LIFE OF CRIME

Written by

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INT. MANSION - BEDROOM - NIGHT

It’s almost dark enough to hide two thieves as they rifle through drawers, stuffing jewelry into bags. Then, a NOISE from the hall -- LAUGHTER, FOOTSTEPS DRAWING CLOSER.

Panicked, they hide in the closet and we get our first real look at them. TOM, 40’s -- a good guy, ask anyone -- huddles next to his partner in crime, WENDY, around the same age, bright, pretty.

They watch as a white-haired MAN stumbles into the bedroom with a PROSTITUTE.

WHITE HAIR MAN
(to prostitute)
  Take out the strap-on... I’m gonna get more Scotch...

He walks out, leaving the Prostitute alone. Wendy and Tom WHISPER to each other from the darkness of the closet.

WENDY
  You believe this asshole? On top of everything else, he’s banging hookers.

Tom strains to see the prostitute, knocking into a hanger.

TOM
  Shit.

The prostitute reacts. Curious, she walks towards them.

TOM (CONT’D)
  No... no...

WENDY
  Give me the gun.

TOM
  Why?

WENDY
  We may have to shoot the whore.

Tom turns to her, aghast.

TOM
  We may have to shoot the whore?

He and Wendy stare at each other.

TOM (V.O.)
  Just so you know, we didn’t start out like this.
INT. ACCOUNTANT’S OFFICE - DAY

Tom, in happier times, sits on a couch next to Wendy. They seem eager... hopeful almost... as they talk to someone O.C.

TOM
So we’ve given it a lot of thought--

WENDY
-- at our age, you don’t do something like this without being sure --

TOM
-- but it’s time. An exciting time.
(smiles)
Right, honey?

She nods. Tom takes her hand.

WENDY
We want a divorce.

ANGLE ON the man sitting behind a cluttered desk. His name is DREYFUS. He collects dog paintings.

DREYFUS
Why? You’re such nice people. What went wrong?

INT. PATTERSON HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Tom puts on a jacket to get ready for his day as Wendy arrives home from her night shift, wearing bloody scrubs -- ships passing in the night.

TOM
I’ve got early classes this morning. How was work?

WENDY
You see this?
(points to blood on sleeve)
This isn’t my blood. You see this?
(points to blood on pants)
This is. That’s how it was.

TOM
Well, I have something I think you might like.

He runs into the bathroom and returns.

TOM (CONT’D)
I bought a foot-long dildo.
He produces it. It’s large and black.

WENDY
What the hell are we supposed to do with that?

TOM
I don’t know. I thought you knew.

WENDY
You mean from my undergraduate degree in huge fake dicks? Why did you buy that ridiculous thing?

TOM
You said we needed something to spice up our sex life.

WENDY
I meant something other than the missionary position!

TOM
Hey, don’t be so quick to knock the missionary position. It’s like an old Buick -- it gets you there.

WENDY
It gets you there?

The door opens and their son OLIVER enters. He’s 10 years old but super short for his age -- he looks no older than 6.

OLIVER
It’s time to measure me. What’s that?

Tom stands there holding the dildo, frozen, trying to come up with something to say.

TOM
Rubber ruler. Let’s see how much you’ve grown.

Tom places Oliver against the door and rotates the dildo end to end, starting from the floor, to determine his height.

TOM (CONT’D)
Let’s see, looking like just over--
(surprised)
Wow, five feet!

OLIVER
I’m five feet tall?!

WENDY
That can’t be.
TOM
Wait. Sorry.
(re: dildo)
I got it from a Canadian website.
They call it a “foot-long” but it’s actually a metric foot.

OLIVER
They’ll never let me on the Flying Dutchman...

TOM
Sure they will.

INT. AMUSEMENT PARK - ROLLERCOASTER RIDE - DAY
A pimply RIDE ATTENDANT checks Oliver’s height against a beam with a line on it as Tom and Wendy watch nervously. Oliver cheats by rising up on his heels.

RIDE ATTENDANT
Feet flat on the floor so I can verify your height.

TOM
Verify his height? What, are you from Guinness?

Oliver complies. He’s a hair under the line.

RIDE ATTENDANT
Sorry. Come back and see us again in a few months.

TOM
He’s negative 23 percentile on the height chart. You have any idea how tough that is for a boy?

RIDE ATTENDANT
I don’t make the rules.

WENDY
Come on, Tom.

TOM
Why, because this fetus with pimples said he can’t ride?! He’s going on the Flying Dutchman.

RIDE ATTENDANT
He could fall out and get decapitated.

WENDY
Tom, he could get decapitated.
OLIVER
I don’t want to ride it. I don’t want to be decapitated!

TOM
Get on the goddamn ride, Oliver!

Oliver bursts into tears.

TOM (V.O.)
There was medication that could help him, but the insurance company rejected us.

INT. PHARMA-CARE - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

Tom (holding a large file) and Wendy wait patiently in the outer office of Pharma-Care, their insurance company.

TOM
There is no way we don’t get this overturned. They have to cover the growth hormone. It’s the law.

The door opens and MR. TURNER enters. He’s short. Very short.

MR. TURNER
Mr. and Mrs. Patterson? Come in.

INT. PHARMA-CARE - TURNER’S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Turner reads through their documentation. He’s dwarfed by his desk, which makes him look even smaller.

TOM
As you can see, the endocrinologist says that our son will almost certainly be under five foot.

MR. TURNER
So?

Tom and Wendy glance at each other. This is delicate...

WENDY
So... the doctor believes his growth hormone deficiency can be corrected with medication, medication that you’ve denied us.

MR. TURNER
Yeah. My point is, so what if he’s short? What’s wrong with that?

Turner stares at them. Wendy and Tom are hugely uncomfortable. Tom finally decides to go for it.
TOM
Mr. Turner... I would think that you... of all people...

MR. TURNER
Aha! There it is! Look -- not all of us are Christmas mall elves. Some of us actually have jobs. Some of us are actually -- gasp -- real human beings living actual lives.

WENDY
You are obligated by state--

MR. TURNER (CONT'D)
Sue us.

WENDY
(realizing)
The medicine only works until puberty. You want to tie this up in court until it can’t help him!

MR. TURNER
Hey, I didn’t make the decision. Our claims doctor did.

TOM
Who is this doctor?

MR. TURNER (CONT'D)
That’s confidential.

TOM
Give me that name! We have rights!

Tom leaps up and tries to grab a file from Turner’s desk.

MR. TURNER
Get out!

TOM (CONT'D)
Give me that name, you troll!

Turner and Tom wrestle with the file.

INT. CAR - LATER THAT DAY

Tom drives home as Wendy tries to read a signature from a scrap of paper that Tom managed to rip off a file.

WENDY
It’s “Z” something, but I can’t make it out.

TOM
Those bastards want to keep him small. They’re making him small! They’re making all of us small!

(then)
We’ll just pay for the medication ourselves. We’ll cut back.
WENDY
Fine. Let’s start with your Propecia. That’s six hundred dollars a year.

TOM
Oh, I can’t give that up. I’d be a bald guy. What about your medicine?

WENDY
You mean my birth control?

TOM
(sighs)
Why do they want us small and pregnant and bald?! The insurance companies just won’t stop screwing us!

INT. PATTERSON HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - DAY

Tom and Wendy stand at the front door with MARIO, a very fat, very Italian contractor from Permanent Alarm Solutions.

MARIO
Current code requires 3 watts per square foot, so we’re looking at 800 watts, not to mention the arc fault circuit interrupters --

WENDY
(to contractor)
How much is that going to cost?

MARIO
You’re looking at four grand.

Wendy glances at Tom. What can they do?

WENDY
The insurance company requires the alarm--

MARIO
We’ll get started.

Mario turns to go. Tom, head down, speaks softly:

TOM
Please don’t screw us.

MARIO
What?
TOM
I said please don’t screw us. I know you’re gonna do it anyway, but I’m asking you... please... don’t. You’re talking about amps and watts and arc fault circuit interrupters and it’s like I’m in a kung fu movie and everyone is talking ching chang chong and you know we have no idea what you’re saying, so you can just screw us and screw us but our mortgage just ballooned -- these predatory lenders, we had no idea -- and our kid needs medicine and... God... please don’t screw us, okay? Will you promise not to screw us?! Please do not screw us!

WENDY
Tom. Tom!

Tom turns to her.

WENDY (CONT’D)
We have to do this, okay? He won’t screw us.
(to Mario)
Will you?

MARIO
No.

TOM (V.O.)
He screwed us.

INT. PATTERSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY
The walls are ripped open throughout the entire house. The clean up and repair job is enormous.

WENDY
The wall repair isn’t included in the four grand?

MARIO
Yeah, we don’t do that. Also, the final bill came to seven grand.

Tom and Wendy stare at him, framed by their destroyed house. In the background, we catch a glimpse of an unkempt mountain man with a ZZ Top beard eating pizza on their couch.

TOM (V.O.)
That’s when the really bad times began.
INT. SCHOOL - THEATER - DAY

Tom directs the high school production of YOU’RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN. As the kids sing, he mouths along with them, almost as if trying to will a performance from them.

CAST
(singing)
...You’re a good man, Charlie Brown/
You’re the kind of reminder we need/
You have humility, nobility and a
sense of honor that is very rare
indeed!

CUT TO:

LATER. Tom gives the young cast notes as they sit sprawled on the stage. He’s passionate and the kids like him.

TOM
Who is Charlie Brown? He’s you. He’s me. He’s anyone that ever wanted dignity in a world that denies it.

TYLER
I don’t understand why he keeps trying to kick the football when he knows Lucy’s going to pull it away.

TOM
Because he believes, Tyler. That, one day, in the face of certain failure, Lucy will let him kick that football and it will justify all his effort. That’s what motivates Charlie Brown.

A girl, KENDRA, raises her hand.

KENDRA
What motivates Lucy?

TOM
Lucy’s a cunt.

INT. SCHOOL - PRINCIPAL’S OFFICE - DAY

Tom stands in front of PRINCIPAL LYNN -- a tall woman, attractive in a severe way.

TOM
I should not have used the C-word in front of the kids.
PRINCIPAL LYNN
No, but that’s not the reason you’re fired.

TOM
Wait -- I’m fired?

PRINCIPAL LYNN
Look, I love your program but you and the coaches are paid for by the PTA. They needed to make some cuts and they decided to cut you.

TOM
But why the drama department? Why not phys-ed? One of them smokes! Am I the only one that sees the irony?

PRINCIPAL LYNN
There’s an obesity epidemic in America. As long as fat kids are around, phys-ed is safe.

TOM
So if there was a musical theater epidemic I’d still have a job? I can produce some gay kids if it’ll help!

PRINCIPAL LYNN
I’m sorry. At least let me plead my case to the head of the PTA!

INT. SISTERS OF MERCY HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY

Tom walks quickly beside DR. ZONDERVAN, an older, white-haired, distinguished physician.

DR. ZONDERVAN
We had to eliminate your position because we’re facing new economic realities.

TOM
But one of the coaches smokes. Smokes! Am I the only one that sees the irony?

A NURSE walks up.

NURSE
Dr. Zondervan, if we could just get your signature on these claims.
Dr. Zondervan dashes off his signature on a series of documents from "Pharma-Care", all which are marked "DENIED" in red ink. Tom suddenly has a realization.

INSERT: The ripped piece of paper with an illegible doctor’s signature on it that Wendy was trying to decipher in the car.

BACK TO SCENE: The illegible signature perfectly matches the signature that Dr. Zondervan writes on a claim form.

TOM
You’re him.
(Zondervan looks up)
You’re the asshole who denied our son’s growth hormones. You fired me and then you rejected him! You’re trying to keep him small! You’re keeping all of us small!

WENDY (O.S.)
Tom!

Tom turns to see Wendy in her scrubs. This is the hospital she works at. She turns to Dr. Zondervan.

WENDY (CONT’D)    TOM
I’m so sorry, Doctor. You know him?

WENDY
He’s on the board of directors!

TOM
Well, then your board has a demon from the deepest pits of Hell!

Dr. Zondervan stares at him, then turns to Wendy.

DR. ZONDERVAN
Is this your husband?

TOM (V.O.)
That’s how Wendy got fired, too.

INT. TOUCH OF TUSCANY RESTAURANT - NIGHT - LATER

Wendy and Tom pick at their dinner in this hole-in-the-wall Italian restaurant. A FOR SALE sign is in the window. They’re the only customers. Wendy stares at him. Finally:

TOM
You blame me, don’t you?
WENDY
(sighs)
No. Look, you and I just don’t connect any more. We’re like that idiot Charlie Brown with the football.

TOM
Well, he never connects because Lucy always yanks it away from him.

WENDY
Right, because she’s trying to teach him to adapt and overcome. She’s doing everything she can to help him be a better man but he’s still just a fool.

TOM
Wait -- you’re on Lucy’s side?

WENDY
Who isn’t?

TOM
Only everyone.

WENDY
No one’s really on the side of that bald moron with the dog friend.

TOM
You mean... Snoopy?

They stare at each other for a long time. Something fundamental shifts between them.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Wendy walks down the street with her best friend AMY, an attractive, early-30’s woman dressed expensively.

AMY
I can’t believe you’re getting divorced. You’re the last ones left.

WENDY
Every time we look at each other, we see failure. We don’t connect. We’re like that idiot Charlie Brown --

AMY
-- who can’t kick the football, yeah. But if you guys can’t make it work, there’s no hope for me!
Amy stops in front of a walk-in clinic with a sign out front that says: “Servicios Baratos Medico.” She enters.

INT. MEDICAL CLINIC – DAY

The place is packed with sick people. Amy walks through them, inspecting everyone, until finally settling on a middle-aged MAN who looks particularly ill -- watery eyes, sneezing.

AMY
I am so, so sorry about this.

Amy kisses him full on the mouth as Wendy watches, horrified.

CUT TO:

INT. AMY’S APARTMENT – DAY

Amy, now very sick, lays in bed with Wendy at her side.

SUPER: FOUR DAYS LATER.

WENDY
This is a terrible way to lose weight.

AMY
I have to! If you can’t keep a guy what hope is there for a fatty like me? I have to look good if we’re gonna be out man-hunting.

WENDY
You’re not fat. And you really think we should get divorced?

AMY
Yes! Then we’ll pick up guys and they’ll humiliate us. It’ll be fun.

INT. ACCOUNTANT’S OFFICE – DAY

Tom and Wendy sit on the couch. NOTE: This is a continuation of the first scene with Dreyfus, their accountant.

TOM
Between the banks and the contractors and the insurance companies all tearing us apart --

WENDY
-- we just can’t do it any more.
DREYFUS
I get it. Life is stressful. And if a
divorce is what you want, I’ll do
anything I can to help.

TOM

WENDY
Thank you. We appreciate it.

DREYFUS
But there’s nothing I can do. You’re
out of work, your mortgage ballooned,
you’ve got crazy bills from these
asshole contractors. You can’t afford
to split into two households. You can
barely afford the one you have.

TOM
Then how do poor people do it?

DREYFUS
They don’t have a six hundred dollar
Propecia bill!

TOM
Well, I can’t be on the market without
a full head of hair. That undermines
the whole purpose!

DREYFUS
I’m sorry. Let’s work on getting you
guys back on your feet and then we’ll
get you divorced, I promise.

INT. CAR - DAY

Tom and Wendy drive home, deflated.

TOM
We want a divorce because we’re broke
and we can’t get one because we’re
broke! I blame Zondervan.

WENDY
He’s not the only reason we’re here.

TOM
He’s the main reason. If you and I
were working and Oliver was set, would
we want to do this?

WENDY
Probably not.
TOM
You spend your whole life doing the right things, following the rules and then some rich prick like Zondervan screws you! Right in the butthole!

WENDY
You’re right.

There’s a long silence as they think.

TOM
Let’s rob that asshole to pay for our divorce. Now, before you say no--

WENDY
I’m in.

They turn to each other, a little surprised at their mutual willingness. Then they smile.

TOM (V.O.)
And that’s how we got started on our life of crime.

INT. TOUCH OF TUSCANY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Tom and Wendy sit in the dreary little Touch of Tuscany restaurant with the same wild-eyed, bearded mountain man we caught a glimpse of in their living room.

MOUNTAIN MAN
Actually, I done some time. To this day, I have to keep a hundred yards away from Miss Jennifer Connelly.

TOM
We know. Not about Jennifer Connelly, but about the prison stretch.

WENDY
Which is why we want you on this robbery.

TOM (V.O.)
Coyote Jack had been living with us for three months.

INT. PATTERSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - FLASHBACK

SUPER: THREE MONTHS EARLIER

Coyote Jack voraciously eats a tub of ice cream. Wendy is horrified but trying to cover it.
WENDY
So what brings you here... Coyote Jack?

COYOTE JACK
Well, I was livin’ in a shack in the Ozarks -- hunting game, takin’ care of business --

WENDY
Was there a lot of business to take care of in the Ozarks?

COYOTE JACK
Yes, ma’am. The business of survival!

TOM
Let him finish, honey.

COYOTE JACK
Everythin’ was honkey-dory until that old wildfire. Burnt my shack and kilt all the critters that filled my belly on those cold nights. I was in despair -- ‘til I remembered your oath.

WENDY
(to Tom)
Oath?

EXT. CROOKED RIVER - DAY
A younger Tom and several of his buddies CHEER as they paddle down a brutal white water river.

Suddenly, the raft strikes a rock and overturns. Tom is dragged underwater and pinned against the rock. He’s drowning when two strong hands reach down and yank him from the water. They drag him onto the bank and begin to compress his chest.

TOM’S POV
On Coyote Jack -- water dripping from his ZZ Top beard -- as he descends to give Tom mouth-to-mouth.

TOM (O.S.)
He saved my life...

INT. PATTERSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

TOM
...which is when I swore to help him if ever he was in need. It was an oath. A mountain man oath.
COYOTE JACK
Yeah. So can I live with ya’ll til’ I get back on my feet?

TOM
Absolutely.

WENDY
Not a chance.

COYOTE JACK
Thank ya’. I’m self-sufficient. I can bathe in a puddle and cook varmint so tasty you’ll smack your momma fer never makin’ it fer ya’.

INT. PATTERSON HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATER

Tom and Wendy argue in hushed tones.

WENDY
He can’t stay.

TOM
But I made him an oath. A mountain man oath.

WENDY
I don’t care. I don’t trust him and I don’t want him around Oliver.

TOM
He’s perfectly safe.

WENDY
He’s an idiot.

TOM
Where you see stupidity, I see simplicity. I think he has real wisdom. Mountain wisdom.

WENDY
Please don’t ever say the word “mountain” again.

COYOTE JACK (O.S.)
Vittles!

Wendy opens the door to see Coyote Jack place a vat of stew on the dining room table. REVEAL the table is missing a leg. It tips. Stew flies everywhere. Coyote Jack sighs.

COYOTE JACK (CONT’D)
That’s my fault. I used the table leg to whittle your boy a present.

Oliver enters holding a long whittled stick.
WENDY  
So, you took a stick and whittled it into... a stick?

COYOTE JACK  
Back where I come from, we call video games... sticks.

Wendy shuts the bedroom door.

WENDY  
He’s a goddamn idiot!

TOM (V.O.)  
Coyote Jack was what psychologists call a “stressor” but we’d finally found a way for him to help us.

INT. TOUCH OF TUSCANY RESTAURANT - NIGHT  
Jack and Wendy continue their talk with Coyote Jack as the bored OWNER smokes by the window.

COYOTE JACK  
I really want you to think twice about what you’re doin’. A life of crime is a terrible thing.

TOM  
We’re not going to hurt anyone.

WENDY  
But we do need a gun.

EXT. PERMANENT ALARM SOLUTIONS - NIGHT  
Tom and Wendy wait in the shadows outside this business, examining a pistol.

TOM  
I mean, we’re not really going to shoot anyone --

WENDY  
Of course not --

TOM  
It’s more for the intimidation, right?

WENDY  
Right. We’ll never use it.

Just then, Mario, the fat, Italian contractor who tore apart their house, exits his office.

TOM  
There he is. You! Thief!
MARIO
You got a problem, take me to court.

TOM
You’d love that wouldn’t you because the system protects crooks like you!

MARIO
What I do is totally legal.

Mario pushes past Tom and gets into his car.

WENDY
Only because you’re a pussy.

Mario stops. Even Tom seems taken aback.

TOM
Wendy?

MARIO
What’d you call me?

WENDY
You know how I know you’re a pussy? Because you don’t have any balls. Swiping an extra couple grand from some homeowner who’s just trying to satisfy an insurance company when a real man would consider that chickenshit and go for the big score. We need a man who can defeat alarm systems. Join us and we will turn you into a rock hard, steel shafted, rich-as-shit supercock.

Tom and Mario stare at her, stunned.

TOM
Wendy? Maybe we should just-- Let’s talk inside.

MARIO
And that’s how we created our team.

EXT. FANCY HOUSE - NIGHT - EST.

A series of expensive estates run along this tree-lined street. A beaten-up truck pulls up.

INT. PICK-UP - NIGHT

Mario sits in the passenger seat and Tom and Wendy are in the back. Coyote Jack drives. He points.

COYOTE JACK
Alright, that’s Zondervan’s house.
Masks on.

She, Tom and Mario pull ski masks over their faces. Mario’s is way too small.

MARIO
What the hell?

WENDY
Sorry, that was Oliver’s from our Tahoe trip. Use mine.

They trade.

TOM
Alright, rock stars! Let’s do this!

Everyone stares at him.

MARIO
How can I convince you not to be motivational?

EXT. FANCY HOUSE - NIGHT

Mario works on a circuit breaker box on the side of the house while Tom and Wendy watch expectantly.

MARIO
It’s disarmed.

WENDY
That was fast.

MARIO
Should I pretend it takes longer?

Tom and Wendy glance at each other, then break in.

INT. FANCY HOUSE - NIGHT

VARIOUS ANGLES of Tom and Wendy sneaking through the house until they arrive at --

INT. FANCY HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

They rush in, open drawers and check cabinets. Pretty soon -- jackpot! Tons of jewelry. They stuff it into bags. Finally, when they’re done --

TOM
Just like that?

WENDY
Yeah. I guess so. Right?

They allow themselves a slight grin -- a moment of sexual heat -- then they catch themselves and head out.
INT. PICK-UP - NIGHT

Tom and Wendy leap into the truck to find Coyote Jack and Mario waiting.

MARIO
Well?

They open their bags.

COYOTE JACK
Beautiful! Let’s go!

As Coyote Jack pulls away, Tom notices the street sign.

TOM
Wait -- this is Ebon Street. The house we want is on Avon street.

COYOTE JACK
Avon street?

Except, with Coyote Jack’s southern accent it sounds like he’s saying “Ebon” street.

WENDY
Wait, are you saying “Avon” or “Ebon?”

TOM
Doesn’t matter! We’re on the wrong street! We robbed the wrong house!

COYOTE JACK
Well, that ain’t my fault.

WENDY
How is that not your fault?

COYOTE JACK
On account of my accent.

WENDY
Just because you pronounce the name wrong doesn’t mean you hear it wrong!

COYOTE JACK
It does when you have a condition known as “dialect dyslexia”. It’s when you think things are spelled the way you pronounce ‘em.

WENDY
I’m a nurse and I’ve never heard of that. COYOTE JACK (CONT’D)
It’s rare!
TOM
It doesn’t matter! We robbed the wrong goddamn house!

MARIO
So what? We got the money!

TOM
But it’s the wrong money! We agreed to stick it to Zondervan. This isn’t him!

MARIO
But look at the house this stuff came from. I’m sure the guy who owns it did something illegal!

TOM
I’m sorry, guys. It has to go back.

INT. FANCY HOUSE – BEDROOM – NIGHT

Tom unloads jewelry from his bag as Wendy watches, pissed.

TOM
We’re not thieves, right? We’ve got to do this in a way that makes us proud.

WENDY
(finally)
Right.

She opens her bag and begins returning jewelry.

EXT. ZONDERVAN’S HOUSE – NIGHT

Coyote Jack’s pick-up pulls up next to this new mansion.

INT. PICK-UP – NIGHT

Coyote Jack turns to Tom, Wendy and Mario.

COYOTE JACK
Okay, this is Zondervan’s.

WENDY
You sure? No more rare conditions? Address-o-phobia? GPS-a-phrenia?

COYOTE JACK
I’m rising above.

TOM
Okay, let’s do this, rock stars!

MARIO
Don’t call me rock star.
INT. ZONDERVAN’S HOUSE – BEDROOM – NIGHT

Tom and Wendy enter Zondervan’s palatial bedroom. (Note: this begins as a repeat of the first scene.) They open drawers and shovel jewelry into their bags.

Suddenly, from down the hall, the sound of LAUGHTER, FOOTSTEPS DRAWING CLOSER. Panicked, Tom and Wendy hide in the closet as Zondervan, drunk, enters with a Prostitute.

WHITE HAIR MAN
(to prostitute)
Take out the strap-on... I’m gonna get more Scotch...

He walks out, leaving the Prostitute alone. Wendy and Tom WHISPER to each other from the darkness of the closet.

WENDY
You believe this asshole? On top of everything else, he’s banging hookers.

Tom strains to see the prostitute, knocking into a hanger.

TOM
Shit.

The prostitute reacts. Curious, she walks towards them.

TOM (CONT’D) WENDY
No... no... Give me the gun.

TOM
Why?

WENDY
We may have to shoot the whore.

Tom turns to her, aghast.

TOM
We may have to shoot the whore?

He and Wendy stare at each other. But it’s too late. The prostitute peers into the closet and sees the two of them, giving us our first clear look at her.

It’s Amy -- Wendy’s best friend -- wearing a blond wig. Amy, shocked, SCREAMS but Tom cups his hand over her mouth.

WENDY
Amy! What the hell are you doing here?
AMY
What are you doing here?

WENDY
We’re robbing the place. Why are you dressed like a hooker!

AMY
Because I’m going to fuck this guy for money. I got laid off a month ago.

WENDY
Oh, honey, why didn’t you tell me?

AMY
Because it’s shameful.

WENDY
More than being a whore?

AMY
These shoes cost seven hundred bucks! I have to pay for them somehow!

WENDY
If you didn’t have the money, why did you buy new shoes?

AMY
It’s not my fault! Armies of advertisers spent millions of dollars just to get me to buy these gorgeous Christian Louboutin pumps. How can I fight all that? I’m just one girl!

DR. ZONDERVAN (O.S.)
I wanna tie you up...  TOM
He’s coming!

AMY
Did you bring a camera?

WENDY
Use it.

Amy turns to him with a sexy smile.

Zondervan enters and Amy turns to him with a sexy smile.

AMY (CONT’D)
Well, if it isn’t the big strong doctor.
(unbuttoning her blouse)
Hey, doctor, will you take a look at this mole on my breasts?
(sexy)
I think it might be cancerous...
IN CLOSET

TOM
Is she trying to make cancer sexy?

WENDY
Shhh.

IN BEDROOM

DR. ZONDERVAN
...I don’t like this game.

Amy peels off her top and drops her skirt.

AMY
Come on. Take a look at these other moles, doctor.
(breathless)
I think some of them are... atypical.

DR. ZONDERVAN
(getting into it)
Yeah... Maybe that one... Lemme look... 

AMY
Not before I look at you.
(undressing him)
I want to see if you have any growths.
(looking down)
I see something growing right now.

IN CLOSET

TOM
This is creepy. Take pictures!

WENDY
He does as Amy and Dr. Zondervan nakedly grope each other.

WENDY (CONT’D)
We good?

He nods. Tom and Wendy walk into the room.

TOM
Zondervan!

Zondervan SCREAMS and staggers toward the phone.

WENDY
I wouldn’t do that. What would your wife think?

Tom holds up the camera and shows him the pictures.
DR. ZONDERVAN
You two again! Why are you doing this?
You want your jobs back?

TOM
No.

WENDY
We just want your stuff.

TOM
All of it.

INT. TOUCH OF TUSCANY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Tom, Wendy, Mario and Amy, psyched, are the only ones in the restaurant. Empty margarita pitchers litter the table.

TOM
To all us rock sta...
(off Mario’s look)
...badasses!

They toast each other and drink.

MARIO
When the hell is your Coyote friend gonna get here with our cash?

WENDY
Soon as he’s done with his fence.

MARIO
Why does the whore get a cut? Screw you!

AMY
Thank you.

Just then Coyote Jack enters, smiling.

COYOTE JACK
Success!

He hands out envelopes stuffed with hundred dollar bills.

MARIO
Not bad for a night’s work.

Tom glances at Wendy. She smiles at him. He smiles back.

CUT TO:
LATER. Mario, Amy and Coyote Jack drink and LAUGH while Tom and Wendy sit by themselves at another table. Tom grins.

TOM
We may have to shoot the whore...

Wendy bursts into LAUGHTER.

WENDY
It was a stressful moment!

TOM
I had fun tonight.

WENDY
Yeah.

They sip their drinks. A nice moment. Finally:

WENDY (CONT’D)
Well. Now we can finally get this divorce underway.

TOM
Yeah.

(long beat)

Unless...

WENDY
What?

TOM
I mean, we could do that. Or... and I’m just spit-balling... we could take this cash and use it for an even bigger score. Then we could really divorce in style.

He glances at the “FOR SALE” sign in the restaurant window--

WENDY
You thinking what I’m--

TOM (CONT’D)
Buy the restaurant...

WENDY
...and then burn it down for the insurance?

Tom nods, excited. They kiss... then catch themselves and quickly pull away as their new team celebrates behind them.

END OF PILOT