any fingerprints.

CHARLIE
You ready?

JACK
Just about done...

Jack gives the dashboard a once over and gets out. Wendell follows them. They get into Charlie's car and take off.

EXT. PLAZA - DAY

Clyde and Nora are walking through a main street. Shops are all around them.

CLYDE
I like these little get togethers.
You know, no big date.

She gives him a funny look.

CLYDE
I, I just meant that... we don't have to get all dressed up for each other. Ah, crap. Shut up Clyde.

She starts laughing.

NORA
I know what you mean.

Clyde stops and sees an OLD COUPLE looking through the window of a store. A LINGERIE SHOP.

He smiles and takes a picture of them.

CLYDE
Isn't that beautiful?

NORA
(deadpan)
Yeah, my grandma and grandpa
shopping for lingerie.

CLYDE
You see so many people divorced --
I should know -- it's comforting to
see an old couple like that...

NORA
Still shopping for lingerie.

CLYDE
Yeah.

Clyde embarrassed.

CLYDE
I should stop. I probably sound
stupid.

NORA
No, no. It's kind of funny
actually. You haven't told me a lot
about yourself.

CLYDE
What's there to tell?

NORA
What do you do besides work?

CLYDE
Oh, there's...

NORA
Well?

CLYDE
With me, I'm always trying to find
some kind of angle I guess.

NORA
Like a hustler?

CLYDE
I wouldn't say that. I just don't
know what career to follow, so I
dabble in a little of every
business.

NORA
What about school?

CLYDE
I graduated high school, went for
two years at the local college, and
then I left.

NORA
You just left? I could never do
that.

CLYDE
It's easy.

NORA
You know what I mean.

CLYDE
I don't know. Just never worked out
for me. I see it works for you
though. Which classes do you like?

NORA
Writing. Painting too, but I'm not
much of a Picasso.

CLYDE
That's okay, no one is. Are you any
good at writing?

NORA
I hope so.

CLYDE
You know what, I know a guy who
used to be a writer. A real pro.

NORA
Really?

CLYDE
One of my customers. How would you
like to meet him?

NORA
Sure.

CLYDE
I just gotta make a quick stop.

INT. DUTCH'S HOUSE - DAY

Clyde walks in with Nora. He's holding a bag of groceries.

CLYDE
Yo, Dutch, you still breathing?

DUTCH (O.S.)
Yeah, you prick.

Nora looks at Clyde, but he shakes his head and smiles. Dutch goes in the room.

DUTCH
What do we have here?

CLYDE
I picked her up on the street.
Figured you might want her...

Nora hits Clyde's arm.

NORA
I'm Nora Lynch. I'm with Clyde.

DUTCH
Boy, do I feel sorry for you. Just
kidding, I'm Dutch --

NORA
-- Kramer. I know who you are.

CLYDE
A girl with class. Nice pick,
Clyde.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Clyde and Nora walk in. He puts the groceries on the counter. Dutch looks inside the bag. He smiles and takes out a box of Fruit Loops.

DUTCH
This is probably the first time
you've given me this.

CLYDE
Yeah, I figured you needed it.

Dutch looks up at Nora, embarrassed.

DUTCH
It's kind of an inside joke.

NORA
Oh. I see...

Dutch opens the Fruit Loops and eats a handful.

DUTCH
I'm sure this ain't good for my
health.

CLYDE
Screw it. There's some pints of
alcohol in there too.

DUTCH
No thanks, I don't like drinking.
Give it to Tard.

Nora mouths, "Tard?" Clyde looks at Tard. She looks down and starts petting him.

NORA
He's so cute, why would you call
him that?

Clyde and Dutch look at each other, smirking.

CLYDE
It's just a nickname.

They leave and Tard follows, but Tard BUMPS its head on the wall.

INT. STUDY ROOM - DAY

Dutch goes to the front of his desk. Clyde and Nora sit down.

CLYDE
You know, Nora is a writer herself.

DUTCH
Really?

NORA
Yeah, it's my major.

DUTCH
That's great. So what do you write
about?

NORA
Anything that interests me. I've
read some of your books. You're
very talented.

DUTCH
More like, I was.

He smiles.

DUTCH
Oh, Clyde, did you think about my
offer?

CLYDE
You actually remembered?

DUTCH
Of course.

CLYDE
In front of her? Come on.

Nora looks back and forth at them.

NORA
Come on, what is it?

CLYDE
Nothing, it's just something I
don't wanna bring up.

NORA
I'm not a little girl.

DUTCH
She's right.

Clyde now looks defensively at both of them.

CLYDE
Okay, fine, if she wants to hear it
so bad...

Clyde motions to Dutch to go on.

DUTCH
I'm gonna come straight and say it.
I'll pay you five grand.

CLYDE
Whoa. That's a lot of cash.

NORA
For what?

DUTCH
To help kill me.

Beat.

NORA
Whoa.

Nora reaches into her pocket and pulls out a note pad. She
grabs a pen from her purse, starts jotting down notes.

CLYDE
What's that --

NORA
Shut up, just keep on talking...

CLYDE
You really wanna die that bad?

DUTCH
If God will's it, so be it...

CLYDE
God isn't willing it Dutch, you
are.

DUTCH
God, me, what's the difference?

Dutch turns around to his wall and moves a reprint Mona Lisa
from it. Behind it is a safe. He turns the combination and
opens it. He takes a small metal box and dumps it on the
desk.

DUTCH
Five grand, right there, Clyde.
That's just for the hitman. You do
the job, and I'll give you five
grand for yourself.

Clyde rubs his hands together.

CLYDE
Give me the gun.

He laughs. Dutch reaches in the drawer. Clyde gets serious.

DUTCH
I'm just joking. I don't want you
to kill me, just arrange it.

Clyde sighs.

CLYDE
I don't think I can do that.

He notices that Nora is still writing.

CLYDE
What are you doing?

NORA
I'm sorry, but this is good stuff.
So how much are you paying?

DUTCH
Five grand for you to keep.

NORA
I can do it for you. All I have to
do is to find a guy, right?

Clyde looks at her, surprised.

DUTCH
Yeah, basically.

CLYDE
You can't do this.

DUTCH
Sure I can.

CLYDE
I'm talking to Nora.

NORA
If he'll pay, I'll do it. I need
the money.
(to Dutch)
I won't go to jail or anything,
right?

DUTCH
No, these guys are pros.

Dutch takes out a card with info written on it and an envelope of money.

He is about to hand it to Nora when Clyde snatches it. He gets up and leaves.

NORA
What are you doing?

CLYDE
Come on.

They leave.

DUTCH
Wait, I thought you weren't taking
the deal...

INT. DUTCH'S KITCHEN - DAY

Clyde drags Nora inside. We notice that Tard is knocked out near the wall he hit earlier.

CLYDE
Are you crazy?

NORA
What?

CLYDE
Do you know what he's asking you to
do? It's not some simple favor.

NORA
Well, it is weird.

Clyde reaches in the grocery bag and pulls out the bottle of alcohol. He opens it and takes a swig. He sighs.

CLYDE
I needed that.

Nora walks away, into the hall.

CLYDE
Where are you --

INT. DUTCH'S STUDY - DAY

Nora walks in and closes the doors behind her. She locks them. She turns back to Dutch and sits on the chair.

Clyde knocks on the door, off-screen.

NORA
The money sounds right, but the job is a little... daunting.

DUTCH
That's true, but I'm the one who's asking you to do it. Not some stranger.

NORA
Can you at least tell me why? I need to have a good reason.

DUTCH
I haven't been able to write anything since my accident. That's seven years.

Beat.

NORA
I see.

DUTCH
I've been living alone for the past six, until I met Clyde and now you.

NORA
You really want this?

Dutch looks into her eyes.

DUTCH
It's my last wish.

INT. HALL - LATER

Clyde is sitting against the wall, holding the bottle of alcohol. The doors open.

He looks up and sees Nora standing over him.

NORA
Okay, let's go.

EXT. DUTCH'S HOUSE - DAY

Clyde and Nora walk out in silence. Finally, Clyde wears down...

CLYDE
Jesus, how can you do that?!

NORA
I don't know him. I'll get paid.
And he wants it.

CLYDE
He's an old man. He doesn't know
what he wants. Hell, he can't even
decide what to have for breakfast.

They get in the car.

INT. PARA-TRANSIT MOBILE - DAY

Clyde starts driving. Nora looks out her window. It's silent for a long moment.

Clyde pulls over to the curb.

CLYDE
If we do it, you better be there
for the whole ride.

NORA
No problem.

Clyde unfolds the paper and reads it.

CLYDE
Hey.

NORA
What?

CLYDE
We're gonna have to go to a rest
home.

NORA
So?

Clyde looks at her, afraid to respond.

EXT. PLEASANT ACRES - DAY

The estate is beautiful and serene. The Para-Transit Mobile parks. Clyde, Nora, and Wendell get out.

WENDELL
Watch out for the Wanted posters.

CLYDE

Shut up.

Looks at the paper.

CLYDE

His name's Paul Asesino.

(beat)

I'm his grandson, Marcus. She's my girlfriend, Regina. And you're my buddy... Wendell.

WENDELL

Oh, great, I'm myself as usual.

CLYDE

The last time we tried doing it the other way, you almost got us caught.

WENDELL

It's not my fault the guy was crazy.

INT. PLEASANT VIEW - DAY

The three walk in. They head over to the counter where they find, JANICE, the secretary.

JANICE

May I help you?

CLYDE

I'm looking for Paulo Asesino.

JANICE

And you are?

CLYDE

I'm his grandson, Marcus. I just came here to visit him.

(tries to get teary eyed)

My parents just informed me about him and I wanna see him at least once --

JANICE

He's in room 304.

INT. HALL - DAY

They come out of the elevator and walk down the hall. Clyde nudges Wendell.

CLYDE

Try any room, see what you can get.

Clyde stops in front of room 304 and knocks on the door. Wendell walks off.

NORA
That's pretty messed up, you know.

CLYDE
It's easy for them to get new pills.

NORA
That's not the point.

CLYDE
And did you forget why we're even here in the first place? Don't give me a lecture on morals...

Nora is about to speak, but she is cut off...

PAULO (O.S.)
Is it sponge bath time yet?

CLYDE
No, I'm here concerning Dutch Kramer.

PAULO (O.S.)
Never heard of him.

CLYDE
This Dutch Kramer wrote a novel based on you.

PAULO (O.S.)
Oh, that Dutch Kramer.

INT. PAULO'S ROOM - DAY

Clyde and Nora are sitting in front of PAULO ASESIANO. Late 60's, frail and tired. They are drinking lemonade.

PAULO
That is a nice story, Mr...

CLYDE
Call me Clyde.

PAULO
Well, I just can't do it anymore, see. Count of my arthritis. I can barely hold up this cup.

CLYDE
Are you sure? Dutch was really looking forward to you doing it...

PAULO
I would feel honored to whack Dutch.
(off Clyde's look)
You know what I mean.

CLYDE
Well, I'm sorry to have bothered
you. Thanks for the lemonade.

Clyde gets up.

NORA
Wait. Would you happen to know
anyone else who could do this job?

INT. ANOTHER ROOM - DAY

Wendell's helping an OLD LADY on her bed.

WENDELL
Why don't you get a helper,
Grandma?

OLD LADY
Because, it costs extra. I'm a
tight wad.
(beat)
How's your mother doing?

WENDELL
Oh, she's... not so good actually.

OLD LADY
What happened?

WENDELL
My dad left her. They're getting a
divorce and mom won't get anything.

OLD LADY
Son of a bitch.

WENDELL
Yeah, I know. It's bad.

OLD LADY
Is there anything I can do to help?

WENDELL
Oh, we couldn't ask you. Mom's
working double shifts already to
get extra cash...

OLD LADY
Hold on just one moment dear.

The Old Lady gets off the bed and walks to the closet.

INT. PAULO'S ROOM - DAY

Paulo grabs a card from a drawer and walks back to Clyde.

PAULO
Here we go. This guy knows people.

Clyde looks at the business card and hands it to Nora.

CLYDE
Never knew you guys carry these
kind of cards...

PAULO
We're all entrepreneurs.

INT. PLEASANT ACRES - DAY

Clyde's waiting at the front desk. He stares at the elevator
and stairwell door. Wendell BURSTS out from the stairwell
door and runs away...

The elevator doors open and the Old Lady chases after
Wendell.

OLD LADY
Get back here, you son of a bitch!

Janice grabs the Old Lady.

JANICE
Calm down, Ms. Oderkirk.

OLD LADY
He stole my stuff!

Janice looks at Clyde, who bolts out the front doors.

JANICE
Security!

EXT. PLEASANT ACRES - DAY

Like before, the Para-Transit Mobile hightails it out of the
rest home.

INT. PARA-TRANSIT MOBILE - DAY

Clyde and Nora are in the front, Wendell rides in the back.

CLYDE
Jesus, what the hell is wrong with
you?

WENDELL
She was crazy.

CLYDE
Well, you sure do know how to pick
them.

Beat.

NORA
What did you take anyway?

WENDELL
She gave me two twenties.

CLYDE
She chased you for two twenties?

WENDELL
Yeah.

CLYDE
And she gave them to you?

WENDELL
Yeah.

CLYDE
I don't even wanna know how you
fucked this one up.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

Clyde and Nora walk in and look around at the crowded shop.

NORA
You sure this is the place?

CLYDE
This is what the paper says.

Clyde spots the old OWNER of the place. They walk over to him and he smiles at them.

OWNER
What can I help you with?

CLYDE
Yeah, we're looking for a Bernie
Field...

OWNER
Why, that's me.

Clyde does a double-take at BERNIE FIELD.

CLYDE
You don't have a son, you know,
who's ruthless or something?

BERNIE
There's just me, ace.

CLYDE
Okay, this is a shot in the dark,
but you wouldn't happen to perform
any kind of... underground service?

BERNIE
What kind?

CLYDE
I... well, it's a little...

NORA
We need a guy dead.

BERNIE
Sure, no problem. Step into my office.

Clyde looks at Nora, surprised. They follow him behind the register.

INT. BERNIE'S OFFICE - DAY

They all walk into the picture-filled room. Clyde notices pictures of Bernie when he was younger, hanging out with a bunch of guys in suits.

They all sit down.

BERNIE
Who's the mark?

CLYDE
Dutch Kramer. He's 71, paralyzed from the waist down...

BERNIE
Why kill an old cripple?

CLYDE
No reason. He's asking me to do the job for him.

Bernie nods his head.

CLYDE
So what kind of guy are you gonna send?

BERNIE
He's got years of experience.

CLYDE
How much is the job worth?

BERNIE
Five grand per head...

CLYDE
I'll give you two grand now and three when you do the job.

BERNIE
Yeah, sure.

Clyde hands over the envelope. Bernie takes out the money and counts through it.

BERNIE
I'm telling you... this guy's a
real pro.

CUT TO:

LEONARD ALLEN

An old man who looks like he's barely able to take a crap on his own. He COUGHS like mad.

TEENAGER (O.S.)
Grandpa, you all right?

LEONARD
Yeah...

He coughs a little bit more and holds up the JOINT from his hand.

LEONARD
This is some quality shit you got
here Adam.

We're in...

INT. LEONARD'S ROOM - DAY

A room with the essentials: bed, TV, and nude pictures hung up on the wall. A teenager should have this room, but it belongs to Leonard.

Leonard smiles at Adam.

ADAM
Shit, now give it back, that's the
seventh time you've hit me up on my
stash...

LEONARD
Hold up you greedy brat.

Leonard takes another hit and hands it back to Adam.

ADAM
Buy your own next time.

LEONARD
Get out of my fucking room.

Adam leaves and shuts the door. Leonard lays back in the bed. His phone RINGS. He picks it up.

LEONARD
Hello?

BERNIE (V.O.)
(through phone)
Hey, it's Bern...

INT. PARA-TRANSIT MOBILE - NIGHT

Clyde parks at the dorm parking lot. He puts his arm around Nora.

CLYDE
Today has been... an experience.

NORA
Yeah.

CLYDE
I hope you're not using me.

NORA
Why would I use you?

CLYDE
For your career.

NORA
Are you kidding? This only adds excitement to it...

He looks away, at the road beyond.

CLYDE
Do you have any standards?

NORA
Like what?

CLYDE
Your morals.

Beat.

NORA
Is this about today?

CLYDE
(deadpan)
No, it just popped out of the blue.

NORA
You were as much a part of this as me.

CLYDE
I've had some time to process this
through. I know Dutch. I just
didn't hear about this today...

Nora looks out the window.

NORA
Maybe I am scared. Or nervous. But
if all I have to do is hire a guy,
then I can let it go.

CLYDE
You're doing more than just hiring
a gut.

NORA
But he wants it.

Beat. Clyde looks at the wheel. He rests his head on it.

NORA
This conversation isn't going
anywhere.

Clyde eyes Nora.

CLYDE
You sure are weird. But I like it.

NORA
Thank you.

She leans over and kisses Clyde. Beat.

CLYDE
I better go tell Dutch the news.

NORA
Okay, good night.

CLYDE
'Night.

EXT. DUTCH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The Para-Transit Mobile parks in front of the house. Clyde
gets out and goes inside.

INT. DUTCH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Clyde walks in the dark house.

CLYDE
Dutch? I got the guy...

No one replies.

INT. DUTCH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Clyde walks in and sees a note on Dutch's bed. He grabs it.

INSERT -- THE NOTE:

"Clyde,

Went to 9791 Corgan Ave to get whacked. Couldn't wait. I figured you might wimp out. Don't worry, it shows how nice of a guy you are. Don't be surprised to get some news in the mail."

CLYDE (O.S.)

Son of a bitch.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A Para-Transit Car is heading for a mansion that sits on top of a hill, isolated from the rest of the town.

INT. PARA-TRANSIT CAR - NIGHT

SAMUEL, another para-transit, is reading a piece of paper as he drives. Dutch is next to him, looking out the window.

SAMUEL

This is it.

DUTCH

This neighborhood reminds me of this book I wrote a while back... Flip-side Coin. 'Bout a rich man who gets imbedded into the syndicate rackets in the 1930's --

SAMUEL

What do you wanna see Ronny Jamison for?

Samuel stops the car and looks out the window. A beautiful mansion without a fence.

DUTCH

I interviewed him for this book in the 70's. He's a real character.

SAMUEL

You interviewed him? The guy practically grew up with John Gotti.

Dutch looks down at a wooden box sitting on his lap.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Samuel is helping Dutch onto the sidewalk.

SAMUEL
You sure you don't want me to help?

DUTCH
No, it's fine.

SAMUEL
Okay.

Dutch rolls up to the front doors while Samuel goes back in the car.

INT. MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

RON JAMISON is fixing his hair. He's 65, a wiseguy, and wears a robe. We notice Dutch approaching the house through a window.

INT. MANSION FOYER - NIGHT

The door bell is RINGING.

MONICO, the bodyguard, comes walking down the staircase and up to the door. He looks through the peephole.

MONICO
What the...?

He opens the door. Dutch is waiting outside, inspecting the house, looking very out of it.

MONICO
Can I help you?

Dutch continues to look around.

MONICO
Sir? Can I help you?

DUTCH
Oh, yes.

MONICO
Well?

DUTCH
I'm looking for Ronny Jamison.

MONICO
Does he know you?

DUTCH
Why, of course. Dutch Kramer.

Dutch bows. Monico just gives him a funny look.

MONICO
 Hold up for one moment. Mr.
 Jamison!

INT. JAMISON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

He's listening to FRANK SINATRA. He can't hear Monico's yelling. He's dancing to the music, and looking at his chubby torso in the mirror.

JAMISON
 What the hell was she talking
 about? I'm in shape.

INT. MANSION FOYER - NIGHT

Monico waits impatiently as he stares at the staircase. Dutch takes out a small, snub nosed .32 Magnum. He holds it up. He tries to get the safety off...

Monico turns around, startled.

MONICO
 Jesus!

DUTCH
 What?

Monico goes for his gun. Dutch, nervous as hell, just laughs.

DUTCH
 It's... it's just a lighter. You
 know, for my cigarettes.

Monico still isn't sure. Dutch reaches into a pocket, pulls out a cigarette, and smiles.

DUTCH
 See?

MONICO
 Yeah, sure.

Monico looks back up the staircase.

MONICO
 Hold up, I'll be right back --

BLAM! Dutch shoots Monico in the ass. Monico SCREAMS.

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Samuel gets out of the car and runs to the house.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Monico is holding his ass, crying in pain.

MONICO
Mother fucker!

He starts going for his gun. Dutch tries to get a good aim at Monico...

Samuel runs up to Dutch. He sees Monico, grabbing his gun.

SAMUEL
What the fuck's going on?

Dutch SHOOTS Monico in the back. Monico still goes for the gun.

BLAM! Another bullet. Monico's gun drops with a CLACK. He's dead.

SAMUEL
I'm out of here!

DUTCH
Dammit, now hold on...

Samuel's already out of sight. Dutch looks up at the staircase and starts moving towards them.

INT. JAMISON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jamison's scared. The music has been turned down. He goes to his dresser and takes out a .45 AUTOMATIC.

JAMISON
Monico?

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

Clyde's Para-Transit Mobile speeds through the street and stops in front of the house.

He runs out and sees Samuel high tailing it in his car.

INT. MANSION - NIGHT

Clyde runs in and sees Dutch, trying his best to climb up the stairs. He sees Monico's body...

CLYDE
Dutch, what the fuck's going on?

DUTCH
What does it look like?

CLYDE
I can't let you.

Clyde runs up to Dutch and grabs him.

DUTCH
Get your hands off a me, you prick!

CLYDE
No, you're making a mistake!

Dutch tries to fight Clyde.

JAMISON (O.S.)
Put the cripple down.

Clyde looks up and sees Jamison pointing his gun.

CLYDE
Ah, shit. It's not what it looks
like...

BLAM! Clyde's shot in the shoulder. He falls on the floor and
CRIES in pain. As Jamison walks down the stairs, Dutch slides
the Magnum down the stairs...

Jamison looks at Dutch.

JAMISON
I know you. From somewhere...

DUTCH
It's a funny story, actually. I
interviewed you once.

JAMISON (O.S.)
What for?

Dutch looks down and makes eye contact with Clyde. Dutch
looks at the gun, sitting on the last step... not too far
from Clyde's reach.

JAMISON (O.S.)
Hello?

Clyde stares at it.

Dutch looks up at Jamison and smiles.

DUTCH
Just shoot me.

JAMISON
What?

Clyde reaches over to the stairs and grabs the Magnum. He
aims it and SHOOTS Jamison.

Jamison stumbles a little, but then he dies and falls down.
His body ROLLS down the staircase.

Dutch moves out of the way, letting it roll past him.

The body lands ON CLYDE.

CLYDE
Ah, shit!

Beat. Clyde gets Jamison off of him.

CLYDE
You're a fucking asshole.

DUTCH
Quit crying. You ruined it for me
anyway. He was gonna shoot me,
couldn't you have waited?

CLYDE
Shut the fuck up! I should leave
you here.

DUTCH
Do it.

Clyde shakes his head. He gets up.

CLYDE
You're still an asshole...

DUTCH
Hate to tell you Clyde, but you're
gonna have to carry me down.

Clyde moans.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Clyde pushes Dutch on the wheel chair through the sidewalk.
He quickly puts Dutch and the wheel chair in the car.

He rushes in and speeds away. People watch them from their
front doors.

The SIRENS of police cruisers can be heard.

INT. PARA-TRANSIT MOBILE - NIGHT

Clyde drives with one hand. He's in pain. Dutch tries to get
himself comfortable.

CLYDE
I'm fucking dying...

DUTCH
No, you're not. We'll take you to a
hospital.

CLYDE
 You outta your mind? They'll find
 out what I did... I have a fuckin'
 bullet wound!

DUTCH
 Calm down.

CLYDE
 Calm down?! Jesus... I killed that
 guy in there. For what?

DUTCH
 He was gonna kill you.

CLYDE
 I just can't believe it. I just
 can't --

Clyde holds his mouth. He pulls the car over.

DUTCH
 What?

Clyde opens the door and sticks his head out. We hear him
 THROWING UP.

DUTCH
 Ah, that's sick Clyde, you know
 that?

INT. LEONARD'S ROOM - NIGHT

Leonard, dressed in a black outfit, pushes his mattress
 aside, revealing a gap in the bed. He pulls out a PISTOL with
 a silencer from the gap.

He checks the clip and puts it back in. He leaves the room,
 but comes back in to put the mattress back on the bed. He
 struggles a little, but he gets the job done.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Adam and his mother (SARAH) and father (JIM), are watching a
 Nick at Nite show, *My Three Sons*.

Leonard is coming down the stairs, which is next to the room.

JIM
 Hey Pop, where you heading off to?

LEONARD
 Ice cream shop.

SARAH
 Really? Can you pick up something
 for me?

LEONARD
I won't be back till late.

JIM
Come on, Pop.

Leonard shrugs.

JIM
You're the greatest.

ADAM
What about me?

Leonard's already heading for the front door. He opens it. Adam turns around to look at him. Leonard stops.

LEONARD
I can't, I'm already gonna eat
enough ice cream for the both of
us.

Adam doesn't get the comment until Leonard pulls out Adam's baggy of weed from his pocket. Leonard smiles at him and leaves.

ADAM
Asshole!

Jim snickers, having not noticed the baggy at all.

SARAH
Kids.

INT. CLYDE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wendell and Charlie are sitting on the couch, smoking a joint. They laugh at the TV as Jeff Spicoli orders a pizza in class, from *Fast Times at Ridgmont High*.

Clyde busts through the door. His wound is still bleeding.

CHARLIE
Jesus Christ!

CLYDE
Thank God, you gotta fuckin' help
me...

EXT. PARA-TRANSIT MOBILE - NIGHT

Charlie drives the car with Dutch in the passenger's seat. Clyde's in the back, covering his wound with a bloody towel. Charlie's drinking a big cup of coffee.

DUTCH
Where are we going?

CHARLIE
It's this place I work at.

DUTCH
A hospital?

CHARLIE
Sort of.

EXT. ABANDONED MENTAL INSTITUTE - NIGHT

The Para-Transit Mobile drives into the parking lot of a run down asylum. The place is a brick building and looks like no one has used it in years.

INT. PARA-TRANSIT MOBILE - NIGHT

Dutch scopes out the building.

DUTCH
You crazy? There isn't anything here.

CHARLIE
Trust me.

He parks the car and gets out.

EXT. ABANDONED MENTAL INSTITUTE - NIGHT

Charlie helps Clyde walk to the black, grimy glass doors. You can't even see inside. Charlie takes out a key and unlocks it.

INT. ABANDONED MENTAL INSTITUTE - NIGHT

The doors open and they walk in. The place is definitely not what you would've expected.

The walls are squeaky clean and the lights are working. Charlie walks up to the front desk and pushes on a buzzer.

After a moment, Jack walks up to them.

JACK
What's going on?

CHARLIE
Clyde needs some help. He has a G.S.W.

JACK
Can he pay for it?

CHARLIE
Don't worry about it, just put it on my tab.

Jack runs down the hall and gets a stretcher. He helps Clyde on it.

CLYDE
Where am I?

Charlie and Jack starts pushing him down the halls.

CHARLIE
Mental institutes have been built for years, right? Well, the ones that used asbestos have been shut down.

JACK
So some of us rogues look around for any abandoned place that allows us to work.

CHARLIE
This one was left in very good condition. So we fixed up the place on the inside...

JACK
And we made it look like shit on the outside.

Charlie pushes Clyde through a door.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

The room looks just like an actual operating room.

CLYDE
Damn...

CHARLIE
Yeah, it's all pretty interesting. But I'm gonna have to knock you out.

Charlie puts the gas mask over Clyde. The gas starts flowing.

CHARLIE
(his voice echoes now)
I'm gonna have to get some scans of the shoulder. See where the bullet is exactly...

JACK
I'll get right on it.

CHARLIE
And get me some water. I got cotton mouth.

Clyde falls asleep.

INT. PATIENT'S ROOM - NIGHT

Clyde stirs from his sleep. He holds his shoulder, which is stitched up. He can't move the wounded arm. Charlie watches him.

CHARLIE
There's some pain killers and a
glass of water on the night stand.

Clyde reaches over, pops the pills, and chugs it down.

CLYDE
How long have I been out?

DUTCH (O.S.)
Long enough.

Clyde notices Dutch, on the far side of the room. Clyde glares at him.

DUTCH
Hey, you're the one that came. I
was ready to die...

CHARLIE
Wait, you went over there?

CLYDE
I didn't wanna see him get killed.

CHARLIE
If the old man wants to die, then
let him.

CLYDE
It's not that easy.

DUTCH
Sure it is. This is what I wanted.
I wanted to be taken out. Now I'm
gonna take the heat.

Dutch starts riding away.

CLYDE
You can't go home, Dutch.

DUTCH
Who's stopping me, you?

CLYDE
Yeah. You can't just fucking go
back to your house. Cops could be
there. Who knows...

Dutch stops.

CLYDE
What did you think was gonna
happen? You killed a rich guy.

DUTCH
No, you killed him.

CLYDE
Fuck you, I didn't have a choice.
Did I?

Dutch thinks for a moment.

DUTCH
This ruins everything. How am I
supposed to get killed?

CLYDE
Gee, I don't know Dutch, why not
just give em a call?

CHARLIE
Whoa, whoa, whoa. Not here.

CLYDE
We're not stupid.

CHARLIE
You killed Ron Jamison, how is that
not fucking stupid?

CLYDE
What are you talking about?

CHARLIE
The guy you killed...

CLYDE
That's Ronny "Taxman" Jamison? The
gangster?

DUTCH
He was "The Taxman".

CLYDE
Ah, shit.

Clyde socks a pillow with his bad arm. He winces at the pain.

CLYDE
Both of you just get out.

Charlie rolls his eyes and walks out, Dutch follows.

CUT TO:

THE FLASH

Of a camera as a FORENSIC ANALYST takes a photo of Jamison's body.

INT. JAMISON'S MANSION - DAY

SHERIFF JIM BOOK over looks the Analyst as he gets another angle of Jamison's body. He nods his head at the CORONERS who pick up the body and place it on the body bag in the stretcher.

They haul it away.

BOOK

I'll tell you, there hasn't been a murder here for years. The day it happens, we get two.

ANALYST

Not your line of work, Book?

BOOK

Homicide? Not really. Especially with a rich guy like this.

DETECTIVE RILEY walks in. A gruff man with stubble growing on his face, not to mention the insomniac's baggy eyes.

Book faces him.

BOOK

Can I help you?

RILEY

Fred Riley. I'm a little late.

BOOK

You a private dick?

RILEY

Private? No, it's open to any girl who asks.

Book smirks.

RILEY

I'm from LAPD Homicide.

Riley shows his badge.

BOOK

Why didn't you say so?

RILEY

I thought you knew my name.

Book walks over to shake Riley's hand.

RILEY
What the hell are you doing?

BOOK
Shaking your hand.

RILEY
You do not step on evidence.

Book looks down to see that the tip of his shoe is on puddle of blood.

BOOK
Oh, shit. Sorry...

He steps around it and shakes Riley's hand.

RILEY
Yeah, you know what? Why don't you go outside and try to see if there were any witnesses?

BOOK
That's a good idea.

RILEY
Yeah.

Book walks out. Riley looks over at the Forensic Analyst, who's smiling.

ANALYST
Pretty classy move there. Giving him the bullshit job and all...

RILEY
Just give me the facts.

ANALYST
An interesting tidbit. The blood on the wall right there... it's from a fourth party.

Riley walks over to the staircase and stares at the blood on the wall -- Clyde's blood. Riley takes out his tape recorder.

INT. WORKER'S LOUNGE - DAY

Jack is watching the news on a small, portable TV. He dunks his donut in the cup and stares as he watches.

ANCHOR
...Jamison, a respected business man was shot once in the chest. Apparently, the burglars...

Charlie walks in and pours himself a cup of coffee.

JACK
You wouldn't believe this shit.

CHARLIE
What is it?

JACK
Ronny Jamison was killed.

Charlie tries to act surprised.

JACK
You know how fucked those burglars
are?

CHARLIE
They were stealing?

JACK
Apparently, some stuff was stolen.
That's what the cops are saying...

Charlie nods his head.

JACK
Shit, it's in the area... why don't
we find them?

CHARLIE
We're not contractors.

JACK
Think about it. Not only do you get
paid... you get respect.

CHARLIE
It would help our business.

JACK
No shit. We'd be the top dogs.

Charlie takes a sip from his coffee. He stares at the TV screen.

INT. PATIENT'S ROOM - DAY

Clyde is awake, putting on a fresh shirt that was on the night stand. He stretches as he gets off the bed, but he groans when he tries to move his arm.

Charlie walks in.

CHARLIE
I wouldn't try to move that arm too
much.

CLYDE
I know. I just found out. Where's Dutch?

CHARLIE
Put him in a padded cell. He seemed to like it.

Clyde smirks.

CLYDE
You think you can keep an eye on him for a little while?

CHARLIE
No way. I've already gotten a lot of shit from my boss...

CLYDE
Take him anywhere. I just don't want him going home right now.

Charlie hesitates.

CHARLIE
Okay. But I'm not keeping him at my place either...

CLYDE
I don't care, take him to Denny's or the Make-out point.

Clyde heads out of the room.

INT. CLYDE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Clyde walks in and finds Wendell, sitting at the couch, watching *Some Kind of Wonderful* now. He's at the part when Duncan walks in on the party, just as Hardy is about to throw fists with Keith.

CLYDE
Have you been watching this shit all night?

WENDELL
I made it a John Hughes night.

CLYDE
Did I get any calls?

WENDELL
Yeah, your work called. Said they needed to talk to you about a raise.

Clyde walks into his room. Wendell goes back to the movie.

WENDELL

I'm telling you, there's something going on between this flick and *Pretty in Pink*...

(beat)

Take for example, the story's basically the same. You got the uncool character liking the cool character.

(beat)

The wild card character, which is Ducky and Watts. Watts is cooler of course.

(beat)

And the cool character's friends are the ones fucking it all up for everyone.

(beat)

Are you even paying attention?

Clyde comes back out, wearing some different threads, and he pockets a wad of saved cash.

CLYDE

Yeah. So what are you trying to say?

WENDELL

Ummm... Shit, I forgot.

CLYDE

I'll see you around.

Clyde opens the door.

WENDELL

Wait! What I'm trying to say is that *Some Kind of Wonderful* is a rip off of *Pretty in Pink*.

Clyde nods his head.

CLYDE

I can live with that. But come on, *Some Kind of Wonderful* tops it.

Wendell shakes his head. Clyde is about to leave again...

WENDELL

Oh, wait! You got another call.

CLYDE

Yeah?

WENDELL

Charlie. He said to give you this number.

Wendell hands Clyde a piece of paper. He pockets it.

CLYDE
Great, thanks.

WENDELL
Hey Clyde.

CLYDE
Yeah?

WENDELL
Guess who finally got a job?

Wendell smiles and drinks from a beer can.

CLYDE
That's fucking great. Where?

WENDELL
At Charlie's place. Said I'd be
Jack's assistant.

CLYDE
That's cool. I gotta go.

Clyde leaves. Wendell looks back at the TV, confused. Keith
is kissing Watts.

WENDELL
Ah shit, what did I miss?

EXT. DINER - DAY

Clyde is sitting in front of Nora at a booth. She looks up
from a newspaper and looks at Clyde.

NORA
...that was you?!

CLYDE
What can I say? It's a complicated
situation that I can't explain.

NORA
How did it feel?

CLYDE
It hurts like hell.

NORA
I mean, when you shot the guy.

CLYDE
I can't really say.

Clyde rubs his face.

CLYDE

It's not like the movies, that's for sure. You don't feel happy, you can't ignore it... I threw up after I did it. I swear. I didn't know what else to do. I mean, it wasn't like I wanted to do it...

NORA

The guy was gonna kill you.

CLYDE

Yeah. Anyway, I want you to do a favor for me...

EXT. PARA-TRANSIT OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

The Para-Transit Mobile parks at the curb. Clyde gets out and walks inside.

INT. PARA-TRANSIT OFFICES - DAY

Clyde sees his BOSS approaching him already. There's a smile on his face, but it's too fake. Clyde can notice it a mile away.

He also notices that the place is empty.

CLYDE

I sure hope this is about a raise.

BOSS

Step into my office.

INT. BOSS' OFFICE - DAY

The Boss sits in front of Clyde at his desk.

BOSS

Last night Clyde, there was a double homicide. Witnesses say that there was a guy in a wheel chair being taken away from the scene of the crime...

CLYDE

What does this have to do with me?

BOSS

Not you, us. Some people noticed that the side of the car read, "Para-Transit".

CLYDE

Oh.

BOSS

We got a detective here...

The Boss gets up and moves the blinds, letting Clyde get a glance at a closed office across the hall. The shades are down.

CLYDE
You haven't found the guy?

BOSS
Actually, Sam confessed to driving, but he claims to have run off right after.

CLYDE
He could be lying.

BOSS
Yeah, but he's not. The cops are sure of that.

Clyde nods his head, trying to keep his cool. His palms are very sweaty.

CLYDE
How many of us have you interviewed?

BOSS
Everyone. That's if Marty gets through. Let's go see if they got anything on him.

Clyde pulls out Dutch's Magnum and puts it against the Boss' head.

CLYDE
You think I'm stupid?!

BOSS
Jesus, Clyde.

CLYDE
How many?

BOSS
What?

CLYDE
How many cops are here to get me?

BOSS
There's just a cop at the front, in case someone tried to run.

Clyde pushes the Boss down to his knees.

CLYDE
I hear you scream for help or anything... I'll shoot!

Clyde walks away while keeping his eye on the Boss. He knocks over something on the desk and he tries to pick it up. He puts it back and leaves.

INT. PARA-TRANSIT OFFICES - DAY

Clyde hides the gun and sees that the COP outside is looking at the street, not inside. Clyde is going to head down a hall when Riley walks out with MARTY.

Riley notices Clyde.

RILEY
Where you going?

CLYDE
I was just...

Clyde bolts down the hall. Riley chases after him with Book trailing them.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Clyde runs in and locks the door. He starts to climb on the toilet.

INT. HALL - DAY

Riley rushes at the door and KICKS IT IN.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Riley runs in to find it empty.

RILEY
What the fuck?

He notices the open window at the top of the bathroom, above the toilet. He climbs on the toilet and sticks his head out the window to see a SEDAN drive away.

RILEY
Son of a bitch!

INT. SEDAN - DAY

NORA is driving while Clyde is in the passenger's seat.

CLYDE
How long were you waiting there?

NORA
Just got there a minute or so before.

CLYDE
Thank God you weren't a minute late.

He kisses her.

INT. APARTMENT ROOM - DAY

Dutch is watching TV in the living room. Charlie is in the kitchen next over, playing cards with Burt and Ernie

The phone RINGS. Dutch looks at it. Charlie breaks the game and picks it up.

CHARLIE
Hello?

CLYDE (V.O.)
It's me.

CHARLIE
I was wondering when you'd call.

CLYDE (V.O.)
Look, I got some news. The cops are on my ass. They know.

INTERCUT THE CONVERSATION -- CHARLIE AND CLYDE

Clyde's at a pay phone. Nora's in the passenger's seat.

CHARLIE
What?!

CLYDE
They're on me like flies on shit. I get to work and they're waiting for me...

CHARLIE
Clyde, I'm your friend, but I don't know if I wanna be associated with you right now.

CLYDE
No offense taken.

CHARLIE
As for your friend, I won't be able to watch him any longer.

CLYDE
What?

CHARLIE
Pretty soon, there will be a bounty on his head. I'm staying over at Burt and Ernie's... You get it?

CLYDE
That's okay, Dutch wants to die.

CHARLIE
Yeah, but I don't. You pick him up
fast or I'll leave him out in the
dust.

CLYDE
Fine, I'll pick him up.

INT. NORA'S SEDAN - DAY

Clyde gets in. He doesn't say anything to Nora for a while.

NORA
You gonna leave me?

CLYDE
I don't want you to get hurt.

NORA
I don't care.

CLYDE
Fine.

Beat.

NORA
That's it?

CLYDE
What do you want me to do? You're
not a little girl.

NORA
Grab me, slap me, anything. Just
show some backbone.

Clyde grabs her by the arms and then SLAPS HER HARD.

CLYDE
It's a dangerous ride Nora, and if
you die... I won't send your mother
a post card.

Beat.

CLYDE
How was that?

NORA
Pretty good.

She PUNCHES him in the gut, knocking the wind out of him.

NORA
But don't ever do that again.

INT. APARTMENT ROOM - DAY

Dutch goes over to the guys as they play cards.

DUTCH
Let me get in on this game...

ERNIE
Sure, gotta hit the bathroom
anyway.

Ernie watches the TV, which is placed on the refrigerator. He doesn't keep his eyes off of it until he runs out of the room...

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Ernie runs in the bathroom and sits on the toilet, ready to take a crap. He turns on a small TV, which sits on the hamper across from him.

Before he can change the channel, Dutch's picture is posted on the MORNING NEWS, as the Anchor speaks...

ANCHOR
...Kramer is the main suspect of
the Jamison murder...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Nora's Sedan pulls up to the parking lot. Clyde and Nora get out of the car.

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - DAY

Charlie is finishing his beer as Burt goes to the fridge to pop open another beer.

BURT
You know, I haven't seen you in a
long time Charlie...

CHARLIE
I just been moving around the
states.

BURT
That job of yours sure does sound
good.

CHARLIE
It beats working at some county
hospital.

BURT
I think heard about a ten year old
who wants to get his sick pooch a
heart transplant...

Burt laughs and sits down.

CLICK.

Burt looks up to see Ernie pointing a gun at Charlie's head.

BURT
What the fuck's going on?

Ernie changes it to the news channel which is talking about Dutch.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Clyde and Nora come out of an elevator. They walk down the hall.

CLYDE
Hey, wait out here.

NORA
Why?

CLYDE
I don't want you in there with those type of guys.

NORA
Fine.

INT. APARTMENT DINING ROOM - DAY

Ernie still has the gun on Charlie. Burt takes his out too. Dutch just watches them.

BURT
There wouldn't be a reward on your friend... would there?

CHARLIE
What are you talking about, man?

ERNIE
Don't play fucking stupid. We all know who Ron Jamison was...

BURT
I say we off this fuck head and get some cash out of the old man.

ERNIE
I like that idea.

CHARLIE
I don't!

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Clyde's about to knock on the door, but he stops. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out Dutch's Magnum.

CLYDE
Can you hold this?

NORA
I thought you said they're ruthless
guys.

CLYDE
I don't wanna intimidate them.

Nora takes it.

INT. APARTMENT ROOM - DAY

There's a KNOCK at the door. Ernie and Burt look at each other.

CHARLIE
It's my friend, Clyde. He's the guy
you want, not me.

BURT
Shut the fuck up. Get the door
Ernie.

CHARLIE
Take him and the old guy. Let me
go! I barely even know him!

Ernie goes up to the door and looks through the PEEP HOLE. He can only see Clyde. Nora isn't in his view.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Clyde waits in front of the door. Nora is leaning against the wall.

The door opens. Ernie's gun sticks out. Clyde freezes.

ERNIE
Get inside.

Clyde does so. The door shuts. Nora gasps.

INT. APARTMENT ROOM - DAY

Ernie moves Clyde with Dutch. He pats him down, checking for any weapons.

CLYDE
What the fuck's going on Charlie?

Clyde looks over and sees that Charlie's also being held at gun point.

CHARLIE
Some mean shit man. Mean shit.

ERNIE
I guess we kill both these mother fuckers then.

DUTCH
Hey, don't leave me out. If you're gonna kill my friends, do me first.

ERNIE
You sure about that Old Man?

Ernie puts the gun to Dutch's head.

DUTCH
Pull the trigger. Bitch.

Burt starts pushing Clyde away with the gun.

BURT
Fuck him. Let's take em in the bathroom. I don't wanna stain my carpet. Shit's brand new.

There's KNOCK at the door. Ernie looks at Clyde.

ERNIE
You bring anyone else?

CLYDE
No.

ERNIE
You better not be fucking playing with me!

CLYDE
I swear to God!

Beat. Ernie goes for the door. He looks through the peep hole. Nora stands in front of the door, whistling.

ERNIE
Yo, Burt, you call a bitch earlier or something?

BURT
Nah man, why?

ERNIE
Cause I see a fine honey standing outside the door.

BURT
Tell her to swing by later.

Ernie licks his lips and smiles. He looks back at Clyde.

ERNIE
Don't open your fucking mouth.

Clyde nods his head.

Ernie unlocks the door and opens it a tad bit.

ERNIE
Yeah, what you want girl?

BLAM! A shot goes through the door, HITTING Ernie in the chest. He falls to the floor.

CHARLIE
Jesus Christ!

Charlie and Clyde hit the floor. Burt points his gun directly at the door.

The door SWINGS open.

Burt SHOOTS at the door until he runs out of bullets. He takes the clip out, letting it hit the floor.

Dutch looks over and sees Nora by the door. She throws the Magnum at him and he catches it.

Burt is reloading when Charlie PUNCHES him in the gut, causing the gun to hit the floor. Burt grabs Charlie and choke holds him. He has him in a position where he can snap his neck...

Dutch aims the Magnum at Burt.

BLAM! Burt gets shot in the chest and he falls back onto the table. He falls on top of Charlie.

Nora walks in. She sees Clyde and Dutch, untouched, but very scared.

DUTCH
You're a good shot.

She grabs Clyde and hugs him.

CLYDE
That is the coolest thing any girl
has ever done for me.

Clyde smiles. Charlie gets Burt's body off of his. He sighs and looks at the group.

CHARLIE

I don't know about you, but I don't
wanna get greased by the cops.

Charlie and Dutch look at Clyde and Nora, who are still
holding each other.

CLYDE

Oh, right.

NORA

Sorry.

EXT. DUTCH'S HOUSE - DAY

Book's cruiser pulls up in the house's driveway. He and Riley
get out of the car. They walk to the front door.

BOOK

Shit. I forgot to call the
locksmith.

RILEY

Shrugs and kicks the door...

INT. DUTCH'S HOUSE - DAY

The door busts in. Riley looks at Book.

RILEY

Just saved you an hour's wait.

Book turns on the light switch.

RILEY

Don't touch anything unless --

Riley looks over to see Book, putting on a pair of latex
gloves on.

RILEY

-- you have gloves.

BOOK

I may not know about kicking in
doors like you city slickers, but
I'm not Barney Fife.

RILEY

Sorry.

Riley puts on a pair of his own. He sniffs the air, catching
a hint of...

RILEY

Weed? Never figured that the guy
would have a taste for it...

BOOK
 (deadpan)
 Maybe he has cancer.

Riley smirks.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Riley flips on the light switch. He sees that there's two halls: one leads to the study and the bedroom; the other leads to the guest bedroom and the bathroom.

RILEY
 You go right, I go left.

They go in the opposite halls. Riley heads for the guest bedroom...

INT. DUTCH'S BEDROOM

Book enters and looks around. The place is empty. He flips the light switch, but it doesn't work.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Riley enters the empty room. Only a bed and a night stand occupy it. He notices a closet door and walks up to it.

He twists the knob and opens it...

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. DUTCH'S STUDY - DAY

The door is PUSHED OPEN. Book takes a whiff of something he doesn't like.

BOOK
 I think I stepped into the green room.

He flips on the light and eyes the room again.

ZIP! An off-screen person shoots Book. The shot was silent.

INT. HALL - DAY

Riley stops in his tracks when he hears something THUMP.

RILEY
 Book?

No reply. He takes out his gun and runs down the hall, following Book's steps.

RILEY
 Book!

INT. DUTCH'S STUDY - DAY

We focus on Book laying in the doorway, holding his chest wound until...

LEONARD

Approaches him, holding his silenced pistol. He looks down at Book, confused.

LEONARD
Oh, shit! You can walk.

BOOK
Of course I can, you mother fucker.

LEONARD
I'm so sorry man, I confused you
for the owner of this place.
(beat)
Honestly, an honest mistake.

Riley gets to the doorway and points his gun at Leonard.

LEONARD
It was an accident. He just freaked
me out.

Leonard lowers his gun, obviously not gonna play the odds against two cops. Riley walks up to him to get it, dropping his guard...

RILEY
Just give me the gun...

Leonard raises the gun at Riley's body. He smiles.

LEONARD
You think I'm stupid?

He pulls the trigger back...

BLAM! Leonard's gun is shot out of his hand and the bullet ricochets into a book shelf.

LEONARD
Whoa.

Riley looks back at Book, who was the trigger man. Book tries to smile, even though he's shot.

BOOK
Got that from Cowboys and Indians.

INT. NORA'S SEDAN - DAY

She's driving while everyone else fills up the rest of the car.

CLYDE
You know what, let's just keep on
going...

NORA
Why?

CLYDE
You two can eventually go back to
your normal lives. Me and Dutch
can't. It's impossible now.

EXT. TOWN BORDERLINE - DAY

A road block is setup along the entrance of the town with
COPS supervising it. There are some cars waiting in line to
get out. Nora's Sedan drives up behind the last car...

INT. NORA'S SEDAN - DAY

They stare at the road block.

NORA
What the hell is this?

CHARLIE
Maybe there's construction on the
road.

DUTCH
Bullshit. Turn back.

NORA
Maybe he's right.

CLYDE
I don't wanna take the chance to go
to prison... Do you?

Nora makes a U-Turn. We notice that a cop at the road block
notice the speed behind the turn. He picks up his walkie-
talkie.

INT. NORA'S SEDAN - DAY

They continue to drive.

NORA
What if I take the 47 South...

CLYDE
No, I bet they've already got road
blocks set up. There's only three
highways out of here.

CHARLIE
Then where do you we go?

CLYDE
Your condo.

CHARLIE
No way. I can't get caught. I have
evidence that leads back to my job.

CLYDE
We're only gonna stay there for a
day. Think about it. Once they do a
road block for two days, they'll
give up. They'll think we already
left.

CHARLIE
All right, fine.

EXT. STREET - DAY

A cop named DAYTON looks outside the driver's window, seeing
Nora's Sedan.

RADIO VOICE
We found the white Honda Accord,
driving down Whittier. Repeat...

Dayton slips out of his gaze and grabs the receiver.

DAYTON
10-4, I'm on it.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Nora's Sedan drives up to the condo house area. She turns
into another street.

A police cruiser turns into the previous street the Sedan was
just on.

EXT. DUTCH'S HOUSE - DAY

Book is being hauled into an ambulance, while Riley watches.
He looks back at Book's cruiser and sees Leonard in the back
seat.

INT. BOOK'S POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Riley gets in and gives Leonard a look.

LEONARD
It was an accident.

RILEY
What the hell were you thinking
anyway?

LEONARD
 I got wasted.
 (off Riley's look)
 You try staying in one place for
 hours and not have anything to do.

RILEY
 I have, they're called stakeouts.

He hears the radio again.

RADIO VOICE
 The Honda Accord is in the vicinity
 of Townsend and Hauser...

Riley eyes the radio and makes a U-turn, going back the way
 he came from.

EXT. CHARLIE'S CONDO - DAY

The Sedan parks in the drive way. Everyone starts getting
 out. They head into Charlie's place.

INT. CHARLIE'S CONDO - DAY

They all walk in.

CHARLIE
 Mi casa is tu casa, you know the
 drill.

Charlie walks past the living room and goes to the bar. He
 fixes himself a martini. Nora sits down, while Clyde lets her
 rest against him. Dutch goes over to Charlie.

CHARLIE
 What do you take?

DUTCH
 Scotch, on the rocks.

Charlie fixes up the drink.

CHARLIE
 You're a funny guy.

DUTCH
 Why?

Charlie hands him the drink.

CHARLIE
 You say you wanna die, but all I
 see is that you've been avoiding
 it.

DUTCH
 Don't know if you noticed, but my
 Fairy Godmother back there doesn't
 get off of my case...

CHARLIE
 Yeah, but if you really wanted to
 die... you should be dead already.

DUTCH
 What are you getting at?

Charlie leans in closer to Dutch.

CHARLIE
 (whispering)
 I'll do it.

Dutch considers the idea, but is broken off from his train of
 thought...

CLYDE (O.S.)
 Hey guys!

Charlie notices a police cruiser pulling up near the house.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Dayton grabs his handheld radio.

COP
 I'm going to the house to check.
 Keep backup on standby...

RADIO VOICE
 Roger that.

Dayton gets out and walks to the house.

INT. CHARLIE'S CONDO - DAY

Charlie sees Dayton approaching the house.

CHARLIE
 Everyone go to the back. Just be
 cool. I'll handle this...

Charlie walks behind his bar. He crouches down and slides a
 part of the bar open. Inside is the crate he bought earlier.
 Charlie takes out one of the .45's.

CLYDE
 What the hell are you gonna do?

The door bell RINGS. Charlie gets up and puts the gun between
 his waistband.

CHARLIE
I'm gonna clean this up.

Charlie walks away. Clyde runs out of the room.

INT. FOYER - DAY

Charlie opens the door and sees Dayton.

CHARLIE
What can I help you with, officer?

COP
I followed your car to your home. I was wondering what you were doing at the town border...

CHARLIE
Oh, that...

INT. SECOND FLOOR, HALL - DAY

Clyde stands near the railing, listening below.

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

Nora and Dutch are alone. Dutch is near the door while Nora is on the bed, looking down.

NORA
There has to be more...

DUTCH
Shhh. They're at the front door.

NORA
You're really doing all of this just because you haven't been able to get a good idea in seven years?

DUTCH
It's not enough for you?

Nora looks up at Dutch, studying his face.

NORA
First principle of character is motivation. It has to be more concrete than... "I can't write anymore."

Beat. Dutch reaches in his pants and pulls out his wallet. He takes out the photo of the woman from earlier. He hands it Nora.

DUTCH
May Hawthorne Kramer.

NORA
Your daughter?

DUTCH
Wife.

She looks up at him.

DUTCH
She was in the accident when I got paralyzed.

NORA
How?

DUTCH
It was a dark and stormy night. The wind was howling like a banshee. The road was wet. We were going to visit some friends. This red car began to drive next to us.
(beat)
It began to drive crazy, so I tried to move away... but he just kept coming. I couldn't control the wheel and we were thrown off the highway...

Nora looks down. Dutch removes his glasses and cleans them.

DUTCH
I waited out in the cold for at least an hour or two. By the time cops got there, she was dead.

NORA
What happened to the red car?

DUTCH
It got away. The police couldn't find any evidence to track it down.

NORA
So that's why you can't walk?

Dutch nods his head.

DUTCH
I've been in this chair for the past seven years of my life, unable to do anything.
(beat)
I can't go on another year without her.

Nora's eyes get teary.

NORA
Oh my God. That is so...

She drops the photo on the bed and hugs Dutch. He's surprised by this.

DUTCH
Whoa, easy now...

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Charlie and Dayton are inside.

CHARLIE
Yeah, figured it was useless going out today.

Dayton nods his head. He looks around the room. Notices the bar.

CHARLIE
Would you like a drink?

COP
I wish. But I'm on duty.

Dayton looks like he's ready to go.

COP
Well, thanks for your time.

Charlie sighs behind Dayton's back.

INT. FOYER - DAY

Charlie leads Dayton to the front door.

COP
You know, I would've believed you.

Dayton turns around with the cuffs in his hand.

COP
But that car out there belongs to Nora Lynch. Where is she?

Charlie shudders.

CHARLIE
She's... She's...

Charlie notices Dayton going for his handheld radio. Charlie reaches behind like he's stretching. Dayton doesn't notice.

COP
Yeah, this is Dayton --

Charlie pulls out the .45 and points it Dayton's face. Dayton drops the radio.

DAYTON

Jesus.

RADIO VOICE

Is the backup needed?

Dayton looks down at the radio.

CHARLIE

Pick it up. Tell them you're okay
and you're leaving.

Dayton is fearful to pick it up, but Charlie wobbles the gun
in his face. Dayton picks it up.

DAYTON

Yeah, everything's okay over here.
I'm gonna go back and patrol the
area.

RADIO VOICE

Okay.

Dayton hands the radio to Charlie. Charlie takes out a
silencer from his pocket and starts to attach it to the .45.

DAYTON

Please, don't...

Charlie shrugs. He points the gun at Dayton's head.

EXT. BOOK'S POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Riley pulls the cruiser up to the curb. He looks back at
Leonard.

RILEY

You need anything while I'm gone?

LEONARD

Actually, I'd like some water --

Riley is already getting out, laughing.

LEONARD

Asshole.

EXT. CHARLIE'S CONDO - DAY

Riley gets out and walks up to the house. On his way to the
front door, he notices an opening in the curtain. He peers
into the living room.

Charlie drags Dayton out of the room.

Riley is shocked. He takes out his gun and sees the front
door.

INT. CHARLIE'S CONDO - DAY

Clyde walks down the stairs and sees a blood stain on the wall.

CLYDE
What the fuck?

Clyde walks into...

THE LIVING ROOM

He sees Charlie come back, wiping his hands on a towel.

CLYDE
What happened?

CHARLIE
I had to kill him. He was gonna
arrest us.

CLYDE
Ah, Christ...

Charlie goes behind the bar. He reaches under and tosses another .45 to Clyde.

CLYDE
I don't wanna use it...

CHARLIE
You never know.

He pours himself a drink.

CHARLIE
I've done a lot for you, Clyde.

CLYDE
I know.

CHARLIE
What have you done for me?

Charlie drinks down the shot.

CLYDE
This isn't the time to bring this
up.

CHARLIE
It is. I just want you to know, I'm
taking Dutch.

CLYDE
What do you mean?

CHARLIE
He's gonna get killed sooner or later. It might as well be by someone he knew.

CLYDE
You've done a lot for me, but I can't let you take him.

CHARLIE
I've already made up my mind.

CLYDE
He hasn't.

CHARLIE
He said he'd let me do him.

CLYDE
You're not gonna kill him.

CHARLIE
If you want, I'll give you some of the money. You don't even have to --

CLYDE
It's not about the money. No one is gonna fucking touch him!

RILEY (O.S.)
You're right...

Clyde and Charlie turn around to see Riley, pointing his Revolver at them. He stands by the rear entrance of the room.

RILEY
Because you're both going to jail. I already got units on their way.

CHARLIE
You see, Clyde? This really fucks up my life.

CLYDE
Oh, it fits perfectly into mine.

Charlie points his .45 at Riley. It catches him off-guard.

CHARLIE
You know what? Fuck you.

RILEY
Fuck me?

CHARLIE
That's right. You're gonna have to kill me. I'm not going to jail.

Riley isn't sure on what to do now. Clyde slowly walks away.

CHARLIE
Where are you going?

CLYDE
I don't wanna die, so I'll let you
handle this.

CHARLIE
Fuck you. You're staying.

CLYDE
No, I'm not.

CHARLIE
You got me into this. If I go,
you're going too.

Riley looks at the two, he isn't sure who he should point the
gun at.

RILEY
Both of you, shut up! Lower your
weapons.

CHARLIE
Or what? There's two of us here.

Charlie looks at Clyde, who shrugs and raises his gun at
Riley.

CLYDE
I shot one guy already, why not
make it two?

Charlie smiles at Riley.

CHARLIE
Put down your gun.

Riley doesn't move.

CHARLIE
Do it.

Riley doesn't flinch. Clyde lowers his .45 a bit.

CLYDE
He's not kidding, man. Just put it
down.

RILEY
He shoots me, I shoot him. What's
the difference?

CHARLIE
Don't say I didn't warn you.

Charlie is about to pull the trigger when Clyde TACKLES HIM. Charlie is pushed against the wall. He SHOTS the .45, missing Riley... who runs into the hall.

CHARLIE
What are you doing?!

Clyde KICKS the gun out of Charlie's grip. Charlie PUNCHES Clyde with his other hand.

Clyde stumbles back. Charlie dives for his .45. Clyde runs out of the room.

Charlie points the gun at the empty doorway.

CHARLIE
Shit.

He gets up and shakes his head. He grabs the bottle of Whiskey from the counter and takes a chug from it.

He picks up his phone, which rests on the counter, and dials a number. He waits.

CHARLIE
Yeah? I got an emergency...

INT. GUEST BEDROOM - DAY

A KNOCK at the door. Dutch and Nora react.

CLYDE (O.S.)
It's me. Open up.

Dutch unlocks the door. Clyde walks in.

NORA
What's going on out there?

CLYDE
Charlie is a fucking psycho.

DUTCH
So, what's new?

CLYDE
Shut up.

He looks at Nora.

CLYDE
I want you to get out through that window and call the cops.

NORA
I'm staying with you.

Clyde walks up to her.

CLYDE

I'm really serious now. You have to go. Call the cops. Tell them to get over there.

NORA

No. Come with me.

CLYDE

It doesn't matter anymore. I'm already wanted. If I run, I'll get caught eventually.

NORA

But they've seen my car...

CLYDE

Tell them I took you hostage. Anything. Just go.

She gets up and unlocks the window. She climbs out. Clyde looks back into the hall.

He looks at Dutch.

CLYDE

You might not like this...

Clyde crouches near the bed and places Dutch on the floor. He starts pushing him under the bed.

DUTCH

What the hell are you doing?

CLYDE

No one will guess it.

DUTCH

Haven't you seen those movies where the guy plunges the knife through the bed because some moron hid under it?

CLYDE

Yeah, but this isn't that kind of movie. Now don't say another word.

Clyde slides Dutch under the bed. He gets ready to face anything that opposes him.

DUTCH (O.S.)

Prick.

Clyde looks down at the bed and rolls his eyes.

INT. FOYER - DAY

Clyde walks through the hall and into the front. He holds the gun up, ready to shoot at anything. He sees the staircase and walks up.

INT. SECOND FLOOR - HALL - DAY

Clyde slowly reaches the hall. As soon as he sees that the coast is clear, he takes a breather on the wall.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
Hey, Clyde...

Clyde tries to locate where Charlie's voice is coming from.

CHARLIE (O.S.)
I'll let you go, I just want Dutch.
(beat)
Don't make this harder than it
already is.

Clyde hears FOOTSTEPS coming from the stairs. He walks to the end of the hall, ready to fire...

RILEY

Walks up the stairs. Clyde SHOTS him dead center in the torso! Riley is thrown back... hitting the rail of the staircase.

CLYDE
Ah, shit!

BLAM! Clyde's shot from behind. He falls to his knees and drops the gun. He lays against the wall, staring up at... Charlie, who is coming from the opposite side of the hall.

CHARLIE
You should have remembered that my
place had two stairways.

Clyde doesn't say anything. Charlie kicks the gun away.

CHARLIE
I gave you the chance to give me
Dutch.

CLYDE
You're a real asshole, you know
that?

CHARLIE
It's not personal, it's business.

CLYDE
You're still an asshole.

CHARLIE

Yeah, you're right. If I had some kind of morality, I wouldn't even consider this.

Charlie points the .45 at Clyde's head. Clyde closes his eyes, right before the trigger is pulled...

BLAM! Charlie's shot in the chest. He looks forward to see...

RILEY

Pointing his pistol. SMOKE rises from the barrel.

CHARLIE

Mother...

Charlie stumbles back and falls dead on the floor. Riley looks at Clyde.

CLYDE

I didn't mean to shoot you. I thought it was him.

Riley just shakes his head.

RILEY

Forget it.

Riley rips open his white dress shirt to show that he's wearing a bullet proof vest.

They rest there for a moment. A POLICE OFFICER comes up from the stairs. Riley notices him.

RILEY

(deadpan)

You can send the rest in.

INT. CHARLIE'S CONDO - DAY

Clyde is being taken down the stairs by two MEDICS holding the stretcher. When they get to the ground level, they raise Clyde up and push him out.

EXT. CHARLIE'S CONDO - DAY

Nora is standing by a police cruiser, wearing a POLICE OFFICER's jacket. The Police Officer puts his hand on her back, consoling her.

NORA

He pulled a gun on me all of a sudden...

(she begins to cry)

And he told me to do whatever he said or else...

POLICE OFFICER
It's okay. We'll question you
later. You've been through a lot.

Clyde is pushed out of the house. As they stroll him to the ambulance, he makes eye contact with Nora.

They smile at each other, but no one else notices.

Clyde mouths, "I'll see you." She winks back at him and gets inside the police cruiser.

Clyde notices Dutch being put in another ambulance. The doors shut. Clyde's stretcher is lowered and the Medics lift it into the ambulance.

They close the doors.

INT. AMBULANCE - DAY

We can hear the ambulance start driving. Clyde isn't paying attention to anything in the ambulance, until a familiar voice calls him...

JACK (O.S.)
It's a shame about Charlie.

Clyde looks up at JACK, one of the medics.

CLYDE
What the hell...

JACK
Don't worry. It'll be our secret.
Besides, I think he would've wanted
to help you guys out...

Jack smiles at Clyde, trying to reassure him everything will be okay.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLIE'S FOYER - DAY - FLASHBACK

Charlie grabs the bottle of Whiskey from the counter and takes a chug from it.

He picks up his phone, which rests on the counter, and dials phone number. He waits.

CHARLIE
Yeah? I got an emergency...

JACK (V.O.)
What's going on man?

CHARLIE
My place is being raided by cops...

CUT TO:

CLYDE

Grinning as he stares out the small window on the back doors.
The sun is setting.

EXT. CHARLIE'S CONDO - DAY

The place is still filled with cops. Riley stands next to
Bridges.

RILEY
I bet you never got a case like
this here...

BRIDGES
Who are you kidding?

Riley notices two ambulances arriving. He looks at them and
cocks his head. One of the Medics gets out and rushes over.

MEDIC
I'm sorry for the delay, but --

RILEY
What delay?

MEDIC
Couple of jerk offs just stole two
of our ambulances.

RILEY
What are you talking about? You
just took away the two guys...

MEDIC
What two guys?

RILEY
You gotta be kidding.

Riley looks around the streets. He and leans against Book's
car. He HITS his fist on the hood.

He notices... THE BACK DOOR IS OPEN.

RILEY
What the...

He stares at the back seat. It's empty.

INT. DUTCH'S AMBULANCE - DAY

Dutch is laying on the bed, happy for once. There's a smile on his face.

 WENDELL (O.S.)
You look familiar.

Dutch looks up at Wendell, dressed in the Medic uniform.

 DUTCH
I used to be a writer.

 WENDELL
Used to be?

 DUTCH
I don't know. I couldn't do it for
a while. Got stuck.

 WENDELL
Still stuck?

Dutch shrugs.

 DUTCH
I don't know. Maybe I got one more
idea left to write about.

Dutch gets comfortable. He sniffs the air.

 DUTCH
What's that smell?

CUT TO:

LEONARD

Sparking a joint as he drives the ambulance. He takes a hit.

The DRIVER has been shot dead. His body is slumped over the passenger's seat.

Leonard looks down at his pistol with the silencer, which lays right next to him.

He looks at Dutch through the small window, which is between the truck and the cab. He smiles.

FADE TO BLACK.